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Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

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Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Autobiographical Sketch

ACCORDING to the record in the family Bible, I was born on the third day of November, 1816, in the County of Franklin, in the State of Virginia. My father, Joab Early,(1) who is still living, is a native of the same county, and while resident there, he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-citizens and held several prominent public positions, but in the year 1847, he removed to the Kanawha Valley in Western Virginia. My mother's maiden name was Ruth Hairston, and she was likewise a native of the County of Franklin, her family being among the most respected citizens. She died in the year 1832, leaving ten children surviving her, I being the third child and second son. She was a most estimable lady, and her death was not only the source of the deepest grief to her immediate family, but caused universal regret in the whole circle of her acquaintances.

Until I was sixteen I enjoyed the benefit of the best schools in my region of country and received the usual instruction in the dead languages and elementary mathematics. In the spring of 1833, while General Jackson was President, I received, through the agency of our member of Congress, the Hon. N.H. Claiborne, an appointment as cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point.

I repaired to the Academy at the end of May and was admitted about the first of June in the same year. I went through the usual course and graduated in the usual time, in June, 1837. There was nothing worthy of particular note in my career at West Point. I was never a very good student, and was sometimes quite remiss, but I managed to attain a respectable stand in all

(1) Died at the home of his son, Robert H. Early, in Lexington, Mo., 1870.

my studies. My highest stand in any branch was in military and civil engineering and that was sixth. In the general standing on graduation my position was eighteenth in a class of fifty.

I was not a very exemplary soldier and went through the Academy without receiving any appointment as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer in the corps of cadets. I had very little taste for scrubbing brass, and cared very little for the advancement to be obtained by the exercise of that most useful art.

Among those graduating in my class were General Braxton Bragg, Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton, Major Generals Arnold Elzey and Wm. H. T. Walker, and a few others of the Confederate Army; and Major Generals John Sedgwick, Joseph Hooker, and Wm. H. French and several Brigadier Generals of minor note in the Federal Army. Among my contemporaries at West Point were General Beauregard, Lieutenant General Ewell, Major General Edward Johnson and some others of distinction in the Confederate Army; Major Generals McDowell and Meade and several others in the Federal Army.

The whole of my class received appointments in the United States Army shortly after graduation. By reason of the Indian War in Florida, there had been a number of resignations and deaths in the army and very few of the class had to go through the probation of brevet lieutenants. I was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Artillery, and was assigned to Company "E," which afterward became celebrated as Sherman's battery. We did not enjoy the usual leave of absence, but in August, 1837, a number of my class, myself included, were ordered to Fortress Monroe to drill a considerable body of recruits which were in rendezvous at that place, preparatory to being

sent to Florida, where the Seminole War was still in progress. From Fortress Monroe, with several other officers, I accompanied a body of recruits which sailed for Florida, <new page> and we landed at Tampa Bay in October, 1837. From Tampa Bay I went to Gary's Ferry, on Black Creek, and there joined my company, which was comprised almost entirely of recruits recently joined. My Captain (Lyon) was an invalid from age and infirmity, and both the First Lieutenants were absent on special duty, so that being the senior Second Lieutenant, I was assigned to the command of the company. In that capacity I went through the campaign of 1837-8 under General Jessup, from the St. John's River south into the Everglades, and was present at a skirmish with the Indians on the Locke Hatchee, near Jupiter Inlet, in January, 1838. This was my first "battle," and though I heard some bullets whistling among the trees, none came near me, and I did not see an Indian.

The party of Seminoles with which we had the skirmish was subsequently pursued into the Everglades and induced to come in and camp near us at Fort Jupiter, under some stipulations between General Jessup and the chiefs, about which there was afterwards some misunderstanding which resulted in the whole party being surrounded and captured; and my company was employed with the rest of the troops in this work. This was my last "warlike exploit" for many years. After this we remained near the sea-coast, inactive for the most of the time, until late in the spring, when, as all active hostilities had ceased, we were marched across to Tampa Bay, from whence my company, with some other troops, was shipped to New Orleans, and then sent up the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee Rivers to Ross' Landing (now Chattanooga) to report to General Scott, who had charge of the removal of the Cherokees, with whom some difficulty was apprehended. My company was stationed near Ross' Landing, and it was soon discovered that there would be no trouble with the Indians.

It had not been my purpose to remain permanently in the army, and, as there was to be no difficulty with the Cherokees, and the Seminole War was thought to be <new page> at an end, I determined to resign for the purpose of going into civil life. I tendered my resignation and received a leave of absence until it could be acted on. Under this leave I started from Ross' Landing, on July 4, 1838, for my home, by the way of Nashville and Louisville. Upon arriving at Louisville, I found from the papers that the army had been increased, and that I was made a first lieutenant in my regiment. Had this news reached me before the tendering of my resignation, that resignation might have been withheld, but it was now too late to alter my plans.

In the fall of 1838, I commenced the study of law in the office of N.M. Taliaferro, Esq., an eminent lawyer residing at the county seat of my native county, who some years afterward became a judge of the General Court of Virginia. I obtained license to practise law in the early part of the year 1840, and at once entered the profession. In the spring of the year 1841, I was elected by a small majority, as one of the delegates from the County of Franklin, to the Virginia Legislature, and served in the session of 1841 and 1842, being the youngest member of the body.

In the following spring, I was badly beaten by my former preceptor in the law, who was a member of the Democratic Party, while I was a supporter of the principles of the Whig Party, of which Mr. Clay was the principal leader.

My political opponent, though a personal friend, Mr. Taliaferro, held the position of prosecuting attorney in the circuit courts of several counties, and as these offices were

rendered vacant by his election to the Legislature, I received the appointments for the Counties of Franklin and Floyd, having previously been appointed prosecuting attorney in the county court of Franklin. These appointments I held until the reorganization of the State government under the new constitution of 1851.

In the meantime, I continued the practice of law in <new page> my own and the adjoining counties, with very fair success until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico, consequent upon the annexation of Texas. Though I had voted, in the presidential election of 1844, for Mr. Clay, who opposed the annexation of Texas, yet, when war ensued, I felt it to be my duty to sustain the government in that war and to enter the military service if a fitting opportunity offered. When the regiment of volunteers from Virginia was called for by the President, I received from the Governor and Council of State the appointment as Major in that regiment, and was mustered into service on the 7th of January, 1847. Colonel John F. Hamtramck, of the County of Jefferson, and Lieutenant Colonel Thomas B. Randolph, of the County of Warren, were the other field officers. The regiment was ordered to rendezvous at Fortress Monroe and the superintendence of the drilling there and the embarkation for Mexico were entrusted to me. Two extra companies were allowed to the regiment, and, on account of some delay in the organization of them, I did not sail from Fortress Monroe with the last detachment of these companies until March 1st, arriving at Brazos Santiago on the 17th, to learn, for the first time, the news of General Taylor's victory at Buena Vista. We proceeded up the Rio Grande at once and the whole regiment was assembled at Camargo, under the command of the Colonel, the day after my arrival there.

About the first of April the regiment moved from Camargo for Monterey, by the way of a little town called China, as an escort for a provision train. One-half of the regiment was left temporarily at China under Lieutenant Colonel Randolph, and the other half moved to Monterey under my command--Colonel Hamtramck having become too sick to remain on duty. We were encamped at the Walnut Spring near General Taylor's headquarters, and there I met, for the first time, Colonel Jefferson Davis, of the First Mississippi Regiment, who <new page> has become illustrious as the President of the Confederate States. I was struck with his soldierly bearing, and he did me the honor of complimenting the order and regularity of my camp. After being here a short time, the battalion under my command relieved an Ohio regiment, which had been garrisoning Monterey, but was going home, and for two months I acted as military governor of the city. It was generally conceded by officers of the army and Mexicans that better order reigned in the city during the time I commanded there, than had ever before existed, and the good conduct of my men won for them universal praise. Some time in the month of June, the whole regiment, under the command of the Colonel, moved to Buena Vista, a few miles from Saltillo, and joined the forces of General Wool, at that point. It remained near that locality for the balance of the war, for the most part inactive, as all fighting on that line, except an occasional affair with guerillas, ceased after the battle of Buena Vista. I had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing active service. For a short time I was attached, as acting Inspector General, to the staff of Brigadier General Caleb Cushing, who commanded the brigade to which my regiment was attached, until he was ordered to the other line. During this period I contracted, in the early part of the fall of 1847, a cold and fever, which eventuated in chronic rheumatism, with which I have ever since been afflicted. My condition became such that I received a leave of absence in the month of November, and returned to the States, on a visit to my

friends in the Kanawha Valley.

After improving a little I started back to Mexico, and on my way I had the luck to meet with that fate, which is very common to Americans who travel much, that is, I was on a steamboat which was blown up, the 8th of January, 1848, on the Ohio River, a few miles below the mouth of the Kanawha. I had a very narrow escape, as half of my state-room was carried off and some pieces of the boiler protruded through the floor, <new page> cutting and burning my feet when I jumped out of the berth. The explosion took place about 1.00 o'clock at night, when it was very dark and extremely cold, and before the passengers, who were not killed, could get ashore and obtain shelter, they were very much exposed; but, after getting over the first effects of the slight injury received, I experienced a decided improvement in my rheumatism, though I would not advise blowing up in a western steamboat as an infallible remedy.

I rejoined the regiment about the first of February, and commanded the greater part of it during the rest of the war---three or four companies having been detached to the town of Parras--as Colonel Hamtramck had returned to Virginia on recruiting service. At the close of the war, I carried the regiment to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and had it embarked at Brazos for Fortress Monroe, going on one of the vessels myself. I was mustered out of the service with the rest of the regiment in the first part of April, 1848, being the only field officer on duty with it. It had no opportunity of reaping laurels during the war, but I can say that it had not sullied the flag of the State, which constituted the regimental colors, by disorderly conduct or acts of depredation on private property, and non-combatants. It had been my fortune to have the disagreeable duty of breaking in the regiment at the beginning and I had commanded it for a much longer time than any other field officer. Being rather a strict disciplinarian and, in consequence thereof, naturally regarded by inexperienced troops as harsh in my treatment of them, I was by no means popular with the mass of the regiment prior to the commencement of the return march from Saltillo, but I can safely say that, on the day they were mustered out of service at Fortress Monroe, I was the most popular officer in the regiment, and I had the satisfaction of receiving from a great many of the men the assurance that they had misjudged me in the beginning and were now convinced that I had been their best friend all the time.

<new page>

I returned to the practice of law and continued it until the commencement of the late struggle between the Southern and Northern States.

After my return from Mexico, I was the only one of my name left in my county, as all the rest of my father's family had removed to the Kanawha Valley.

In the year 1850 I was a candidate for the convention called to revise the constitution of Virginia, but I was defeated by an overwhelming majority, receiving only about two hundred votes in a district polling several thousand. I opposed firmly and unflinchingly all the radical changes, miscalled reforms, which were proposed, and as the people seemed to run wild in favor of them, not only was I beaten, but so were all other candidates professing similar sentiments.

In the year 1853, I was again a candidate for the Legislature, but was badly beaten, as the county had become strongly wedded to the opposite party.

My practice had become very considerable, and at the close of my professional career, I believe I was regarded as among the best lawyers in my section of the State. My most important contest at the bar and my greatest triumph was in a contested will case in

Lowndes County, Mississippi, in the autumn of 1852, in which a very large amount of property was involved. I went to Mississippi to attend to this case specially, and I contended single-handed and successfully with three of the ablest lawyers of that State.

I had in a very limited degree the capacity for popular speaking as generally practised in the States, and it was regarded that my forte at the law was not before a jury as an advocate, but on questions of law before the court, especially in cases of appeal.

I was never blessed with popular or captivating manners, and the consequence was that I was often misjudged and thought to be haughty and disdainful in my temperament. When earnestly engaged about my business, in passing through a crowd I would frequently <new page> pass an acquaintance without noticing him, because of the preoccupation of my mind, and this often gave offence. From all of which it resulted that I was never what is called a popular man. I can say, however, that those who knew me best, liked me best, and the prejudices against me were gradually wearing off as the people became better acquainted with me.

My labors in my profession were rather spasmodic, and by procrastination, I would often have to compass a vast deal of work in a very short time, on the eve of or during the session of a court. I was careless in securing and collecting my fees, very often relying on memory as the only evidence of them, and the consequence was that my practice was never very lucrative.

I have now given a sketch of my life up to the time of the beginning of the great struggle in the South for independence, and like most men, I had done many things which I ought not to have done, and left undone many things which I ought to have done, but I had done some good, and had not committed any very serious wrong, considering it in a mere worldly point of view. I would, however, by no means, commend my life as a pattern for the young, unless it be in the sincerity and integrity of purpose by which I claim to have ever been actuated.

As there have been some descriptions of my person attempted, in which I have failed to recognize the slightest resemblance, I will state that, up to the time of my service in Mexico, I was quite erect and trim in stature. My average weight for many years was from 154 to 164 pounds---during the war it was about 170 pounds. The stoop with which I am now afflicted is the result of rheumatism contracted in Mexico, and when casual observers have seen me bent up, it has been very often the result of actual pain to which I have been very much subjected for the last nineteen years. One writer, who was actuated by the most friendly motives and ought to have known better, has described me as having a rough, curly head and shaggy eye-brows, whereas the <new page> fact is that my hair always has been, and what is left still is, as straight as an Indian's, and my eyebrows are very moderate and smooth. Some writer, who certainly never put himself in a position to see me during the war, has described my dress as being habitually like that of a stage-driver. All tailors who have ever worked for me up to the present time will testify to the fact that I have always been one of the most particular men about the cut and fit of my clothes among their customers.

During the war I was almost constantly in the camp or field, except when wounded, and I had no time to get new clothes if I had been able. My tastes would always have induced me to dress neatly and genteelly if I could have indulged them.

So much for my life previous to the war. Henceforth it will be developed in my narrative.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

The War Between The States Chapter I.--The Invasion Of Virginia.

<je_1>

AFTER the fall of Fort Sumter, the Government at Washington commenced concentrating a large force at that city under the superintendence of Lieutenant General Scott of the United States Army, and it was very apparent that Virginia would be invaded.

When the ordinance of secession had been passed by the Virginia convention, and the authority had been given to the Governor to call out troops for the defence of the State, Governor Letcher called for volunteers. The Navy Yard at Gosport, near Norfolk, and the arsenal and armory at Harper's Ferry were taken possession of by militia forces hastily assembled, but not until the United States officers had partially destroyed both.

As soon as General Lee reached Richmond, which was very shortly after his appointment to the command of the Virginia forces, he entered actively on the work of reorganization.

The day the convention took recess to await the result of the popular vote, I tendered my services to the Governor, and received from him the commission of Colonel in the volunteer service of the State. On reporting to General Lee, I was ordered to repair to Lynchburg, and take command of all the Virginia volunteers who should be mustered into service at that place, and organize them into regiments, as they were received by companies. I <je_2>took command at Lynchburg on the 16th of May, and proceeded to organize the volunteers, which were being mustered into the Virginia service at that point, by Lieutenant Colonel Daniel A. Langhorne.

While there, I organized and armed three regiments, to-wit: The 28th Virginia Regiment (Colonel R. T. Preston) and the 24th Virginia Regiment (my own), both as infantry, and the 30th Virginia Regiment (Colonel R. C. W. Radford), as cavalry. This latter regiment was subsequently designated the 2d Virginia Cavalry.

On the 24th of May, the day after the election in Virginia ratifying the ordinance of secession, the Federal troops, under the command of Brigadier General McDowell, crossed over from Washington into Virginia, the bands playing and the soldiers singing "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; and John Brown's mission was, subsequently, but too well carried out in Virginia and all the Southern States under the inspiration of that anthem.

The Confederate Government had sent some troops to Virginia, and a portion of them along with some of the Virginia troops were concentrated at and near Manassas Junction on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, about thirty miles from Washington. Brigadier General Beauregard was sent to take command of the troops at Manassas, and other troops had been sent to Harper's Ferry, to the command of which General Joseph E. Johnston was assigned. As soon as it was ascertained that the Federal troops had crossed over and occupied Alexandria, I commenced sending the regiments organized by me, as they were ready, to Manassas. The infantry was armed with smooth-bore percussion muskets, but there were no belts or bayonet scabbards or cartridge boxes for them, and they had to be supplied with cloth pouches for their ammunition. The cavalry regiment, consisting of nine companies, was armed principally with double-barrelled shot guns, and sabres of an old pattern which had been collected in the country <je_3>from old volunteer

companies. The State had very few arms of any kind, and those furnished the infantry had been borrowed from North Carolina. There were no cavalry arms of any value.

I also armed and sent off a number of companies to be attached to regiments already in the field.

Having attended the convention when it re-assembled in June, as soon as the ordinance of secession was signed, I received orders to turn over the command at Lynchburg to Colonel Langhorne and join my regiment in the field. The Confederate Government had now reached Richmond, and that city became the capital of the Confederacy.

I reached Manassas and reported to General Beauregard on the 19th of June. I found my regiment (the 24th Virginia) under Lieutenant Colonel Peter Hairston, located about four miles east of the Junction, for the purpose of watching the fords of Bull Run immediately above its junction with the Occoquon, and those on the latter stream above the same point. At this time no brigades had been formed, but in a few days the regiments under General Beauregard's command were organized into six brigades, as follows: a brigade of South Carolina troops under Brigadier General Bonham, a brigade of Alabama and Louisiana troops under Brigadier General Ewell, a brigade of South Carolina and Mississippi troops under Brigadier General D. R. Jones, a brigade of Virginia troops under Colonel George H. Jerrett, who was subsequently replaced by Brigadier General Longstreet, a brigade of Virginia troops under Colonel Philip St. George Cocke, and a brigade composed of the 7th and 24th Virginia, and the 4th South Carolina Regiments under my command, but the 4th South Carolina had been sent to Leesburg in Loudoun and did not join, it being subsequently replaced by the 7th Louisiana Regiment.

After this organization the troops were located as follows: the 4th South Carolina Regiment and Wheat's Louisiana Battalion were at Leesburg under Colonel Evans; <je_4>Bonham's brigade was at Fairfax Court-House, Cocke's at Centreville, and Ewell's brigade at and near Fairfax Station, all in front of Bull Run; while D. R. Jones' brigade was encamped on the south of the Run near the railroad, at a place called Camp Walker, Longstreet's at the Junction, and the 7th and 24th Virginia Regiments of my brigade, camped separately, northeast and east of the Junction, from three to four miles distant. The cavalry, consisting of Colonel R. C. W. Radford's regiment of nine companies and several unattached companies, was employed mainly on scouting and picketing duty with Evans, Bonham, and Ewell, one company being on my right to watch the lower fords of the Occoquon, and the landings on the Potomac below the mouth of the Occoquon, where it was subsequently joined by another.

It was my duty to watch the right of our line, and the two companies of cavalry on that flank, Eugene Davis' and W. W. Thornton's companies of Virginia cavalry, were placed under my command, and Captain John Scott was assigned to the immediate command of them.

A few days after my arrival, under orders from General Beauregard, I made a reconnaissance to the village of Occoquon, near the mouth of the stream of that name, with the 24th Regiment, and examined the landings of the Potomac as far down as Freestone Point.

Early in July General Beauregard summoned all his brigade commanders to a conference at Fairfax Station, and there disclosed to them, in confidence, his plan of operations in the event of an advance by the enemy, for which he had learned active preparations were being made.

He anticipated that the enemy's main force would move on the road through Fairfax Court-House and Centreville toward Manassas, and his plan was, for all the troops on the north of Bull Run to fall back to the south bank of that stream. Bonham, in the centre on the <je_5>direct road to Manassas, to Mitchell's Ford; Cocke, on the left, to Stone Bridge on the Warrenton Pike; and Ewell, on the right, to Union Mills; and Evans was to retire from Loudoun and unite with Cocke; while Longstreet was to move up to Blackburn's Ford, about a mile below Mitchell's Ford; D. R. Jones to McLean's Ford, about a mile or two further down; and I was to move up to Union Mills in support of Ewell. His anticipation further was, that the enemy would follow up Bonham and attack him at Mitchell's Ford; in which event the rest of the troops were to cross Bull Run and attack the enemy on both flanks--Longstreet crossing at Blackburn's Ford, and Jones at McLean's Ford, and attacking the enemy's left flank; Ewell at the same time moving up towards Centreville, on the road from Union Mills, and attacking the enemy on his left and rear; while I was to follow Ewell in support and look out for his right flank and rear, and Cocke, supported by Evans, was to come down on the enemy's right flank.

The routes by which all these movements were to be made were pointed out and designated on maps previously prepared, and each brigade commander was instructed to make himself familiar with the ground over which he would have to operate. General Beauregard at the same time informed us that the returns showed an effective force under his command of very little more than 15,000 men.

A few days after this, the 7th Louisiana Regiment, under Colonel Harry T. Hays, arrived, and was assigned to my brigade in lieu of the 4th South Carolina. The 7th Virginia was commanded by Colonel James L. Kemper, and the 24th by Lieutenant Colonel Peter Hairston.

On the 12th of July I made another reconnoissance to Occoquan, with the 7th Virginia Regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Williams, and a section of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, under Lieutenant Squires, and returned to camp on the 14th.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter II.--Fight At Blackburn's Ford.

<je_6>

On the night of the 16th information was sent from General Beauregard's headquarters that the enemy was advancing, and orders were given for moving early next morning in accordance with previous instructions.

At daylight on the morning of the 17th, I commenced the movement of my brigade to its assigned position in rear of the ford at Union Mills, and on my arrival there I found General Ewell's force falling back to the same point. Under previous instructions four companies of the 24th Virginia Regiment had been left under Major Hambrick to guard the camp of the regiment and picket on the right of our line, and the two companies of cavalry under Captain Scott had also been left to watch our right. Three pieces of artillery, under Lieutenant Squires of the Washington Artillery, were attached to my brigade and joined it at the position near Union Mills. I remained there inactive during the rest of the day after my arrival, but on the morning of the 18th I was ordered further to the left, to Camp Walker on the railroad. On falling back, Ewell had burned the bridges on the railroad between Fairfax Station and Union Mills, and on this morning the bridge over Bull Run, at the latter place, was likewise burned.

After remaining for some time at Camp Walker, I was ordered by General Beauregard to move my brigade to the gate in rear of McLean's farm on the road from Blackburn's Ford to the Junction, keeping it in the woods out of view. The General had now established his headquarters at McLean's house between my position and those of Generals Longstreet and Jones. From this last position taken by me, the open fields on the heights beyond Blackburn's Ford were visible, being between two and three miles distant. A little before <je_7>12 M. we discovered clouds of dust from the direction of Centreville and bodies of troops moving into the fields beyond the ford, and while we were speculating as to whether this was the enemy, we saw the smoke arise from his first gun, the fire from which was directed towards Bonham's position at Mitchell's Ford.

After the firing had continued for a short time, I received an order from General Beauregard to move my command to the rear of a pine thicket between McLean's house and Blackburn's Ford, so as to be in supporting distance of Bonham, Longstreet or Jones. In order to do this I had to run through open fields in view of the enemy and this attracted his fire in our direction, but I reached the cover of the pines without any casualty, and I was here joined by Lieutenant Richardson, of the Washington Artillery, with two more pieces. The enemy's fire was continued for some time, and one or two shells passed through an out-house near General Beauregard's headquarters.

In the afternoon the General rode towards Mitchell's Ford, and after he had been gone a short time a very brisk musketry fire opened at Blackburn's Ford. The enemy had attacked Longstreet at that point, and after the firing had continued for some time, I received a message from General Longstreet, through one of his aides, requesting reinforcements. I immediately put my whole command in motion towards the ford, but before arriving there, I received an order from General Beauregard to carry two regiments and two pieces of artillery to Longstreet's assistance. My command was then moving with the 7th Louisiana in front, followed immediately by the 7th Virginia, and I ordered the six companies of the 24th Virginia, which were bringing up the rear under Lieutenant Colonel

Hairston, to halt, and directed Lieutenant Squires to move two pieces of artillery to the front and halt the rest. I found that General Longstreet's command had been hotly engaged and had just repulsed an attempt to force a crossing of the stream. <je_8>The position occupied by our troops was a narrow strip of woods on low ground along the bank of the stream, with an open field in rear, while the enemy occupied higher and better ground on the opposite bank. Immediately on its arrival, the 7th Louisiana, Colonel Hays, was put in position in the strip of woods on the left of the ford, relieving the 17th Virginia Regiment and some companies of the 11th Virginia which had been actively engaged; and the 7th Virginia Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Williams commanding, was formed on the right of the ford, in rear of the strip of woods, and advanced to the bank of the stream, relieving the 1st Virginia Regiment.

These movements were made under fire from the enemy on the opposite bluffs, and while the 7th Virginia was being formed in line, two volleys were fired at it by the enemy, throwing it into some confusion and causing it to begin firing without orders, while there were some of our troops in front of it. It, however, soon recovered from the momentary confusion and advanced with firmness to the front. Lieutenant Squires moved his pieces into the open field in rear of our line and to the right of the road leading to the ford, and opened fire without any guide except the sound of the enemy's musketry, as he was concealed from our view by the woods on the bluffs occupied by him. The six companies of the 24th Virginia Regiment and the remaining pieces of the Washington Artillery, including two pieces under Lieutenant Garnett which were attached to Longstreet's brigade, were sent for, and the companies of the 24th were put in position along the banks of the stream on Hays' left, while the rest of the artillery was brought into action on the same ground with Squires.

Squires had soon silenced the enemy's infantry, which retired precipitately before his fire, but the artillery from the heights beyond the stream had opened on ours, which now responded to that of the enemy. An artillery duel was thus commenced which lasted for a considerable <je_9>time. The opposing batteries were concealed from each other's view by the intervening woods, and they were therefore compelled to regulate their fire by the sound of the guns. The enemy had the decided advantage of position, as he was on high ground, while our guns were located in a fiat nearly on a level with the stream, thus giving them the benefit of a plunging fire. This duel finally ceased and the enemy retired, baffled in his effort to force our position.

In his reports of this affair, the enemy represented our troops as being protected by rifle pits with masked batteries; whereas the fact was that we had nothing in the shape of rifle pits or breastworks, and our guns were in the open field, though concealed from the enemy's view by the intervening woods. These guns had been brought on the field along with my brigade, but were so brought as to elude observation. Before their arrival not an artillery shot had been fired by us from this quarter, and there had been only a few shots earlier in the day from the guns, with Bonham, at Mitchell's Ford above.

As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy had retired, General Longstreet moved to the rear with his two regiments that had borne the brunt of the fight, and I was left to occupy his former position with my brigade and the 11th Virginia Regiment of his brigade. A few were wounded in my command, but I believe none killed. General Longstreet's loss was not heavy, but an examination of the ground on the opposite bank of the Run, next morning, showed that the enemy had suffered severely, quite a number of

dead bodies being found abandoned. At one point, where it was apparent a regiment had been in line, over one hundred muskets and hats were found in a row, showing evidently that they had been abandoned in a panic, produced probably by the fire from Squires' guns. Many knapsacks, canteens, blankets and India rubber cloths were found scattered on the ground, proving that the enemy had retired in confusion.

<je_10>

This fight was preliminary to the approaching battle, and its result had a very inspiring effect upon our troops generally. It was subsequently ascertained that the force engaged, on the part of the enemy, was Tyler's division of McDowell's army, which had been sent to the front for the purpose of making a demonstration, while McDowell himself was engaged in reconnoitring on our right, for the purpose of ascertaining whether that flank could be turned by the way of Wolf Run Shoals, just below the junction of Bull Run and the Occoquon. Tyler exceeded his instructions, it appears, and endeavored to gain some glory for himself by forcing our position at Blackburn's Ford, but he paid dearly for the experiment.

During the 19th I continued to occupy the position at Blackburn's Ford, and occasionally small bodies of the enemy could be seen by scouts sent to the opposite side of Bull Run, on the heights where he had taken his position on the 18th, previous to the advance against Longstreet. During the day my troops, with a few rough tools and their bayonets, succeeded in making very tolerable rifle pits on the banks of the stream, and they were not molested by the enemy.

About dark the brigade commanders were summoned to a council at McLean's house by General Beauregard, and he proceeded to inform us of his plans for the next day. He told us that, at his instance, the Government at Richmond had ordered General Johnston to move from the Shenandoah Valley with his whole force to co-operate with ours; and that the General was then on his march directly across the Blue Ridge, and would probably attack the enemy's right flank very early the next morning, while we were to fall upon his left flank. Before he finished the statement of his plans, Brigadier General Thomas J. Jackson, subsequently famous as "Stonewall Jackson," entered the room and reported to General Beauregard that he had just arrived from General Johnston's army, by the way of the Manassas Gap Railroad, with his brigade, about 2500 strong.

<je_11>

This information took General Beauregard by surprise, and he inquired of General Jackson if General Johnston would not march the rest of his command on the direct road so as to get on the enemy's right flank. General Jackson replied that he thought not, that he thought the purpose was to transport the whole force on the railroad from Piedmont station on the east of the Blue Ridge. After General Jackson had given all the information he possessed, and received instructions as to the disposition of his brigade, he retired, and General Beauregard proceeded to develop his plans fully. The information received from General Jackson was most unexpected, but General Beauregard stated that he thought Jackson was mistaken, and that he was satisfied General Johnston was marching with the rest of his troops and would attack the enemy's right flank as before stated.

Upon this hypothesis, he then decided that, when General Johnston's attack began and he had become fully engaged, of which we were to judge from the character of the musketry fire, we would cross Bull Run from our several positions and move to the attack

of the enemy's left flank and rear. He stated that he had no doubt Johnston's attack would be a surprise to the enemy, that the latter would not know what to think of it, and when he turned to meet that attack and found himself assailed on the other side, he would be still more surprised and would not know what to do, that the effect would be a complete rout, a perfect Waterloo, and that we would pursue, cross the Potomac and arouse Maryland.

General Johnston's attack, according to General Beauregard's calculations, was to begin next morning about or very shortly after daybreak. Having received our instructions fully, we retired, and I returned to my position at Blackburn's Ford, where I assembled my colonels, and was proceeding to explain to them the plans for the next day and instruct them to have everything <je_12>in readiness, when we were startled by a fierce volley of musketry on our immediate right. This of course put an end to the conference and every one rushed to his position in anticipation of a night attack.

The 11th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Samuel Garland, was moved promptly to the rear of the point where the firing occurred, which was repeated, and after a good deal of trouble we succeeded in ascertaining that it proceeded from two of my companies, which had been posted in the woods on the bank of the stream to the right of my position, in order to cover some points where a crossing might be effected. The officers of one of the companies declared that a body of the enemy could be seen, stealthily moving down the opposite bank, and that the firing had been at that body and had been returned. The firing by this time had ceased and no movement of the enemy could be heard. This affair, however, kept us on the alert all night, but I became satisfied that it resulted from some mistake, caused perhaps by the movement of some straggling persons of our own command, in the darkness, in the woods. Such alarms were not uncommon, subsequently, when two opposing forces were lying on their arms at night in front of each other. A very slight circumstance would sometimes produce a volley at night from the one or the other side, as it might be.

At light on the morning of the 20th, instead of our being required to advance to the attack of the enemy according to the programme of the night before, General Longstreet came in a great hurry to relieve me, and with orders for my brigade to move as rapidly as possible to a point on our right on the road leading from Yates' Ford, below Union Mills, to Manassas Junction. As soon as relieved, I moved in the direction indicated, and the head of my column was just emerging into Camp Walker, from the woods in rear of McLean's farm, --where I had been on the 18th, at the time the enemy opened his artillery fire beyond Blackburn 's Ford,--when <je_13>I was met by a courier with orders to halt where I was, as the alarm, upon which the order to me had been founded, had proved false.

As this false alarm was rather singular in its nature, but of such a character that any general might have been deceived by it, I will state how it occurred. A captain of General Ewell's brigade, who had been posted with his company on picket at Yates' Ford not far below Union Mills, retired from his post and reported in the most positive manner that the enemy had appeared in heavy force on the opposite bank of Bull Run and commenced building two bridges. He further stated that he had seen General McDowell on a white horse superintending the construction of the bridges.

As there was no reason to doubt his veracity or courage, General Ewell, of course, sent at once the information to General Beauregard and hence the order for my movement. After the message was dispatched, something suggested a doubt as to the correctness of

the report, and the officer making it was sent in charge of another to ascertain the facts. On arriving in sight of the ford he pointed triumphantly to the opposite bank and exclaimed, "There they are. Don't you see the two bridges, don't you see McDowell on his white horse?" when the fact was there was nothing visible but the ford and the unoccupied banks of the stream, which were so obstructed as to render a crossing impracticable until the obstructions were removed.

It was then apparent that it was a clear case of hallucination, produced by a derangement of the nervous system, consequent on a loss of sleep and great anxiety of mind resulting from the nature of the duties in which he had been engaged. Neither his sincerity nor his courage was questioned, and this affair shows how the most careful commander may be misled when he has to rely on information furnished by others. It requires very great experience and a very discriminating judgment to enable a commanding general to sift the truth <je_14>out of the great mass of exaggerated reports made to him, and hence he has often to rely on his own personal inspection.

I have known important movements to be suspended on the battlefield, on account of reports from very gallant officers that the enemy was on one flank or the other in heavy force, when a calm inspection proved the reported bodies of the enemy to be nothing more than stone or rail fences. Some officers, while exposing their lives with great daring, sometimes fail to preserve that clearness of judgment and calmness of the nerves which is so necessary to enable one to see things as they really are during an engagement; and hence it is that there are so many conflicting reports of the same matters. The capacity of preserving one's presence of mind in action is among the highest attributes of an efficient commander or subordinate officer, and it must be confessed that the excitement of battle, especially when the shells are bursting and the bullets whistling thick around, is wonderfully trying to the nerves of the bravest.

The false alarm out of which the above reflections have sprung, operated as a very great relief to my command, as it enabled my men, who had had very little to eat, and scarcely any rest or sleep for two nights and days, to cook provisions and get a good rest and sleep in the woods where they were halted, and thereby to be prepared to go through the extraordinary fatigues of the next day.

On this day, the 20th, General Johnston arrived at Manassas by the railroad, and an order was issued for his assuming command, as the ranking officer, of all the troops of the united armies. It was now ascertained beyond doubt that all of his troops were coming by the railroad.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter III.---Early's Brigade At Manassas.

<je_15>

AT this time the largest organizations in our army were brigades, and each brigade commander received his orders directly from headquarters. Since the conference at Fairfax Station, when General Beauregard stated that his effective strength did not exceed 15,000 men, one regiment, the 1st South Carolina, had been sent off by reason of expiration of term of service, and one regiment, the 7th Louisiana, had joined my brigade. Besides this, General Beauregard's troops had been augmented, since the advance of the enemy, by the arrival of six companies of the 8th Louisiana, the 5th North Carolina State Troops, the 11th North Carolina Volunteers, the 13th Mississippi, three companies of the 49th Virginia and Hampton's South Carolina Legion; the latter containing six companies of infantry. His whole effective force, however, did not probably much exceed the estimate made at the time of the conference, as the measles and typhoid fever, which were prevailing, had reduced very much the strength of the regiments, especially among the Virginia troops which were entirely new. To reinforce him, Holmes' brigade of two regiments had arrived from Aquia Creek, and Johnston's troops were arriving by the railroad, after much delay by reason of accidents or mismanagement on the part of the railroad officials.

On the 20th we were not molested by the enemy, and on the morning of the 21st the position of Beauregard's troops was pretty much the same as it had been on the 18th, to wit: Ewell at Union Mills; D. R. Jones at McLean's Ford; Longstreet, reinforced by the 5th North Carolina, at Blackburn's Ford; Bonham, reinforced by six companies of the 8th Louisiana and the 11th North Carolina Volunteers, at Mitchell's Ford; <je_16>Cocke, reinforced by some companies of the 8th Virginia Regiment and three companies of the 49th Virginia Regiment, at some fords below Stone Bridge; and Evans at Stone Bridge; while my brigade was in reserve in the woods in rear of McLean's farm. No artillery was attached to my brigade on this day.

The arrival of General Johnston in person and the transportation of his troops on the railroad had, of course, entirely changed the plans of operations as communicated to us on the night of the 19th, but the new plans, which were rendered necessary by the altered condition of things, were not communicated to us, and I had, therefore, to await orders.

Very early on the morning of the 21st the enemy opened fire with artillery from the heights on the north of Bull Run near Blackburn's Ford, and I was ordered to occupy a position in rear of the pine woods north of McLean's house, so as to be ready to support Longstreet or Jones as might be necessary. After being in position some time, I received a request from General Longstreet for one of my regiments to be sent to him, and I sent him the six companies of the 24th Virginia under Lieutenant Colonel Hairston, and two companies of the 7th Louisiana under Major Penn. Not long afterwards I received a request for another regiment, and I carried the remaining eight companies of the 7th Louisiana to Blackburn's Ford, leaving Colonel Kemper with his regiment behind.

On arriving at the ford, I found that the whole of Longstreet's brigade had been crossed over Bull Run, and were lying under cover at the foot of the hills on its northern bank, awaiting a signal to advance against the enemy, who was in considerable force near the point occupied by his artillery at the fight on the 18th. The companies of the 24th were

being crossed over to join Longstreet's brigade, and the General ordered the 7th Louisiana to be formed in line in the strip of woods on the southern bank of the stream, covering the ford. <je_17>The enemy was keeping up a continuous artillery fire from two batteries, one in front of the ford and the other some distance to the right, which rendered the vicinity of the ford quite uncomfortable, but the troops across the Run were in a great measure under cover.

After Hays' regiment had been put in position, General Longstreet went across the stream to reconnoitre, and in a short time returned and directed me to take Hays' and Kemper's regiments, cross at McLean's Ford, and move around and capture the battery to his right, which he said could be easily taken. I was informed by him that Jones had crossed the Run and was on the hills beyond McLean's Ford, likewise awaiting the signal to advance, and I was directed to move between him and the Run against the enemy's battery. Hays' regiment was moved back to where Kemper's was, and was exposed to the fire from the enemy's batteries which was attracted by the dust arising from its march over the direct road through the pines. A shell exploded in the ranks, killing and wounding four or five men. The two regiments were moved to McLean's Ford, and while they were crossing over and forming, I rode forward to an eminence, where I observed a lookout in a tree, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact position of the battery and the route over which I would have to advance against it. While I was engaged in obtaining this information, Colonel Chisolm, a volunteer aide of General Beauregard, rode up and informed me that General Beauregard's orders were that the whole force should cross Bull Run to the south side.

I think this was about 11.00 A.M. I informed him of the order I had received from General Longstreet, and he stated that Longstreet was crossing, and that the order embraced me as well as the rest. I felt this as a reprieve from almost certain destruction, for I had discovered that the route by which I would be compelled to advance against the battery was along an open valley for some distance and then up a naked hill to the plain <je_18>on which the battery was located, the greater part of the route being raked by the enemy's guns. The lookout had also informed me that a considerable body of infantry was in the woods near the battery. It turned out afterwards that this battery, which I was ordered to take, was supported by a brigade of infantry, posted behind a formidable abattis of felled timber. An attempt to carry out my orders would very probably have entailed the annihilation or utter rout of my two regiments; and in fact much later in the day, Jones' brigade on moving against this battery sustained a damaging repulse.

After recrossing to the south side, I sent Kemper's regiment to its former position, and moved with Hays' regiment up the Run to Longstreet's position, as I thought he probably desired its return to him. On reaching Blackburn's Ford, I found General Longstreet cautiously withdrawing a part of his troops across the Run, and he informed me that he did not now require Hays' regiment, but would retain the companies of the 24th. Hays was then ordered to move down the Run to McLean's Ford and return in that way to the position at which Kemper was, so as to avoid the artillery fire while passing over the direct route.

I rode directly to Kemper's position, and after being there a short time I discovered clouds of dust arising about McLean's Ford, which I supposed to be produced by Jones' brigade returning to its original position. Fearing that Hays' regiment might be mistaken for the enemy and fired upon, I rode rapidly to Jones' position and found some of his men

forming in the rifle pits in rear of the ford, while the General was looking with his field glasses at Hays' regiment, which was advancing from the direction of the enemy's position higher up the Run. I informed him what command it was and requested that his men might be cautioned against firing, for which they were preparing.

As soon as this was done, General Jones asked me <je_19>if I had received an order from General Beauregard, directing that I should go to him with my brigade. Upon my stating that I had received no such order, he said that he had received a note from General Beauregard in which he was directed to send me to the General. The note, which was in the hands of one of Jones' staff officers, was sent for and shown to me. It was in pencil, and after giving brief directions for the withdrawal across the Run and stating the general purpose to go to the left where the heavy firing was, there was a direction at the foot in very nearly these words,--"Send Early to me." This information was given to me some time between 12 M. and 1 P.M.(*)

The note did not state to what point I was to go, but I knew that General Beauregard's position had been near Mitchell's Ford and that he was to be found somewhere to our left. I sent word for Hays to move up as rapidly as possible, directed Kemper to get ready to move, sent a message to General Longstreet requesting the return of the companies of the 24th, and directed my Acting Adjutant General, Captain Gardner, to ride to Mitchell's Ford and ascertain where General Beauregard was, as well as the route I was to pursue.

The messenger sent to General Longstreet returned and informed me that the General said there was a regiment in the pines to my left which had been ordered to report to him, and that I could take that regiment instead of the companies of my own, to save time and prevent the exposure of both to the fire of the enemy's artillery in passing to and from Blackburn's Ford. In this arrangement I readily concurred, and soon found, to my left in the pines, the 13th Mississippi Regiment under Colonel Barksdale, which had very recently arrived. The Colonel consented to accompany me, and as soon as the <je_20>command could be got ready, it was started on the road towards Mitchell's Ford.

This movement commenced about or very shortly after 1 o'clock P.M. On the way I met Captain Gardner returning with the information that General Beauregard's headquarters would be at the Lewis house, in the direction of the firing on our extreme left, and that I was to go there. On reaching General Bonham's position in rear of Mitchell's Ford, he informed me that I would have to move through the fields towards the left to find the Lewis house, and he pointed out the direction; but he did not know the exact location of the house. I moved in the direction pointed out, and continued to pass on to our left, through the fields, towards the firing in the distance, endeavoring, as I advanced, to find out where the Lewis house was.

While moving on, Captain Smith, an assistant in the adjutant general's office at General Beauregard's headquarters, passed us in a great hurry, also looking for General Beauregard and the Lewis house. He told me that information had been received at the Junction that 6,000 of the enemy had passed the Manassas Gap railroad, and it was this information (which subsequently proved to be false) that he was going to communicate to the General.

The day was excessively hot and dry. Hays' regiment was a good deal exhausted by the marching and the counter-marching about Blackburn's and McLean's Fords. Barksdale's regiment, an entirely new one, had just arrived from the south over the railroad, and was unused to marching. Our progress was therefore not as rapid as I could have wished, but

we passed on with all possible speed in the direction of the firing, which was our only guide. Towards 3 o'clock P.M. we reached the field of battle and began to perceive the scenes usual in rear of an army engaged in action. On entering the road leading from the Lewis house towards Manassas, we met quite a stream of stragglers going <je_21>to the rear, and were informed by them that everything was over with us. I was riding by the side of Colonel Kemper at the head of the column, and we had the satisfaction of being assured that if we went on the field on horseback, we certainly would be killed, as the enemy shot all the mounted officers. Some of the men said that their regiments had been entirely cut to pieces, and there was no use for them to remain any longer.

It was to the encouraging remarks of this stream of recreants that my command was exposed as it moved on, but not a man fell out of ranks. Only one man who had been engaged offered to return and he belonged to the 4th Alabama Regiment, which he said had been nearly destroyed, but he declared that he would "go back and give them another trial." He fell into the ranks of Kemper's regiment and I believe remained with it to the close of the battle. Captain Gardner had been sent ahead for instructions and had met with Colonel John S. Preston, a volunteer aide to General Beauregard; and on our getting near to the battlefield, Colonel Preston rode to meet us and informed me that the General had gone to the front on the right, to conduct an attack on the enemy, but that General Johnston was on that part of the field near which we were and would give me instructions. He pointed out the direction in which General Johnston was, and I moved on, soon meeting the General himself, who rode towards us when he discovered our approach, and expressed his gratification at our arrival.

I asked him at once to show me my position, to which he replied that he was too much engaged to do that in person, but would give me directions as to what I was to do. He then directed me to move to our own extreme left and attack the enemy on his right, stating that by directing my march along the rear of our line, by the sound of the firing in front, there could be no mistake; and he cautioned me to take especial care to clear our whole line before advancing to the front, and <je_22>be particular and not fire on any of our own troops, which he was sorry to say had been done in some instances.

Affairs now wore a very gloomy aspect, and from all the indications in the rear the day appeared to be going against us. While General Johnston was speaking to me, quite a squad of men approached us going to the rear, and the General asking them to what regiment they belonged and where going without receiving any satisfactory answer, directed me to make my men charge bayonets and drive them back to the front. I immediately ordered Colonel Kemper to charge them with his regiment, when they commenced making excuses, saying they were sick, or wounded, or had no ammunition. I saw at once there was no fight in them, and I directed Colonel Kemper to move on and not delay battling with such cowards.

Immediately in front of us was a body of woods extending to our left, in which there was a constant rattle of musketry, and I moved along the rear of this woods, crossing the road from Manassas to Sudley, and inclining to the left so as to clear our line entirely. While so moving Colonel Kemper pointed out to me the United States flag floating in the distance on some high point in front of our right, probably the top of a house.

To clear our line entirely on our left, I found that it was necessary to pass beyond the woods in which our troops were, and as I approached the open space beyond, a messenger came to me from Colonel, afterwards General, J. E. B. Stuart, who was on our extreme

left with two companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery under Lieutenant Beckham, stating that the Colonel said the enemy was about giving way and if we would hurry up he would soon be in retreat. This was the first word of encouragement I had received after reaching the vicinity of the battlefield. I was then making all the haste the condition of my men, who were much blown, would permit, and I directed my march to <je_23>a field immediately on the left of the woods, and between Stuart's position and the left of our infantry then engaged.

The messenger from Colonel Stuart soon returned in a gallop and stated that the Colonel said the enemy had only retired his right behind a ridge now in my front, and was moving another flanking column behind said ridge still further to our left, and he cautioned me to be on the lookout for this new column.

Having now cleared the woods, I moved to the front, in order to form line against the flanking column the enemy was reported forming behind the ridge in front of me. I ordered Colonel Kemper, who was in front, to form his regiment, by file, into line in the open field, just on the left of the woods, and sent back directions for the other regiments to move up as rapidly as possible and form to Kemper's left in echelon. Just at this time I observed a body of our troops move from a piece of woods on my immediate right across an open space to another in front of it, and this proved to be the left regiment of Elzey's brigade. I heard a rapid fire open from the woods into which this regiment had moved, and a body of the enemy approached on the crest of the ridge immediately in my front, preceded by a line of skirmishers.

This ridge was the one on which is situated Chinn's house, so often mentioned in the description of this battle, and the subsequent one near the same position. It is a high ridge sloping off towards our right, and the enemy had the decided advantage of the ground, as my troops had to form on the low ground on our side of the ridge, near a small stream which runs along its base. The formation of my troops was in full view of the enemy, and his skirmishers, which were about four hundred yards in front of us, opened on my men, while forming, with long range rifles or minie muskets. Barksdale and Hays came up rapidly and formed as directed, Barksdale in the centre and Hays on the left.

<je_24>

While their regiments were forming by file into line, under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, Kemper's regiment commenced moving obliquely to the right towards the woods into which Elzey's troops had been seen to move, and I rode in front and halted it, informing it that there were no troops in the woods, and pointing out the enemy on the crest of the ridge in front. I then rode to the other regiments to direct their movements, when Colonel Kemper, finding the fire of the enemy, who was beyond the range of our smooth bores, very annoying to his men, moved rapidly to the front, to the cover of a fence at the foot of the ridge. As soon as Hays' regiment was formed, I ordered an advance and Hays moved forward until in a line with Kemper, then their two regiments started up the side of the hill. As we advanced the enemy disappeared behind the crest, and while we were ascending the slope Lieutenant McDonald, acting aide to Colonel Elzey, came riding rapidly towards me and requested me not to let my men fire on the troops in my front, stating that they consisted of the 13th Virginia Regiment of Elzey's brigade. I said to him,--"They have been firing on my men," to which he replied, "I know they have, but it is a mistake, I recognize Colonel Hill of the 13th, and his horse." This was a mistake on the part of Lieutenant McDonald, arising from a fancied resemblance of

a mounted officer with the enemy to the Colonel of the 13th. This regiment did not reach the battlefield at all.

This information and the positive assurance of Lieutenant McDonald, however, caused me to halt my troops and ride to the crest of the ridge, where I observed a regiment about two hundred yards to my right drawn up in line in front of the woods where Elzey's left was. The dress of the volunteers on both sides at that time was very similar, and the flag of the regiment I saw was drooping around the staff, so that I could not see whether it was the United States or the Confederate flag. The very confident manner of Lieutenant McDonald, <je_25>in his statement in regard to the troops in my front, induced me to believe that this must also be one of our regiments.

Colonel Stuart had also advanced on my left with his two companies of cavalry and Beckham's battery of four guns, and passed around Chinn's house, the battery had been brought into action and opened a flank fire on the regiment I was observing. Thinking it certainly was one of ours, I started a messenger to Colonel Stuart, to give him the information and request him to stop the firing, but a second shell or ball from Beckham's guns caused the regiment to face about and retire rapidly, when I saw the United States flag unfurled and discovered the mistake into which I had been led by Lieutenant McDonald.

I immediately ordered my command forward and it advanced to the crest of the hill. All this occurred in less time than it has taken me to describe it. On reaching the crest we came in view of the Warrenton Pike and the plains beyond, and now saw the enemy's troops in full retreat across and beyond the pike. When Kemper's and Hays' regiments had advanced, Barksdale's, under a misapprehension of my orders, had not at first moved, but it soon followed, and the whole command was formed in line, along the crest of the ridge, on the right of Chinn's house.

We were now on the extreme left of the whole of our infantry, and in advance of the main line. The only troops on our left of any description were the two companies of cavalry and Beckham's battery with Stuart. On my immediate right and a little to the rear was Elzey's brigade, and farther to the right I saw our line extending towards Bull Run, but I discovered no indications of a forward movement.

My troops were now very much exhausted, especially Hays' regiment, which had been marching nearly all the morning before our movement to the left, and it was necessary to give the men a little time to breathe. Beckham's <je_26>guns had continued firing on the retreating enemy until beyond their range, and Stuart soon went in pursuit followed by Beckham. Colonel Cocke now came up and joined me with the 19th Virginia Regiment.

As soon as my men had rested a little, I directed the brigade to advance in column of divisions along the route over which we had seen the enemy retiring, and I sent information to the troops, on my right, of my purpose to move in their front with the request not to fire on us. I moved forward followed by Cocke's regiment, crossing Young's branch and the Warrenton Pike to the north side. When we got into the valley of Young's branch we lost sight of the enemy, and on ascending to the plains north of the pike we could see nothing of them. Passing to the west and north of the houses known as the Dogan house, the Stone Tavern, the Matthews house and the Carter or Pittsylvania house, and being guided by the abandoned haversacks and muskets, we moved over the ground on which the battle had begun with Evans in the early morning, and continued our march until we had cleared our right.

We had now got to a point where Bull Run makes a considerable bend above Stone Bridge, and I halted as we had not observed any movement from the main line. Nothing could be seen of the enemy, and his troops had scattered so much in the retreat that it was impossible for me to tell what route he had taken. Moreover the country was entirely unknown to me. Stuart and Beckham had crossed the run above me, and Cocks's regiment had also moved towards a ford above where I was. While I was engaged in making some observations and trying to find out what was going on, Colonel Chisolm of General Beauregard's volunteer staff passed me with a detachment of cavalry in pursuit of a body of the enemy supposed to be across Bull Run above me.

About this time it was reported to me that the enemy had sent us a flag of truce, but on inquiry I found it was a messenger with a note from Colonel Jones of the <je_27>4th Alabama Regiment, who had been very badly wounded and was at one of the enemy's hospitals in rear of the battlefield, and I sent for him and had him brought in to Matthews' house near where the battle had begun. I also found Lieutenant Colonel Gardner of the 8th Georgia Regiment in the yard of the Carter house, where he had been brought by some of the enemy engaged in collecting the wounded, and suffering from a very painful wound.

Shortly after this President Davis, accompanied by several gentlemen, rode to where my command was. He addressed a few remarks to each regiment and was received with great enthusiasm. I then informed him of the condition of things as far as I knew them, told him of the condition and location of Colonel Gardner, and requested him to have medical assistance sent to him, as no medical officer could be found with my command at that time. I informed him of the fact that I was unacquainted with the situation of the country and without orders to guide me under the circumstances, and asked him what I should do.

He said I had better form my men in line near where I was and let them rest until orders were received. I requested him to inform Generals Beauregard and Johnston of my position and ask them to send me orders. While we were conversing we observed a body of troops across Bull Run, some distance below, moving in good order in the direction of Centreville. I at first supposed it to be Bonham's brigade moving from Mitchell's Ford, but it turned out to be Kershaw's and Cash's regiments of that brigade, which had preceded me to the battlefield and were now moving in pursuit, after having crossed at or below Stone Bridge. Bonham's position at Mitchell's Ford was entirely too far off for his movement to be observed.

As soon as Mr. Davis left me, I moved my command farther into the bend of Bull Run, and put it in line across the bend with the flanks resting on the stream, <je_28>the right flank being some distance above Stone Bridge. In this position my troops spent the night. They were considerably exhausted by the fatigues of the day, and had had nothing to eat since the early morning. They were now miles away from their baggage and trains. Early in the morning a Virginia company under Captain Gibson, unattached, had been permitted, at the request of the Captain, to join Kemper's regiment and remained with it throughout the day. A South Carolina company belonging to Kershaw's or Cash's regiment, which was on picket at the time their regiments moved from Mitchell's Ford, not being able to find its proper command, had joined me just as we were advancing against the enemy near Chinn's house, and had been attached to Hays' regiment, with which it went into action. Lieutenant Murat Willis had volunteered his services early in the day as aide and been with me through all my movements, rendering valuable service.

The conduct of my troops during the whole day had been admirable, and the coolness with which they formed in open ground under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was deserving of all praise. They were in a condition to have taken up the pursuit the next day, but it would have been with empty haversacks, or rather without any except those picked up on the battlefield and along the line of the enemy's retreat.

My loss was in killed and wounded, seventy-six, the greater part being in Kemper's regiment.

The troops which were immediately in my front near Chinn's house constituted the enemy's extreme right, and were, I think, composed in part of the regulars attached to McDowell's army. Their long range muskets or rifles enabled them to inflict the loss on my command, but I am satisfied that the latter inflicted little or no loss on the enemy, as he retired before we got within range with our arms, which were smooth-bore muskets.

As soon as my troops were disposed for the night <je_29>and steps taken to guard the front, I rode with my staff officers in search of either General Beauregard or General Johnston, in order to give information of my position and get instructions for the next morning. Not knowing the roads, I had to take the circuitous route over which I had advanced, but I finally reached the Lewis house to find it a hospital for the wounded, and the headquarters removed. Not being able to get here any information of either of the generals, I rode in the direction of Manassas until I met an officer who said he was on the staff of General Johnston and was looking for him. He stated that he was just from Manassas and did not think either of the generals was there.

Taking this to be true and not knowing where to look further, I rode back along the Sudley Mills road to the Stone Tavern, passing over the main battlefield, and rejoined my command after twelve o'clock at night, when I lay down to rest, my bed being a bundle of wheat. While trying to find the generals, I discovered that there was very great confusion among our troops that had been engaged in the battle. They were scattered in every direction, regiments being separated from their brigades, companies from their regiments, while many squads and individuals were seeking their commands. That part of the army was certainly in no condition to make pursuit next morning.

Very early on the morning of the 22nd, I sent Captain Fleming Gardner to Manassas for instruction, and he returned with directions to me from General Beauregard to remain where I was until further orders, and to have my men made as comfortable as possible. A heavy rain had now set in, which continued through the day and night. When it was ascertained that there was to be no movement, I rode over the battlefield and to the hospitals in the vicinity to see about having my wounded brought in who had not been taken care of. The country in rear of the enemy's line of battle of the day before, and along his routes of retreat was strewn with knapsacks, <je_30>haversacks, canteens, blankets, overcoats, india-rubber cloths, muskets, equipments, and all the débris of a routed army.

A report subsequently made by a Committee of the Federal Congress, of which Senator Wade was chairman, gave a most preposterous account of "Rebel atrocities" committed upon the dead and wounded of the Federal army after the battle. I am able to say, from my personal knowledge, that its statements are false, and the Federal surgeons, left with the wounded, could bear testimony to their falsehood.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter IV.--Details Of The Battle Of Manassas.

<je_31>

I HAVE now told what I saw and did during the first battle of Manassas, and as many very erroneous accounts of that battle, both in its general features and its details, were given by newspaper correspondents, from both sections, which have furnished the basis for most of the descriptions of it, contained errors--even in works professing to be authentic histories, I will here give a succinct account of the battle from the authentic official reports, and my own knowledge as far as it extends.

On the morning of the 21st we held the line of Bull Run, with our right at Union Mills and our left at Stone Bridge. Ewell's brigade was at Union Mills, Jones' at McLean's Ford, Longstreet's at Blackburn's Ford, Bonham's at Mitchell's Ford, Coker at the fords below Stone Bridge, and Evans with Sloan's regiment and Wheat's battalion was at the Stone Bridge. Holmes' brigade, which had arrived from Aquia Creek, was some three miles in rear of Ewell's position. My brigade was in reserve to support Longstreet or Jones, as might be required, and Jackson's and parts of Bee's and Bartow's brigades of Johnston's army which had arrived by the Manassas Gap Railroad were held as a general reserve to be used as occasion might require. The Warrenton Pike from Centreville to Warrenton crosses Bull Run at Stone Bridge, and its general direction from Centreville is a little south of west.

McDowell's force had reached Centreville on the 18th, and that day the 19th and 20th had been employed by him in reconnoitring. Contrary to General Beauregard's anticipations, McDowell, instead of advancing against our centre on the morning of the 21st, left one division (Miles') and a brigade of another (Tyler's) to hold Centreville and amuse our right and centre, while <je_32>he moved two divisions (Hunter's and Heintzelman's) and three brigades of another (Tyler's) against our left, with the view of turning that flank and forcing us from the line of Bull Run. The three brigades of Tyler's division moved directly against Stone Bridge, over the Warrenton Pike, and opened an artillery fire at six o'clock A.M. About the same time fire was opened from two batteries established by the enemy north of Bull Run, near Blackburn's Ford, which was kept up steadily until late in the afternoon. Hunter's division, diverging from the Warrenton Pike, moved across Bull Run at or near Sudley Mills, about three miles above Stone Bridge, and then towards Manassas on the direct road, so as to get in rear of Stone Bridge, while Heintzelman followed Hunter to support him.

When this movement was developed, Colonel Evans, leaving a very small force at Stone Bridge, where the road had been blocked up by felled timber, moved to the left to meet Hunter and encountered his advance north of the Warrenton Pike, sustaining his attack for some time, until overwhelming numbers were accumulated against him. Evans was being forced back when Bee, with the parts of his own and Bartow's brigades which had arrived, came to his assistance, and the advance of the enemy was stopped for some time until Heintzelman's division united with Hunter's and two of Tyler's brigades crossed over above Stone Bridge.

Bee and Evans, though fighting with great obstinacy, were forced back across the Warrenton Pike to a ridge south of it, and nearly at right angles with Bull Run. Here they were reinforced first by Hampton's six companies and then by Jackson's brigade, when a

new line was formed and the fight renewed with great obstinacy. Subsequently two of Cocke's regiments were brought up, as also the seven companies of the 8th Virginia, under Colonel Hunter; the three companies of the 49th Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Smith; the 6th North Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Fisher; and two of <je_33>Bonham's regiments, under Colonel Kershaw; and engaged in the battle.

The fighting was very stubborn on the part of our troops, who were opposed to immense odds, and the fortunes of the day fluctuated for some time. From the beginning, artillery had been employed on both sides, and a number of our batteries did most excellent service. Colonel Stuart made a charge at one time with two companies of cavalry on the right of the enemy's line. At a most critical period three regiments of Elzey's brigade which had arrived at the junction by the railroad and been promptly moved to the battlefield under the direction of Brigadier General E. Kirby Smith

came upon the field in rear of our line, and after General Smith had been wounded were moved to our left, under command of Colonel Elzey, just in time to meet and repulse a body of the enemy which had overlapped that flank. A short time afterwards, while the enemy was preparing for a last effort, my brigade arrived on the field, and operated on the left of Elzey's brigade just as the enemy began his attack.

He had been repulsed, not routed. When, however, the retreat began, it soon degenerated into a rout from the panic-stricken fears of the enemy's troops, who imagined that legions of cavalry were thundering at their heels, when really there were only a few companies acting without concert. Kershaw's two regiments with a battery of artillery moved in pursuit along the Warrenton Pike, and made some captures, but the *mass* of our troops on this part of the field were not in a condition to pursue at once. Ewell's and Holmes' brigades had been sent for from the right, when the day appeared doubtful, but the battle was won before they arrived, and they were ordered to return to their former positions.

D. R. Jones, in the afternoon, made an advance against the battery which I had been ordered to take in the morning, but was compelled to retire with loss. Bonham and Longstreet moved across the Run in the <je_34>direction of Centreville just before night, but retired to their former positions on the approach of darkness. The enemy retreated in great disorder to Centreville, where he attempted to re-form his troops on the unbroken division and brigade that remained at that place, but shortly after dark he retreated with great precipitation, and by light next morning the greater part of his troops were either in the streets of Washington, or on the southern banks of the Potomac.

Twenty-seven pieces of artillery fell into our hands, some of which were captured on the field, but the greater part were abandoned on the road between the battlefield and Centreville. Besides the artillery, a considerable quantity of small arms, a number of wagons, ambulances, and some stores fell into our hands; and we captured about 1,500 prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded was 1,852. The enemy's loss was much heavier, and is reported by McDowell.

I have thus given an outline of the battle as it took place, but I have not attempted to give the details of what the several commands did, for which reference must be had to the official reports.

There are several popular errors in regard to this battle, which have been widely circulated by the writings of those who have undertaken to describe it, and about which very few people indeed seem to be correctly informed.

Foremost among them is the opinion that General Johnston yielded the command to General Beauregard, and that the latter controlled the operations of our troops during the battle. This erroneous statement was so often and confidently made without contradiction, that I must confess for a long time I gave it some credence, though when I saw General Johnston on the field he appeared to be acting the part and performing the duties of a commanding general. Each of these generals is entitled to sufficient glory for the part taken in this battle in the performance of his appropriate <je_35>duties, to render a contest among their friends for the chief glory idle as well as mischievous.

I cannot better explain the truth of the matter than by giving the following extract of a letter from General Johnston himself to me, which is in entire accordance with the facts coming within my knowledge on the field as far as they go, and will not be doubted by any one who knows General Johnston. He says: "*General* Beauregard's influence on that occasion was simply that due to my estimate of his military merit and knowledge of the situation. As soon as we met I expressed to him my determination to attack next morning, because it was not improbable that Patterson might come up Sunday night. He proposed a plan of attack which I accepted. It was defeated, however, by the appearance of Tyler's troops near the Stone Bridge soon after sunrise. He then proposed to stand on the defensive there and continue the offensive with the troops on the right of the road from Manassas to Centreville. This was frustrated by the movement which turned Cocke and Evans, and the battle fought was improvised on a field with which General Beauregard and myself were equally unacquainted. Early in the day I placed myself on the high bare hill you may remember a few hundred yards in rear of Mitchell's Ford, and General Beauregard soon joined me there. When convinced that the battle had begun on our left, I told him so, and that I was about to hasten to it. He followed. When we reached the field and he found that I was about to take immediate control of the two brigades engaged, he represented that it would be incompatible with the command of the army to do so, and urged that he should have the command in question. I accepted the argument. This, however, left him under me, and was the command of a small fraction of troops."

This places the matter in its true light and does not detract at all from the very great credit to which General Beauregard is entitled for thwarting the enemy's <je_36>plans until the arrival of General Johnston, and for his able cooperation afterwards. But it is nevertheless true that General Johnston is entitled to the credit attached to the chief command in this, the first great battle of the war.

Another error in regard to the battle is the belief, almost universal, that Kirby Smith, hearing the roar of musketry and artillery while passing over the Manassas Gap Railroad, stopped the cars before reaching the Junction and moved directly for the battlefield, coming upon the rear of the enemy's right flank. This is entirely unfounded in fact. Smith's command consisted of Elzey's brigade, three regiments of which were in the battle, and they moved up from the Junction to the rear of our centre, under orders which General Smith found there on his arrival, and were subsequently moved by Elzey to meet the enemy's right after Smith was wounded. My brigade went to the left of Elzey, and I am able to say that none of our troops got to the enemy's rear, unless it may have been when Stuart made his charge. The reports of Generals Johnston and Beauregard as well as that of Colonel, afterwards Major General, Elzey, show the truth of the matter, and it is a little singular that those writers who have undertaken to describe this battle have taken the newspaper accounts as authentic without thinking of having recourse to the official

reports.

Another erroneous statement in reference to the battle which has gone current, is that Holmes' brigade came up at a critical time and helped to save the day, when the fact is that that brigade was further from the field than any of our troops, and, though sent for in the afternoon, did not reach the battlefield at all, but its march was arrested by the close of the fight.

The concentration of Johnston's and Beauregard's forces against McDowell was a master stroke of strategy well executed, and our generals displayed great ability and energy in meeting and defeating the unexpected <je_37>movement against our left. Claims were put forward in behalf of several commands for the credit of having saved the day and secured the victory.

It is rather surprising to observe that erroneous views often prevail in regard to the relative merits of different commands, engaged in bearing respectively very necessary parts in an action. If a small force has been fighting obstinately for hours against great odds, until it has become exhausted and is beginning to give way, and then fresh troops come up and turn the tide of battle, the latter are said to have gained the day and often reap all the glory. It is not likely to be considered, that, but for the troops whose obstinate fighting enabled the fresh ones to come up in time, the day would have been irretrievably lost before the appearance of the latter. It is an old saying that "It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back," yet the last feather would do no harm but for the weight which precedes it. The *first* feather contributes as much as the last to the catastrophe.

At this battle, but for the cavalry which watched the enemy's movements and gave timely notice to Evans so that he could move to the left and check the advance of Hunter, the day would probably have been lost at the outset. But for the prompt movement of Evans to the left and the obstinate fighting of his men, the enemy would have reached the range of hills on which our final line of battle was formed, thus turning our left completely and necessitating a rapid falling back from the line of Bull Run, which would most assuredly have resulted in defeat. This would likewise have been the case had not Bee arrived to the assistance of Evans when he did and stayed the progress of the enemy by his stubborn resistance.

When Bee and Evans were forced back across the Warrenton Pike, the day would have been lost had not Jackson arrived most opportunely and furnished them a barrier behind which to re-form. From the beginning <je_38>our batteries rendered most essential service, and the infantry would probably have been overpowered but for their well directed fire. The arrivals of Coker's two regiments, Hampton's Legion, the ten companies of the 7th and 49th Virginia Regiments, the 6th North Carolina and Bonham's two regiments all served to stem the tide of battle and stay defeat, but still in all probability the day would have been lost but for the timely appearance of Smith with Elzey's command and the subsequent movement of Elzey to our left.

I do not claim to have won or saved the day with my command, but I think it will be conceded by all who read the reports of Generals Johnston and Beauregard, that the arrival of that command and the cool and deliberate manner in which my men formed in line, under fire and in full view of the enemy, and their advance had a material effect in thwarting the last effort of the enemy to flank our line and in precipitating his retreat. I can bear testimony to the very efficient service rendered by Stuart with his two companies of cavalry, and Beck-ham's battery.

The fact is that all the troops engaged in the battle were necessary to prevent defeat and secure victory, and each command in its proper sphere may be said to have saved the day. It is very unjust to give all the credit or the greater part of it to any one command; and I would not exempt from the general commendation those troops on the right who held that part of the line, under fire, and prevented the enemy from getting to our rear and cutting off our communications.

It is not easy to account for McDowell's delay in making his attack, thereby permitting the concentration against him. So far as he is personally concerned, a ready excuse is to be found for him in the fact that he was inexperienced in command, having before that served in the field only in the capacity of a staff officer; but General Scott, an old and distinguished <je_39>soldier, was in fact controlling the operations and was in constant communication by telegraph with McDowell, who had been his aide and was selected to carry out his plans. General Scott was in fact the commander and McDowell was merely his executive officer in the field. The former was the responsible man and to his name must be attached the discredit for the failure at Bull Run. Had McDowell's whole force been thrown against our centre on the day Tyler advanced on Blackburn 's Ford, our line must have been broken and a defeat to us must have ensued, for at that time our troops were too few and too much scattered to have furnished sufficient resistance to the enemy's overwhelming force, or to have permitted an effective attack on his flanks. By delay this opportunity was lost and the two armies were concentrated against McDowell.

McDowell seems to have made an honest effort to conduct the campaign on the principles of civilized warfare, and expressed a very just indignation at the excesses committed by his troops. In a dispatch from Fairfax Court-House, dated the 18th of July, he said: "I am distressed to have to report excesses by our troops. The excitement of the men found vent in burning and pillaging, which, however, was soon checked. It distressed us all greatly." On the same day he issued an order from which I make the following extract:

"Any persons found committing the slightest depredation, killing pigs or poultry or trespassing on the property of the inhabitants, will be reported to the then headquarters, and the least that will be done to them will be to send them to the Alexandria jail. It is again ordered that no one shall arrest or attempt to arrest any citizen not in arms at the time, or search or attempt to search any house, or even enter the same without permission. The troops must behave themselves with as much forbearance and propriety as if they were at <je_40>their own homes. They are here to fight the enemies of the country, not to judge and punish the unarmed and helpless, however guilty they may be. When necessary, that will be done by the proper person.

"By command of General McDowell.

"Jas. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant General."

This order deserves to be exhumed from the oblivion into which it seems to have fallen, and is in strong contrast with the subsequent practice under Butler, Pope, Milroy, Hunter, Sheridan, Sherman, etc. This war order of McDowell's might well have been commended to the consideration of military satraps set to rule over the people of the South in a time of "peace." It did not prevent the burning of the entire village of Germantown, a few miles from Fairfax Court-House, but the citizens agreed that McDowell had made an honest effort to prevent depredations by his troops; and it gives me pleasure to make the statement, as it is the last time I will have occasion to make a similar one in regard to any

of the Federal commanders who followed him.

Pursuit of the enemy was not made after the battle in order to capture Washington or cross the Potomac, and as this omission has been the subject of much comment and criticism, I will make some observations on that head.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that our generals were inexperienced in command.

In the next place, it must be conceded that a commanding general knows more about the condition of his troops and the obstacles in his way than any other can know; and for very obvious reasons he is debarred from making public at the time the reasons and conditions which govern his course.

It must also be considered that he cannot know beforehand as much as the critics who form their judgment from the light of after events. Those, therefore, who ascertained some days after the battle what was the <je_41>actual condition of McDowell's army on the retreat, must recollect that this was not known to General Johnston until that army was safe from pursuit, even if it had been practicable to accomplish any more than was done with our army in its then condition.

Without having been in General Johnston's confidence, or professing to know more about the motives actuating him at the time than he has thought proper to make public, I will undertake to show that it was utterly impossible for any army to have captured Washington by immediate pursuit, even if it had been in condition to make such pursuit, and that it would have been very difficult to cross the Potomac at all.

In the first place, I will say that the army was not in condition to make pursuit on the afternoon of the 21st after the battle, or that night. All the troops engaged, except Cocke's regiment, the 19th Virginia, the two regiments with Kershaw, and my command, were so much exhausted and shattered by the desperate conflict in which they had participated, that they made no attempt at pursuit and were incapable of any.

Our cavalry consisted of one organized regiment of nine companies, and a 'number of unattached companies. This cavalry was armed principally with shot guns and very inferior sabres, and was without the discipline and drill necessary to make that arm effective in a charge. Moreover it had been necessarily scattered on the flanks and along the line, to watch the enemy and give information of his movements. It could not readily be concentrated for the purpose of an efficient pursuit, and the attempts made in that direction were desultory.

By light on the morning of the 22nd, the greater part of the enemy's troops were either in the streets of Washington or under the protection of the guns at Arlington Heights.

The question then arises whether, by pursuit on the morning of the 22nd, Washington could have been captured. And I will here call attention to some facts which <je_42>seem entirely to have escaped the attention of the critics. The Potomac is at least a mile wide at Washington and navigable to that place for the largest vessels. The only means of crossing the river, except in vessels, are by the Long Bridge, the aqueduct on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal at Georgetown, and the chain bridge above Georgetown.

The Long Bridge is an old wooden structure with at least one draw and perhaps two in it, and could have been easily destroyed by fire, besides being susceptible of being commanded through its entire length by vessels of war lying near Washington, where there were some out of range of any guns we would have brought to bear.

The aqueduct is long and narrow with a channel for the water, which we could not have

turned off as it runs from the northern side of the Potomac, and a narrow towpath on the side. One piece of artillery at its northern end could have effectually prevented the passing of troops over it, and besides it could have been easily ruined and some of the spans blown up, so as to render it impassable.

The chain bridge is a wooden structure and could have been easily burned. If therefore the entire Federal Army had fled across the river on our approach, we could not have crossed it near Washington. The largest pieces of artillery we had, capable of being transported, were small field pieces of which the heaviest for solid shot were six pounders, and we had no Howitzer larger than a twenty-four pounder if we had any of that size. None of our guns were of sufficient range to reach across the river into the city. If, therefore, we had advanced at once upon Washington and the Federal Army had fled across the river on our approach, abandoning the city itself, still we could not have entered it, unless the bridges had been left intact; and it is not to be supposed that McDowell, General Scott, and all the officers of the regular army, were so badly frightened and demoralized that they would have fled on our approach, and omitted to destroy the approaches to the city, even if such had <je_43>been the case with the volunteers, the civil authorities, and the Congress.

All the bridges above, to and beyond Harper's Ferry, had been burned, and the nearest ford to Washington, over which at low water it is possible for infantry to pass, is White's Ford, several miles above Leesburg, and forty miles from Washington. This was then an obscure ford, where, in 1862, General Jackson had to have the banks dug down before our wagons and artillery could cross, and then the canal on the northern bank had to be bridged. We had nothing in the shape of pontoons, and it would have been impossible to have obtained them in any reasonable time.

I had occasion, in 1864, to make myself acquainted with the character of the Potomac and its crossing at and above Washington, and what I state here is not mere speculation. General Johnston had resided in Washington for several years, and must be supposed to have been acquainted with the difficulties.

I have heard some wiseacres remark that if we had gone on, we could have entered *pell-mell* with the enemy into Washington. To have done that, if possible, we would have had to keep up with the enemy, and I don't think any one supposes that a solitary soldier in our army could have reached the banks of the Potomac by daylight the morning after the battle. It is possible to cross a bridge of a few yards in length, or enter through the gates of a city pell-mell with an army, but no one ever heard of that thing being done on a bridge more than a mile in length and with a draw raised in the middle.

The truth is that, while the enemy's retreat was very disorderly and disgraceful, some of his troops retained their organization and the condition of things at Washington was not quite as bad as represented. Spectators in the city, seeing the condition of the fugitives thronging the streets, and the panic of the civilians, may have well supposed that the whole army was disorganized, and so utterly demoralized that it would have fled on <je_44>the very first cry that the "rebels are coming," but if General McDowell and his officers are to be believed, there still remained on the southern bank of the Potomac a considerable force in fighting condition. Miles' division had not been engaged and Runyon's had not reached Centreville when the battle took place. Besides a considerable force had been retained in Washington under Mansfield.

McClellan states in his report, that, when he assumed command on the 27th of July, the

infantry in and around Washington numbered 50,000, and this was much larger than our whole force was after the reinforcements had reached us subsequent to the battle. The strength of our army at this time, as well as on all other occasions, has been greatly exaggerated even by Southern writers; its organization was very imperfect, many of the troops not being brigaded.

If we had advanced, Alexandria would probably have fallen into our hands without a struggle, and we might have forced the enemy to evacuate his works south of the Potomac, but very likely not until after a fight in which our loss would have been greater than the object to be accomplished would have justified. We might have transferred our line to the banks of the Potomac, but we could not have held it, and would eventually have been compelled to abandon it with greater damage to us than the evacuation of the line of Bull Run caused.

So much for the question as between the commanding general and the cavillers. But there is another phase of it, in which a staff officer of General Beauregard, writing for a Northern journal, has endeavored to raise an issue between that general and the Government at Richmond. I have before shown that General Johnston, as commander of the army, was the responsible person, and I believe he has never attempted to evade the responsibility. General Beauregard's agency in the matter could only be as an adviser and lieutenant of the commanding general.

<je_45>

The point made against the Government is that Washington could and would have been taken, if the President, Secretary of War, and the heads of the Quarter-master and Commissary Departments had furnished sufficient transportation and supplies, though it is admitted that Mr. Davis left the question of an advance entirely to his generals.

Now in regard to transportation, we had an abundance of wagons to carry all the ammunition needed, and for gathering in provisions, and if the bridges on the railroad had not been burned, we might have moved our depot to Alexandria as we moved, provided we could have advanced to that point, as the enemy had repaired the railroad to Fairfax Station, and had not interfered with it on his retreat. The burning of the bridges on the railroad did not impede the progress of the enemy before the battle, as he did not march on it and Bull Run was fordable anywhere. That burning could only have served the purpose of obstructing the use of the railroad by the enemy in the event of our defeat, which with his means of reconstruction would have been but a very few days, and it did not obstruct our movements for a much longer time. At the time of the battle, the county of Loudoun on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and the whole State of Maryland, were teeming with supplies, and we could have readily procured all the transportation needed from the citizens, if we had not taken it from the enemy, which would probably have been the case if an advance had been practicable otherwise.

Certain it is, that in 1862, after the second battle of Manassas, when the enemy's army had been defeated, not routed, and was still vastly superior in number and equipment to our own, we did not hesitate a moment about supplies, though our army was without rations and Fairfax and Loudoun had been nearly exhausted of their grain and cattle; but taking only transportation for the ammunition and the cooking utensils, and sending <je_46>the rest of our trains to the valley, except wagons to gather up flour, we marched across the Potomac into Maryland, our men and officers living principally on green corn and beef without salt or bread. Neither was our army prevented from making the

movement into Pennsylvania, in 1863, for fear of not getting provisions. We depended upon taking them from the enemy and the country through which we marched, and did thus procure them. The alleged difficulties in 1861 would have been no difficulties in 1862, 1863, or 1864. These were not the real difficulties which prevented the capture of Washington after the battle of the 21st of July, and the issue which is attempted to be made with the Government at Richmond is therefore an idle one.

These remarks are not made with the slightest purpose of disparaging in any way General Beauregard, for whom I have great regard and admiration. When he ordered the burning of the bridge over Bull Run, he had reason to apprehend that his comparatively small force would have to encounter McDowell's whole army before any reinforcements arrived to his assistance, and he had therefore good grounds to regard this as a precaution which the circumstances warranted and demanded.

The foregoing reflections and comments are such as my subsequent experience and observation have enabled me to make, and I do not pretend that a tittle of them occurred to me at the time.

Both of our generals, notwithstanding their inexperience in command, displayed extraordinary energy and capacity in thwarting the plans of a veteran commander, whom the country at that time regarded as one of the ablest military chieftains of the age. If they did not accomplish all that might have been accomplished by an experienced and skilful commander, with an army of veterans, they are not therefore to be condemned; but it is equally unjust to attempt to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the Government at Richmond.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter V.--Operations Along Bull Run.

<je_47>

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of the 21st a portion of our troops were moved across Bull Run and the former line north of that stream was re-occupied. The army at that time was known as the "Army of the Potomac," and General Beauregard's command was reorganized as the 1st corps of that army, with the same brigade commanders as before. I was promoted to the rank of brigadier general to date from the 21st of July, and was assigned to the command of a brigade composed of the 24th Virginia Regiment, the 5th North Carolina State Troops, Colonel Duncan K. McRae, and the 13th North Carolina Volunteers (subsequently designated the 23rd North Carolina Regiment), Colonel John Hoke. The greater part of the army was moved to the north of Bull Run, but I resumed my position on the right of the Junction at my former camps, and remained there until the latter part of August, when I moved to the north of the Occoquon, in front of Wolf Run Shoals, below the mouth of Bull Run. Our line was extended from this point by Langster's cross-roads and Fairfax Station through Fairfax Court-House. Hampton's Legion was composed of a battalion of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and remained south of the Occoquon on the right, and watched the lower fords of that stream and the landings on the Potomac immediately below Occoquon. Evans had occupied Leesburg.

Captain W. W. Thornton's company of cavalry had been again attached to my command and subsequently, in the month of September, a battery of Virginia artillery under Captain Holman reported to me. In the latter part of August, General Longstreet, who had command of the advanced forces at Fairfax Court-House, <je_48>threw forward a small force of infantry and cavalry and established strong pickets at Mason's and Munson's Hills, in close proximity to the enemy's main line on the south of the Potomac.

McClellan had succeeded McDowell, in command of the Federal Army opposed to us, and that army was being greatly augmented by new levies.

A few days after I reached my camp in front of Wolf Run Shoals, my brigade was ordered to Fairfax Station, for the purpose of supporting Longstreet, if necessary. After being there a day, I was ordered by General Longstreet to move with two of my regiments to Mason's Hill, to relieve one of his on duty at that place. I took with me the 24th Virginia and 5th North Carolina Regiments, and my movement was so timed as to reach Mason's Hill in the night. I arrived there before light on the morning of the 31st of August, and relieved the 17th Regiment, Colonel Corse. About light on that morning, one of Colonel Corse's companies, which was on picket one mile from the main force in the direction of Alexandria, was attacked by a detachment from a New Jersey regiment, under its colonel, and after a very sharp fight, repulsed the enemy and inflicted a severe punishment on him.

This advanced line at Mason's and Munson's Hills was about twelve or fifteen miles in front of Fairfax Court-House, and was a mere picket line held ordinarily by two infantry regiments with a few pieces of artillery, while a small force of cavalry watched the flanks. From it there were in full view the dome of the Capitol at Washington and a part of the enemy's line on the heights south and west of Alexandria. The two main positions were in sight of each other and about a mile apart. From them smaller pickets were thrown out in

front and up to within a very short distance of large bodies of the enemy, those from Mason's Hill being in some cases more than a mile from the main body. The pickets were constantly skirmishing with those of the <je_49>enemy, and it was very evident that he was much alarmed at this demonstration in his immediate front, as Professor Lowe, who now made his appearance with his balloons, kept one of them up almost constantly, and large parties were seen working very energetically at the line of fortifications in our front. Contemporaneous accounts given by the enemy represent this movement on our part as a very serious one, and he was evidently impressed with the idea that the greater part of our army was immediately confronting him, whereas, if it had not been for his excessive caution and want of enterprise, he might have moved out and captured the whole of our advance force without the possibility of its escape.

After my pickets had relieved those of Corse, it was reported to me that a flag of truce had appeared at the outside picket, where the fight had taken place in the early morning, and I rode to a house in the vicinity of that point and had the person bearing the flag brought to me blindfolded. He proved to be a Dr. Coxe, surgeon of the New Jersey regiment, a detachment of which had been engaged in the above named affair. He stated that he came on the part of Colonel Tyler of the 3rd New Jersey to get the bodies of several men who were missing, and that he was informed that General Kearney, who commanded on that part of the line, had directed Colonel Tyler to send the party with the flag.

I informed him of the irregularity of the proceeding, but after some conversation in which I endeavored to leave him under the impression that we had a large force in the vicinity, I gave him permission to carry off the dead bodies, two of which he had picked up outside of my picket, and two others having been brought in to the picket before his arrival. We remained at Mason's Hill three or four days, and I was then relieved by Colonel Smith in command of the 20th Georgia Regiment. My pickets had been constantly skirmishing with small parties of the enemy, and there had been one or <je_50>two false alarms of an approach against us, but the enemy made no serious demonstration. This advanced line of pickets was subsequently abandoned, after having been maintained for several weeks, but I did not again return to it.

After leaving Mason's Hill, I moved back to my camp in front of Wolf Run Shoals, again occupying the right of our line. I remained on this flank until the fore part of October, and my regiments picketed at Springfield on the line of the railroad, alternating with those of Ewell's brigade at Langster's cross-roads. On the 4th of October Major General Earl Van Dorn joined our army and was assigned to the command of a division composed of Ewell's brigade and mine. This was the first division organized in the "Army of the Potomac" (Confederate) and I think in the entire Confederate army. In a day or two afterwards my brigade was moved to a position between Fairfax Station and Fairfax Court-House, and remained there until the army was moved back to the line which it occupied for the winter, my regiment picketing at Burke's Station on the railroad in the meantime.

Soon after the organization of the division, Captain Green's company of cavalry, for which Thornton's had been exchanged, was relieved from duty with me and attached to General Van Dorn's headquarters. On the 7th of October, the 20th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. D. Smith, was attached to my brigade, and joined me in a day or two thereafter. On the 15th of October the whole of our army moved back from the line

passing through Fairfax Court-House to me, extending from Union Mills on the right, through Centreville, to Stone Bridge on the left. At the new position Van Dorn's division was on the right, with Ewell's brigade at Union Mills and mine on its left above that point. We proceeded at once to fortify the whole line from right to left.

McClellan's report shows that the troops under his <je_51>command in and about Washington, including those on the Maryland shore of the Potomac above and below Washington and the troops with Dix at Baltimore, on the 15th day of October, the day before our retrograde movement, amounted to 133,201 present for duty, and an aggregate present of 143,647. The mass of this force was south of the Potomac, and nearly the whole of it available for an advance. The whole force under General Johnston's command did not exceed one-third of McClellan's, though the latter has estimated our force "on the Potomac" in the month of October at not less than 150,000.

After the occupation of the line at Centreville, the infantry of our army at and near that place was organized into four divisions of three brigades each and two corps. Bonham's brigade was attached to Van Dorn's division, and the command of the other divisions was given to Major Generals G. W. Smith, Longstreet, and E. Kirby Smith, respectively. Van Dorn's and Longstreet's divisions constituted the first corps under General Beauregard, and the other two divisions constituted the second corps under the temporary command of Major General G. W. Smith.

About the same time, General Jackson, with the rank of Major General, was sent to the valley with his old brigade, and the 22nd of October an order was issued from the Adjutant General's office at Richmond, establishing the Department of Northern Virginia, composed of the Valley district, the Potomac district, and the Aquia district, under the command of General Johnston; the districts being assigned to the command of Major General Jackson, General Beauregard, and Major General Holmes, in the order in which they are named. Colonel Robert E. Rodes of the 5th Alabama Regiment had been made brigadier general and assigned to the command of Ewell's brigade, Ewell being temporarily assigned to a brigade in Longstreet's division, and subsequently made major general and transferred <je_52>to the command of E. K. Smith's division, when the latter officer was sent to Tennessee.

The affair of Evans' command with the enemy at Ball's Bluff occurred on the 21st of October, and Stuart's affair with the enemy at Drainesville occurred on the 20th of December. These are the only conflicts of the "Army of the Potomac" with the enemy of any consequence, during the fall and winter, after the occupation of the line of Centreville. Our front was covered by a line of pickets some distance in front, extending from left to right, and all under command of Brigadier General J. E. B. Stuart of the cavalry, who was especially assigned to that duty, details by regiments being made from the infantry to report to him.

Rodes' brigade was moved to the south of Bull Run to go into winter quarters, leaving my brigade on the right of our line, which was now contracted so as to merely cover McLean's Ford on that flank. About the middle of January, 1862, Major General Van Dorn was relieved from duty with the "Army of the Potomac" and ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, General Bonham succeeding to the command of the division as senior brigadier general. On the 30th of January, General Beauregard took leave of the "Army of the Potomac," he having been ordered to Kentucky; and after this time there was no distinction of corps in the "Army of the Potomac," but all division commanders

reported directly to General Johnston.

After the 1st of February General Bonham relinquished the command of the division, having resigned his commission to take his seat in Congress, and I succeeded to the command of the division as next in rank --Colonel Kershaw, who was appointed brigadier general, succeeding Bonham in the command of his brigade. My brigade had gone into temporary winter quarters at the point to which it had moved, when we fell back from the line of Fairfax Court-House for the purpose of continuing the construction of the works on our right, <je_53>which were rendered necessary by the change in the line before mentioned; and it was engaged in building new winter quarters south of Bull Run, and completing the earthworks covering McLean's Ford when the line of Bull Run was abandoned.

About two weeks before the evacuation took place, division commanders were confidentially informed of the probability of that event, and ordered to prepare their commands for it in a quiet way. Up to that time there had been no apparent preparation for such a movement, but an immense amount of stores of all kinds and private baggage of officers and men had been permitted to accumulate. Preparations, however, were commenced at once for sending the stores and baggage to the rear. Owing to the fact that our army had remained stationary so long, and the inexperience in campaigning of our troops, there had been a vast accumulation of private baggage by both officers and men; and when it became necessary to change a camp it was the work of two or three days. I had endeavored to inculcate proper ideas on this subject into the minds of the officers of my own immediate command, but with very indifferent success, and it was very provoking to see with what tenacity young lieutenants held on to baggage enough to answer all their purposes at a fashionable watering place in time of peace.

After the confidential instructions for the evacuation were given, I tried to persuade all my officers to send all their baggage not capable of being easily transported and for which they did not have immediate necessary use, on the railroad to some place in the rear out of all danger, but the most that I could accomplish was to get them to send it to Manassas Junction. This was generally the case with the whole army, and the consequence was that a vast amount of trunks and other private baggage was accumulated at the Junction at the last moment, for which it was impossible to find any transportation. This evil, however, was finally and <je_54>completely remedied by the burning which took place when the Junction itself was evacuated, and we never had any great reason subsequently to complain of a plethoric condition of the baggage.

Besides this trouble in regard to private baggage, there was another which incommoded us to some extent, and that resulted from the presence of the wives of a number of officers in and near camp. These would listen to no mild appeals or gentle remonstrances, but held on with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and I was myself compelled, as a final resort, to issue a peremptory order for some of them to leave my camp.

The order was finally given for the movement to the rear on the 8th of March and early on that morning I broke up my camps and moved with my brigade and that of Kershaw towards the Junction. We were delayed, however, waiting for the movement of the other troops, and did not arrive at the Junction until in the afternoon. A portion of Ewell's division was to move in front of us along the railroad, while the remainder of it, with Rodes' brigade, was to move on a road east of the railroad. Our wagon trains had been previously sent forward on the roads west of the railroad. We waited at the Junction until

the troops that were to precede us had passed on, and the last of the trains of cars could be gotten off. Finally at a late hour of the night after the last available train of cars had left, we moved along the railroad past Bristow Station, and bivouacked for the night, my brigade bringing up the rear of our infantry on that route.

A very large amount of stores and provisions had been abandoned for want of transportation, and among the stores was a quantity of clothing, blankets, etc., which had been provided by the States south of Virginia for their own troops. The pile of trunks along the railroad was appalling to behold. All these stores, clothing, trunks, etc., were consigned to the flames by a portion of our cavalry left to carry out the work of their destruction. <je_55>The loss of stores at this point, and at White Plains, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, where a large amount of meat had been salted and stored, was a very serious one to us, and embarrassed us for the remainder of the war, as it put us at once on a running stock.

The movement back from the line of Bull Run was in itself a very wise one in a strategic point of view, if it was not one of absolute necessity, but the loss of stores was very much to be regretted. I do not pretend to attach censure to any one of our officials for this loss, especially not to General Johnston. I know that he was exceedingly anxious to get off all the stores, and made extraordinary exertions to accomplish that object. My own opinion was that the failure to carry them off was mainly owing to inefficient management by the railroad officials, as I always found their movements slow and little to be depended on, beginning with the transportation of the troops sent by me from Lynchburg in May and June, 1861.

McClellan in his report assumes that the evacuation of the line of Bull Run, was in consequence of his projected movement to the Peninsula having become known to the Confederate commander, but such was not the fact. Our withdrawal from that line was owing to the fact that our force was too small to enable us to hold so long a line against the immense force which it was known had been concentrated at and near Washington. McClellan's statement of his own force shows that his troops, including those in Maryland and Delaware, numbered on the 1st of January, 1862, 191,840 for duty; on the 1st of February, 190,806 for duty; and on the 1st of March, 193,142 for duty. Of this force he carried into the field in his campaign in the Peninsula considerably over 100,000 men, after having left over 40,000 men to protect Washington. He could have thrown against General Johnston's army, at and near Manassas, a force of more than four times the strength of that army. I have before stated that Johnston's <je_56>army was composed of four divisions of infantry besides the cavalry and artillery.

The division commanded by me was fully an average one, and that division, including three batteries of artillery and a company of cavalry attached to it, as shown by my field returns now before me, numbered on the 1st of February, 1862, 6,965 effective total present, and an aggregate present of 8,703; and on the 1st of March, 5,775 effective total present, and an aggregate present of 7,154. At both periods a very large number present were on the sick list. The aggregate present and absent on the 1st of March amounted to 10,008, there being at that time twenty-four officers and 962 enlisted men absent sick and 61 officers and 1,442 enlisted men absent on furlough--the rest of the absentees being on detached service and without leave. This will give a very good idea of General Johnston's entire strength, and will show the immense superiority of the enemy's force to his.

The evacuation of Manassas and the line of Bull Run was therefore a movement

rendered absolutely necessary by the inability of our army to cope with the enemy's so near to his base, and had been delayed fully as long as it was prudent to do so.

Moving back over the routes designated, Ewell's division and mine crossed the Rappahannock on the 10th of March and took position on the south bank. We remained there several days, when my division was moved to the Rapidan and crossed over to the south bank, Ewell being left to guard the crossing of the Rappahannock. G. W. Smith's and Longstreet's divisions had moved by the roads west of the railroad, and were concentrated near Orange Court-House.

I remained near the Rapidan until the 4th of April, when I received orders to move up to Orange CourtHouse to take the cars for Richmond and report to General Lee, who was then entrusted with the general direction of military operations, under the President. I <je_57>marched to the court-house next day, but found difficulty in getting cars enough to transport my division. Rodes was first sent off, then Kershaw, and my own brigade was finally put on board on the 7th. Going with the rear of this last brigade, I reached Richmond on the morning of the 8th of April, after much delay on the road, and found that Rodes and Kershaw had been sent to General Magruder on the Peninsula, to which point I was also ordered with my own brigade, part going by the way of York River, and the rest by the way of James River in vessels towed by tugs. My trains and artillery moved by land from Orange CourtHouse.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter VI.--Manoeuvring On The Peninsula.

<je_58>

I LANDED and reported to General Magruder on the morning of the 9th of April.

After the abandonment of the line of Bull Run by our troops, McClellan had moved the greater part of his army to the Peninsula, and by the 4th of April had landed about 100,000 men at or near Fortress Monroe. Magruder at that time occupied the lower Peninsula with a force which did not exceed in effective men 7,000 or 8,000. Upon this force McClellan advanced with his immense army, when Magruder fell back to the line of Warwick River, extending from Yorktown on York River across James River, and checked the enemy's advance. McClellan then sat down before the fortifications at Yorktown and along Warwick River and began a siege by regular approaches.

When I arrived at Magruder's headquarters, I was informed by him that his force, before the arrival of mine, amounted to 12,000, he having been reinforced since the enemy's advance, by troops from the south side of James River and Wilcox's brigade of G. W. Smith's (now D. R. Jones') division, the said brigade having been detached from the army under Johnston. The division carried by me now numbered about 8,000 men and officers for duty, it having been increased to that amount by the return of those on furlough and some recruits; so that Magruder's force now amounted to 20,000 men and officers for duty. McClellan, in a telegram to President Lincoln, dated the 7th of April, says: "Your telegram of yesterday received. In reply I have to state that my entire force for duty amounts to only about eighty-five thousand men." At that time, except Wilcox's brigade, not a soldier from General Johnston's army had arrived, and my division constituted <je_59>the next reinforcement received from that army by Magruder.

Yorktown had been previously strongly fortified, and some preparations had been made to strengthen the other part of the line, which, however, had not been completed. Warwick River runs diagonally across the Peninsula from the vicinity of Yorktown, and its course for the greater part of the way is through low, marshy country. Though at its head it is quite a small stream, it had been dammed up to within about a mile of the works at Yorktown by dams thrown across at several points, so as to be impassable without bridging at any other points than where the dams were, which later we defended with earthworks.

Between Warwick River and Yorktown were two redoubts, called respectively Redoubt No. 4 and Redoubt No. 5, which were connected by a curtain, with wings or lateral breastworks extending to Warwick River on the one side, and the head of a deep ravine between Redoubt No. 4 and Yorktown on the other. Redoubt No. 4, which was the one nearest Yorktown, was sometimes called Fort Magruder. Gloucester Point, across York River from Yorktown, was occupied by a small infantry force with some heavy batteries. The whole line was nearly fifteen miles in length. The assuming and maintaining the line by Magruder, with his small force in the face of such overwhelming odds, was one of the boldest exploits ever performed by a military commander, and he had so manoeuvred his troops, by displaying them rapidly at different points, as to produce the impression on his opponent that he had a large army. His men and a considerable body of negro laborers had been and were still engaged in strengthening the works by working night and day, so that their energies were taxed to the utmost limit.

Before my arrival, Kershaw's brigade had been ordered to the right of the line and assigned to that part of it under the command of Brigadier General McLaws, <je_60>and Rodes' brigade had been posted at the works between the defences of Yorktown and the head of the obstructions on Warwick River. On my arrival I was ordered to move my own brigade near the point occupied by Rodes, and I was assigned to the command of that part of the line extending from the ravine south of Yorktown to the right of Wynn's Mill as far as the mouth of the branch leading into the pond made by Dam No. 1, which was the first dam below that at Wynn's Mill. There were two dams on the line thus assigned me, the dam at Wynn's Mill, etc. The troops defending the part of the line thus assigned me consisted of Rodes' brigade; my own, now under the command of Colonel D. K. McRae, of the 5th North Carolina Regiment; the 2nd Florida Regiment, Colonel Ward; the 2nd Mississippi Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Taylor; Brigadier General Wilcox's brigade; and two regiments temporarily attached to his command under Colonel Winston of Alabama; and the 19th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Mott. The latter regiment was, however, transferred to another part of the line in a few days.

The only portions of my line exposed to the view of the enemy were Redoubts Nos. 4 and 5 and the works attached to them, the works at Wynn's Mill and part of a small work at the upper dam of Wynn's Mill--the works at Wynn's Mill and the upper dam with the intervening space being occupied by Wilcox's command. Between the works designated, including Dam No. 1, the swamps on both sides of Warwick River were thickly wooded, and it would have been impossible to cross without cutting away the dams, which could not have been done without first driving away our troops. This was also the case below Dam No. 1 to a greater or less extent. Redoubts Nos. 4 and 5 with the curtain and lateral works had been from necessity constructed on ground sloping towards the enemy, and the interior and rear of them were therefore much exposed to his fire. This was also the case at Wynn's Mill, and at both points <je_61>it had been necessary to cut zig-zag trenches, or bayous, to enable the men to pass into and from the works with as little exposure as possible.

Our side of the Warwick River, between the exposed points, was occupied by thin picket lines. Besides the infantry mentioned, there were several batteries of field artillery in the works, and in Redoubt No. 4 there were two heavy guns and a large Howitzer. Brigadier General Raines had charge of the immediate defences of Yorktown and Gloucester Point.

When I took command I found the enemy busily engaged in constructing trenches and earthworks in front of Redoubts 4 and 5 and of Wynn's Mill. In front of Redoubt No. 5 was a dwelling house, with several out-houses and a large peach orchard extending to within a few hundred yards of our works, under cover of which the enemy pushed forward some sharpshooters, with long-range rifles, and established a line of rifle pits within range of our works, which annoyed us very much for several days, as nearly our whole armament for the infantry consisted of smooth-bore muskets, and our artillery ammunition was too scarce to permit its use in a contest with sharpshooters. On the 11th of April General Magruder ordered sorties to be made by small parties from all the main parts of the line for the purpose of fooling the enemy. Wilcox sent out a party from Wynn's Mill which encountered the skirmishers the enemy had thrown up towards his front, and drove them back to the main line.

Later in the day Colonel Ward, with his own regiment and the 2nd Mississippi

Battalion, was thrown to the front on the right and left of Redoubt No. 5, driving the enemy's sharpshooters from their rifle pits, advancing through the peach orchard to the main road beyond, from Warwick Court-House and Fortress Monroe, so as to compel a battery, which the enemy had posted at an earthwork on our left of said road, to retire precipitately. Colonel Ward, however, returned to our <je_62>works on the approach of a large force of the enemy's infantry, after having set fire to the house above mentioned and performed the duty assigned him in a very gallant and dashing manner without loss to his command. These affairs developed the fact that the enemy was in strong force both in front of Wynn's Mill and Redoubts 4 and 5.

On the night following Ward's sortie, the 24th Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Terry, moved to the front, and cut down the peach orchard and burned the rest of the houses which had afforded the enemy shelter; and on the next night Colonel McRae, with the 5th North Carolina Regiment, moved further to the front and cut down some cedars along the main road above mentioned, which partially screened the enemy's movements from our observation, both of which feats were accomplished without difficulty or loss; and after this we were not annoyed again by the enemy's sharpshooters. About this time Major General D. H. Hill arrived at Yorktown with two brigades from General Johnston's army, and was assigned to the command of the left wing, embracing Raines' command and mine. No change, however, was made in the extent of my command, but I was merely made subordinate to General Hill.

The enemy continued to work very busily on his approaches, and each day some new work was developed. He occasionally fired with artillery on our works, and the working parties engaged in strengthening them and making traverses and epaulments in the rear, but we very rarely replied to him, as our supply of ammunition was very limited.

During the month of April there was much cold, rainy weather, and our troops suffered greatly, as they were without tents or other shelter. Their duties were very severe and exhausting, as when they were not on the front line in the trenches they were employed in constructing heavy traverses and epaulments in the rear <je_63>of the main line, so as to conceal and protect the approaches to it. In addition to all this, their rations were very limited and consisted of the plainest and roughest food. Coffee was out of the question, as were vegetables and fresh meat. All this told terribly on the health of the men, and there were little or no hospital accommodations in the rear.

In a day or two after General Hill's arrival, Colston's brigade reported to me and occupied a position between the upper dam of Wynn's Mill and Redoubt No. 5. On the 16th the enemy made a dash at Dam No. I on my right and succeeded in crossing the dam and entering the work covering it, but was soon repulsed and driven across the river with some loss. This was not within the limits of my command, but a portion of my troops were moved in the direction of the point attacked without, however, being needed. By the 18th, the residue of General Johnston's troops east of the Blue Ridge, except Ewell's division and a portion of the cavalry which had been left on the Rappahannock and a small force left at Fredericksburg, had reached the vicinity of Yorktown, and on that day General Johnston, having assumed the command, issued an order assigning Magruder to the command of the right wing, beginning at Dam No. I and extending to James River; D. H. Hill to the command of the left wing, including Yorktown, and Redoubts 4 and 5, and their appertinent defences; Longstreet to the command of the centre, which extended from Dam No. I to the right of the lateral defences of Redoubt No. 5; and G. W. Smith to the

command of the reserve.

This order, as a necessary consequence, curtailed my command, which was now confined to Redoubts Nos. 4 and 5 and the works adjacent thereto, and they were defended by Rodes' and my brigades, and the 2nd Florida Regiment, 2nd Mississippi Battalion, and 49th Virginia Regiment, the latter regiment having been lately assigned to me for the defence of the head of the ravine <je_64>south of Yorktown. Shortly afterwards General Hill made a new arrangement of the command, by which Rodes' brigade was separated from mine and General Rodes was assigned to the charge of Redoubt No. 5 and the defences on its right, while I was assigned to the charge of Redoubt No. 4 and the defences on the right and left of it, including the curtain connecting the two redoubts.

The enemy continued to advance his works, and it was while we were thus confronting him and in constant expectation of an assault, that the reorganization of the greater part of the regiments of our army, under the Conscript Act recently passed by Congress, took place. Congress had been tampering for some time with the question of reorganizing the army and supplying the place of the twelve months' volunteers, which composed much the greater part of our army; and several schemes had been started and adopted with little or no success and much damage to the army itself, until finally it was found necessary to adopt a general conscription. If this scheme had been adopted in the beginning, it would have readily been acquiesced in, but when it was adopted much dissatisfaction was created by the fact that it necessarily violated promises and engagements made with those who had re-enlisted under some of the former schemes. The reorganization which took place resulted in a very great change in the officers, especially among the field-officers, all of whom were appointed by election, and as may well be supposed this state of things added nothing to the efficiency of the army or its morals.

In the meantime the enemy's army had been greatly augmented by reinforcements, and by the last of April his approaches in our front had assumed very formidable appearances. McClellan, in his report, states the strength of his army as follows: present for duty, April 30, 1862, 4,725 officers, and 104,610 men, making 109,335 aggregate present for duty, and 115,350 aggregate present. This was exclusive of Wool's troops at Fortress Monroe. <je_65>General Johnston's whole force, including Magruder's force in it, could not have exceeded 50,000 men and officers for duty, if it reached that number, and my own impression, from data within my knowledge, is that it was considerably below that figure.

After dark on the night of Thursday the 1st of May, General Hill informed his subordinate commanders that the line of Warwick River and Yorktown was to be abandoned, according to a determination that day made, upon a consultation of the principal officers at General Johnston's headquarters; and we were ordered to get ready to evacuate immediately after dark on the following night, after having previously sent off all the trains. This measure was one of absolute necessity, and the only wonder to me was that it had not been previously resorted to.

The line occupied by us was so long and our troops had to be so much scattered to occupy the whole of it, that no point could be sufficiently defended against a regular siege or a vigorous assault. The obstacles that had been interposed to obstruct the enemy, likewise rendered it impossible for us to move out and attack him after he had established his works in front of ours; and we would have to await the result of a regular siege, with the danger, imminent at any time, of the enemy's gunboats and monitors running by our

works on York and James Rivers, and thus destroying our communication by water. About twelve miles in rear of Yorktown, near Williamsburg, the Peninsula is only about three or four miles wide, and there are creeks and marshes intersecting it on both sides at this point, in such way that the routes for the escape of our army would have been confined to a very narrow slip, if our line had been broken. The most assailable point on our whole line was that occupied by Rodes and myself, and when the enemy could have got his heavy batteries ready, our works on this part of the line would have soon been rendered wholly untenable. <je_66>Owing to the fact that the ground on which these works were located sloped towards the enemy's position, so as to expose to a direct fire their interior and rear, it would have been easy for him to have shelled us out of them; and when this part of the line had been carried, the enemy could have pushed to our rear on the direct road to Williamsburg and secured all the routes over which it would have been possible for us to retreat, thus rendering the capture or dispersion of our entire army certain. Nothing but the extreme boldness of Magruder and the excessive caution of McClellan had arrested the march of the latter across this part of the line in the first place, as it was then greatly weaker than we subsequently made it.

During the night of the 1st of May, after orders had been given for the evacuation, we commenced a cannonade upon the enemy, with all of our heavy guns, in the works at Yorktown and in Redoubt No. 4. The object of this was to dispose of as much of the fixed ammunition as possible and produce the impression that we were preparing for an attack on the enemy's trenches. This cannonading was continued during the next day, and, on one part of the line, we were ready to have commenced the evacuation at the time designated, but a little before night on that day (Friday the 2nd) the order was countermanded until the next night, because some of Longstreet's troops were not ready to move. We therefore continued to cannonade on Friday night and during Saturday. Fortunately, after dark on the latter day the evacuation began and was conducted successfully--Stuart's cavalry having been dismounted to occupy our picket line in front, and then men attached to the heavy artillery remaining behind to continue the cannonade until near daylight next morning, so as to keep the enemy in ignorance of our movements. There was a loss of some stores and considerable public property which had been recently brought down, for which there was no transportation, as the steamboats expected <je_67>for that purpose did not arrive, and the whole of our heavy artillery including some guns that had not been mounted had to be abandoned.

Hill's command, to which I was attached, moved on the direct road from Yorktown to Williamsburg, but our progress was very slow, as the roads were in a terrible condition by reason of heavy rains which had recently fallen. My command passed through Williamsburg after sunrise on the morning of Sunday, the 4th, and bivouacked about two miles west of that place. The day before the evacuation took place the 20th Georgia Regiment had been transferred from my brigade, and its place had been supplied by the 38th Virginia Regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Whittle. The 2nd Florida Regiment and the 2nd Mississippi Battalion continued to be attached to my command. No supplies of provisions had been accumulated at Williamsburg, and the rations brought from Yorktown were now nearly exhausted, owing to the delay of a day in the evacuation and the fact that our transportation was very limited.

We rested on Sunday, but received orders to be ready to resume the march at 3 o'clock A.M. on next day, the 5th. My command was under arms promptly at the time designated,

but it had been raining during the night, and it was very difficult for our trains and artillery to make any headway. My command, therefore, had to remain under arms until about noon, before the time arrived for it to take its place in the column to follow the troops and trains which were to precede it, and was just about to move off when I received an order from General Hill to halt for a time. I soon received another order to move back to Williamsburg and report to General Longstreet, who had been entrusted with the duty of protecting our rear.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter VII.--Battle Of Williamsburg.

<je_68>

ON reporting to General Longstreet at Williamsburg, I ascertained that there was fighting, by a portion of our troops, with the enemy's advance, at a line of redoubts previously constructed a short distance east of Williamsburg, the principal one of which redoubts, covering the main road, was known as Fort Magruder. I was directed to move my command into the college grounds and await orders. There was now a cold, drizzling rain and the wind and the mud in the roads, and everywhere else, was very deep. After remaining for some time near the college, I received an order from General Longstreet to move to Fort Magruder and support Brigadier General Anderson, who had command of the troops engaged with the enemy.

My command was immediately put into motion, and I sent my aide, Lieutenant S. H. Early, forward, to inform General Anderson of my approach, and ascertain where my troops were needed. Lieutenant Early soon returned with the information that General Anderson was not at Fort Magruder, having gone to the right, where his troops were engaged, but that General Stuart, who was in charge at the fort, requested that four of my regiments be moved into position on the right of it and two on the left. As I was moving on to comply with his request and had neared Fort Magruder, General Longstreet himself rode up and ordered me to move the whole of my command to a position which he pointed out, on a ridge in a field to the left and rear of the Fort, so as to prevent the enemy from turning the position in that direction, and to await further orders. General Longstreet then rode towards the right, and I was proceeding to the position assigned me, when one of the General's staff officers came to me with an order <je_69>to send him two regiments, which I complied with by sending the 2nd Florida Regiment and the 2nd Mississippi Battalion, under Colonel Ward.

With my brigade proper I moved to the point designated before this last order, and took position on the crest of a ridge in a wheat field and facing towards a piece of woods from behind which some of the enemy's guns were firing on Fort Magruder. Shortly after I had placed my command in position, General Hill came up and I suggested to him the propriety of moving through the woods to attack one of the enemy's batteries which seemed to have a flank fire on our main position. He was willing for the attack to be made, but replied that he must see General Longstreet before authorizing it. He then rode to see General Longstreet and I commenced making preparations for the projected attack. While I was so engaged, Brigadier General Rains, also of Hill's command, came up with his brigade and formed immediately in my rear so as to take my place when I moved. General Hill soon returned with the information that the attack was to be made, and he proceeded to post some field-pieces which had come up, in position to cover my retreat if I should be repulsed.

As soon as this was done, my brigade moved forward through the wheat field into the woods, and then through that in the direction of the firing, by the sound of which we were guided, as the battery itself and the troops supporting it were entirely concealed from our view. General Hill accompanied the brigade, going with the right of it. It moved with the 5th North Carolina on the right, then with the 23rd North Carolina, then the 38th Virginia, and then the 24th Virginia on the left. I moved forward with the 24th Virginia, as I

expected, from the sound of the enemy's guns and the direction in which we were moving, it would come upon the battery. After moving through the woods a quarter of a mile or more, the 24th came to a rail fence with an open field beyond, <je_70>in which were posted several guns, under the support of infantry, near some farm houses. In this field were two redoubts, one of which, being the extreme left redoubt of the line of which Fort Magruder was the main work, was occupied by the enemy, and this redoubt was, from the quarter from which we approached, beyond the farm house where the guns mentioned were posted. The 24th, without hesitation, sprang over the fence and made a dash at the guns which were but a short distance from us, but they retired very precipitately, as did the infantry support, to the cover of the redoubt in their rear and the fence and piece of woods nearby.

My line as it moved forward was at right angle to that of the enemy, so that my left regiment alone came upon him and as it moved into the field was exposed to a flank fire. This regiment, inclining to the left, moved gallantly to the attack, and continued to press forward towards the main position at the redoubt under a heavy fire of both infantry and artillery; but the other regiments had not emerged from the woods, and I sent orders for them to move up to the support of the 24th. In the meantime I had received a very severe wound in the shoulder from a minie ball and my horse had been very badly shot, having one of his eyes knocked out. I then rode towards the right for the purpose of looking after the other regiments and ordering them into action, and met the 5th North Carolina, under Colonel McRae, advancing in gallant style towards the enemy. Upon emerging from the woods and finding no enemy in his immediate front, Colonel McRae had promptly formed line to the left and moved to the support of the regiment which was engaged, traversing the whole front which should have been occupied by the two other regiments. He advanced through an open field under a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry, and soon became hotly engaged by the side of the 24th.

<je_71>

Having by this time become very weak from loss of blood, and suffering greatly from pain, I rode to the second redoubt nearby, in full view of the fight going on and but a few hundred yards from it, for the purpose of dismounting and directing the operations from that point. When I attempted to dismount I found myself so weak, and my pain was so excruciating, that I would not have been able to remount my horse, nor, from these causes, was I then able to direct the movements of my troops. I therefore rode from the field, to the hospital at Williamsburg, passing by Fort Magruder, and informing General Longstreet, whom I found on the right of it, of what was going on with my command.

The 24th Virginia and 5th North Carolina Regiments continued to confront the enemy at close quarters for some time without any support, until Colonel McRae, who had succeeded to the command of the brigade, in reply to a request sent for reinforcements, received an order from General Hill to retire. The 23rd North Carolina Regiment, as reported by Colonel Hoke, had received an order from General Hill to change its front in the woods, doubtless for the purpose of advancing to the support of the regiment first engaged, but it did not emerge from the woods at all, as it moved too far to the left and rear of the 24th Virginia, where it encountered a detachment of the enemy on his right flank. The 38th Virginia Regiment, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting into the field, and was moving under fire to the support of the two regiments engaged, when the order was received to retire.

At the time this order was received, the 24th Virginia and 5th North Carolina were comparatively safe from the enemy's fire, which had slackened, as they had advanced to a point where they were in a great measure sheltered, but the moment they commenced to retire the enemy opened a heavy fire upon them, and, as they had to retire over a bare field, they suffered severely. In <je_72>going back through the woods, some of the men lost their way and were captured by running into a regiment of the enemy, which was on his right in the woods.

From these causes the loss in those two regiments was quite severe. Colonel Wm. R. Terry and Lieutenant Colonel P. Hairston, of the 24th Virginia, were severely wounded, and Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Badham of the 5th North Carolina was killed, while a number of company officers of both regiments were among the killed and wounded. The loss in the 23rd North Carolina and 38th Virginia was slight, but Lieutenant Colonel Whittle of the latter regiment received a wound in the arm. The brigade fell back to the position from which it advanced, without having been pursued by the enemy, and was there re-formed. The troops of the enemy encountered by my brigade in this action consisted of Hancock's brigade and some eight or ten pieces of artillery.

The charge made by the 24th Virginia and the 5th North Carolina Regiments on this force was one of the most brilliant of the war, and its character was such as to elicit applause even from the newspaper correspondents from the enemy's camps. Had one of the brigades which had come up to the position from which mine advanced been ordered up to the support of Colonel McRae, the probability is that a very different result would have taken place, and perhaps Hancock's whole force would have been captured, as its route for retreat was over a narrow mill-dam.

McClellan, in a telegraphic dispatch at the time, reported that my command had been repulsed by "a real bayonet charge," and he reiterates the statement in his report, that Hancock repulsed the troops opposed to him by a bayonet charge, saying: "Feigning to retreat slowly, he awaited their onset, and then turned upon them: after some terrific volleys of musketry he charged them with the bayonet, routing and dispersing their whole force." This statement is entirely devoid of truth. My regiments were not repulsed, but retired <je_73>under order as I have stated, and there was *no* charge by the enemy with or without bayonets. This charging with bayonets was one of the myths of this as well as all other wars. Military commanders sometimes saw the charges, after the fighting was over, but the surgeons never saw the wounds made by the bayonets, except in a few instances of mere individual conflict, or where some wounded men had been bayoneted in the field.

Colonel Ward of Florida had led his command into action on the right of Fort Magruder, and he was killed soon after getting under fire. He was a most accomplished, gallant, and deserving officer, and would have risen to distinction in the army had he lived.

This battle at Williamsburg was participated in by only a small part of our army, and its object was to give time to our trains to move off on the almost impassable roads. It accomplished that purpose. The enemy's superior force was repulsed at all points save that at which I had been engaged, or at least his advance was checked. A number of guns were captured from him and his loss was severe, though we had to abandon some of the captured guns for the want of horses to move them.

During the night, the rear of our army resumed its retreat, and the whole of it succeeded in reaching the vicinity of Richmond and interposing for the defence of that city, after some minor affairs with portions of the enemy's troops. A portion of our wounded had to

be left at Williamsburg for want of transportation, and surgeons were left in charge of them. I succeeded in getting transportation to the rear, and, starting from Williamsburg after 12 o'clock on the night of the 5th, and deviating next day from the route pursued by our army, I reached James River, near Charles City CourtHouse, and there obtained transportation on a steamer to Richmond, where I arrived at night on the 8th. From Richmond I went to Lynchburg, and, as soon as I was able to travel on horseback, I went to my own county, where I remained until I was able to resume duty in the field.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter VIII.--Battles Around Richmond.

<je_74>

DURING my absence from the army, the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, as the enemy called it, was fought on the 31st of May and the 1st of June, and General Johnston had been wounded. General R. E. Lee had succeeded to the command of the army of General Johnston, and it was now designated "The Army of Northern Virginia."

General Lee's army had received some reinforcements from the South; and General Jackson (after his brilliant campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, by which he had baffled and rendered useless large bodies of the enemy's troops, and prevented McDowell from being sent to the support of McClellan with his force of 40,000 men) had been ordered to move rapidly toward Richmond for the purpose of uniting in an attack on McClellan's lines.(*)

(* The following correspondence shows how much the Federal authorities, civil and military, were befogged by Jackson's movements.

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, June 24, 12 P.M., 1862.

"A very peculiar case of desertion has just occurred from the army. The party states he left Jackson, Whiting, and Ewell, fifteen brigades (a) at Gordonsville, on the 21st; that they were moving to Frederick's Hall, and that it was intended to attack my rear on the 28th. I would be glad to learn, at your earliest convenience, the most exact information you have as to the position and movements of Jackson, as well as the sources from which your information is derived, that I may the better compare it with what I have."

"G. B. MCCLELLAN,

Major General.

"HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War."

"WASHINGTON, June 25, 2.35.

"MAJOR GENERAL MCCLELLAN:

"We have no definite information as to the numbers or position of Jackson's force. General King yesterday reported a deserter's <je_75>statement that Jackson's force was, nine days ago, forty thousand men. Some reports place ten thousand rebels under Jackson at Gordonsville; others that his force is at Port Republic, Harrisonburg and Luray. Fremont yesterday reported rumors that Western Virginia was threatened, and General Kelly that Ewell was advancing to New Creek, where Fremont has his depots. The last telegram from Fremont contradicted this rumor. The last telegram from Banks says the enemy's pickets are strong in advance at Luray. The people decline to give any information of his whereabouts. Within the last two days the evidence is strong that for some purpose the enemy is circulating rumors of Jackson's advance in various directions, with a view to conceal the real point of attack. Neither McDowell, who is at Manassas, nor Banks and Fremont, who are at Middletown, appear to have any accurate knowledge of the subject. A letter transmitted to the Department yesterday, purporting to be dated Gordonsville, on the fourteenth (14th) instant, stated that the actual attack was designed for Washington and Baltimore, as soon as you attacked Richmond; but that the report was to be circulated that Jackson had gone to Richmond in order to mislead. This letter looked very much like a blind, and induces me to suspect that Jackson's real movement now is towards Richmond. It came from Alexandria, and is certainly designed, like the numerous rumors put afloat, to mislead. I think, therefore, that while the warning of the deserter to you may also be a blind, that it could not safely be disregarded. I will transmit to you any further information on this subject that may be received here.

"EDWIN M. STANTON,

This movement had been made with such dispatch and secrecy, that the approach of Jackson towards Washington was looked for by the authorities at that city, until he was in position to fall on McClellan's rear and left.

Having started on my return to the army, without having any knowledge of the contemplated movement, on my arrival at Lynchburg I found that the fighting had already begun with brilliant results. I hastened on to Richmond and arrived there late in the afternoon of the 28th of June. Though hardly able to take the field <je_76>and advised by the surgeon not to do so, immediately on my arrival in Richmond I mounted my horse, and with my personal staff rode to General Lee's headquarters at Gaines' house, north of the Chickahominy, for the purpose of seeking a command and participating in the approaching battles which seemed inevitable. I arrived at General Lee's headquarters about 11 o'clock on the night of the 28th, and found him in bed. I did not disturb him that night but waited until next morning before reporting to him. The battles of Mechanicsville and Chickahominy(*) had been fought on the 26th and 27th respectively, and that part of the enemy's army which was north of the Chickahominy had been driven across that stream to the south side.

The troops which had been engaged in this work consisted of Longstreet's, D. H. Hill's, and A. P. Hill's divisions, with a brigade of cavalry under Stuart, from the army around Richmond, and Jackson's command, consisting of his own, Ewell's, and Whiting's divisions. All of these commands were still north of the Chickahominy, and Magruder's, Huger's, McLaw's, and D. R. Jones' divisions had been left on the south side to defend Richmond, there being about a division at Drewry's and Chaffin's Bluffs under Generals Holmes and Wise. Magruder's, McLaw's and Jones' divisions consisted of two brigades each, and were all under the command of General Magruder.

A reorganization of the divisions and brigades of the army had been previously made, and my brigade, composed of troops from two different States, had been broken up, and my regiments had been assigned to other brigadier generals. On reporting to General Lee on the morning of the 29th (Sunday), I was informed by him that all the commands were then disposed of, and no <je_77>new arrangement could take place in the presence of the enemy; but he advised me to return to Richmond and wait until a vacancy occurred, which he said would doubtless be the case in a day or two.

I rode back to Richmond that day, and on the next day, the 30th, called on the Secretary of War, General Randolph, who gave me a letter to General Lee, suggesting that I be assigned to the temporary command of Elzey's brigade of Ewell's division, as General Elzey had been severely wounded, and would not be able to return to duty for some time. On the day before, our troops on the north of Chickahominy had crossed to the south side in pursuit of the enemy, and were marching towards James River, and Magruder had had an engagement with the rear of the retreating column at Savage Station on the York River Railroad. On the afternoon of the 30th, I rode to find General Lee again, and, being guided by reports of the movement of our troops and, as I got nearer, by the sound of artillery, I reached the vicinity of the battlefield at Frazier's farm, just about the close of the battle near dark. This battle had taken place between Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions and a large body of the enemy's retreating forces. There had been a failure of other portions of the army to come up as General Lee expected them to do, but the enemy had been driven from the field with a loss of some artillery and a considerable number in killed, wounded and prisoners on his part.

I gave General Lee the letter of the Secretary of War, and next morning he gave me an order to report to General Jackson for the purpose of being assigned temporarily to Elzey's brigade. This was the 1st of July, and I rode past the battlefield of the day before with our advancing troops, until we reached the road leading from across White Oak Swamp past Malvern Hill to James River, where I found the head of General Jackson's column. I rode forward and found the General on the road towards Malvern Hill with a cavalry <je_78>escort, awaiting a report from some scouts who had been sent forward to ascertain the enemy's position.

On reporting to General Jackson, he directed his adjutant general to write the order for me at once, but while Major Dabney, the then adjutant general, was preparing to do this, the enemy opened with some of his guns from Malvern Hill, and several shells fell near us. This rendered an immediate change of quarters necessary, and the whole party mounted at once and retired to the rear, followed by the enemy's shells in great profusion, as the cloud of dust arising from the movement of the cavalry enabled him to direct his fire with tolerable precision. As soon as we got out of immediate danger, Major Dabney wrote me the necessary order, on his knee, in a hurried manner, and I thus became attached to the command of the famous "Stonewall" Jackson. I found General Ewell's division in the rear of Jackson's column, and upon reporting to him the command of Elzey's brigade was at once given me, it being then about ten o'clock P.M.

The brigade was composed of the remnants of seven regiments, to-wit: the 13th Virginia, the 25th Virginia, the 31st Virginia, the 44th Virginia, the 52nd Virginia, the 58th Virginia, and the 12th Georgia Regiments. The whole force present numbered 1,052 officers and men, and there was but one colonel present (Colonel J. A. Walker of the 13th Virginia Regiment), and two lieutenant colonels (of the 25th and 52nd Virginia Regiments respectively), the rest of the regiments being commanded by captains. General Jackson's command at this time was composed of his own division, and those of Ewell, D. H. Hill, and W. H. Whiting, besides a number of batteries of artillery. Ewell's division was composed of Trimble's brigade, Taylor's Louisiana brigade, the brigade to which I had been assigned, and a small body of Maryland troops under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.

After remaining for some time in the rear, we finally <je_79>moved forward past Willis' Church, to where a line of battle had been formed confronting the enemy's position at Malvern Hill. D. H. Hill's division had been formed on the right of the road leading towards the enemy, and Whiting's on the left, with an interval between his right and the road into which the Louisiana brigade of Ewell's division was moved. My brigade was posted in the woods in rear of the Louisiana brigade, and Trimble's brigade was formed in rear of Whiting's left, which constituted the extreme left of our line. Jackson's division was held in reserve in rear of the whole. The enemy soon commenced a heavy cannonade upon the positions where our troops were posted, and kept it up continuously during the rest of the day. From the position which I occupied, the enemy could not be seen, as a considerable body of woods intervened, but many shells and solid shot passed over us, and one shell passed through my line, killing two or three persons.

We remained in this position until about sunset, and, in the meantime, D. H. Hill on our immediate right and Magruder on his right had attacked the enemy and become very hotly engaged. Just about sunset I was ordered to move my brigade rapidly towards the right to support General D. H. Hill. General Ewell accompanied me, and we had to move through the woods in a circle in rear of the position Hill had first assumed, as the terrific fire of

the enemy's artillery prevented our moving in any other route. As we moved on through intricate woods, which very much impeded our progress, we were still within range of the shells from the enemy's numerous batteries, and they were constantly bursting in the tops of the trees over our heads, literally strewing the ground with leaves.

After moving through the woods for some distance we came to a small blind road leading into an open flat, where there had once been a mill on a creek which ran through swampy ground between our left and the enemy. On reaching the edge of the open flat I was ordered to <je_80>halt the head of my brigade, until General Ewell rode forward with a guide, who had been sent to show us the way, to ascertain the manner in which we were to cross the creek. The musketry fire was now terrific, and reverberated along the valley of the creek awfully. General Ewell soon returned in a great hurry and directed me to move as rapidly as possible. As soon as the head of the brigade, led by Lieut. Colonel Skinner of the 52nd Virginia Regiment, emerged into the open ground, General Ewell turned to him and directed him to go directly across the fiat in the direction he pointed, cross the creek, and then turn to the left through the woods into the road beyond, ordering him at the same time to move at a double quick. Before I could say anything General Ewell turned to me and said, "We will have to go this way," and he dashed off in a gallop on a road leading to our right along the old dam across the creek into another road leading in the direction of the battlefield.

I had no option but to follow him, which I did as rapidly as possible, but this required me to make a considerable circuit to get to the point where I expected to meet the head of my brigade. There were now streams of our men pouring back from the battlefield, and on getting into the road leading towards it I lost sight of my brigade, as a woods intervened. I did not find it coming into the road at the point where I expected, and after some fruitless efforts to find it, in which I was often deceived by seeing squads from the battlefield come out of the woods in such manner as to cause me to mistake them for the head of my brigade, I rode back to find if it was crossing the flat.

I saw nothing of it then, and the fact was, as afterwards ascertained, that, after crossing the creek, Colonel Skinner had turned to the left too far, and moved towards the battlefield in a different direction than that indicated. His regiment had been followed by three others, the 13th, 44th, and 58th Virginia Regiments, <je_81>but the 12th Georgia and 25th and 31st Virginia Regiments, being in the rear in the woods when the head of the brigade moved at a double quick, were left behind, and when they reached the fiat, seeing nothing of the rest of the brigade, they crossed the creek at the dam and took the wrong end of the road. In the meantime, while I was trying to find my brigade, General Ewell had rallied a small part of Kershaw's brigade and carried it back to the field. I saw now a large body of men, which proved to be of Toombs' brigade, coming from the field and I endeavored to rally them, but with little success.

While I was so engaged, the 12th Georgia of my own brigade came up, after having found that it had taken the wrong direction, and with that regiment under the command of Captain J. G. Rogers, I moved on, followed by Colonel Benning of Toombs' brigade with about thirty men of his own regiment. Lieutenant Early, my aide, soon came up with the 25th and 31st Virginia Regiments, which he had been sent to find. On reaching the field, I found General Hill and General Ewell endeavoring to form a line with that part of Kershaw's brigade which had been rallied, while Ransom's brigade, or a part of it, was moving to the front.

I was ordered to form my men in line with Kershaw's men, and this was done in a clover field in view of the flashes from the enemy's guns, the guns themselves and his troops being concealed from our view by the darkness which had supervened. General Hill's troops had been compelled to retire from the field as had been the greater part of Magruder's, after a very desperate struggle against immense odds, and a vast amount of heavy siege guns and field artillery. I was ordered to hold the position where I was and not attempt an advance.

The enemy still continued a tremendous fire of artillery from his numerous guns, and his fire was in a circle diverging from the main position at Malvern Hill so as <je_82>to include our entire line from right to left. This fire was kept up until after nine o'clock, and shells were constantly bursting in front and over us, and crashing into the woods in our rear. It was a magnificent display of fireworks, but not very pleasant to those exposed to it. After being gone some time the part of Ransom's brigade which had advanced in front of us, retired to the rear. Trimble's brigade had arrived from the extreme left, and was posted in my rear. Generals Hill and Ewell remained with us until after the firing had ceased, and then retired after giving me orders to remain where I was until morning and await further orders. During the night General Trimble moved his brigade back towards its former position, and General Kershaw and Colonel Benning retired with their men for the purpose of looking after the rest of their commands.

My three small regiments, numbering a little over three hundred in all, were left the sole occupants of that part of the field, save the dead and wounded in our immediate front. My men lay on their arms in the open field, but they had no sleep that night. The cries and groans of the wounded in our front were truly heart-rending, but we could afford them no relief. We observed lights moving about the enemy's position during the whole night, as if looking for the killed and wounded, and the rumbling of wheels was distinctly heard as of artillery moving to the rear, from which I inferred that the enemy was retreating.

At light next morning I discovered a portion of the enemy's troops still at his position of the day before, but it was evidently only a small portion and it turned out to be a heavy rear guard of infantry and cavalry left to protect the retreating army. The position which he had occupied and which our troops had attacked was a strong and commanding one, while the whole country around, over which our troops had been compelled to advance, was entirely open several hundred yards and <je_83>swept by his artillery massed on the crest of Malvern Hill.

In my view were nearly the whole of our dead and wounded that had not been able to leave the field, as well as a great part of the enemy's dead, and the sight was truly appalling. While watching the enemy's movements I observed to our right of his position and close up to it a small body of troops lying down with their faces to the enemy, who looked to me very much like Confederates. I moved a little further to my right for the purpose of seeing better and discovered a cluster of Confederates, not more than ten or twelve in number, one of whom was also looking with field glasses at the body which I took to be a part of our troops. On riding up to this party, I found it to consist of General Armistead of Huger's division with a few men of his brigade. In answer to my question as to where his brigade was, General Armistead replied, "Here are all that I know anything about except those lying out there in front." He had spent the night in a small cluster of trees around some old graves about two hundred yards from my right.

After viewing them with the glasses, we were satisfied that the troops lying so close up

to the position of the enemy were Confederates, and it turned out that they consisted of Generals Mahone and Wright of Huger's division with parts of their brigades. The whole force with them only amounted to a few hundred, and this body constituted the whole of our troops making the assault who had not been compelled to retire. They maintained the ground they had won, after mingling their dead with those of the enemy at the very mouths of his guns, and when the enemy finally retired this small body under Mahone and Wright remained the actual masters of the fight. Before the enemy did retire, a messenger came from Generals Mahone and Wright, with a request for the commander of the troops on the part of the field where I was to advance, stating that the enemy was retreating and that but a rear guard <je_84>occupied the position. I was, however, too weak to comply with the request, especially as I was informed that their ammunition was exhausted.

Shortly after light, General Ewell came in a great hurry to withdraw my command from the critical position in which he supposed it to be, but I informed him that the enemy had been retreating all night, and he sent information of that fact to General Jackson.

Early in the morning a captain of Huger's division reported to me that he had collected nearby about one hundred and fifty men of that division, and he asked me what he should do with them. I directed him to hold them where they were and report to General Armistead, who was on the field. About this time a considerable body of the enemy's cavalry advanced towards us on the road from his main position of the day before, as I supposed for a charge upon us, and I requested General Armistead to take command of the detachment from Huger's division and aid me in repulsing the charge, but, while I was making the necessary preparations, a few shots from a small party of infantry on the left of the road sent the cavalry back again. By this time our ambulance details had commenced to pass freely to the front for our dead and wounded, and they began to mingle freely with those of the enemy engaged in a similar work. For some time a sort of tacit truce seemed to prevail while details from both armies were engaged in this sad task, but the enemy's rear guard finally retired slowly from our view altogether, on the road toward Harrison's Landing.

It was not until this movement that I discovered what had become of the rest of my brigade, and I then ascertained that when the missing regiments had arrived on the battlefield at a different point from that intended, Colonel Walker had taken charge of them. It was dark by that time, and they got in amongst some of the enemy's regiments, when Colonel Walker quietly withdrew them, as the force into which they had got was <je_85>entirely too strong for him to attack. My brigade did not draw trigger at all, but it sustained a loss of thirty-three in killed and wounded from the artillery fire of the enemy. During the 2nd it commenced raining, and before night the rain was very heavy, continuing all night. After being employed for some time in picking up small arms from the battlefield, my command was moved to a position near where we had been in line, the day before, and there bivouacked with the rest of the brigade, which had returned to that point the night before.

At the battle of Malvern Hill, the whole army of McClellan was concentrated at a very strong position, with a limited front and both flanks effectively protected. General Lee's entire army was likewise present, and it was the first time during the seven days' fighting around Richmond that these two armies had thus confronted each other.

McClellan's army, however, was so situated that each portion of it was in ready

communication with, and in easy supporting distance of, every other part, so that the whole was available for defence or attack, while such was the nature of the ground over which General Lee's army had to move to get into position, and in which it was drawn up after it got in position, that communication between the several commands was very difficult, and movements to the support of each other still more difficult.

General Lee made the attack, and it was his purpose to hurl the greater part of his army against the enemy, but there had been much delay in getting some of the commands into position, owing to the difficulties of the ground and an unfortunate mistake as to roads. When the attack was made, it was very late in the afternoon, and then, from the want of concert produced by the want of proper communication, only a portion of our troops advanced to the attack of the enemy. The troops which did so advance consisted alone of D. H. Hill's <je_86>division of Jackson's command, Magruder's command of three small divisions of two brigades each, and three brigades of Huger's division, in all fourteen brigades.

From some mistake in regard to the signal for the advance, D. H. Hill, hearing what he supposed to be that signal, and was probably intended as such, advanced to the attack on the enemy's front with his five brigades alone, and for some time confronted the whole force at Malvern Hill, but after a desperate conflict and a display of useless valor, was compelled to retire with heavy loss. Magruder's command, including Huger's three brigades, was then hurled upon the enemy by brigades, one after the other, but those brigades were likewise compelled to retire after making in vain the most heroic efforts to force the enemy from his position.

In the meantime, Holmes' division of three brigades, Jackson's division of four brigades, Ewell's division of three brigades, and Whiting's division of two brigades, were inactive, while Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions, of six brigades each, were held in reserve some distance in the rear. It is true two brigades of Ewell's division, and Jackson's whole division, were ordered to the support of D. H. Hill after his command had been compelled to retire, but it was only to be thrown into confusion by the difficulties of the way and the approaching darkness, and to be exposed to a murderous fire of artillery, for it was then too late to remedy the mischief that had been done.

In addition to all this, our troops had to advance over open ground to the attack of the enemy's front, while exposed to a most crushing fire of canister and shrapnel from his numerous batteries of heavy guns and field pieces massed on a commanding position, as well as to a flank fire from his gunboats in James River, as it was impossible from the nature of the ground and the position of the flanks to turn and attack either of them. <je_87>Moreover, such was the character of the ground occupied by us that it was impossible to employ our artillery, as in attempting to bring the guns into action on the only ground where it was possible to use them, they could be knocked to pieces before they could be used with effect, and such was the result of the few experiments made. Longstreet's and Hill's divisions were held in reserve because they had been heavily engaged at Frazier's farm the day before, but why the rest of Jackson's command was not thrown into action I cannot say, unless it be that the difficulty of communicating, and the impossibility of seeing what was going on on our right, prevented the advance from that quarter from being known in time. Certain it is that I was not aware of the fact that it was any other than an affair of artillery, until ordered to General Hill's support, as the roar of the artillery drowned the sound of the small arms.

General Hill states that his division numbered ten thousand men at the commencement of the fighting north of the Chickahominy, and he had sustained considerable loss in that fighting. General Magruder says his force of three divisions (six brigades) numbered about thirteen thousand men when the movement to the north of the Chickahominy began, and he had been severely engaged at Savage Station. Huger's three brigades numbered perhaps seven or eight thousand, certainly not more. Our troops engaged could not, therefore, have numbered over thirty thousand, and was probably something under that figure, while McClellan was able to bring into action, to meet their assault on his strong position, his whole force, or very nearly the whole of it.

The loss in the two armies was very probably about equal, and we were left in possession of the battlefield, and all the abandoned muskets and rifles of both armies, besides those pieces of artillery abandoned on the retreat, and some wagons and ambulances, but all this did not compensate us for the loss of valuable lives <je_88>sustained, which were worth more to us than the material of war gained or any actual results of the battle that accrued to our benefit.

Both sides claimed the victory, but I do not think any advantage was gained by either army from the battle, though McClellan made good the retreat of his shattered army to the very strong position at Harrison's Landing. If General Lee's plans for the battle had been carried out, I have no doubt that it would have resulted in a crushing defeat to the enemy.

On the 3rd of July the army was put in motion again, and Jackson's, Ewell's, and Whiting's divisions moved around to the left and approached McClellan's new position by the road leading from Long Bridge to Westover, Ewell's division being in front. On the 4th we arrived in front of the enemy, and advanced, with Ewell's division in line of battle, and skirmished in front, until we encountered the enemy's skirmishers, when our progress was arrested by an order from General Longstreet, who had come up. We remained in line skirmishing heavily with the enemy for a day, when we were relieved by Whiting's division. It was now judged prudent not to attack the enemy in this position, as it was a strong one with very difficult approaches, and on the 8th our army retired, the greater part of it returning to the vicinity of Richmond, thus leaving McClellan to enjoy the consolation of having, after near twelve months of preparation on the most gigantic scale and over three months of arduous campaigning, accomplished the wonderful feat of "a change of base."

McClellan in his report (Sheldon & Co.'s edition of 1864) shows that there was an aggregate present in his army on the 20th of June, 1862, of 107,226, of which there were present for duty 4,665 officers and 101,160 men, making the aggregate present for duty 105,825. See page 53. On page 239, he says: "The report of the Chief of the 'Secret Service Corps,' herewith forwarded, and dated 26th of June, shows the estimated strength <je_89>of the enemy, at the time of the evacuation of Yorktown, to have been from 100,000 to 120,000. The same report puts his numbers on the 26th of June at about 180,000, and the specific information obtained regarding their organization warrants the belief that this estimate did not exceed his actual strength."

He seems to have been troubled all the time with the spectre of "overwhelming numbers" opposed to him, and that he should have believed so when he had "Professor Lowe" with his balloons to make reports from the clouds, and his "Chief of the Secret Service" and "intelligent contrabands," to feel him with their inventions, may be perhaps conceded by some charitable persons, but that he should have written such nonsense as

the above in 1863, and published it in 1864, is perfectly ridiculous. If the United States Government with its gigantic resources and its population of 21,000,000 of whites could bring into the field for the advance on Richmond only 105,000 men, and some fifty or sixty thousand men for the defence of Washington, how was the Confederate Government, with its limited means, its blockaded ports, and its population of less than 6,000,000 of whites, to bring into the field, to oppose this one of several large armies of invasion, 180,000 men, and if it could get the men where were the arms to come from?

When I was at General Lee's headquarters, on the night of the 28th of June, at Gaines' house, General Longstreet, who occupied a part of the same house and had accompanied General Lee from the commencement of the operations on McClellan's flank and rear, informed me that, when the movement commenced, we had about 90,000 men in all, including Jackson's command, 60,000 being employed in the movement north of the Chickahominy, and 30,000 being left on the south side for the protection of Richmond. This latter number included the troops at Drewry's Bluff and Chaffin's Bluff. This statement was elicited in reply to a question by me, in which I expressed some surprise at the boldness of the movement, and asked how it was possible for General Lee to undertake it with his force. General Longstreet had no reason to underestimate the force to me, and his estimate was a sanguine one, and, I think, perhaps rather too large, as it was based on the idea that General Jackson's force was stronger than it really was.

The very active campaign and rapid marching of that part of Jackson's command which had been employed in the valley, had very much reduced its strength, and the brigades and regiments were very weak. The whole force was probably somewhere between eighty and ninety thousand, and certainly did not exceed the latter number. A very large portion of the army was armed with smooth-bore muskets, and it was not until after the battles around Richmond, and of second Manassas, that we were able to exchange them for rifles and minie muskets captured from the enemy.

The movement of General Lee against McClellan was a strategic enterprise of the most brilliant character, and at once demonstrated that he was a general of the highest order of genius. Its results, independent of the capture of artillery, small arms, and stores, were of the most momentous *consequences*, as it relieved the capital of the Confederacy of the dangers and inconveniences of a regular siege for a long while, though it had not resulted in the destruction of McClellan's army as General Lee had desired, and the army and country fondly hoped; but in a thickly wooded country, where armies can move only along the regular roads, and move in line of battle or compact columns along those roads, there are facilities for the escape of a beaten army which one accustomed to reading of European wars cannot well understand. This was peculiarly the case in the country through which McClellan retreated. where the impracticable character of the swamps and woods enabled him to conceal his movements and to protect his trains, rear, and flanks by blocking up the roads and destroying bridges.

<je_91>

General McClellan, it must be confessed, displayed considerable ability in conducting the retreat of his army after it was out-manoeuvred and beaten, notwithstanding the excessive caution he had shown on the Potomac and at Yorktown, and I think there can be no doubt he was the ablest commander the United States had in Virginia during the war, by long odds. During the seven days' operations around Richmond, the two armies were more nearly equal in strength than they ever were afterwards.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter IX.--Battle Of Cedar Run.

<je_92>

AFTER McClellan had been safely housed at his new base on James River, Major General John Pope, of the United States Army, made his appearance in Northern Virginia, between the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers, at the head of an army called the "Army of Virginia," and composed of the corps of McDowell, Banks, and Fremont, the latter being then under Sigel. General Pope issued a vain-glorious address to his troops, in which he declared that he had never seen anything of the "rebels" but their backs; and he talked largely about making his "headquarters in the saddle," and looking out for the means of advancing, without giving thought to the "lines of retreat," which were to be left to take care of themselves. He certainly was producing great commotion in the poultry yards of the worthy matrons, whose sons and husbands were absent in the service of their country, when General Lee sent "Stonewall" Jackson to look after the redoubtable warrior.

After remaining in camp several days near Richmond, Ewell's and Jackson's divisions were ordered to Gordonsville under General Jackson, and, taking the lead, Ewell's division arrived about the 15th of July. On the next day after our arrival, a body of the enemy's cavalry, having crossed the Rapidan, advanced through Orange Court-House towards Gordonsville, and my brigade and the Louisiana brigade were moved out with a regiment of cavalry for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of this body, but it made its escape across the Rapidan by swimming that river, as the water was high. Ewell's division went into camp near Liberty Mills on the Rapidan, on the road from Gordonsville to Madison Court-House, and I remained there, with occasional movements when approaches of the enemy's cavalry <je_93>were reported, until the 7th of August. In the mean time, Jackson's force had been reinforced by the division of A. P. Hill, and there had been skirmishing and fighting between our cavalry and that of the enemy in Madison County and at Orange Court-House.

General Jackson ordered a forward movement to be made on the 7th of August, and on that day Ewell's division crossed into Madison at Liberty Mills, and moved down the Rapidan toward Barnett's Ford, bivouacking for the night near that point. Early next morning, we moved past Barnett's Ford, driving a small detachment of the enemy's cavalry from the Ford, and took the road for Culpeper Court-House. General Beverly Robertson's cavalry now passed to the front and had a skirmish and some artillery firing with the enemy's cavalry at Robinson's River, where the latter retired. We crossed Robinson's River and bivouacked north of it at the mouth of Crooked Creek, Robertson's cavalry going to the front some two or three miles.

On the morning of the 9th, I was ordered by General Ewell to move forward in advance to the point occupied by our cavalry some three or four miles ahead of us, and to put out strong pickets on the road coming in from the right and left. My brigade had now increased in strength to something over 1,500 officers and men for duty, by the return of absentees. As we moved forward, the 44th Virginia Regiment under Colonel Scott, and six companies of the 52nd Virginia were detached to picket the side roads. Robertson's cavalry was found at a position about eight or nine miles from Culpeper Court-House, not far from Cedar Run, and in his front, in some open fields, bodies of the enemy's cavalry were in view, watching his movements. On our right was Cedar Run or Slaughter's

Mountain, and between it and Culpeper road were the large open fields of several adjacent farms in the valley of Cedar Run, while the country on the left of the road was mostly wooded.

After General Ewell came up, my brigade was moved <je_94>to the right towards the mountain, for the purpose of reconnoitring, and a section of the battery attached to it was advanced to the front under Lieutenant Terry and opened on the cavalry in our view. This elicited a reply from some of the enemy's guns concealed from our view in rear of his cavalry, but no infantry was visible. My brigade was then moved back to the Culpeper road and along it about a mile, to its intersection with a road coming in from Madison Court-House, where it remained for some hours.

Shortly after noon, Captain Pendleton, of General Jackson's staff, came with an order from the General, for me to advance on the road towards Culpeper CourtHouse, stating that General Ewell would advance on the right, over the northern end of Slaughter's Mountain, with the rest of the division, and that I would be supported by Brigadier General Winder with three brigades of Jackson's division, which would soon be up; but I was ordered not to begin the movement until I received information from General Winder that he was ready to follow me.

While waiting for the message from General Winder, General Robertson and myself reconnoitred the position of the enemy's cavalry, and the country immediately in my front, for the purpose of ascertaining how I would advance so as to surprise the force immediately in front of us. Just ahead of me, the Culpeper road crossed a small branch, a tributary of Cedar Run, and then passed for some distance through a thick woods, leaving a narrow belt on the right of it. Between this belt and the mountain the country was an undulating valley, consisting of several adjoining fields.

All of the enemy's cavalry visible was in the field in this valley, and the position where my command was posted was hidden from its view by an intervening ridge, which crossed the road diagonally from the woods into the fields and fell off into the low grounds on the small branch mentioned. No infantry had yet been discovered, <je_95>and we were in doubt whether the enemy had any in the vicinity. On the left of the road was a long, narrow meadow on the branch, and as my brigade could not march along the road except by flank, nor without great difficulty through the woods if deployed in line, I determined to form it in the meadow out of view of the enemy, and then advance obliquely across the road, against his cavalry, following it through the fields on a route parallel to the road.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a messenger came from General Winder saying that he was ready to follow me, and I commenced my movement. The brigade was formed in line in the meadow, on the north of the branch, with the 13th Virginia, under Colonel Walker, thrown out as skirmishers to cover the front and flank of the left of the brigade, which had to pass obliquely through the corner of the woods. It then advanced to the ridge behind which the enemy's cavalry was posted, the right regiment (12th Georgia) moving by flank so as to avoid observation, and forming in line as it reached the ridge, when the whole moved over the crest and came in view of the cavalry, which scampered off in a great hurry, receiving as it went a slight volley at long range, by which one or two saddles were emptied.

The brigade then swung around to the left and moved forward in line for about three-fourths of a mile, until we reached a farm road leading from Mrs. Crittenden's house on

our right across the Culpeper road, Colonel Walker still continuing to cover the left, by moving with his regiment extended as skirmishers into the woods across the road, until we came to the farm road. At this latter point the Culpeper road emerged from the woods and ran along the left of a field in our front, by the side of the woods to its termination, where it passed between a cornfield on the right and a wheatfield on the left. Colonel Walker immediately re-formed his regiment on the left of the brigade and we advanced across the farm road into the field beyond, to the crest of a ridge, where <je_96>we discovered a considerable body of cavalry on the opposite side of the wheatfield, on a high ridge over which the Culpeper road ran, and three batteries of artillery opened on us, from over the crest of the ridge in front.

No infantry had yet been seen, but the boldness with which the cavalry confronted us and the opening of the batteries, satisfied me that we had come upon a heavy force, concealed behind the ridge on which the cavalry was drawn up, as the ground beyond was depressed. I therefore halted the brigade, causing the men to cover themselves as well as they could by moving back a little and lying down, and then sent word for General Winder to come up. The position which I now occupied was in an open field on Mrs. Crittenden's farm. Immediately to my right and a little advanced, was a clump of cedars, and from that point the ground sloped off to our right to a bottom on a prong of Cedar Run, the whole country between us and Slaughter's Mountain consisting of open fields. The northern end of the mountain was opposite my right and about a mile distant. On my left was the woods mentioned, which was very dense and extended for a considerable distance to the left.

In front of this woods, about a hundred yards from my left, was the wheat field, in a hollow, or small valley, and immediately in my front was the cornfield, and a small branch ran from the wheat field through the cornfield, to which the ground sloped. On the farther side of the wheatfield was the high ridge on which the enemy's cavalry was formed, and beyond which his batteries were posted; and it extended across the road into the fields on the right, but was wooded on the left of the road. It was on and behind this ridge the enemy's batteries were posted, and it was in the low ground beyond that I supposed, and it subsequently turned out, his infantry was masked.

Immediately after sending for General Winder, I sent back for some artillery, but this request had been anticipated, <je_97>and Captain Brown, with one piece, and Captain Dement, with three pieces of their respective batteries of Maryland artillery, soon came dashing up, and were posted at the clump of cedars on my right. They immediately opened on the enemy's cavalry and his batteries, causing the former speedily to retire through the woods over the ridge. Those guns continued to be served with great efficiency during the action and rendered most effectual service.

As there was a long interval between my right and the northern end of Slaughter's Mountain, where General Ewell was, I posted the 12th Georgia Regiment, under Captain Wm. F. Brown, on that flank, to protect the guns which were operated there. During all this time the enemy poured an incessant fire of shells upon us, and we were looking anxiously for the opening of Ewell's guns from the mountain, and the arrival of Winder. General Winder came up as rapidly as possible, and, when he arrived, he took position on my left, and at once had several pieces of artillery brought into action with good effect. Ewell's guns had by this time opened and a brisk cannonading ensued.

From the position I occupied, I had an excellent view of the whole ground--except that

beyond the ridge where the enemy's infantry was kept concealed,--and seeing that a force could be moved from our left around the wheatfield, under cover, so as to take the enemy's batteries in flank, I sent information of the fact to General Winder; but, in a very short time afterwards, the glistening bayonets of infantry were discovered moving stealthily to our left, through the woods on the ridge beyond the wheatfield, and I sent my aide, Lieutenant Early, to warn General Winder of this fact, and caution him to look out for his flank. Lieutenant Early arrived to find General Winder just mortally wounded by a shell, while superintending the posting of some batteries at an advanced position, and the information was given to General Jackson who had now arrived on the field.

<je_98>

After the artillery fire had continued some two hours from the time it was first opened on me, the enemy's infantry was seen advancing through the cornfield in my front, but it halted before getting within musket range and lay down. His line overlapped my right and I sent a request to General Jackson for a brigade to put on that flank, which was promised.

Before it arrived, however, several pieces of the artillery battalion attached to A. P. Hill's division, which was just coming up, dashed in front of my brigade down the slope to within musket range of the enemy in the cornfield, and commenced unlimbering, when the enemy's whole force rose up and moved forward. I saw at once that these pieces would be captured or disabled unless relieved immediately, and my brigade was ordered forward at a double quick. On reaching the guns, the brigade halted and opened fire on the enemy, checking his advance and enabling the artillery to open on him with canister. At the same time a heavy force of infantry had moved through the wheatfield, and fire was opened on it from the brigades of Jackson's division on my left, which were posted in the edge of the woods adjoining the field, and the fight became general, raging with great fury. Brown's and Dement's guns opened with canister, and the 12th Georgia was brought from the right and posted on the crest of a small ridge, leading out from the main one around in front of the clump of cedars on my right, so as to have a flank fire on the enemy immediately in front of the brigade.

Just as I had made this arrangement, Thomas' brigade of Hill's division came up to my support as promised, and I posted it on the right of the 12th Georgia, behind the crest of the same ridge, which was so shaped that Thomas' line had the general direction of the main line, but was in advance of it. The arrival of this brigade was very timely, as the enemy was advancing with a line overlapping my right considerably. Thomas confronted this part of the opposing force, and effectually checked its progress, strewing the ground with the <je_99>killed. While posting this brigade, the left of my own brigade was concealed from my view, and as soon as I had given Colonel Thomas his instructions, I rode to see what was the condition of things on that part of the line. On getting to where I could see, I discovered that it had given way, and the men of several regiments were retiring rapidly to the rear, while a portion of the enemy had crossed the little stream in front of where my left had been. The only thing now standing, as far as I could see, was Thomas' brigade on my right, the 12th Georgia, four companies of the 52nd Virginia, and part of the 58th Virginia.

It was a most critical state of things, and I saw that the day would probably be lost, unless I could hold the position I still occupied. I could not, therefore, go to rally my retreating men, but sent my Assistant Adjutant General, Major Samuel Hale, to rally them and bring them back, while I rode to the rest of my troops and *directed* their commanders

to hold on to their positions at all hazards. On my giving the directions to Captain Brown of the 12th Georgia, he replied: "General, my ammunition is nearly out, don't you think we had better charge them?" I could not admit the prudence of the proposition at that time, but I fully appreciated its gallantry. This brave old man was then 65 years old, and had a son, an officer, in his company. The position was held until other troops were brought up and the greater part of the retreating men rallied, and the day was thus prevented from being lost.

The enemy had penetrated into the woods on my left, and the brigades of Jackson's division there posted had been driven back, after a desperate conflict. The left of the line had thus given way, and the enemy had got possession of the woods, from which he had poured a galling fire into the rear of my regiments on the flank, which had been thrown into confusion, and compelled to retire in some disorder. Colonel Walker of the 13th Virginia had withdrawn his own regiment and part of the 31st Virginia in good order, after they had been <je_100>almost surrounded by the enemy. Only my own brigade, Thomas' brigade, and the three brigades of Jackson's division had been engaged up to this time, but some of the other brigades of Hill's division were now coming on the field, and being at once ordered into action, the temporary advantage gained by the enemy was soon wrested from him, and he was forced back into the wheat-field, and then across it over the ridge beyond.

Colonel Walker with the 13th Virginia, and part of the 31st, and Captain Robert D. Lilley with part of the 25th Virginia, returned to the attack while the woods on our left was being cleared of the enemy, and participated in his final repulse. Finding himself being driven from the field, after sunset, the enemy made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day by a charge with cavalry. We had no regular line formed at this time, and our men were much scattered in advancing, when a considerable body of cavalry came charging along the road from over the ridge, towards the position where the left of my brigade and the right of Jackson's division had rested during the action. Without being at all disconcerted or attempting to make any formation against cavalry, small regiments nearby, among which was the 13th Virginia, poured a volley into the head of the approaching cavalry, when it had got within a few yards, causing it to turn suddenly to its right up through the wheatfield, followed by the whole body, which made its escape after encountering a raking fire from our troops further to the left, by which many saddles were emptied. The attack on the enemy was thus resumed and he was driven entirely from the field.

We were ordered to pursue on the road towards Culpeper Court-House, and the division of General A. P. Hill was placed in front, my brigade following it. Pursuit was made for two miles, when the enemy's reinforcements, coming to the aid of the beaten troops, were encountered, and there was some skirmishing after dark between Hill's leading brigade and the enemy, and an affair between one of our batteries and some of the <je_101>enemy's artillery, but night put an end to any further operations. During the night, General Jackson ascertained that Pope's whole army had concentrated in his front, and he therefore determined not to attack him. In moving forward in pursuit of the enemy from the field, my brigade rejoined the rest of the division under General Ewell, and, after operations for the night were suspended, we bivouacked about where the enemy's infantry had been masked when I first encountered his batteries. The two brigades with General Ewell had not been engaged, but his artillery had done good service, and prevented any

attempt to flank us on the right.

On the morning of the 10th (Sunday), after some manoeuvring on our part, and a little shelling from the enemy, we moved back and covered the battlefield with our troops, while the wounded were being carried off, and the small arms abandoned by the enemy were being gathered. Later in the day we moved farther back and took position in rear of the battlefield, Ewell's division being posted on the end and side of Slaughter 's Mountain, and the other divisions crossing the Culpeper road on our left. We remained in this position all night and next day, but there was no fighting, as each army awaited the advance of the other.

On Monday, the 11th, the enemy requested a truce for the purpose of burying his dead, which was granted, until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and subsequently extended, at his request, to give him time to complete the burial--the arrangements on our side being under the superintendence of General Stuart, and on the side of the enemy under that of Brigadier General Milroy. (*)

<je_102>

I went on the field under General Ewell's orders, to superintend the burial of a portion of our dead, who had not been buried by their proper commanders. I found on the field, stacked up, a very large quantity of excellent rifles, which the division, detailed to gather them up, omitted to carry off. Some of the enemy's men were taking these rifles, but I made them desist, and demanded that a part already carried off, under direction of a staff officer of General Sigel, should be brought back, which was complied with. I then sent for a detail from my brigade and had these arms carried off in wagons sent to me from the rear, there being six full wagon loads. While this work was going on, I heard a Federal soldier say: "It is hard to see our nice rifles going that way," to which another replied: "Yes, but they are theirs, they won them fairly."

The enemy had very large details on the field, and several general officers rode on it, while the burial was going on. This work was finally concluded a little before dark, when the truce was concluded. The enemy buried on this day over six hundred dead, a very large proportion of which were taken from the cornfield in front of the positions occupied by Thomas' and my brigade on the day of the battle. My detail buried the bodies of 98 of our men, nearly the whole of which were taken from the woods in which the brigades of Jackson's division had been engaged. From the want of sufficient tools on our part and the hardness of the ground where we buried our men, our work was not completed until about the same time the enemy completed his.

On returning to my brigade, I found our troops preparing to move back to our former position south of the Rapidan, as the army of Pope concentrated in our front was entirely too large for us to fight. Our movement to the rear commenced immediately after dark, Hill's division bringing up the rear of the infantry and our cavalry that of the whole army. On the next day, the 12th, Ewell's division recrossed at Liberty Mills and <je_103>returned to its old camps in that vicinity, the withdrawal of our entire force having been effected without serious molestation from the enemy. In this action, Banks commanded the Federal troops immediately on the field, but Pope came up at its close with a portion of McDowell's Corps and the whole of Sigel's.

The loss in my brigade was 16 killed and 145 wounded, and the loss in General Jackson's whole command was 223 killed, 1,060 wounded and 31 missing, making a total loss of 1,314. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded very greatly exceeded ours, and we

captured 400 prisoners, including one Brigadier General (Prince), besides securing one piece of artillery and more than 5,000 small arms.

Pope, or at least his soldiers, had now seen something more of the "rebels" than their backs, and he was soon to see other sights.

Shortly after our return from the battle, Lawton's brigade was transferred from Jackson's division to Ewell's, and Starke's Louisiana Brigade, newly created out of regiments which had been attached to other brigades during the battles around Richmond, and had accompanied Hill's division, was attached to Jackson's division. General Jackson's command, as now constituted, was composed of fourteen brigades, to-wit: four in his own and Ewell's divisions each; and six in Hill's division, besides the artillery attached to the divisions (about four batteries to each); and Robertson 's cavalry which was co-operating with us.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter X.--Operations On The Rappahannock.

<je_104>

THE presence of General Jackson in the vicinity of Gordonsville, again bewildered the minds and excited anew the fears of the Washington authorities. The spectre of "overwhelming numbers" at Richmond and of a speedy advance on the Federal Capital now assumed a fearful shape, and McClellan was ordered to remove his army from Harrison's Landing to Aquia Creek as rapidly as possible, for the purpose of uniting with Pope, and interposing for the defence of Washington--Burn-side, with 13,000 men from the North Carolina coast on his way to join McClellan on James River, having been previously diverted from that point to Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock.(*)

(*) The following correspondence taken from McClellan's report is interesting, as it exhibits the bewilderment of the Federal authorities and the hallucination under which McClellan himself continued to labor in regard to the strength of General Lee's forces:

"WASHINGTON, July 30, 1862, 8 P.M.

"MAJOR GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN:

"A dispatch just received from General Pope, says that deserters report that the enemy is moving south of James River, and that the force in Richmond is very small. I suggest that he be pressed in that direction, so as to ascertain the facts of the case.

"H. W. HALLECK,

Major General."

"WASHINGTON, July 31, 1862, 10 A.M.

"MAJOR GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN:

"General Pope again telegraphs that the enemy is reported to be evacuating Richmond, and falling back on Danville and Lynchburg.

"H. W. HALLECK,

Major General."

"WASHINGTON, August 6, 1862.

"MAJOR GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN:

"You will immediately send a regiment of cavalry and small batteries of artillery to Burnside's command at Aquia Creek. It is reported that Jackson is moving north with a very large force.

"H. W. HALLECK,

Major General."

The following is an extract of letter from Halleck to McClellan, dated the 6th of August, 1862, explaining the reason for the order for the removal of the troops from Harrison's Landing to Aquia Creek.

"Allow me to allude to a few of the facts in the case. You and your officers, at our interview, estimated the enemy's force around Richmond at 200,000 men. Since then you and others report that they have and are receiving large reinforcements from the South. General Pope's army, now covering Washington, is only about 40,000. Your effective force is only about ninety thousand. You are about thirty miles from Richmond, and General Pope eighty or ninety, with the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers upon one or the other, as he may elect."

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, BERKLEY,

August 14, 1862, 11 P.M.

"Movement has commenced by land and water. All sick will be away to-morrow night. Everything done to carry out your orders. I don't like Jackson's movements, he will suddenly appear where least expected. Will telegraph fully and understandingly in the morning.

"G. B. McCLELLAN,

Major General."

"MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK,
Washington, D.C."

<je_105>

The execution of the order given to McClellan on the 3rd of August for the evacuation of his base on James River, was not completed until the 16th. In the meantime, General Lee had ordered the divisions of Longstreet, Hood (formerly Whiting's), D. R. Jones, and Anderson (formerly Huger's), to Gordonsville for the purpose of advancing against Pope, and the three first named arrived about the 15th of August, Anderson's following later. The greater part of Stuart's cavalry was also ordered to the same vicinity.

On the 15th Jackson's command moved from its camps and concentrated near Pisgah Church on the road <je_106>from Orange Court-House to Somerville Ford on the Rapidan, preparatory to the movement forward. While here the 49th Virginia Regiment, Colonel William Smith, joined my brigade. Pope's army, then reinforced by the greater part of Burnside's Corps under Reno, was in the County of Culpeper, north of the Rapidan; but before we were ready to move it commenced to fall back to the northern bank of the Rappahannock.

On the 20th, our whole army, now consisting of two wings under Longstreet and Jackson respectively, and Stuart's cavalry, crossed the Rapidan--Longstreet at Raccoon Ford, and Jackson at Somerville Ford,--the cavalry having preceded them early in the morning. Jackson's wing, comprising the same force he had at Cedar Run, camped at Stevensburg on the night of the 20th. On the 21st he moved past Brandy Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in the direction of Beverly's Ford on the Rappahannock. Jackson's division under Brigadier General Taliaferro was in front and moved to the ford, where there ensued some can-nonading, and a fight between a portion of our cavalry and the enemy on the northern bank. Ewell's division bivouacked in the rear of Taliaferro near St. James' Church.

On the morning of the 22nd the division moved up to the vicinity of the ford, where the cannonading still continued. It was then moved to the left, across Hazel River at Wellford's Mill, towards Freeman's Ford, Trimble's brigade being left at Hazel River to protect our trains from a movement of the enemy from across the Rappahannock. At Freeman's Ford, a portion of Stuart's cavalry was found, and an artillery fight was progressing with the enemy's batteries on the opposite bank. The three remaining brigades passed to the left from Freeman's Ford, and moved by a circuitous route through the woods and fields towards the bridge at Warrenton Springs. Late in the afternoon, Lawton's brigade moved to the bridge at the Springs for the purpose of <je_107>crossing, and my brigade, followed by Hays' (formerly Taylor's) under Colonel Forno of the Louisiana Infantry, was moved to the right, under the superintendence of General Ewell, and crossed over about a mile below the Springs, on an old dilapidated dam.

Hays' brigade was to have followed, but as it was nearly dark when my brigade succeeded in getting over, and the crossing was very difficult, that brigade was left on the

south bank until next morning. General Ewell ordered me to occupy a pine woods or thicket in front of the place at which I had crossed, and to establish communications with General Lawton, the whole of whose brigade it was expected would be crossed over at the Springs. There had been a hard rain before I was ordered to cross the river, and it was still raining slightly. As soon as General Ewell left me, I moved my brigade into the woods indicated, and established my left near a road found leading from the Springs towards the lower fords, throwing out pickets on the front and flanks. By this time it had become intensely dark, and we could see nothing except when the flashes of lightning gave faint glimpses of things around.

As soon as the brigade was established in its position, Major A. L. Pitzer, a volunteer aide, was sent to seek General Lawton for the purpose of opening communications with him. After he had been gone for some time, he came back with a sergeant and six privates of Federal cavalry as prisoners, with their horses, equipments and arms complete. This party had passed up the road a few minutes before I had taken position near it, and, on getting near the Springs and finding that place occupied by a portion of our troops, was deliberating as to what should be done when the Major rode into it. He was at once hailed and forced to surrender himself as prisoner, and his captors started with him down the road leading past my left. On getting near the point at which he knew my brigade was posted, the Major told the party having him in charge that they must reverse positions, <je_108>and when he explained the condition of things and stated that General Lawton was on the right, my brigade on the left with pickets all around, he succeeded in inducing the whole of it to surrender to him and come quietly into my camp, to avoid being fired upon by the pickets. After this attempt, as it was very dark and quite late, I did not renew that night the effort to communicate with General Lawton.

During the night there was a very heavy rain, and by light on the morning of the 23rd, the Rappahannock, or Hedgeman's River, as it is here called, was so much swollen as to defy all attempts at crossing except by swimming, as the bridge at the Springs had been burned by the enemy.

A messenger sent to find General Lawton soon returned with the information that only one regiment of Lawton's brigade, the 13th Georgia under Colonel Douglas, and Brown's and Dement's batteries of four guns each, had crossed at the Springs, the morning before. As soon as this condition of things was ascertained, I sent a messenger, who was directed to swim the river, with a note for General Ewell or Jackson, whichever might be first met with, stating that if the enemy advanced upon us in force, the whole of our troops on the north of the river must be captured, and suggesting the propriety of my attempting to extricate them by moving up towards Waterloo bridge, several miles above.

Before this note could be delivered, I received a verbal message from General Jackson, which had been given across the river at the Springs and was brought to me by a sergeant of one of the batteries, directing me to move my brigade up to where Colonel Douglas' was, take command of the whole force, and prepare for defence, stating, at the same time, that there was a creek running a short distance from the Springs into the river below me, which was past fording also, and that no enemy was in the fork of the river and this creek; and also <je_109>informing me that he was having the bridge repaired as rapidly as possible. Very shortly after the reception of this message, I received a note from General Jackson, in reply to mine, containing the same instructions conveyed by his message, and directing me in addition, in the event of the enemy's appearance in too heavy force for me

to contend with, to move up towards Waterloo bridge, keeping close to the river; and stating that he would follow along the opposite bank with his whole force, to cover my movement.

I at once moved towards the Springs and found Colonel Douglas occupying a hill, a short distance below the buildings, which extended across from the river to Great Run (the creek alluded to by General Jackson). Colonel Douglas, on crossing the morning before, had captured a portion of a cavalry picket watching the ford, and there was still a small body on the opposite banks of Great Run with which he had had some skirmishing. Colonel Walker with the 13th and 31st Virginia Regiments had been posted across the road leading from below, about three-fourths of a mile from Colonel Douglas' position, and I now posted the remaining regiments of my brigade and the 13th Georgia along the hill occupied by the latter, so as to present the front to any force that might come from the direction of Warrenton, across Great Run above, resting my right on the Run and my left on the river. The artillery was also posted on this line, and the whole concealed as much as possible by the woods. In this position, Colonel Walker guarded my rear, and my right flank was the only one exposed, but that was safe for the present, as the creek was very high and Colonel Douglas had commenced the destruction of the bridges across it, which was soon completed.

The body of the enemy's cavalry on the opposite side of Great Run continued to hover about my right flank all the morning, and some companies were posted on that flank to watch the creek. Some time during the morning, General Jackson sent over an officer familiar with the <je_110>country, to pilot one of the staff officers over the route to Waterloo bridge, which it might be necessary to pass over in case of emergency, and Major Hale was sent with him to ascertain the road.

In the meantime, the creek began to fall, and in the afternoon it was in a condition to be crossed.

It now began to be evident that the enemy was moving up from below in very heavy force, and that my command was in a critical condition, as large trains were seen moving on the road, east and north of us, towards Warrenton. Late in the afternoon a heavy column of infantry with artillery made its appearance on the hills beyond my right, but it moved with great caution, and the enemy was evidently of the impression that my force, which was concealed from his view, was much larger than it really was. I now changed my front so as to present it towards the force in sight, but this movement was so made as to be concealed from the enemy's view by the intervening woods.

About this time, General Robertson, who had accompanied Stuart on a raid to Catlett's Station and upon Pope's headquarters, arrived from the direction of Warrenton with two regiments of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. After consulting with me, General Robertson posted his two pieces on a hill north of the Springs, which commanded a view of the enemy's infantry and opened on it. This fire was soon replied to by one of the enemy's batteries, and I sent two Parrott guns from Brown's battery to the aid of Robertson's guns, which were of short range. A brisk cannonade ensued and was kept up until near sunset, with no damage, however, to my infantry or artillery, but one or two shells fell into one of Robertson's regiments which was in rear of the battery, on the low ground near the Springs, doing some slight damage.

After the cessation of the artillery fire and very near dark about a brigade of the enemy was seen approaching the bank of the creek opposite where my brigade was

<je_111>posted, and in a few moments it delivered a volley into the woods, which was followed by three cheers and a tiger in regular style. Two of Dement's Napoleons were immediately run out to the left of my line, and opened with canister upon the enemy, who was scarcely visible through the mist which had arisen. This fire was, however, so well directed and so rapid that the enemy was soon driven back in confusion, and his cheering was exchanged for cries and groans, which were distinctly audible to those in his front. The volley delivered by the enemy was entirely harmless, and my men reserved their fire with great coolness, until there should be greater need for it. A very short time before this affair, the 60th Georgia Regiment of Lawton's brigade, under Major Berry, had crossed over on the bridge, which was now in a condition for the passage of infantry, though not for artillery or wagons, and had been placed in position.

There was no further attack on me, but it was now very certain, from the noise of moving trains and artillery and the reports of scouts, that a very heavy force was being massed around me, with a view of cutting me off. I drew in Colonel Walker closer to my main force, as he reported that the enemy had crossed the creek on the road he was guarding and were massing in his front; and I sent a messenger to General Jackson, after dark, with information of the condition of things and the suggestion that I be reinforced sufficiently to hold my ground or be withdrawn. The remainder of Lawton's brigade was crossed over on the temporary bridge, and when General Lawton himself arrived, which was about 1 o'clock A.M. on the 24th, he informed me that he had seen written instructions to General Ewell, directing to cross over himself at daylight in the morning, and if it was evident that the enemy was in heavy force, to recross the troops, as it was not desired to have a general engagement at that junction.

On receiving this information, I immediately dispatched <je_112>a messenger to General Ewell, to inform him that there could be no doubt that the enemy was in very heavy force, and if I was to be withdrawn, it had better be done that night without waiting for daylight, as by moving to my left the enemy could post artillery, so as to command the bridge and ford completely, and prevent my being either withdrawn or reinforced, and that I was satisfied that he was preparing for that very object. In response to this, General Ewell came over himself a little before three o'clock A.M., and, after consultation with me, gave the order for recrossing, which was begun at once, Lawton's brigade crossing first and carrying over the artillery by hand, and my brigade following, so as to complete the withdrawal a very little after dawn.

General Ewell had not been entirely satisfied that the enemy was in such strong force as I represented, and he was rather inclined to the opinion that movements I had observed indicated a retreating army. To satisfy him, we remained behind until the advancing skirmishers of the enemy made it prudent for us to retire, and we then rode across the bridge in rear of my brigade. Soon Sigel's whole corps, supported by those of Banks and Reno, moved to the position which I had occupied, and a very heavy cannonading followed.

My command was thus rescued from inevitable destruction, for it would have been impossible for General Jackson to have crossed his troops in time to arrest its fate, as his only means of crossing the river consisted of one narrow, temporary bridge, unsuitable for the passage of artillery, and which the enemy could have commanded from several positions beyond the reach of our artillery on the south bank. Pope's whole army was in easy supporting distance of the force sent against me, and I had in part confronted that

army on the 23rd and the following night.

The men of my command, including Douglas' regiment, had had very little to eat since crossing the river, and were without rations, as there had been little opportunity <je_113>for cooking since leaving the Rapidan; and they had lain on their arms during the night of the 22nd in a drenching rain; yet they exhibited a determined resolution to withstand the enemy's attack at all hazards, should he come against us.

After recrossing the river, Lawton's brigade and mine retired to the vicinity of Jefferson for the purpose of resting and cooking rations.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XI.--Capture Of Manassas Junction.

<je_114>

ON the same morning I had crossed the river, Stuart, with a portion of his cavalry, after crossing the river above, had made a raid to Catlett's Station and upon Pope's headquarters at Warrenton Junction, and among other things had captured Pope's dispatch book.

The captured correspondence showed that Pope was being reinforced from the Kanawha Valley and also from McClellan's army, and General Lee determined to send General Jackson to the enemy's rear, to cut the railroad, so as to destroy his communications and bring on a general engagement before the whole of the approaching reinforcements could arrive.

Jackson's wing of the army was put in motion early on the morning of the 25th, with no wagons but the ordnance and medical wagons, and with three days' rations in haversacks, for a "cavalry raid with infantry." Moving with Ewell's division in front, we crossed the river at Hinson's Mill above Waterloo bridge, and marched by a small place called Orleans to Salem, near which place we bivouacked after a very long day's march. On the morning of the 26th, we moved, with Ewell's division still in front, past White Plains, through Thoroughfare Gap in Bull Mountain to Gainesville on the Warrenton Pike, and there turned off to the right towards Bristow Station on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. At Haymarket, before reaching Gainesville, we halted two or three hours to wait for Stuart to come up with his cavalry, which had started that morning to follow us, and did join us at Gainesville. Hays' brigade, under General Forno, was in the advance of the division on this day, and it arrived at Bristow Station a little before sunset, just as several trains were approaching from the direction of Warrenton Junction.

<je_115>

There was but a small force of cavalry at Bristow, which Colonel Forno soon dispersed, and he then arrested and captured two trains of empty cars with their engines, the first train which approached having made its escape towards Manassas before the road could be sufficiently obstructed, and other trains in the rear running back, on hearing the alarm, towards Warrenton Junction. General Trimble was sent, soon after dark, with two of his regiments, to capture Manassas Junction, and in conjunction with General Stuart succeeded in taking the place and securing eight pieces of artillery, a considerable number of prisoners and horses, a long train of loaded cars, and a very large amount of stores of all kinds. As soon as the remainder of Ewell's division arrived at Bristow, it was placed in position to prevent a surprise by the enemy during the night.

Very early on the morning of the 27th, Hays' brigade and one regiment of Lawton's with a piece of artillery were moved towards Kettle Run in the direction of Warrenton Junction on a reconnaissance, and a train of cars was seen re-embarking a regiment which had been sent to drive off the "raiding party," but, on finding the strength of our force, was about retiring. A shot from one piece of artillery sent the train off in a hurry, and one regiment of Hays' brigade was left on picket and another regiment to tear up the railroad, with orders to fall back skirmishing towards the main body, on the approach of the enemy in force.

Trimble's other regiment, and the 12th Georgia, which was now transferred from my brigade to his, were sent to him at Manassas Junction this morning, and the two other

divisions of Jackson's command were ordered to the same place. General Ewell had been ordered by General Jackson to remain at Bristow with his three remaining brigades to check any advance from Pope's army along the railroad, but, if the enemy appeared in heavy force, to retire upon the Junction, as he did not desire a general engagement at this time. General Ewell <je_116>accordingly disposed his command across the railroad and facing towards Warrenton Junction as follows: my brigade on the right, Lawton's on the left and Hays' in the centre, the main body being posted on a slight ridge covering the station. The 49th Virginia Regiment of my brigade was moved to a ridge on my right, on the road leading to and past Greenwich, and a regiment of Law-ton's brigade (the 60th Georgia), with one piece of artillery, was advanced on the left of the railroad so as to support Forno's two regiments which were in front, while the batteries were posted so as to command the approaches on our front and flanks.

In the afternoon indications were seen of the approach of the enemy from the direction of Warrenton Junction, and the wagons were ordered to Manassas. In a short time the enemy advanced in force with infantry and artillery, and the 6th and 8th Louisiana Regiments which had been left in front fell back to a woods about three hundred yards in front of the remainder of the brigade. As soon as the enemy got within range, our batteries opened on him from their various positions, and the 6th and 8th Louisiana, and 60th Georgia Regiments received him with well directed volleys, by which two columns of not less than a brigade each were sent back. The 5th Louisiana was sent to reinforce the 6th and 8th, but by this time fresh columns of the enemy were seen advancing, and it was apparent that his force was larger than ours. As the position we occupied was a weak one, and the enemy could very easily have turned our flank by moving a force on the ridge to our right, which he appeared to be doing, General Ewell determined to retire in accordance with General Jackson's instructions. The order for the withdrawal across Broad Run was given, and I was directed to cover it with my brigade.

At this time the Louisiana regiments in front were actively engaged, and a heavy column of the enemy was moving against them. Lawton's brigade was first drawn back across the ford at the railroad bridge over Broad Run, <je_117>and took position on the northern bank. Hays' brigade then followed, the regiments engaged in front having retired in good order. My own brigade had been withdrawn from a pine woods in which it was posted, and covered the movements of the others by forming successive lines of battle back to the ford, and was then crossed over by regiments successively. All the artillery was successfully withdrawn, a part crossing at Milford several hundred yards above the bridge, at which point the 49th Virginia also crossed.

In the meantime, the enemy had been advancing in line of battle on both sides of the railroad, preceded by skirmishers, and keeping up a constant artillery fire. The 13th Virginia had been deployed as skirmishers to keep those of the enemy in check, and kept them from advancing beyond the station until all the rest of our force had crossed the Run, when it also retired. Lawton's brigade had been formed in line on the north bank of the Run, and some batteries put in position. Hays' brigade was ordered to proceed to Manassas Junction as soon as it crossed, and my brigade was moved back about three-fourths of a mile and formed in line on a hill commanding the road to the Junction, and in full view of the enemy, who had halted on the ridges near Bristow Station.

In a short time afterwards, General Ewell with Lawton's brigade passed through my line, which was across the road, and ordered me to remain in position until further orders

should be sent me. He left a battery with me and directed that one or two regiments should be so moved and manoeuvred as to present the appearance of the arrival of reinforcements to my assistance. This was done, and a small party of the enemy which had crossed the Run, and was moving along the railroad, was driven back by a few shots from the artillery, but the enemy's main force, which consisted of the advance division of Pope's army under Hooker, did not come further than the station.

<je_118>

Shortly after dark, under orders from General Ewell, I retired to the Junction, where my men filled their haversacks with rations of hard bread and salt meat from the stores captured from the enemy, but this was all of the plunder obtained at that place which they could get.

Our loss in this affair was comparatively slight and was confined almost entirely to the 5th, 6th and 8th Louisiana, and the 60th Georgia Regiments, which were the only troops who drew trigger on our side, except the 13th Virginia when deployed as skirmishers to cover our withdrawal. The enemy reported his loss at 300.

The two captured trains had been burned in the early part of the day, and the railroad bridge across Broad Run had been destroyed. A brigade of the enemy which advanced towards Manassas, after having been landed from a train coming from Alexandria, had been met by a party of our troops moving out from the Junction and routed, its commanding officer being killed.

As soon as Ewell's division had rested and broiled a little meat, it moved from the Junction towards Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, and the brigades became separated and bivouacked at different places, mine lying down in the open field.

The other divisions had previously moved, and Stuart proceeded to burn the trains, and such stores as had not been carried off.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XII.--The Affair At Groveton.

<je_119>

IT having become evident that Pope had found it necessary to look after his "lines of retreat," and was moving his whole army back for the purpose of falling upon General Jackson's comparatively small force, the latter determined to move to the left so as to be in a position to unite with the right wing of General Lee's army under Longstreet. Jackson's division, under Brigadier General W. S. Taliaferro, had therefore been moved on the night of the 27th to the vicinity of the battlefield of the 21st of July, 1861, and A. P. Hill's to Centreville, with orders to Ewell to move up, by the northern bank of Bull Run, to the same locality with Taliaferro early on the morning of the 28th. At dawn on that morning, my brigade resumed the march, moving across Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford and then up the north bank to Stone Bridge, followed by Trimble's brigade. We crossed at a ford just below Stone Bridge, and moved across the Warrenton Pike and through the fields between the Carter house and the Stone Tavern, where the battle of the 21st of July had begun, to the Sudley road, near where Jackson's division was already in position.

Lawton's and Hays' brigades had by mistake taken the road to Centreville, but had now rejoined the rest of the division, and the whole of the brigades were placed under cover in the woods, north of the Warrenton Pike, through which the Sudley road ran. Hill's division came up from Centreville subsequently. In the meantime Pope's whole army had been moving by various roads upon Manassas Junction, with the expectation of finding Jackson's force there, but in the afternoon the corps of McDowell's en route for Manassas had been ordered to move to Centreville, and a portion of it marched along <je_120>the Warrenton Pike. Very late in the afternoon, Jackson's division under Taliaferro was moved along parallel to the pike, under cover of the woods, across the track which had been graded for a railroad, until it passed the small village of Groveton on our left. Ewell's division followed Jackson's until the whole had crossed the railroad track, and the two divisions were then halted and formed in line facing the pike. General Ewell ordered me to take command of my own brigade and Hays' and form a double line in the edge of a piece of woods, with my left resting on the railroad, and to await orders; and he moved to the right with Lawton's and Trimble's brigades.

My line was formed as directed, with my own brigade in front and Hays' in rear of it, and as thus formed we were on the left and rear of Starke's brigade of Jackson's division, whose line was advanced farther towards the pike. About sunset a column of the enemy commenced moving past our position, and Jackson's division and the two brigades with General Ewell moved forward to attack him, when a fierce and sanguinary engagement took place. While it was raging, and just before dark, I received an order from General Jackson, through one of his staff officers, to advance to the front, which I complied with at once, my own brigade in line of battle being followed by that of Hays.

While advancing, I received an order to send two regiments to the right to General Jackson, and I detached the 44th and 49th Virginia under Colonel Smith for that purpose. On reaching the railroad cut in my forward movement, I found it so deep that it was impossible to cross it, and I had therefore to move to the right by flank until I found a place where I could cross. This proved to be a ravine with embankments on both sides for a bridge or culvert, and I had here to pass through by flank and form by file into line in

front of a marsh beyond. This brought me near the left of the position to which Trimble's brigade had advanced, and I <je_121>had passed a part of Starke's brigade on the railroad track. While my brigade was forming in line it was exposed to a galling fire of canister and shrapnel, and before it was ready to advance the enemy had begun to retreat and it had become so dark that it was impossible to tell whether we should encounter friend or foe. I therefore advanced no farther and Hays' brigade was halted on the railroad; and in this position the two brigades lay on their arms all night.

A short distance from me General Ewell was found very severely wounded by a ball through the knee, which he had received while leading one of the regiments on foot, and I had him carried to the hospital, after having great difficulty in persuading him to go, as he insisted upon having his leg amputated before he left the ground.

Lawton's and Trimble's brigades lay on their arms a short distance to my right, near the points where they were at the close of the action, and both had suffered heavily. The enemy had retired from our immediate front, and we could hear the rumbling of his artillery as he was moving off in the distance.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XIII.--Second Battle Of Manassas.

<je_122>

THOUGH the force of the enemy, consisting of King's division of McDowell's Corps moving on the left flank of that corps, with which the engagement took place on the afternoon of the 28th, had retreated in the direction of Manassas, other troops had moved up to the vicinity, and early next morning it was discovered that Pope was moving his whole army against us from the direction of Manassas and Centreville, to which point it had gone in search of us.

It now became necessary to change our front to meet the approaching columns, and Ewell's division, under the command of Brigadier General Lawton as senior brigadier, was formed in line facing Groveton, near where it had lain on its arms the night before, on a ridge running nearly at right angles to Warrenton Pike, with its right, my brigade, resting on the pike. The other divisions were retired behind the unfinished railroad on our left, and the whole line faced towards the enemy. At an early hour the enemy's batteries opened on us and were replied to by ours. After this artillery firing had continued for some time, the position of Ewell's division was changed, and General Jackson in person ordered me to move with Hays' brigade and my own, and Johnson's battery of artillery, to a ridge north of the Warrenton Pike and behind the railroad, so as to prevent the enemy from turning our right flank, a movement from Manassas indicating that purpose having been observed. Two of my regiments, the 13th Virginia and 31st Virginia, under Colonel Walker, were detached by General Jackson's order and placed in position south of the pike, for the purpose of watching the movements of the force that was advancing from the direction of Manassas towards our right.

<je_123>

Hays' brigade and my own were formed in line on the ridge indicated, in the edge of a piece of woods, and skirmishers were advanced to the line of the railroad, Johnson's battery being placed in position to command my front. In the meantime our main line had been established on the railroad a mile or more to my left, and Lawton's and Trimble's brigades had been moved so as to conform thereto. The artillery firing had continued all the morning, on my left at our main position, and there had been some infantry fighting. The two regiments under Colonel Walker, by skirmishing, kept the head of the force moving from Manassas on our right in check, until the appearance of the leading division (Hood's) of Longstreet's force on the Warrenton Pike from the direction of Gainesville, which occurred about ten or eleven o'clock A.M.

I remained in position until Longstreet's advance had moved far enough to render it unnecessary for me to remain longer, and, without awaiting orders, I recalled Colonel Walker with his two regiments about one o'clock P.M., and then moved the two brigades to the left, to rejoin the rest of the division. I found General Lawton with his own brigade in line in rear of the railroad, not far from the position I had occupied, the previous morning, before the fight, and Trimble's brigade was in line on the railroad between Jackson's division and Hill's, the former being on the right and the latter on the left. Along this railroad Jackson's line was mainly formed, facing to the southeast. The track of the road was through fields and woods, and consisted of deep cuts and heavy embankments, as the country was rolling. The two brigades with me were formed in line in the woods, in

rear of Lawton's brigade, with Hays' on the right of mine.

We remained in this position until about half-past three P.M., and in the meantime the enemy was making desperate attempts to drive our troops from the line of the railroad, having advanced some heavy columns <je_124>against Hill's brigades and been repulsed; and the battle was raging fiercely in our front. Just about half-past three, Colonel Forno, with Hays' brigade, was ordered to advance to the assistance of one of Hill's brigades which had been forced from his position, and he did so, driving the enemy from the railroad and taking position on it with his brigade. He was subsequently wounded very seriously, while holding this position, by a sharpshooter, and had to be removed from the field.

Some time after Forno's advance, a messenger came from A. P. Hill, with the information that one of his brigades, whose ammunition was nearly exhausted, was being very heavily pressed, and with the request that I should advance to its support. I did so at once, without waiting for orders, and moved directly ahead, as I was informed the attack was immediately in my front; the 8th Louisiana Regiment under Major Lewis, which had been sent to the wagons the day before to replenish its ammunition and had just arrived, accompanying my brigade. As I passed Lawton's brigade I found the 13th Georgia Regiment preparing to move forward under the General's orders. I continued to advance until I came to a small field near the railroad, when I discovered that the enemy had possession of a deep cut in the railroad with a part of his force in a strip of woods between the field and the cut. General Gregg's and Colonel Thomas' brigades, having very nearly exhausted their ammunition, had fallen back a short distance, but were presenting a determined front to the enemy.

My brigade, with the 8th Louisiana on its left, advanced at once across the field, and drove the enemy from the woods and the railroad cut, dashing across the railroad, and pursuing the retreating force some two or three hundred yards beyond, before I could arrest its progress. The messenger from General Hill had stated that it was not desired that I should go beyond the railroad, but should content myself with driving the enemy from it, as General Jackson's orders were not to <je_125>advance but hold the line. I, therefore, drew my men back to the railroad cut and took position behind it. This charge was made with great dash and gallantry by my brigade and the 8th Louisiana Regiment, and very heavy loss was inflicted on the enemy with a comparatively slight one to us, though two valuable officers, Colonel William Smith of the 49th Virginia and Major John C. Higginbotham of the 25th Virginia, were severely wounded. At the time my brigade crossed the railroad, the 13th Georgia advanced further to the right and crossed over in pursuit.

This was the last of seven different assaults on General Hill's line that day, all of which had now been repulsed with great slaughter upon the enemy, and he did not renew the attack, but contented himself with furiously shelling the woods in which we were located. Jackson's division had also repulsed an attack on his front, and General Trimble was severely wounded during the course of the day by an explosive ball from a sharpshooter. General Jackson had accomplished his purpose of resisting the enemy until General Lee with Longstreet's force could effect a junction with him. The latter force was now up and a part of it had been engaged just about night with one of the enemy's columns.

Pope, in his report, claims that General Jackson was retreating through Thoroughfare Gap, when his attack arrested this retreat and compelled Jackson to take position to

defend himself, and that he drove our troops several miles, but there was no thought of retreat, and the various movements of our troops had been solely for the purpose of defence against the enemy's threatened attacks as he changed their direction.

Hill's brigades, to whose relief I had gone, went to the rear to replenish their cartridge boxes and did not return to relieve me after the close of the fight on the 29th. I had therefore to remain in position all night with my men lying on their arms.

I had understood that some of Hill's brigades were <je_126>to my left, but it turned out that they had also gone to the rear to get ammunition and did not return; and very early in the morning of the 30th, the enemy's sharpshooters got on the railroad embankment on my left and opened fire on that flank, killing a very valuable young officer of the 13th Virginia Regiment, Lieutenant Leroy. I thus discovered for the first time that my flank was exposed, and the enemy's sharpshooters soon began to cross the railroad on my left and advance through a cornfield. I immediately sent word to General Hill of this state of things, and, after some delay, some brigades were sent to occupy positions on my left, who drove the sharpshooters back. During the morning there was very heavy skirmishing in my front, and the skirmishers of my brigade, under Captain Lilley of the 25th Virginia, drove back a heavy force which was advancing apparently for an attack on our position.

Subsequently our troops were arranged so as to place Ewell's division in the centre, leaving Hill's division on the left and Jackson's on the right, but when Lawton's brigade was moved up, there was left space for only three of my regiments, and leaving the 44th, 49th and 52nd Virginia Regiments on the line under General Smith of the 49th, I retired about 150 yards to the rear with the rest of the brigade. Hays' brigade, now under Colonel Strong, had been sent to the wagons to get ammunition and had not returned.

The fore part of the day was consumed by the main body of the enemy and Longstreet's wing of the army in manoeuvring and cannonading, but about four o'clock P.M. the enemy brought up very heavy columns and hurled them against Jackson's line, when the fighting became very severe, but all of the attempts to force our position were successfully resisted, and a very heavy punishment was inflicted on the enemy. My three regiments under Colonel Smith, participated in the repulse of the enemy, and as he retired they dashed across the railroad cut in pursuit, very unexpectedly to me, as I <je_127>had given orders to Colonel William Smith not to advance until the order to do so was given. His men, however, had been incapable of restraint, but he soon returned with them. In the meantime, I advanced the other regiments to the front of the line that had been vacated. Trimble's brigade, now under Captain Brown of the 12th Georgia, and Lawton's brigade had participated in this repulse of the enemy likewise.

The attack on the part of the line occupied by Jackson's division had been very persistent, but Longstreet now began to advance against the enemy from the right and was soon sweeping him from our front. Some of Hill's brigades also advanced and the enemy was driven from the field with great slaughter. While this was taking place, the other divisions of Jackson were ordered to advance, and my brigade was soon put in motion in the direction taken by Hill's brigades, advancing through the woods in our front to a large field about a quarter of a mile from the railroad. I halted at the edge of the woods to enable the other brigades to come up, as I was ahead of them, when General Jackson rode up and ordered me to move by my left flank to intercept a body of the enemy reported moving up Bull Run to our left. I did so, moving along with skirmishers ahead of the brigade until I came to the railroad, and then along that until I came to a field.

It was now getting dark, and as my skirmishers moved into the field they were fired upon from their left. This fire came from a very unexpected quarter, and I immediately sent to let General Jackson know the fact, as it would have been folly to have advanced in the direction I was going if it came from the enemy. A message was soon received from General Jackson, stating that the fire very probably came from some of Hill's troops, and directing me to send and see. This had been anticipated by sending a young soldier of the 44th Virginia, who volunteered for the purpose, and he soon returned with the information that the firing was from <je_128>the skirmishers from Gregg's and Branch's brigades of Hill's division who mistook us for the enemy. Fortunately no damage was done, and I was moving on when I received an order to advance to the front from where I was, and in a few minutes afterwards another to move back by the right flank, as the report of the movement of the enemy around our left flank had proved untrue. I found that the other brigades of the division had bivouacked near where I had left them, and my own did the same.

The enemy had been driven beyond Bull Run, and was in retreat to Centreville, our pursuit having been arrested by the approaching darkness.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XIV.--Affair At Ox Hill Or Chantilly.

<je_129>

JACKSON'S command, after having rested on the morning of the 31st, in the afternoon of that day was put in motion for the purpose of turning the enemy's position at Centreville. Crossing Bull Run at and near Sudley's Ford, it moved to the left over a country road, Jackson's division in front followed by Ewell's and Hill's bringing up the rear, until the Little River Turnpike was reached, when we turned towards Fairfax CourtHouse and bivouacked late at night. Early on the morning of September the 1st, the march was resumed, and continued until we reached the farm of Chantilly in the afternoon. The enemy was found in position, covering the retreat of his army, near Ox Hill, not far from Chantilly, and a short distance beyond which the Little River Pike, and the pike from Centreville to Fairfax Court-House, intersect.

General Jackson at once put his troops in position on the ridge on the east of the Little River Pike, with his own division on the left, Hill's on the right and Ewell's in the centre; Hays' and Trimble's brigades only of Ewell's division being on the front line, Lawton's and mine being formed in the woods in their rear. As we moved into position the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire on us, and soon the action commenced with some of Hill's brigades on the right, extending to Trimble's and Hays' brigades. During this action a severe thunder storm raged, and while it was progressing, General Starke, then in command of Jackson's division, represented to me that a heavy force was threatening his left, between which and the pike there was a considerable interval, and requested me to cover it with my brigade to protect him from the apprehended danger.

After examining the position I reluctantly consented <je_130>to yield to General Starke's entreaty, without awaiting orders, as Hays' brigade was in my front and he represented his situation as critical, and I proceeded to move my brigade by the left flank to the point designated by him. I had put myself on the leading flank, and while moving I heard a considerable musketry fire, but as the woods were very thick and it continued to rain I could see only a short distance, and took it for granted that the firing proceeded from the troops in front of where I had been.

On reaching the position General Starke desired me to occupy, which was but a short distance from the place I had moved from, as his left was drawn back in a circle towards the pike, I discovered that the 13th, 25th and 31st Virginia Regiments which were on my right had not followed the rest of the brigade. I immediately sent my aide, Lieutenant Early, back to see what had become of the missing regiments, and he found them engaged with a body of the enemy in their front. On ascertaining this fact, I moved back at once and found that my regiment had repulsed the force opposed to them and inflicted considerable loss on it. Hays' brigade under Colonel Strong had fallen back in considerable confusion about the time I commenced my movement, and passed through the three regiments on my right, followed by a considerable force of the enemy. The commanding officers had very properly detained those regiments, as the affair was entirely concealed from my view, and they had received the enemy's onset with great coolness, driving him back out of the woods.

Colonel Strong had attempted to change front when the enemy were advancing on him, and, being entirely inexperienced in the management of a brigade, he had got it into such

confusion that it was compelled to retire. The 8th Louisiana Regiment, under Major Lewis, had been halted and formed into line immediately in rear of my regiments, and the remaining regiments were soon rallied and brought back by their respective commanders. After quite a severe action, in which the enemy lost two <je_131>general officers, Kearney and Stevens, he was repulsed at all points, and continued his retreat during the night. After the close of the action, Jackson's division was withdrawn from the left to the rear, and Ewell's division covered the point previously covered by General Starke, and Hays' and Trimble's brigades, and the men lay on their arms during the night. While Trimble's brigade was engaged, the gallant old Captain Brown, of the 12th Georgia Regiment, in command of the brigade, was killed, and Colonel James A. Walker of the 13th Virginia Regiment was subsequently assigned to the command of the brigade, as it had no field officer present.

On the morning of the 2nd it was discovered that the enemy had retired from our front, and during that day Pope made good his escape into the fortifications around Washington. He had now seen the "rebels" in various aspects and found that his lines of retreat would not take care of themselves; and very soon he was shipped and sent to the northwest to look after the Indians in that quarter.

This affair at Ox Rill closed the series of engagements with the enemy under Pope, and it was again the old story of the "rebels in overwhelming numbers," opposed to a small army of "Union soldiers." According to Pope's account, his army was wearied out and broken down by the fatigues of the campaign on the Rappahannock, and the incessant marching and manoeuvring to confront Lee's army, and was short of rations and ammunition. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the soldiers of the army which thus wearied his own were at all susceptible of fatigue or hunger, or that when his own rations were short, their chances of supplying themselves were slim.

Pope's army had at the time of the battles of the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of August, been reinforced by Burnside's corps under Reno, one brigade of Sturgis' division from Alexandria, and the following troops from McClellan's army: Heintzelman's corps, Porter's corps, and the division of Pennsylvania reserves commanded <je_132>by Reynolds. At the time of the affair at Ox Hill he had been further reinforced by Franklin's and Sumner's corps of McClellan's army, leaving but one corps of that army (Keyes') which had not reached him. His consolidated report of the 31st of July showed a strength of 46,858 before he was joined by any of those reinforcements and in the letter of Halleck to McClellan, dated the 6th of August, Pope's army is stated to be about 40,000. In a telegram from Halleck to McClellan, dated the 12th of August, Burnside's force is stated to be nearly 13,000.

General Lee's army at the time of these battles near Manassas consisted of Jackson's wing of the army in which there were three divisions of infantry containing fourteen brigades, Longstreet's wing in which there were four divisions of infantry containing fifteen brigades, and two brigades of cavalry under Stuart. There was about one battery of artillery of four guns for each brigade attached to the divisions, and there was a reserve force of artillery which may have numbered some eight or ten batteries, but perhaps not so many.

Longstreet's command consisted of his own division, seven brigades; Hood's division, two brigades; Jones' division, three brigades; and Anderson's division, three brigades. The whole of those brigades, as well as the force of Jackson, had been in the battles around

Richmond, except Evans' brigade--attached to Longstreet's division,--and Drayton's brigade, attached to Jones' division. Those two brigades had probably been brought from the South since those battles, or they may have been organized out of regiments attached to other brigades at that time; but I think they were brought from North and South Carolina, and if such was the fact, they were the only reinforcements which I ever heard of reaching General Lee after the battles around Richmond or before or during the campaign against Pope or the campaign in Maryland. D.H. Hill's division of five brigades; McLaw's division of four brigades, composed <je_133>of his own and Magruder's consolidated; and the force of Holmes and Wise--all of which had constituted part of the army at Richmond during the battles,--had been left for the protection of that city until the whole of McClellan's force moved from James River.

When that event was fully ascertained, Hill's and McLaw's division and two of Holmes' brigades, under Walker, had been ordered to move North, but Hill and McLaws got up on the 2nd, the day after the affair at Ox Hill, and Walker later, so that Pope had only to confront the 29 brigades before mentioned. My brigade was fully an average one, and my effective force did not exceed 1,500. Some idea therefore may be formed of the force with which General Lee fought the second battle of Manassas; I don't think it could have exceeded 50,000 effective men in all, including artillery and cavalry, and it was probably considerably under that number.

The loss in Ewell's division, beginning with the artillery fighting on the Rappahannock and ending, with the affair at Ox Hill, was in killed 366, wounded 1,169, and missing 32, the loss in my own brigade being 27 killed and 181 wounded.

The main battle, which occurred on the 29th and 30th of August, has been called the second battle of Manassas, but I think the little village or hamlet of Groveton is entitled to the honor of giving its name to that great battle, as the fighting began there on the 28th, and was all around it on the 29th and 30th.

The first battle near the same spot, on ground which was again fought over, had been properly named, as Manassas Junction was then the headquarters and central position of our army, and was the objective point of the enemy during the battle. Such was not the case with either army at the last battle, and the Junction, several miles off, had no more relation to the battle than Bristow, Gainesville or Centreville.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XV.--Movement Into Maryland.

<je_134>

ON the 2nd of September our army rested, while the movements of the enemy were being ascertained. Provisions were now very scarce, as the supply in the wagons, with which we had started, was exhausted. The rations obtained by Jackson's command from the enemy's stores, at Manassas, which were confined to what could be brought off in haversacks, were also exhausted, and on this day boiled fresh beef, without salt or bread, was issued to my brigade, which with an ear or two of green corn roasted by a fire, constituted also my own supply of food, at this time. Longstreet's wing of the army was in a worse condition than Jackson's, as it had not participated in the supply found at Manassas.

On the morning of the 3rd, Jackson's wing commenced the march towards the Potomac, and moved to the left over some country roads, crossing the Loudoun & Hampshire Railroad at a station, above Vienna, until we reached the turnpike from Georgetown to Leesburg in Loudoun, and then along this road through Draines-ville, until we passed Leesburg on the afternoon of the 4th, and bivouacked near Big Springs, two or three miles from the latter place, at night.

On the 5th we resumed the march and crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, about seven miles above Leesburg, into Maryland. This ford was an obscure one on the road through the farm of Captain Elijah White, and the banks of the river had to be dug down so that our wagons and artillery might cross. On the Maryland side of the river the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal runs along the bank, and the canal had to be bridged over a lock to enable our wagons to pass, as they could not get through the culvert where the road ran. That night we bivouacked near Three Springs in Maryland on the road leading <je_135>towards Frederick City, and after my brigade had lain down I received a message from General Jackson to let my men get green corn for two days, but, I told the staff officer bringing it, that they had already drawn their rations in that article, which was all they had now to eat. I will here say that green Indian corn and boiled beef without salt are better than no food at all by a good deal, but they constitute a very weakening diet for troops on a long march, as they produce diarrhoea.

On the 6th we resumed the march and in the afternoon occupied Frederick City and the Monocacy Junction on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Jackson's division took position near the city, and Hill's and Ewell's near the Junction, which is about three miles from the city in the direction of Washington. Ewell's division covered the railroad and the approaches from the direction of Baltimore, and Hill's those from the direction of Washington. We were now able to get some flour and salt, and our whole army was in a day or two concentrated near the same points.

We remained in position until the 10th, and on that day General Jackson's command moved through Frederick westward, for the purpose of capturing Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights, where there was a considerable force of the enemy. At the same time, McLaws, with his own and Anderson's divisions, including three brigades of Longstreet's attached to Anderson's division, moved towards Maryland Heights, and Brigadier General Walker with his two brigades moved towards Loudoun Heights on the south of the Potomac, for the purpose of surrounding Harper's Ferry and co-operat-ing with General

Jackson in its capture.

On the night of the 10th, Ewell's division bivouacked between Middletown and South Mountain. On the 11th, we moved across the mountain at Boonsboro Gap, and through Boonsboro to Williamsport, where we crossed the Potomac; Hill's division moving from that place directly for Martinsburg on the pike, and Ewell's and <je_136>Jackson's divisions for North Mountain depot on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, some miles west of Martinsburg, near which they bivouacked. On the morning of the 12th we moved for Martinsburg, and found that a force of the enemy at that place under General White had retired in the direction of Harper's Ferry on the approach of Hill's division. We passed through the town in the direction of Harper's Ferry and Ewell's division bivouacked on the banks of the Opequon.

On the morning of the 13th we resumed the march, and reached the turnpike from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, one mile above Halltown, and bivouacked in sight of the enemy's work on Bolivar Heights, covering the town at the ferry, to wait until McLaws and Walker should get in position on Maryland Heights and Loudon Heights respectively, both of which overlooked and commanded the enemy's position.

On the afternoon of the 14th, McLaws and Walker having previously gotten in position and opened fire with their artillery, General Jackson's force moved forward to invest the enemy's works, Hill's division moving on the right along the Shenandoah, Ewell's division along the turnpike, and one brigade of Jackson's division along the Potomac on the left, the rest of the division moving in support. Ewell's division moved along and on each side of the pike in three columns until it passed Halltown, when it was formed in treble line of battle with Trimble's and Hays' brigades on the front line, and Lawton's and my brigade in their rear, Law-ton's forming the second line, and mine the third. In this order we moved forward through some fields on the right of the road until we reached a woods on a hill called School House Hill, confronting the main works on Bolivar Heights, and in easy range for artillery.

This was done without opposition, and Hays' brigade was then moved to the left of the road and mine posted in its rear, the right being occupied by Trimble's and Lawton's brigades in the same order. It was now dark <je_137>and the artillery firing from Maryland and Loudon Heights, as well as that from the enemy's works, had ceased. General Hill had had some skirmishing with the enemy on our right, and had pushed some brigades close to the enemy's left flank to favorable positions for assaulting his works, and taking them on the flank and rear, but night also closed his operations.

Early on the morning of the 15th, preparations were made for the assault, and the batteries from Maryland Heights, Loudon Heights, from a position across the Shenandoah to which the guns belonging to Ewell's division had been moved during the night, from Hill's position, from each side of the pike in front of Ewell's division, and from the left on the Potomac, opened on the enemy. In front of the position occupied by Ewell's division was a deep valley between School House Hill and Bolivar Heights, the whole of which was cleared. On the opposite side the ascent to the enemy's works was steep and over thick brush that had been felled so as to make a formidable abattis. It was over this ground we would have had to move to the assault, and the prospect was by no means comforting.

Very early in the morning, Lawton's brigade had been moved to the right and then by flank to the upper part of the valley in front of us, for the purpose of supporting an attack

to be made by Hill's division, and the latter was moving to the assault, when the white flag was hoisted on Bolivar Heights. This indication of the enemy's surrender was received with very hearty and sincere cheers all along the line, as we were thus saved the necessity of an assault, which if stubbornly resisted would have resulted in the loss of many lives to us.

Under the directions of General Jackson, General A. P. Hill received the surrender of the enemy, then under the command of Brigadier General White, Colonel Miles, the commander of the forces at Harper's Ferry, having been mortally wounded. About 11,000 prisoners were surrendered and paroled, and we secured about 12,000 <je_138>small arms, 70 pieces of artillery, and a very large amount of stores, provisions, wagons and horses.

The victory was really a bloodless one so far as General Jackson's command was concerned, the only loss being a very few killed and wounded in Hill's division, but General McLaws had had heavy work in taking Maryland Heights, and had been engaged severely with the enemy coming up in his rear.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XVI.--Battle Of Sharpsburg Or Antietam.

<je_139>

LATE in the afternoon of the 15th, General Lawton received an order from General Jackson to move the division on the road to Boteler's Ford, on the Potomac below Shepherdstown, and he at once put his own and Trimble's brigade, which had gotten rations from Harper's Ferry, in motion, and ordered me to follow with my own and Hays' brigade as soon as they were supplied likewise from the stores of the enemy. I was detained until after night before the men of the two brigades could be supplied, and I then followed General Lawton, finding him just before morning bivouacked about four miles from Boteler's FOrd. Brigadier General Hays, wounded at Port Republic while Colonel of the 7th Louisiana, had returned to the brigade on the 15th after the surrender of Harper's Ferry and assumed command of his brigade before we started on this march.

The division moved at dawn on the 16th, and, crossing the Potomac, arrived in the vicinity of Sharpsburg in the early part of the day, and stacked arms in a piece of woods about a mile in rear of Sharpsburg, Jackson's division having preceded it, and Hill's being left behind to dispose of the prisoners and property captured at Harper's Ferry.

After the different columns, which had been sent against the latter place, had moved from the vicinity of Frederick, the residue of General Lee's army had moved across South Mountain in the direction of Hagerstown, and the division of General D. H. Hill had been left to defend Boonsboro Gap against the Federal Army, composed of Pope's army and McClellan's army combined, and heavy reinforcements which had arrived to their assistance, now approaching under General McClellan. General Hill had been attacked on the 14th, at Boonsboro Gap, <je_140>by the main body of McClellan's army, and, after a very obstinate resistance for many hours to the vast forces brought against him, had, with the reinforcements sent to his assistance in the latter part of the day, retired late at night to Sharpsburg on the western side of the Antietam.

A position had been taken on the morning of the 15th by the force north of the Potomac, consisting of D. H. Hill's division, five brigades; the three remaining brigades of Longstreet's division; Hood's division, two brigades; D. R. Jones' division, three brigades; and Evans' brigade; fourteen brigades in all, covering Sharpsburg on the north and east, with the right resting on Antietam Creek, and the left extending to the Hagerstown pike; and the enemy had gradually moved his whole army up to the front of this position. This was the condition of things when Jackson's two divisions arrived on the 16th, and in the meantime there had been some skirmishing and artillery firing.

After remaining in position in the rear for some hours, General Lawton was ordered to move to the right to cover a bridge over the Antietam, but after the movement had commenced, it was countermanded and an order received to follow Jackson's division to the left through fields until we struck the turnpike from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown, and proceeding along this we reached a piece of woods on the west of the pike in which there was a Dunkard or Quaker Church, and found, some distance beyond the church, Jackson's division already posted in a double line on the west of the pike, and connecting on the right with the left of Hood's division. General Jackson in person directed me to place my brigade, which was at the head of the division, on the left of his own so as to protect its flank, and to communicate with Brigadier General J. R. Jones, then in command of that

division.

It was then getting near dark, and there was heavy skirmishing between Hood's troops further to the right <je_141>and the enemy, while shells were flying pretty thick. I had some difficulty in finding General Jones or his left. but after a while succeeded in doing so, and then posted my brigade on the left of Starke's brigade, constituting, as I was informed, Jones' left, which was formed on the west of the pike extending into the woods.

My brigade was posted on a small road running along the back of the woods past Starke's left, and thrown back at right angles to his line. Lawton's and Trimble's brigades had been halted near the church, but General Hays, under orders from General Jackson, reported to me with his brigade, and it was posted in rear of mine. The artillery firing and the skirmishing except occasional shots between the pickets was put to an end by the darkness, and about ten or eleven o'clock Lawton's and Trimble's brigades took the place, on the front line, of Hood's two brigades, which were withdrawn to the rear.

Very shortly after dawn on the morning of the 17th, I was ordered by General *Jackson* in person to move my brigade to the front and left, along a route pointed out by him, for the purpose of supporting some pieces of artillery which General Stuart had in position to operate against the enemy's right, and Hays was ordered to the support of Lawton's and Trimble's brigades.

Moving along the route designated by General Jackson, I discovered a body of the enemy's skirmishers close on my right pushing forward as if for the purpose of getting around the left flank of our line, and I sent some from my own brigade to hold them in check until I had passed. I found General Stuart about a mile from the position I had moved from, with several pieces of artillery in position on a hill between the left of Jackson's division and the Potomac which were engaging some of the enemy's batteries. At his suggestion, I formed my line in rear of this hill and remained there for about an hour, when General Stuart discovered a body of the enemy's infantry gradually making its way between us <je_142>and the left of our main line, and determined to shift his position to a hill further to the right and a little in rear of the direction of our line.

This movement was executed by passing over a route to the rear of the one I had taken in the morning, the latter being in possession of the enemy, and, while I was forming my brigade in a strip of woods running back in an elbow from the northern extremity of the body of woods in which the Dunkard Church was located, General Stuart informed me that General Lawton had been wounded, and that General Jackson had sent for me to return with my brigade and take command of the division. Leaving the 13th Virginia Regiment, numbering less than 100 men, with General Stuart, I moved the rest of the brigade across the angle made by the elbow with the main body of the woods, through a field to the position I had started from early in the morning.

The enemy had by this time pushed skirmishers into the northern or further end of this woods, and was moving up a very heavy force to turn our left flank. When I got near my starting point, I found Colonel Grigsby of the 27th Virginia Regiment, and Stafford of the 9th Louisiana rallying some two or three hundred men of Jackson's division at the point at which Starke's brigade had been in position the night before. As I came up I halted my brigade and formed line in rear of Grigsby and Stafford, and they at once advanced against the enemy's skirmishers, who had penetrated some distance into the woods, driving them back.

My brigade was advanced in their rear until we came up with Grigsby and Stafford,

where I formed line on the crest of a slight ridge running through the woods and directed them to form on my left. Heavy bodies of the enemy were now discovered in the field beyond the woods moving up to it. I left my brigade under the command of Colonel William Smith, of the 49th Virginia, with directions to resist the enemy at all hazards, and rode across the Hagerstown pike towards the right to <je_143>find the brigades which had been engaged early in the morning, but I found that they had been very badly cut up and had gone to the rear, Hood having taken their place with his two brigades. Jackson's division had also been very badly used, and the whole of it, except the few men rallied by Grigsby and Stafford, had retired from the field.

The facts were, as I subsequently ascertained from the brigade commanders, that, at light, after skirmishing along the front of Lawton's and Trimble's brigades in a piece of woods occupied by him, the enemy had opened a very heavy enfilading fire from the batteries on the opposite side of the Antietam, and then advanced very heavy columns of infantry against them, at the same time pouring a destructive fire of canister and shells into their ranks from the front. Hays' brigade had gone to the support of the others and this terrible assault from the front with the flank fire from the batteries across the Antietam, had been withstood for some time with obstinacy, until General Lawton was severely wounded; Colonel Douglas, commanding his brigade, killed; Colonel Walker, commanding Trimble's brigade, had had his horse killed under him, and himself been disabled by a contusion from a piece of shell; all the regimental commanders in the three brigades except two had been killed or wounded; and Lawton's brigade had sustained a loss of very nearly one-half, Hays' of more than one-half, and Trimble's of more than a third. General Hood then came to their relief and the shattered remnants of these brigades, their ammunition being exhausted, retired to the rear.

Jackson's division in the meantime had been very heavily engaged, and had shared a like fate, all of it that was left being what I found Grigsby and Stafford rallying, after General Jones had retired from the field stunned by the concussion of a shell bursting near him, and General Starke, who had succeeded him, had been killed.

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After having discovered that there was nothing of the division left on the field for me to command except my own brigade, and seeing that, what I supposed were Hood's troops, were very hard pressed, and would probably have to retire before overpowering numbers, I sent Major J.P. Wilson, a volunteer aide who had been serving with Generals Ewell and Lawton, to look after the brigades which had gone to the rear, and I rode to find General Jackson to inform him of the condition of things in front, as well as to let him know that a very heavy force was moving on the west of the pike against our flank and rear, confronted by my brigade and the small force under Grigsby and Stafford alone.

I found the General on a hill in rear of the Dunkard Church, where some batteries were posted, and when I informed him of the condition of things, he directed me to return to my brigade and resist the enemy until he could send me some reinforcements, which he promised to do as soon as he could obtain them. I found my brigade and Grigsby and Stafford's force at the point I had left them, and the movement of the enemy in that quarter was assuming very formidable proportions. The woods in which the Dunkard Church was located, ran along the Hagerstown pike on the west side for about a quarter of a mile until it came to a field on the same side, about 150 or 200 yards wide. Then the woods fell back to the left at right angles with the road, and then ran parallel to it on the

other side of the field for about a quarter of a mile further, and then turned to the left and ran some distance to the rear, making the elbow before spoken of.

The field thus located between the pike and the woods formed a plateau higher than the adjacent woods, and the latter sloped towards a small road at the further edge, which extended through the elbow, and was the one on which I had been posted the night before, and along which I had moved to the support of Stuart in the early morning. The line formed by my brigade was entirely in the woods, with its right flank opposite the middle of the field or plateau, and its direction was a right angle with the Hagerstown pike. In the woods were limestone ledges which formed very good cover for troops, and they extended back towards the church. From my position the forces of both armies on my right, or rather in my rear, as I now faced, were entirely concealed from view, as the plateau on my right was considerably higher than the ground on which my brigade was formed.

After my return, the enemy continued to press up towards the woods in which I was, in very heavy force, and I sent Major Hale, my Assistant Adjutant General, to let General Jackson know that the danger was imminent, and he returned with the information that the promised reinforcements would be sent immediately. Just as Major Hale returned, a battery opened on the Hagerstown pike where the field, or plateau, and woods joined. This was in rear of my right flank and not more than two hundred yards from it. I had been anxiously looking to my front and left flank, not dreaming that there was any immediate danger to my right, as I had seen our troops on the eastern side of the pike, at an advanced position, engaged with the enemy, and I took it for granted that this was one of our batteries which had opened on the enemy, but Major Hale's attention was called to it by a soldier in our rear, who was standing on the edge of the plateau, and informed him that it was one of the enemy's batteries. Major Hale examined it himself and immediately informed me of the fact, but I doubted it until I rode to the edge of the woods and saw for myself that it was really one of the enemy's batteries, firing along the pike in the direction of the Dunkard Church.

While I was looking at it for a minute to satisfy myself, I saw a heavy column of infantry move up by its side. This column consisted of Green's division of Mansfield's corps. The fact was that Hood, after resisting with great obstinacy immensely superior numbers, had fallen back to the vicinity of the Dunkard Church, and the enemy had advanced to this position. My position now was very critical, as there was nothing between Hood and myself, thus leaving an interval of from a quarter to a half mile between my command and the rest of the army. Fortunately, however, my troops were concealed from this body of the enemy, or their destruction would have been inevitable, as it was nearly between them and the rest of the army, and the body, moving up on the left in my front, had now got into the woods. Hoping the promised reinforcements would arrive in time, I quietly threw back my right flank under cover of the woods to prevent being taken in the rear.

The situation was most critical and the necessity most pressing, as it was apparent that if the enemy got possession of this woods, possession of the hills in their rear would immediately follow, and then, across to our rear on the road leading back to the Potomac, would have been easy. In fact the possession of these hills would have enabled him to take our whole line in reverse, and a disastrous defeat must have followed. I determined to hold on to the last moment, and I looked anxiously to the rear to see the promised

reinforcements coming up, the column on my right and rear and that coming up in front, with which my skirmishers were already engaged, being watched with the most intense interest.

While thus looking out, I saw the column on my right and rear suddenly move into the woods in the direction of the rear of the church. I could not now remain still, and I at once put my brigade in motion by the right flank on a line parallel to that of the enemy's movements, directing Grigsby and Stafford to fall back in line, skirmishing with the enemy coming up on the left. The limestone ledges enabled my troops to keep out of view of the enemy moving in the woods on my right, and they moved rapidly so as to get up with them. <je_147>On passing from behind one of these long ledges, we discovered the enemy moving with flankers thrown out on his right flank. I directed Colonel William Smith, whose regiment, the 49th Virginia, was in the lead, to open fire on the flankers, which was promptly done, and they ran in on the main body, which was taken by surprise by the fire from the unexpected quarter from which it came.

I now saw two or three brigades moving in line to our assistance, at the further end of the woods, and my brigade was faced to the front as soon as the whole of it had passed from behind the ledge, and opened fire on the enemy, who commenced retiring towards the pike in great confusion, after delivering one or two volleys. I had not intended to move to the front in pursuit, as I saw a brigade of the troops coming to our assistance moving into the woods at its further end on my right so as to come upon the flank of mine if it advanced, and I was, therefore, afraid that both would be thrown into confusion by the collision, and that mine would be exposed to the fire of the other. Moreover the enemy's other column was advancing on my left, held in check, however, by Grigsby and Stafford with their men, aided by the 31st Virginia Regiment, which was on that flank. The brigade, however, without awaiting orders, dashed after the retreating column, driving it entirely out of the woods, and, notwithstanding my efforts to do so, I did not succeed in stopping it until its flank and rear had become exposed to the fire of the column on the left.

I then saw other troops of the enemy moving rapidly across the plateau from the pike to the column, opposed to Grigsby and Stafford, and I ordered my brigade to retire a short distance, so as to change front and advance against the enemy in that direction. Just as I was reforming my line for that purpose, Semmes' brigade, and two regiments of Barksdale's brigade, of McLaws' division, and Anderson's brigade of D. R. Jones' division came up, and the whole, including Grigsby's and Stafford's <je_148>small command, advanced and swept the enemy from the woods into the fields, and the enemy retreated in great disorder to another body of woods beyond that from which he had been thus driven. As soon as the enemy had been thus repulsed, I recalled my regiments and caused them to be re-formed, when they were again posted in their former position on the small ridge before mentioned. As soon as his infantry had retired the enemy opened a tremendous fire with canister and shell upon the woods occupied by us, which was continued for some time.

The troops which had been opposed to us in this latter affair consisted of Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps, which had not been previously engaged, supported by Mansfield's corps, under Williams, and which moved up for a fresh attack on our extreme left. During his advance, the enemy's columns had received a galling fire from the guns under General Stuart on a hill in the rear of our left which contributed very materially to

the repulse, and General Stuart pursued the retreating force on its flank for some distance, with his pieces of artillery and the remnant of the 13th Virginia Regiment under Captain Winston.(*)

(* McClellan says in reference to this affair on our left, his right: "Entering the woods on the west of the turnpike, and driving the enemy before them, the first line was met by a heavy fire of musketry and shell from the enemy's breastworks and the batteries on the hill, commanding the exit from the woods. Meantime a heavy column of the enemy had succeeded in crowding back the troops of General Green's division, and appeared in rear of the left of Sedgwick's division. By command of General Sumner, General Howard was forced the third time to the rear, preparatory to a change of front, to meet the column advancing on the left, but this line, now suffering from a destructive fire both in front and on its left, which it was unable to return, gave way towards the right and rear in considerable confusion, and was soon followed by the first and second lines."

There was nothing in the shape of breastworks in the woods or in its rear at that time, and the fight on our part was a stand up one altogether. The slight works, made mostly of rails, which McClellan saw after the battle, were made on the 18th when we were expecting a renewal of the attack.

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My brigade at that time numbered less than 1,000 officers and men present, and Grigsby and Stafford had between two and three hundred; yet with this small force we confronted, for a long time, Sumner's formidable column, and held it in check until reinforcements arrived to our assistance. Had we retired from the fear of being flanked or cut off, the enemy must have obtained possession of the woods, where we were, and, as a necessary consequence, of the hills in their rear, which would have resulted in a decisive defeat to us, and a probable destruction of our army.

While these operations on our extreme left were going on, all of which transpired in the forenoon, two other divisions of Sumner's corps, French's and Richardson's, had been moving against our centre occupied by General D. H. Hill, and were forcing it back after a hard struggle, just about the time I was contending with the two columns of the enemy in the woods. A portion of this force moving against Hood near the Dunkard Church, was met and repulsed by Kershaw's and Cobb's brigades of McLaws' division, the portion of Barksdale's brigade which had not come to my assistance, and Ransom's brigade of Walker's division, at the same time that the force opposed to me was repulsed.

Not long after my brigade had been re-formed and placed in its former position, Colonel Hodges, in command of Armistead's brigade of Anderson's division, came up and took the place of my brigade, which latter was then posted along the edge of the plateau on Hodges' right, facing towards the Hagerstown pike. Subsequently General McLaws posted Barksdale's brigade on my right, and Kershaw's and Cobb's brigades on the left of Hodges'. My line as established along the edge of the woods and plateau after the repulse of the enemy, extended beyond where the left of Jackson's division rested at daylight, and embraced inside of it all of our killed and wounded, and nearly the whole of that of the enemy, in this last affair on our left.

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Major Wilson had by this time returned with the information that he had been able to find only a part of Hays' brigade, which was under General Hays, who was with General Hood, and that it was in no condition to render any service. He further stated that the remnants of the other brigades had gone to the rear for the purpose of re-forming and gathering up stragglers, but that he had been unable to find them.

The enemy continued to shell the woods in which we were for some time, doing, however, little or no damage, as we were under cover, and his shot and shells went over our heads. Some of our batteries, which had been brought up to the hills in our rear, opened fire on the woods where we were, on two occasions, under the impression that they were occupied by the enemy, and I had to send and have it stopped. Some pieces of our artillery were moved into the angle of the plateau on my right and opened on the enemy, but were soon compelled to retire by the superior metal and number of guns opposed to them.

We remained in position during the rest of the day, as did the troops on my left, and those immediately on my right. The enemy made no further attack on us on this part of the line, but there were several demonstrations as if for an attack, and from the top of a tree on the edge of the woods a lookout reported three lines of battle beyond the pike with a line of skirmishers extending nearly up to the pike. There were, however, some attempts against our line further to the right, and late in the afternoon a fierce attack was made on our extreme right by Burnside's corps, which drove some of our troops from the bridge across the Antietam on that flank, and was forcing back our right, when some of A. P. Hill's brigades, which were just arriving from Harper's Ferry, went to the assistance of the troops engaged on that flank, and the enemy was driven back in considerable confusion.

This affair, which terminated just before dark, closed the fighting on the 16th, and after a most protracted and <je_151>desperate struggle, our centre had been forced back to some extent, but the positions on our flanks were maintained.

The attack on Jackson's command in the early morning had been made by Hooker's and Mansfield's corps, numbering, according to McClellan's statement, 24,982 men present and fit for duty, and this force had been resisted by Jackson's division and the three brigades of Ewell's, and subsequently by Hood's two brigades, aided by those of D. H. Hill's brigades sent to the assistance of Hood, until Sumner's corps, numbering 18,813 men, came up about nine A.M. to the assistance of Hooker's and Mansfield's. Hood was then compelled to retire to the woods near the Dunkard Church, and Sumner, in command now of the entire right wing of the enemy, prepared for another attack with his corps supported by Hooker's and Mansfield's. This attack was made on our left by Sedgwick's division supported by Mansfield's corps, and on the centre by French's and Richardson's divisions supported by Hooker's corps, and was repulsed as has been stated, Hill, however, losing ground in the centre to some extent. Franklin's corps numbering 12,300 men was then carried to the support of Sumner, arriving a little after twelve M., and a new attack on the woods in which our left rested was projected, but was arrested by General Sumner's orders.

Another attack, however, was made on Hill's position in the centre, which met with some success by reason of the removal of one of his brigades, by mistake, from its position, but the enemy's progress was arrested by Walker's brigades and a part of Anderson's division, which had arrived to his support. The enemy had then made the attack with Burnside's corps, numbering 13,819, on Longstreet's right, on the Antietam, held by D. R. Jones' division, which was repulsed on the arrival of Hill's brigades as stated. The above is a condensed account of the main features of this battle taken from the reports of both sides, and the figures in regard to the strength of McClellan's corps are taken from his own <je_152>report. Porter's corps of his army, numbering 12,930, was held in reserve.(*)

Late in the afternoon, after it had become apparent that no further attack on our left was to be made, I rode to the rear in search of the missing brigades and found about one hundred men of Lawton's brigade which had been collected by Major Lowe, the ranking officer of the brigade left, and I had them moved up to where my own brigade was, and placed on its right. We lay on our arms all night, and about light on the morning of the 18th, General Hays brought up about ninety men of his brigade, which were posted on my left. During the morning Captain Feagins, the senior officer left of Trimble's brigade, brought up about two hundred of that brigade, and they were posted in my rear.

The enemy remained in our front during the whole day without making any show of an attack on our left, but there was some firing between the skirmish lines farther to right. The enemy in my immediate front showed a great anxiety to get possession of his dead and wounded on that part of the ground, and several flags of truce approached us, but, I believe, without authority from the proper source. However, a sort of informal truce prevailed for a time, and some of the dead and very badly wounded of the enemy and of that part of our army which had been engaged first on the morning of the 17th, were exchanged even while the skirmishers were firing at each other on the right. This was finally stopped and the enemy informed that no flag of truce could be recognized unless it came from the headquarters of his army. We remained in position on the 18th during the whole day, without any serious demonstration by the enemy on any part of our line, and after dark retired for the purpose of recrossing the <je_153>Potomac. I held my position until my skirmishers in front were relieved by a portion of Fitz. Lee's cavalry and then retired in pursuance of orders previously received from General Jackson, carrying with me Armistead's brigade under Colonel Hodges, which had received no orders from its division commander, and bringing up, I believe, the rear of the infantry of our entire army. We found a large number of wagons and troops massed at Boteler's Ford, and the division now commanded by me did not cross until after sunrise. After getting over the river, the division was formed in line of battle on the Virginia side, under direction of General Longstreet, and remained in position several hours, until the enemy appeared on the other bank and opened on us with artillery.

I was subsequently ordered to leave Lawton's brigade, now increased to about four hundred men under Colonel Lamar of the 61st Georgia Regiment (who had returned after the battle of the 17th), at Boteler's Ford, under the command of Brigadier General Pendleton, who was entrusted with the defence of the crossing, and I was ordered to move with the rest of the division towards Martinsburg.

Our whole army with its trains had been safely re-crossed and this terminated the operations properly connected with the battle of Sharpsburg.

In that battle, Ewell's division had lost in killed 119, in wounded 1,115, and in missing 38, being an aggregate loss of 1,352 out of less than 3,400 men and officers carried into action. The loss in my own brigade was in killed 18, and in wounded 156, and among the latter were Colonel Smith and Lieutenant Colonel Gibson of the 49th Virginia Regiment, both severely, and the former receiving three distinct wounds before the close of the fight, in which he was engaged. The loss in our whole army was heavy, but not so great as the estimate put upon it by the enemy.

There has been very great misapprehension, both on <je_154>the part of the enemy and many Confederates, not familiar with the facts, about the strength of General Lee's army at this battle. The whole of the troops then constituting that army had belonged to the

army which opposed McClellan in the battles around Richmond, except Evans' and Drayton's brigades, and such absentees as had returned, and there had been troops then belonging to the army, which had not left Richmond, exceeding the number in the said two brigades. There had been heavy losses in the battles around Richmond; and the subsequent losses at Cedar Run, on the Rappahannock, at Manassas and in the vicinity, at Maryland Heights and in Pleasant Valley--where McLaws had been severely engaged,--and at South Mountain, had very materially weakened the strength of the army. Besides all this, since crossing the Rappahannock we had been without regular supplies of food, and had literally been living from hand to mouth. Our troops were badly shod and many of them became barefooted, and they were but indifferently clothed and without protection against the weather. Many of them had become exhausted from the fatigues of the campaign, and the long and rapid marches which they had made while living on short rations and a weakening diet--and many were foot-sore from want of shoes; so that the straggling from these causes, independent of that incident to all armies, had been frightful before we crossed the Potomac, and had continued up to the time of the battle.

Some idea of the diminution from these various causes may be found from the following facts: That Christian gentleman, and brave, accomplished soldier, General D. H. Hill, states that his division, which numbered ten thousand at the beginning of the battles around Richmond, had been reduced to less than five thousand which he had at the battle of South Mountain. Yet he had reached the army after all the fighting about Manassas, and he states that on the morning of the 17th of September he had but three thousand infantry. Ewell's division, <je_155>with Lawton's brigade, which was attached to it after the battle of Cedar Run, must have numbered, at the time they reached McClellan's right, north of the Chickahominy, eight or ten thousand, as Lawton's brigade was then a very large one, which had never been in action. Yet that division numbered less than three thousand four hundred on the morning of the 17th.

General Lee says in his report: "This great battle was fought by less than forty thousand men on our side, all of whom had undergone the greatest labors and hardships in the field and on the march." This certainly covered our entire force of all descriptions, and I am satisfied that he might have safely stated it at less than thirty thousand. There were forty brigades of infantry in all in the army, one of which, Thomas' of A. P. Hill's division, did not cross the Potomac from Harper's Ferry, and the nine brigades of Ewell's and D. H. Hill's divisions, numbering in the aggregate less than 6,400 officers and men, were fully average ones.

General D. R. Jones states that his command, consisting of his division of three brigades and three of Longstreet's, in all six brigades, numbering on the morning of the 17th, 2,430; General J. R. Jones states that Jackson's division of four brigades numbered less than 1,600; General McLaws states that he carried into action in his four brigades, 2,893; General A. P. Hill states that his three brigades actually numbered less than 2,000; D. H. Hill's five brigades numbered 3,000; and Ewell's four brigades numbered less than 3,400; which gives 15,323 in these twenty-six brigades, leaving thirteen other brigades on the field whose strength is not stated, to-wit: the six brigades of his own division and Longstreet's brought up by General Anderson; A. P. Hill's other two brigades; Hood's two brigades, both very small; Walker's two brigades; and Evans' brigade. General Anderson was wounded, and there is no report from his division or any of his brigades, but General D. H. Hill says that Anderson came to his support, which <je_156>was before Anderson's

division became engaged, with some three or four hundred men, and that force consisted of five brigades, Armistead's having gone to the left. Averaging the thirteen brigades from which no estimate was given with the others and it would give a strength of 7,670, which would make our whole infantry force on the field, from the beginning to the end of the battle, twenty-three thousand at the outside. Our cavalry was not engaged, as it had merely watched the flanks, but six thousand would fully cover the whole of the cavalry and artillery which we had on that side of the river.

McClellan states his whole force in action at 87,164 men present and fit for duty, and he estimates General Lee's at 97,445. As this estimate is a very remarkable one and contains some very amusing features, it is given here in his own language. He says:

"An estimate of the forces under the Confederate General Lee, made up by direction of General Banks from information obtained by the examination of prisoners, deserters, spies, etc., previous to the battle of Antietam, is as follows:

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General T. J. Jackson's corps	24,778 men.
" James Longstreet's corps	23,342 "
" D.H. Hill's 2nd division	15,525 "
" J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry	6,400 "
" Ransom's and Jenkins' brigades	3,000 "
Forty-six regiments not included in above	18,400 "
Artillery, estimated at 400 guns	6,000 "

Total 97,445 "

It is to be presumed that this estimate was made by Banks when General Jackson was figuring around Pope's rear, as he did not have a command in McClellan's army, and it is well known that Banks always saw things with very largely magnifying glasses when "Stonewall" Jackson was about.

That some of the affrighted civilians who magnified <je_157>one small company of cavalry at the first battle of Manassas, called the Black Horse Cavalry, into 20,000, might be misled by this estimate of McClellan's, or Banks', might well be believed, but that the Major General commanding the "Grand Army of the Potomac," should have so estimated the strength of General Lee's army at Sharpsburg, is perfectly amazing.

Who commanded the "forty-six regiments not included in above," or where were the 400 guns to come from?

This estimate of the relative strength of the two armies gives rise to some very curious reflections:

It must be recollected that Bragg and Kirby Smith were at this time in Kentucky, moving north, and if the newly established Government at Richmond had been able to put in the field and send into Maryland from the comparatively small population of the Confederacy an army of nearly 100,000 men with 400 pieces of artillery, it showed a wonderful energy on the part of that government; while, the fact that the powerful Government at Washington, with its immense resources and its very large population to draw from, after a call for 300,000 more men, and after taking everything in the way of troops from the Ohio to the Atlantic, had been able to bring into the field, for the defence of the National Capital and to oppose the large invading army of "rebels," only a force

numbering less than 90,000 men, displayed a weakness not at all flattering to the energy of the head of the War Department at Washington, or to the wisdom of the occupant of the White House, and a want of "patriotism" by no means complimentary to the people of the North.

McClellan had stated that the troops in and about Washington and on the Maryland shore of the Potomac above and below, including those in Maryland and Delaware, amounted, on the 1st of March, 1862, to 193,142 present for duty and an aggregate present and absent of 221,987. This did not include the 13,000 brought by <je_158>Burnside from North Carolina, nor the troops brought by Cox from the Kanawha Valley, nor, is it presumed, the forces of Fremont under Sigel, a large part of which were probably brought from Missouri; and there had since been at least one call, if not more, for an additional levy of 300,000 men. Now the question very naturally arises, as to what had become of all that immense force, with the reinforcements and recruits, which had dwindled down to 87,164 men on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862.

It will be seen from the account previously given that on the 15th and in the early part of the day of the 16th, McClellan's large army was confronted by a very small force under Longstreet and D. H. Hill. Jackson with two divisions numbering less than 5,000 men, and Walker, with his two brigades arrived on the 16th, and it was upon the force consisting of these reinforcements and D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's troops, including in the latter Hood's two brigades, and Evans' brigade, that McClellan's army had been hurled on the morning of the 17th. McLaws with his own and Anderson's brigades, ten in all, did not arrive until the action had been progressing for some hours. McLaws arrived at sunrise, and A. P. Hill, with his five brigades, did not come up until late in the afternoon.

The 24,982 men under Hooker and Mansfield had attacked Jackson's division and Lawton's, Trimble's and Hays' brigades of Ewell's division, numbering in all 4,000 men. When they were compelled to retire, Hood with his two brigades supported by Ripley's, Colquit's and Garland's and D. H. Hill's division had withstood the enemy until Sumner arrived with his 18,813 men, and then Hood was also compelled to retire to the Dunkard Church. Sumner then with his corps and what was left of the other two, attacked my brigade of less than 1,000 men, a remnant of about two or three hundred of Jackson's division, and what was left of D. H. Hill's and Hood's divisions, when McLaws and Walker with <je_159>their six brigades came to our assistance immediately after the arrival of McLaws upon the field. Sumner was repulsed and then Franklin with his 12,300 arrived to his support, and the attack was renewed on Hill in the centre, when Anderson with three or four hundred men and one brigade of Walker's came to his assistance. This force of 56,095 men was brought against a force which with all its reinforcements, from first to last, amounted to less than 18,000 men. How it had been served will appear from the following extract from McClellan's report. He says: "One division of Sumner's corps, and all of Hooker's corps, on the right, had, after fighting most valiantly for several hours, been overpowered by numbers, driven back in great disorder, and much scattered; so that they were for the time somewhat demoralized. In Hooker's corps, according to the return made by General Meade, commanding, there were but 6,729 men present on the 18th, whereas, on the morning of the 22nd, there were 13,093 present for duty in the same corps, showing that previous to and during the battle 6,364 men were separated from their command."

McClellan was not able to renew the attack on the 18th, and, according to his own

showing, had to wait for reinforcements before doing so; yet he claims a great victory at Antietam, alleging that he had accomplished the object of the campaign, to-wit: "to preserve the National Capital and Baltimore, to protect Pennsylvania from invasion, and to drive the enemy out of Maryland." This was a singular claim on the part of the General who, scarce three months before, had boastfully stated that the advance of his army was within five miles of the Confederate Capital.

The truth is that the substantial victory was with us, and if our army had been in reach of reinforcements, it would have been a decisive one; but we were more than 200 miles from the point from which supplies of ammunition were to be obtained, and any reinforcements which could have been spared to us were much further off, while large reinforcements were marching to McClellan's aid. We had, therefore, to recross the Potomac.

The question had been mooted as to the propriety of the campaign into Maryland, and in regard thereto I will say: General Lee, on assuming command of the army at Richmond, had found that city, the seat of the Confederate Government, beleaguered by a vast army, while all Northern Virginia, including the best part of the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, was held by the enemy. With a herculean effort, he had broken through the cordon surrounding his army, and with inferior numbers fallen upon the beleaguering enemy, and sent it cowering to the banks of the lower James. He had then moved north, and, after a series of hard fought battles, had hurled the shattered remains of the army that had been marauding through Northern Virginia, with all the reinforcements sent from the lately besieging army, into the fortifications around Washington. With the diminished columns of the army with which he accomplished all this, he had crossed the Potomac, captured an important stronghold defended by a strong force, securing a large amount of artillery, small arms, and stores of all kinds, and had fought a great battle with the newly reorganized and heavily reinforced and recruited army of the enemy, which later was so badly crippled that it was not able to resume the offensive for near two months.

He now stood defiantly on the southern banks of the Potomac, the extreme northern limit of the Confederacy, and the result of all these operations, of which the march into Maryland was an important part, had been that not only the Confederate Capital had been relieved from the presence of the besieging army, a danger to which it was not subjected again for two years; but the enemy's Capital had been threatened, his territory invaded, and the base of operations for a new movement on Richmond had been transferred to the north banks of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, from which there was an overland route of more than two hundred miles. When that movement did take place, General Lee was in a position to interpose his army, and inflict a new defeat on the enemy, as was verified by subsequent events.

The following extracts from McClellan's report will give some idea of the results obtained. Speaking, as of the morning of the 18th, he says:

"At that moment--Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded--the national cause could afford no risks of defeat. Our battle lost, and almost all would have been lost." And he subsequently says:

"The movement from Washington into Maryland, which culminated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, was not a part of an offensive campaign, with the object of the invasion of the enemy's territory, and an attack on his capital, but was defensive in its purposes, although offensive in its character, and would be technically called a 'defensive-

offensive' campaign."

"It was undertaken at a time when our army had experienced severe defeats, and its object was to preserve the national capital and Baltimore, to protect Pennsylvania, and to drive the enemy out of Maryland. These purposes were fully and finally accomplished by the battle of Antietam, which brought the Army of the Potomac into what might be termed an accidental position on the upper Potomac."(*)

It was a great deal gained to force the enemy into a "defensive-offensive" campaign in his own territory and place the "Army of the Potomac" in that accidental position, though we did fail in arousing Maryland, or getting any reinforcements from that State.

(*) In a telegram to Halleck, dated September 22nd (Part II, Conduct of the War, p. 495), McClellan said: "When I was assigned to the command of this army in Washington, it was suffering under the disheartening influence of defeat. It had been greatly reduced by casualties in General Pope's campaign, and its efficiency had been much impaired. The sanguinary battles of South Mountain and Antietam Creek had resulted in a loss to us of ten general officers and many regimental and company officers, besides a large number of enlisted men. The army corps had been badly cut up and scattered by the overwhelming numbers brought against them in the battle of the 17th instant, and the entire army had been greatly exhausted by unavoidable overwork, and want of sleep and rest." (See also his testimony same volume, pages 439, 440 and 441.)

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XVII.--Preparations About Fredericksburg.

<je_162>

ON the afternoon of the 19th, after leaving Lawton's brigade at Boteler's Ford, I marched with the three other brigades on the road towards Martinsburg, about six miles from Shepherdstown, and bivouacked.

During the night the enemy had succeeded in crossing the Potomac and capturing four of General Pendleton's guns near Shepherdstown, and on the morning of the 20th I was ordered to move back to Boteler's Ford. On arriving near there, by order of General Jackson, my three brigades were formed in line of battle in rear of General A. P. Hill's division which had preceded me, and were moving against the force of the enemy which had crossed over to the south bank. My three brigades were posted in pieces of woods on each side of the road leading towards the ford, and remained there within range of the enemy's guns on the opposite side until late in the afternoon. In the meantime Hill's division advanced, under a heavy fire of artillery from across the river, and drove the enemy's infantry on the southern bank pell-mell into the river, inflicting upon him a very severe punishment for his rashness in undertaking to pursue us and making him pay very dearly for the guns he had taken. One officer in my command, Captain Frazier of the 15th Alabama Regiment,--the only regimental commander in Trimble's brigade who had not been killed or wounded at Sharpsburg,--was severely wounded by a shell, which was all the damage I sustained.

Late in the afternoon, I was ordered to move back, and that night we marched to the vicinity of the Opequon not far above its mouth. We remained at this position until the 24th, when we moved across the Opequon to the Williamsport pike, and on the next day to the vicinity of Martinsburg. On the 27th, General Jackson's whole <je_163>command was moved to Bunker Hill on the road from Martinsburg to Winchester, and went into camp in that vicinity. By this time our baggage wagons, which had been sent from Manassas to the valley, when we moved into Maryland, had reached us.

We were now able to obtain supplies of flour, by threshing wheat, of which there was a good supply in the valley, and having it ground. While our camps were located at Bunker Hill, Jackson's command destroyed the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from North Mountain to within five miles of Harper's Ferry, which latter place had been re-occupied by the enemy. More than twenty miles of the road was thus destroyed, and it was done effectively. The Winchester & Potomac Railroad was also destroyed to within a short distance of the Ferry. Previous to this there was a slight engagement between the Stonewall brigade of Jackson's division and a small force of the enemy on the railroad near Kearneysville, but the enemy did not make a serious effort to molest us, either while we were engaged in destroying the railroad or subsequently.

The Army of Northern Virginia was now organized into two regular corps of four divisions each, General Longstreet being assigned to the command of the first corps, and General Jackson to the command of the second corps, both with the rank of Lieutenant General. D. H. Hill's division was attached to the second corps, and two divisions were formed out of Longstreet's, D. R. Jones' and Hood's divisions, under the command of Generals Pickett and Hood respectively, they having been promoted. The first corps consisted of the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Pickett and Hood, and the second corps

of the divisions of Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, and Jackson (Ewell's division being under my command and Jackson's under J. R. Jones).

For some time the second corps remained camped near Bunker Hill, and the first corps was camped in the vicinity of Winchester.

McClellan in the meantime had concentrated the <je_164>main body of his army on the north bank of the Potomac near Harper's Ferry, and was engaged in preparing for a new campaign into Virginia, while Maryland and Bolivar Heights were very strongly fortified by him.

A short time after the middle of October, General Stuart, with a portion of his cavalry, made a successful expedition through Maryland and Pennsylvania to the rear of and around McClellan's army.

Towards the last of October McClellan began to move across the Potomac on the east side of the Blue Ridge, with a view to another approach to Richmond. His army had been largely recruited, and superbly equipped. The army of General Lee had been considerably increased by the return of stragglers and convalescents, but it continued to be indifferently supplied with clothing and shoes, of which articles there was a great deficiency.

As soon as McClellan's movement was ascertained, Jackson's corps was moved towards the Shenandoah, occupying positions between Charlestown and Berryville, and one division of Longstreet's corps was sent across the Blue Ridge to watch the enemy. When the enemy began to move eastwardly from the mountain, the whole of Longstreet's corps moved across the ridge for the purpose of intercepting his march. D. H. Hill's division of Jackson's corps was subsequently moved across the ridge to watch the enemy's movements. A. P. Hill's division had been put in position near Berryville, covering the Shenandoah, at Snicker's or Castleman's Ferry, where it had an engagement with a body of the enemy that had crossed the ridge as McClellan was moving on. Ewell's division (under my command) was at first posted on A. P. Hill's left, near a church, while Jackson's division was on the Berryville and Charlestown pike in my rear, but as the enemy's covered our front I moved above, first to Millwood, and then to Stone Bridge, near White Post, and Jackson's division moved to the vicinity of the Occoquan between the positions of the other divisions and Winchester.

<je_165>

After the enemy had left the vicinity of the Blue Ridge, D. H. Hill's division recrossed the ridge and moved up on the east side of the Shenandoah to the vicinity of Front Royal. While my camp was at Stone Bridge, my division destroyed the Manassas Gap Railroad from Front Royal to Piedmont on the east side of the Blue Ridge, a distance of twenty miles, and D. H. Hill's division destroyed it from Front Royal to Strasburg.

In the meantime McClellan's army had been concentrated in the vicinity of Warrenton, and McClellan had been succeeded in the command by Burnside. Longstreet had previously taken position at or near Culpeper Court-House.

About the 15th of November Burnside began the movement of his army towards the lower Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg. When this movement was discovered Longstreet's corps was moved towards Fredericksburg to dispute the enemy's crossing, and orders were sent to General Jackson to move his corps across the Blue Ridge. This movement of the latter corps began about the 20th of November, and we moved up the valley to New Market and then across Massanutten Mountain, the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge to the vicinity of Madison Court-House. The weather had now become quite

cool, and our daily marches were long and rapid, and very trying to the men. On this march I saw a number of our men without shoes, and with bleeding feet wrapped with rags. We remained in the vicinity of Madison Court-House for two or three days, and it was here that General Jackson wore, for the first time, a new regulation coat with the wreath, and a hat, and his appearance in them caused no little remark and amusement among the men. His dress hitherto had been a rusty grey coat, intended for a colonel, and a little dingy cloth cap which lay fiat on his head, or rather forehead.

From Madison Court-House we moved past Orange Court-House <je_166>and along the plank road to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, arriving there on the 1st of December.

Longstreet's corps was found guarding the Rappahannock against Burnside's army which had concentrated on the opposite bank. My division was moved to the vicinity of Guiney's depot on the R., F. & P. Railroad, as was Jackson's. After remaining here two or three days, I was ordered to move towards Port Royal to support D. H. Hill, whose division had been ordered to the vicinity of that place, to watch some gun-boats there and prevent a crossing. Port Royal is some eighteen or twenty miles below Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. I first took position some six or eight miles from Port Royal on the road from Guiney's depot, but subsequently moved to the vicinity of Buckner's Neck on the Rappahannock a few miles above Port Royal, for the purpose of watching the river and acting in concert with General Hill. The latter, by the use of one Whitworth gun and some other artillery, had driven the enemy's gunboats from Port Royal, and in revenge they fired into the houses in the little village of Port Royal and some others below as they passed down the river.

While I was watching the river at Buckner's Neck, which is in a bend of the river, and commanded by high ground on the opposite side, so as to afford a good position for forcing a passage, the enemy hauled some timbers to a place called the Hop Yard on the northern bank, as if for the purpose of constructing a bridge at that place, but this proved a feint. Jackson's division had been left near Guiney's depot, and A. P. Hill's had been camped in rear of Hamilton's Crossing for the purpose of supporting Longstreet's right, which rested at the latter place. The different divisions of Jackson's corps were thus posted, immediately preceding the battle of Fredericksburg.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XVIII.--Battle Of Fredericksburg.

<je_167>

FREDERICKSBURG is located on the southern bank of the Rappahannock River at the head of tide water, and the river is navigable to that point for steamboats and small vessels. On the northern bank, opposite, above, and below Fredericksburg, are what are called the Stafford Heights, which are close to the river, and completely command the southern bank. Fredericksburg's exact location is on a narrow strip of low land between the river and a range of hills in the rear. These hills leaving the river opposite the small village of Falmouth, which is a short distance above Fredericksburg and on the northern bank, diverge from it below, and gradually declining, extend nearly to the Massaponix Creek, which empties into the river four or five miles below the town.

The river flats or bottoms immediately below Fredericksburg widen out considerably and continue to widen until they are from one and a half to two miles in width at the lower end of the range of hills, where they unite with similar but not so wide flats on the Massaponix, which extend back for some distance in rear of the range of hills mentioned. Below the mouth of the Massaponix there are other hills which approach near to the bank of the river, and extend down it for a considerable distance. Hazel Run, rising southeast of Fredericksburg, runs through the range of hills along a narrow valley, or ravine rather, and passing close on the east of the town, empties into the river. Deep Run rises below in the range of hills, and runs across the wide bottoms through a deep channel likewise into the river, something over a mile below the town. The hills just in rear of the town were, at the time of which I am speaking, nearly denuded of growing timber, but below, to the end of the range, they were for the most part covered with woods. The <je_168>bottoms were entirely cleared and in cultivation, furnishing several extensive farms, and up Deep Run to its sources is a valley making a large re-entering angle in the line of hills, which valley was then also cleared and in cultivation.

From the town a road, called the Telegraph Road, runs south, crossing Hazel Run and then ascending the hills passes towards Richmond by the way of Hanover Junction. Another road called the Plank Road ascends the hills above Hazel Run and runs westward by Chan-cellorsville to Orange Court-House. A third road, called the River Road, runs from the lower end of the town, crossing Hazel Run and Deep Run, and, passing through the bottoms about half way from the river to the foot of the hills, in a direction very nearly parallel to the river, it crosses the Massaponix not far above its mouth, where it forks, one fork going to Port Royal below and the other by Bowling Green in the direction of Richmond. This is a wide road, and where it passes through the bottoms there were on both sides high, thick, and firm embankments thrown up for fences or enclosures to the adjacent fields.

The Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, leaving the Potomac at the mouth of Aquia Creek, crosses the river into Fredericksburg and then runs through the bottoms below the town between the river road and the hills, which latter it approaches closely at their lower end, and then passes around at their foot to take the direction to Richmond. Just at the rear of the foot of the lower end of the hills, a country road leading from the Telegraph Road and passing along the east of the ridge crosses the railroad to get into the River Road, and this is called "Hamilton's Crossing," from a gentleman of that name

formerly residing near the place. A canal runs from the river along the foot of the hills above the town to the rear of it, for the purpose of supplying water to several mills and factories in it, <je_169>and this canal connects by a drain ditch with Hazel Run, over which ditch the Plank Road crosses.

What is called Marye's Heights or Hill lies between Hazel Run and the Plank Road, and at the foot of it is a stone wall, behind which and next to the hill, the Telegraph Road runs. Above Marye's Hill on the east of the Plank Road are what are called, respectively, Cemetery, Stansbury's and Taylor's Hills, all overlooking the canal. In rear of these hills and overlooking and commanding them are higher eminences. On the east of Hazel Run and the Telegraph Road is quite a high hill farther back than Marye's Hill and overlooking it and nearly the whole ground, to which the name of Lee's Hill has been given, because it was the position generally occupied by General Lee during the battle.

Burnside's army had taken position on and in rear of Stafford Heights, and the heights themselves, from Falmouth to a point very nearly opposite the mouth of the Massaponix, were covered with numerous batteries of heavy guns, while the nature of the ground was such as to afford easy access to the river by his troops. Longstreet's corps occupied the hills in rear of Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, and positions for some distance above, while strong pickets were established in the town and on the river bank above and below to watch the enemy and impede a crossing.

It was impossible to resist successfully a crossing, as the river is only between two and three hundred yards wide, and the banks are so deep, and the river so accessible, on the north bank by means of ravines running into it, that our artillery, posted on the hills occupied by our troops, could not play upon the bridges either during the progress of the construction or afterwards, while the enemy's batteries were able, by a concentrated fire, to drive off the small bodies watching the river, or to prevent any aid being sent to them over the wide open plains formed by the bottoms. In addition to all <je_170>this, the bottoms towards the lower end of our lines were so wide that we had no guns which would do effective firing across them, while the enemy's heavy guns from the north bank of the river completely swept the whole of our front, and reached over beyond our line.

On the morning of the 11th of December the enemy commenced his movement, and by the use of his artillery drove the regiments which were guarding the river from its banks after an obstinate resistance, and succeeded in laying down their pontoon bridges, one at the mouth of Deep Creek, and the other two at Fredericksburg. The first was laid early in the afternoon, but the latter two not until near night, and during night and the next day the enemy crossed in heavy force.

On the afternoon of the 12th I received an order from General Jackson to move at once to the vicinity of Hamilton's Crossing, which I did by marching nearly all night, and a short time before day I bivouacked some two miles in rear of the crossing where the division had a little time to rest. At light on the morning of the 13th I moved up to the crossing, and found our army in position confronting the enemy. Longstreet's line had been constructed from the right, and General A. P. Hill's division, which was much the largest in Jackson's corps, now occupied the right of the line which rested near the crossing. He was in the front skirts of the woods which covered the hills, and on his left was Hood's division.

On the right of Hill's line was a small hill cleared on the side next the enemy, on which were posted some fourteen pieces of artillery under Lieutenant Colonel Walker, which

were supported by Field's brigade, under Colonel Brockenborough, while Archer's brigade was on the left of the guns. On Archer's left there was an interval of several hundred yards in front of which was a low flat marshy piece of woodland extending across the railroad out into the bottom which was supposed to be impracticable, and was therefore not covered by any body of troops, but Gregg's brigade was posted in reserve <je_171>in rear of this interval, without, however, being in the line of battle. On the left of the interval were the other three brigades of A. P. Hill's division, Lane's brigade being next to it, but in advance of the general line a considerable number of pieces of artillery were posted along the left of Hill's line, but they were on low and unfavorable ground, as there were no good positions for guns on that part of the line.

On my arrival, my division was posted on a second line several hundred yards in rear of A. P. Hill's, with Jackson's, now under Brigadier General Taliaferro, on my left. My right rested on the railroad at the crossing, and extended along the ridge road, which here crossed the railroad, for a short distance and then into the woods on my left. Hays' brigade was on my right, with Trimble's brigade under Colonel R. F. Hoke immediately in its rear, Lawton's brigade under Colonel N. N. Atkinson in the centre, and my own brigade under Colonel J. A. Walker on the left. In this position there was a thick woods intervening between my division and the enemy, and the consequence was that he was entirely excluded from our view as we were from his. D. H. Hill's division, which had followed mine from below, was posted in a third line in the open ground in my rear beyond the hills.

The weak point in our position was on our right, as there was the wide open plain in front of it extending to the river and perfectly covered and swept by the enemy's heavy batteries on the opposite heights, and to the right, extending around to our rear, were the open flats of the Massaponix, here quite wide and incapable of being covered by any position we could take. There was very great danger of our right being turned by the enemy's pushing a heavy column down the river across the Massaponix. The plains on that flank were watched by Stuart with two brigades of cavalry and his horse artillery.

A heavy fog had concealed the two armies from each <je_172>other during the early morning, but about nine o'clock it began to rise, and then the artillery fire opened, which was just as my division was moving into position. The enemy's fire at first was not directed towards the place where my division was posted, but after a short interval the shells began to fall in our vicinity, and the division remained exposed to a random but quite galling can-nonading for two or three hours.

Shortly after noon we heard in our front a very heavy musketry fire, and soon a courier from General Archer came to the rear in search of General A. P. Hill, stating that General Archer was very heavily pressed and wanted reinforcements. Just at that moment, a staff officer rode up with an order to me from General Jackson, to hold my division in readiness to move to the right promptly, as the enemy was making a demonstration in that direction. This caused me to hesitate about sending a brigade to Archer's assistance, but to be prepared to send it if necessary, I ordered Colonel Atkinson to get his brigade ready to advance, and the order had been hardly given, before the adjutant of Walker's battalion of artillery came galloping to the rear with the information that the interval on Archer's left (an awful gulf as he designated it) had been penetrated by heavy columns of the enemy, and that Archer's brigade and all our batteries on the right would inevitably be captured unless there was instant relief. This was so serious an emergency that I determined to act

upon it at once notwithstanding the previous directions from General Jackson to hold my division in readiness for another purpose, and I accordingly ordered Atkinson to advance with his brigade.

I was then entirely unacquainted with the ground in front, having been able when I first got up to take only a hasty glance at the country to our right, and I asked Lieutenant Chamberlain, Walker's adjutant, to show the brigade the direction to advance. In reply he stated that the column of the enemy which had penetrated our line <je_173>was immediately in front of the brigade I had ordered forward, and that by going right ahead there could be no mistake. The brigade, with the exception of one regiment, the 13th Georgia, which did not hear the order, accordingly moved off in handsome style through the woods, but as it did so Lieutenant Chamberlain informed me that it would not be sufficient to cover the entire gap in our line, and I ordered Colonel Walker to advance immediately with my own brigade on the left of Atkinson.

The enemy's column in penetrating the interval mentioned had turned Archer's left and Lane's right, while they were attacked in front, causing Archer's left and Lane's entire brigade to give way, and one column had encountered Gregg's brigade, which, being taken somewhat by surprise, was thrown into partial confusion, resulting in the death of General Gregg, but the brigade was rallied and maintained its ground. Lawton's brigade advancing rapidly and gallantly under Colonel Atkinson, encountered that column of the enemy which had turned Archer's left, in the woods on the hill in rear of the line, and by a brilliant charge drove it back down the hill, across the railroad, and out into the open plains beyond, advancing so far as to cause a portion of one of the enemy's batteries to be abandoned. The brigade, however, on getting out into the open plain came under the fire of the enemy's heavy guns, and the approach of a fresh and heavy column on its right rendered it necessary that it should retire, which it did under orders from Colonel Evans, who had succeeded to the command by reason of Atkinson's being severely wounded.

Two of Brockenborough's regiments from the right participated in the repulse of the enemy. Colonel Walker advanced, at a double quick, further to the left, encountering one of the columns which had penetrated the interval, and by a gallant and resolute charge he drove it back out of the woods across the railroad into the open plains beyond, when, seeing another column of the enemy crossing the railroad on his left, he fell back <je_174>to the line of the road, and then deployed the 13th Virginia Regiment to the left, and ordered it to advance under cover of the timbers to attack the advancing column on its flank. This attack was promptly made and Thomas' brigade, attacking in front at the same time, the enemy was driven back with heavy loss.

As soon as Atkinson and Walker had been ordered forward, Hoke was ordered to move his brigade to the left of Hays, but before he got into position, I received a message stating that Archer's brigade was giving way and I ordered Hoke to move forward at once to Archer's support, obliquing to the right as he moved. Just as Hoke started, I received an order from General Jackson, by a member of his staff, to advance to the front with the whole division, and Hays' brigade was at once ordered forward in support of Hoke. The 13th Georgia Regiment which had been left behind on the advance of Lawton's brigade was ordered to follow Hoke's brigade and unite with it.

Hoke found a body of the enemy in the woods in rear of Archer's line on the left, where the regiments on that flank, which had been attacked in rear, had given way, but Archer still held the right with great resolution, though his ammunition was exhausted. Upon a

gallant charge, by the brigade under Hoke, the enemy was driven out of the woods upon his reserves posted on the railroad in front, and then by another charge, in which General Archer participated, the railroad was cleared and the enemy was pursued to a fence some distance beyond, leaving in our hands a number of prisoners, and a large number of small arms on the field.

The movements of the three brigades engaged have been described separately from the necessity of the case, but they were all engaged at the same time, though they went into action separately and in the order in which they have been mentioned, and Lawton's brigade had advanced further out into the plains than either of the others.

<je_175>

On riding to the front, I directed Lawton's brigade, which was retiring, to be re-formed in the woods--Colonel Atkinson had been left in front severely wounded and he fell into the enemy's hands. Captain E. P. Lawton, Assistant Adjutant General of the brigade, a most gallant and efficient officer, had also been left in front at the extreme point to which the brigade advanced, mortally wounded, and he likewise fell into the enemy's hands.

I discovered that Hoke had got too far to the front where he was exposed to the enemy's artillery, and also to a flank movement on his right, and I sent an order for him to retire to the original line, which he did, anticipating the order by commencing to retire before it reached him. Two of his regiments and a small battalion were left to occupy the line of the railroad where there was cover for them and his other two regiments, along with the 13th Georgia, which had not been engaged, were put in the slight trenches previously occupied by Archer's brigade. Walker continued to hold the position on the railroad which he had taken after repulsing the enemy. Lawton's brigade was sent to the rear for the purpose of resting and replenishing its ammunition. Hays' brigade, which had advanced in rear of Hoke, had not become engaged, but in advancing to the front it had been exposed to a severe shelling which the enemy began, as his attacking columns were retiring in confusion before my advancing brigades. Hays was posted in rear of Hoke for the purpose of strengthening the right in the event of another advance. When I had discovered Lawton's brigade retiring, I sent to General D. H. Hill for reinforcements for fear that the enemy might again pass through the unprotected interval, and he sent me two brigades, but before they arrived Brigadier General Paxton, who occupied the right of Taliaferro's line, had covered the interval by promptly moving his brigade into it.

The enemy was very severely punished for this attack, <je_176>which was made by Franklin's grand division, and he made no further attack on our right. During this engagement and subsequently there were demonstrations against A. P. Hill's left and Hood's right which were repulsed without difficulty. Beginning in the forenoon and continuing until nearly dark, there were repeated and desperate assaults made by the enemy from Fredericksburg against the positions at Marye's Hill and the one to our right of it, but they were repulsed with terrible slaughter, mainly by the infantry from Longstreet's corps posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill, and the artillery on that, and on the neighboring heights. The loss to the enemy here was much heavier than that on our right, while our own loss at the same point was comparatively slight.

My two brigades, Trimble's under Hoke, and my own under Walker, and the 13th Georgia Regiment held their positions on the front until night, while Hays retained his position immediately in rear of Hoke, but there was no further attack made on that part of

the line, or on any part of Hill's front, except the demonstrations on his left which have been mentioned and which resulted in some skirmishing and artillery firing.

When my division was first put in position on the second line as described, having no use for my artillery, I ordered Captain J. W. Latimer, my acting chief of artillery, to report to Colonel Crutchfield, Chief of Artillery for the Corps, with the six batteries attached to the division, to-wit: Carrington's, Brown's, Garber's, D'Aquin's, Dement's, and his own. Of these Brown's and Latimer's were posted on Hill's left, under the immediate charge of Captain Latimer, and did most effective service, and D'Aquin's and Garber's were sent to Major Pelham, Stuart's Chief of Artillery, on the right, where they likewise did good service, Captain D'Aquin losing his life while taking part in the artillery firing in that quarter. Just before sunset of the day of the battle, after having seen that all was quiet in my front, I rode <je_177>a little to the rear and discovered General D. H. Hill's division moving to the front through the woods.

On my inquiring the meaning of the movement, General Colquitt, in command of the front brigade, informed me that orders had been given for the advance of the whole line, and that Hill's division was ordered to advance in support. General D. H. Hill himself rode up in a few minutes, and confirmed the information. This was the first intimation I had received of the order, as it had not reached me. While General Hill and myself were speaking of the matter, Lieutenant Morrison, aide-de-camp to General Jackson, rode up and stated that the General's orders were that I should hold my command in readiness to advance; and immediately afterwards one of my own staff officers came to me with the information that General Jackson wished me to take command of all the troops on the right and advance, regulating the distance to which I should go, by the effect produced on the enemy by our artillery which was to open.

I rode immediately to where Hoke's brigade was posted and found General Jackson himself, who repeated in person the orders to me, stating that I was to advance in support of some artillery which he was about to send forward. I informed him of the condition of my command, the separation of Walker from the rest, the fact of Lawton's brigade being in the rear, and that Hoke's and Hays' brigades and the 13th Georgia were the only troops immediately available. He told me to advance with the latter and that he would give me abundant support; I accordingly prepared to advance with Hoke's brigade and the 13th Georgia in front, followed by Hays' brigade. The programme was that a number of pieces of artillery should be run out in front, and open on the enemy's infantry, when I was to advance and the artillery to be again moved forward, followed by my infantry.

The movement with the artillery was commenced, and as soon as it left the woods the enemy opened with numerous batteries from the plains and from behind the <je_178>embankments on the river road. This fire was terrific and many shells went crashing past us into the woods in our rear, where D. H. Hill's division was massed. Our own guns opened and continued to fire for a brief space, and a part of Hoke's brigade advanced to the railroad, but General Jackson soon became satisfied that the advance must be attended with great difficulties and perhaps disastrous results, and abandoned it. It was well that he did. The enemy had very heavy forces massed behind the embankments on the river road, the one nearest us being pierced with embrasures for numerous pieces of artillery. We would have had to advance nearly a mile, over an entirely bare plain swept by all this artillery, as well as cannonaded by the heavy guns on Stafford Heights, and if we had been able to force back the bodies of infantry and the

artillery occupying positions on the plain between us and the woods, still when we reached the road itself we would have found a vastly superior force behind a double line of very strong breastworks.

Nothing could have lived while passing over that plain under such circumstances, and I feel well assured that, while we were all ready to obey the orders of our heroic commander, there was not a man in the force ordered to advance, whether in the front or in support, who did not breathe freer when he heard the orders countermanding the movement.

I have subsequently examined this ground with great care, and this examination has strengthened the position first entertained. It may perhaps be asked why our troops had not occupied the line of this road, to which I will reply that the road and the embankments on each side of it were perfectly commanded by the batteries of Stafford Heights, which rendered the position untenable for us, and the retreat from it most hazardous, while it afforded safe protection to the enemy from our guns.

Shortly after the termination of this effort to advance, I received a notification from General Jackson to move <je_179>my troops to the rear for the purpose of resting and getting provisions as soon as they should be relieved by the troops of A. P. Hill's division which had at first occupied the positions now held by me, but no troops came to my relief, and I therefore, remained in position. Orders were received during the night for Taliaferro to relieve Hill's troops in the front line beginning from the left, and for me to occupy the remainder of the line on the right which Taliaferro could not fill out. In accordance with these directions, before dawn on the 14th, Paxton relieved Walker, Hays took the position which Paxton vacated, Hoke remained stationary, Lawton's brigade under Colonel Evans was posted on Hoke's right, and Walker was moved from the left and placed in reserve behind Hoke. The evening before, Carrington's battery had relieved Latimer's and Brown's on the left, and still remained in position, and on the morning of the 14th, Dement's battery relieved one of the batteries on the right which had been engaged the day before.

During the 14th the enemy remained in position on the plains and at Fredericksburg, an occasional shot being exchanged by the artillery and some firing from the skirmishers taking place on portions of the line, but none in my front.

Before light on the morning of the 15th, D. H. Hill's division relieved Taliaferro's and mine on the front line, and we moved to the rear in reserve, A. P. Hill's division occupying the second line.

There was quiet on the 15th, the enemy still retaining his position, but early on the morning of the 16th, as I was moving into position on the second line in accordance with previous orders, it was discovered that the enemy had re-crossed the river during the night, taking up his bridges, and I was ordered to move at once to the vicinity of Port Royal to guard against the possible contingency of the enemy's attempting to turn our right by crossing the river near that place; and I commenced the march immediately.

<je_180>

The loss in the division under my command in this battle was in killed 89 and wounded 639, to-wit: in Hays' brigade, 5 killed and 40 wounded; Trimble's brigade (Hoke's), 8 killed and 98 wounded; Lawton's brigade, 55 killed and 369 wounded; my own brigade (Walker's), 17 killed and 114 wounded; and in the artillery of the division 3 killed and 18 wounded. Among the killed were Lieutenant Colonel Scott of the 12th Georgia Regiment,

and Captain D'Aquin of the artillery, and among the wounded were Colonel Atkinson of the 26th Georgia Regiment (in the hands of the enemy), Captain E. P. Lawton, A. A. G. Lawton's brigade (Lawton mortally wounded and in the hands of the enemy) and Colonel Lamar, 61st Georgia Regiment.

General Lee's entire loss in the battle was in killed 458, and wounded, 3,743, to-wit: in Longstreet's corps, 130 killed, 1,276 wounded; in Jackson's corps, 328 killed and 2,454 wounded; and 13 wounded in Stuart's cavalry.

The enemy's loss was very much heavier, and over 900 prisoners, more than 9,000 stand of arms and a large quantity of ammunition fell into our hands.

The failure of General Lee to attempt to destroy the enemy's army after its repulse has been much criticised, and many speculations about the probable result of an attempt to drive the enemy into the river have been indulged in by a number of writers. In the first place, it must be recollected that no man was more anxious to inflict a decisive blow on the enemy than General Lee himself, and none understood better the exact condition of things, and the likelihood of success in any attempt to press the enemy after his defeat on the 13th. That defeat was a repulse with very heavy loss, it is true, but it was not a rout of the enemy's army; and candid persons ought to presume that General Lee knew what he was about and had very good and sufficient reasons for not sallying from his line of defence, upon the exposed plains below, to make the attempt to convert the repulse into a rout.

<je_181>

If attention is given to the previous description of the ground on which the two armies were operating, it must be seen that an attempt to pass over the wide plain intervening between our line and the enemy's position below the town, while exposed to the fire of 150 heavy guns on the Stafford Heights, and the numerous field pieces securely masked in the River road, would inevitably have resulted in disaster, unless the enemy's forces had become so paralyzed as to be incapable of an effort at defence. Burnside's army was composed of about 150,000 men in the grand divisions under Sumner, Franklin, and Hooker, respectively.

In none of the assaults on our lines were the whole of these grand divisions engaged, but when columns of attack were sent forward, there were always very heavy reserves for the attacking columns to fall back upon in case of repulse; Sumner's and Franklin's grand divisions had been mainly engaged and Hooker's scarcely at all. General Lee's army was not half as large as Burnside's and if he had at any time made an attempt to advance, any force that he could have massed for that purpose without abandoning his line of defence entirely would in all likelihood have still encountered a superior force of infantry behind a strong line of defence, in addition to the artillery.

As I have stated, General Jackson made the attempt to advance on the right late in the day on the 13th, but he was compelled to desist, very fortunately, before any disaster happened. Above the town, the same canal, at the foot of the range of hills, which had furnished an insurmountable obstacle to any attack by the enemy on our extreme left, likewise furnished the same obstacle to an advance on our part. The only other quarter from which the advance could have been made was from the hills immediately in rear of the town upon the enemy in the town, and there the difficulties were greater even than below. Any attacking columns from that quarter must either have moved down the rugged face of the <je_182>base hills, or by flank along the Telegraph and Plank roads, and then

they would have been so much scattered by the artillery from the north bank, which would then have had a more effective range than even on the plains, that it would not have required the reserves, posted behind the houses and defences in the town, to complete the repulse and disaster.

As to a night attack, that is a very easy thing to talk about but a most hazardous experiment to try, especially on dark nights such as we then had. Such attacks cannot be ventured on with safety unless with the most thoroughly trained troops, and then not in large bodies, for fear of confusion and firing into each other, the very dread of which often paralyzes very brave troops.

It has been said that General Lee might have inflicted tremendous damage upon the enemy by forcing hot shot and shell into Fredericksburg while the enemy's troops were massed there. The heroic and patriotic people of that town, when it was threatened with a bombardment by Sumner, had not appealed to the commander of their country's army to cause the danger to be removed from them by not resisting its occupation by the enemy, but had exhibited most commendable unselfishness by, in most cases, abandoning their homes without a murmur, while there were some too poor to move elsewhere, and others who chose to remain and share all the dangers of the approaching struggle; it was not in the heart of the noble commander of the Army of Northern Virginia to doom, by his own act, the remaining few of that devoted people and the homes of the absent to destruction, for the sake of killing and wounding a few thousand of the enemy, and causing dismay among the remainder.

Is this forbearance one to be criticised with severity as a grievous military blunder?

It is probable that if General Lee had known that the enemy was evacuating the town, his artillery might have inflicted considerable damage, but the enemy had given no indication of such a purpose, and he took advantage of the darkness of the night and the prevalence of a storm and wind to make good his retreat, when the noise attending the movement could not be heard.

General Lee accomplished all that was possible with the means under his control, except, indeed, the useless destruction of what the enemy had left of the town of Fredericksburg.

There was a ridiculous story about General Jackson, to which currency was given by the newspapers, which represented that, at a council of war called by General Lee on the night after the battle, General Jackson fell into a doze while the very grave question of what ought to be done under the circumstances was being discussed, and after all the rest had given their opinion, General Lee turned to General Jackson and asked, "Well, General, what is your opinion?" to which the latter, waking out of his nap, replied, "Drive 'em in the river, drive 'em in the river." This story is by no means creditable to General Jackson, yet it obtained a wide circulation, and the narrators of it seemed to think it was very characteristic.

General Jackson was a most able commander and heroic soldier, and it was not at all likely that he would have acted so much like a besotted member of a council of war called by his chief. I presume after the facts that I have before stated, it is not necessary to assert that no such incident occurred.

Had Burnside moved down the river to the Mas-saponix, after crossing, or had thrown other bridges across at or near the mouth of that stream, and crossed one of his grand divisions there, he would inevitably have forced us to abandon our line of defence, and

fight him on other ground.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XIX.--Operations In Winter And Spring, 1862-63.

<je_184>

On the 16th of December, as soon as it was discovered that the enemy had recrossed the river, in accordance with the orders received, I moved to the vicinity of Port Royal, arriving by nightfall.

The enemy was content with the experiment he had made, and did not attempt any further movement at that time. I proceeded the next day to picket the river from a place called the Stop-Cock, near the Rappahannock Academy, to the vicinity of Port Tobacco, below Port Royal, the river having been watched on this line previous to my arrival by some of Brigadier General Wm. H. F. Lee's cavalry, which I relieved.

My division was encamped in the vicinity of Port Royal, on the hills back from the river, and when it was ascertained that the enemy was not preparing for a new movement in any short time, the different brigades built permanent winter quarters at suitable places. After a careful examination of the country, I proceeded to fortify the banks of the river at points likely to afford facilities for crossing, and I established a line of defence also along the main road running parallel with the river, where high embankments with cedar hedges on them afforded good cover for troops and excellent breastworks. This line commenced at the upper end of the Hazelwood estate, the former residence of that distinguished Virginian, John Taylor of Caroline, and with the defences on the river extending to Camden, the residence of Mr. Pratt, some distance below Port Royal, passing in rear of that town, which was now nearly abandoned on account of the depredations of the enemy's gunboats and the fear of their repetition. New roads were constructed in rear of the line of defence out of reach of artillery from the opposite <je_185>bank, for the purpose of facilitating communication between the different positions, and two Whitworth guns under Captain W. W. Hardwick were placed on a high hill in rear of Port Royal, for the purpose of preventing the gunboats which were below from ascending the river; and subsequently torpedoes were placed in the bed of the river some two or three miles below Port Royal under the superintendence of some one sent from headquarters.

The enemy established a line of cavalry pickets on the opposite bank of the river as far down as ours reached, and the two were in sight of each other. The river at Port Royal is between six and eight hundred yards wide, and immediately opposite Port Royal is the small village of Port Conway, which was occupied by the enemy's pickets.

We were compelled to haul our supplies in wagons from Guiney's depot on the railroad, and as the winter was a severe one with much snow and rain, the country roads, which we had to use, became almost impassable from the mud, and we were compelled to employ the men for a considerable time in corduroying them at the worst places.

In the month of January, 1863, I was promoted to the rank of Major General and was assigned to the permanent command of Ewell's division, the name of which was now changed. Colonel R. F. Hoke of the 21st North Carolina Regiment, who had commanded Trimble's brigade since the termination of the Maryland campaign, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and assigned to the brigade he already commanded, and the name of that also was changed. The brigade had previously consisted of the 21st North Carolina, the 12th and 21st Georgia, and the 15th Alabama Regiments, and a North Carolina battalion of two companies. The 12th and 21st Georgia were now transferred to a

Georgia brigade in D. H. Hill's division, and the 15th Alabama to a brigade in Hood's division, <je_186>the 6th, 54th, and 57th North Carolina Regiments from Hood's division, taking the place in Hoke's brigade of those transferred from it.

The 25th and 44th Virginia Regiments were transferred from my own brigade to that of J. R. Jones, in Jackson's division, and subsequently Colonel William Smith of the 49th Virginia, who had been so severely wounded at Sharpsburg and had not yet returned, was appointed Brigadier General and assigned to my old brigade as it remained after the transfer of the two regiments. The organization of the artillery was now changed, and in the place of the batteries which had heretofore been attached to brigades, battalions were organized, which were to be under the general control of the Chief of Artillery for the Corps, and a battalion to be assigned to a division on an active campaign, or when required for defence. In consequence of this arrangement, a number of promotions took place among the artillery officers, and Captain J. W. Latimer, a youthful but most gallant and efficient officer, was made a Major of Artillery, a promotion which he had richly earned, though he was scarcely twenty-one years old. All the batteries heretofore attached to the division, except Latimer's, were sent to the rear of Bowling Green to winter, in order to be more convenient to forage. Latimer's battery was retained to be used in case of need, and it became Tanner's by virtue of the promotion of the first lieutenant.

My assistant adjutant general, while I was a brigadier general, Captain F. Gardner, had resigned the previous summer, and my aide, Lieutenant S. H. Early, (*) had resigned while we were in the valley after the Maryland campaign, as he was over fifty years of age, and the condition of his family required his presence <je_187>at home. I had had no regular personal staff since then. I found no assistant adjutant general with Ewell's division when I succeeded to the command at Sharpsburg, and Major Samuel Hale, who held the commission of a commissary, had been acting in that capacity for me while I commanded the brigade and continued to do so while I commanded the division. I found with the division Major J.P. Wilson and Mr. Henry Heaton, who had been acting as volunteer aides to General Ewell and then to General Lawton, and they continued with me in that capacity until after my promotion.

After I was assigned to the division as major general, Major Hale received the commission of adjutant general with the rank of major, and A. L. Pitzer and Wm. G. Callaway were commissioned as aides with the rank of first lieutenants.

My division staff as then organized consisted of the following officers, all of whom except those above designated had been with General Ewell as members of his staff:

Lieutenant Colonel J. M. JONES, *Inspector General.*

Major SAMUEL HALE, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Lieutenant A. L. PITZER, *Aide.*

Lieutenant WM. G. CALLAWAY, *Aide.*

Major C. E. SNODGRASS, *Quartermaster.*

Major BEN H. GREEN, *Commissary.*

Captain WILLIAM THORNTON, *Assistant Commissary.*

Captain C. W. CHRISTIE, *Ordnance Officer.*

Captain HENRY RICHARDSON, *Engineer Officer.*

Subsequently, in the spring, Major John W. Daniel, who had been commissioned at my instance, was also assigned to me as an assistant adjutant general. Lieutenant Robert D. Early, who had been acting as aide in one of the brigades in D. H. Hill's division, also

reported to me during the winter, as acting aide, and continued in that capacity until he was made an assistant adjutant general to a brigade in Jackson's old division.

<je_188>

A company of mounted men organized as scouts, couriers and guides by General Ewell, had remained attached to the division under the command of Captain W. F. Randolph, but it was transferred in the spring to General Jackson's headquarters. My division, as it remained after the changes above mentioned, was composed of four brigades, to-wit: Hays' Louisiana brigade, Hoke's North Carolina brigade, Lawton's Georgia brigade (commanded by Colonel Evans), and Smith's Virginia brigade, organized as follows:

Hays' brigade: 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Louisiana Regiments.

Hoke's brigade: 6th, 21st, 54th, and 57th North Carolina Regiments and Wharton's North Carolina battalion.

Lawton's brigade: 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments.

Smith's brigade: 13th, 31st, 49th, 52nd, and 58th Virginia Regiments.

In a few days after the battle, the other divisions of Jackson's corps were moved to positions above me, covering the river from the mouth of Massaponix to my left, Jackson's old division being on my immediate left, then A. P. Hill's division, and then D. H. Hill's. In January General Trimble, who had been severely wounded near Groveton on the 29th of August previous, was made a Major General and assigned to Jackson's division, which had always heretofore remained without a regular division commander, even while General Jackson was a Major General, as his command had included other troops.

The enemy made no demonstration whatever on my front, and we had nothing to disturb our quiet during the winter, except a little incident by which two officers were captured by the enemy in rather a singular manner. There were a considerable number of ducks on the river, and Major Wharton, commander of the battalion in Hoke's brigade, and Captain Adams, the assistant adjutant general <je_189>of the brigade, took it into their heads to go shooting. There were several boats at Port Royal which I had directed to be hauled up on the bank with orders to the pickets to keep watch over them and not permit them to be launched.

On the day the Major and the Captain took for their sport, the picket at Port Royal happened to be from their brigade, and they easily induced the sentinel on duty to let them have the use of one of the boats, to row into the mouth of a creek above, on our side, where the ducks were most numerous. The day was a very windy one with the wind blowing across towards the enemy. By keeping near the bank they avoided the effect of the wind until they got opposite the mouth of the creek, when it struck their boat and forced it out into the stream. Not being expert boatmen, and moreover being excited by the danger, they lost control of the boat and were driven helplessly to the northern bank into the hands of the enemy's pickets, and of course were made prisoners. The Major having an old newspaper with him, pulled it out when he reached the shore and proposed an exchange, a practice sometimes prevailing with the pickets in spite of all orders, but the Federal on post was rather too shrewd to have that game played on him, insisting that it was not exactly a case for exchange of such civilities. This was a caution to all persons disposed to sporting and to interfere with the orders to the pickets; and we had no more duck shooting in boats.

Burnside made an abortive effort in January to advance again by flanking us on the left,

but he stuck in the mud, and we were not put to any inconvenience by the movement. About the last of the month he was relieved of his command, and a new commander for the Federal Army was selected, in the person of Major General Joseph Hooker, called "Fighting Joe."

Though we passed the winter without the excitement attending an advance of the enemy, still we were not <je_190>without some excitements of our own, and I may as well relate the following occurrence to show how men who had passed through the stirring scenes of the previous year, who had fought with Jackson in the valley, around Richmond, at Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg, could amuse themselves in winter quarters.

We had several severe snow storms during the winter, and after one of them, when the snow lay deep on the ground, Hoke's brigade challenged Lawton's for a battle with snow balls, which challenge was accepted. The two brigades were marshalled under their respective com-manders--Hoke on the one side, and Colonel Evans on the other. Evans stood on the defensive in front of his camp and Hoke advanced against him. Evans' force was much the larger, but being Georgians who had been brought from Savannah in the beginning of the previous summer, his men were not accustomed to the fleecy element. Hoke's men were more experienced, and when they made a bold dash at the Georgians, pelting them most unmercifully with their well pressed balls, and giving the usual Confederate yell, there was no withstanding the shock of the onset. Evans' men gave way in utter confusion and rout, and Hoke's men got possession of their camp.

The Georgians seeing that their camp and all their effects were in possession of the enemy, who seemed to be inclined to act on the maxim that "to victors belong the spoils," took courage, rallied, and came back with such vim that Hoke's men in their turn were routed, and retreated in utter dismay. No time was given for them to rally, but they were pursued to their own camp, their leader having been captured in the pursuit. Evans' men did not deem it prudent to press their victory too far, but retired, though in good order. They acted magnanimously and released the leader of their opponents on his parole of honor, not, however, without his having been well wallowed in the snow.

There was no official report of this battle, but all the <je_191>particulars were related at division headquarters by one of the aides who happened to be present, and who was himself captured under suspicious circumstances on Hoke's retreat, but begged off on the ground that he was a neutral and a mere spectator. He was much joked by the other young men at headquarters, who charged him with skulking on the occasion, and there was some reason to suspect that he did not stand the storm of snow balls as well as he did that of shot and shell on many another occasion. Many, very many of the poor fellows who shared in this pastime poured out their life's blood on subsequent battlefields, and a small remnant were surrendered at Appomattox Court-House with arms in their hands, and tears rolling down their cheeks.

About the first of March my division was moved to Hamilton's Crossing to take place of Hood's, which had been sent with Longstreet south of James River, and a body of cavalry took the place of my division on the right. In my new position, it was my duty to picket and watch the river from the mouth of Hazel Run at the lower end of Fredericksburg to the mouth of Massaponix, which was done with three regiments at a time, posted at different positions on the bank. These pickets were in full view of and in musket range of the enemy's pickets on the opposite bank, and also under the fire of the guns on Stafford

Heights, but by a tacit arrangement there was never any firing from either side on ordinary occasions, but the picketing detachments on both sides were moved into position and regularly relieved without molestation.

In the month of April the 31st Virginia Regiment of Smith's brigade, in company with the 25th Virginia of Jones' brigade, Trimble's division, was sent to the valley for the purpose of accompanying an expedition into Northwestern Virginia under General Imboden, and did not return until late in May.

The growing timber on the range of hills which had constituted our line of defence at the battle of Fredericksburg <je_192> had been almost entirely cut down during the winter to construct tents, and furnish firewood for Hood's division, and there were left only a few scattering trees on the hills and a thin skirt in front. Shortly after my removal, General Jackson, whose headquarters had been below, near Moss Neck, removed also to the vicinity of Hamilton's Crossing.

Brigadier General J. B. Gordon, who had been Colonel of the 6th Alabama Regiment in Rodes' brigade, D. H. Hill's division, and very severely wounded at Sharpsburg, was assigned in April to the command of Lawton's brigade, which took his name.

There was perfect quiet along the river front until the night of the 28th of April, though Fitz. Lee's brigade of Stuart's cavalry had a fight with the enemy at Kelley's Ford in Culpeper in March, and there was another affair with the cavalry in April.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XX.--Battle Of Chancellorsville.

<je_193>

BEFORE light on the morning of the 29th of April, the enemy, having moved three corps of his army up during the night, by taking advantage of a heavy fog that overhung the river, threw a brigade across in boats, just below the mouth of Deep Run, and the 54th North Carolina Regiment on picket at that point, being unable to cope with the force brought against it, was forced to retire, which it did without loss. The movement had been conducted with so much secrecy, the boats being brought to the river by hand, that the first intimation of it, to the regiment on picket, was the landing of the force. Bridges were then rapidly laid down at the same crossing used by Burnside at this point and a division of infantry with some artillery was crossed over.

About a mile lower down below the house of Mr. Pratt, a similar crossing was attempted, but that was discovered, and resisted by the 13th Georgia Regiment under Colonel Smith until after sunrise, when that regiment was relieved by the 6th Louisiana under Colonel Mona-ghan going on picket in its regular time. The latter regiment continued to resist the crossing successfully until the fog had risen, when the enemy's guns were brought to bear, and by a concentrated fire that regiment was compelled to retire, not, however, without sustaining a considerable loss in killed and wounded as well as prisoners, the latter being captured in rifle pits at points below the crossing, which was effected by the enemy's coming up in their rear before they had received notice of his being across. The 13th Georgia had also sustained some loss in killed and wounded, and prisoners captured in the same way, who had not been relieved. The resistance made at this point delayed the enemy so that the bridges there were not laid until after 10 o'clock A.M.

<je_194>

A little after light, information reached me of the crossing at Deep Run, and I sent notice of it at once to General Jackson. Without, however, waiting for orders, I ordered my division to the front, and as soon as it was possible put it in line along the railroad, with my right resting near Hamilton's Crossing and my left extending to Deep Run. Three regiments were sent to the front and deployed along the River road as skirmishers. The 13th Virginia Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Terrill, on picket between the mouths of Hazel and Deep Runs, was drawn back to the line of the River road above Deep Run, and remained there until relieved by McLaws' division, when it was brought up.

As soon as the enemy had laid down his bridges at the lower crossing, a division of infantry and some artillery were crossed over at that point. When the fog rose, the slopes of the opposite hills were semi-covered with troops the whole distance from opposite Fredericksburg to a point nearly opposite the mouth of the Massaponix. The question was whether they were ostentatiously displayed as a feint, or whether they were massed for crossing. The troops which had crossed were seen throwing up breastworks covering the bridges and also epaulments for artillery; but it was impossible to discover the strength of the force already across, as below the deep banks of the river there was ample space for massing a large body of troops out of our sight. There appeared no attempt to make a crossing at Fredericksburg, or to move up towards the town.

Some artillery was put in position on the hill near Hamilton's Crossing on my right, and

in rear of my left. D. H. Hill's division, now under command of Brigadier General Rodes, was soon brought up, and put in position on my right, extending across the Massaponix, one brigade being placed below that creek across the River road, so as to guard the ford. A Whitworth gun, of very long range, was also posted below the <je_195>Massaponix out of range of the enemy's guns across the river and in position to partially enfilade them.

The remaining divisions of Jackson's corps were brought up during the day, and A. P. Hill's was put in position in a second line in rear of mine. Trimble's division under the command of Brigadier General Colston arrived very late in the afternoon and was placed in reserve in the rear. Barksdale's brigade already occupied the town of Fredericksburg, and the remaining brigades of McLaws' division were brought up and placed in position on the left of my line, one of his brigades connecting with my left, which was now drawn back from the railroad, and a shorter line made across to Deep Run, to connect it with McLaws' right. For the greater part of the way the railroad track furnished a very good protection, and it was strengthened by throwing up embankments, the line being advanced a little in front on the left of my centre where there was a rise in the ground above the level of the road. In order to occupy the whole of the line my brigades had to be extended out, as the division was not strong enough to man it fully.

During the day the enemy made no attempt to advance against us in force with his infantry, and his skirmishers were effectually kept from the River road by mine, and on the right Rodes' skirmishers, which extended from the right of mine around to the river above the Massaponix, prevented any movement in that direction. There was some artillery firing, and one Whitworth gun from across the Massaponix played with very considerable effect on the bottoms on the enemy's left. Large bodies of the infantry on the opposite slopes occasionally moved down toward's the river, where they were concealed from our view by the bank on the south side, which is the highest.

I retained my position on the front line during the night, which passed quietly. The next day there was <je_196>very little change in the appearances in front. The enemy had made strong *tetes du pont* covering his bridges, and was constructing a line of entrenchments connecting the two, passing in front of the Pratt and Bernard houses, and extending below the lower bridge.

There was this day some apparent diminution of the infantry in view on the opposite slopes, but there were many heavy guns in battery on the heights and a very large force of infantry still visible. There were some demonstrations with the infantry on the north bank, some skirmish firing, and some artillery firing also, but the enemy on the south bank did not appear at all enterprising, and rather contracted his lines on his left, his skirmishers retiring before ours which were pushed forward on that flank. The indications were that it was a mere demonstration on our front, to cloak a more serious move in some other quarter, and so it turned out to be. When this was discovered, it is quite probable that we might have destroyed the comparatively small force on the south bank by a movement against it from our line, but this would not have compensated us for the loss we would, in all probability, have sustained from the enemy's heavy guns.

General Lee had ascertained that by far the largest portion of Hooker's army had crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers above their junction, and were moving down on his left. He therefore determined to move up with the greater part of his own army to meet that force, which was watched by Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps and a portion of Stuart's cavalry. Accordingly late on the afternoon of the 30th I was instructed by

General Jackson to retain my position on the line, and, with my division and some other troops to be placed at my disposal, to watch the enemy confronting me while the remainder of the army was absent. Barksdale's brigade occupying Fredericksburg and the heights in rear, was directed to retain his position, as was also a portion of General Pendleton's reserve artillery, which occupied positions on Marye's and Lee's Hills, and the whole was placed under my command. In addition, Graham's battery of artillery of four guns, two twenty pounders and two ten pounders, Parrots, posted on the hill on my right, was left with me, and Lieutenant Colonel Andrews was ordered to report to me with his battalion of four batteries with twelve pieces, to-wit: six Napoleons, four three-inch rifles, and two ten pounder Parrots. A Whitworth gun under Lieutenant Tunis was also left at my disposal and posted on the right across the Massaponix. With the rest of the army near Fredericksburg comprising the other three divisions of Jackson's corps, and three brigades of McLaws' division, General Lee moved on the night of the 30th and the morning of the 1st of May towards Chancellorsville to meet Hooker.

Before leaving, General Lee instructed me to watch the enemy and try to hold him; to conceal the weakness of my force, and if compelled to yield before overpowering numbers, to fall back towards Guiney's depot where our supplies were, protecting them and the railroad; and I was further instructed to join the main body of the army in the event that the enemy disappeared from my front, or so diminished his force as to render it prudent to do so, leaving at Fredericksburg only such force as might be necessary to protect the town against any force the enemy might leave behind.

The force which had made the demonstration on our front consisted at first of the 1st, 3rd, and 6th corps of Hooker's army, under the command of Major General Sedgwick. The 3rd corps moved to join Hooker during the 30th, but the 1st and 6th remained in my front still demonstrating. In his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the war, Hooker stated that the 6th corps, according to the returns of the 30th of April, 1863, numbered 26,233 present for duty. Sedgwick says that the 6th corps numbered only 22,000 when it crossed the river. Taking the medium between them, the effective strength may be put down at 24,000, which General A. P. Howe, commanding one of the divisions, says he was informed, at headquarters of the corps, it was. The first corps must have numbered at least 16,000 and perhaps more, so that I must have been left confronting at least 40,000 men in these two corps, besides the stationary batteries on Stafford Heights and Gibbon's division of the 2nd corps which was just above, near Falmouth, and, according to Hooker's statement, numbered over 6,000 for duty on the 30th.

My division by the last tri-monthly field return which was made on the 20th of April, and is now before me, had present for duty 548 officers and 7,331 enlisted men, making a total of 7,879. It had increased none, and I could not have carried into action 7,500 in all, officers and men, and not more than 7,000 muskets, as in camp when everything was quiet, a number of men reported for duty, who were not actually able to take the field. I had already lost about 150 men in the resistance which was made at the lower crossing. Barksdale's brigade did not probably exceed 1,500 men for duty, if it reached that number. I had, therefore, not exceeding 9,000 infantry officers and men in all, being very little over 8,000 muskets; and in addition I had Anderson's battalion with twelve guns; Graham's four guns; Tunis', Whitworths, and portions of Watson's; Cabell's and Cutt's battalions under General Pendleton, not numbering probably thirty guns. I think 45 guns

must have covered all my artillery, and these were nothing to compare with the enemy's in weight of metal.

The foregoing constituted the means I had for occupying and holding a line of at least six miles in length, against the enemy's heavy force of infantry, and his far more numerous and heavier and better appointed artillery. It was impossible to occupy the whole line, and the interval between Deep Run and the foot of Lee's Hill had to be left vacant, watched by skirmishers, protected only by a cross fire of artillery. I could spare no infantry <je_199>from the right, as that was much the weakest point of the line, and the force which had crossed, and which exceeded my whole strength, was below Deep Run, and confronting my own division. Andrews' artillery was placed in position on the morning of the 1st as follows: four Napoleons and two rifles were placed under Major Latimer, near the left of the line occupied by my division, behind some epaulments that had been made on that part of the line; two Parrots were placed with Graham's guns on the hill on my right, and two Napoleons and two rifles were posted to the right of Hamilton's Crossing, near a grove of pines, the Whitworth gun being posted on a height across the Massaponix so as to have a flank fire on the enemy if he advanced, and it was without support. Colonel Andrews had charge of all of the artillery on this part of the line, that on Marye's and Lee's Hills was under the immediate superintendence of General Pendleton, and some of the batteries were so posted as to have a cross fire on the upper part of the valley of Deep Run.

The enemy remained quiet on the 1st, except in demonstrating by manoeuvres of his troops, and there was no firing on that day. His line of entrenchments, covering the two bridges, had been completed, and he still displayed a heavy force of infantry, consisting of the two corps under Sedgwick. The ensuing night also passed quietly, and during it a battery of four Napoleons was sent by General Pendleton to report to Colonel Andrews, and was posted with the four guns near the pines on the right of the crossing.

The morning of the 2nd opened with appearances pretty much the same as they had been the day before; if anything there was more infantry in view on the north bank than had appeared the previous day. Colonel Andrews was ordered early in the day to feel the enemy with his guns, and accordingly Latimer opened with his two rifle guns on the enemy's position near Deep Run, and Graham's and Brown's Parrots opened on the infantry <je_200>and batteries below and near the Pratt house. Latimer's fire was not returned, but Graham's and Brown's was responded to by two of the batteries on the north bank and some guns on the south side. Shortly afterwards the infantry and artillery at the lower crossing disappeared behind the bank of the river, and that crossing was abandoned.

During the morning I rode to Lee's Hill for the purpose of observing the enemy's movements from that point, and I observed a considerable portion of his infantry in motion up the opposite river bank. While I was, in company with Generals Barksdale and Pendleton, observing the enemy's manoeuvre and trying to ascertain what it meant, at about 11 o'clock A.M., Colonel R. H. Chilton, of General Lee's staff, came to me with a verbal order to move up immediately towards Chancel-lorsville with my whole force, except a brigade of infantry and Pendleton's reserve artillery, and to leave at Fredericksburg the brigade of infantry and a part of the reserve artillery to be selected by General Pendleton, with instructions to the commander of this force to watch the enemy's movements, and keep him in check if possible, but if he advanced with too heavy a force to retire on the road to Spottsylvania Court-House--General Pendleton being required to

send the greater part of his reserve artillery to the rear at once.

This order took me very much by surprise, and I remarked to Colonel Chilton that I could not retire my troops without their being seen by the enemy, whose position on Stafford Heights not only overlooked ours, but who had one or two balloons which he was constantly sending up from the heights to make observations, and stated that he would inevitably move over and take possession of Fredericksburg and the surrounding Heights. The Colonel said he presumed General Lee understood all this, but that it was much more important for him to have troops where he was, than at Fredericksburg, and if he defeated the enemy there he could easily <je_201>retake Fredericksburg; he called my attention to the fact, which was apparent to us all, that there was a very heavy force of infantry massed on the slopes near Falmouth which had moved up from below, and stated that he had no doubt the greater portion of the force on the other side was in motion to reinforce Hooker. He repeated his orders with great distinctness in the presence of General Pendleton, and in reply to questions from us, said that there could be no mistake in his orders.

This was very astounding to us, as we were satisfied that we were then keeping away from the army, opposed to General Lee, a much larger body of troops than my force could engage or neutralize if united to the army near Chancellorsville. It is true that there was the force massed near Falmouth and the indications were that it was moving above, but still there was a much larger force of infantry stationed below, which evinced no disposition to move. While we were conversing, information was brought me that the enemy had abandoned his lower crossing, and that our skirmishers had advanced to the Pratt house, but he still, however, maintained his position at the mouth of Deep Creek with a division of infantry and a number of guns on our side of the river.

The orders as delivered to me left me no discretion, and believing that General Lee understood his own necessities better than I possibly could, I did not feel justified in acting on my own judgment, and I therefore determined to move as directed. It subsequently turned out that Colonel Chilton had misunderstood General Lee's orders, which were that I should make the movement indicated if the enemy did not have a sufficient force in my front to detain the whole of mine, and it was to be left to me to judge of that, the orders, in fact, being similar to those given me at first. It also turned out that the troops seen massed near Falmouth were the 1st corps under Reynolds, moving up to reinforce Hooker, and that the 6th corps, Sedgwick's own, remained behind. When Colonel Chilton arrived, General Pendleton was <je_202>making arrangements to move some artillery to the left to open on the columns massed near Falmouth, but the order brought rendered it necessary to desist from that attempt in order to make preparations for the withdrawal.

My division occupied a line which was in full view from the opposite hills except where it ran through the small strip of woods projecting beyond the railroad, and the withdrawal had to be made with the probability of its being discovered by the enemy. I determined to leave Hays' brigade to occupy the hills in rear of Fredericksburg with one regiment deployed as skirmishers on the River road confronting the force at the mouth of Deep Run, and also to leave one of Barksdale's regiments, which was already in Fredericksburg and along the bank of the river, picketing from Falmouth to the lower end of the town.

The orders were given at once and the withdrawal commenced, but it had to be made with great caution so as to attract as little attention as possible and therefore required

much time. General Pendleton was to remain at Fredericksburg, according to the orders, and the withdrawal of such of his artillery as was to be sent to the rear was entrusted to him and executed under his directions. The Whitworth gun was ordered to the rear with the reserve artillery and Andrews' battalion and Graham's battery were ordered to follow my column, Richardson's battery, which was on the right, being returned to General Pendleton's control. When the withdrawal commenced, the enemy sent up a balloon and I felt sure that he had discovered the movement, but it turned out that he did not. (*) It was late in the afternoon before my column was in readiness to move, and Barksdale was ordered to bring up the rear with the three regiments left after detaching the one on picket, as soon <je_203>as he was relieved by Hays. As soon as the troops were in readiness the three brigades of my division moved along the Ridge road from Hamilton's Crossing to the Telegraph road, and then along a cross-road leading into the Plank road, Barksdale going out on the Telegraph road to join the column. Upon getting near the Plank road, a little before dark, I received a note from General Lee which informed me that he did not expect me to join him unless, in my judgment, the withdrawal of my troops could be made with safety, and I think he used the expression that if by remaining I could neutralize and hold in check a large force of the enemy, I could do as much or perhaps more service than by joining him.

I had proceeded so far that I determined to go on, as the probability was that if the enemy had discovered my movement, the mischief would be done before I could get back, and that I would not be able to recover the lost ground, but might deprive General Lee entirely of the use of my troops. When the head of my column had reached the Plank road and moved up it about a mile, a courier came to me from General Barksdale, stating that the enemy had advanced against Hays with a very large force, and that the latter and General Pendleton had sent word that all of the artillery would be captured unless they had immediate relief. The courier also stated that General Barksdale had started back with his own regiments.

I determined to return at once to my former position, and accordingly halted the column, faced it about and moved back, sending my Adjutant General, Major Hale, to inform General Lee of the fact. The fact turned out to be that just before dark Sedgwick had crossed the remainder of his corps and moved towards the River road below, called also the Bowling Green road, forcing from it the 7th Louisiana Regiment, under Colonel Penn, which occupied that road and fell back to the line on the railroad after skirmishing sharply with the enemy. There had been no advance against Hays at Fredericksburg, <je_204>and Sedgwick had halted with his whole force and formed line on the river, occupying with his advance force the road from which Colonel Penn had been driven.

We regained our former lines without trouble about ten or eleven o'clock at night, throwing out skirmishers towards the River road. Barksdale occupied his old position and Hays' returned during the night to the right of my line. The night passed quietly on the right after my return except some picket firing on the front, but, just before daybreak on the morning of the 3rd, I was informed by General Barksdale that the enemy had thrown a bridge across at Fredericksburg and was moving into the town. The General had ridden to see me in person to request reinforcements, and I ordered Hays' brigade to return to the left as soon as possible, directing General Barksdale to post the brigade where it was needed, as he understood the ground thoroughly. In reply to a question from me, he informed me that the crossing had not been resisted by his regiment, which had retired

skirmishing on the approach of the enemy, as the struggle was deemed useless, and it undoubtedly would have been. This was a mistake about the bridge being laid at that time, but it was a very natural one, as Sedgwick moved a portion of his force up the river into the town, while doubtless preparations were making for laying down the bridge early in the morning.

Barksdale's brigade was then posted as follows: the 21st Mississippi Regiment occupied the trenches on Marye's Hill between Marye's house and the Plank road; the 18th, the stone wall at the foot of the hill, where it was subsequently reinforced by three companies from the 21st; the 17th, the trenches on the front slope of Lee's Hill; and the 13th, the trenches further to the right. Squires' battery of the Washington Artillery was posted in the works on Marye's Hill, and the rest of Pendleton's guns on Lee's Hill on the front crest and at positions further to the right, so as to cover the interval between the hills and the upper part of Deep Run. <je_205>There were no troops on the left of the Plank road along the crest overlooking the canal. Very soon after daylight, the head of Sedgwick's column, which had moved up during the night from below, emerged from the town and advanced against the defences at Marye's Hill, but was repulsed by the fire of Barksdale's infantry and the artillery posted there.

When it became sufficiently light to see, it was discovered by us that the opposite bank of the river was bare of troops and it was very apparent that the enemy's whole force lately confronting us on that side was across for the purpose of a serious move, and the question was as to where it would be made. The heaviest force in view was in front of the crossing below the mouth of Deep Run, and there were at that point a number of pieces of artillery. The enemy, however, was also demonstrating against Marye's Hill with both infantry and artillery, but the mass of his infantry there was concealed from our view, and there were indications also as if he might attempt to pass up the valley of Deep Run on the left bank. The fact was that there was one division covering the bridge, one between Deep Run and Hazel Run, and one masked in Fredericksburg. The skirmishers from my division succeeded in getting to the River road on the right, but the position next Deep Run was held by too strong a force to be dislodged.

Very shortly after light the enemy commenced demonstrating at Deep Run as if to turn the left of my division held by Hoke's brigade, and threw bodies of troops up the ravine formed by the high banks of the run, while there were demonstrations also on the left bank of the run. Latimer opened with his guns on the ravine and the advancing bodies of infantry where they could be seen; but a considerable body succeeded in getting up to that part of the railroad next to the run and took position behind it, where they were protected against the fire of our artillery. The enemy opened with two or three batteries on Latimer's guns, and there ensued a <je_206>brisk artillery duel. Andrews brought Graham's and Brown's guns from the right to replace Latimer's Napoleons, and also Carpenter's two rifles to take position with Latimer's two, and the firing was continued for some time, as well against the enemy's infantry as against his artillery. Finally Smith's brigade, which was on the right of Hoke's, moved out and dislodged the infantry which had taken position behind the railroad embankment, and as it retired the artillery played on it. This ended the demonstrations at Deep Run, and soon heavy bodies of infantry were seen passing up towards Fredericksburg, upon which Andrews' batteries opened.

I had remained on the right with my division, as I knew that that was the weakest part of our line, and I was very apprehensive that the enemy would attempt to cut my force in

two by moving up Deep Run, which would have been the most dangerous move to us he could have made. I, however, kept a lookout upon the movements above and was in constant communication with Generals Barksdale and Pendleton, from whom I received several reports that they had repulsed all the attacks upon their position, and thought they could hold it. Shortly after sunrise, and after the repulse of the first attack on Barksdale's position, Gibbon's division, of the enemy's 2nd corps, was crossed over into Fredericksburg on the bridge which had been laid there, and it was then moved above the town for the purpose of turning the position on that flank, but this effort was balked by the canal, over which there was no bridge; it then attempted to effect the movement by repairing a bridge over the canal, the planking from which had been torn up, but Hays' brigade had arrived by that time, and four of his regiments filed into the trenches on the left of the Plank road just in time to thwart this attempt, and another made shortly afterwards to cross the canal at the upper end of the same division.

Hays' brigade had had a long distance to march in order to avoid the enemy, and when it arrived General Barksdale <je_207>placed one of the regiments, the 6th Louisiana, Colonel Monaghan, on his right in the trenches near what was known as the Howison house, and the other four were sent to man the trenches along the crest of the hills on the left of the Plank road, where they arrived just in time to thwart the attempt to cross the canal as before stated. The enemy's guns from the north side of the river, as well as from positions on the south side above and below the town, continued to fire upon the positions occupied by Barksdale's men and our artillery, but the latter generally reserved its fire for the infantry.

An attempt to turn the right of the position by the right bank of Hazel Run was repulsed by Pendleton's artillery and every effort to get possession of the heights was baffled and repulsed until after 11 A.M., when two large attacking columns of a division each were formed, one of the divisions from below being brought up for that purpose. One of these columns moved against Marye's Hill and the other against Lee's Hill, both at the same time, while Gibbon's division demonstrated against the heights above with storming parties in front. The column that moved against Marye's Hill, consisting of Newton's division, made its attack on the famous stone wall defended by a regiment and three companies, and its storming parties were twice broken and driven back in disorder by the gallant little band that held that position, but constantly returning to the attack with overwhelming numbers the enemy finally succeeded in carrying the work, after having sustained terrible slaughter.(*). Then passing around the foot of the hill a

(*). Sedgwick, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the War, says: "I lost a thousand men in less than ten minutes' time in taking the heights of Fredericksburg."

General Barksdale informed me that just before this final attack was made the enemy sent a flag of truce to Colonel Griffin, commanding the force behind the stone wall, asking permission to take care of his wounded lying in front under our fire, which permission was imprudently granted by Colonel Griffin, without his knowledge, and that the weakness of the force at that point was thus discovered, and immediately afterwards the assaulting columns advanced.

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portion of the attacking column came up in the rear, capturing Squires' guns (which had been fought to the last minute), and along with them the Captain and his company.

The column sent against Lee's Hill did not succeed in carrying it by assault, but was kept at bay until Marye's Hill had fallen, when the position being untenable, the regiments defending it were withdrawn up the hill, and the enemy was thus able to take possession

of that also. The artillery on both hills had done good service in aiding to repel all the previous assaults and to resist this. The companies of the 21st Mississippi in the trenches on the left of Marye's Hill were compelled to retire to prevent being surrounded and captured, as were also Hays' regiments in the trenches further to the left, the latter being compelled to cross the Plank road higher up, as their retreat on the Telegraph road was cut off. The enemy got on Hays' flank and rear before he was aware the hill on his right was taken, and the consequence was that he lost a few prisoners. He succeeded, however, in making good his retreat.

General Barksdale partially rallied his regiments and made obstinate resistance to the enemy's advance on the Telegraph road, falling back gradually before the large force opposing him. The greater portion of the guns on Lee's Hill were carried off, but some were lost because the horses belonging to them had been carried to the rear to be out of reach of the enemy's shells, and could not be got up in time to carry off the pieces. Ten guns were lost in all, including those taken at Marye's Hill, but two were subsequently recovered, making our final loss in that respect eight pieces.

Wilcox's brigade was above at Banks' Ford, but not under my command, and was about to move up to Chan-cellorsville, but hearing that the enemy was advancing up the river, General Wilcox hurried to the vicinity of Taylor's house at the extreme left of the line with two pieces of artillery and sixty men, and putting his guns <je_209>in position, opened with effect on a portion of Gibbon's division when it was trying to effect a crossing of the canal at the upper end. He then detained his brigade, and subsequently started a regiment to Barksdale's assistance at his request, but before it arrived Marye's Hill had been taken and it therefore retired. General Wilcox subsequently did good service in resisting the enemy's advance up the Plank road.

While these events were transpiring above, I was near the left of the line occupied by my division, and in a position from which I could observe a good deal of the movements, but could not see Marye's Hill very well. After what was supposed to be the enemy's effort to move up Deep Run and thus break our lines had been thwarted, and when I saw the infantry moving up towards Fredericksburg, I sent one of my aides, Lieutenant Callaway, to Lee's Hill, to give notice to Generals Barksdale and Pendleton and to ascertain how they were getting on. After he had been gone some time, I became uneasy and determined to ride up myself.

While I was on my way some one came galloping up in my rear and stated that some person below had seen the enemy's troops and flag go up on Marye's Hill. I did not think this could be so, but rode on rapidly, hoping that the statement was untrue. I soon met a courier from General Pendleton with a note stating that they had so far repulsed any attack and could hold their position. This relieved me for an instant, but in a few minutes Lieutenant Callaway came galloping with the information that the enemy certainly had carried the heights, and that he had seen his attacking column ascending them at Marye's house, a very few minutes after parting with Generals Barksdale and Pendleton, who were on Lee's Hill and who had just stated to him that they thought they could hold the position.

I at once sent an order to General Gordon, who occupied my right, to move up as soon as possible with three of his regiments over the road I was following, which was <je_210>the nearest practicable one. I then galloped to the Telegraph road, and soon met Pendleton's artillery going rapidly to the rear, and ordered it to be halted. Going on I

found General Barksdale on the ridge immediately in rear of Lee's Hill rallying his men and skirmishing with the enemy who had ascended the hill, and before whom they were retiring gradually but obstinately. Barksdale's men were rather scattered, but the 6th Louisiana had retired in good order and I directed it to form a line, and Barksdale to halt and get his men in line, which he did. I also ordered a battery of artillery to be brought forward into action and soon one was by my side and unlimbered but did not fire.

There was a line of the enemy in front a few hundred yards on the crest of the hill, and I turned to the officer commanding the battery and asked him why he did not fire, to which he replied, "I have no ammunition, sir." I ordered another to be brought forward, and a battery of Howitzers, from Cabell's battalion, was brought up and opened with canister. The enemy's advance had been checked by the demonstration, but he soon brought up some artillery and opened on us at short range with shrapnel and canister, and I ordered the line to retire a short distance, which it did in good order, taking up another position. In this manner we continued to retire along the Telegraph road from point to point, taking advantage of favorable portions of the ground to make a stand until the enemy ceased to pursue. I then ordered General Barksdale to take position at Cox's house, about two miles in rear of Lee's Hill, where the first crossroad leaves the Telegraph road to get into the Plank road, and to establish Hays (to whom I had sent a message to come around to the Telegraph road) on the line, as well as Gordon's regiments, when they arrived.

By obtaining possession of Lee's Hill, the enemy had obtained a position from which he could completely enfilade my line on the right, and as soon as the foregoing arrangements were made, I rode rapidly to the <je_211>right and threw back the troops there into a second line which had been previously prepared in the rear, and which was not enfiladed; and Colonel Andrews was ordered to take position with all of his guns on the ridge at the head of the Deep Run valley, so as to protect the left flank of my division and the right of Barksdale's line.

All these movements were made without molestation from the enemy. Of course I did not know what the purposes of the enemy were, and took my measures to provide as well as I could for any emergency that might present itself. I had met Gordon with his three regiments immediately after leaving Barksdale, and directed him to join the latter. After making the dispositions on the right, I rode back to Barksdale's position and found his line established with Hays and Gordon in position.

It had been now ascertained that the enemy was moving up the Plank road, and I rode out to a position across Hazel Run, from which I could see the moving columns and discovered that it was moving very slowly, and that it finally halted. Lieutenant Pitzer, one of my aides, had been at Lee's Hill when the heights were carried, and knowing the importance of the affair to General Lee, had gone at once to give him the information, as he knew that it would be some time before I could be informed so as to send a messenger myself, and thus judiciously anticipated me in putting General Lee on his guard.

While the events thus detailed were transpiring on the line occupied by me, a great battle had been fought between General Lee's forces and the main body of Hooker's army. Hooker had crossed the river above and concentrated four corps at Chancellorsville in a strong position, and Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, Longstreet himself being still absent with two of his divisions, had watched the movement of the enemy and resisted his advance column, taking position on the Plank road at Tabernacle Church. McLaws' division and the <je_212>three divisions of Jackson's corps had moved up

during the night of the 30th of April and the morning of the 1st of May and united with Anderson. Our troops had thus moved forward on the Plank road and the stone turnpike, Anderson's and McLaws' divisions in front, and Jackson's divisions following Anderson's on the Plank road, and had driven an advanced line of the enemy back to within a mile of Chancellorsville upon his main force.

Early on the morning of the 2nd, Anderson's and McLaws' divisions, with the exception of Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, which had been sent back to Banks' Ford, and Barksdale's brigade of McLaws' division which was at Fredericksburg, were left to confront the enemy on the side next to Fredericksburg, and Jackson moved with his three divisions, by a circuitous route to the left, to gain the rear of the enemy's right. Late in the afternoon, General Jackson reached the rear of the enemy's right flank about three miles beyond Chancellorsville, and with Rodes in front--followed by Colston with Trimble's division, and A. P. Hill,--advanced at once with great vigor, driving the enemy before him, carrying position after position, routing entirely one corps, and capturing a number of guns and prisoners, until his advance was arrested by the abatis in front of the central position near Chancellorsville. Night had come on by this time, and General Jackson ordered A. P. Hill's division, which was following in rear of the other two, to the front to take the place of the latter. He himself went to the front to reconnoitre for the purpose of ordering another advance, and, having sent an order to Hill to press on, while returning in the darkness was shot and dangerously wounded(*) under an unfortunate mistake, by a part of Hill's advancing troops. General

(*)Captain R. E. WELBOURN:

Some conflicting accounts of the manner in which General Jackson was shot have been published, and as you were with him, I will be very much obliged, if you will give me all the details of the affair. With pleasant recollections of your official connection with me,
Yrs. very truly

J.A. EARLY.

LYNCHBURG, Feb. 12, 1873.

General J. A. EARLY:

I give you the facts relating to the wounding of General T. J. Jackson. As the details of the battle are familiar to you, I will begin with Jackson's movements after the battle was over, and all seemed quiet, the enemy having disappeared from our immediate front, and all firing consequently having ceased. Jackson took advantage of this lull in the storm to relieve Rodes' troops (who had been fighting and steadily advancing and making repeated charges from the time the fight began), and had ordered General Hill to the front to relieve Rodes with his fresh troops, directing the change to be made as quickly as possible. We were within a half mile of the open fields near Chancellorsville, where the enemy was supposed to be strongly entrenched. While the change was being made Jackson manifested great impatience to get Hill's troops into line and ready to move promptly, and to accomplish this he sent the members of his staff with orders to Hill and other general officers to hurry up the movement. From the orders sent to General Stuart it was evident that his intention was to storm the enemy's works at Chancellorsville as soon as the lines were formed, and before the enemy recovered from the shock and confusion of the previous fighting, and to place the left of his army between Hooker and the river. While these orders were being issued Jackson sat on his horse just in front of the line on the pike. From this point he sent me with an order to General Hill. I galloped back and met Hill, in about 50 yards, riding along the pike towards General Jackson. I turned and rode with him to his lines, he stopping within a few feet of their front. I then rode immediately on to General Jackson, who was in sight, and only a few paces in front of Hill, just in the position I had left him. As I reached him, he sent off the only staff officer present, with orders to Hill to move forward as soon as possible, and then started slowly along the pike towards the enemy. I

rode at his left side, two of my signal men just behind us, followed by couriers, etc., in columns of twos. General Jackson thought, while awaiting Hill's movements, that he would ride to the front, as far as the skirmish line, or pickets, and ascertain what could be seen or heard of the enemy and his movements,---supposing there was certainly a line of skirmishers in front, as his orders were always very imperative to keep a skirmish line in front of the line of battle. When we had ridden only a few rods and reached a point nearly opposite an old dismantled house in the woods (near the road to our right) and while I was delivering to him General Hill's reply to his order--given a few moments before,--to our great surprise our little party was fired upon by about a battalion or probably less of our troops, a little to our right and to the right of the pike, the balls passing diagonally across the pike and apparently aimed at us. There seemed to be one gun discharged, followed almost instantly by this volley. The single gun may have been discharged accidentally, but seemed to have been taken as a signal by the troops, to announce the approach of the enemy. I hardly think the troops saw us, though they could hear our horses' feet on the pike and probably fired at random in the supposed direction of the enemy. However, the origin of the firing is mere conjecture, but it came as above stated, and many of the escorts and their horses were shot down. At the firing our horses wheeled suddenly to the left and General Jackson, at whose side I rode, galloped away--followed by the few who were not dismounted by the first firing,--into the woods to get out of range of the bullets, and approached our line a little obliquely, but had not gone over 20 steps beyond the edge of the pike, into the thicket, ere the brigade just to the left of the turnpike (on our right as we approached from the direction of the enemy), drawn up within 30 yards of us, fired a volley in their turn, kneeling on the right knee, as shown by the flash of their guns, as though prepared to guard against cavalry. By this fire General Jackson was wounded. These troops evidently mistook us for the enemy's cavalry. We could distinctly hear General Hill calling, at the top of his voice, to his troops to make them cease firing. He knew that we had just passed in front of him, as did the troops immediately on the pike, and I don't think these latter fired. I was alongside of Jackson, and saw his arm fall at his side, loosing the rein, when the volley came from the left. His horse wheeled suddenly and ran through the bushes toward the enemy. The limb of a tree took off his cap and threw him fiat on the back on his horse. I rode after him, passing under the same limb, which took off my hat also, but Jackson soon regained his seat, caught the bridle in his right hand, and turning his horse towards the pike and our men, somewhat checked his speed. As he turned to the pike, it gave me the inside track, and I caught his horse as he reached the pike, which he was approaching at an acute angle. Just as I caught the reins, Captain Wynn rode up on the opposite side of him and caught hold of the reins on that side, almost simultaneously. By this time the confusion was over and all was quiet, and looking up and down the pike in every direction, no living creature could be seen save us three.

As soon as I could check Jackson's horse, I dismounted, and seeing that he was faint, I asked him what I could do for him, or if he felt able to ride as far as into our lines. He answered, "*You* had best take me down," leaning, as he spoke, toward me and then falling, partially fainting from loss of blood.

I was on the side of the broken arm, while his horse had his head turned towards the enemy and about where we were when first fired upon, and would not be kept still, as he was frightened and suffering from his own wounds. As General Jackson fell over on me, I caught him in my arms, and held him until Captain Wynn could get his feet out of the stirrups, then we carried him in our arms some 10 or 15 steps north of the pike, where he was laid on the ground, resting his head in my lap, while I proceeded to dress his wounds, cutting off his coat sleeves, and binding a handkerchief tightly above and below his wound and putting his arm in a sling. Wynn went for Dr. McGuire and an ambulance, and I was left alone with him until General Hill came up. Just before Hill reached us, Jackson revived a little and asked me to have a skilful surgeon attend him. When I told him what had been done he said "Very good."

The enemy evidently thought the firing had thrown our men into confusion and resolved to take advantage of it by making a determined attack at this time, so in a few minutes, it was announced by Lieutenant Morrison, who had joined Jackson while he was lying on the ground, and now ran up in a very excited manner, crying out, "The enemy is within 50 yards and advancing. Let us take the General away." Jackson was still lying with his head in my lap, I had finished tying up his arm where it was broken, and asked him where his other wound was, and what I should do for that, when he replied, "*In* my right hand, but never mind that, it is a mere trifle." He said nothing about the wound in his left wrist, and did not seem aware of it, doubtless owing to the fact that the arm was broken

above. Upon hearing Morrison's warning, I sprang up, and said, "Let us take the General in our arms, and carry him back," to which he replied, "No, if you will help me up, I can walk." He had only gone a few steps, when we met a litter and placed him on it. He was being borne off on foot, supported by Captain Lee and one or two others, I walking between them and the pike, and leading three horses, trying to keep the troops, then moving down the pike, from seeing who it was, but found this impossible, and we met some men with this litter before we had gone ten steps. While placing Jackson on it, the enemy opened fire on us at short range, from a battery planted on the pike and with infantry; a terrific fire of grape, shell, minie balls, etc., and advancing at a rapid rate. Everything seemed to be seized with a panic, and taken by surprise, our line was thrown into confusion. It recoiled and for awhile continued to give way, and the enemy pressed forward. Such was the disorder that I thought that General Jackson and party would certainly fall into the hands of the enemy. The horses jerked loose, and ran in every direction, and before we proceeded fax one of the litter bearers was shot, having both of his arms broken, and General Jackson fell to the ground. As he lay there he grew faint from loss of blood, having fallen on his wounded side, and his arm began to bleed afresh. I rode away to try to get some whiskey for the purpose of reviving him, and at a short distance met Dr. McGuire and Colonel Pendleton, to whom I told what had happened, as we rode towards the place where I left Jackson. The ambulance came up; we hurried it to the front, and, reaching Jackson, placed him in it. As soon as the ambulance left, I was ordered by Colonel Pendleton, after consultation with General Rodes, to go to General Lee as quickly as possible and communicate the intelligence to him, explaining our position, what had been accomplished, who had taken command; and ask him to come to that place.

During the attack on our forces so many of our men had gone past us that we seemed to be left with no troops between us and the enemy, and I made up my mind to remain with the General to nurse him, as it seemed we should soon be in their hands. However, the gallant Pender--in command after the wounding of General Hill--soon rallied his line and pressed forward, driving the enemy back to his works, at which quiet was restored for the night, the fight having ended as suddenly as it began.

Many people have thought it strange that Jackson should give an order to troops to fire at everything, especially cavalry approaching from the direction of the enemy, and then place himself in a situation to have himself fired upon. I heard of no such order, and feel sure that none such was given. If such had been the order it would have been given to the skirmish line, and there could have been no necessity for such an order to them, as they would do this anyway.

R. E. WELBOURN.

(Chief Signal Officer, 2nd Army Corps, 1863, Lieutenant General Jackson, commanding.)

<je_213>A. P. Hill was soon after disabled and the advance was thus arrested.

When Jackson's guns opened, our troops on the right pressed the enemy's left heavily to prevent any troops being sent from that flank against Jackson, but no attack in front was made then and night put an end to the operations in that quarter. Hooker had been joined during the day by the 1st corps brought up from opposite <je_214>Fredericksburg, but at the close of the fight his lines had been very much contracted, and his troops on his right greatly scattered; and early in the night he telegraphed to Sedgwick to cross the river and move up to Chan-cellorsville on the Plank road, which dispatch found Sedgwick already across.

General Jackson had been entirely disabled by his wound, and General A. P. Hill was so injured as to be unable to command in the field. Brigadier General Rodes <je_215>was the officer next in rank, but having a very natural hesitation to assume the responsibility of so large and important a command, Major General Stuart of the cavalry, who was operating in connection with General Jackson, was requested to assume command, which he did. During the night the enemy strengthened his contracted line with breastworks and abattis, and strongly fortified other positions in his rear nearer the Rappahannock.

<je_216>

Early in the morning of the 3rd, Stuart renewed the attack with Jackson's division on the left, while Anderson pressed forward with his right resting on the Plank road, and McLaws demonstrated on the right. The enemy was forced back from numerous strongholds until Anderson's left connected with Stuart's right, when the whole line attacked with irresistible force, driving the enemy from all his fortified positions around Chancellorsville with very heavy loss, and forcing him to retreat to the <je_217>new fortifications nearer the Rappahannock. By ten o'clock A.M. General Lee was in full possession of Chancellorsville and the field of battle. He then proceeded to reorganize his troops for an advance against the enemy's new position, to which the latter had been able to retreat under shelter of the dense woods, which covered all the ground, and also rendered an advance by our troops in line of battle very difficult and hazardous.

General Lee had just completed his arrangements to renew the attack, when he received the intelligence of the capture of Marye's Hill by Sedgwick's force and the <je_218>advance of his column; and he found it necessary to look after the new opponent. Sedgwick had moved up the Plank road held by Wilcox's brigade, which gradually retired, and finally made a stand at Salem Church on the Plank road, about five miles from Fredericksburg, when, by a gallant resistance, the head of the column was held at bay until the arrival of McLaws with four brigades, and the further advance of the enemy was effectually opposed.(*)

It will be thus seen of what importance to General Lee's own movements were those below at Fredericksburg, and how the capture of the heights in rear of the two affected him. A force of at least 30,000 men had been detained from Hooker's army by considerably less than 10,000 on our side. It is true that Sedgwick had finally broken through the force opposed to him and commenced an advance up towards the rear of General Lee's army, but he had not done so until the latter had had time to gain a brilliant victory, and drive Hooker to a position of defence from which he could not advance except under great disadvantages.

Sedgwick's column had thus been detained by Wilcox until a force was brought down to arrest its progress entirely, and time was given to make arrangements to fall upon Sedgwick while separated from the rest of Hooker's army. Barksdale's brigade and the artillery posted with it had resisted all assaults upon their position for at least six hours, thus giving General Lee the requisite time to gain his victory, and in being finally

(* In this condition of things, Lincoln telegraphed to General Hooker's Chief of Staff, who was on the north bank near Falmouth, as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, May 3, 1863.

"MAJOR GENERAL BUTTERFIELD:

"Where is General Hooker? Where is Sedgwick? Where is Stoneman ?

A. LINCOLN.

"Sent 4.35 P.M." (See report Committee on the War.)

<je_219>

compelled to succumb to overwhelming numbers that brigade had lost no honor. It was impossible for me to reinforce Barksdale with a larger force than I sent to him, and I then weakened very much the defences on the right. Had Sedgwick communicated his purposes to me and informed me that he would assault Marye's and Lee's Hills and those positions alone, then I would have moved my whole force to those points and held them

against his entire force.

As it was, a division of Sedgwick's corps larger than my own immediately confronted the position occupied by the three brigades of my division left after Hays had been sent to Barksdale, and if that position had been abandoned and the brigades defending it moved to the left, the division confronting it, and which was constantly demonstrating towards it, would have moved up, taken possession of the line, and then moved upon my rear, compelling me to abandon the works on the left practically without a struggle, or submit to a much greater disaster than that which occurred. Sedgwick would hardly have been so blind as to rush his troops up against the strong positions at Marye's and Lee's Hill's while defended by a force sufficiently large to hold them, when there would have been an easy way open to him for their capture and that of the whole force defending them by simply moving a portion of troops to the rear. Marye's Hill would have fallen much sooner than it did, if it had been occupied by my whole force, or if a force sufficiently strong to prevent the position from being turned had not been retained on the right. By holding the position on the right, therefore, the fall of Marye's Hill and the consequent advance of Sedgwick's column above were both very considerably retarded, and when the catastrophe did happen there was left a considerable force to threaten and fall upon Sedgwick's rear. I think I may claim that the force entrusted to my command had accomplished all that could reasonably <je_220>have been expected of it under the circumstances in which it was placed.

I will now return to my own position. Just as I was returning from observing Sedgwick's column I encountered, at Hazel Run, one of General McLaws' staff officers, Major Costin, coming down under an escort of cavalry, and he informed me that General McLaws had moved down the Plank road to meet the enemy, and that General Lee wished him and myself to attack Sedgwick in conjunction and endeavor to overwhelm him, and there was a note or message from General McLaws requesting information as to my position and that of the enemy, and asking what place I proposed, for attacking the enemy.

I think there was a note received later from General Lee communicating his wishes in regard to the proposed attack, similar to information brought by Major Costin--at any rate the information of his views and wishes was brought by Lieutenant Pitzer on his return. It was about an hour before sunset when Major Costin reached me, and that part of my division on the right was more than three miles from the position at Cox's, so that it was impossible to accomplish anything that night. I immediately sent a note to General McLaws informing him that I would concentrate all my force that night and move against the enemy very early next morning, drive him from Lee's and Marye's Hills, and extend my left while advancing so as to connect with his (McLaws') right, and continue to move against the enemy above, after his connection with Fredericksburg was severed; and I asked General McLaws' co-operation in this plan. During the night, I received a note from him assenting to my plan and containing General Lee's approval of it also.

As soon as the first communication had been received from General McLaws, my troops from the right were ordered up, but it was after night before they were all concentrated. Andrews' artillery was brought up before <je_221>night, one battery being left on the ridge so as to cover my right flank on the line across the Telegraph road, and a regiment of infantry being posted so as to guard against a surprise on that flank, if the enemy should move around Lee's Hill up the left of Deep Run. Just before dark, we discovered a piece of artillery advancing along the Telegraph road in our front, followed by a few wagons. The men in charge of the piece of artillery came on so deliberately,

though in full view of our line, that we took it for granted that it must be one of the pieces supposed to be captured, with a forge or two, that had been probably able to elude the vigilance of the enemy by concealment in some of the ravines.

The approaching darkness rendered objects very indistinct, and we therefore watched the approaching piece until it got within a few hundred yards of us, when the drivers suddenly discovered who we were, wheeled rapidly and dashed to the rear, and we became then aware that it was one of the enemy's pieces. Some of Andrews' guns which were ready opened fire, but the piece of artillery got off, though some of the mules to a wagon and to a forge were killed, and we found and secured the latter the next day with several fine mules.

The night passed quietly with us, and at light on the morning of the 4th I prepared to advance. My plan was to advance along the Telegraph road with Gordon's brigade in line in front, followed by Andrews' battalion of artillery and Graham's battery, with Smith's and Barksdale's brigades following in the rear, forming a second line, and to throw Hays' and Hoke's brigades across Hazel Run opposite my present position so as to move down the left bank, as the column moved along the Telegraph road against the heights, both of which I took it for granted the enemy held, as the affair just at dusk the evening before must have given him notice of my presence.

It was my purpose, as soon as the heights were taken and the enemy's connection with Fredericksburg cut, to <je_222>advance with Gordon's and Smith's brigades up the Plank road and river, and for Hays and Hoke to advance across towards the Plank road extending to the left to connect with McLaws, while Barksdale's brigade and some of Pendleton's artillery should be posted to hold Marye's and Lee's Hills and protect my rear from the direction of Fredericksburg. The ravine of Hazel Run is so rugged that it was impossible to cross it except where there were roads, and therefore it was necessary to pass Hays' and Hoke's brigades over at the ford on my left.

Gordon's brigade was placed in line at light, and Andrews' artillery immediately in its rear, while Smith and Barksdale were ordered to take their positions and be in readiness to follow. I then went with General Hays and Hoke, whose brigades were put in motion, across Hazel Run to point out to them the positions they were to take and how they were to move. After doing this, I rode *back* and found to my surprise that Gordon had moved off under a misapprehension of my order, as he was to have waited until all was ready, and I designed accompanying him. Andrews had followed him and I immediately put Smith and Barksdale in motion, the former along the road by flank, and Barksdale in line of battle on the right.

The line of hills composed of Marye's, Cemetery, Stansbury's, and Taylor's Hills descends towards the Marye's Hill, which is the lowest, Taylor's, bordering on the river at the upper end of the canal, being much the highest. Stansbury's, Cemetery, and Marye's Hills are separated from a higher range on the southwest by a very small stream which rises between Taylor's Hill and the Plank road and runs across that road into Hazel Run, some distance above the crossing of the Telegraph road over that run. Cemetery and Marye's Hills slope back gradually to the little stream, and from the latter, on the southwest, rise steep hills terminating in a high, wide ridge, along which the Plank road runs; and the face of these hills fronting towards Cemetery <je_223>and Marye's Hills is intersected by a number of deep ravines, up one of which the Plank road ascends to get on the main ridge. On the south side of the road and a little distance from it the main ridge

terminates in a high hill which descends abruptly to Hazel Run, the face towards the run being wooded. At the lower front of the base of this hill is a mill called the Alum Spring Mill. Just at the upper part of the base of the hill a branch of Hazel Run comes in, uniting with the main stream. This branch rises some distance above near the Plank road, and runs nearly parallel to it, through a deep valley to its junction with the main stream.

On the south of this valley is another long wide ridge which extends for some distance parallel to that along which the Plank road runs and also terminates with an abrupt descent to Hazel Run. On the south of the Plank road, and on the same ridge with it, is situated Mr. Guest's house some two or three miles from Fredericksburg, and nearly opposite to it on the other ridge is Mr. Downman's house. On the extremities of the lesser ridges, projecting out from that on which the Plank road is located, was a line of small works and epaulments for artillery, extending from the river at Taylor's Hill to and across the Plank road, which had been previously made by our troops, and this line completely commanded the crests and rear slopes of Marye's, Cemetery and Stansbury's Hills, being much higher.

The Plank road crosses the little stream, with a high embankment extending for some distance on both sides, the stream passing through a culvert. The Telegraph road passes towards Fredericksburg from Cox's house, where I was, along a ridge to Lee's Hill and descends the hill on the side of the slope next to Hazel Run.

Gordon, when he started, advanced rapidly along the Telegraph road, and when he reached Lee's Hill, it was found unoccupied, but a body of infantry was moving along the Plank road from the town between Marye's Hill <je_224>and the ridge above, which halted and took position behind the embankment of the road. In the valley between Guest's and Downman's houses, was observed a considerable body of infantry, and at Downman's house a battery of artillery. Gordon threw out his skirmishers and made preparations to descend the hill and cross over Hazel Run above Marye's Hill. Andrews placed Graham's battery in position on the road and opened on the infantry in the valley, which moved out of the way. Two large bodies of infantry, supposed to be brigades, each then moved over the ridge just beyond the Alum Spring Mill, threatening Gordon's left, as he was advancing. Graham turned his guns on them and soon drove them off up the ridge. Gordon then made a dash across the run and after a sharp engagement drove off the infantry behind the road embankment, capturing some prisoners and securing several baggage and subsistence wagons, a battery wagon, and a forge--with their teams,--which were passing up the road with the infantry he encountered.

This gave us the possession of Marye's and Cemetery Hills again, and cut the enemy's connection with Fredericksburg. Arriving soon after with Smith's brigade I threw it across Hazel Run to the support of Gordon, the batteries from the Stafford Heights opening a heavy fire on it as it descended Lee's Hill. Barksdale's brigade, which had halted in the rear without orders, was then sent for, to occupy the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill, and General Barksdale was ordered to move rapidly into the town if not held by too large a force, get possession of the bridge, and secure a camp of wagons seen at the lower part of the town. When Graham's guns were operating upon the bodies of infantry in the valley between Guest's and Downman's houses and those threatening Gordon's flank, the enemy's battery--at Down-man's house,--opened fire on them, but as soon as the infantry was disposed of, Graham turned his two 20 pounder Parrots on the enemy's guns, which returned <je_225>across the valley and took position near Guest's house where they were

out of reach.

Seeing the enemy's wagons moving off from the town and not hearing Barksdale's rifles, I sent a staff officer to repeat the orders, and received a reply that he was preparing to send forward his skirmishers; a second messenger sent to him returned with the information that his skirmishers reported a heavy force holding the town, entrenched within rifle pits. The enemy's wagon trains had thus made their escape, and I sent orders to Barksdale to desist from the attack on the town and to dispose of his brigade so as to resist any advance from that direction. It turned out that the town was held by Gibbon's division which had been left behind.

I had listened anxiously to hear the sound of McLaws' guns or some indication of his being engaged, but heard nothing. The enemy had not expected us in this direction, and he was therefore evidently taken by surprise, but Gordon's advance, which was so handsomely made, being sooner than I had intended, had given the enemy time to form his troops in line, to meet any further advance I could make after my arrival; and as the character of the ground was such that considerable bodies of troops could be concealed from my view from any point that was accessible to me, I could not tell what force I would have to encounter on ascending the hills above.

I could see that all the little works on the heights were occupied by infantry, making a line extending across from Taylor's Hill to the brow of the hill beyond and above the Alum Spring Mill. Gordon's and Smith's brigades had taken position in the trenches along the crests from the Plank road towards Taylor's Hill, facing towards the enemy above and with their backs towards Fredericksburg. The enemy did not open then with artillery, and as they were very much exposed, I thought possibly he did not have any on that flank, and I therefore determined to feel him and make him develop what he had.

<je_226>

Smith was ordered to advance his brigade towards the heights occupied by the enemy above; two regiments, the 13th and 58th Virginia, advanced against one of the positions which appeared to be occupied by the strongest force, and the 49th and 52nd separately against other points. The regiments advanced to the base of the hills and commenced ascending, when the enemy appeared in force on their crests, and also opened with artillery from the neighborhood of Taylor's house. The 13th and 58th Regiments became heavily engaged, and the 49th and 52nd slightly.

It was now apparent that the hills were held in strong force, and as an attempt to carry them from that direction, as my troops were then located, would have been under great disadvantage and attended with great difficulty, I ordered the regiments to be withdrawn. The 49th and 52nd were withdrawn without difficulty and with but slight loss, the 13th and 58th being on the right and more exposed to the enemy's guns were withdrawn with more difficulty and heavier loss. The 13th lost 17 prisoners and 58th 71, including the color bearer of the latter with his colors, the most of the men captured, including the color bearer of the 58th, taking refuge in a house at the foot of the hill, under the fire of the enemy's guns as well as his infantry, and declining to fall back over the plain while exposed to the fire of the artillery.

They were thus captured by their own misconduct, the enemy sending to take possession of them, which I could not prevent without bringing on a heavy engagement under disadvantageous circumstances, and thus incurring a much heavier loss of men. The brigade resumed its position after this affair, and I sent Lieutenant Pitzer to General

McLaws to apprise him of what had been done and my position, with a request for him to begin his attack on the enemy and the information that I could move two brigades, Hays' and Hoke's, across towards the Plank road extending to the left as they <je_227>advanced to connect with his right, and, as soon as the enemy was engaged so as to make it practicable, I would move up from below with my other two brigades, Gordon's and Smith's; Hays' and Hoke's brigades had moved down the left bank of Hazel Run and were put in position to co-operate with McLaws' attack, when made, by moving across the ridge on which Downman's house was located, and orders were given them accordingly. General McLaws did not make the attack, and Lieutenant Pitzer returned with the information that Anderson's division was coming down, and with instruction for me to wait until he was in position, when at a signal given by firing three guns rapidly in succession, a simultaneous attack should be made by the whole force.

When Anderson's force began to arrive, I was able to draw Hays and Hoke nearer to my right, and I therefore brought Hays' brigade across the branch of Hazel Run, which has been mentioned, and put his brigade in line at the foot of the hill near Alum Spring Mill, so that it might move up the wooded face of the hill on to the plain above, which was occupied by a part of the enemy's force. Hoke's brigade was placed in line just in the edge of the woods on the rear slope of the lower end of the ridge on which Downman's house was, facing towards the Plank road, concealed from the view of the enemy, as was Hays'.

General Lee came down himself before the signal was given, and sent for me to meet him towards my left. We examined the position of the enemy together, as well as we could, and I explained to him my plan of attacking with my force, which was, for Hays to move up the hill at foot of which he was and directly forward, which would carry him to the Plank road, and up on the right side; for Hoke to move over the ridge below Downman's house and across the valley to the other ridge, as far as the Plank road, where he was to change direction so as to move up on the left of the road; and when the signal was heard, Gordon was to move rapidly by the flank to <je_228>the ravine up which the Plank road runs, and then diagonally towards Taylor's house so as to sweep all the crests in front of him and Smith as they were then posted, and turn the enemy's left which rested near the river. Smith was to remain stationary so as to reinforce the brigades engaged, or Barksdale as might be necessary. General Lee approved my plan and directed me to carry it out as soon as the signal should be given, and then left me.

Sedgwick's line covered the Plank road for some distance on the south side; being in the centre along the ridge or plateau on which the road is located, and bending back across it with both flanks which rested near the river, above and below. Guest's house was in his line and some artillery was posted near it, while Downman's house, and the ridge on which it was located were occupied by his skirmishers. In advance of the part of the line facing towards me, which was his left wing, there was an advanced line occupying the crests of the hills towards me, extending across from Taylor's Hill to the lower end of the valley which has been mentioned, with artillery posted near the left of this advanced line.

The plateau, on the ridge where Downman's house was located, was entirely cleared of timber below the house, as was the valley between the two ridges. The ridge along which the Plank road runs was cleared on the south side of it, and from the direction of Fredericksburg up to within a short distance below Guest's house, from which point bodies of woodland extended up the road for some distance and across towards Taylor's house, with occasional intervals of cleared land.

We waited for the signal, but it was not given until a short time before sunset. When it was heard, Hoke moved at once across the plateau in his front between Downman's house and Hazel Run, then down the slope, across the valley, and up the steep ascent of the next ridge towards the Plank road, driving the enemy's <je_229>skirmishers before him, while the guns at Guest's house played upon his advancing line without disturbing his beautiful order. Hays rapidly ascended the hill in front, immediately encountering the right of the enemy's front line, which he swept before him, and continued his advance without a halt. It was a splendid sight to see the rapid and orderly advance of these two brigades, with the enemy flying before them. The officers and men manning the artillery which had been posted on eminences along the Telegraph road and on the right bank of Hazel Run so as to protect the infantry retreat in case of disaster, debarred from an active participation in the action, could not refrain from enthusiastically cheering the infantry, as it so handsomely swept everything in front.

In the meantime Gordon, as soon as the signal was heard, moved his brigade by flank rapidly to the Plank road, formed in line up the ravine and swept on towards Taylor's house, clearing the crests of the enemy, compelling his artillery on that flank to retire rapidly and driving the enemy's extreme left from its position back towards Banks' Ford. On getting near the point of woods below Guest's house, Hays' and Hoke's brigades approached each other. The artillery at Guest's house had been compelled to fly in order to prevent capture, and the enemy was retiring in confusion on all parts of the line confronting them and Gordon, but just then Hoke fell from his horse, with his arm badly shattered by a ball near the shoulder joint.

The brigade thus losing its commander, to whom alone the instruction had been given, and without any one to direct its movement at that particular crisis, pushed on across the Plank road, encountered Hays' brigade in the woods still advancing, and the two comingling together were thrown into confusion. They crossed each other's paths in this condition, but still continued to advance, getting far into the woods. Hays' brigade pressed on in its proper direction, but Hoke's, <je_230>now under the command of Colonel Avery of the 6th North Carolina, had got to its right. The regiments of both brigades had lost their organization, and in the woods it was impossible to restore it. Portions of both brigades penetrated a considerable distance into the woods, still driving the enemy before them, but when scattered they came across a portion of the retiring force which had been rallied, and the advance parties were compelled to retire themselves, leaving some prisoners in the enemy's hands, many of whom had become so exhausted by their rapid advance that they were unable to get out of the way, and were picked up after the fighting was over. Other portions of the brigades, hearing Gordon's firing on the right and not aware of his movements, thought the enemy was in their rear and retired also. The brigades were then rallied and reformed on the Plank road just below Guest's house. I had taken my position on the heights near the Telegraph road opposite the Alum Spring Mill, from which point I could see the movement of all three brigades, and when I discovered them all in motion and driving the enemy as described, I rode across Hazel Run in the direction taken by Hays' brigade.

I arrived just as the first men of that brigade were emerging from the woods, and directed the re-formation of the two brigades. Two regiments of Smith's brigade, the 49th and 52nd, were ordered up, but when they arrived and the two brigades had been reorganized it had become too dark to make any further advance, and I did not hear either

of the other two divisions engaged. Gordon's progress was also arrested by the approach of night, and he halted and assumed a position above Taylor's house confronting the enemy's left, which he had driven back very considerably. Hays' and Hoke's brigades were put in line of battle across the Plank road, at the point where they had been rallied, with Smith's two regiments advanced to the front.

McLaws' division had not advanced at all. Anderson's <je_231>division had advanced on Hoke's left, driving the enemy's skirmishers, fronting his centre, from Down-man's house and the upper part of the ridge, but it did not cross to the Plank road until dark, when I saw Posey's brigade moving up the hill on my, then, left from the direction of Downman's house, and it took position above me on the Plank road, the enemy having retired from that road. Wright's brigade was subsequently moved across to the Plank road at eight or nine o'clock and took position on Posey's left. The main attack had been made by my three brigades.(*)

(*) The force which I encountered in front in this action was Howe's division. Brigadier General Howe testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

After speaking of the battle of Chancellorsville as a sharp skirmish, and claiming all the credit for capturing Marye's Hill, though his division advanced against Lee's Hill alone, and further claiming to have done all the fighting on the 4th, he says:

"The prisoners taken all agreed that it was Early's, Anderson's, and McLaws' divisions that attacked my division, and that the movement was led by General Lee, who told them that it would be a good thing to destroy the 6th corps, or capture it; that it would not get out the Chancellorsville way, and that the movements in our rear would cut us off."

It was my three brigades alone that attacked him, McLaws' division being above confronting Sedgwick's right, and Anderson's advancing against the centre. Again he says:

"Some time after this movement, after we had returned to our old camps, I met General Hooker, and spoke to him of the movements we had made and the positions we held. I stated to him that after the fight on the 4th of May, I could have gone with my division on to the heights at Fredericksburg, and held them, or, if necessary, could have recrossed that way. He was surprised that those heights could have been held the night of the 4th, and said: 'If I had known that you could have gone on those heights and held them, and would have held them, I would have reinforced you with the whole army.' That was the key of the position, and there was no difficulty in holding it. I told him that if I had not received orders to go back to Banks' Ford, but had been allowed to go to the Fredericksburg heights, I could have marched there uninterruptedly after nine o'clock that night; for after the fight we had had, the rebels abandoned the heights, and there was nothing to be seen of them. There was a bright moon that night, and we could see an object of the size of a man or a horse at a great distance."

Verily General Howe had accomplished wonders according to his own showing. He had with his solitary division routed the greater part of Lee's army, notwithstanding the rough handling it had been able to give Hooker's five corps above. Perhaps if he had made the attempt to march to the heights, he might have encountered the brigades of Gordon and Hoke which occupied a line extending from above Taylor's house towards the Plank road at Guest's house, and which had escaped his observation notwithstanding the light of the "bright moon that night." He might also have encountered Barksdale's, Hays', and Smith's brigades holding the heights, and disturbed my own headquarters on the left of Lee's Hill, which had been assumed at 12 at night after I had ridden along his whole front with my staff at a late hour, posting Hoke's brigade on Gordon's left and examining the position of the latter. General Howe was either mistaken or he was star gazing.

Hooker, in his examination before the Congressional Committee in regard to the battle, made the following statement:

"Our artillery had always been superior to that of the rebels, as was also our infantry, except in discipline, and that, for reasons not necessary to mention, never did equal Lee's army. With a rank and file mostly inferior to our own, *intellectually and physically*, that army has, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies."

Their artillery certainly surpassed ours far in numbers of guns, weight of metal, and the quality of the ammunition, and at long range their firing was admirable, while ours was defective from the defect in the ammunition, but when we came to close range so that our guns could tell, their gunners lost their coolness and ours surpassed them in the accuracy of the firing, always getting the advantage under such circumstances unless the odds were too great.

Hooker did not complain that he was overpowered by numbers, and he was the first of the commanders of that army who had not made that complaint.

<je_232>

After dark General Lee sent for me to go to him at Downman's house, where he had established his headquarters for the night. After informing him of the condition of things on my front, he directed me to leave two of my brigades in line on the north of the road, at right angles with it and facing the enemy, and to reinforce <je_233>Barksdale at Fredericksburg with the other two. Hoke's brigade was moved to the right and placed on line with Gordon's on its left, and Hays' brigade was moved back and placed in the trenches at Lee's Hill on Barksdale's right, and Smith's two regiments rejoined the others and took position in the trenches on the left of the Plank road overlooking the canal.

During the night General Barksdale reported to me, once by his aide and once in person, that the enemy was crossing troops and artillery into the town, and asked for more reinforcements. I told him I had no doubt the enemy was recrossing and would be gone in the morning, and that I had no more reinforcements to give him. When it became light the enemy was gone from the town and his bridge was taken up. Sedgwick had also recrossed during the night his whole force on bridges laid at Banks' Ford and nothing remained on the south bank but Hooker's force above. Some of McLaws' brigades had advanced toward Banks' Ford during the night, picking up some prisoners, and some pieces of artillery had opened on the enemy's bridge as he was recrossing. Posey's and Wright's brigades had also advanced towards Banks' Ford, picking up some prisoners. Next morning a number of prisoners were gathered who had been left behind when the main force crossed, some of them being taken on the river by detachments from Gordon's brigade.

On the 5th, after it had been ascertained that all of Sedgwick's force was gone, I was ordered to move up the Plank road towards Chancellorsville, leaving Barksdale at Fredericksburg. I moved up to the vicinity of Salem Church, and was halted, remaining there some time, when I was ordered to return to my old position. In doing so my brigades were heavily shelled by the enemy's batteries from across the river, as they were crossing Hazel Run to the Telegraph road. Smith's brigade was left with Barksdale in the position it had occupied the night before, and the others moved to their <je_234>former positions, which they regained in the morning, in a tremendous storm of rain.

General Lee had moved all his troops back to oppose Hooker, who had been confronted during the operations against Sedgwick by Jackson's three divisions alone, but on the morning of the 6th, he was found gone also, having recrossed under cover of the storm and darkness of the previous night. The whole army then returned to its former camps, and Hooker resumed his position opposite Fredericksburg.

My loss in the different actions around Fredericksburg at this time was, in my own division, 125 killed and 721 wounded, total 846; in Andrews' artillery 7 killed and 21 wounded, total 28; in Barksdale's brigade 45 killed and 181 wounded, total 226.

A little over 500 prisoners were lost in my division, more than half of which were lost in resisting the crossing at the enemy's lower bridge; from Hays' brigade at the time of the

fall of Marye's Hill; and from Smith's brigade in forcing the enemy's position on the morning of the 4th; and the residue from Hays' and Hoke's brigades in the attack on Sedgwick above Fredericksburg. Barksdale's brigade lost a little over 300 prisoners captured from the 17th and 21st Mississippi Regiments at Marye's Hill. General Lee's entire loss in killed and wounded was 1,581 killed and 8,700 wounded. Hooker's loss far exceeded it in killed and wounded, and we secured several thousand prisoners, thirteen pieces of artillery, over twenty thousand stand of arms, besides a large amount of ammunition, accoutrements, etc.

Hooker's army was more than double General Lee's, which did not exceed, including my force, 50,000 muskets and including all arms was under 60,000; yet Hooker, on returning to his camps, issued a general order congratulating his troops on their achievements, and stating that they had added new laurels to their former renown, though on first crossing the river he had issued an address to his troops intimating that General Lee's <je_235>army was then in his power and that he would proceed to destroy it.

During the operations at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, the enemy's cavalry in large force under Stoneman, having crossed the rivers higher up, made a raid in the direction of Richmond which accomplished nothing of consequence, but merely frightened and depre-dated upon the unarmed country people. Stoneman's force was glad to make its escape back to its former position.

On our part, our rejoicings over the brilliant and important victory that had been gained were soon dampened by the sad news of the death of General Jackson.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXI.--Invasion Of Pennsylvania.

<je_236>

UPON returning to our camps after Hooker had re-crossed the Rappahannock, the old positions were resumed, General A. P. Hill, as senior major general, being now in command of the corps.

Nothing of consequence occurred in our front during the month of May. On the 30th of the month, a general order was issued, organizing the army of Northern Virginia into three corps of three divisions each. General James Longstreet, who had returned from the south of James River, retained command of the 1st corps, now composed of McLaws', Hood's, and Pickett's divisions. General Richard S. Ewell was made a lieutenant general and assigned to the command of the 2nd corps, now composed of my division, and those of Rodes and John-son-Brigadier General Robert E. Rodes having been promoted and assigned to the command of D. H. Hill's division,--and Brigadier General Edward Johnson having been promoted and assigned to the command of Trimble's division, formerly Jackson's.

A third corps was formed, composed of the division of Anderson (taken from the 1st corps), Heth's and Pender's; and General A. P. Hill was made lieutenant general and assigned to the command of it, and two divisions of four brigades each were formed out of it and two brigades, one of which was brought from North Carolina and the other formed of Mississippi regiments taken from other brigades, to the command of which division Brigadier Generals Heth and Pender were promoted, respectively.

My inspector general, Lieutenant Colonel John M. Jones, and Colonel James A. Walker of the 13th Virginia Regiment were made brigadier generals, and the former was assigned to J. R. Jones' brigade in Johnson's division, <je_237>and the latter to Rodes' (the old Stonewall brigade), in the same division, both promotions well deserved.

General Lee now determined to make a campaign across the Potomac by turning the enemy's right flank, so as to transfer the war into the enemy's country and compel his army to withdraw from Virginia. Longstreet's corps was moved to Culpeper in advance of the others, the two divisions which had been south of the James having moved from Richmond by the way of Gordonsville on the railroad.

On the 4th of June, Ewell's corps took up its line of march towards Culpeper Court-House--my division moving by the way of Spottsylvania Court-House, followed by Johnson's and Rodes' by the way of Chancel-lorsville. A.P. Hill's corps was left to watch and amuse Hooker's army. The first day of the march I passed Spottsylvania Court-House and camped beyond it. On the second day, during the march, I received an order to halt and wait for further orders, as the enemy had crossed a force at Fredericksburg in front of Hill. I accordingly went into camp after crossing the Catharpin Creek and remained stationary until the next day (the 6th of June). In the afternoon of the 6th, I received orders to move on, and did so, continuing the march to Culpeper Court-House by the way of Verdierville, and Somerville Ford on the Rapidan, and, passing the CourtHouse on the 8th, camped three or four miles west of that place. We remained stationary near the CourtHouse for two days. On the afternoon of the 9th, my division was moved to the vicinity of Brandy Station during a fight between our cavalry and that of the enemy, but not being needed, it returned to its camps at night.

The 31st Virginia had returned just before our march from Fredericksburg. The official tri-monthly report of my division of the 10th of June, made at this place, shows present for duty 610 officers and 6,616 enlisted men, total 7,226. The brigade inspection reports of the same date show about the same number of effectives <je_238>present. Lieutenant Colonel Hilary P. Jones' battalion of artillery of four batteries, numbering in all thirteen guns, had been assigned to duty with my division just before starting.

My division was fully an average one for the whole army, and perhaps more than an average one. Sixty-five thousand officers and men may therefore be set down as covering the whole of General Lee's infantry with which he commenced the campaign, perhaps sixty thousand would cover the effective strength. Ten thousand men would fully cover the artillery and cavalry and perhaps considerably overgo it--(The return for the 31st of May, just four days before the commencement of the movement, shows the infantry to have been 54,356 for duty, cavalry 9,536, and artillery 4,460, total 68,352. This return was not accessible to me when the within was written.)--150 guns would cover all of our artillery, and they consisted of field pieces, the most of which had been captured from the enemy. The largest guns we had were a very few twenty pounder Parrots. The brigade inspection reports in my division show that about one-third of the men were without bayonets, and this deficiency existed in the rest of the army, owing in a great measure to the fact that nearly all of our small arms had been taken from the enemy on the various battlefields. There was a very great deficiency in shoes for the infantry, a large number of the men being indifferently shod, and some barefooted. A like deficiency existed in regard to the equipment of the men in other respects, the supply of clothing, blankets, etc., being very limited.

On the 11th of June, Ewell's corps resumed the march, taking the road from the lower Shenandoah Valley across the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap. Johnson's division, followed by mine, moved on the road by Sperryville, and Little Washington through the gap, and Rodes' division on a road further to the right through the same gap. Late in the day of the 12th, my division reached <je_239>Front Royal, Rodes' and Johnson's having preceded it, crossing both forks of the Shenandoah near that place. Two of my brigades, Hoke's and Smith's, were crossed over both of the forks that night. Hays' and Gordon's and Jones' artillery with the division trains remained on the east side of the South Branch.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXII.--Capture Of Winchester.

<je_240>

VERY early in the morning of the 13th, the remainder of my division crossed over the Shenandoah, and I received orders from General Ewell to move to the Valley pike at Newtown, and along that road against the enemy then occupying Winchester, while Johnson moved along the direct road from Front Royal to the town, Rodes being sent to the right to Berryville, where there was also a force. Milroy occupied the town of Winchester with a considerable force in strong fortifications, and my orders were to move along the pike to Kerns-town, and then to the left, so as to get a position on the northwest of Winchester from which the main work of the enemy could be attacked with advantage.

This main work was on a hill a little outside of the town on the northwest, being an enclosed fort, with embrasures for artillery, and I was informed that there was a high hill on the northwest which commanded it, and of which I was directed to get possession, if I could. Six main roads centre at Winchester, to-wit: the Front Royal road on which we were, coming in from the southeast and uniting with the Millwood road a mile or two before it reaches town; the Valley pike coming in on the south and uniting with the Cedar Creek pike between Kernstown and Winchester, Kernstown being about two miles from the town; the Romney or Northwestern pike coming in on the west side; the Pughtown road coming in on the northwest; the Martinsburg pike coming in on the north, and uniting with the direct Charlestown and Harper's Ferry roads, three or four miles from town; and the Berryville road coming in on the east.

Lieutenant Barton of the 2nd Virginia Regiment, Walker's brigade, Johnson's division, who had been raised in the neighborhood, was furnished me as a guide, <je_241>and Brown's battalion of reserve artillery, under Captain Dance, was ordered to accompany my division in addition to Jones'.

Having received my orders, and leaving all my wagons, except the regimental ordnance and medical wagons, at Cedarville on the Front Royal road, I diverged from that road at a little place called Ninevah and reached the Valley pike at Newtown. On moving along the latter road past Bartonsville towards Kerns-town, I found Lieutenant Colonel Herbert of the Maryland line occupying a ridge between the two places with his battalion of infantry, a battery of artillery and a part of a battalion of Maryland cavalry, and engaged in occasional skirmishing with a body of the enemy's troops which had taken position in and near Kernstown.

This force of the enemy covered the road which I had to take to get to the west of Winchester, and it was therefore necessary to dislodge it to enable me to get into that road, and to drive it back upon the main body in order that my movement should be unobserved. Colonel Herbert could not inform me of the strength of the force in his immediate front, and I therefore halted my division and formed it in line across the pike, and proceeded to reconnoitre. The only force in sight when I arrived was a cavalry force, but I was informed that a strong infantry picket occupied the town, and the supposition was that a stronger force was in the neighborhood. Just beyond Kernstown and Pritchard's Hill and a ridge extending from it to our left, which was covered with trees, being the position occupied by Shields' troops when General Jackson attacked him on the 23rd of March, 1862. It was a position on which a considerable body of troops might be posted

out of our view, and I soon discovered a battery of artillery on Pritchard's Hill which opened on us.

I then reconnoitred the ground carefully, and, after doing so, I moved Hays' brigade to the left, through a skirt of woods and a meadow, to a small road coming <je_242>in from Bartonsville towards the Cedar Creek pike, and then along that to a suitable position for advancing against the artillery on Pritchard's Hill; and ordered it to advance and get possession of the hill. Whilst advancing General Hays sent me word that the enemy had a considerable infantry force on the ridge to his left. I immediately moved Gordon's brigade over the same route Hays' brigade had taken, and ordered him to advance and clear the ridge on Hays' left, sending an order to the latter, who had advanced to Pritchard's Hill, compelling the artillery and the force supporting it to retire, to wait until Gordon had got up and cleared the ridge on his left. Gordon advanced handsomely, as directed, encountering a considerable force of infantry, which, in conjunction with a body of skirmishers sent out by Hays, he drove from behind a stone fence, and then swept over the fields beyond the ridge, inclining, as he moved, to the Valley pike, and forcing the enemy across the Cedar Creek pike and Abraham's Creek, which here crosses the Valley pike, to Bower's Hill on the north of the creek under Burton's Mill, where there were some reserves. Hays, in the meantime, advanced to the front, thus coming up on Gordon's left after the latter had reached the Valley pike. As soon as Hays and Gordon were both in motion, Hoke's and Smith's brigades were advanced to the front on each side of the Valley pike past Kernstown.

The enemy had strong position on Bower's Hill, held by infantry and artillery, and it was difficult of access, from the nature of Abraham's Creek, a boggy stream, running at its base, and the steep ascent to the hill on the other side. Gordon formed his brigade in line across the Valley pike. Hays was posted on his left along a ridge between Cedar Creek pike and Abraham's Creek, and Hoke's and Smith's brigades were brought up and the latter placed on Hays' left, with a view to further operations against the enemy, in order to drive him from Bower's Hill; Hoke's brigade, under Colonel Avery <je_243>of the 6th North Carolina being held in reserve. During these arrangements the enemy shelled my brigades heavily from his guns on Bower's Hill; and by the time they were made it became too dark to proceed farther. Colonel Avery was then ordered back to Kernstown, with his brigade, where it was placed in position to protect the ambulances, ordnance and medical wagons, and the artillery from any movement around our left, and Colonel Herbert was ordered to take position with his battalion of infantry on Gordon's right, which extended across the Valley pike. The troops then lay down on their arms and spent the night in a drenching rain.

General Ewell had moved with Johnson's division on the Front Royal road to the vicinity of Winchester, and, after I had arranged my troops, I endeavored to reach him by riding across the country, but the storm was so violent and the night so dark that I was compelled to desist and return.

During the night, the enemy withdrew his artillery and the main body of his infantry from Bower's Hill to the town, leaving only a body of skirmishers confronting us. Very early on the morning of the 14th, I ordered Hays and Gordon to advance each a regiment across the creek to drive the enemy's skirmishers from Bower's Hill, which was done after some sharp skirmishing. At the same time Smith's skirmishers were advanced across the creek on the left, and we got possession of the works on the hill. While these operations

were going on at Bower's Hill, Major Goldsborough, with the skirmishers of the Maryland battalion, advanced on the right into the outskirts of Winchester, but fearing that the enemy, whose principal force had taken position in and near the main fort, might shell the town, I ordered him to retire.

General Ewell came up immediately after my skirmishers had advanced to Bower's Hill, and together we proceeded to reconnoitre from that point, from which we had a very distinct view of the works about Winchester. <je_244>We discovered that the hill on the northwest, which I had been ordered to occupy, had been fortified with works facing in the direction from which I would have to approach it, and that they were occupied. It became necessary then to take this hill, which was the key to the position, by assault, and having discovered a ridge back of it from which it might be attacked, I was ordered to leave a brigade and some artillery, where I then was, to amuse the enemy in front, while I moved the rest of my command around by the left to the point from which I could make the assault, taking care to conduct my movement with secrecy so that the enemy would not discover it. I accordingly left Gordon to occupy Bower's Hill, and I left with him besides his own brigade the Maryland battalion and battery, and another battery (Hupp's) of Brown's battalion, and with the other three brigades and the rest of the artillery I moved to the left, following the Cedar Creek pike for a mile or two and then passing through fields and the woods, which latter was here sufficiently open to admit of the passage of the artillery, and crossing the Romney road at Lup-ton's house, about three miles west of Winchester, and half a mile from a point at which I was informed by Mr. Lupton that the enemy had had a picket the night before, and probably had one then.

Leaving the 54th North Carolina Regiment of Hoke's brigade at the point where I crossed the Romney road, to watch my rear, I moved on along a small obscure road to the rear of the position from which I wished to assault the enemy's works, and I found it a very favorable one for the purpose. My route had been a very circuitous one, in order to check the enemy's vigilance, and I was conducted over it by a very intelligent and patriotic citizen, Mr. James C. Baker, who had a son in the service, and who had been made to feel the tyranny of Milroy. Mr. Baker thoroughly understood the object in view, and fully appreciated the advantage of the position I was seeking to reach; and it was mainly owing to the intelligent <je_245>and skilful manner in which he guided me that I was able to get there without attracting the slightest attention from the enemy.

Having conducted me to the desired point, he thought it prudent to retire, as he was of no further use as a guide, and his residence was in the immediate neighborhood of the town. On the route we had not seen a solitary man from the enemy's force, whether straggler, scout or picket. We had met two very ordinary looking men in the roads, and from prudential motives they were carried with us and left at Lupton's with injunctions to keep them.

After that the only person we saw was a young girl of about thirteen years of age whom we met on horseback with her young brother behind her. She was carrying before her a large bundle of clothes tied up in a sheet, and when she unexpectedly came upon us she was at first very much frightened, but soon discovering that we were Confederates, she pulled off her bonnet, waved it over her head and "hurrahed," and then burst into tears. She told us that the enemy had been shelling the woods all around, firing occasionally into her father's house, and that she had been sent from home by her father and mother to get out of the way. She said that they had not been able to imagine what the shelling

meant, as they did not know that any of "our soldiers," as she called us, were anywhere in the neighborhood. It was not necessary to use any precaution as to her, and she was permitted to pass on, feeling much happier for the encounter.

To return from this digression --the position which I reached proved to be a long ridge bordering, at the further end, on the Pughtown road and immediately confronting the fortified hill which I wished to carry, and within easy range of it for our pieces. Where it immediately confronted the enemy's work it was wooded, the trees having been partially cut down, and we found posted at different points notices to the following

<je_246>effect: "General Milroy orders all of the timber east of this point to be cleared off." Enough, however, remained to conceal our movements and enabled me to push forward a brigade under cover to within a short distance of the base of the hill on which was the enemy's work.

On the left of this woods, near the Pughtown road, was a cornfield on Mr. Brinly's land, facing towards the enemy's position and affording an excellent position for posting artillery in the edge of the woods bearing on the enemy. On the right of the woods, on the crest of the ridge, was an old orchard and the remains of an old house, called "Folk's old house," with the slope in front cleared, which furnished another good position for artillery to bear on the other flank of the enemy. I reached this position about four o'clock P.M., and as the day was exceedingly hot, and the men had marched a circuit of eight or ten miles without meeting with water to drink, and were very much exhausted, I massed them in the woods in the rear of the position and gave them time to rest.

In the meantime I proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's position and the ground over which I would have to move. The enemy had no pickets thrown out in the direction where I was, and did not seem to be keeping any lookout that way. The main work on the hill presented a bastion front towards us, and appeared as if it might be an enclosed work. It was on the south of the Pughtown road, and there was a line of works running across that road from the flank of the main one along a ridge, a small redoubt which, about 150 yards from the main work, was occupied by two guns supported by infantry. On the other flank were rifle pits on the slope of the hill. The men constituting the force occupying the works in our front did not seem to apprehend any danger in their immediate neighborhood, but were looking intently in the direction of Gordon's position, against which a gradual advance was <je_247>being made with skirmishers supported by a body of infantry and some pieces of artillery, which were firing in that direction.

Colonel Jones, who had been entrusted with the command of all the artillery, had been quietly getting it into position out of sight, so as to be pushed by hand rapidly to the front when the time arrived to open on the enemy. When the men had become sufficiently refreshed, Hays' brigade, which was selected to make the assault, was moved to the front near to the edge of the woods next the enemy's position, with directions to General Hays to keep his men under cover until the artillery opened, and then to advance to the assault across the field and up the hill to the enemy's works, as soon as he should discover that the force occupying them was demoralized by the artillery fire. The artillery under Jones had been posted, with twelve pieces on the right of the woods, near Folk's old house, and right on the left in rear of the cornfield the 57th North Carolina Regiment of Hoke's brigade was posted so as to protect the pieces on the left from an attack in the direction of the Pughtown road. The rest of Hoke's brigade, except the 54th North Carolina Regiment, still on picket on the Romney road, and the whole of Smith's, were placed in line in the

woods about a quarter of a mile in rear of Hays', so as to be ready to support him.

About an hour before sunset, everything being ready, Jones caused his pieces to be run by hand to the front, and opened almost simultaneously with the whole twenty pieces upon the enemy, who thus received the first indication of our presence in that quarter. Of course he was taken by surprise and thrown into confusion. Our fire continued for about three-fourths of an hour very rapidly, being replied to, after the first consternation was over, by the enemy's guns, but in a very wild manner. Hays then advanced to the assault as directed, crossing the field in his front, ascending the hill--the slope of which was covered with abattis made by cutting <je_248>the brush wood growing on it,--and carrying the main work on the crest in handsome style, capturing some prisoners and six pieces of artillery, including those in the small redoubt, two of which were immediately turned on a body of the enemy's infantry seen approaching from the main fort to the assistance of these outer works.

The greater portion of the force occupying the captured works was enabled to make its escape towards the town, as it proved that this main work was open in the rear with wings thrown back from the two flanks of the bastion front presented to us. As soon as I saw Hays' men entering the works, I ordered Smith's brigade forward to their support, and directed Colonel Jones, whose guns had ceased firing when Hays advanced, to move the pieces on the left to the captured hill, those on the right being left under the protection of three regiments of Hoke's brigade. Riding on myself in advance of the supports ordered to Hays I discovered him in secure possession of the captured works, and ascertained that the attempt to advance against him had been abandoned, the force that commenced advancing having been repulsed by the fire from the captured guns which had been turned on it.

The force which had been advancing upon Gordon in the direction of Bower's Hill had retired precipitately, and the enemy's whole force seemed to be in great commotion. He had turned all his guns from the main fort, and from a square redoubt on a ridge north of it, upon the position now occupied by us, and as soon as Jones' guns arrived they replied to the enemy's, firing into both forts, which were completely commanded by the one in our possession, and upon the masses of infantry near them. The enemy's force occupying the works, and around them, was quite large, and deep and rugged ravines interposed between us and the two occupied works, which rendered an assault upon them from that direction very difficult.

<je_249>

By the time Smith's brigade and the artillery arrived, it was too late to accomplish anything further before night, and the capture of the other works by assault would evidently require the co-operation of the other troops around Winchester. The artillery fire upon the enemy's position and his masses of infantry was continued until a stop was put to it by the approach of darkness. Hays' brigade was formed in line on the crest of the ridge behind the captured works, with Smith's in rear. The 57th North Carolina, Colonel Godwin, was sent for, to occupy a portion of the works on the north of the Pughtown road, Colonel Avery being left with two regiments, to protect the artillery which had not been brought forward and guard against a surprise in our rear, the 54th North Carolina Regiment being still left on picket on the Romney road, and the front and flanks of our main position being watched by pickets thrown out. The men then lay down on their arms to rest from the fatigues of the day.

During my operations on the northwest, Johnson's division had demonstrated and skirmished heavily with the enemy on the east of the town, while Gordon demonstrated and skirmished with him from the direction of Bower's Hill, his attention being thus diverted entirely from the point of real attack, which enabled us to effect a surprise with artillery in open day upon a fortified position. It was very apparent that the enemy's position was now untenable, and that he must either submit to a surrender of his whole force or attempt to escape during the night.

I was of opinion that he would attempt an evacuation during the night, and I sent a courier to General Ewell with information of what I had accomplished, stating my opinion of the probability of the attempt to escape, but also informing him that I would renew the attack at light if the enemy was not gone. I had been given to understand that Johnson's division would be so moved as to cut off the enemy's retreat in the event I succeeded <je_250>in capturing the position commanding his works, and I took it for granted this would be done.

In order to prepare for any emergency that might exist, I sent my aide, Lieutenant Callaway, with orders to General Gordon, to move direct from Bower's Hill against the main force at light next morning, and I set my pioneer party at work during the night to turn the captured works for my artillery, so that it might have some protection from the enemy's guns, if it should be necessary to open fire in the morning. As soon as it was light enough to see it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated his works and the town of Winchester during the night, taking the Martinsburg road, and some artillery was heard on the road which proved to be Johnson's guns near Stephenson's depot firing on the retiring enemy, whose retreat had been cut off by his division.

The brigades with me, including the detached regiments of Hoke's, were immediately ordered forward to the Martinsburg road for the purpose of taking up the pursuit. Gordon had advanced at light, as ordered, and finding the main fort unoccupied had pulled down the large garrison flag still left floating over that work. The 13th Virginia Regiment under Colonel Terrill was immediately detailed by me as a guard for a large number of loaded wagons found standing outside of the town, and a considerable amount of stores left in the town by the enemy, and the rest of my command, as soon as Avery came up with Hoke's brigade, advanced in pursuit along the Martinsburg road, Gordon's brigade having preceded the others. On getting near Stephenson's depot, five or six miles from Winchester, I found that General Johnson's division had captured the greater part of Milroy's force, Milroy himself having made his escape with a small fraction of his command, principally mounted on the mules and horses taken from the wagons and artillery that had been left behind, and I therefore desisted from further pursuit.

<je_251>

An enemy flying for safety cannot be overtaken by a force on foot moving with arms in their hands, and as we had but a very small battalion of cavalry (that belonging to Herbert's command, which did capture some prisoners), nothing was accomplished by the attempts made at further pursuit of Milroy, and he succeeded in getting in safety to Harper's Ferry.

During the operations against Winchester, Rodes had moved to Berryville, but the enemy fled from that place before him; he then moved on to Martinsburg in conjunction with Jenkins' brigade of cavalry, and there captured several hundred prisoners, several pieces of artillery, and some stores. My division bivouacked near Stephenson's depot, and

I was ordered by General Ewell into Winchester to make arrangements for securing the stores and sending off the prisoners.

The enemy had abandoned the whole of his artillery, wagon trains, camp equipage, baggage, and stores, and twenty-five pieces of artillery with all their equipments complete, including those captured by Hays' brigade at the storming of the outer work, a very large number of horses and mules, and a quantity of ammunition, though in a damaged state, which fell into our hands. In the hurry of the movement after Milroy was found to have evacuated, I made such arrangements as I could to secure the abandoned property by detailing a regiment to guard it, but as usual on such occasions the contents of the wagons and the stores in town were considerably plundered by stragglers and followers of our trains, before they could be secured, and even after our quartermasters and commissaries got possession of them, there was great waste, and perhaps misappropriation of much of them, as always seemed unavoidable on such occasions.

On getting into town I endeavored to rectify the abuses as well as I could, but much was lost to the army of what was of real value, because there was no means of holding such agents to a strict responsibility. I sent off to Richmond, under guard, by the way of Staunton, <je_252>108 commissioned officers and 3,250 enlisted men as prisoners, much the larger portion of which had been captured by Johnson's division. Besides these there were left in Winchester several hundred sick and wounded prisoners.

My loss in the operations around Winchester was slight, consisting of 30 killed and 144 wounded, total 174, all but one killed and six wounded being from Hays' and Gordon's brigades.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXIII.--At York And Wrightsville.

<je_253>

I REMAINED in Winchester until the afternoon of the 18th, General Ewell having moved in the meantime to Shepherdstown on the Potomac, to which place Johnson's division, and Gordon's brigade, Hays' brigade and three regiments of Smith's brigade of my own division had also moved. The 54th North Carolina Regiment of Hoke's brigade, and the 58th Virginia of Smith's brigade had been sent to Staunton in charge of the prisoners, and leaving the 13th Virginia Regiment in Winchester, I proceeded on the afternoon of the 18th with the residue of Hoke's brigade, and Jones' battalion of artillery, to Shepherdstown, which place I reached on the 19th.

By this time Longstreet's corps had begun to arrive in the valley, and Hill's was following. The crossing of the river at Fredericksburg by a portion of Hooker's army had been for the purpose of ascertaining whether our army had left the vicinity of that place, and when ascertained that we were concentrating near Culpeper Court-House, he withdrew his force from across the river and moved his army north to defend Washington.

I remained at Shepherdstown until the 22nd. The field return of my division at this place on the 20th showed 487 officers and 5,124 men present for duty, making a total of 5,611, and the brigade inspection reports for the same day showed the number of efficient present to be about the same number, the reduction since the last reports being caused by the absence of the three regiments before mentioned and which did not rejoin until the campaign was over, the permanent detaching of Wharton's battalion of Hoke's brigade as a provost guard for the corps, the loss sustained at Winchester, and the sick and exhausted men left behind.

It is as well to state here that we had no hired men <je_254>for teamsters, or in any other capacity, but all the duties usually assigned to such men with an army had to be performed by men detailed from the ranks, as were all our pioneer and engineer parties.

On the 22nd of June I crossed the Potomac with my division and Jones' battalion of artillery at Boteler's Ford below Shepherdstown and marched through Sharpsburg and Boonsboro, camping three miles beyond Boonsboro on the pike to Hagerstown. The 17th Virginia Regiment of cavalry, under Colonel French, from Jenkins' brigade, joined me on the march this day to accompany my division by orders of General Ewell. Rodes had moved through Hagerstown towards Chambersburg, and Johnson's division, which had crossed the Potomac ahead of me, moved in the same direction. I was ordered to proceed along the western base of the South Mountain. Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry were both strongly fortified, and were occupied by a heavy force of the enemy, which we left behind us, without making any effort to dislodge it, as it would have been attended with a loss disproportionate to any good to be obtained. Our movements through and from Sharpsburg were in full view of the enemy from the heights.

On the 23rd, I moved through Cavetown, Smittown, and Ringgold (or Ridgeville as it is now usually called) to Waynesboro in Pennsylvania. On the 24th I moved through Quincy and Altodale to Greenwood, at the western base of the South Mountain, on the pike from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. There were no indications of any enemy near us and the march was entirely without molestation. We were now in the enemy's country, and were getting our supplies entirely from the country people. These supplies were taken

from mills, storehouses, and the farmers, under a regular system ordered by General Lee, and with a due regard to the wants of the inhabitants themselves, certificates being given in all cases. There was no marauding, or indiscriminate plundering, <je_255>but all such acts were expressly forbidden and prohibited effectually. On the 25th my command remained stationary at Greenwood, and I visited General Ewell, by his request, at Chambersburg, where Rodes' and Johnson's divisions had concentrated.

In accordance with instructions received from General Lee, General Ewell ordered me to move with my command across the South Mountain, and through Gettysburg to York, for the purpose of cutting the Northern Central Railroad (running from Baltimore to Harrisburg), and destroying the bridge across the Susquehanna at Wrightsville and Columbia on the branch railroad from York to Philadelphia. Lieutenant Colonel Elijah White's battalion of cavalry was ordered to report to me for the expedition in addition to French's regiment, and I was ordered to leave the greater portion of my trains behind to accompany the reserve ordnance and subsistence trains of the camps. I was also ordered to rejoin the other divisions at Carlisle by the way of Dillstown from York, after I had accomplished the task assigned me.

I returned to Greenwood on the afternoon of the 25th, and directed all my trains--except the ambulances, one medical wagon, one ordnance wagon, and one wagon with cooking utensils, for each regiment, and fifteen empty wagons for getting supplies,--to be sent to Chambersburg. No baggage whatever was allowed for officers, except what they could carry on their backs or horses, not excepting division headquarters, and with my command and the trains thus reduced, I moved across South Mountain on the morning of the 26th, and we saw no more of our trains until we crossed the Potomac three weeks later.

As we were leaving, I caused the iron works of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens near Greenwood, consisting of a furnace, a forge, a rolling mill--with a saw mill and storehouse attached,--to be burnt by my pioneer party. The enemy had destroyed a number of similar works, <je_256>as well as manufacturing establishments of different kinds, in those parts of the Southern States to which he had been able to penetrate, upon the plea that they furnished us the means of carrying on the war, besides burning many private houses and destroying a vast deal of private property which could be employed in no way in supporting the war on our part; and finding in my way these works of Mr. Stevens, who--as a member of the Federal Congress--had been advocating the most vindictive measures of confiscation and devastation, I determined to destroy them. This I did on my own responsibility, as neither General Lee nor General Ewell knew I would encounter these works. A quantity of provisions found in store at the furnace was appropriated to the use of my command, but the houses and private property of the employees were not molested.

On getting to the eastern slope of the South Mountain, where the road forks about one and a half miles from Cashtown, I heard that there was probably a force in Gettysburg, and the pike leading through Cashtown was found to be slightly obstructed by trees felled across the road. I determined, therefore, to move a portion of my force along the pike, which was the direct road to Gettysburg, in order to skirmish with and amuse the enemy in front, while I moved with the rest on the road to the left, by the way of Hilltown and Mummasburg, so as to cut off the retreat of such force as might be at Gettysburg. Accordingly, Gordon was sent on the pike directly towards the town with his brigade and White's battalion of cavalry, and I moved with the rest of the command on the other road.

There had been a heavy rain the night before, and it was now raining slightly but constantly, in consequence of which the dirt road, over which the left column moved, was very muddy.

Gordon moving along the pike, with about forty men of White's cavalry in front, as an advance guard, encountered <je_257>a militia regiment a mile or two from Gettysburg, which fled across the fields at the first sight of White's advance party without waiting to see what was in the rear, and Gordon moved on without resistance into the town.

On reaching Mummasburg with French's cavalry in advance of the infantry, I was informed that there was but a comparatively small force at Gettysburg, and I halted to wait for the infantry, whose march was impeded by the mud, sending out one of French's companies towards the latter place to reconnoitre. In a short time this company encountered some of the fleeing militia and captured a few prisoners, and being informed of this fact and that the command to which they belonged was retreating through the fields between Mummasburg and Gettysburg, I sent the rest of French's cavalry in pursuit. Hays' brigade, arriving soon after, was ordered to move towards Gettysburg, while the rest of this column was ordered into the camp near Mummasburg.

I then rode to Gettysburg, and finding Gordon in possession of the town, Hays was halted and encamped within a mile of it, and two of his regiments were sent to help French in catching the frightened militia, but could not get up with it. French caught about two hundred, but the rest succeeded in getting off through enclosed fields and the woods. The regiment proved to be the 26th Pennsylvania Militia, eight or nine hundred strong. It was newly clad with the regular United States uniform, and was well armed and equipped. It had arrived in Gettysburg the night before and moved out that morning on the Cashtown road. This was a part of Governor Curtin's contingent for the defence of the State, and seemed to belong to that class of men who regard "discretion as the better part of valor." It was well that the regiment took to its heels so quickly, or some of its members might have been hurt, and all <je_258>would have been captured. The men and officers taken were paroled next day and sent about their business, rejoicing at this termination of their campaign.

On entering Gettysburg myself I called for the town authorities in order to make a requisition on them for a sum of money and some supplies. The principal municipal officer was absent, but I saw one of the authorities, who informed me that the town could furnish no supplies, as they were not there, and the people were too poor to afford them. I caused the stores in town to be searched and succeeded in finding only a small quantity of articles suited for commissary supplies, which were taken. It was then late and I had to move early in the morning towards York, so that I did not have time to enforce my demands. Two thousand rations were found in a train of cars which had been brought with the militia, and these were taken and issued to Gordon's brigade. The cars, ten or twelve in number, and also a railroad bridge near the place were burnt, there being no railroad buildings of any consequence. I then ordered Colonel White to proceed with his battalion early the next morning along the railroad from Gettysburg to Hanover Junction on the Northern Central road, and to burn all the bridges on the former road, also the railroad buildings at the Junction and a bridge or two south of it on the Northern Central, and then move along that road to York, burning all the bridges. Gordon was ordered to move at the same time along the macadamized road to York, and during the night I sent him a company of French's cavalry and Tanner's battery of artillery to accompany him.

With the rest of the command I moved at light next day (the 27th) from Mummasburg towards York by the way of Hunterstown, New Chester, Hampton, and East Berlin, halting and bivouacking for the night after passing the latter place a few miles. I then rode across to the York pike to Gordon's camp to arrange with him the means of moving against the town next day in the <je_259>event that it should be defended. The information which Gordon had received was that there were no troops in York, and I directed him, in the event the town should be unoccupied, to move on through to the Wrightsville and Columbia bridge and get possession of it at both ends and hold it until I came up.

On the next day (the 28th) both columns moved at daylight, and a deputation consisting of the Mayor and other citizens of York came out to meet Gordon and surrender the town, which he entered early in the day without opposition. Moving by the way of Weiglestown into the Harrisburg and York road with the other column, I entered the town shortly afterwards, and repeated my instructions to Gordon about the bridge over the Susquehanna, cautioning him to prevent the bridge from being burned if possible. At Weiglestown French had been sent with the greater part of his cavalry to the mouth of the Conewago to burn two railroad bridges at that point and all others between there and York. Before reaching town Hays' and Smith's brigades were ordered into camp about two miles on the north of it at some mills near the railroad. Hoke's brigade under Colonel Avery was moved into town to occupy it, and preserve order, being quartered in some extensive hospital buildings erected by the United States Government. I then levied a contribution on the town for 100,000 dollars in money, 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 hats, 1,000 pairs of socks, and three days' rations of all kinds for my troops, for which a requisition was made on the authorities.

Gordon moved promptly towards Wrightsville, and on reaching the vicinity of that place found the western end of the bridge defended by a force, which proved to be twelve or fifteen hundred Pennsylvania militia, entrenched around Wrightsville. He immediately took measures to dislodge the enemy, and, finding it impracticable to turn the works so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy, opened with his artillery and advanced in <je_260>front, the militia taking to its heels after a few shots from the artillery and outrunning Gordon's men, who had then marched a little over twenty miles. Gordon pursued as rapidly as possible, but, on getting half way across the bridge, he found it on fire, inflammable materials having previously been prepared for the purpose. He endeavored to extinguish the flames, but his men had nothing but their muskets, and before buckets, which were sent for, could be procured, *the* fire had progressed so far as to render the effort hopeless, as the superstructure of the bridge was of wood, it being a covered one of more than a mile in length with a track for the railroad, another for wagons, and a third as a tow-path for the canal which here crossed the river. He had therefore to desist, and retire to Wrightsville with his men.

The bridge was entirely consumed, and as one or two houses were adjoining it, at the Wrightsville end, they were also consumed. When these houses caught fire Gordon formed his brigade around them and by the exertions of his men, then much exhausted, arrested the flames and saved the town of Wrightsville from a conflagration, though the houses immediately adjoining the bridge could not be saved. The brigade which did this, and thus saved from a disastrous fire, kindled by their own defenders, one of the enemy's towns, was composed of Georgians, in whose State, just a short time before, the town of

Darien had been fired and entirely destroyed by a regular expedition of Federal troops.

As soon as I had made the necessary arrangements for establishing order in the town of York, and preventing any molestation of the citizens, and had made the requisitions on the authorities for what I had determined to levy on the town, I rode in the direction of Wrightsville. By the time I got outside of the town I saw the smoke arising from the burning bridge, and when I reached Wrightsville I found the bridge entirely destroyed. I regretted this very much, <je_261>as, notwithstanding my orders to destroy the bridge, [had found the country so defenceless, and the militia which Curtin had called into service so utterly inefficient, that I determined to cross the Susquehanna, levy a contribution on the rich town of Lancaster, cut the Central Railroad, and then move up in rear of Harrisburg while General Ewell was advancing against that city from the other side, relying upon being able, in any event that might happen, to mount my division on the horses which had been accumulated in large numbers on the east side of the river, by the farmers who had fled before us, and make my escape by moving to the west of the army, after damaging the railroads and canals on my route as much as possible.

This scheme, in which I think I could have been successful, was, however, thwarted by the destruction of the bridge, as there was no other means of crossing the river. Gordon was therefore ordered to return to York early the next day, and I rode back that night. The affair at Wrightsville had been almost bloodless; Gordon had one man wounded, and he found one dead militiaman, and captured twenty prisoners.

Colonel White succeeded in reaching Hanover Junction and destroying the depot at that place and one or two bridges in the vicinity, but he did not destroy all the bridges between there and York, as one or two of them, as reported by him, were defended by a force of infantry. Colonel French succeeded in destroying the bridges over the Conewago at its mouth, and all between there and York, and on the 29th he was sent to complete the destruction of the bridges south of the town, over the Codorus, which he succeeded in doing, as the force defending them had retired.

In compliance with my requisition some twelve or fifteen hundred pairs of shoes, all the hats, socks, and rations called for, and \$28,600 in money were furnished by the town authorities. The number of shoes required could not be found in the place, and the Mayor assured <je_262>me that the money paid over was all that could be raised, as the banks and moneyed men had run off their funds to Philadelphia. I believed that he had made an honest effort to raise the money, and I did not, therefore, take any stringent measures to enforce the demand, but left the town indebted to me for the remainder. The shoes, hats, and socks were issued to the men, who stood very much in need of them. A portion of the money was subsequently used in buying beef cattle, which could be found much more readily when they were to be paid for than when certificates were to be given, and the residue was paid into the hands of the quartermaster of the army, to be used for public purposes. No public stores were found.

A few prisoners taken in the hospitals and those captured at Wrightsville by Gordon were paroled. Some cars found in the town were burned. There were two large car factories, and two depots and other railroad buildings which I would have destroyed but for the fact that the burning of them would set fire to some private dwellings and perhaps consume a large part of the town, and I therefore determined not to run the risk of entailing so much mischief on non-combatants, notwithstanding the barbarous policy that had been pursued by the enemy in numerous similar cases. Neither were the hospitals burned

or injured in any way. I think the people of York were very well satisfied and much surprised to get out of my hands as well as they did.(*). Certainly any Southern town into which the enemy went would have considered itself exceedingly fortunate to

(*).TO THE CITIZENS OF YORK:

I have abstained from burning the railroad buildings and car shops in your town, because, after examination, I am satisfied the safety of the town would be endangered; and, acting in the spirit of humanity which has ever characterized my government and its military authorities, I do not desire to involve the innocent in the same punishment with the guilty. Had I applied the torch without regard to consequences, I would have pursued a course that would have been fully vindicated as an act of just retaliation for the many authorized acts of barbarity perpetrated by your own army upon our soil. But we do not war upon women and children, and I trust the treatment you have met with at the hands of my soldiers will open your eyes to the monstrous iniquity of the war waged by your government upon the people of the Confederate States, and that you will make an effort to shake off the revolting tyranny under which it is apparent to all you are yourselves groaning.

J. A. EARLY,

Major General, C. S. A.

<je_263>

have got off so well. Our forbearance, however, was not at all appreciated by the enemy generally, for not only did they not follow the example set them, but some of the presses actually charged Gordon's brigade with firing the town of Wrightsville.

During my movement to York, General Ewell had moved towards Harrisburg and reached Carlisle with Rodes' division and Jenkins' cavalry, Johnson's division going to Shippensburg;--Longstreet's and Hill's corps had also moved into Pennsylvania and reached the vicinity of Chambersburg, while the Federal Army had moved north on the East side of South Mountain, interposing between ours and Washington.

Late on the afternoon of the 29th, Captain Elliot Johnson, aide to General Ewell, came to me with a copy of a note from General Lee to General Ewell stating the enemy's army was moving north and directing a concentration of the corps on the west side of the South Mountain; and also verbal instructions from General Ewell to move back so as to rejoin the rest of the corps, and information of his purpose to move back to unite with Johnson.

In accordance with these instructions, I put my whole command in motion at daylight on the morning of the 30th, taking the route by the way of Weiglestown and East Berlin towards Heidlersburg, so as to be able to move from that point to Shippensburg or Greenwood by the way of Aaronsburg, as circumstances might require, Colonel White being directed to move his battalion of <je_264>cavalry on the pike from York towards Gettysburg, to ascertain if any force of the enemy was on that road. At East Berlin, a small squad of the enemy's cavalry was seen and pursued by my cavalry advance, and I received at that place information, by a courier from Colonel White, that a cavalry and infantry force had been at Abbotstown on the York and Gettysburg road, but had moved south towards Hanover Junction. A courier also reached me here with a dispatch from General Ewell, informing me that he was moving with Rodes' division by the way of Petersburg to Heidlersburg, and directing me to march for the same place.

I marched to within three miles of Heidlersburg and bivouacked my command, and then rode to see General Ewell at Heidlersburg, where I found him with Rodes' division. I was informed by him that the object was to concentrate the corps at or near Cashtown at the eastern base of the mountain, and I was directed to move to that point the next day by the way of Hunterstown and Mummasburg, while Rodes would take the route by Middletown

and Arendtsville.

My march so far, to the bank of the Susquehanna and back, had been without resistance, the performances of the militia force at Gettysburg and Wrightsville amounting in fact to no resistance at all, but being merely a source of amusement to my troops. The country maps were so thorough and accurate that I had no necessity for a guide in any direction. There had been no depredations upon the people, except the taking of such supplies as were needed in an orderly and regular manner as allowed by the most liberal and intelligent rules of war. No houses had been burned or pillaged, no indignities offered to the inhabitants, who were themselves amazed at the forbearance of our troops; not even a rail had been taken from the fences for firewood. I had returned over a large portion of the route taken in going to York, and I was myself surprised to see so little evidence of the march of an invading army. It <je_265>furnished a most striking contrast to the track of the Federal army, as I had witnessed the latter on many occasions in my own state.

What was the case with my command, was the case with all the rest of our army, and I venture to say that the invasion of Pennsylvania by General Lee's army, for the forbearance shown to the invaded country, is without a parallel in the history of war in any age. Yet this invasion was made by an army composed of men many of whose own houses had been destroyed by a most ruthless enemy, into the country of that very enemy, and many of the houses thus spared were those of the very men who had applied the torch to and ransacked the houses of the men now so forbearing: yet those who have left their mark indelibly all over the South charge the invaders of Pennsylvania and their countrymen with being barbarous, and with maltreating prisoners.

As we moved through the country, a number of people made mysterious signs to us, and on inquiring we ascertained that some enterprising Yankees had passed along a short time before, initiating the people into certain signs, for a consideration, which they were told would prevent the "rebels" from molesting them or their property, when they appeared. These things were all new to us, and the purchasers of the mysteries had been badly *sold*.

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Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXIV.--Battle Of Gettysburg.

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HAVING ascertained, after I left General Ewell on the night of the 30th, that the road from my camp to Hunterstown was a very circuitous and rough one, on the morning of the 1st of July I moved to Heidlersburg, for the purpose of following the road from that point to Gettysburg until I reached the Mummasburg road. After moving a short distance for Heidlersburg on the Gettysburg road, I received a dispatch from General Ewell, informing me that Hill, who had crossed the mountain, was moving towards Gettysburg against a force of the enemy, which had arrived at that place and pushed out on the Cashtown road, and that Rodes' division had turned off from Middletown towards Gettysburg by the way of Mummasburg, and ordering me to move on the direct road from Heidlersburg to the same place. I therefore moved on until I came in sight of Gettysburg.

Hooker had been supplanted in the command of the Federal Army by Major General Meade, and the advance of that army, consisting of the 1st corps under Reynolds, the 11th corps under Howard, and Buford's division of cavalry, had reached Gettysburg; the cavalry on the 30th of June, and the infantry early on the morning of the 1st of July. The cavalry had moved, on the morning of the 1st, out on the Cashtown road and was there encountered by Hill's troops, two of his divisions only having as yet crossed the mountain. The enemy's infantry then moved out to support his cavalry, and a heavy engagement ensued between it and Hill's two divisions. While this was progressing Rodes' division came up on the left of Hill, on the Mummasburg road, and immediately engaged the enemy.

When I arrived in sight of Gettysburg I found the <je_267>engagement in progress on the Cashtown and Mummas-burg roads, the enemy's troops being advanced out from that town on both roads for about a mile. Rodes had opposed to him a very large force which overlapped his left, and seemed to be pressing back that flank. On the hill in rear of Gettysburg, known as Cemetery Hill, was posted some artillery so as to sweep all the ground on the enemy's right flank, including the Heidlersburg or Harrisburg road, and the York pike. I could not discover whether there was any infantry supporting this artillery, as the hill was much higher than the ground on which I then was.

Moving on the Heidlersburg road and on Rodes' left, I came up on the enemy's right flank. I immediately ordered the artillery forward and the brigades into line. Gordon's brigade being in front formed first in line on the right of the road, then Hays', with Smith's in rear of Hoke's, and thrown back so as to present a line towards the York pike. Jones' battalion was posted in a field immediately in front of Hoke's brigade, so as to open on the enemy's flank, which it did at once with effect, attracting the fire of the enemy's artillery on Cemetery Hill and that in front of the town on the enemy's right flank. Between us and the enemy on the northeast of the town ran a small stream, called Rock Creek, with abrupt and rugged banks.

On the opposite bank of this creek in front of Gordon was a heavy force of the enemy, on a low ridge partially wooded, with a part of it in line moving against the left of Rodes' division held by Doles' brigade, so as to compel it to fall back, while the right flank of this advancing line was protected and supported by another in position along the crest of the ridge. While the brigades of Hays and Hoke were being formed, as Doles' brigade was

getting in a critical condition, Gordon charged rapidly to the front, passing over the fences and Rock Creek and up the side of the hill, and engaged the enemy's line on the crest, which, after a short but <je_268>obstinate and bloody conflict, was broken and routed. The right flank of the force advancing against Doles became thus exposed to Gordon's fire, and that force endeavored to change front, but Gordon immediately attacked it and drove it from the field with heavy slaughter, pursuing towards the town and capturing a number of prisoners, among them being General Barlow, commanding a division of the 11th corps, severely wounded.

While Gordon was engaged, Hays' and Hoke's brigades were advanced in line to Rock Creek, Smith's brigade being ordered to follow, supporting the artillery as it advanced in rear of the other brigades. By the time Hays and Avery had reached Rock Creek, Gordon had encountered a second line just outside of the town in a strong position behind some houses, and halted his brigade behind the crest of a low ridge in the open field. I then rode to Gordon's position and, finding that the line confronting him extended beyond his left across the Heidlersburg road, I ordered him to remain stationary while Hays and Avery advanced on his left. The latter were then ordered forward, and advancing while exposed to a heavy artillery fire of shell and canister, encountered the second line and drove it back in great confusion into the town, capturing two pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners.

Hays encountered a portion of the force falling back on his right, on which he turned some of his regiments and entered the town fighting his way, along the left end of a street running through the middle of the town. Avery, after reaching the outskirts of the town, moved to the left, and crossed the railroad into the open fields, on the left of the town, while exposed to a heavy fire from the batteries on Cemetery Hill, and took a position confronting the rugged ascent to the hill, his men being placed in a depression under cover of a low ridge, so as to protect them from the fire of the enemy's artillery. A very large number of prisoners were taken in the <je_269>town, where they were crowded in confusion, the number being so great as really to embarrass us and stop all further movement for the present.

While Hays and Avery were driving the enemy so handsomely, I saw a large force to the right of Gordon, falling back in comparatively good order, before Rodes' advancing brigades, around the right of the town, towards the hills in the rear, and I sent for a battery of artillery to be brought up so as to open on this force, and on the town from which a fire was being poured on Hays' and Avery's then advancing brigades, but before the battery reached me, Hays had entered the town and the enemy's retreating columns had got out of reach, their speed being very much accelerated and their order considerably disturbed by Rodes' rapid advance. At the same time I had sent for the battery, an order had been sent for the advance of Smith's brigade to the support of Hays and Avery, but, a report having been brought to General Smith that a large force of the enemy was advancing on the York road on our then rear, he thought proper to detain his brigade to watch that road.

As soon as I saw my men entering the town, I rode forward into it myself, having sent to repeat the order to Smith to advance, and when I had ascertained the condition of things, I rode to the right of it to find either General Ewell, General Rodes, or General Hill, for the purpose of urging an immediate advance upon the enemy, before he could recover from his evident dismay and confusion. Rodes' troops were then entering the town on the right and all plains on that flank had been cleared of the enemy. The enemy,

however, held the houses in the edge of the town on the slope of Cemetery Hill with sharpshooters, from which they were pointing an annoying fire into Hays' left, and along the streets running towards the hill.

The ascent to the hill in front of Avery was very rugged, and was much obstructed by plank and stone <je_270>fences on the side of it, while an advance through the town would have had to be made along the streets by flank or in columns so narrow as to have been subjected to a destructive fire from the batteries on the crest of the hill, which enfiladed the streets. I, therefore, could not make an advance from my front with advantage, and thought it ought to be made on the right.

General Hill's troops had not advanced to the town, but remained on or beyond Seminary ridge, more than a mile distant, and before I could find either General Ewell or General Rodes, General Smith's aide came to me with a message from the General that the enemy was advancing a large force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry on the York road, menacing our left flank and rear. Though I believed this an unfounded report, as it proved to be, yet I thought it best to send General Gordon with his brigade out on that road, to take command of both brigades, and to stop all further alarms from that direction.

Meeting with a staff officer of General Pender's I requested him to go and inform General Hill that if he would send a division forward we could take the hill to which the enemy had retreated. Finding General Ewell shortly afterwards in the town, I communicated to him my views, and he informed me that Johnson's division, which had moved from Shippensburg, by the way of Greenwood Gap, was coming up, and he determined to move it to a wooded hill on the left of Cemetery Hill, which seemed to command the latter hill and to be the key to the position on that flank. This hill was on the right or southwestern side of Rock Creek, and seemed to be occupied by the enemy.

Johnson's division was late in arriving and when it came, it was further delayed by a false report that the enemy was advancing on the York road, so that it became dark in the meantime, and the effort to get possession of the wooded hill was postponed until morning, by which time it had been occupied and fortified <je_271>by the enemy. My division went into this action about three o'clock P.M. and at the close of the day a brilliant victory had been achieved, between six and seven thousand prisoners and two pieces of artillery falling into our hands, a considerable portion of which had been captured by Rodes' division.

Perhaps that victory might have been made decisive, so far as Gettysburg was concerned, by a prompt advance of all the troops that had been engaged on our side against the hill upon and behind which the enemy had taken refuge, but a common superior did not happen to be present, and the opportunity was lost. The only troops engaged on our side were Hill's two divisions and Ewell's two divisions, the rest of the army not being up.

Late in the evening, when it had become too dark to do anything further, General Lee came to General Ewell's headquarters, and after conferring with General Ewell, General Rodes and myself, we were given to understand that, if the rest of the troops could be got up, there would be an attack very early in the morning on the enemy's left flank, and also on the right, at the wooded hill before named.

During the night, Hays' brigade was moved to the left into the open ground on that side, and placed in front of the left end of the town, under cover from the artillery and in a position to advance upon Cemetery Hill when a favorable opportunity should offer, his

line connecting with Avery's right. In this position the two brigades were behind a low ridge close to the base of Cemetery Hill.

Gordon was still retained on the York road with his own and Smith's brigades, as constant rumors were reaching us that the enemy was advancing on that road. Johnson's division had been moved to the left and posted in the valley of Rock Creek, confronting the wooded hill.

During the night a large portion of Meade's army <je_272>came up and the rest arrived in the course of the next day before the battle opened.

The general attack was not made in the morning of the 2nd because there was great delay in the arrival of Longstreet's corps, and on the left Rodes' and my divisions remained in position until late in the afternoon, waiting for the preparations on the right. Johnson, however, had some heavy skirmishing during the day.

During the morning General Ewell and myself rode to a ridge in rear of Johnson's position for the purpose of posting some artillery and several batteries were placed in position there to fire upon Cemetery Hill and the wooded hill.

I made an attempt to get possession of the wooded hill in the morning, but found it occupied by the enemy in force behind breastworks of felled trees.

The enemy's position consisted of a low range of hills extending off to the southwest from Cemetery Hill to what was called Round Top Mountain, and on the right of it, confronting Johnson's division and my two brigades, was an elbow almost at right angles with the other part of the line, and terminating with the wooded hill or range of hills in Johnson's front, which extended beyond his left, the town of Gettysburg being located just in front of the salient angle at the elbow.

For some distance on the right of Gettysburg the ground in front of the line was open and ascended to the crest of the ridge by a gradual slope. On the left of the town, the ascent was very steep and rough, and this was much the strongest part of the line and the most difficult of approach.

The enemy had during the previous night and the fore part of this day strengthened their position by entrenchments.

Having been informed that the attack would begin on the enemy's left at four o'clock P.M., I directed General Gordon to move his brigade to the railroad on the left of the town, and take position on it in rear of Hays <je_273>and Avery, Smith's brigade being left with General Stuart's cavalry to guard the York road. At or a little after four o'clock P.M. our guns on the right opened on the enemy's left, and those on the ridge in rear of Johnson's division opened on that part of the line confronting them, and a very heavy cannonading ensued. After this cannonading had continued for some time the attack was begun by Longstreet on the right, two of whose divisions had only arrived, and during its progress I was ordered by General Ewell, a little before sunset, to advance to the assault of the hills in front of me as soon as Johnson should become engaged on my left, being informed at the same time that the attack would be general, Rodes advancing on my right and Hill's division on his right.

I ordered Hays and Avery to advance, as soon as Johnson was heard engaged, immediately up the hill in their front, and Gordon to advance to the position then occupied by them in order to support them. Before Johnson was heard fairly engaged it was after sunset, and Hays and Avery then moved forward on the low ridge in their front and across a hollow beyond to the base of the hill, while exposed to a severe fire from the

enemy's batteries. They then commenced ascending the steep side of the hill in gallant style, going over fences and encountering bodies of infantry posted in front of the main line on the slope of the hill behind stone fences which they dislodged, and continuing their advance to the crest of the hill, when by a dash upon the enemy's works Hays' brigade and a portion of Hoke's succeeded in entering them and compelling the enemy to abandon his batteries.

In the meantime Johnson was heavily engaged on the left, but no fire was heard on the right, Rodes' division had not advanced nor had the left division of Hill. Colonel Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, had fallen mortally wounded near the crest of the hill, and the portion of the force that had engaged the enemy's works <je_274>found itself unsupported, and paused for a moment, it being now nearly dark.

During the attack on the left of the enemy's line, a portion of his troops had been withdrawn from this part of the line, but that attack had now ceased and in a few minutes a heavy force in several lines was concentrated on Hays' brigade, and that part of Hoke's which had entered the enemy's works, and finding themselves unsupported and about to be overwhelmed by numbers, they were compelled to retire, which they did with comparatively slight loss, considering the nature of the ground, and the difficulties by which they were surrounded. Hoke's brigade fell back to the position from which it had advanced to bring off its wounded commander, and was then re-formed by Colonel Godwin of the 57th North Carolina. Hays' brigade fell back to a position on the slope of the hill, where it remained for some time awaiting a further advance, and was then drawn back, bringing off four battle flags captured on Cemetery Hill. Gordon's brigade had advanced to the position from which the two brigades had moved, for the purpose of following up their attack when the divisions on the right moved, but finding that they did not advance, it was not ordered forward, as it would have been a useless sacrifice, but was retained as a support for the other brigades to fall back upon.

During the advance of my two brigades I had ascertained that Rodes was not advancing, and I rode to urge him forward. I found him getting his brigades into position so as to be ready to advance, but he informed me that there was no preparation to move on his right, and that General Lane, in command of Pender's division, on his immediate right, had sent him word that he had no orders to advance, which had delayed his own movement. He, however, expressed a readiness to go forward if I thought it proper, but by this time I had been informed that my two brigades were retiring, and I told him it was then too late. He did not advance, and the <je_275>fighting for the day closed--Johnson's attack on the left having been ended by the darkness, leaving him possession of part of the enemy's works in the woods.

Before light next morning Hays and Godwin, who had taken position on Gordon's left and right, respectively, were withdrawn to the rear and subsequently formed in line on the street first occupied by Hays, Gordon being left to hold the position in front. During the night, by directions of General Ewell, Smith was ordered to report by daylight next day to General Johnson on the left and did so. Longstreet, supported by a part of the right of Hill's corps, had been very heavily engaged with the enemy's left, in the afternoon of the 2nd, gaining some advantages, and driving a part of the enemy's force from an advanced line, but at the close of the fight the enemy retained his main positions.

On the morning of the 3rd, the enemy made an attack on Johnson to dislodge him from that part of the works which he had gained the morning before, and very heavy fighting

ensued, continuing at intervals throughout the day, in which Smith's three regiments were engaged under General Johnson's orders, the enemy finally regaining his works. The rest of my command did not become at all engaged on this day.

On the right, Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps having arrived, the attack on the enemy was renewed in the afternoon after a very heavy cannonading of all parts of his line, and a very sanguinary fight ensued during which the enemy's line was penetrated by Pickett's division, but it was finally repulsed, as were the supporting forces, with very heavy loss on both sides.

This closed the fighting at the battle of Gettysburg. Meade retained his position on the heights, and our army held the position it had assumed for the attack, while both armies had sustained very heavy losses in killed and wounded, as well as prisoners.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXV.--Retreat To Virginia.

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DURING the night of July 3rd, Ewell's corps was withdrawn from its position in and to the left of Gettysburg, and moved to the right, to the Cashtown road, where it took position on Seminary Hill, the other corps retaining their positions. My brigades were withdrawn from Gettysburg to the new position at two o'clock in the morning of the 4th and were formed in line in rear of Seminary Hill, Rodes' and Johnson's divisions occupying the front line on the crest of the hill across the road.

During the battle our line had encircled that of the enemy, thus extending our army, which was much smaller than his own, over a very long line.

We remained in position confronting the enemy during the whole of the 4th, being subjected in the afternoon to a very heavy shower of rain. The enemy showed no disposition to come out, but hugged his defences on the hills very closely.

General Lee sent a flag of truce on the morning of this day to General Meade proposing an exchange of prisoners, but he declined to accede to the proposition.

Before day on the morning of the 5th our army commenced retiring from before Gettysburg.

The loss in my division in the battle, beginning with the first and ending with the last day, was in killed 154, wounded 799, and missing 227, total 1,180, of which Hays' and Hoke's brigades lost in the assault at the close of the day of the 2nd, in killed 39, wounded 246, and missing 149, total 434. 194 of my command were left in hospitals near Gettysburg, the rest being carried off. The loss of our army was heavy, as was that of the enemy.

I have before stated the size of General Lee's army when this campaign was commenced. The army had <je_277>received no accessions, but had been diminished by the march, from straggling, exhaustion, and sickness. My own division had been reduced from 7,226, its strength when it left Culpeper, to 5,611 when I crossed the Potomac, those numbers representing the strength in officers and men, and not muskets. A similar loss extended to the whole army, and I can venture to affirm that it was as small in my division as in any other. Besides this we were in the enemy's country, and our large trains had necessarily to be guarded. I think it may be assumed, therefore, that General Lee's infantry at this battle did not exceed 55,000 officers and men, and that his whole force engaged, and in support of that part engaged, was smartly under 60,000, the cavalry not being employed at all except in watching the flanks and rear. His artillery numbered less than 150 guns.

Meade, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee, states that his strength, in all arms, was a little under 100,000, about 95,000, making a greater reduction from Hooker's force than I have allowed for General Lee's for similar cause, and that he had but little under three hundred guns. The odds, therefore, were not very far from two to one. Hooker had conceded the fact that he outnumbered our army, yet Meade, who succeeded Hooker, taking up the old idea of superior numbers, thinks General Lee now outnumbered him by some 10,000 or 15,000 men. The figures which I give I think fully cover our force, and the probability is that it was less.

It will be seen, therefore, what difficulties we had to encounter in attacking the enemy

in his strong position. That position fought the battle for him. It is exceedingly probable that, if we had moved promptly upon Cemetery Hill after the defeat of the enemy on the 1st, we would have gained the position, and thereby avoided the battle at that point. What might have been the result afterwards it is impossible to conjecture. The battle would have had to be fought <je_278> somewhere else, and it may or may not have resulted differently.

The fight on the 1st had not been contemplated by General Lee, and he was not, therefore, on the ground until it was over, and the time had passed for accomplishing anything further when he arrived. This fight had been brought on by the movement of Buford's cavalry in the direction of Cashtown and the attack on it by Hill's two divisions, which brought up the two corps of the enemy. General Ewell had moved to the support of Hill, but there was no communication between them during the engagement, as they were on separate roads, and each force went into action under its own commander, without there being a *common* superior to direct the whole. This want of concert existed after the defeat of the enemy, and the consequence was that the opportunity was not improved.

This battle of Gettysburg has been much criticised, and will continue to be criticised. Errors were undoubtedly committed, but these errors were not attributable to General Lee. I know that he was exceedingly anxious to attack the enemy at a very early hour on the morning of the 2nd, for I heard him earnestly express that wish on the evening previous, but his troops did not arrive in time to make the attack. Why it was so I cannot tell. In the assaults which were made on the enemy's position, there was not concert of action, but that was not General Lee's fault.

Without commenting on the assault from right of our line, which I did not witness, for that part of the battle was entirely excluded from my view, I will say that I believe that if the attack which was made by Johnson on the extreme left, and my two brigades on his right, at the close of the second day, had been supported by an attack by the divisions to the right of us, Johnson would have gained all of the enemy's works in front of him, Cemetery Hill would have been carried, and the victory would have been ours.

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So far as the fighting itself was concerned, the battle of Gettysburg was a drawn battle, but under the circumstances a drawn battle was a failure on our part and a success for the enemy. We were far away from our supplies of ammunition, and he was in his own country and in easy communication with his depots of supplies of all kinds. We were then in a part of the country by no means abounding in provisions and there was a mountain at our back, which limited the area from which we could draw food for our men, a most difficult task always, under the most favorable circumstances, in a hostile country, and rendered doubly so by the immediate presence of a large army in our front, with its numerous cavalry to aid the citizens in resisting the demands of our foraging parties.

We were, therefore, under the necessity of retreating, not because our army had been demoralized by a defeat, but because our supply of ammunition had become short, and it was difficult to subsist our troops. That retreat was made deliberately and in perfect order, and the enemy did not venture to attack us, but was content to follow us with a corps of observation at a respectable distance. We carried off a very large proportion of our wounded, but many were left because their condition would not admit of their transportation. We carried off some captured guns, and a large number of prisoners, after having paroled some three or four thousand. The enemy had none of our guns and he had

in his hands fewer prisoners than we had taken.

My division with the rest of Ewell's corps was moved from its position on the Cashtown road at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th, arriving at the Fairfield road after sunrise. The withdrawal of the other corps was then progressing, and Ewell's corps, being ordered to bring up the rear, was here halted for several hours, waiting for the others to clear the road, and confronting the enemy's position, which was still in our view, by a line of battle.

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The enemy seemed to be very cautious about coming out, but finally ran out a few pieces of artillery and opened at long range, without doing any damage. My division was ordered to constitute the rear guard of the army, and White's battalion of cavalry was ordered to accompany me. I waited on the Fairfield road until it had been cleared by the rest of the army, including the other two divisions of Ewell's corps, and then in the afternoon moved off slowly in rear of the army and all the trains, Gordon, followed by White's battalion, bringing up my rear.

On arriving in sight of Fairfield, which is situated near the eastern base of South Mountain on a wide low plain or valley surrounded by commanding hills, I found the wagon trains blocked up at the village. While waiting for the road to be cleared of the wagons in front, Colonel White sent me information that a force of the enemy was advancing in my rear, and being on the plain where I would be exposed to a fire of artillery from the surrounding hills, I sent to hasten forward the trains, but as they did not move off I was preparing to fire a blank cartridge or two for the purpose of quickening their speed, when the advance of the pursuing column of the enemy appeared on a hill in my rear with a battery of artillery supported by infantry, and I opened with shell on it. The enemy's battery replied to mine, and Fairfield was soon cleared of wagons, as the teamsters and wagon masters found it more convenient to comply with tiffs inducement to travel than my orders and solicitations.

Gordon deployed his brigade and sent out the 26th Georgia Regiment as skirmishers to dislodge the enemy's advance, which it did after a sharp skirmish, and a loss of seven wounded. This regiment was then ordered to be withdrawn, and I moved the division in line gradually through Fairfield to a favorable position for making a defence, and here waited the enemy's advance, but he moved very cautiously, sending forward only a party of skirmishers, which kept at a respectful distance.

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It was now night, and my division was formed in line, a little nearer the base of the mountain, so as to cover our trains that were packed on its side and at its base. In this position my men lay on their arms all night without molestation from the enemy.

At light on the morning of the 6th, the trains moved forward, and General Rodes, whose division was to constitute the rear guard that day, relieved my skirmishers in front, his division being formed in line just at the base of the mountain, and I moved past him to take the front of the corps; when, pursuing the road over South Mountain past Monterey Springs, I descended to the western base near Waynesboro, and bivouacked a little beyond the town, covering it on the north and west with my brigades. The other corps were found already on this side near the base of the mountain, and the rest of Ewell's corps reached the same vicinity with mine. The force following us proved to be the 6th corps under Sedgwick, acting as a corps of observation. It gave Rodes no trouble and did not come

beyond Fairfield.

A body of the enemy's cavalry had previously come upon that part of our trains that had preceded the army in the retreat, but was repulsed by a few guards accompanying the trains without being able to accomplish any damage of consequence. Early on the morning of the 7th we moved towards Hagerstown by the way of Leit-ersburg, my division following Rodes' and Johnson's bringing up the rear. The corps was established on the north and northeast of Hagerstown, and my division took position on the Chambersburg pike about a mile north of Hagerstown. In this position we remained until the 10th, when the corps was moved to the south of Hagerstown, the other corps being already there.

The enemy's troops had now commenced arriving on the western side of the mountain, and we took position on the south and southeast of Hagerstown to await his attack-- Longstreet's corps being on the right, Ewell's on the left and Hill in the centre, and our line covering the road to the Potomac at Williamsport and Falling Waters, <je_282>a few miles below, where a pontoon bridge was being constructed in the place of one previously destroyed by the enemy's cavalry. The advance of the enemy resulted in a sharp engagement between a portion of our cavalry and a part of his troops on the Boonsboro road.

In the position near Hagerstown, my division was posted across the Cumberland road on the southwest of the town, but on the next day it was moved further to the right so as to rest its right on the Hagerstown and Williamsport road, where it remained until just before dark on the 12th. In the meantime Meade's army, now reinforced by some twelve or fifteen thousand fresh troops, according to his own statement, had moved up and taken position in our front, but did not attack.

Two of my absent regiments, the 54th North Carolina and 58th Virginia, had returned by this time, after having been engaged in repelling an attack, made by the enemy's cavalry at Williamsport on the 6th, on an ordnance train coming up with a supply of ammunition. Besides these, General Lee received no other reinforcements, but our army was not at all demoralized, and calmly awaited the attack of the enemy. My own division was buoyant and defiant, for it felt that it had sustained no defeat, and though diminished in numbers it was as ready to fight the enemy as at Gettysburg.

As night was setting in, on the 12th, my division was taken out of the line and moved to the right, to the rear of Hill's position, for the purpose of supporting his corps, in front of which a very large force of the enemy had accumulated. In this position it remained during the 13th, but no attack was made. The Potomac had been very much swollen by the previous rains, and after subsiding a little was again threatened with another rise from a rain that commenced on the 13th, and it was therefore determined to recross that river so as not to have an impassable stream at our back, when we had but one bridge and that not yet fully completed, and which, being <je_283>laid on pontoons, hastily constructed by our pioneer and engineer parties, was liable to be washed away. Accordingly our army commenced retiring after dusk on the night of the 13th, Longstreet's and Hill's corps going to Falling Waters and Ewell's to Williamsport to ford the river.

My division brought up the rear of Ewell's corps, and the river being found too high for the passage of artillery, Jones' battalion, under the escort of Hays' brigade, was moved down the river to Falling Waters, where it crossed during the morning of the 14th. The rest of the division forded the river, in rear of the other two divisions, after sunrise on the

morning of the 14th to a little above Williamsport, with the water nearly up to the armpits of the men, who had to hold their guns and cartridge boxes above their heads to keep them out of the water. The regular ford was too swift to allow of a crossing there, and we had therefore to cross in the deeper water above.

The crossing at Williamsport was effected without any molestation whatever, but at Falling Waters there was considerable delay because of the greater number of troops crossing there and the passage of the artillery at that point, where there was but one bridge. The enemy's cavalry came by surprise upon a portion of Hill's corps covering the bridge, and succeeded in capturing some prisoners and in getting two pieces of artillery which were stuck in the mud, the surprise being caused by a mistaken opinion that the front was watched by some of our cavalry.

Our army remained in the neighborhood of Haynes-ville that night, near which place my division camped, and now for the first time since I moved from Greenwood, on the 26th of June, we had the benefit of our baggage wagons. On the next day we moved through Martinsburg, and on the 16th my division reached Dark-ville, where it went into camp and remained until the 20th, in which neighborhood the whole of Ewell's corps <je_284>was concentrated, the other corps taking positions further up towards and covering Winchester. In the meantime, Meade made preparations for crossing the Potomac below Harper's Ferry, and threw his army into Loudoun, while General Lee prepared to intercept his march by crossing his army over the Blue Ridge into Culpeper.

It having been ascertained that a force had moved from Cumberland in Maryland to the mouth of Back Creek west of Martinsburg, on the afternoon of the 20th, my division was ordered to move across North Mountain and then down Back Creek for the purpose of intercepting that force, while another division should hold it in front. We moved that night to the foot of the mountain at Guardstown, and crossing early next morning (the 21st) through Mills' Gap, marched down Back Creek to the rear of Hedgesville, where we found that the force had made its escape by retiring the night before. The division was then moved across the mountain through Hedgesville and camped. During the night I received orders to move up the valley for the purpose of crossing the Blue Ridge, and next day (the 22nd) I marched to Bunker Hill.

On the 23rd I passed through Winchester to the Opequon on the Front Royal road, being joined that day by the 13th Virginia Regiment. General Ewell, who had preceded me with Rodes' and Johnson's divisions, had that day been engaged with a heavy force which came through Manassas Gap, which he moved out to meet, near the Gap, as he was moving past Front Royal, and he sent at night to inform me that he would retire up the Luray Valley for the purpose of crossing at Thornton's Gap, and to order me to cross to the Valley pike so as to move up by the way of New Market, and across from there to Madison Court-House, as the enemy was in very heavy force in Manassas Gap. The Shenandoah was then high and a pontoon bridge had been laid near Front Royal below the forks, which he ordered <je_285>to be taken up during the night, and to be transported up the Valley pike under my protection.

Accordingly I moved by the way of Cedarville next day to get the pontoon train, and then crossed to the Valley pike, following the route taken by General Jackson's corps the fall before and arriving at Madison Court-House on the 28th, in the neighborhood of which I found the other divisions which had come through Thornton's Gap and by the way of Sperryville. I had to use the pontoon train for crossing the Shenandoah, as that

river was up, and I then sent it up the Valley to Staunton.

After remaining near Madison Court-House until the 31st I moved to the vicinity of the Robinson River, near the road from Liberty Mills to Culpeper Court-House, and the next day I crossed the Robinson just above its mouth into Culpeper and then the Rapidan at the railroad station, and encamped near Pisgah Church about four miles from the station, the other divisions moving to the same neighborhood.

Longstreet's and Hill's corps had preceded Ewell's corps across the Blue Ridge through Chester Gap, and while Meade was moving his army up into Manassas Gap to attack Ewell, they moved into Culpeper and waited until Meade's army had moved to the vicinity of Warrenton and the Rappahannock and halted without indicating any purpose to advance further; when, after a body of the enemy's cavalry had been driven back, these two corps moved to the south of the Rapidan and took position near Orange Court-House, leaving Stuart's cavalry to occupy the county of Culpeper.

This was the close of all the operations resulting from the campaign into Pennsylvania.

There have been various opinions as to the utility of this campaign into Pennsylvania. Undoubtedly we did not accomplish all that we desired, but still I cannot regard the campaign in the light of a failure. If we had remained on the Rappahannock confronting Hooker's <je_286>army, we would have been compelled to fight one or more battles, and perhaps a series of them, during the summer, which would probably have resulted in a much heavier loss to us than we sustained at Gettysburg, though the enemy might have been repulsed. Situated as we were, it was simply a matter of impossibility for us to have attacked the opposing army in its then position, for we did not have the means of forcing a passage of the river--the advantage in that respect being all on the other side. We should, therefore, have been compelled to await the enemy's attack, which could only have resulted in his repulse, in the most favorable aspect for us.

We were in a country entirely devoid of supplies and of forage, for Fredericksburg had been occupied the previous summer by a Federal army, and no crops of any consequence had been made in all that region. By moving into Pennsylvania, we transferred the theatre of the war for a time into the enemy's country. Our army was supplied from that country and from stores captured from the enemy for more than a month and this gave a breathing spell to our commissary department, which had been put to great straits. We had been living the previous winter on very limited rations of meat, only 1/4 of a pound of bacon to the ration, with few or no vegetables, and a change of diet was actually necessary for our men.

When we came back, though we had lost many valuable lives, our army was reinvigorated in health, and the transfer of the two armies to the upper waters of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan was a decided advantage to us. The campaign into Pennsylvania certainly defeated any further attempt to move against Richmond that summer and postponed the war over into the next year. Could the most brilliant victories which it was in our power to gain in Virginia have accomplished more? I think not.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XXVI.--Treatment Of Prisoners, Wounded And Dead.

<je_287>

IT was from the close of this campaign that the difficulties in regard to the exchange of prisoners, and the consequent complaints about the maltreatment of those in our hands, dated.

The fall of Vicksburg simultaneously with the battle of Gettysburg, gave to the enemy the excess of prisoners, which had hitherto been on our side, and he now began to discover that we would be more damaged by a cessation in the exchange than he would:-- our men when they came back would go into our army for the war, and we had no means of supplying their places while they remained prisoners. Many of his prisoners in our hands had but limited terms to serve out, and the places of those whose terms were longer could be readily supplied by new drafts, while his high bounties, national, state and local, opened to him the whole civilized world as a recruiting ground. He had no inducement, therefore, to continue the exchange as a matter of policy affecting the strength of his army, while a failure to do so would very much cripple us, by detaining from our army the men held as prisoners, by imposing on our already overtaxed resources the support of the prisoners themselves, as well as the diminution of the strength of our army by the detail of a force to guard them.

While we were in Pennsylvania, President Lincoln had issued an order, declaring that no paroles given, unless at some of the places specified for the exchange of prisoners in the cartel which had been adopted, or in cases of stipulation to that effect by a commanding officer in surrendering his forces, would be recognized. I think the date of that order was the 1st of July, and it was evidently intended to embarrass us while in Pennsylvania, with the guarding and sustenance of such prisoners <je_288>as should fall into our hands. This order found us in possession of more than 6,000 prisoners taken on the 1st at Gettysburg.

About 3,000 of them were paroled, but their paroles were not recognized and they subsequently returned to the army without being exchanged, including some officers who solemnly pledged their honor to surrender themselves as prisoners in the event their paroles were not recognized by their government. The rest declined to give paroles because of the order before mentioned, and they were carried to Virginia and held in custody. In addition to our willingness to parole these men, General Lee proposed to make an exchange of prisoners after the battle, but it was declined. Now if the prisoners brought off by us from Gettysburg subsequently suffered in prison, who was responsible for that suffering?

The order in regard to the recognition of paroles was in violation of the well recognized principles of modern warfare. In the most ancient times, a captive taken in battle was held to have forfeited his life to his captors and it was always taken. After a time this was changed, and from motives of humanity the prisoner's life was spared and he became by the laws of war, even among the most civilized nations, the slave of his captor--his enslavement being justified on the ground that it was a boon to him to spare his life at the expense of his liberty. The justice of this rule is recognized in Holy Writ itself, and the rule continued to prevail long after the commencement of the Christian era.

In the age of chivalry a modification of the rule prevailed, and a prisoner was allowed to

ransom himself, when he could raise the means of doing so. In more modern times the system of paroles was adopted, and the prisoner was allowed to go at large upon pledging his honor not to take up arms against his captors until regularly exchanged, the penalty of a forfeiture of his parole being death if again captured. This is a contract between the prisoner and his captors, which his government <je_289>is bound to respect in the interests of humanity, by the recognition of all civilized nations. It is not necessary for him to receive the permission of his government or his leader to give his parole. When he is a captive, he is beyond the power and protection of either and has a right to stipulate for his individual safety against the penalties of death, slavery, or imprisonment by neutralizing his services for the time being. If his contract is not respected by his government, what must be the consequence?

When two nations or parties are at war, the object of each is to destroy the physical power of the other, in order to obtain peace, or accomplish the object for which the war is undertaken. If one party is so situated that it cannot hold, or cannot support its prisoners, and the other will neither exchange nor recognize the validity of paroles, is it to be expected that the prisoners shall be turned loose to return again to augment the force of the antagonistic party, and thus perhaps insure the destruction of that party liberating them?

The very principle which justifies killing in battle, that is the universal principle of self-preservation, will justify the taking of no prisoners or the destruction of all those that may be taken, if they can be neutralized in no other way. It was on this principle that the great Napoleon, in his Egyptian campaign, killed a number of prisoners whom he did not have the means of feeding, and who would not recognize the validity of a parole. If he turned them loose they would have gone immediately into the ranks of his opponents, if he kept them he would have had to take the food from the mouths of his own soldiers to feed them, and the only way of getting rid of them was by killing them. It is true a clamor was raised by his enemies, whose interest it was to make him appear as a barbarian devoid of humanity, but now that the feelings of that day have subsided, impartial men do not doubt the conformity of the act to the principles of war.

<je_290>

So when Mr. Lincoln's order appeared, if the safety of General Lee's army, or the success of his campaign had been jeopardized by the necessity of feeding and guarding the prisoners in our hands, he would have been justified in putting them to death, and the responsibility for the act would have rested on the shoulders of the man who issued the inhuman order. So too the latter was responsible for all the sufferings to which those prisoners who were carried off were afterwards subjected, if they suffered.

The alleged reason for stopping the exchange was the fact that the Confederate Government would not parole or exchange negro slaves belonging to Southern citizens who were captured in the Federal ranks. But it cannot be doubted that this was the mere pretext and not the real reason. That is to be found in the belief existing on the part of the Federal authorities that the failure to exchange would cripple us. The constitution of the United States, then unchanged in any respect, recognized the right of property in slaves, and guaranteed the return of such as should flee from service.

The constitution of the Confederate States contained the same guaranty, and the institution of slavery was recognized by the laws and constitutions of all the States composing the Confederacy, from which States alone the Confederate Government

derived its delegated powers. That government was bound to respect the laws of the States and the rights of the citizens under those laws, and to protect them. Granting, for the sake of the argument, that the United States may have had the right to employ as soldiers the captured or fugitive slaves, as it had to take into its armies deserters from ours, still it took them subject to all the rights of the owners and of the Confederate Government, in the event of their recapture, just as deserters taken in arms in the opposite camp were liable to all the penalties for their crime without any infraction of the rules of war.

Many of the slaves put into the ranks of the Federal Army <je_291>were put there by force, but whether their service was enforced or voluntary, the Confederate Government would have been recreant to its trust, and grossly neglectful of its rights and interests, to have allowed so large a proportion of its own population to be used by its enemy for the purpose of strengthening his armies, by recognizing the claim set up on the part of these slaves to the benefit of the rules of war. Most nations have denied the right of its citizens even to expatriate themselves, so as to be competent to serve in the ranks of its enemies. None permit that expatriation to take place after the commencement of hostilities, and it would be the blindest folly to do so. In the case of the recaptured slaves, our government did not propose to punish the slaves themselves, though those that had voluntarily entered the enemy's service had justly forfeited their lives, but merely returned them to their owners, to the great gratification of the negroes themselves in most cases.

It was a case in which the Federal Government had no rights whatever, any more than it could have had in the case of deserters. The claim therefore set up to have these slaves treated as other soldiers taken in battle was without the slightest foundation in the principles of international law, or the rules of civilized war; and the cessation of the exchange on that pretence was a most atrocious act of cruelty to its own prisoners by the Federal Government.

A great clamor was raised on this specious pretext in order to reconcile the soldiers and the people of the North to the discontinuance of the exchange, and blind their eyes as to the real reason. Not denying the right of the Federal Government to refuse to exchange prisoners, if it was its interest to do so, and the war could not be terminated favorably to itself in any other way, still it had no right to violate the faith pledged to the exchange by the cartel; and least of all did it have the right to deprive its own soldiers in our hands of the <je_292>right to release themselves from prison by giving their paroles. If it thought proper not only to adopt the extreme harsh measure of non-exchange from motives of policy, but to go further and adopt a new rule upon the subject of paroles, then it had no right whatever to complain of any measures of harshness towards its prisoners which the necessities or the interests of our government and our army rendered necessary.

So much for the question of rights; and now for the facts as to the actual treatment which the prisoners in our hands received. I think I can safely deny that they were ever subjected to any maltreatment, suffering, or neglect, which it was in our power to avoid. We did not resort to the extreme measures which perhaps the laws of war and our own necessities would have justified, but the prisoners were treated with all the humanity possible under the circumstances in which we were placed. Doubtless there may have been rare individual acts of maltreatment, but until human nature is a very different thing from what it is, there can be no body of men in which there are not some who act unjustly and oppressively.

Such is the case everywhere over the world, in the church, in government, in society, and in all the relations which men bear to each other, it has been the case, and will continue to be the case until the end of all things that some will do wrong, and we of the South cannot claim an exemption from the common lot. What I maintain is that no harsh treatment to the prisoners was authorized or tolerated, and if there were individual cases of the kind they were exceedingly rare.

The condition of a prisoner is by no means a desirable one under any circumstances, and he who is captured in war must expect to suffer inconveniences. The soldiers of the Federal Army were supplied with an abundance of everything necessary for their comfort and even luxury, to which many of them, including some officers, had never been accustomed before, and to which but few <je_293>of them perhaps, except those who enriched themselves by the plunder of our people, returned again after the war. No army that over took the field was so well supplied in all that was necessary, and much that was superfluous.

The easy communication always kept up with the positions of that army by railway and steamboat supplied it abundantly not only with ample and comfortable clothing of every kind and the government ration of everything, but with most of the delicacies incident to city life. They had not only bread, meat, vegetables, coffee and sugar in abundance, but the enormous horde of sutlers following the army supplied it with wines, liquors, fruits, oysters, canned meats and in fact everything that could be desired; and which high pay and high bounties enabled both officers and men to purchase. When such men, therefore, fell into our hands and were subjected to the scanty fare to which Confederate soldiers were reduced, it was very natural for them to complain of their treatment.

Our ports were blockaded and we were cut off from the commerce of the world. The enemy made not only provisions, but medicines, contraband of war. He had devastated the portions of our country to which he had penetrated, destroying crops and farming utensils, and burning barns, mills, factories of cloth and stuffs of all kinds, and tanneries, and in fact committing every possible waste and devastation which could cripple our army or pinch the non-combatants who remained at home. Coffee, tea and sugar had disappeared early in 1862 as a part of the ration to our men, and if there was any at all, it was to be found in rare quantities and at the most enormous prices. The scanty supplies of provisions to which our own men were reduced can hardly be conceived of by one who was not present to know the actual state of the case.

On the night after the second victory at Manassas, thousands of our men lay down to rest without having <je_294>had a mouthful to eat all day. I was then in command of a brigade, and I was very well content, after the fight at Ox Hill or Chantilly, to make my supper on two very small ears of green corn, which I roasted in the ashes. On the next day and for a day or two afterwards, all that I had to eat was a piece of cold boiled fresh beef without either salt or bread, which I carried in a haversack. This was the strait to which a Brigadier General was reduced in our army.

I have many a time on the march, while a division and corps commander, been glad to get a hard cracker and a very small piece of uncooked bacon for my dinner, and I have been often thankful on the road to a soldier for a biscuit from his haversack which he himself had baked, after mixing up the flour on an India rubber cloth, which he had secured on some battlefield. When our money became so depreciated as to be worth only from five to ten cents on the dollar, many of the company officers were compelled from

necessity to eat with their men of the scanty food furnished them.

I have seen commissioned officers often, marching on foot with their pantaloons out behind, their coats out at the elbow and their toes sticking out of their shoes, with but a pretence for a sole, while they had but the shirt that was on their backs as their whole supply of linen. I have seen this the case with gentlemen of refinement, whose means before the war had enabled them to live with every desirable comfort, yet they submitted cheerfully not only to this, but to actual hunger; and I have seen them go into battle with the proud tread of heroes, encouraging their men, cheering over the victory, or bravely meeting death in defence of a country which could treat them no better.

What these men were content with, the prisoners taken by their valor, and who had been so well pampered in their own country, thought proper to regard, when furnished them, as evidence of a disposition to starve them. Not only was our army so meagrely supplied with <je_295>what was necessary not only to its comfort, but to its very existence, but our people everywhere were pinched for the necessaries of life. Gentlemen, ladies, and children, who had been accustomed to every indulgence and luxury, were very often put to the utmost straits for clothes to wear and meat and bread to eat, and while this was the case with them there was a long, long list of the wives and the children of the privates in the ranks fighting for their homes and their altars, who were on the very brink of actual starvation.

Now, I ask, in the name of all that is sacred, did they expect that the men who had come down to make war upon a people so reduced by their barbarous acts to the very verge of starvation and nakedness should, when taken in battle, be fed and clothed better than the men who, sacrificing all mere personal considerations, were so bravely meeting their foes in deadly strife, while their wives, children, mothers and sisters were starving?

There is talk about the food furnished the sick and wounded as being unsuited for their condition. I will mention an incident that occurred under my own observation. While we were at Spottsylvania Court-House in May, 1864, battling with such immense odds, I was in command of a corps, and I received a message to come to General Lee's headquarters at night on one occasion for the purpose of receiving some instructions from him. General Lee was then himself suffering with a dysentery which had reduced him very much, and rendered all of us who were aware of his condition exceedingly uneasy, for we knew that if he failed all was gone.

When I arrived his dinner and supper, both in one, were just ready and I was invited in to partake of the meal, and I found it to consist of, what to me was most acceptable, a scant supply of hard crackers, fried fat bacon, and a beverage made as a substitute for coffee out of parched wheat, without sugar, and this was all. This was what the foremost commander of the age was reduced to in the then critical condition of his health.

<je_296>Such fare, if furnished to a sick or wounded Federal soldier, would have been regarded as evidence of a barbarous purpose to cause his death. To inflame the minds of the Northern people and prejudice the civilized world against us, an investigation was had before a committee of the Federal Congress who made a report upon "rebel atrocities," founded on the testimony of men who swore to some things they had seen, many that they had heard, and a great many more that they had neither seen nor heard.

The press was flooded with stories of cruel treatment, illustrated by pictures, and during the war every device was resorted to, to fix upon us the stigma of barbarous treatment of the prisoners in our hands. After the close of the war a poor feeble foreigner, Captain

Wirz, who had been in our service, and was then on the very verge of the grave from wounds received in battle, was selected as a victim to be sacrificed to the demands of the North for more blood, and, after a farce of a trial, was hung for alleged cruelty to prisoners. As a specimen of the evidence given on his trial, it is only necessary to mention that of Boston Corbet, the man who killed Booth, while the latter, with a fractured leg, was in a house in flames and surrounded by a large party of Federal cavalry, by slipping up to the side of the house and firing his revolver through a crack.

Boston Corbet testified on the trial of Wirz, stating that he was a prisoner at Andersonville, and among other atrocities testified to, by him, he mentioned the fact that bloodhounds were kept to pursue escaped prisoners, and he said that he himself with some others made an escape, and the bloodhounds were put on the track; that while he was concealed in the bushes, one of the bloodhounds came up and rubbed its nose against his. When asked why the hound did not do any mischief to him, he said that he served the same Lord that Daniel served when in the lions' den.

There were many other witnesses in whose stories <je_297>there was as little truth as in that of Boston Corbet, and "rebel" witnesses were denounced as unworthy of credit unless they would prove renegades and endeavor to propitiate their masters by turning against their comrades. Even poor Wirz himself was offered his life if he would testify against the high officials of the Confederate Government, but he was too true a man and Christian to attempt to save himself from his unjust sentence by perjuring his soul; and he, therefore, suffered on the gallows.

To appreciate at its proper worth the evidence of the witnesses who have tried to fix upon the Confederate authorities this iniquitous charge of maltreatment of prisoners, it is only necessary to refer to the evidence of the general officers of the Federal Army before the Congressional Committee on the War. Let any candid man read, for instance, the evidence contained in that part of the report which refers to the battle of Gettysburg and the operations of the Army of the Potomac under Meade, where there is such palpable conflict, not as to opinions merely, but as to facts; and when he has determined in his mind which of those general officers tell the truth and which do not, let him say how much credence is to be given to the stories of those men who testified as to the horrors of Andersonville, and other Confederate prisons. When the general officers of the army were so loose in their testimony as to important facts affecting each other, what was to be expected of the subordinates and the privates, when testifying against their enemies ?

It is very easy to raise the cry of "rebel" when any statement is put forth on the part of the Confederate authorities; and that is conceded a sufficient answer. The same cry would invalidate the testimony of General Lee or "Stonewall" Jackson. If such atrocities were committed as those alleged, why is it that poor Wirz is the solitary victim offered up in expiation of the thousands of victims who, it is said, died from the effects of the <je_298>atrocities? The popular heart at the time of his sacrifice thirsted for blood, notwithstanding the oceans that flowed during the war, but when the first frenzy was over the more cautious panders to the tastes of their countrymen felt that there was danger of shocking the minds of the civilized world, and desisted.

If poor Wirz was guilty, he was the least guilty of all those charged with the same crime, and was but a mere instrument in the hands of others. His executioners owed it to themselves and to the cause of truth and justice to bring the others to trial in order to vindicate their action in his case, and failing in this, they must stand before the world as

his murderers. Sufferings there were doubtless at Andersonville and other prisons, but how could they be avoided?

Our men in the army were suffering, and our women at home were suffering. Could the men who came down to kill and plunder us expect a better fate than that which befell our own soldiers and people? Many perhaps died from the want of proper medicines, but thousands upon thousands of our own wounded and sick died from the same cause. Who deprived us of the means of getting medicines? When we could not feed, clothe, and provide for these prisoners in such a manner as would satisfy them, whose fault was it that they were not released to be cared for by their own friends? Who issued the order forbidding their being paroled? Who put a stop to the exchange? Was it to be expected that we would turn those men loose to come back again to kill and plunder our people?

Kindred to this is another charge of plundering and disfiguring the dead. Now as to the question of plundering, I cannot but think that it is more cruel to plunder the living than the dead, especially if the living be helpless women and children. I presume it is not necessary to state the reasons why I entertain this opinion.

It is to me a little strange that the men who applauded <je_299>Butler, Banks, Milroy, Sherman, and Sheridan, for plundering and rendering utterly desolate the houses of thousands of woman and children, should complain that our barefooted soldiers took the shoes from the feet of some of the men who had been engaged in this plunder and were killed in order that they might not be able to follow and fight the rest.

I have myself but too often seen in the track of the Federal armies the evidence of how they plundered and destroyed the property of our people. Not content with taking provisions, cattle, horses, sheep and other things which they might use, they often took what was of no earthly use to them as soldiers, and destroyed what they could not carry away. I have seen where they had torn up the clothes of the women and children, hacked to pieces furniture, pianos, and other articles, destroying valuable papers and books, burned besides houses, plows, carts and a variety of such things. This I have seen in not a few instances, but I have seen whole communities rendered destitute in this way.

They also burned all our factories and tanneries which they could reach, taking the hides out of the vats in the latter and cutting them to pieces. When a man is naked and barefooted, is he to be blamed for taking such articles as he needs from the dead body of his enemy who has thus treated him or his comrades, in order that he may still continue to fight the despoilers of his home and his country? Let the man who is disposed to condemn him put the case to himself. He is plundered and robbed, and perhaps some of his family or friends killed, he pursues his plunderers and succeeds in killing one of them, but he finds himself faint and sorefooted from the want of shoes, and is therefore unable to continue the pursuit. Will he hesitate to strip the shoes from the feet of his fallen enemy to enable him to resume the task of recovering his own and chastising his other enemies?

<je_300>

On one occasion, a very worthy chaplain in our army on riding over a battlefield found a soldier pulling the shoes from the feet of a dead Federal soldier, and this being new to him, his feelings were rather shocked. Speaking to the soldier he said: "My friend, if I were in your place, I would have more respect for the dead, and not do that." The soldier, looking at the comfortable pair of boots which the chaplain by good luck was able to sport, said: "Sir, I have as much respect for the dead as you or any other man, but if you had marched as long as I have without any shoes, and your feet were as sore as mine, you

would not think it so wrong to take these shoes which can't do this man any good now, and will do me a great deal." The chaplain was silenced, and that was the whole question in a few words.

As to the other part of the charge, about disfiguring the bodies, I do not presume our enemies themselves believe it, though it was their policy to show that we were barbarous, and this was set forth in the report of a Congressional Committee. I was on many battlefields beginning with first Manassas, both during and after the battles, and I slept on some, with the enemy's dead lying all around me. I never in a solitary case saw any evidence of any such treatment, and I never heard of any except from the reports put in circulation.

As I have passed along over the ground when we were fighting I have had some of the wounded appeal to me, saying they were informed by their officers that we killed all the wounded, and I have ordered them to be carried off and cared for. It was the policy to circulate such reports in regard to the treatment of prisoners, the wounded, and the dead, not only to inflame the minds of the Northern people in order to induce them to give a hearty support to the war, but to make the soldiers in the army fight more obstinately; and there were not wanting witnesses to aid the authorities by their testimony.

<je_301>

The appeal may be safely made to the world to decide these charges against the comrades of General Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, and now that the war is over, it would seem that we might even "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober," but it will seem as if such critics had not allowed those passions to subside, by which they were intoxicated during the existence of active hostilities.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXVII.--On The Rapidan.

<je_302>

WE remained in camp during the month of August, and the forepart of September, resting our men from their late fatigues, and recruiting our strength by the return of the sick and wounded who had recovered. General Hoke having recovered from his wound, now returned to his brigade, but was soon sent off with one of his regiments to North Carolina on special duty. In the last of August, or first part of September, Longstreet's corps was detached from our army, leaving only Ewell's and Hill's.

The enemy's cavalry had been constantly increasing in amount, and he had now a much larger force of that arm than we had. He was able to keep his cavalry well mounted, while horses were becoming very scarce with us. On the 13th of September, a large force of the enemy's cavalry, supported by infantry, advanced into Culpeper, and Stuart's cavalry was compelled to retire. My division, followed by Rodes', was advanced to the Rapidan to prevent the enemy from crossing, and we had some sharp skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry which came up to Somerville and Raccoon Fords, and we had some brisk artillery firing also.

My division took position covering the two fords named, and Rodes' went to Morton's Ford on my right and took position covering that; some of Hill's troops covering the fords above. The demonstrations by the enemy's cavalry and the skirmishing continued a day or two on the river, and a portion of Meade's infantry, all of which had moved into Culpeper, came up and relieved the cavalry, when the pickets were again established in sight of each other. We then proceeded to strengthen our position by rifle pits and epaulments for artillery, and continued in position until the 8th of October, there <je_303>being occasional reconnaissances to the right and left by the enemy's cavalry, and demonstrations with his infantry by manoeuvring in our view, his camps being distinctly visible to us from a signal station on Clark's Mountain, at the base of which, on the north, the Rapidan runs.

Meade had now sent off two of his corps, the 11th and 12th, to reinforce Rosecrans at Chattanooga, Longstreet having reinforced Bragg with two of his divisions; and General Lee determined to move around Meade's right and attack him, this movement commencing on the night of the 8th. One of Rodes' brigades, and Fitz. Lee's brigade of cavalry, were left to hold the line of the river on the right of Rapidan Station until the enemy had disappeared from the front, and my pickets having been relieved, my division was concentrated that night in rear of my position, for the purpose of moving early next morning. The movement was to be made by the way of Madison CourtHouse so as to avoid the observation of the enemy, Hill taking the lead, Ewell following.

I moved early on the morning of the 9th, taking the road by Orange Court-House and crossing the Rapidan at a ford a little above the mouth of the Robinson River, camping a mile or two beyond. On the morning of the 10th I moved by the way of Madison Court-House, following the rest of the army, and crossing Robinson River, camped again three or four miles from it. Just before night there was a sharp fight in the advance with a portion of the enemy's cavalry. On the 11th we continued to move to the left and then in direction of Culpeper CourtHouse to Stone-House Mountain, when it was found that the enemy had fallen back across the Rappahannock with his infantry, but there was fighting

with the cavalry in the direction of the Court-House.

On the 12th we turned off in the direction of Fauquier Springs, and our advance drove a body of the enemy's cavalry from the river and crossed over, a portion of the troops, including my division, remaining on the south side. <je_304>On the 13th we crossed and proceeded to Warrenton, and Meade's army, which was on the Rappahannock below, commenced its retreat on both sides of the railroad towards Manassas. We took position that night around Warrenton, Hill's corps being advanced out on the road towards Centreville.

Stuart, with a part of his cavalry, had crossed the river and got in between two of the enemy's columns, where he spent the night of the 13th in imminent danger of capture. We moved before daybreak on the morning of the 14th, as well for the purpose of relieving Stuart as for attacking the enemy, Ewell's corps taking the road by Auburn towards Greenwich and Bristow Station, and Hill's, a route further to the left. About light, a considerable force of the enemy, composed of both infantry and cavalry, was found at Auburn, on Cedar Creek, occupying the opposite banks of the stream, where a mill pond rendered the advance against him very difficult. Rodes' division formed line in front, and some skirmishing and cannonading ensued, while I moved with my division and Jones' battalion of artillery to the left across the creek above the mill, and around to get in the enemy's rear.

After I had started Rodes, having been replaced by Johnson, moved to the right to cross the stream below. The enemy's infantry in the meantime had moved off, leaving only a cavalry force and some horse artillery to dispute the passage, and as I was moving up to attack this force in the rear and Rodes was coming up from the right, it rapidly made its escape towards the railroad, passing between us.

We then moved towards Greenwich, and near that place Ewell's corps turned off through some farms in the direction of the bridge over Kettle Run, while Hill's corps preceded us on the direct road to Bristow. At this latter place, the 2nd corps of Meade's army, under Warren, was found, and two of Hill's brigades which were <je_305>in the advance moved against it while behind the railroad embankment, and were repulsed with some loss, a battery of artillery, which was advanced to the front at the same time, falling into the hands of the enemy. About this time my division, in the lead of Ewell's corps, came up on the right near Kettle Run Bridge, and was ordered to move forward against some troops and wagon trains said to be moving on the road across the run in the direction of Bristow. Gordon's brigade being in front was formed in line facing the run and he was directed to wait until the other brigades came up and were formed.

While I was hurrying these brigades up, Gordon seeing some cavalry on the opposite hills made a rapid advance across the run and up the hills on the other side, driving the cavalry from the road to Bristow and pursuing it towards Brentsville. When the other brigades were brought up, I found Gordon unexpectedly gone, and I moved to the run, expecting to find him there, but he was nowhere to be seen. Warren's corps constituted the rear of Meade's army, and the troops and trains seen across Kettle Run proved only a rear guard of cavalry with some ambulances, the main wagon trains moving on the east of the railroad by Brentsville. When I found there was no enemy to attack in the direction I had been ordered to move, I then formed my brigades in line across the railroad facing towards Bristow Station, and sent to find Gordon, for the purpose of moving against the force behind the railroad at the station, according to instructions I had received from

General Lee.

After a time one of Gordon's staff officers came up with the information that he was facing a heavy cavalry force immediately in his front from which he could not retire easily, and that there was a *very* large train of wagons about Brentsville. Gordon's brigade was more than one-third of my division, and with the other brigades I was not strong enough to advance against the enemy's position, especially as there was a very dense thicket of <je_306>young pines intervening between my position and that of the enemy which rendered an advance in line almost impossible.

It was now getting late, it being very nearly dark, and though Johnson's division was ordered up to my assistance, before it could reach me it became entirely dark, so as to put a stop to all further operations that night. Very early next morning I advanced towards the station, but the enemy was found to have made good his retreat during the night. I then halted my division, and moved on to Manassas Junction with a regiment, in order to reconnoitre, picking up some stragglers on the way. The enemy was found to have crossed Bull Run and taken position behind it. Our cavalry advanced up to the Run and had some skirmishing with the enemy, but our army did not make any further movement forward.

We then proceeded to destroy the bridge over Broad Run and Kettle Run and to tear up the railroad, burning the cross-ties and bending the rails by heating them.

On the march from Rapidan, Brigadier General Pegram, who had been assigned to the command of Smith's brigade, joined us, General Smith, who had been elected Governor of Virginia, having resigned at the close of the Pennsylvania campaign.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXVIII.--Devastation Of The Country.

<je_307>

WE remained near Bristow two or three days, but were unable to supply our army in this position, and as the enemy had destroyed the bridge over the Rappahannock on his retreat, we crossed the river on a pontoon bridge. Our army then occupied the line of the Rappahannock, and remained there until the 7th of November, my division after several moves finally going into camp in rear of Brandy Station, Rodes covering Kelly's Ford on the right, with Johnson between us, while Hill was on the left. We still held the crossing of the Rappahannock at the railroad bridge with a pontoon bridge across the river and a *tete du pont* covering it.

Meade in the meantime had gradually moved his army up to the vicinity of Warrenton and Warrenton Junction, and we had sent forward, on several occasions, wagons strongly guarded by infantry to bring back the rails that had been torn up from the railroad between Bealton and the river. On the last of these expeditions, which was protected by my division, a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry was encountered at Bealton and driven off.

The *tete du pont* in front of the Rappahannock was occupied by a brigade detailed alternately from my division and Johnson's with a battery of artillery detailed from the artillery of the corps.

On the morning of the 9th of November, his position was occupied by Hays' brigade under the command of Colonel Penn of the 7th Louisiana Regiment, and Green's battery of artillery of four guns, while some works on the south bank, immediately in rear of the *tete du pont*, were occupied by Graham's and Dance's batteries of artillery.

The *tete du pont* itself consisted of a line of rifle <je_308>trenches encircling the bridge and resting on the river above and below, near the right of which were two small redoubts embraced in the circle of works, one of which had been constructed in the spring of 1862 when our troops fell back from Manassas to face to the north, and the other had been constructed by the enemy subsequently to face to the north, both being remodelled for the use of artillery. The rifle pits were slight, affording in themselves no obstacle to the passage of a force over them unless held by an opposing force, and the redoubts were imperfectly remodelled--while there was no obstruction in front, in the way of ditches, abattis or otherwise.

The work was completely commanded by higher positions in front, on ridges behind which a cover for the advance of troops from that direction was afforded, while, on the immediate right of the point at which the rifle pits touched the river, on that flank, the railroad approached to the bank of the stream by a high embankment of earth, with a walled opening in it for the passage of a road just in front of that part of the work. In rear of the *tete du pont* the river was rendered impassable except over the bridge, which was near the right, by a mill dam which backed up the water, making a pond extending along the entire rear of the work, the bridge being across this pond.

The works in rear of the bridge occupied by Graham's and Dance's batteries consisted of a redoubt that had been constructed by the enemy on that side and which had been turned, and some sunken pits for guns on the left of it, the ground occupied by these works being lower than the *tete du pont* in front. Some sunken pits for artillery had been made on the

south side of the river on the right of the railroad in low, flat ground so as to sweep the east side of the railroad embankment that was on the north, but was unoccupied; there were also rifle trenches connected with this epaulment, and lower down to cover a point at which the enemy had had a bridge. The works which were occupied on the south bank really <je_309>afforded no protection to those on the north, but merely served to command the bridge itself in the event of the *tete du pont* being carried, as the fire from the guns posted in them would be over the latter, in order to reach an advancing enemy.

Early in the day of the 7th, a small force of infantry appeared in front of the *tete du pont*, beyond the range of the artillery there posted, passing down the river, and a little before noon a heavy force of infantry was developed in front of the works, forming a line of battle encircling them, but still out of range of our artillery; and still later a large force was seen passing down the river, that in front still remaining in line of battle.

The enemy confronting this position, subsequently ascertained to be two corps, the 5th and 6th, under Sedgwick, then commenced advancing by gradual steps, coming up a little nearer each time and forming a new line of battle; and Colonel Penn, who had three of his regiments advanced to the front and on the flanks, so as to cover the main position with a line of pickets while one was in reserve in the trenches, and the other was on picket on the river on the south bank, was compelled to retire his advanced regiments gradually, until they were withdrawn into the woods, leaving only a line of skirmishers in front as far as their safety would permit. On the first appearance of the enemy in force, Colonel Penn had sent me a dispatch informing me of the fact, but as my camp was fully five miles off it did not reach me until a little before 2 P.M.

I immediately signalled the information to General Lee and General Ewell, and ordered my other brigades, then engaged in constructing huts for quarters, to be moved to the front as soon as they could be got together. As this required some time, I rode in advance towards the position occupied by my brigade on picket, and at Brandy Station received another dispatch from Colonel Penn informing me that the enemy still remained in his front in line of battle with a very heavy force. For fear <je_310>that the information by signal had not reached General Ewell, as I understood he was coming up towards Brandy Station, I sent my Adjutant General, Major John W. Daniel, to meet him and communicate the contents of the two dispatches to him.

Before reaching the river I encountered General Lee, who had not received my dispatch, and together we proceeded to the river, where we arrived a little after three o'clock. I immediately crossed over to Penn's position and going out in front of the skirmish line, then considerably advanced, I discovered a very heavy force which was gradually but very slowly and cautiously moving up, encircling the whole position. Penn's regiments had been drawn in, including the one on picket below, except one company still left on picket at that point, and now occupied the trenches, which they could not fully man, while the guns of Green's battery were posted in the works on the right.

After fully reconnoitring in front I rode back across the river and communicated the state of the case to General Lee. Shortly after I recrossed the river, the enemy commenced forcing back our skirmishers, who were compelled to retire towards the works, and having got possession of the hills in front he opened with a battery of artillery, his guns being replied to by Graham's and Dance's with little or no effect, as the distance was too great. The enemy's skirmishers in very heavy line continued to advance, forcing ours back to the protection of the line of works, and a portion of his getting to the river bank about

half a mile below the right of the *tete du pont*. An attempt was then made to send one of Dance's guns to the pits on the right of the railroad, but the advance of the enemy's skirmishers up the opposite bank of the river caused it to be abandoned, for fear of losing the horses.

At four o'clock, General Hays, who had been detained from his brigade by his duties as a member of a court martial, arrived and assumed command of the *tete du pont*.

<je_311>In a short time afterwards the three regiments of Hoke's brigade, forming the advance of the rest of the division, came up, and I sent them across the river, under command of Colonel Godwin, to the support of Hays. General Lee directed me to send no more troops across the river, but retain the others on the south side, and Gordon was moved to the right to occupy a hill further down the river, while Pegram's brigade was formed in line in rear of the hill occupied by Graham's and Dance's batteries, the 31st Virginia being sent to occupy the rifle trenches at the gun pits on the right of the railroad.

The enemy now opened from a battery on our left and soon from another on our right, and the fire of these batteries, which crossed in rear of our works, and that from the front rendered the bridge very unsafe. The fire from Graham's and Dance's guns seemed to be doing no good, as they could not be used to advantage by reason of having to fire over the works in front, and it was therefore stopped by General Lee's orders. Green's battery, however, under the command of Lieutenant Moore, continued the fire in front, but was greatly overmatched.

On crossing the river, which was under the enemy's artillery fire, Godwin's three brigades were put in the trenches covering the river above the bridge--three regiments of Hays' brigade, the 6th, 9th and 8th, being on the right and the 5th and 7th on the extreme left. The portion of the trenches occupied by the 6th, 9th and 8th regiments of Hays' brigade covered the bridge and to the right of it and on this part of the works were the four guns of Green's battery.

The enemy continued his artillery fire vigorously and rapidly until dark, his skirmishers in the meantime advancing in such heavy force as to drive ours into the works, and themselves coming up to within easy rifle range of the trenches. Just at dark the enemy's force advanced in heavy columns immediately in front of the position occupied by Hays' three regiments and our artillery, one of the columns moving up to within a short <je_312>distance under cover of the railroad embankment and then suddenly debouching through the opening made for the passage of the road, before mentioned.

This assault was resolutely met by Hays' men and Green's guns, who poured a destructive fire into the advancing masses of the enemy, breaking the heavy line of skirmishers preceding the columns, but these columns came on in such strong force and such rapid succession that after a brief but obstinate resistance, Hays' men were literally overpowered by numbers in the trenches, which they held to the last, without attempting to leave them. The enemy also rushed upon the guns at the same time and, meeting with little or no obstacle from the works themselves, overpowered the gunners at their posts.

When the guns were taken General Hays made an attempt to recapture them, but the enemy coming up in still further force in front rendered the attempt abortive. The part of the line now taken was within a hundred yards of the northern end of the bridge and completely commanded it, so that all the force on the left was completely cut off from retreat.

An attack made on Godwin's front simultaneously with that on Hays' right, but not in as

strong force, had been repulsed by the 54th North Carolina Regiment, and when Godwin learned that Hays' line was broken, he endeavored to move to his assistance, but the enemy had now got between the trenches and the river and commenced moving up a strong force against Godwin's right, at the same time that another advanced against him in front. He was therefore compelled to abandon a part of the trenches on his right and present front, as well as he could in the darkness, to the two forces, thus assailing him in different directions, so as to try to cut his way to the bridge.

He made a resolute struggle, but the enemy threw such a force between him and the bridge that the attempt to reach it was hopeless, and the rest of his men were <je_313>forced to abandon the trenches on the left. His three regiments and the two Louisiana regiments on his left were now completely surrounded, the enemy encircling them in front and on the flanks, while an impassable river was in their rear. Nevertheless, Colonel Godwin continued to struggle, rallying and encouraging his men as he retired from point to point towards the river, until he himself, with only about seventy men still remaining to him, was overpowered and taken by an irresistible force, without surrendering himself or his command. A like fate befell the 5th and 7th Louisiana Regiments.

I had remained with General Lee, by his direction, on the hill in rear near Dance's guns, where he had taken his position, observing the enemy's movements as well as we could, until very nearly or about dark. When the enemy's artillery fire ceased, we had discovered some movement of his infantry, but we could see so indistinctly that we could not tell what it meant. We saw the flashes of the rifles from our trenches and from the guns on the side of the river, but a very heavy wind was blowing, so that we could hear no sounds, not even that of our guns, which were not more than three or four hundred yards from us.

After this firing had continued some minutes, perhaps twenty or thirty, it slackened, and not hearing from it, we were of the opinion that it was at the enemy's skirmishers. General Lee then, expressing the opinion that the movement of the enemy in our front at this point was probably intended merely as a reconnoissance or feint, and that it was too late for him to attempt anything serious that night, concluded to retire, leaving with me two dispatches for General Ewell.

A short time before we saw the last firing, I had sent my Inspector General, Major Hale, on foot across the bridge to direct General Hays and Colonel Godwin to send and have rations brought up for their men, and just as I was preparing to send off the two dispatches left with me for General Ewell, Major Hale returned <je_314>and informed me that when he saw General Hays the enemy was advancing against him, but he and his men were all right and in good spirits and that he then went to Colonel Godwin, whom he found all right, but as he was returning across the bridge he saw one or two of Hays' men coming off, who said the enemy had just broken through the line, the Major himself expressing the opinion that the statement was entirely false. It was now very dark and objects could not be seen at a very short distance. General Lee could not have then gone more than a few hundred yards since he left me.

Though I did not think the information brought could be true, as what I had witnessed did not indicate such a result, yet I sent Major Daniel to ascertain the truth, and ordered Pegram to move his brigade to the bridge immediately and Graham and Dance to man their guns. I then started to the bridge and soon met Major Daniel, who informed me he had just seen General Hays, who had made his escape, and that the greater part of his

brigade was captured, the enemy in possession of the works, and Godwin cut off from the bridge.

Pegram's brigade was then hurried up to the bridge to prevent the enemy from crossing and Gordon's was sent for, information of the disaster being sent to General Lee at once. Godwin's regiments had not yet been captured, and I had the mortification of seeing the flashes of their rifles, and hearing their capture without being able to render them the slightest assistance, as it would have been folly to attempt to cross the bridge, and I could not open with the guns on the south side, as it was so very dark that nothing was visible, and we would have been as apt to fire into our own men as into the enemy.

A number of Hays' officers and men had been able to effect their escape by slipping off in the dark, after the works were in possession of the enemy, many swimming the river and others getting over the bridge. Some of Godwin's officers and men also effected their escape by swimming the river, and others by slipping down the <je_315>banks of it to the bridge, while the enemy was engaged in securing the rest. General Hays had effected his escape after he was entirely surrounded by the enemy, and was in their power, by his horse's taking fright at a musket fired near him and dashing off, when a number of shots were fired at him, and finding that he had to run the gauntlet anyhow, he made for the bridge and escaped unhurt.

A regiment from Pegram's brigade had been sent to the end of the bridge and the rest of the brigade formed in line in rear of it. To have attempted to cross the rest of my command over the bridge would have but added to the disaster, and therefore, after waiting for some time to give an opportunity to all the men to escape who could, and ascertaining definitely the capture of the regiments on the left, and that the enemy had a guard at the further end, the bridge was fired at the end next us, and so destroyed that it could not be used by the enemy.

Receiving orders from General Lee to move back to my camp, I did so at three o'clock in the morning, after having sent off Graham's and Dance's batteries.

The loss in my division in this affair was 5 killed, 35 wounded, and 1593 missing, making a total of 1630. The loss in Green's battery was 1 killed and 41 missing, total 42, making the loss altogether 1672, besides the four guns and the small arms. The killed are those who were known to be killed, and the wounded were those who got off. Doubtless there were a number killed and wounded who were put down in the missing, but the enemy came up to the works firing but very little, and therefore the loss in that respect was comparatively slight.

Nearly three hundred of Hays' officers and men, between one hundred and one hundred and fifty from the three regiments under Godwin, and twenty men of Green's battery made their escape. A considerable number of the men in both brigades were engaged in getting timber for building huts at the time and were not present with their brigades, thus escaping capture.

<je_316>

The total force occupying the works was a little over two thousand, and the force which attacked them consisted of two corps, numbering probably over thirty thousand men. The result of the attack was unavoidable, and I fully exempted my officers and men from all blame. If the enemy chose to make the attack his success was inevitable. The works were of too slight a character to enable a body of troops to hold them against such overwhelming numbers. When the enemy reached the works he had no trouble in walking

over them, as there were no ditches or obstructions in front.

In constructing these works too great reliance had been placed in the want of enterprise on the part of the enemy, and there was but one mode of approach to or retreat from them, so that when the works were carried in front of the only bridge there was, the fate of the rest of the command was sealed. The enemy on this occasion had more enterprise than had been presumed on, and hence the disaster.

This was the first serious disaster that had befallen any of my immediate commands, either as a brigade or division commander, since the commencement of the war, and I felt that I was not responsible for it, though I bitterly regretted it.

The same afternoon three corps of the enemy had attacked Rodes at Kelly's and forced a passage there, inflicting on his division some loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

On the next morning, the 8th, we formed a line of battle, a mile or two in rear of Brandy Station, Ewell's corps occupying the right, with its left, my division, resting on the road to Culpeper Court-House, and Hill's corps occupying the left, with his right connecting with my left. In this position we awaited the advance of the enemy all day, but he made no attack on us, though there was some fighting on Hill's left with the enemy's cavalry. Being now in a very unfavorable position, and having no good line to occupy in Culpeper, we fell back that night to the <je_317>Rapidan, and next morning crossed over and occupied our old positions. Meade's army also occupied very much the same positions it had previously occupied, and the line of pickets on the Rapidan was re-established.

While we were in Culpeper on this occasion we discovered that Meade's army had almost entirely devastated that county. Many beautiful residences of gentlemen had been pulled down, and some within sight of Meade's own headquarters, for the purpose of making huts for the soldiers and chimneys to the officers' tents. It was a scene of desolation, and the population was' almost gone. I had been on the track of this army under

all the other commanders, but I think it committed more depredations under Meade than under any of the rest, not excepting Pope himself.

After resuming our positions on the Rapidan, the condition of things was pretty much as it had been before, the enemy making some demonstrations but no serious movement until the last of the month.

A little after the middle of the month, General Ewell's health had been impaired, and I succeeded temporarily to the command of the corps.

There had been some demonstrations with the enemy's cavalry force, and General Lee, apprehending that the enemy might attempt to turn our right by moving across some of the lower fords, directed me to examine all the country on our right as far as Mine Run, and ascertain if a line could be formed there, extending towards Verdier-ville on the Plank road, which we could occupy in the event of an advance in that quarter; and to make myself familiar with all the roads. Our right, then held by Rodes' division, covered Morton's Ford and extended around to the river above the mouth of Mountain Run--the extreme right flank being unfavorably located, and liable to be turned, not only by a movement across at Germana Ford, but also at Jacob's Ford higher up, and from our right, as well as at some other points in the neighborhood.

<je_318>

After a careful examination of the country, I selected a line to be connected with Rodes' right, by throwing the latter back from the river and then running the new line in its

prolongation across Mountain Run, and a road leading past Rodes' rear to Bartlett's Mill, to Locust Grove, to Black Walnut Run above Bartlett's Mill, from which point the line could be still further prolonged past Zoar Church to Verdierville, if necessary, on a dividing ridge between the waters of Black Walnut and Mine Runs, which streams united just above Bartlett's Mill. Johnson's division which had been camped in the rear was then moved up to construct and occupy the right of the line extending from Mountain Run to Black Walnut.

While we were engaged in constructing this new line, with a view to its further prolongation if necessary, so as to cover all the roads coming in from the right between the Plank road and the river, on the 26th of November, Meade's army was discovered to be in motion towards the fords below on our right, and preparations were at once made to meet it.

Fitz. Lee's cavalry was ordered to relieve our pickets, and late in the afternoon of that day Rodes' division was moved across Black Walnut to the right of Johnson on the ridge extending towards Zoar Church, and my own division under the command of General Hays was withdrawn from its position and concentrated with a view of moving next morning on the old stone pike leading from Orange Court-House to Fredericksburg by the way of Locust Grove or Robertson's Tavern, and the old Wilderness Tavern so as to get on Rodes' right in prolongation of the line.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXIX.--Skirmishing At Mine Run.

<je_319>

GENERAL LEE had discovered that the enemy was crossing some of his troops as low down as Germana Ford, and to prevent him from getting too far to his rear, he determined to move forward, and not await the advance against this new line; and during the night I was ordered to advance at daylight next morning as far as Locust Grove on the three roads leading to that point, to wit: the stone pike, the road by Zoar Church, and the one by Bartlett's Mill.

In accordance with General Lee's instructions, the three divisions of the corps were advanced at light on the morning of the 27th, as follows: my own division under Hays on the stone pike on the right, Rodes' on the road by Zoar Church, and Johnson's on the road by Bartlett's Mill; and while the troops were moving forward I rode to meet General Lee at Verdierville, in accordance with a request from him to that effect.

Rodes' was a little in advance of the other divisions, and as the advance of his column came in view of the open ground around Locust Grove (Robertson's Tavern) a very large force of the enemy was discovered moving up and occupying the high ground at that point. General Rodes then formed his division in line across the road on which he was advancing, in a body of woods, and the point at which that road united with the one by Bartlett's Mill on which Johnson was. In a short time Hays came up from Bartlett's Mill and finding Rodes in position in possession of Locust Grove, formed his line across that road confronting him--Johnson in the meantime coming up from Bartlett's Mill and finding Rodes in position in front of him, halted his division along the road with his advance a short distance in rear of Rodes' line, and his division extending back towards Bartlett's Mill, so as to <je_320>make his position nearly at right angles with the line occupied by Rodes. The enemy opened with artillery on both Rodes and Hays, and some skirmishing ensued.

While I was in consultation with General Lee at Verdierville, the information that the enemy had been encountered at Locust Grove reached me in the afternoon, and I rode to the front to Hays' position. I found the enemy occupied commanding ground in front and around Locust Grove, while the position Hays had been compelled to assume was low and very unfavorable. The enemy's guns raked the road as far as they could reach, and each side of it the ground, ascending towards the enemy, was very rough and so obstructed with young pines and underbrush as to make an advance very difficult. Causing Hays to connect his left with Rodes' right and so post his troops as to render them as secure as possible, I rode to Rodes' position, which I found equally disadvantageous for defence or attack. General Rodes informed me that the force seen entering the plains around Locust Grove was very heavy and that it was evident other troops were moving up to that position.

After reconnoitring I was fully satisfied that I could not make an attack upon the enemy with advantage, and that he had decidedly the advantage of the ground for attacking me. An examination of the ground on Hays' right had caused me to suppose that an attack might be made on the enemy's left by a force coming up on that flank from the Plank road, and information of that fact had been sent to General Lee.

While we were endeavoring to find out all we could about the enemy's position and

strength, a little before sunset, General Johnson sent me word (to the point of intersection of the Bartlett's Mill and Zoar Church roads where I then was, just in Rodes' rear) that a party of the enemy had fired on his ambulances, on the road from Bartlett's Mill. I had received information that a body of the enemy's cavalry had crossed in front of Fitz. Lee at Morton's Ford, and had been cautioned by General Fitz. Lee <je_321>to look out for my left flank against molestation of the enemy's cavalry, and supposing the party firing on Johnson's train might be a body of cavalry that had crossed at some of the fords below Morton's, I sent word to General Johnson that such was my opinion and directed him to attack and drive off the cavalry. He at once formed his division and moved forward to the attack, soon encountering, instead of a cavalry force, a very heavy force of infantry advancing towards the Bartlett's Mill road.

A very heavy engagement with both artillery and infantry ensued, in which Johnson's division encountered the enemy's 3rd corps under French, supported by the 6th corps under Sedgwick, and, after a very obstinate fight lasting until after dark, Johnson effectually checked the enemy's advance, driving his troops back, and maintaining full occupation of the road. His brigades behaved with great gallantry, encountering many times their own numbers, and by the check thus given to the enemy in this quarter saved the whole corps from a very serious disaster, for if the enemy had got possession of this road, he would have been able to come up in rear of the other division, while they were confronting the large force at Locust Grove.

During the engagement one of Rodes' brigades was taken from his left and sent to Johnson's assistance, but before it arrived the action had closed. Johnson's division did not then exceed 4,000 men, if it reached that number. The two corps moving against it numbered not less than 30,000 men, though French's corps, the 3rd, was the only one which became actually engaged.

This affair satisfied me that the enemy's whole army was in the immediate neighborhood, and as Ewell's corps, under my command, was then in a most unfavorable position, I determined to fall back across Mine Run about two miles in our rear, where I had observed a good position as I passed on. Accordingly after Johnson's fight was over, and all his wounded and dead had been collected <je_322>as far as practicable, in the darkness, the divisions were withdrawn across Mine Run, my own and Rodes' on the stone pike, and Johnson's on the road to Zoar Church. Division commanders were directed to place their divisions in position at light next morning, on the west side of the run, Hays' left and Rodes' right resting on the stone pike, and Johnson's division across the Zoar Church road so as to connect with Rodes' left. Anderson's division of Hill's corps had been sent from the Plank road to my assistance, by General Lee, arriving about dark in rear of Hays' right, and before withdrawing my own troops I communicated to General Anderson my purpose, and he also withdrew across the run, so as to take position on Hays' right next morning. A strong line of pickets having been posted in front, the troops lay down on their arms a short time before day to rest from their fatigue.

In the affair between Johnson's division and the enemy's 3rd corps, there was some loss of valuable officers and men in killed and wounded, among the former being Randolph of the Stonewall Brigade, and among the latter Brigadier General J. M. Jones; but a much heavier loss was inflicted on the enemy.

After light on the morning of the 28th I rode to see General Lee at Verdierville for the purpose of advising him fully of the condition of things and receiving his further

instructions. After being there a short time, information was sent me that the enemy was advancing on the stone pike from Locust Grove, and on riding to the front I found his skirmishers on the hills beyond Mine Run. The line on the west bank was now taken and the men commenced strengthening it with rifle trenches. Previous to this time not a spade of earth had been thrown up on the whole line. In the course of the day the enemy moved up his whole force in our front; Hill's corps, which had come up, having taken position on my right extending across to the Plank road, and covering that also.

Some skirmish firing ensued between the advance line of skirmishers, <je_323>but no serious move was made by the enemy.

Our position was a very good one and it was rapidly strengthened with the ordinary rifle trenches and some epaulments for artillery. The enemy's position on the opposite banks of Mine Run was also a strong one for defence, the ground there being a little higher than that occupied by us; and he proceeded to throw up strong epaulments for his artillery in numerous favorable positions. A direct attack from either side would have been attended with great difficulties, on account of the necessity of having to descend the slopes to Mine Run and then after crossing that stream to ascend the opposite slopes under the fire of artillery as well as infantry.

As the enemy had crossed the river to attack us, we calmly awaited his assault for several days, with full confidence that we would be able to punish him severely for disturbance of us at this inclement season.

The weakest part of the line occupied by me was on the left, where Mine Run made a turn somewhat around that flank, so as to afford the enemy an opportunity of placing guns in position to partially enfilade the line. He was slow, however, to take advantage of this, and our lines at the exposed parts were protected in some measure by traverses hastily made. On the 30th, he was observed moving troops to his right beyond our left, and dispositions were made to meet him by extending Johnson's line to the rear around towards Zoar Church. There had been occasional artillery firing by the enemy, and on this day he opened quite heavily for a time, our fire being generally reserved for the attack when it should be made. Andrews' battalion of artillery, however, near Johnson's left, supported by some guns from the reserve artillery, replied to the enemy's for a time.

A force of infantry crossing Mine Run in front of my division, under cover of some woods on the bank of the stream, came up to an imperfect line of trenches in front, which had been abandoned for a better and shorter line <je_324>in their rear and were then only held by a line of skirmishers, but was soon compelled to retire.

The enemy had possession of Bartlett's Mill road which ran on our left towards the fords above, and connected with a road from Bartlett's Mill to Zoar Church in our rear; and as there was great danger of our left being turned in this direction, a watch was kept by videttes and pickets on that flank, so as to advise us of any movement, and enable us to move the line in prolongation until it connected with the one on the river.

The enemy made no such movement, however, and though on the 30th there were indications as if he were going to attack our left, yet he did not do so.

At the same time there had been indications of a purpose to attack our right beyond the Plank road, and corresponding movements were made to meet an attack there.

We remained in position awaiting the enemy's movements until December, when, all purpose to attack on his part being apparently abandoned, General Lee determined to attack him on his left flank, and for that purpose drew out two of Hill's divisions on the

right to make the attack early next morning, the other division being moved to occupy their positions and my divisions being extended out to the right to occupy the part of the line evacuated by Hill's left division (Anderson's). During the night, however, the enemy withdrew from our front, and next morning he was found gone.

As soon as this was discovered I moved forward with the whole corps on the stone pike and then towards Germana Ford, capturing some two or three hundred prisoners, but the enemy's main force had crossed the river early in the morning.(*). After going to within a short distance

(*) Though Meade's performance on this occasion was somewhat like that of a King of France on a certain occasion, yet he had not failed to accomplish something towards the "*suppression* of the rebellion." There was a little tanyard near Locust Grove, in sight of his headquarters, which belonged to and was operated by a poor man who took in hides to tan on shares for the neighbors, but who was in no wise engaged in tanning for the government or the soldiers. The community around it was very poor, and this was the sole dependence for shoes for the women and children of that neighborhood. The tannery building and the house of the owner were burned, the leather all destroyed, and the hides in the vats taken out and cut to pieces so as to be worthless. In addition to this, all the plows and farming utensils, and wheeled vehicles, including old ox-carts and dilapidated buggies, in the neighborhood and on the road to Germana Ford were burned, and the houses of a number of citizens ransacked and the furniture destroyed. In the very few cases where there were pianos or libraries, the former were hacked to pieces with axes, and the books in the latter torn up and scattered over the ground, private papers sharing the same fate. I saw the evidences of these things myself. The women and children around Locust Grove had no new shoes that winter, and the people in all that country were deprived of the means of properly cultivating their crops next season, to say nothing of those who lost what little source of amusement, recreation or mental employment there was left to them.

Can it be doubted that this was calculated to break the spirit of the "rebellion"? Meade's expedition to Mine Run accomplished this much if no more.

<je_325>

of Germana Ford, and finding that there was no prospect of accomplishing anything further, I returned that night across Mine Run and encamped. The next day we returned to our former positions and the old state of things was resumed.

During our absence a division of the enemy's cavalry had crossed at Morton's Ford, and after some fighting, had been compelled by Fitz. Lee's cavalry to retire.

The loss in the corps during this affair was slight, nearly the whole of it being sustained by Johnson's division in the fight of the 27th.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XXX.--Averill's Raid And The Winter Campaign.

<je_326>

A FEW days after our return from Mine Run, General Ewell came back to the command of the corps, and I returned to my division, all remaining quiet on the Rapidan.

About the middle of December a force of cavalry and infantry moved from New Creek on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad up the south branch of the Potomac, under General Averill of the Federal Army, apparently threatening Staunton in the Valley, while at the same time another force under Colonel Wells moved up the Valley from Martinsburg to Strasburg. General Imboden commanding in the Valley, having only a small brigade of cavalry and a battery of artillery, applied to General Lee for reinforcements, and two brigades of Hill's corps, Thomas' and H. H. Walker's, were sent to Staunton over the railroad, Fitz. Lee's brigade of cavalry being ordered to move to the Valley also. General Lee then ordered me to proceed to the Valley and take command of all the troops there.

I started at once, leaving Orange Court-House by rail and, reaching Staunton, by reason of some delay on the railroad, after the middle of the night. I found Thomas' brigade in Staunton, it having arrived the evening before, ahead of me, and Walker's had moved out to Buffalo Gap, ten miles beyond Staunton on the road to McDowell, at or near which place the enemy under Averill was reported to be.

Very early next morning General Imboden came into town, and I rode with him to his camp across the mountain from Buffalo Gap near the Calf Pasture River. He reported that the enemy's force was about five thousand strong and still confronted him behind Bull Pasture River, on the other side of the intervening mountains, where it was watched by a detachment of his cavalry, and <je_327>such was the report we found at his camp. After I had been at his camp but a very short time, a courier came to me with a telegraphic dispatch from General Lee, who was then in Richmond, stating that Averill had left the Sweet Springs on the morning of the day before on the road towards Salem. I then started back to Buffalo Gap, and on the way I received another telegraphic dispatch from General Lee, informing me that Averill had entered Salem on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad the morning of that day, and directing me to make arrangements to capture him.

It turned out that Averill with his cavalry had left the front of General Imboden at least two days before I started from Orange, leaving the small infantry force with him, under Colonel Thoburn, to amuse Imboden's pickets, and that Thoburn had also started back to the valley of the South Branch before I arrived. Imboden was ordered to bring his brigade back to Buffalo Gap, that night, for the purpose of being sent after Averill.

The question was how to cut off Averill's retreat, as he had several ways of getting back to a safe position. He might return the way he went--go up the railroad and then by the way of Blacksburg in Montgomery--come back by the way of Fincastle to Covington--or by the way of Buchanan and Lexington through the Valley, there being numerous intervening roads between these main routes which afforded him ample facilities for escape if he had good guides. After consultation with General Imboden, who was very familiar with the country, I determined to send his brigade to Covington next day, where it would be in a position to intercept Averill's retreat on the road by that place or move to the right and intercept him at Callahan's if he returned the same way he went.

During the night it rained in perfect torrents--such a rain as I have rarely seen--and by

the next morning all the streams were very high. The direct route to Covington was down the valley of the Little Calf Pasture crossing that stream many times, across Big Calf Pasture <je_328>and Cow Pasture Rivers. Little Calf Pasture itself, it was evident from the condition of the very small streams at Buffalo, would be impassable where there were no bridges, and there was no bridge over the Cow Pasture, quite a large river, on this route. It was, therefore, impossible for him to go the direct road, but being informed by him that there was a bridge over the Cow Pasture not far above its junction with Jackson's River, which could be reached by going through Rockbridge, and avoiding the other streams, I ordered him to take that route, which was by the way of Brownsburg.

The infantry brigades I determined to move back to Staunton, to be used for the defence of that place in the event of Averill's moving that way, as it was useless to be sending them after cavalry over such a track of country. Colonel Wm. L. Jackson was at Jackson's River Depot at the termination of the Central Railroad, with about five hundred men of his brigade dismounted, and that covered a route by Clifton Forge from Fincastle up the river to Covington. Railroad communication with him was cut by the previous destruction of the bridge over Cow Pasture, but there was telegraphic communication with him, and he was ordered to keep a lookout and make disposition to stop Averill if he came that way. I expected to find Fitz. Lee in the valley by this time, either at Staunton or farther down, and I rode to that place to order him to such point as might be advisable after I heard what route Averill had taken.

On arriving at Staunton, I found General Fitz. Lee himself, who had come in advance of his brigade, which had crossed the mountain at Swift Run Gap. I was now in telegraphic communication with General Nichols at Lynchburg, and from him I received information that Averill had started back on the same route he came, but was stopped by high water at Craig's Creek some twelve or fifteen miles from Salem. I, therefore, determined to order Fitz. Lee to Covington by the way of Lexington and Colliertown, at which latter place Imboden was ordered <je_329>to unite with him. His brigade passed through Staunton late that afternoon, and General Lee followed very early next morning, with instructions to make all necessary arrangements to capture the raiding force, and with directions to move to any point that might be necessary according to the information which he might receive either at Lexington or elsewhere.

About the middle of the day I received a telegraphic dispatch from General Nichols covering one from an operator, stating that he had gone on the railroad that morning to within a mile of Salem, and that Averill was returning to that place, having been unable to cross Craig's Creek. If this was true, Averill must then attempt to make his escape by the way of the western route by Blacksburg, or the northern route by the way of Buchanan, and taking it for granted that it was true, I at once sent a copy by a courier to General Lee for his information, stating to him at the same time that as he was much nearer to Averill than I was, he might have other information on which to act, and leaving it to his discretion to move to Buchanan or to Covington as his information might justify.

When my dispatch reached General Lee he had united with Imboden at Colliertown, and after consultation with the latter he determined to move to Buchanan, as he had no information which warranted him in supposing that the dispatch from Lynchburg was not true.

During the night after I had received the dispatch informing me of Averill's return to Salem, I received another from General Nichols informing me that the information sent

was not true and that Averill had succeeded after some delay in crossing Craig's Creek and moving on. It was now too late to reach Fitz. Lee by courier and I hoped that he might have had some accurate information.

I now determined to try to reach Jackson's position with one of the brigades of infantry, and Thomas' was sent next morning on the railroad, to endeavor to get <je_330>across Cow Pasture in boats and so reach Jackson. The running stock of the railroad was in such bad condition, and the grades beyond Millboro were so heavy, having a temporary track with inclined planes at an unfinished part of the road beyond that point, that Thomas' brigade could not get any further. I ran down on the road myself to see if the brigade could not be thrown to some point to intercept the enemy. Arriving just at night I found General Thomas in telegraphic communication with Jackson, and the information was soon received that Averill's advance had made its appearance on an obscure road across the mountains into the Jackson's River Valley, and that a small part of Jackson's men were skirmishing with the enemy. This road came in above Jackson's main position, and the party watching it was soon forced back, and Averill's force got into the road between Jackson and the bridge above him, which bridge was guarded by a party of some eight or ten reserves, who abandoned their post.

The enemy thus got possession of the bridge and commenced crossing rapidly. Jackson, in the meantime, moved up and attacked the enemy's rear, which he threw into great confusion, capturing over two hundred prisoners. In his alarm the enemy set fire to the bridge, thus cutting off all of his wagons, and some two or three hundred of his men. The wagons were burned and the men left behind subsequently moved up the river and forded by swimming.

All this information was communicated to me that night and next morning by telegram, and I knew that it was useless to make any further attempt to cut the enemy off with my infantry, as he was beyond pursuit of any kind.

When Fitz. Lee reached Buchanan and found Averill was not coming that way, he moved by the way of Fin-castle in pursuit, and ascertaining what route Averill had taken, he then went to Covington and from there followed to Callahan's, but the greater part of the raiding party <je_331>had made its escape, so he desisted from what was then a useless effort. The facts were that on going back on the route he had come, from the Sweet Springs, Averill found his retreat cut off that way by Echol's brigade of General Sam Jones' force from Southwestern Virginia, which was posted on what is called Potts' or Middle Mountain, and he then turned across toward Covington over Rich Patch Mountain, being compelled to come into the valley of Jackson's River at the point he did to reach the bridge on the road from Clifton Forge to Covington, as there was no bridge on the direct road to that place. He thus succeeded in making his escape by the stupidity or treachery of a telegraph operator, but the amount of damage he had been able to do did not compensate for the loss of men and horses which he sustained, and the sufferings the others endured. He had been able to burn a small depot at Salem with a few supplies in it and one or two small bridges in the neighborhood, which were rebuilt in a few days. His raid really amounted to very little except the name of it.

The same night that Averill made his escape by Jackson, I received a dispatch from General Walker at Staunton informing me that the force that had been at Strasburg was moving up the valley, and had passed New Market. I telegraphed to him to move to the North River at Mount Crawford at once, which he did early next day. Thomas' brigade

was moved back to Staunton, starting early in the morning, but on account of the condition of the road, did not reach there until nearly night. On arriving at Staunton myself, I rode out to Walker's position eighteen miles beyond, leaving orders for Thomas to march up during the night. On reaching Walker I found that the enemy was in Harrisonburg, and I ordered an advance early next morning.

At light next day, Thomas came up, both brigades moving forward. The enemy was found to have retired during the night, leaving a small cavalry rear guard, which retreated as we came up. I had no cavalry except <je_332>a few stragglers from different cavalry commands, which I could employ only as scouts to observe the movements of the enemy, but I pushed on in pursuit. After passing Harrisonburg, a battalion of mounted men exempt from regular service by age or otherwise, called the Augusta Raid Guards, came up, and were ordered forward in pursuit, but accomplished nothing. According to the organization of the command, the men were not bound to go beyond the limits of any adjoining county, and when they reached the Shenandoah line they halted, standing upon their legal rights, though it may be doubted if they would have stood upon them if the enemy had turned back.

This force of the enemy had now got beyond reach, and Thomas' brigade was halted at Lacy's Springs after having marched thirty-six miles since after nightfall the evening before. Walker's moved on to New Market and halted there, having then marched twenty-eight miles.

The movement in this direction had been made to divert some of the troops from the pursuit of Averill, so as to aid his escape; and the force making it now retreated rapidly to Martinsburg. Thomas being moved up to New Market, I rested the men a few days, and I then received directions from General Lee to send a cavalry expedition into the counties of Hardy and Hampshire to get some cattle and meat for his men. Our army was now very much straitened for provisions, especially for meat, of which they were sometimes devoid for days at a time. As soon as Fitz. Lee had returned from the pursuit of Averill I ordered him up to the vicinity of New Market, and when his men and horses had rested a few days he was ordered to cross the Great North Mountain into Hardy, try and dislodge an infantry force at Petersburg, cut the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at the mouth of the South Branch of the Potomac, and of Patterson's Creek, gather all the beef cattle he could, and likewise get what of value was to be had.

By the last of December he was ready to move, and <je_333>started, accompanied by McNeil's company of partisan rangers and Gilmor's Maryland battalion, crossing the mountain over a rugged road near Orkney Springs. I started McClanahan's battery of artillery of Imboden's command with him and some wagons, but it was now the 1st of January and the weather had become excessively cold, the thermometer being near zero, and when the artillery got to the top of the mountain, it was found that the roads on the other side, which were very steep, were sheeted with ice, rendering it impracticable to get the artillery down in safety. The cavalry succeeded in getting down, by the men being dismounted to lead their horses, but the artillery and wagons had to be sent back.

To attract attention from this expedition I moved at the same time down the Valley pike to Fisher's Hill with Thomas' brigade, preceded by Imboden's cavalry under Colonel Smith, and remained there until Fitz. Lee's return, Smith being sent beyond Strasburg to demonstrate towards Winchester. Walker's brigade had been left at Mount Jackson. While we were at Fisher's Hill, there were two heavy snows, and there was very hard freezing

weather all the time. The men had no tents and their only shelter consisted of rude open sheds made of split wood, yet, though Thomas' was a Georgia brigade, they stood the weather remarkably well and seemed to take a pleasure in the expedition, regretting when the time came to fall back.

In the meantime Fitz. Lee had reached Hardy, attacked a guarded train moving from New Creek to Petersburg for the supply of that post, captured more than twenty wagons and some prisoners, invested the post at Petersburg, which he found strongly fortified, but having no artillery he abandoned the attempt to dislodge the enemy without making an attack. He then moved down to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, destroyed the bridge over Patterson's Creek and that over the South Branch partially, collected a large number of cattle, and came off with the captured wagons, and prisoners, and <je_334>some eight hundred or one thousand head of beef cattle. His men had been exposed to the same severe weather to which those at Fisher's Hill had been, and the feet of a few of them had been frosted. As soon as I heard of his safe return, I moved back up the valley, and the cattle brought off were sent to the army.

Not long afterwards, Fitz. Lee's cavalry returned to the eastern side of the ridge, but its place was taken by Rosser's brigade, which had come into the valley.

About the last of January I undertook another expedition into the Hardy Valley for the same objects for which the first had been made. This I determined to make with Rosser's brigade of cavalry and one of the brigades of infantry, accompanied by McClanahan's battery, that being the only artillery there was in the valley.

Rosser with his brigade, McNeil's company, a part of Gilmor's battalion, the battery and some wagons passed through Brock's Gap into the valley of Lost River, while Thomas' brigade moved over the mountains, at the Orkney Springs pass, to the same valley. Imboden was left with Walker's brigade of infantry at Mount Jackson, and his own brigade of cavalry advanced down the Valley pike towards Winchester, to demonstrate in that direction. Passing over the mountain to Matthews' on Lost River in advance of Thomas' brigade I found Rosser at that place, where we spent the night. From this point the road to Moorefield ascends to the summit of Branch Mountain and then along that for several miles, through a wild, mountainous and desolate looking region, until it comes to the point of descent into the Moorefield Valley, which latter, a most beautiful and fertile valley surrounded by high mountains, is reached at the western base of the mountain on the South Fork of the South Branch.

Starting early in the morning we reached the South Fork with the cavalry and artillery early in the day, and leaving the main force there, behind the mountain intervening between the two forks, McNeil's company was <je_335>thrown forward to Moorefield and the North Fork, to cover our front and prevent the enemy, who occupied the fortified fort at Petersburg eight or ten miles above Moorefield on the North Fork, from discovering our presence in force; McNeil's company being composed mainly of men from that section, and being in the habit of making frequent raids into the valley.

We had ascertained that a large loaded wagon train was on the point of starting from New Creek for Petersburg, and some very trusty scouts perfectly familiar with the country were watching it. During the night, we were informed by the scouts that the train of about one hundred wagons had started, guarded by a force of infantry, and that it would be on the Patterson Creek road across Patterson Mountain from Moorefield at an early hour next day. Rosser immediately made preparations to move with his brigade and the battery of

artillery before light in the morning. Crossing over Patterson Mountain, he found the road obstructed with trees felled across it, extending some distance on each side, and the obstructions defended by a force of infantry. Dismounting a part of his men, he attacked and drove the enemy from the obstructions, and clearing the road, he passed through and soon encountered the train.

The infantry guard was very strong, and McClana-han's guns were brought into action, when by a vigorous charge the guard was dispersed, taking refuge in the mountains, and over ninety loaded wagons with their teams, and more than one hundred prisoners were captured. Fifty of the wagons were sent back with their teams and loads, but the rest were so badly smashed in the confusion resulting from the attack, that they could not be moved; and securing the teams and such of the contents as could be brought off, the injured wagons were burned.

Rosser had been ordered to move around and take position on the road north and west of Petersburg, so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy from that place, <je_336>against which I proposed moving at light next day, as the infantry would be up at night, and he proceeded to obey the orders.

Thomas' Georgians, moving along the summit of Branch Mountain with nothing but wild inaccessible mountains and deep ravines on each side as far as the eye could reach, could not understand why they were carried over such a route at this season and inquired of each other: "What can General Early mean by bringing us into such a country as this in the midst of winter?" But when they came suddenly in view of the beautiful valley of Moorefield and saw spread out before them what Johnson might have taken as the original of his ideas of the "Happy Valley" in Rasselas, they burst into wild enthusiasm at the unexpected scene, so beautiful and inviting even in the midst of winter and with the tread of an invading enemy upon it.

They were no longer disposed to murmur, and reaching the vicinity of Moorefield late in the afternoon, their spirits were still further cheered by the sight of a large number of beautiful girls rushing out to see and welcome "our" infantry, as they fondly called it, a sight that had not met the eyes of those warm-hearted beings since a portion of the force constituting Garnett's ill-starred expedition had retreated that way early in the war. The Georgians were ready then to go anywhere. Not discontinuing their march they were thrown across the North Fork just at dark on the road to Petersburg, by felling trees from each side so as to interlap, and enable them to crawl over.

The road to Petersburg passed through a narrow defile above, just wide enough for a wagon way, with the river on one side and a very high vertical precipice of rock on the other side, so as to make it impracticable to pass through the file if held by any force at all, and it was then strongly picketed by the enemy, whose main force was in reach. The men bivouacked and kept as quiet as possible during the night so as not to alarm the enemy, <je_337>and at light next morning I moved with them over the mountain, on a mere pathway lately unused and nearly grown up with underbrush, so as to avoid the defile spoken of and get in its rear, being guided by Captain McNeil with his company.

A thick fog overspread the mountains and the valley, as it was moist, mild weather, and when we reached the open ground on the other side where we were within easy artillery range of the enemy's works, nothing could be seen of them or the town of Petersburg. We heard some drums beating and an occasional cheer, and having sent a small force to get in rear of the defile while I made disposition to advance upon the point where I was told the

enemy's works were, information reached me that Rosser was in possession of the enemy's works, the force of the latter consisting of two regiments and some artillery, having evacuated during the night and taken a rough obscure road to the west through the mountains of which Rosser had not known.

Some provisions and forage were found in the works which were appropriated, and Rosser was ordered to move at once down Patterson Creek, cut the railroad, and gather all the cattle and sheep he could by sending detachments through the country. After demolishing the works, which contained several bomb-proof shelters for men and magazines for ammunition and other stores, Thomas' brigade was moved back towards Moorefield, and next day posted so as to cover the approaches from the direction of Winchester.

The men now had an abundance of provisions, and the luxury of a little coffee taken from the enemy; and the kind hospitality of the good people of Moorefield and the vicinity rendered this winter campaign into the mountains a most pleasant episode in their army experiences.

Rosser succeeded in cutting the railroad at the mouths of Patterson Creek and the South Branch where it had been previously cut by Fitz. Lee, dislodging a guard from <je_338>the latter place, and also in collecting a considerable number of cattle and sheep, with which he returned to Moorefield in two or three days. The enemy, however, had moved from Cumberland with a large force of infantry and cavalry, and also a brigade of cavalry from Martinsburg to intercept, but he succeeded in passing in safety between the columns sent against him. McNeil's company and part of Gilmor's battalion had been sent west to the Allegheny Mountains to collect cattle and were now returning by the way of Petersburg with a good lot of them.

The morning after Rosser's return I made preparations to retire with the prisoners, plunder, cattle, and sheep in our possession, and as we were moving out of Moorefield, the enemy's force consisting of Kelly's command from Cumberland and Averill's brigade of cavalry came in view on the opposite banks of the river, and opened with artillery. Thomas' brigade, which had moved across to the valley of the South Fork, and commenced retiring, was brought back a short distance and formed in line across the valley with the artillery in position, while Rosser's cavalry retiring through Moorefield took position below Thomas, sending out some skirmishers to encounter those of the enemy.

The object of this was to enable Captain McNeil to get in rear with his cattle, with which he was coming up on a road around our left flank, as we were then faced, and give time to the wagons and cattle and sheep to get well up the sides of the mountain, so that they might be protected against the enemy. As soon as this was done, and we could see the wagons, cattle and sheep slowly moving up the road on the side of the mountain, extending over a distance of some two or three miles, we withdrew gradually, but a small force of the enemy's cavalry followed at a most respectful distance, to the base of the mountains, where it halted.

Rosser's brigade took an obscure road to the left <je_339>across the mountain, so as to come into the valley of Lost River below Matthews', and Thomas followed the trains. The enemy did not attempt to molest us further, and he had the mortification of seeing all the plunder we had obtained marched off in a long winding train, visible to him for several miles, without being able to interfere with us. It was not in accordance with the object of

my expedition to give him battle at this time, and I therefore contented myself with securing what I had.

Everything reached the valley in safety, Rosser taking the route through Brock's Gap with the wagons, etc., and Thomas moving across the mountain the same way we had gone. Riding ahead of the infantry the day after we left Moorefield, I understood, on the road, there was a report at Mount Jackson that the enemy was moving up from below in strong force, and quickening my force I reached Mount Jackson just after the report had been ascertained to be false, and the commotion had been allayed. The whole report had originated in the foolish fright of a small cavalry picket at Columbia Furnace, below, where a road comes in across the mountain from the valley of Lost River, which was caused by the approach on that road of a company of Rosser's men whose homes were in that immediate neighborhood, they having been allowed to go to them for a day or two.

When discharged, after crossing the mountain, without knowing that a picket was near, the men, who had been out in a rain, commenced discharging their arms, and the picket made off, not stopping to hear the calls of the men at whose appearance it had become frightened, but continuing to retreat the faster, magnifying the force, in imagination, at every step, until, when the commander of the picket reached General Imboden, with his horse panting and foaming, it had swelled to two or three thousand men.

Those things will happen sometimes to the bravest of men. We were again able to send General Lee's army <je_340>about a thousand beef cattle, and some few other supplies, which served to keep up the spirits of our much enduring men.

The weather we had had for this expedition was unusually mild and favorable for that season when, in the section into which we went, the climate is usually as harsh among the mountains as it is in that part of Canada bordering on the Lakes.

Shortly after our return, the troops were moved further up the valley, the two infantry brigades going into camp near Harrisonburg, and the cavalry going to Rock-bridge and the railroad west of Staunton where forage could be obtained, a small force being left to picket down the valley.

Major Gilmor subsequently made a raid down the valley, and captured a train on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

After the troops had been located, in company with Captain Hotchkiss, topographical engineer for Ewell's corps, I made a reconnoissance of the country and mountain passes west of Staunton and extending across Jackson's River to the mountains beyond, and selected a line to be fortified so as to prevent raids. Captain Hotchkiss made a sketch of this line and the country, which being sent to General Lee, he ordered the necessary works to be constructed, which I believe was subsequently done.

About the last of February, my services being no longer necessary in the valley, I left for the purpose of returning to my division, after a leave of absence of two weeks granted me. In reaching Gordonsville by the railroad, I ascertained that some movement was being made by the enemy, and I therefore ran down to Orange CourtHouse to be present with my command if anything serious was going on.

It turned out that the enemy's movement was for the purpose of a cavalry raid against Richmond. A force being moved towards Charlottesville on our left, while the main raiding party, under Kilpatrick, went towards <je_341>Richmond for the purpose of capturing and burning the city, releasing the Federal prisoners, and bringing off or killing the Confederate authorities. This raid proved a ridiculous failure, its approach to

Richmond being prevented by some home guards and local troops composed of employees in the departments, while Hampton dispersed a part of it with a few of his cavalry hastily gotten up. The force moving on Charlottesville retired from before a few pieces of artillery which had no support.

After this affair was settled I took the benefit of my short leave--the only indulgence of the kind asked for or received by me during the whole war.

I returned to my division about the middle of March, and assumed command, finding it in its old position, nothing serious having occurred during the winter.

What was left of Hoke's brigade had been detached and sent under General Hoke to North Carolina, where it participated in some movements, including the capture of the town of Plymouth, with its garrison, by Hoke. It did not return to the division until after the commencement of the subsequent campaign, though it took part in the defence of Petersburg and the attack on Butler by General Beauregard.

We remained in position in our old place until the opening of the spring campaign. In the meantime Major General U.S. Grant had been assigned to the command of all the armies of the United States, with the rank of Lieutenant General, and had come to take immediate command of the army confronting us, which army was being very greatly strengthened by recruits, drafted men, and other troops.

The Army of the Potomac under Meade had been consolidated into three corps instead of five, to-wit: the 2nd, and 6th, and 9th corps under Burnside, which had been very greatly increased, was added to the force in our front. The Army of the Potomac, and the 9th corps, with the artillery and cavalry, the latter having been largely increased, constituted Grant's immediate command, <je_342>though he had a general control of all the forces.

By the last of May it was very evident that the enemy was making very formidable preparations for a campaign against us, and to meet them we had but what remained of the army with which we had fought the year before, recruited since the close of active operations, only by such men as had recovered from wounds and sickness, and a few young men who had just arrived at the age of military service. Longstreet had returned from his expedition into Tennessee with two of his divisions, McLaws' and Field's (formerly Hood's), Pickett's being absent and south of James River.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXI.--From The Rapidan To The James.

<je_343>

ON the 3rd of May, 1864, the positions of the Confederate Army under General Lee, and the Federal Army under Lieutenant General Grant in Virginia, were as follows: General Lee held the southern bank of the Rapi-dan River, in Orange County, with his right resting near the mouth of Mine Run, and his left extending to Liberty Mills on the road from Gordonsville (via Madison CourtHouse) to the Shenandoah Valley; while the crossings of the river on the right, and the roads on the left, were watched by cavalry: Ewell's corps was on the right, Hill's on the left, and two divisions of Longstreet's corps were encamped in the rear, near Gordonsville. Grant's army (composed of the Army of the Potomac under Meade, and the 9th corps under Burnside) occupied the north banks of the Rapidan and Robinson rivers; the main body being encamped in Culpeper County and on the Rappahannock River.

I am satisfied that General Lee's army did not exceed 50,000 effective men of all arms. The report of the Federal Secretary of War, Stanton, shows that the "available force present for duty, May 1st, 1864," in Grant's army, was 141,166, to-wit: In the Army of the Potomac 120,386, and in the 9th corps 20,780. The draft in the United States was being energetically enforced, and volunteering had been greatly stimulated by high bounties. The Northwestern States had tendered large bodies of troops to serve one hundred days, in order to relieve other troops on garrison and local duty, and this enabled Grant to put in the field a large number of troops which had been employed on that kind of duty. It was known that he was receiving heavy reinforcements up to the very time of his movement on the 4th of May, and afterwards; so that the statement of his force on the 1st of May, by <je_344>Stanton, does not cover the whole force with which he commenced the campaign. Moreover, Secretary Stanton's report shows that there were in the Department of Washington and the Middle Department, 47,751 available men for duty, the chief part of which, he says, was called to the front, after the campaign began, "in order to repair the losses of the Army of the Potomac;" and Grant says that, at Spottsylvania Court-House, "the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th (of May) were consumed in manoeuvring and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Washington." His army, therefore, must have numbered very nearly, if not quite, 200,000 men, before a junction was effected with Butler.

On the 4th of May, it was discovered that Grant's army was moving towards Germana Ford on the Rapi-dan, which was ten or twelve miles from our right. This movement had begun on the night of the 3rd, and the enemy succeeded in seizing the ford and effecting a crossing, as the river was guarded at that point by only a small cavalry picket. The direct road from Germana Ford to Richmond passes by Spottsylvania Court-House and when Grant had effected his crossing, he was nearer to Richmond than General Lee was. From Orange CourtHouse, near which were General Lee's headquarters, there are two nearly parallel roads running eastwardly to Fredericksburg--the one which is nearest to the river being called "The old Stone Pike," and the other "The Plank Road." The road from Germana Ford to Spottsyl-vania Court-House crosses the old Stone Pike at the "Old Wilderness Tavern," and two or three miles farther on it crosses the Plank road.

As soon as it was ascertained that Grant's movement was a serious one, preparations

were made to meet him, and the troops of General Lee's army were put in motion -- Ewell's corps moving on the old Stone Pike, and Hill's corps on the Plank Road; into which latter road Longstreet's force also came, from his camp near Gordonsville. Ewell's corps, to which my division belonged, crossed <je_345>Mine Run, and encamped at Locust Grove, four miles beyond, on the afternoon of the 4th. When the rest of the corps moved, my division and Ramseur's brigade of Rodes' division were left to watch the fords of the Rapi-dan, until relieved by cavalry. As soon as this was done, I moved to the position occupied by the rest of the corps, carrying Ramseur with me.

Ewell's corps contained three divisions of infantry, to wit: Johnson's, Rodes' and my own (Early's). At this time one of my brigades (Hoke's) was absent, having been with Hoke in North Carolina; and I had only three present, to wit: Hays', Pegram's and Gordon's. One of Rodes' brigades (R. D. Johnston's) was at Hanover Junction. I had about 4,000 muskets for duty; Johnson about the same number; and Rodes (including Johnston's brigade) about 6,000.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXII.--Battles Of The Wilderness.

<je_346>

ON the morning of the 5th, Ewell's corps was put in motion, my division bringing up the rear. A short distance from the Old Wilderness Tavern, and just in advance of the place where a road diverges to the left from the old Stone Pike to the Germana Ford road, the enemy, in heavy force, was encountered, and Jones' brigade, of Johnson's division, and Battle's brigade, of Rodes' division, were driven back in some confusion. My division was ordered up, and formed across the pike, Gordon's brigade being on the right of the road. This brigade, as soon as it was brought into line, was ordered forward, and advanced through a dense pine thicket in gallant style. In conjunction with Daniel's, Doles' and Ramseur's brigades, of Rodes' division, it drove the enemy back with heavy loss, capturing several hundred prisoners, and gaining a commanding position on the right. Johnson, at the same time, was heavily engaged in his front, his division being on the left of the pike and extending across the road to the Germana Ford road, which has been mentioned. After the enemy had been repulsed, Hays' brigade was sent to Johnson's left, in order to participate in a forward movement; and it did move forward some half a mile or so, encountering the enemy in force; but from some mistake, not meeting with the expected co-operation, except from one regiment of Jones' brigade (the 25th Virginia), the most of which was captured, it was drawn back to Johnson's line, and took position on his left.

Pegram's brigade was subsequently sent to take position on Hays' left; and, just before night, a very heavy attack was made on its front, which was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy. In this affair, General Pegram received a severe wound in the leg, which disabled him for the field for some months.

<je_347>

During the afternoon there was heavy skirmishing along the whole line, several attempts having been made by the enemy, without success, to regain the position from which he had been driven; and the fighting extended to General Lee's right on the Plank road. Gordon occupied the position which he had gained, on the right, until after dark, when he was withdrawn to the extreme left, and his place occupied by part of Rodes' division.

The troops encountered, in the beginning of the fight, consisted of the 5th corps, under Warren; but other troops were brought to his assistance. At the close of the day, Ewell's corps had captured over a thousand prisoners, besides inflicting on the enemy very heavy losses in killed and wounded. Two pieces of artillery had been abandoned by the enemy, just in front of the point at which Johnson's right and Rodes' left joined, and were subsequently secured by our troops.

After the withdrawal of Gordon's brigade from the right, the whole of my division was on the left of the road diverging from the pike, in extension of Johnson's line. All of my brigades had behaved handsomely; and Gordon's advance, at the time of the confusion in the beginning of the fight, was made with great energy and dispatch, and was just in time to prevent a serious disaster.

Early on the morning of the 6th, the fighting was resumed, and a very heavy attack was made on the front occupied by Pegram's brigade (now under the command of Colonel

Hoffman of the 31st Virginia Regiment); but it was handsomely repulsed, as were several subsequent attacks on the same point.

These attacks were so persistent, that two regiments of Johnson's division were moved to the rear of Pegram's brigade, for the purpose of supporting it; and when an offer was made to relieve it, under the apprehension that its ammunition might be exhausted, the men of that gallant brigade begged that they might be allowed to retain <je_348>their position, stating that they were getting along very well indeed and wanted no help.

During the morning, the fact was communicated to General Ewell, by our cavalry scouts, that a column of the enemy's infantry was moving between our left and the river, with the apparent purpose of turning our left flank; and information was also received that Burnside's corps had crossed the river, and was in rear of the enemy's right. I received directions to watch this column, and take steps to prevent its getting to our rear; and Johnston's brigade, of Rodes' division, which had just arrived from Hanover Junction, was sent to me for that purpose. This brigade, with some artillery, was put in position, some distance to my left, so as to command some by-roads coming in from the river. In the meantime General Gordon had sent out a scouting party on foot, which discovered what was supposed to be the enemy's right flank resting in the woods, in front of my division; and, during my absence while posting Johnston's brigade, he reported the fact to General Ewell, and suggested the propriety of attacking this flank of the enemy with his brigade, which was not engaged. On my return, the subject was mentioned to me by General Ewell, and I stated to him the danger and risk of making the attack under the circumstances, as a column was threatening our left flank and Burnside's corps was in rear of the enemy's flank, on which the attack was suggested. General Ewell concurred with me in this opinion, and the impolicy of the attempt at that time was obvious, as we had no reserves, and, if it failed, and the enemy showed any enterprise, a serious disaster would befall, not only our corps, but General Lee's whole army. In the afternoon, when the column threatening our left had been withdrawn, and it had been ascertained that Burnside had gone to Grant's left, on account of the heavy fighting on that flank, at my suggestion, General Ewell ordered the movement which Gordon had proposed. I determined to make it with Gordon's brigade supported by Johnston's and to follow <je_349>it up, if successful, with the rest of my division. Gordon's brigade was accordingly formed in line near the edge of the woods in which the enemy's right rested, and Johnston's in the rear, with orders to follow Gordon and obey his orders.

I posted my adjutant general, Major John W. Daniel, with a courier, in a position to be communicated with by Gordon, so as to inform me of the success attending the movement, and enable me to put in the other brigades at the right time. As soon as Gordon started, which was a very short time before sunset, I rode to my line and threw forward Pegram's brigade in a position to move when required. In the meantime Gordon had become engaged, and, while Pegram's brigade was being formed in line, I saw some of Gordon's men coming back in confusion, and Colonel Evans, of the 31st Georgia Regiment, endeavoring to rally them. Colonel Evans informed me that his regiment which was on Gordon's right had struck the enemy's breastworks and had given way. I immediately ordered Pegram's brigade forward and directed Colonel Evans to guide it. Its advance was through a dense thicket of underbrush, but it crossed the road running through Johnson's line, and struck the enemy's works, and one of the regiments, the 13th Virginia, under Colonel Terrill, got possession of part of the line, when Colonel Hoffman

ordered the brigade to retire, as it was getting dark, and there was much confusion produced by the difficulties of advance. Gordon had struck the enemy's right flank behind breastworks, and a part of his brigade was thrown into disorder. In going through the woods, Johnston had obliqued too much and passed to Gordon's left, getting in rear of the enemy.

Major Daniel, not hearing from Gordon, had endeavored to get to him, when, finding the condition of things, he attempted to lead one of Pegram's regiments to his assistance, and was shot down while behaving with great gallantry, receiving a wound in the leg which has permanently disabled him. Notwithstanding the confusion <je_350>in part of his brigade, Gordon succeeded in throwing the enemy's right flank into great confusion, capturing two brigadier generals (Seymour and Shaler), and several hundred prisoners, all of the 6th corps, under Sedgwick. The advance of Pegram's brigade, and the demonstration of Johnston's brigade in the rear, where it encountered a part of the enemy's force and captured some prisoners, contributed materially to the result. It was fortunate, however, that darkness came to close this affair, as the enemy, if he had been able to discover the disorder on our side, might have brought up fresh troops and availed himself of our condition. As it was, doubtless, the lateness of the hour caused him to be surprised, and the approaching darkness increased the confusion in his ranks, as he could not see the strength of the attacking force, and probably imagined it to be much more formidable than it really was. All of the brigades engaged in the attack were drawn back, and formed on a new line in front of the old one, and obliquely to it.

At light on the morning of the 7th, an advance was made, which disclosed the fact that the enemy had given up his line of works in front of my whole line and a good portion of Johnston's. Between the lines a large number of his dead had been left, and at his breastworks, a large number of muskets and knapsacks had been abandoned, and there was every indication of great confusion. It was not till then that we ascertained the full extent of the success attending the movement of the evening before. The enemy had entirely abandoned the left side of the road, across which Johnston's line extended, and my division and a part of his were thrown forward, occupying a part of the abandoned works on the right of the road, and leaving all those on the left in our rear. This rendered our line straight, the left having been previously thrown back, making a curve.

During the day there was some skirmishing, but no serious fighting in my front. The loss in my division during the fighting in the Wilderness was comparatively light.

<je_351>

On the morning of the 8th, it was discovered that the enemy was leaving our front and moving towards Spottsylvania Court-House. General Lee's army was also put in motion, Ewell's corps moving along the line occupied by our troops on the day before, until it reached the Plank road, where it struck across to Shady Grove, which is on the road from Orange Court-House to Spottsylvania Court-House.

On reaching the Plank road, I received through General A. P. Hill, who was sick and unable to remain on duty, an order from General Lee, transferring Hays' brigade from my division to Johnson's, in order that it might be consolidated with another Louisiana brigade in that division, whose brigadier general had been killed in the Wilderness, and Johnston's brigade from Rodes' division to mine; and assigning me to the temporary command of Hill's corps, which was still in position across the Plank road, and was to bring up the rear. I accordingly turned over the command of my division to Gordon, the

senior brigadier left with it, and assumed command of Hill's corps. (*)

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXIII.--Battles Around Spottsylvania.

<je_352>

HILL'S CORPS was composed of Heth's, Wilcox's and Mahone's (formerly Anderson's) division of infantry and three battalions of artillery under Colonel Walker. When I took command of it, the infantry numbered about 13,000 muskets for duty.

General Lee's orders to me were to move by Todd's Tavern along the Brock road to Spottsylvania CourtHouse as soon as our front was clear of the enemy. In order to get into that road, it was necessary to reopen an old one leading from Hill's right, by which I was enabled to take a cross-road leading into the road from Shady Grove to Todd's Tavern. The wagon trains and all the artillery, except one battalion, were sent around by Shady Grove. About a mile from the road from Shady Grove to Todd's Tavern, the enemy's cavalry videttes were encountered, and Mahone's division was thrown forward to develop the enemy's force and position. Mahone encountered a force of infantry which had moved up from Todd's Tavern toward Shady Grove and had quite a brisk engagement with it, causing it to fall back rapidly towards the former place. At the same time General Hampton, who had communicated with me, after I left the Plank Road, moved with his cavalry on my right and struck the enemy on the flank and rear; but on account of want of knowledge of the country on our part, and the approach of darkness, the enemy was enabled to make his escape. This affair developed the fact that the enemy was in possession of Todd's Tavern and the Brock road, and a continuation of my march would have led through his entire army. We bivouacked for the night, at the place from which Mahone had driven the enemy, and a force was thrown out towards Todd's Tavern, which was about a mile distant.

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Very early next morning (the 9th), I received an order from General Lee, through Hampton, to move on the Shady Grove road towards Spottsylvania Court-House, which I did, crossing a small river called the Po twice. After reaching the rear of the position occupied by the other two corps, I was ordered to Spottsylvania CourtHouse, to take position on the right, and cover the road from that place to Fredericksburg. No enemy appeared in my front on this day, except at a distance on the Fredericksburg road.

Early on the morning of the 10th I was ordered to move one of my divisions back, to cover the crossing of the Po on the Shady Grove road; and to move with another division to the rear and left, by the way of Spottsylvania Old Court-House, and drive back a column of the enemy which had crossed the Po and taken possession of the Shady Grove road, thus threatening our rear and endangering our trains which were on the road leading by the Old Court-House to Louisa Court-House.

Our line was then north of the Po, with its left, Fields' division of Longstreet's corps, resting on that stream, just above the crossing of the Shady Grove road. The whole of the enemy's force was also north of the Po, prior to this movement of his. Mahone's division was sent to occupy the banks of the Po on Fields' left, while with Heth's division and a battalion of artillery I moved to the rear, crossing the Po on the Louisa Court-House road, and then following that road until we reached one coming in from Waite's Shop on the Shady Grove road. After moving about a mile on this road, we met Hampton gradually falling back before the enemy, who had pushed out a column of infantry considerably to

the rear of our line. This column was in turn forced back to the posi-

tion on Shady Grove road which was occupied by what was reported to be Hancock's corps. Following up and crossing a small stream just below a mill pond, we succeeded in reaching Waite's Shop, from whence an attack was made on the enemy, and the entire force, which had <je_354>crossed the Po, was driven back with a loss of one piece of artillery, which fell into our hands, and a considerable number in killed and wounded. This relieved us from a very threatening danger, as the position the enemy had attained would have enabled him to completely enfilade Fields' position and get possession of the line of our communications to the rear, within a very short distance of which he was, when met by the force which drove him back. In this affair Heth's division behaved very handsomely, all of the brigades (Cook's, Davis', Kirkland's and Walker's) being engaged in the attack. General H. H. Walker had the misfortune to receive a severe wound in the foot, which rendered amputation necessary, but otherwise our loss was slight. As soon as the road was cleared, Mahone's division crossed the Po, but it was not practicable to pursue the affair further, as the north bank of the stream at this point was covered by a heavily entrenched line, with a number of batteries, and night was approaching.

On the morning of the 11th, Heth was moved back to Spottsylvania Court-House and Mahone was left to occupy the position on the Shady Grove road from which the enemy had been driven.(*).

My line on the right had been connected with Ewell's right, and covered the Fredericksburg road, as also the road leading from Spottsylvania Court-House across the Ny into the road from Fredericksburg to Hanover Junction. Wilcox was on my left, uniting with Ewell, and Heth joined him. The enemy had extended his lines across the Fredericksburg road, but there was no fighting on this front on the 10th or 11th, except some artillery firing.

<je_355>

On the afternoon of the 11th, the enemy was demonstrating to our left, up the Po, as if to get possession of Shady Grove and the road from thence to Louisa Court-House. General Hampton reported a column of infantry moving up the Po, and I was ordered by General Lee to take possession of Shady Grove, by light next morning, and hold it against the enemy. To aid in that purpose, two brigades of Wilcox's division (Thomas' and Scales') were moved from the right, and Mahone was ordered to move before light to Shady Grove; but during the night it was discovered that the movement to our left was a feint and that there was a real movement of the enemy towards our right.

Before daybreak on the morning of the 12th, Wilcox's brigades were returned to him, and at dawn Mahone's division was moved to the right, leaving Wright's brigade of that division to cover the crossing of the Po on Field's left. On this morning, the enemy made a very heavy attack on Ewell's front, and the line where it was occupied by Johnson's division. A portion of the attacking force swept along Johnson's line to Wilcox's left, and was checked by a prompt movement on the part of Brigadier General Lane, who was on that flank. As soon as the firing was heard, General Wilcox sent Thomas' and Scales' brigades to Lane's assistance and they arrived just as Lane's brigade had repulsed this body of the enemy, and they pursued it for a short distance. As soon as Mahone's division arrived from the left, Perrin's and Harris' brigades of that division and, subsequently, McGowan's brigade of Wilcox's division were sent to General Ewell's assistance, and were carried into action under his orders. Brigadier General Perrin was killed and

Brigadier General McGowan severely wounded, while gallantly leading their respective brigades into action; and all the brigades sent to Ewell's assistance suffered severely.

Subsequently, on the same day, under orders from General Lee, Lane's brigade of Wilcox's division and <je_356>Mahone's own brigade (under Colonel Weisiger) were thrown to the front, for the purpose of moving to the left, and attacking the flank of the column of the enemy which had broken Ewell's line, to relieve the pressure on him, and, if possible, recover the part of the line which had been lost. Lane's brigade commenced the movement and had not proceeded far, when it encountered and attacked, in a piece of woods in front of my line, the 9th corps, under Burnside, moving up to attack a salient on my front. Lane captured over three hundred prisoners and three battle flags, and his attack on the enemy's flank taking him by surprise, no doubt contributed materially to his repulse. Mahone's brigade did not become seriously engaged. The attacking column which Lane encountered got up to within a very short distance of a salient defended by Walker's brigade of Heth's division, under Colonel Mayo, before it was discovered, as there was a pine thicket in front, under cover of which the advance was made.

A heavy fire of musketry from Walker's brigade and Thomas' which was on his left, and a fire of artillery from a considerable number of guns on Heth's line, were opened with tremendous effect upon the attacking column, and it was driven back with heavy loss, leaving its dead in front of our works. This affair took place under the eye of General Lee himself. In the afternoon another attempt was made to carry out the contemplated flank movement with Mahone's brigade, and Cook's brigade of Heth's division, to be followed up by the other troops under my command; but it was discovered that the enemy had one or more entrenched lines in our front, to the fire from which our flanking column would have been exposed. Moreover the ground between the lines was very rough, being full of ragged ravines and covered with thick pines and other growth; and it was thought advisable to desist from the attempt. The two brigades which were to have commenced the movement were then thrown to the front <je_357>on both sides of the Fredericksburg road, and passing over two lines of breastworks, defended by a strong force of skirmishers, developed the existence of a third and much stronger line in rear, which would have afforded an almost insuperable obstacle to the proposed flank movement. This closed the operations of the corps under my command on the memorable 12th of May.

Between that day and the 19th, there was no serious attack on my front, but much manoeuvring by the enemy. General Mahone made two or three reconnaissances to the front, which disclosed the fact that the enemy was gradually moving to our right. In making one of them, he encountered a body of the enemy which had got possession of Gayle's house, on the left of the road leading from our right towards the Fredericksburg and Hanover Junction road, at which a portion of our cavalry, under Brigadier General Chambliss, had been previously posted, and drove it back across the Ny. (*)

Another reconnaissance, handsomely made by Brigadier General Wright, who had been brought from the left, ascertained that a heavy force of the enemy was between the Ny and the Po, in front of my right, which was held by Mahone, and was along the road towards Hanover Junction. To meet this movement of the enemy Field's division was brought from the left and placed on my right.

On the 19th, General Ewell made a movement against the enemy's right, and to create a diversion in his favor, Thomas' brigade was thrown forward, and drove the enemy into his

works in front of the salient, against which <je_358>Burnside's attack had been made on the 12th, while the whole corps was held in readiness to co-operate with Ewell, should his attack prove successful; but as he was compelled to retire, Thomas was withdrawn.

Subsequently, the enemy retired from Heth's and Wilcox's fronts; and on the afternoon of the 21st Wilcox was sent out on the road leading from Mahone's front across the Ny with two of his brigades to feel the enemy, and found him still in force behind entrenched lines, and had a brisk engagement with that force. While Wilcox was absent, an order was received by me, from General Lee, to turn over to General Hill the command of his corps, as he had reported for duty. I did so at once and thus terminated my connection with this corps, which I had commanded during all the trying scenes around Spottsylvania Court-House. The officers and men of the corps had all behaved well, and contributed in no small degree to the result by which Grant was compelled to wait six days for reinforcements from Washington, before he could resume the offensive or make another of his flank movements to get between General Lee's army and Richmond.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XXXIV.--Operations Near Hanover Junction.

<je_359>

THE movement of the enemy to get between our army and Richmond had been discovered, and on the afternoon of the 21st Ewell's corps was put in motion towards Hanover Junction. (*) After turning over to General Hill the command of his corps, I rode in the direction taken by Ewell's corps, and overtook it, a short time before day on the morning of the 22nd. Hoke's brigade, under Lieutenant Colonel Lewis, this day joined us from Petersburg, and an order was issued, transferring Gordon's brigade, now under the command of Brigadier General Evans, to Johnson's division, which was placed under the command of General Gordon, who had been made a major general. This left me in command of three brigades, to wit: Pegram's, Hoke's and Johnston's, all of which were very much reduced in strength. My Adjutant General, Major Daniel, had been disabled for life by a wound received at the Wilderness, and my Inspector General, Major Samuel Hale, had been mortally wounded at Spottsylvania Court-House on the 12th while serving with the division and acting with great gallantry during the disorder which ensued after Ewell's line was broken. Both were serious losses to me.

On this day (the 22nd) we moved to Hanover Junction, and, next day, my division was posted on the extreme right, covering a ferry two or three miles below the railroad bridge across the North Anna. While at <je_360>Hanover Junction my division was not engaged. At one time it was moved towards our left, for the purpose of supporting a part of the line on which an attack was expected, and moved back again without being required. It was subsequently placed temporarily on the left of the corps, relieving Rodes' division and a part of Field's while the line was being remodelled, and then took position on the right again. During the night of the 26th, the enemy again withdrew from our front. (*)

(*)At Hanover Junction General Lee was joined by Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, and Breckenridge with two small brigades of infantry, and a battalion of artillery. These, with Hoke's brigade, were the first and only reinforcements received by General Lee since the opening of the campaign. Yet Grant's immense army, notwithstanding the advantage gained by it on the 12th of May, had been so crippled, that it was compelled to wait six days at Spottsylvania Court-House for reinforcements from Washington, before it could resume the offensive. Breckenridge's infantry numbered less than 3,000 muskets. Grant puts it at 15,000 and says, "The army sent to operate against Richmond having hermetically sealed itself up at Bermuda Hundreds, the enemy was enabled to bring the most, if not all the reinforcements brought from the South by Beauregard against the Army of the Potomac." He therefore determined to try another flank movement, and to get more reinforcements from the army at Bermuda Hundreds.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXV.--Battles Of Cold Harbor.

<je_361>

ON the 27th, the enemy having withdrawn to the north bank of the North Anna, and commenced another flank movement by moving down the north bank of the Pamunkey, Ewell's corps, now under my command, by reason of General Ewell's sickness, was moved across the South Anna over the bridge of the Central Railroad, and by a place called "Merry Oaks," leaving Ashland on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad to the right, and bivouacked for the night at Hughes' cross-road, the intersection of the road from Ashland to Atlee's Station on the Central Railroad with the road from the Merry Oaks to Richmond. Next morning I moved by Atlee's Station to Hundley's Corner, at the intersection of the road from Hanover Town (the point at which Grant crossed the Pamunkey), by Pole Green Church to Richmond, with the road from Atlee's Station, by Old Church in Hanover County, to the White House on the Pamunkey. This is the point from which General Jackson commenced his famous attack on McClellan's flank and rear, in 1862, and it was very important that it should be occupied, as it intercepted Grant's direct march towards Richmond. All of these movements were made under orders from General Lee.

My troops were placed in position, covering the road by Pole Green Church, and also the road to Old Church, with my right resting near Beaver Dam Creek, a small stream running towards Mechanicsville and into the Chickahominy. Brigadier General Ramseur of Rodes' division was this day assigned to the command of my division. Ewell's corps, the 2nd of the Army of Northern Virginia, now numbered less than 9,000 muskets for duty, its loss, on the 12th of May, having been very heavy.

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On the 29th, the enemy having crossed the Tottopoto-moy (a creek running just north of Pole Green Church, and eastward to the Pamunkey), appeared in my front on both roads, and there was some skirmishing but no heavy fighting.

On the afternoon of the 30th, in accordance with orders from General Lee, I moved to the right across Beaver Dam, to the road from Old Church to Mechanicsville, and thence along that road towards Old Church, until we reached Bethesda Church. At this point the enemy was encountered, and his troops, which occupied the road, were driven by Rodes' division towards the road from Hundley's Corner, which unites with the road from Mechanicsville, east of Bethesda Church. Pegram's brigade, under the command of Colonel Edward Willis of the 12th Georgia Regiment, was sent forward with one of Rodes' brigades on its right, to feel the enemy, and ascertain his strength; but meeting with a heavy force behind breastworks, it was compelled to retire, with the loss of some valuable officers and men, and among them were Colonel Willis, mortally wounded, and Colonel Terrill of the 13th Virginia Regiment, killed. This movement showed that the enemy was moving to our right flank, and at night I withdrew a short distance on the Mechanicsville road, covering it with my force. When I made the movement from Hundley's Corner, my position at that place was occupied by a part of Longstreet's corps, under Anderson.

On the next morning, my troops were placed in position on the east side of Beaver Dam across the road to Mechanicsville, but Rodes was subsequently moved to the west side of

the creek. Grant's movement to our right, towards Cold Harbor, was continued on the 31st, and the 1st of June, and corresponding movements were made by General Lee to meet him, my command retaining its position with a heavy force in its front.

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On the 2nd, all the troops on my left, except Heth's division of Hill's corps, had moved to the right, and in the afternoon of that day, Rodes' division moved forward, along the road from Hundley's Corner towards Old Church, and drove the enemy from his entrenchments, now occupied with heavy skirmish lines, and forced back his left towards Bethesda Church, where there was a heavy force. Gordon swung round so as to keep pace with Rodes, and Heth co-operated, following Rodes and taking position on his left flank. In this movement there was some heavy fighting and several hundred prisoners were taken by us. Brigadier General Doles, a gallant officer of Rodes' division, was killed, but otherwise our loss was not severe.

On the next day (the 3rd), when Grant made an attack at Cold Harbor in which he suffered very heavily, there were repeated attacks on Rodes' and Heth's fronts, those on Cook's brigade, of Heth's division, being especially heavy, but all of them were repulsed. There was also heavy skirmishing on Gordon's front. During the day, Heth's left was threatened by the enemy's cavalry, but it was kept off by Walker's brigade under Colonel Fry, which covered that flank, and also repulsed an effort of the enemy's infantry to get to our rear. As it was necessary that Heth's division should join its corps on the right, and my flank in this position was very much exposed, I withdrew, at the close of the day, to the line previously occupied, and next morning Heth moved to the right.

My right now connected with the left of Longstreet's corps under General Anderson. The enemy subsequently evacuated his position at Bethesda Church and his lines in my front, and having no opposing force to keep my troops in their lines, I made two efforts to attack the enemy on his right flank and rear. The first was made on the 6th, when I crossed the Matadaquean (a small <je_364>stream, running through wide swamps in the enemy's rear), and got in rear of his right flank, driving in his skirmishers until we came to a swamp, which could be crossed only on a narrow causeway defended by an entrenched line with artillery. General Anderson was to have co-operated with me, by moving down the other side of the Matadaquean, but the division sent for that purpose did not reach the position from which I started until near night, and I was therefore compelled to retire, as my position was too much exposed.

On the next day (the 7th), a reconnaissance made in front of Anderson's line showed that the greater part of it was uncovered, and, in accordance with instructions from General Lee, I moved in front of, and between it and the Matadaquean, until my progress was arrested by a ravine and swamp which prevented any further advance, but a number of pieces of artillery were opened upon the enemy's position in flank and reverse, so as to favor a movement from Anderson's front, which had been ordered but was not made; and at night I retired from this position to the rear of our lines.

Since the fighting at the Wilderness, Grant had made it an invariable practice to cover his front, flank, and rear with a perfect network of entrenchments, and all his movements were made under cover of such works. It was therefore very difficult to get at him.

On the 11th, my command was moved to the rear of Hill's line, near Gaines' Mill; and on the 12th, I received orders to move, with the 2nd corps, to the Shenandoah Valley to meet Hunter. This, therefore, closed my connection with the campaign from the Rapidan

to James River.

When I moved on the morning of the 13th, Grant had already put his army in motion to join Butler, on James River, a position which he could have reached, from his camp on the north of the Rapidan, by railroad transports, <je_365>without the loss of a man. In attempting to force his way by land, he had already lost, in killed and wounded, more men than were in General Lee's entire army; and he was compelled to give up, in despair, the attempt to reach Richmond in that way.(*)

(*)Grant, in describing his movement from Spottsylvania CourtHouse to Hanover Junction, says: "*But* the enemy again having the shorter line, and being in possession of the main roads, was enabled to reach the North Anna in advance of us, and took position behind it." And, when he speaks of his final determination to join Butler, he says: "After the battle of the Wilderness it was evident that the enemy deemed it of the first importance to run no risk with the army he then had. He acted purely on the defensive, behind breastworks, or, feebly, on the offensive, immediately in front of them, and where, in case of repulse, he could retire behind them. Without a greater sacrifice of life than I was willing to make all could not be accomplished that I designed north of Richmond."

He has made some observations, in his report, about the advantages of interior lines of communication, supposed to be possessed by the Confederate commanders, which are more specious than sound. The Mississippi River divided the Confederacy into two parts, and the immense naval power of the enemy enabled him to render communication across that river, after the loss of New Orleans and Memphis, always difficult. The Ohio River, in the West, and the Potomac, in the East, with the mountains of Western Virginia, rendered it impossible for an invading army to march into the enemy's country, except at one or two fords of the Potomac, just east of the Blue Ridge, and two or three fords above Harper's Ferry. The possession of the seas, and the blockade of our ports, as well as the possession of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and Potomac Rivers, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the railroads through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee, enabled the enemy to transport troops, from the most remote points, with more ease and rapidity than they could be transported over the railroads under the control of the Confederate Government, all of which were in bad condition. The enemy, therefore, in fact, had all the advantages of interior lines; that is rapidity of communication and concentration, with the advantage, also, of unrestricted communication with all the world, which his naval power gave him.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XXXVI.--Campaign In Maryland And Virginia.

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THE Valley of Virginia, in its largest sense, embraces all that country lying between the Blue Ridge and Alle-ghany Mountains, which unite at its southwestern end.

The Shenandoah Valley, which is a part of the Valley of Virginia, embraces the counties of Augusta, Rocking-ham, Shenandoah, Page, Warren, Clarke, Frederick, Jefferson and Berkeley. This valley is bounded on the north by the Potomac, on the south by the county of Rockbridge, on the east by the Blue Ridge and on the west by the Great North Mountain and its ranges.

The Shenandoah River is composed of two branches, called, respectively, the "North Fork" and the "South Fork," which unite near Front Royal in Warren County. The North Fork rises in the Great North Mountain, and runs eastwardly to within a short distance of New Market in Shenandoah County, and thence northeast by Mount Jackson and Strasburg, where it turns east to Front Royal. The South Fork is formed by the union of North, Middle and South Rivers. North River and Middle River, running from the west, unite near Mount Meridian in Augusta County. South River rises in the southeastern part of Augusta, and runs by Waynesboro, along the western base of the Blue Ridge, to Port Republic in Rockingham, where it unites with the stream formed by the junction of the North and Middle Rivers, a few miles above. From Port Republic, the South Fork of the Shenandoah runs northeast, through the eastern border of Rockingham and the county of Page, to Front Royal in Warren County.

The North Fork and South Fork are separated by the Massanutten Mountain, which is connected with no other mountain but terminates abruptly at both ends. Its northern end is washed at its base, just below Strasburg, <je_367>by the North Fork. Its southern end terminates near the road between Harrisonburg and Conrad's Store on the South Fork, at which latter place the road through Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge crosses that stream. Two valleys are thus formed, the one on the North Fork being called "The Main Valley," and the other on the South Fork, and embracing the county of Page and part of the county of Warren, being usually known by the name of "The Luray Valley." The Luray Valley unites with the Main Valley at both ends of the mountain. There is a good road across Massanutten Mountain from one valley to the other through a gap near New Market. South of this gap, there is no road across the mountain, and north of it the roads are very rugged and not practicable for the march of a large army with its trains. At the northern or lower end of Massanutten Mountain, and between two branches of it, is a valley called "Powell's Fort Valley," or more commonly "The Fort." This valley is accessible only by the very rugged roads over the mountain which have been mentioned, and through a ravine at its lower end. From its isolated position, it was not the theatre of military operations of any consequence, but merely furnished a refuge for deserters, stragglers and fugitives from the battlefields.

From Front Royal, the Shenandoah River runs along the western base of the Blue Ridge to Harper's Ferry, where it unites with the Potomac, which here bursts through the mountains. The mountain, in extension of the Blue Ridge from this point through Maryland and Pennsylvania, is called "South Mountain."

Strictly speaking, the county of Berkeley and the greater part of Frederick are not in the

Valley of the Shenandoah. The Opequon, rising southwest of Winchester, and crossing the Valley Pike four or five miles south of that place, turns to the north and empties into the Potomac some distance above its junction with the Shenandoah; the greater part of Frederick and nearly the whole of Berkeley being on the western side of the Opequon.

Little North Mountain, called in the lower valley "North Mountain," runs northeast, through the western portion of Shenandoah, Frederick and Berkeley Counties, to the Potomac. At its northern end, where it is called North Mountain, it separates the waters of the Opequon from those of Back Creek.

Cedar Creek rises in Shenandoah County, west of Little North Mountain, and running northeast along its western base, passes through that mountain, four or five miles from Strasburg, and, then making a circuit, empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah, about two miles below Strasburg.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and passing through Martinsburg in Berkeley County, crosses Back Creek near its mouth, runs up the Potomac, crossing the South Branch of that river near its mouth, and then the North Branch to Cumberland in Maryland. From this place it runs into Virginia again and, passing through Northwestern Virginia, strikes the Ohio River by two stems, terminating at Wheeling and Parkersburg respectively.

There is a railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, called "Winchester & Potomac Railroad," and also one from Manassas Junction on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, through Manassas Gap in the Blue Ridge, by Front Royal and Strasburg to Mount Jackson, called "The Manassas Gap Railroad," but both of these roads were torn up and rendered unserviceable in the year 1862, under the orders of General Jackson.

From Staunton, in Augusta County, there is a fine macadamized road called "The Valley Pike," running through Mount Sidney, Mount Crawford, Harrisonburg, New Market, Mount Jackson, Edinburg, Woodstock, Strasburg, Middletown, Newtown, Bartonsville and Kernstown to Winchester in Frederick County, and crossing Middle River seven miles from Staunton; North River at Mount Crawford, eighteen miles from Staunton; the North Fork of the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson; Cedar Creek between Strasburg and Middletown; and the Opequon at Bartonsville, four or five miles from Winchester. There is also another road west of the Valley Pike connecting these several villages called the "Back Road," and in some places, another road between the Valley Pike and the Back Road, which is called the "Middle Road."

From Winchester there is a macadamized road via Martinsburg, to Williamsport on the Potomac in Maryland, and another via Berryville in Clarke County, and Charlestown in Jefferson County, to Harper's Ferry. There is also a good pike from Winchester to Front Royal, which crosses both forks of the Shenandoah just above their junction; and from Front Royal there are good roads up the Luray Valley, and by the way of Conrad's Store and Port Republic, to Harrisonburg and Staunton.

From Staunton, south, there are good roads passing through Lexington, in Rockbridge County, and Buchanan, in Botetourt County, to several points on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad; and others direct from Staunton and Lexington to Lynchburg.

The Central Railroad, from Richmond, passes through the Blue Ridge, with a tunnel at Rockfish Gap, and runs through Waynesboro and Staunton, westwardly, to Jackson's River, which is one of the head streams of James River.

This description of the country is given in order to render the following narrative intelligible, without too much repetition. In the spring of 1864, before the opening of the campaign, the lower Shenandoah Valley was held by the Federal troops, under Major General Sigel, with his headquarters at Winchester, while the upper Valley was held by Brigadier General Imboden, of the Confederate Army, with one brigade of cavalry, or mounted infantry, and a battery of artillery. When the campaign opened, Sigel moved up the Valley and Major General Breckenridge <je_370> moved from Southwestern Virginia, with two brigades of infantry and a battalion of artillery, to meet him. Breckenridge, having united his forces with Imboden's, met and defeated Sigel at New Market on May 15th, driving him back toward Winchester. Breckenridge then crossed the Blue Ridge and joined General Lee at Hanover Junction, with his two brigades of infantry and the battalion of artillery. Subsequently, the Federal General Hunter organized another and larger force than Sigel's, and moved up the Valley, and on the 5th day of June defeated Brigadier General William E. Jones, at Piedmont, between Port Republic and Staunton-- Jones' force being composed of a very small body of infantry, and a cavalry force which had been brought from Southwestern Virginia, after Breck-enridge's departure from the Valley. Jones was killed, and the remnant of his force, under Brigadier General Vaughan, fell back to Waynesboro. Hunter's force then united with another column which had moved from Lewisburg, in Western Virginia, under the Federal General Crook. As soon as information was received of Jones' defeat and death, Breckenridge was sent back to the Valley, with the force he had brought with him.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXVII.--Pursuit Of Hunter.

<je_371>

ON the 12th of June, while the 2nd corps (Ewell's) of the Army of Northern Virginia was lying near Gaines' Mill, in rear of Hill's line at Cold Harbor, I received verbal orders from General Lee to hold the corps, with two of the battalions of artillery attached to it, in readiness to move to the Shenandoah Valley. Nelson's and Braxton's battalions were selected, and Brigadier General Long was ordered to accompany me as Chief of Artillery. After dark, on the same day, written instructions were given me by General Lee, by which I was directed to move, with the force designated, at 3 o'clock next morning, for the Valley, by the way of Louisa CourtHouse and Charlottesville, and through Brown's or Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, as I might find most advisable; to strike Hunter's force in the rear, and, if possible, destroy it; then to move down the Valley, cross the Potomac near Leesburg in Loudoun County, or at or above Harper's Ferry, as I might find most practicable, and threaten Washington City. I was further directed to communicate with General Breckenridge, who would co-operate with me in the attack on Hunter and the expedition into Maryland.

At this time the railroad and telegraph lines between Charlottesville and Lynchburg had been cut by a cavalry force from Hunter's army; and those between Richmond and Charlottesville had been cut by Sheridan's cavalry, from Grant's army; so that there was no communication with Breckenridge. Hunter was supposed to be at Staunton with his whole force, and Breckenridge was supposed to be at Waynesboro or Rock-fish Gap. If such had been the case, the route designated by General Lee would have carried me into the Valley in Hunter's rear.

The 2nd corps now numbered a little over 8,000 <je_372> muskets for duty. It had been on active and arduous service in the field for forty days, and had been engaged in all the great battles from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, sustaining very heavy losses at Spottsylvania Court-House, where it lost nearly an entire division, including its commander, Major General Johnson, who was made prisoner. Of the brigadier generals with it at the commencement of the campaign, only one remained in command of his brigade. Two (Gordon and Ramseur) had been made Major Generals; one (G. H. Stewart) had been captured; four (Pegram, Hays, J. A. Walker and R. D. Johnston) had been severely wounded; and four (Stafford, J. M. Jones, Daniel, and Doles) had been killed in action. Constant exposure to the weather, a limited supply of provisions, and two weeks' service in the swamps north of the Chickahominy had told on the health of the men. Divisions were not stronger than brigades ought to have been, nor brigades than regiments.

On the morning of the 13th, at two o'clock, we commenced the march; and on the 16th, arrived at Rivanna River near Charlottesville, having marched over eighty miles in four days. (*)

From Louisa Court-House I had sent a dispatch to Gordonsville, to be forwarded, by telegraph, to Brecken-ridge; and, on my arrival at Charlottesville, on the 16th,

(*) On the 15th we passed over the ground, near Trevillian's depot, on which Hampton and Sheridan had fought on the 11th and 12th. Hampton had defeated Sheridan and was then in pursuit of him. Grant, in his report, says that on the 11th Sheridan drove our cavalry "from the field, in

complete rout," and, when he advanced towards Gordonsville, on the 12th, "he found the enemy reinforced by infantry, behind well-constructed rifle-pits, about five miles from the latter place, and too strong to successfully assault." There was not an infantry soldier in arms nearer the scene of action than with General Lee's army, near Cold Harbor; and the "well-constructed rifle-pits" were nothing more than rails put up in the manner in which cavalry were accustomed to arrange them to prevent a charge. Sheridan mistook some of Hampton's cavalry, dismounted and fighting on foot, for infantry.

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to which place I rode in advance of my troops, I received a telegram from him, dated at Lynchburg, informing me that Hunter was then in Bedford County, about twenty miles from that place, and moving on it.

The railroad and telegraph between Charlottesville and Lynchburg had been, fortunately, but slightly injured by the enemy's cavalry, and had been repaired. The distance between the two places was sixty miles, and there were no trains at Charlottesville except one which belonged to the Central road, and was about starting for Waynesboro. I ordered this to be detained, and immediately directed, by telegram, all the trains of the two roads to be sent to me with all dispatch, for the purpose of transporting my troops to Lynchburg. The trains were not in readiness to take the troops on board until sunrise on the morning of the 17th, and then only enough were furnished to transport about half of my infantry. Ramseur's division, one brigade of Gordon's division and part of another were put on the trains, as soon as they were ready, and started for Lynchburg. Rodes' division, and the residue of Gordon's, were ordered to move along the railroad, to meet the trains on their return. The artillery and wagon-trains had been started on the ordinary roads at daylight.

I accompanied Ramseur's division, going on the front train, but the road and rolling stock were in such bad condition that I did not reach Lynchburg until about one o'clock in the afternoon, and the other trains were much later. I found General Breckenridge in bed, suffering from an injury received by the fall of a horse killed under him in action near Cold Harbor. He had moved from Rock-fish Gap to Lynchburg by a forced march, as soon as Hunter's movement towards that place was discovered. When I showed him my instructions, he very readily and cordially offered to co-operate with me, and serve under my command.

Hunter's advance from Staunton had been impeded by a brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier General McCausland, <je_374> which had been managed with great skill, and kept in his front all the way, and he was reported to be then advancing on the old stone turnpike from Liberty in Bedford County by New London, and watched by Imboden with a small force of cavalry.

As General Breckenridge was unable to go out, at his request, General D. H. Hill, who happened to be in town, had made arrangements for the defence of the city, with such troops as were at hand. Brigadier General Hays, who was an invalid from a wound received at Spottsylvania Court-House, had tendered his services and also aided in making arrangements for the defence. I rode out with General Hill to examine the line selected by him, and make a reconnaissance of the country in front. Slight works had been hastily thrown up on College Hill, covering the turnpike and Forest roads from Liberty, which were manned by Breckenridge's infantry and the dismounted cavalry of the command which had been with Jones at Piedmont. The reserves, invalids from the hospitals, and the cadets from the Military Institute at Lexington, occupied other parts of

the line. An inspection satisfied me that, while this arrangement was the best which could be made under the circumstances in which General Hill found himself, yet it would leave the town exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery, should he advance to the attack, and I therefore determined to meet the enemy with my troops in front.

We found Imboden about four miles out on the turnpike, near an old Quaker church, to which position he had been gradually forced back by the enemy's infantry. My troops, as they arrived, had been ordered in front of the works to bivouac, and I immediately sent orders for them to move out on this road, at a redoubt about two miles from the city, as Imboden's command was driven back by vastly superior numbers. These brigades, with two pieces of artillery in the redoubt, arrested the progress of the enemy, and Ramseur's other brigade, and the part of Gordon's division which had arrived, took <je_375>position on the same line. The enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery on us, but, as night soon came on, he went into camp in our front.(*)

Upon my arrival at Lynchburg, orders had been given for the immediate return of the train for the rest of my infantry, and I expected it to arrive by the morning of the 18th, but it did not get to Lynchburg until late in the afternoon of that day. Hunter's force was considerably larger than mine would have been, had it all been up, and as it was of the utmost consequence to the army at Richmond that he should not get into Lynchburg, I did not feel justified in attacking him until I could do so with a fair prospect of success. I contented myself therefore with acting on the defensive on the 18th, throwing Breckenridge's infantry and a part of his artillery on the front line, while that adopted by General Hill was occupied by the dismounted cavalry and the irregular troops. During the day, there was artillery firing and skirmishing along the line, and, in the afternoon, an attack was made on our line, to the right of the turnpike, which was handsomely repulsed with considerable loss to the enemy. A demonstration of the enemy's cavalry on the Forest road was checked by part of Breckenridge's infantry under Wharton and McCausland's cavalry.

On the arrival of the cars from Richmond this day, Major Generals Elzey and Ransom reported for duty, the

(* Hunter's delay in advancing from Staunton had been most remarkable. He had defeated Jones' small force at Piedmont, about ten miles from Staunton, on the 5th, and united with Crook on the 8th, yet he did not arrive in front of Lynchburg until near night on the 17th. The route from Staunton to Lynchburg by which he moved, which was by Lexington, Buchanan, the Peaks of Otter and Liberty, is about one hundred miles in distance. It is true that McCausland had delayed his progress by keeping constantly in his front, but an energetic advance would have brushed away McCausland's small force, and Lynchburg, with all its manufacturing establishments and stores, would have fallen before assistance arrived. A subsequent passage over the greater part of the same route showed how Hunter had been employed.

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former to command the infantry and dismounted cavalry of Breckenridge's command, and the latter to command the cavalry. The mounted cavalry consisted of the remnants of several brigades divided into two commands, one under Imboden, and the other under McCausland. It was badly mounted and armed, and its efficiency much impaired by the defeat at Piedmont, and the arduous service it had recently gone through.

As soon as the remainder of my infantry arrived by the railroad, though none of my artillery had gotten up, arrangements were made for attacking Hunter at daylight on the 19th, but some time after midnight it was discovered that he was moving, though it was

not known whether he was retreating or moving so as to attack Lynchburg on the south where it was vulnerable, or to attempt to join Grant on the south side of James River. Pursuit could not, therefore, be made at once, as a mistake, if either of the last two objects had been contemplated, would have been fatal. At light, however, the pursuit commenced, the 2nd corps moving along the turnpike, over which it was discovered Hunter was retreating, and Elzey's command on the right, along the Forest road, while Ransom was ordered to move on the right of Elzey, with McCausland's cavalry, and endeavor to strike the enemy at Liberty or Peaks of Otter. Imboden, who was on the road from Lynchburg to Campbell CourtHouse to watch a body of the enemy's cavalry, which had moved in that direction the day before, was to have moved on the left towards Liberty, but orders did not reach him in time. The enemy's rear was overtaken at Liberty, twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, just before night, and driven through that place, after a brisk skirmish, by Ramseur's division. The day's march on the old turnpike, which was very rough, had been terrible. McCausland had taken the wrong road and did not reach Liberty until after the enemy had been driven through the town.

It was here ascertained that Hunter had not retreated <je_377>on the route by the Peaks of Otter, over which he had advanced, but had taken the road to Buford's depot, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, which would enable him to go either by Salem, Fincastle or Buchanan. Ransom was, therefore, ordered to take the route, next day, by the Peaks of Otter, and endeavor to intercept the enemy should he move by Buchanan or Fincastle. The pursuit was resumed early on the morning of the 20th, and upon our arrival in sight of Buford's, the enemy's rear guard was seen going into the mountain on the road towards Salem. As this left the road to Buchanan open, my aide, Lieutenant Pitzer, was sent across the mountain to that place, with orders for Ransom to move for Salem. Lieutenant Pitzer was also instructed to ride all night and send instructions, by courier from Fincastle, and telegraph from Salem, to have the road through the mountains to Lewisburg and Southwestern Virginia blockaded. The enemy was pursued into the mountains at Buford's Gap, but he had taken possession of the crest of the Blue Ridge, and put batteries in position commanding a gorge, through which the road passes, where it was impossible for a regiment to move in line. I had endeavored to ascertain if there was another way across the mountain by which I could get around the enemy, but all men, except the old ones, had gotten out of the way, and the latter, as well as the women and children, were in such a state of distress and alarm, that no reliable information could be obtained from them. We tried to throw forces up the sides of the mountains to get at the enemy, but they were so rugged that night came on before anything could be accomplished, and we had to desist, though not until a very late hour in the night.

By a mistake of the messenger, who was sent with orders to General Rodes, who was to be in the lead next morning, there was some delay in his movement on the 21st, but the pursuit was resumed very shortly after sunrise. At the Big Lick, it was ascertained that the enemy had turned off from Salem towards Lewisburg, on a road <je_378>which passes through the mountains at a narrow pass called the "Hanging Rock," and my column was immediately turned towards that point, but on arriving there it was ascertained that the enemy's rear guard had passed through the gorge. McCausland had struck his column at this point and captured ten pieces of artillery, some wagons and a number of prisoners; but, the enemy having brought up a heavy force, McCausland was compelled to fall back, carrying off, however, the prisoners and a part of the artillery, and disabling the rest so

that it could not be removed. As the enemy had got into the mountains, where nothing useful could be accomplished by pursuit, I did not deem it proper to continue it farther.

A great part of my command had had nothing to eat for the last few days, except a little bacon which was obtained at Liberty. (*) The cooking utensils were in the trains, and the effort to have bread baked at Lynchburg had failed. Neither the wagon trains, nor the artillery of the 2nd corps, were up and I knew that the country, through which Hunter's route led for forty or fifty miles, was, for the most part, a desolate mountain region; and that his troops were taking everything in the way of provisions and forage which they could lay their hands on. My field officers, except those of Breckenridge's command, were on foot, as their horses could not be transported on the trains from Charlottesville. I had seen our soldiers endure a great deal, but there was a limit to the endurance even of Confederate soldiers. A stern chase with infantry is a very difficult one, and Hunter's men were marching for their lives, his disabled being carried in his provision train, which was now empty. My cavalry was not strong enough to accomplish anything of importance, and a further pursuit could only have resulted in disaster to my command from want of provisions and forage.

I was glad to see Hunter take the route to Lewisburg, <je_379>as I knew he could not stop short of the Kanawha River and he was, therefore, disposed of for some time. Had he moved to Southwestern Virginia, he would have done us incalculable mischief, as there were no troops of any consequence in that quarter, but plenty of supplies at that time. I should, therefore, have been compelled to feller him. (*)

My command had marched sixty miles, in the three days' pursuit, over very rough roads, and that part of it from the Army of Northern Virginia had had no rest since leaving Gaines' Mill. I determined therefore to rest on the 22nd, so as to enable the wagons and artillery to get up, and to prepare the men for the long march before them. Imboden had come up, following on the road through Salem after the enemy, and the cavalry was sent through Fincastle, to watch the enemy and to annoy him as he passed through the mountains towards Lewisburg, and also ascertain whether he would endeavor to get into the valley towards Lexington or Staunton.

(*) In his report Grant says: "General Hunter, owing to a want of ammunition to give battle, retired from before the place" (Lynchburg). Now it appears that this expedition had been long contemplated and was one of the prominent features of the campaign of 1864. Sheridan, with his cavalry, was to have united with Hunter at Lynchburg and the two together were to have destroyed General Lee's communications and depots of supplies and then have joined Grant. Can it be believed that Hunter set out on so important an expedition with an insufficient supply of ammunition? He had only fought the battle of Piedmont with a part of his force, and not a very severe one, as Jones' force was a small one and composed mostly of cavalry. Crook's column, not being there, was not engaged. Had Sheridan defeated Hampton at Trevillian's, he would have reached Lynchburg after destroying the railroad on the way, and I could not have reached there in time to do any good. But Hampton defeated Sheridan and the latter saw "infantry too strong to successfully assault." Had Hunter moved on Lynchburg with energy, that place would have fallen before it was possible for me to get there. But he tarried on the way, and when he reached there, there was discovered "a want of ammunition to give battle."

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XXXVIII.--Operations In Lower Valley And Maryland.

<je_380>

AT Lynchburg I had received a telegram from General Lee directing me, after disposing of Hunter, either to return to his army or to carry out the original plan, as I might deem most expedient under the circumstances in which I found myself. After the pursuit had ceased, I received another dispatch from him, submitting it to my judgment whether the condition of my troops would permit the expedition across the Potomac to be carried out, and I determined to take the responsibility of continuing it. On the 23rd, the march was resumed and we reached Buchanan that night, where we struck again the route over which Hunter had advanced.(*). Ransom's cavalry moved by Clifton Forge, through the western part of

(*). The scenes on Hunter's route from Lynchburg had been truly heart-rending. Houses had been burned, and women and children left without shelter. The country had been stripped of provisions and many families left without a morsel to eat. Furniture and bedding had been cut to pieces, and old men and women and children robbed of all clothing except what they were wearing. Ladies' trunks had been rifled and their dresses torn to pieces in mere wantonness. Even negro girls had lost their little finery. We now had renewed evidences of outrages committed by the commanding general's orders in burning and plundering private houses. We saw the ruins of a number of houses so destroyed. At Lexington Hunter had burned the Military Institute, with all its contents, including its library and scientific apparatus; and Washington College had been plundered and the statue of Washington taken. The residence of Ex-Governor Letcher, at that place, had been burned, and but a few minutes given Mrs. Letcher and her family, to leave the house. In the same county a Christian gentleman, Mr. Creigh, had been hung because he had killed a straggling and marauding Federal soldier while in the act of insulting and outraging the ladies of his family. The time consumed in the perpetration of those deeds was the salvation of Lynchburg, with its stores, foundries and factories, which were so necessary to our army at Richmond.

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Rockbridge, to keep a lookout for Hunter and ascertain if he should attempt to get into the Valley again.

On the 26th, I reached Staunton in advance of my troops, and the latter came up next day, which was spent in reducing transportation and getting provisions from Waynesboro, to which point they had been sent over the railroad. Some of the guns and a number of the horses belonging to the artillery were now unfit for service, and the best of each were selected, and about a battalion taken from Breckenridge's artillery, under Lieutenant Colonel King, to accompany us, in addition to the two battalions brought with the 2nd corps. The rest were left behind with a portion of the officers and men in charge of them. The dismounted cavalry had been permitted to send for their horses which had been recruiting, and Col. Bradley T. Johnson, who had joined me at this place with a battalion of Maryland cavalry, was assigned to the command of Jones' brigade, with the temporary rank of brigadier general, that brigade having been reorganized and the two Maryland battalions attached to it. General Breck-enridge had accompanied us from Lynchburg, and, to give him a command commensurate with his proper one, and at the same time enable me to control the cavalry more readily, Gordon's division of infantry was assigned to his command in addition to the one under Elzey, and Ransom, in charge of the cavalry, was ordered to report to me directly. Major General Elzey was relieved from duty, at his own request, and the division under him was left under the temporary command of

Brigadier General Vaughan.

The official reports at this place showed about two thousand mounted men for duty in the cavalry, which was composed of four small brigades, to wit: Imboden's, McCausland's, Jackson's and Jones' (now Johnson's). Vaughan's had not been mounted, but the horses had been sent for from Southwestern Virginia. The official reports of the infantry showed 10,000 muskets for duty, including Vaughan's dismounted cavalry. Nearly, if not <je_382>quite, half of the company's officers and men were barefooted or nearly so, and a dispatch had been sent from Salem by courier, and Lynchburg by telegraph, to Richmond, requesting shoes to be sent to Staunton, but they had not arrived.

Another telegram was received here from General Lee stating that the circumstances under which my original orders were given had changed, and again submitting it to my judgment, in the altered state of things, whether the movement down the Valley and across the Potomac should be made. The accession to my command from Breckenridge's forces had not been as great as General Lee supposed it would be, on account of the disorganization consequent on Jones' defeat at Piedmont, and the subsequent rapid movement to Lynchburg from Rockfish Gap, but I determined to carry out the original design at all hazards, and telegraphed General Lee my purpose to continue the movement.

The march was resumed on the 28th with five days' rations in the wagons and two days' in haversacks, empty wagons being left to bring the shoes when they arrived. Imboden was sent through Brock's Gap in the Great North Mountain to the Valley of the south branch of the Potomac, with his brigade of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, to destroy the railroad bridge over that stream and all the bridges on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from that point to Martinsburg. The telegraph line was repaired to New Market as we marched down the Valley, and communications kept up with that point by signal stations. On the 2nd of July we reached Winchester(*) and I here received a dispatch from General Lee,

(*) On this day we passed through Newtown, where several houses, including that of a Methodist minister, had been burned by Hunter's orders, because a part of Mosby's command had attacked a train of supplies for Sigel's force, at this place. The original order was to burn the whole town, but the officer sent to execute it had revolted at the cruel mandate and another was sent who but partially executed it, after forcing the people to take an oath of allegiance to the United States to save their houses. Mosby's battalion, though called "guerillas" by the enemy, was a regular organization in the Confederate Army, and was merely serving on detached duty under General Lee's orders. The attack on the train was an act of legitimate warfare, and the order to burn Newtown and the burning of houses mentioned were unjustifiable.

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directing me to remain in the lower Valley until everything was in readiness to cross the Potomac and to destroy the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal as far as possible. This was in accordance with my previous determination, and its policy was obvious. My provisions were nearly exhausted, and if I had moved through Loudoun, it would have been necessary for me to halt and thresh wheat and have it ground, as neither bread nor flour could otherwise be obtained, which would have caused much greater delay than was required on the other route, where we could take provisions from the enemy. Moreover, unless the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was torn up, the enemy would have been able to move troops from the West over that road to Washington.

On the night of the 2nd, McCausland was sent across North Mountain, to move down Back Creek, and burn the railroad bridge at its mouth, and then to move by North

Mountain depot to Haynesville on the road from Martinsburg to Williamsport; and, early on the morning of the 3rd, Bradley Johnson was sent by Smithfield and Leetown, to cross the railroad at Kearneysville east of Martinsburg, and unite with McCausland at Haynesville, so as to cut off the retreat of Sigel, who was at Martinsburg with a considerable force. Breckenridge moved, on the same morning, direct from Martinsburg, with his command preceded by Gilmor's battalion of cavalry, while I moved with Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions, over the route taken by Johnson, to Leetown. On the approach of Breckenridge, Sigel, after very slight skirmishing, evacuated Martinsburg, leaving behind considerable stores, which fell into our hands. McCausland burned the bridge <je_384>over Back Creek, captured the guard at North Mountain depot, and succeeded in reaching Haynesville; but Johnson encountered a force at Leetown, under Mulligan, which, after hard fighting, he drove across the railroad, when, Sigel having united with Mulligan, Johnson's command was forced back, just before night, on Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions, which had arrived at Leetown, after a march of twenty-four miles. It was too late, and these divisions were too much exhausted, to go after the enemy; and during the night, Sigel retreated across the Potomac at Shepherdstown, to Maryland Heights.

On the 4th, Shepherdstown was occupied by a part of Ransom's cavalry. Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions moved to Harper's Ferry and the enemy was driven from Bolivar Heights and the village of Bolivar, to an inner line of works under the cover of the guns from Maryland Heights. Breckenridge after burning the railroad bridges at Martinsburg, and across the Opequon, moved to Duffield's depot, five miles from Harper's Ferry, destroying the road as he moved. During the night of the 4th, the enemy evacuated Harper's Ferry, burning the railroad and pontoon bridges across the Potomac.

It was not possible to occupy the town of Harper's Ferry, except with skirmishers, as it was thoroughly commanded by the heavy guns on Maryland Heights; and the 5th was spent by Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions in demonstrating at that place. In the afternoon Brecken-ridge's command crossed the river at Shepherdstown, and Gordon's division was advanced over the Antietam towards Maryland Heights. At night, considerable stores, which had been abandoned at Harper's Ferry, were secured; and before day, Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions moved to Shepherdstown, and crossed the Potomac early on the 6th, Lewis' brigade, of Ramseur's division, being left to occupy Harper's Ferry with skirmishers.

On this day (the 6th) Gordon's division advanced towards Maryland Heights, and drove the enemy into <je_385>his works. Working parties were employed in destroying the aqueduct of the canal over the Antietam, and the locks and canal-boats.

On the 7th Rodes moved through Rohrersville, on the road to Crampton's Gap in South Mountain, and skirmished with a small force of the enemy, while Brecken-ridge demonstrated against Maryland Heights, with Gordon's division, supported by his other division, now under Brigadier General Echols, who had reported for duty.

While these operations were going on, McCausland had occupied Hagerstown, and levied a contribution of \$20,000, and Boonsboro had been occupied by Johnson's cavalry. On the 6th I received a letter from General Lee, by special courier, informing me that, on the 12th, an effort would be made to release the prisoners at Point Lookout, and directing me to take steps to unite them with my command, if the attempt was successful; but I was not informed of the manner in which the attempt would be made--General Lee stating that

he was not, himself, advised of the particulars.

My desire had been to manoeuvre the enemy out of Maryland Heights, so as to enable me to move directly from Harper's Ferry for Washington; but he had taken refuge in his strongly fortified works, and as they could not be approached without great difficulty, and an attempt to carry them by assault would have resulted in greater loss than the advantage to be gained would justify, I determined to move through the gaps of South Mountain to the north of the Heights. On the 7th, the greater portion of the cavalry was sent across the mountain, in the direction of Frederick; and that night, the expected shoes having arrived and been distributed, orders were given for a general move next morning; and an officer (Lieutenant Colonel Goodwin of a Louisiana regiment) was ordered back to Winchester, with a small guard, to collect the stragglers at that place, and prevent them from following.

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Imboden had reached the railroad, at the South Branch of the Potomac, and partially destroyed the bridge, but had not succeeded in dislodging the guard from the block-house at that place. He had been taken sick and very little had been accomplished by the expedition; and his brigade, now under the command of Col. George H. Smith, had returned.

Early on the morning of the 8th the whole force moved; Rodes, through Crampton's Gap, to Jefferson; Breckenridge, through Fox's Gap; and Ramseur, with the trains, through Boonsboro Gap, followed by Lewis' brigade, which had started from Harper's Ferry the night before, after burning the trestle-work on the railroad, and the stores which had not been brought off. Breckenridge and Ramseur encamped near Middletown, and Rodes near Jefferson. Ransom had occupied Catoctan Mountain, between Middletown and Frederick, with his cavalry, and had skirmished heavily with a body of the enemy at the latter place. McCausland was ordered to move to the right, in the afternoon, and the next day cut the telegraph and railroad between Maryland Heights and Washington and Baltimore--cross the Monocacy, and, if possible, occupy the railroad bridge over that stream, at the junction near Frederick.

Early on the 9th, Johnson, with his brigade of cavalry, and a battery of horse artillery, moved to the north of Frederick, with orders to strike the railroads from Baltimore to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, burn the bridges over the Gunpowder, also to cut the railroad between Washington and Baltimore and threaten the latter place; and then to move towards Point Lookout, for the purpose of releasing the prisoners, if we should succeed in getting into Washington. The other troops also moved forward towards Monocacy Junction, and Ramseur's division passed through Frederick, driving a force of skirmishers before it.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XXXIX.--Battle Of Monocacy.

<je_387>

THE enemy, in considerable force under General Lew Wallace, was found strongly posted on the eastern bank of the Monocacy near the Junction, with an earthwork and two block-houses commanding both the railroad bridge and the bridge on the Georgetown pike. Ram-seur's division was deployed in front of the enemy, after driving his skirmishers across the river, and several batteries were put in position, when a sharp artillery fire opened from both sides. Rodes' division had come up from Jefferson and was placed on Ramseur's left, covering the roads from Baltimore and the crossings of the Monocacy above the Junction. Breckenridge's command, with the trains, was in the rear between Frederick and the Junction, while the residue of the cavalry was watching a force of the enemy's cavalry which had followed from Maryland Heights. The enemy's position was too strong, and the difficulties of crossing the Monocacy under fire too great, to attack in front without greater loss than I was willing to incur. I therefore made an examination in person to find a point at which the river could be crossed, so as to take the enemy in flank.

While I was engaged in making this examination to my right, I discovered McCausland in the act of crossing the river with his brigade. As soon as he crossed, he dismounted his men, and advanced rapidly against the enemy's left flank, which he threw into confusion, and he came very near capturing a battery of artillery, but the enemy concentrated on him, and he was gradually forced back obstinately contesting the ground. McCausland's movement, which was very brilliantly executed, solved the problem for me, and, as soon as I discovered it, orders were sent to Breckenridge to move up rapidly with Gordon's division to McCausland's assistance, and to follow up his attack. This division crossed at the same <je_388>place, and Gordon was ordered to move forward and strike the enemy on his left flank, and drive him from the position commanding the crossings in Ramseur's front, so as to enable the latter to cross. This movement was executed under the personal superintendence of General Breckenridge, and, while Ramseur skirmished with the enemy in front, the attack was made by Gordon in gallant style, and, with the aid of several pieces of King's artillery which had been crossed over, and Nelson's artillery from the opposite side, he threw the enemy into great confusion and forced him from his position. Ramseur immediately crossed on the railroad bridge and pursued the enemy's flying forces and Rodes crossed on the left and joined in the pursuit.

Echols' division, which had been left to guard the trains, was ordered up during the engagement, but was not needed. The pursuit was soon discontinued, as Wallace's entire force had taken the road towards Baltimore, and I did not desire prisoners. Wallace's force I estimated at 8,000 or 10,000 men, and it was ascertained that one division of the 6th corps (Rickett's), from Grant's army, was in the fight. Between 600 and 700 unwounded prisoners fell into our hands, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. Our loss in killed and wounded was about 700, and among them were Brigadier General Evans wounded, and Colonel Lamar of the 61st Georgia Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Tavener of the 17th Virginia Cavalry and Lieutenant Hobson of Nelson's artillery, killed. The action closed about sunset, and we had marched fourteen miles before it commenced. All the troops and trains were crossed over the Monocacy that night, so as to resume the

march early next day. Such of our wounded as could not be moved in ambulances or otherwise were sent to the hospitals at Frederick under charge of competent medical officers, and our dead were buried. During the operations at Monocacy, a contribution of \$200,000 in money was levied on the city of Frederick, and some needed supplies were obtained.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XL.--In Front Of Washington.

<je_389>

ON the 10th, the march was resumed at daylight, and we bivouacked four miles from Rockville, on the Georgetown pike, having marched twenty miles. Ramseur's division, which had remained behind for a short time to protect a working party engaged in destroying the railroad bridge, was detained for a time in driving off a party of cavalry which had been following from Maryland Heights, and did not get up until one o'clock at night. McCausland, moving in front on this day, drove a body of the enemy's cavalry before them and had quite a brisk engagement at Rockville, where he encamped after defeating and driving off the enemy.

We moved at daylight on the 11th; McCausland moving on the Georgetown pike, while the infantry, preceded by Imboden's cavalry under Colonel Smith, turned to the left at Rockville, so as to reach the 7th Street pike which runs by Silver Spring into Washington. Jackson's cavalry moved on the left flank. The previous day had been very warm, and the roads were exceedingly dusty, as there had been no rain for several weeks. The heat during the night had been very oppressive, and but little rest had been obtained. This day was an exceedingly hot one, and there was no air stirring. While marching, the men were enveloped in a suffocating cloud of dust, and many of them fell by the way from exhaustion. Our progress was therefore very much impeded, but I pushed on as rapidly as possible, hoping to get into the fortifications around Washington before they could be manned. Smith drove a small body of cavalry before him into the woods on the 7th Street pike, and dismounted his men and deployed them as skirmishers. I rode ahead of the infantry, and arrived in sight of Fort Stevens on the road a short time after noon, when I discovered that the works were but feebly manned.

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Rodes, whose division was in front, was immediately ordered to bring it into line as rapidly as possible, throw out skirmishers, and move into the works if he could. My whole column was then moving by flank, which was the only practicable mode of marching upon the road we were on, and before Rodes' division could be brought up, we saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works towards Washington, and soon a column of the enemy filed into them on the right and left and skirmishers were thrown out in front, while an artillery fire was opened on us from a number of batteries. This defeated our hopes of getting possession of the works by surprise, and it became necessary to reconnoitre.

Rodes' skirmishers were thrown to the front, driving those of the enemy to the cover of the works, and we proceeded to examine the fortifications in order to ascertain if it was practicable to carry them by assault. They were found to be exceedingly strong, and consisted of what appeared to be enclosed forts of heavy artillery, with a tier of lower works in front of each pierced for an immense number of guns, the whole being connected by curtains with ditches in front, and strengthened by palisades and abattis. The timber had been felled within cannon range all around and left on the ground, making a formidable obstacle, and every possible approach was raked by artillery. On the right was Rock Creek running through a deep ravine which had been rendered impassable by the felling of the timber on each side, and beyond were the works on the Georgetown pike

which had been reported to be the strongest of all. On the left, as far as the eye could reach, the works appeared to be of the same impregnable character. The position was naturally strong for defence, and the examination showed, what might have been expected, that every appliance of science and unlimited means had been used to render the fortifications around Washington as strong as possible. This reconnaissance consumed the balance of the day.

The rapid marching which had broken down a number <je_391>of the men who were barefooted or weakened by previous exposure, and had been left in the Valley and directed to be collected at Winchester, and the losses in killed and wounded at Harper's Ferry, Maryland Heights and Monocacy, had reduced my infantry to about 8,000 muskets. Of those remaining, a very large number were greatly exhausted by the last two days' marching, some having fallen by sunstroke, and I was satisfied, when we arrived in front of the fortifications, that not more than one-third of my force could have been carried into action. I had about forty pieces of field artillery, of which the largest were 12 pounder Napoleons, besides a few pieces of horse artillery with the cavalry. McCausland reported the works on the Georgetown pike too strongly manned for him to assault. We could not move to the right or left without its being discovered from a signal station on the top of the "Soldiers' Home," which overlooked the country, and the enemy would have been enabled to move in his works to meet us. Under the circumstances, to have rushed my men blindly against the fortifications, without understanding the state of things, would have been worse than folly. If we had any friends in Washington, none of them came out to give us information, and this satisfied me that the place was not undefended. I knew that troops had arrived from Grant's army, for prisoners had been captured from Rickett's division of the 6th corps at Monocacy.

From Sharpsburg I had sent a message to Mosby, by one of his men, requesting him to cross the Potomac below Harper's Ferry, cut the railroad and telegraph, and endeavor to find out the condition of things in Washington, but he had not crossed the river, and I had received no information from him. A Northern paper, which was obtained, gave the information that Hunter, after moving up the Ohio River in steamboats, was passing over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and I knew that he would be at Harper's Ferry soon, as Imboden had done very little damage to the road west of Martinsburg. After dark on <je_392>the 11th I held a consultation with Major Generals Breckenridge, Rodes, Gordon and Ramseur, in which I stated to them the danger of remaining where we were, and the necessity of doing something immediately, as the probability was that the passes of the South Mountain and the fords of the upper Potomac would soon be closed against us. After interchanging views with them, being very reluctant to abandon the project of capturing Washington I determined to make an assault on the enemy's works at daylight next morning, unless some information should be received before that time showing its impracticability, and so informed those officers. During the night a dispatch was received from Gen. Bradley Johnson from near Baltimore informing me that he had received information, from a reliable source, that two corps had arrived from General Grant's army, and that his whole army was probably in motion. This caused me to delay the attack until I could examine the works again, and as soon as it was light enough to see, I rode to the front and found the parapets lined with troops. I had, therefore, reluctantly to give up all hopes of capturing Washington, after I had arrived in sight of the dome of the Capitol, and given the Federal authorities a terrible fright.

In his report, Grant says, in regard to the condition of things when I moved towards Washington, "The garrisons of Baltimore and Washington were at this time made up of heavy artillery regiments, hundred days' men, and detachments from the invalid corps." And, in regard to the force of Wallace at Monocacy, he says: "His force was not sufficient to ensure success, but he fought the enemy nevertheless, and although it resulted in a defeat to our arms, yet it detained the enemy and thereby served to enable General Wright to reach Washington with two divisions of the 6th corps, and the advance of the 19th corps before him." Stanton says in his report: "Here (at Washington) they (we) were met by troops from the Army of the Potomac, consisting of the <je_393>6th corps under General Wright, a part of the 8th corps under General Gilmore and a part of the 19th corps, just arrived from New Orleans under General Emory."

Taking Grant's statement of the troops which had arrived from his army, they were sufficient to hold the works against my troops, at least until others could arrive. But in addition to those which had already arrived, there were the detachments from the invalid corps, called, I believe, the "Veteran Reserves" (of which I was informed there were 5,000), the heavy artillery regiments, the hundred days' men, and, I suppose, the part of the 8th corps mentioned by Stanton. To all of these may be added the local troops, or militia, and the Government employees. Some of the Northern papers stated that, between Saturday and Monday, I could have entered the city: but on Saturday I was fighting at Monocacy, 35 miles from Washington, a force which I could not leave in my rear; and after disposing of that force and moving as rapidly as it was possible for me to move, I did not arrive in front of the fortifications until after noon on Monday, and then my troops were exhausted and it required time to bring them up into line. I had then made a march, over the circuitous route by Charlottesville, Lynchburg and Salem, down the Valley and through the passes of the South Mountain, which, notwithstanding the delays in dealing with Hunter's, Sigel's, and Wallace's forces, is, for its length and rapidity, I believe, without a parallel in this or any other modern war--the unopposed excursion of Sherman through Georgia not excepted. My small force had been thrown up to the very walls of the Federal Capital, north of a river which could not be forded at any point within 40 miles, and with a heavy force and the South Mountain in my rear,--the passes through which mountain could be held by a small number of troops. A glance at the map, when it is recollected that the Potomac is a wide river, and navigable to Washington with the largest vessels, will cause the intelligent reader to wonder, not why I failed to take <je_394>Washington, but why I had the audacity to approach it as I did, with the small force under my command.

It was supposed by some, who were not informed of the facts, that I delayed in the lower Valley longer than was necessary; but an examination of the foregoing narrative will show that not one moment was spent in idleness, but that every one was employed in making some arrangement, or removing some difficulty in my Way, which it was necessary to make or remove; so as to enable me to advance with a prospect of success. I could not move across the Potomac and through the passes of the South Mountain, with any safety, until Sigel was driven from, or safely housed in, the fortifications at Maryland Heights.

After abandoning the idea of capturing Washington, I determined to remain in front of the fortifications during the 12th, and retire at night, as I was satisfied that to remain longer would cause the loss of my entire force.

Johnson had burned the bridges over the Gunpowder, on the Harrisburg and Philadelphia roads, threatened Baltimore, and started for Point Lookout, but I sent an order for him to return. The attempt to release the prisoners, of which I was informed by General Lee, was not made, as the enemy had received notice of it in some way. Major Harry Gilmor, who burned the bridge over the Gunpowder on the Philadelphia road, captured Major General Franklin on a train at that point, but he was permitted to escape, either by the carelessness or exhaustion of the guard placed over him, before I was informed of the capture.

On the afternoon of the 12th, a heavy reconnoitring force was sent out by the enemy, which, after severe skirmishing, was driven back by Rodes' division with but slight loss to us. About dark we commenced retiring and did so without molestation.

Passing through Rockville and Poolsville, we crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, above Leesburg in Loudoun County, on the morning of the 14th, bringing off the prisoners <je_395>captured at Monocacy and everything else in safety. There was some skirmishing in the rear, between our cavalry and that of the enemy which was following, and on the afternoon of the 14th, there was some artillery firing by the enemy, across the river, at our cavalry which was watching the fords. Besides the money levied in Hagerstown and Frederick, which was subsequently very useful in obtaining supplies, we brought off quite a large number of beef cattle, and the cavalry obtained a number of horses, some being also procured for the artillery. (*)

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLI.--Return To Virginia.

<je_396>

WE rested on the 14th and 15th, near Leesburg; and on the morning of the 16th, resumed the march to the Valley, through Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge. Hunter had arrived at Harper's Ferry, and united with Sigel, and the whole force had moved from that place, under Crook, to Hillsboro, in Loudoun, and a body of cavalry from it made a dash on our train, as we were moving towards the Valley, and succeeded in setting fire to a few wagons, but was soon driven off by troops from Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions, and one piece of artillery was captured from the enemy.

On the morning of the 17th, we crossed the Shenandoah, at Snicker's or Castleman's Ferry, and took possession near Berryville--Breckenridge covering the ford at the ferry and the river above and below, and Rodes' and Ramseur's division the roads from Harper's Ferry.

On the 18th the enemy, having moved through Snicker's Gap, appeared on the banks of the Shenandoah, and there was some skirmishing. In the afternoon, a heavy column of his infantry made a dash at Parker's Ford, one mile below the ferry, and crossed over, after driving back the picket of 100 men at that point. Brecken-ridge moved Gordon's and Echols' divisions to the front, and held the enemy in check, while Rodes' division was brought up from the left, and attacked and drove him across the river, with heavy loss, and in great confusion.

The enemy's main body still occupied the eastern bank of the Shenandoah on the 19th, and smaller columns moved up and down the river, to effect a crossing. Im-boden, with his own and McCausland's cavalry, resisted and repulsed one of these columns, which attempted to cross at Berry's Ferry, with considerable loss to the enemy. The horses of Vaughan's cavalry having been <je_397>brought from Southwestern Virginia, his small force had been now mounted. On this day I received information that a column under Averill was moving from Martinsburg towards Winchester, and as the position I held near Berryville left my trains exposed to expeditions in the rear from Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, I determined to concentrate my force near Strasburg, so as to enable me to put the trains in safety and then move out and attack the enemy. This movement was commenced on the night of the 19th; Ramseur's division, with a battery of artillery, being sent to Winchester, to cover that place against Averill, while the stores, and the sick and wounded were being removed, and the other divisions moving through Millwood and White Post to the Valley Pike at Newtown and Middletown.

Vaughan's and Jackson's cavalry had been watching Averill, and, on the afternoon of the 20th, it was reported to General Ramseur, by General Vaughan, that Averill was at Stephenson's depot, with an inferior force, which could be captured, and Ramseur moved out from Winchester to attack him; but relying on the accuracy of the information he had received, General Ramseur did not take the proper precautions in advancing, and his division, while moving by the flank, was suddenly met by a larger force, under Averill, advancing in line of battle, and the result was that Ramseur's force was thrown into confusion, and compelled to retire, with the loss of four pieces of artillery, and a number in killed and wounded--Brigadier Generals Lewis and Lilly being among the wounded, and Colonel Board of the 58th Virginia Regiment among the killed. Colonel Jackson

made a vigorous charge with his cavalry, which enabled Ramseur to rally his men, restore order, and arrest the progress of Averill before he reached Winchester. The error committed, on this occasion, by this most gallant officer, was nobly retrieved in the subsequent part of the campaign. I received at New Market the news of Ramseur's misfortune, and immediately moved to his assistance with <je_398>Rodes' division; but on arriving at Winchester, I found that the enemy, after being checked, had fallen back a short distance; and, as another and much larger column was moving through Berryville, I did not go after Averill, but moved the whole command to Newtown--the stores, and such of the wounded and sick as could be transported, having been gotten off.

On the 21st my whole infantry force was concentrated near Middletown; and, on the 22nd, it was moved across Cedar Creek, towards Strasburg, and so posted as to cover all the roads from the direction of Winchester.

A report having been sent to me, from Mount Jackson, that a force of the enemy was moving from the Valley of the South Branch of the Potomac to that place, Imboden was sent to ascertain its truth, and it proved to be false. We rested on the 23rd, while waiting to ascertain the movements of the enemy, and during the day a report was received from the cavalry in front that a large portion of the force sent after us from Washington was returning, and that Crook and Averill had united and were at Kernstown, near Winchester.

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Chapter XLII.--Battle Of Kernstown.

<je_399>

On the reception of the foregoing information, I determined to attack the enemy at once; and, early on the morning of the 24th, my whole force was put in motion for Winchester. The enemy, under Crook, consisting of the "Army of West Virginia," and including Hunter's and Sigel's forces, and Averill's cavalry, was found in position at Kernstown, on the same ground occupied by Shields, at the time of General Jackson's fight with him, on March 22nd, 1862. Ramseur's division was sent to the left, at Bartonsville, to get around the enemy's right flank, while the other divisions moved along the Valley Pike, and formed on each side of it. Ransom's cavalry was ordered to move in two columns: one, on the right, along the road from Front Royal to Winchester, and the other on the left, and west of Winchester, so as to unite in rear of the latter place, and cut off the enemy's retreat. After the enemy's skirmishers were driven in, it was discovered that his left flank, extending through Kernstown, was exposed, and General Breckenridge was ordered to move Echols' division, now under Brigadier General Wharton, under cover of some ravines on our right and attack that flank. This movement, which was made under General Breckenridge's personal superintendence, was handsomely executed, and the attacking division struck the enemy's left flank in open ground, doubling it up and throwing his whole line into great confusion. The other divisions then advanced, and the rout of the enemy became complete. He was pursued, by the infantry and artillery, through and beyond Winchester; and the pursuit was continued by Rodes' division to Stephenson's depot, six miles from Winchester--this division then having marched twenty-seven miles from its position west of Strasburg. The cavalry had not been moved according <je_400>to my orders; and the enemy, having the advantage of an open country and a wide macadamized road, was enabled to make his escape with his artillery and most of his wagons. General Ransom had been in very bad health since he reported to me in Lynchburg, and unable to take the active command in the field; and all of my operations had been impeded for the want of an efficient and energetic cavalry commander. I think, if I had had one on this occasion, the greater part of the enemy's force would have been captured or destroyed, for the rout was thorough. Our loss, in this action, was very light. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was severe, and two or three hundred prisoners fell into our hands; and among them, Colonel Mulligan, in command of a division, mortally wounded. The infantry was too much exhausted to continue the pursuit on the 25th, and only moved to Bunker Hill, twelve miles from Winchester. The pursuit was continued by our cavalry, and the enemy's rear guard of cavalry was encountered at Martinsburg; but after slight skirmishing, it evacuated the place. The whole defeated force crossed the Potomac, and took refuge at Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry. The road from Winchester, via Martinsburg, to Williamsport was strewed with débris of the rapid retreat--twelve caissons and seventy-two wagons having been abandoned, and most of them burned.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLIII.--The Burning Of Chambersburg.

<je_401>

ON the 26th we moved to Martinsburg, the cavalry going to the Potomac. The 27th and 28th were employed in destroying the railroad, it having been repaired since we passed over it at the beginning of the month. While at Martinsburg, it was ascertained that while we were near Washington, after Hunter's return to the Valley, by his orders, a number of private residences had been burned,--among them the homes of Mr. Alex. R. Boteler, an ex-member of the Confederate Congress, of Mr. Andrew Hunter, a member of the Virginia Senate, and of Mr. Edmund I. Lee, a distant relative of General Lee,--all in Jefferson County, with their contents, only time enough being given for the ladies to get out of their houses. A number of towns in the South, as well as private country houses, had been burned by the Federal troops. I came to the conclusion it was time to open the eyes of the people of the North to this enormity, by an example in the way of retaliation. I did not select the cases mentioned, as having more merit or greater claims for retaliation than others, but because they had occurred within the limits of the country covered by my command and were brought more immediately to my attention.

The town of Chambersburg in Pennsylvania was selected as the one on which retaliation should be made, and McCausland was ordered to proceed, with his brigade and that of Johnson and a battery of artillery, to that place, and demand of the municipal authorities the sum of \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in U.S. currency, as a compensation for the destruction of the houses named and their contents; and in default of payment, to lay the town in ashes. A written demand to that effect was sent to the authorities, and they were informed what would be the result of a failure or refusal to comply with <je_402>it: for I desired to give the people of Chambersburg an opportunity of saving their town, by making compensation for part of the injury done, and hoped the payment of such a sum would have the effect of causing the adoption of a different policy. McCausland was also directed to proceed from Chambersburg towards Cumberland, Maryland, and levy contributions in money upon that and other towns able to bear them, and if possible destroy the machinery of the coal pits near Cumberland and the machine shops, depots and bridges on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad as far as practicable.

On the 29th, McCausland crossed the Potomac near Clear Spring above Williamsport, and I moved with Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions and Vaughan's cavalry to the latter place, while Imboden demonstrated with his and Jackson's cavalry towards Harper's Ferry, in order to draw attention from McCausland. Breckenridge remained at Martinsburg and continued the destruction of the railroad. Vaughan drove a force of cavalry from Williamsport, and went into Hagerstown, where he captured and destroyed a train of cars loaded with supplies. One of Rodes' brigades was crossed over at Williamsport and subsequently withdrawn. On the 30th, McCausland being well under way I moved back to Martinsburg, and on the 31st, the whole infantry force was moved to Bunker Hill, where we remained on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of August.

On the 4th, in order to enable McCausland to retire from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and to keep Hunter, who had been reinforced by the 6th and 19th corps, and had been oscillating between Harper's Ferry and Monocacy Junction, in a state of uncertainty, I again moved to the Potomac with the infantry and Vaughan's and Jackson's cavalry, while

Imboden demonstrated towards Harper's Ferry. On the 5th, Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions crossed at Williamsport and took position near St. James' College and Vaughan's cavalry went into Hagerstown. Breckenridge, with his command, and <je_403>Jackson's cavalry, crossed at Shepherdstown, and took position at Sharpsburg. This position is in full view from Maryland Heights, and a cavalry force was sent out by the enemy to reconnoitre, which, after skirmishing with Jackson's cavalry, was driven off by the sharpshooters of Gordon's division. On the 6th, the whole force recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and moved towards Martinsburg, and on the 7th we returned to Bunker Hill.(*)

(*) While at Sharpsburg on this occasion, I rode over the ground on which the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam, as it is called by the enemy, was fought, and I was surprised to see how few traces of that great battle remained. In the woods at the famous Dunkard or Tunker Church, where, from personal observation at the battle, I expected to find the trees terribly broken and battered, a stranger would find difficulty in identifying the marks of the bullets and shells.

I will take occasion here to say that the public, North or South, has never known how small was the force with which General Lee fought that battle. From personal observation and conversation with other officers engaged, including General Lee himself, I am satisfied that the latter was not able to carry 30,000 men into action. The exhaustion of our men, in the battles around Richmond, the subsequent battles near Manassas, and on the march to Maryland, when they were for days without anything to eat except green corn, was so great, that the straggling was frightful before we crossed the Potomac. As an instance of our weakness, and a reminiscence worthy of being recorded, which was brought forcibly to my mind while riding over the ground, I state the following facts; in the early part of the day, all of General Jackson's troops on the field except my brigade (A. P. Hill had not then arrived from Harper's Ferry) were driven from the field in great disorder, and Hood had taken their place with his division.

My brigade, which was on the extreme left, supporting some artillery with which Stuart was operating, and had not been engaged, was sent for by General Jackson and posted in the left of the woods at the Dunkard Church. Hood was also forced back, and then the enemy advanced to this woods--Sumner's corps, which was fresh, advancing on our left flank. My brigade, then numbering about 1000 men for duty, with two or three hundred men of Jackson's own division, who had been rallied by Colonels Grigsby and Stafford, and with an interval of at least one-half a mile between us and any other part of our line, held Sumner's corps in check for some time, until Green's division, of Mansfield's corps, penetrated into the interval in the woods between us and the rest of our line, and I was compelled to move by the flank and attack it. That division was driven out of the woods by my brigade, while Grigsby and Stafford skirmished with Sumner's advancing force, when we turned on it, and with the aid of three brigades--to wit: Anderson's, Semmes' and Barksdale's--which had just arrived to our assistance, drove it from the woods in great confusion and with heavy loss. So great was the disparity in the forces at this point that the wounded officers who were captured were greatly mortified, and commenced making excuses by stating that the troops in their front were raw troops who stampeded and produced confusion in their ranks. McClellan, in his report, states that Sumner's corps and Green's division encountered in this woods "overwhelming numbers behind breastworks," and he assigns the heavy losses and consequent demoralization in Sumner's corps as one of the reasons for not renewing the fight on the 18th. We had no breastworks or anything like them in that woods on the 17th, and, on our part, it was a stand up fight there altogether. The slight breastworks subsequently seen by McClellan were made on the 18th, when we were expecting a renewal of the battle.

<je_404>

On the 30th of July McCausland reached Chambersburg and made the demand as directed, reading to such of the authorities as presented themselves the paper sent by me. The demand was not complied with, the people stating that they were not afraid of having their town burned, and that a Federal force was approaching. The policy pursued by our army on former occasions had been so lenient that they did not suppose the threat was in

earnest this time, and they hoped for speedy relief. Mc-Causland, however, proceeded to carry out his orders, and the greater part of the town was laid in ashes. (*)

He then moved in the direction of Cumberland, but on approaching that town, he found it defended by a force under Kelly too strong for him to attack, and he withdrew towards Hampshire County in Virginia, and crossed the Potomac near the mouth of the South Branch, capturing the garrison at that place and partially destroying <je_405>the railroad bridge. He then invested the post on the railroad at New Creek, but finding it too strongly fortified to take by assault, he moved to Moorefield in Hardy County, near which he halted to rest and recruit his men and horses, as the command was now considered safe from pursuit. Averill, however, had been pursuing from Chambersburg with a body of cavalry, and Johnson's brigade was surprised in camp, before day, on the morning of the 7th of August, and routed by Averill's force. This resulted also in the rout of McCausland's brigade, and the loss of the artillery (4 pieces), and about 300 prisoners from the whole command. The balance of the command made its way to Mount Jackson in great disorder, and much weakened. This affair had a very damaging effect upon my cavalry for the rest of the campaign.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLIV.--Retreat To Fisher's Hill.

<je_406>

ON the 9th, Imboden reported that a large force had been concentrated at Harper's Ferry, consisting of the 6th, 19th, and Crook's corps, under a new commander, and that it was moving to our right. The new commander proved to be Major General Sheridan, from Grant's army. On the 10th, we moved from Bunker Hill to the east of Winchester, to cover the roads from Charlestown and Berryville to that place; and Ramseur's division was moved to Winchester, to cover that place against a force reported to be advancing from the west; but, this report proving untrue, it was subsequently moved to the junction of the Millwood and Front Royal roads.

On the morning of the 11th, it was discovered that the enemy was moving to our right on the east of the Ope-quon, and my troops, which had been formed in line of battle covering Winchester, were moved to the right, towards Newtown, keeping between the enemy and the Valley Pike. Ramseur had a brisk skirmish with a body of the enemy's cavalry on the Millwood road, and drove it back. Imboden's and Vaughan's brigades had a severe fight with another body of cavalry at the double toll-gate, at the intersection of the Front Royal road with the road from White Post to Newtown; and it was discovered that there had been a considerable accession to that arm from Grant's army.

Just before night, Gordon had very heavy skirmishing near Newtown, with a large force of cavalry, which advanced on the road from the double toll-gate, and drove it off. We encamped near Newtown; and on the morning of the 12th, moved to Hupp's Hill, between Strasburg and Cedar Creek. Finding that the enemy was advancing in much heavier force than I had yet encountered, I determined to take position at Fisher's Hill, above Strasburg, <je_407>and await his attack there. Imboden with his brigade was sent to the Luray Valley, to watch that route; and, in the afternoon, we moved to Fisher's Hill. I had received information, a few days before, from General Lee, that General Anderson had moved with Kershaw's division of infantry and Fitz. Lee's division of cavalry to Culpeper Court,House; and I sent a dispatch to Anderson informing him of the state of things, and requesting him to move to Front Royal, so as to guard the Luray Valley.

Sheridan's advance appeared on the banks of Cedar Creek, on the 12th, and there was some skirmishing with it. My troops were posted at Fisher's Hill, with the right resting on the North Fork of the Shenandoah, and the left extending towards Little North Mountain; and we awaited the advance of the enemy. General Anderson moved to Front Royal, in compliance with my request, and took position to prevent an advance of the enemy on that route. Shortly after I took position at Fisher's Hill, Major General Lomax reported to me to relieve Ransom in command of the cavalry, and McCausland and Johnson joined us with the remnants of their brigades. Sheridan demonstrated at Hupp's Hill, within our view, for several days, and some severe skirmishing ensued.

Upon taking position at Fisher's Hill, I had established a signal station on the end of Three Top Mountain, a branch of Massanutten Mountain, near Strasburg, which overlooked both camps and enabled me to communicate readily with General Anderson in the Luray Valley. A small force from Sheridan's army ascended the mountain and drove off our signal-men and possession was taken of the station by the enemy, who was in turn driven away; when several small but severe fights ensued over the station, possession of it

being finally gained and held by a force of 100 men under Captain Keller of Gordon's division.

On the morning of the 17th, it was discovered that the enemy was falling back, and I immediately moved <je_408>forward in pursuit, requesting General Anderson, by signal, to cross the river at Front Royal and move towards Winchester. Just before night, the enemy's cavalry and a body of infantry, reported to be a division, was encountered between Kernstown and Winchester, and driven through the latter place, after a sharp engagement, in which Wharton's division moved to the left and attacked the enemy's infantry, and drove it from a strong position on Bower's Hill, south of Winchester, while Ramseur engaged it in the front and Gordon advanced against the cavalry on the right.

On the 18th we took possession to cover Winchester, and General Anderson came up with Kershaw's division of infantry, Cutshaw's battalion of artillery and two brigades of cavalry under Fitz. Lee. General Anderson ranked me, but he declined to take command, and offered to co-operate in any movement I might suggest. We had now discovered that Torbert's and Wilson's divisions of cavalry from Grant's army had joined Sheridan's force, and that the latter was very large.

On the 19th, my main force moved to Bunker Hill and Lomax's cavalry made reconnaissances to Martinsburg and Shepherdstown, while Anderson's whole force remained near Winchester.

On the 20th, our cavalry had some skirmishing with the enemy's, on the Opequon, and on the 21st, by concert, there was a general movement towards Harper's Ferry--my command moving through Smithfield towards Charlestown, and Anderson's on the direct road by Summit Point. A body of the enemy's cavalry was driven from the Opequon, and was pursued by part of our cavalry towards Summit Point. I encountered Sheridan's main force near Cameron's depot, about three miles from Charlestown, in a position which he commenced fortifying at once. Rodes' and Ramseur's divisions were advanced to the front, and very heavy skirmishing ensued and was continued until night, but I waited for General Anderson to arrive before making a general <je_409>attack. He encountered Wilson's division of cavalry at Summit Point, and, after driving it off, went into camp at that place. At light next morning, it was discovered that the enemy had retired during the night, and his rear guard of cavalry was driven through Charlestown towards Halltown, where Sheridan had taken a strong position under the protection of the heavy guns on Maryland Heights.

I demonstrated on the enemy's front on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th, and there was some skirmishing. General Anderson then consented to take my position in front of Charlestown and amuse the enemy with Kershaw's division of infantry, supported by McCausland's brigade of cavalry on the left and a regiment of Fitz. Lee's cavalry on the right, while I moved with my infantry and artillery to Shepherdstown and Fitz. Lee with the rest of the cavalry to Williamsport, as if to cross into Maryland, in order to keep up the fear of an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On the 25th Fitz. Lee started by way of Leetown and Martinsburg to Williamsport, and I moved through Lee-town and crossed the railroad at Kearneysville to Shepherdstown. After Fitz. Lee had passed on, I encountered a very large force of the enemy's cavalry between Lee-town and Kearneysville, which was moving out with several days' forage and rations for a raid in our rear. After a sharp engagement with small arms and artillery, this force was driven back through Shepherdstown, where we came near surrounding and

capturing a considerable portion of it, but it succeeded in making its escape across the Potomac. Gordon's division, which was moved around to intercept the enemy, became heavily engaged, and cut off the retreat of part of his force by one road, but it made its way down the river to the ford by another and thus escaped. In this affair, a valuable officer, Colonel Monaghan, of the 6th Louisiana Regiment, was killed. Fitz. Lee reached Williamsport, and had some <je_410>skirmishing across the river at that place, and then moved to Shepherdstown.

On the 26th I moved to Leetown, on the 27th moved back to Bunker Hill; while Anderson, who had confronted Sheridan, during the two days of my absence, with but a division of infantry, and a brigade and a regiment of cavalry, moved to Stephenson's depot. On the 28th our cavalry, which had been left holding a line from Charlestown to Shepherdstown, was compelled to retire across the Opequon, after having had a brisk engagement with the enemy's cavalry at Smithfield. On the 29th, the enemy's cavalry crossed the Opequon near Smithfield, driving in our cavalry pickets, when I advanced to the front with a part of my infantry, and drove the enemy across the stream again, and after a very sharp artillery duel, a portion of my command was crossed over and pursued the enemy through Smithfield towards Charlestown.

Quiet prevailed on the 30th, but on the 31st there were some demonstrations of cavalry by the enemy on the Opequon, which were met by ours. On this day Anderson moved to Winchester, and Rodes, with his division, went to Martinsburg on a reconnoissance, drove a force of the enemy's cavalry from that place, interrupted the preparations for repairing the railroad, and then returned.

There was quiet on the 1st, but on the 2nd, I broke up my camp at Bunker Hill, and moved with three divisions of infantry and part of McCausland's cavalry, under Colonel Ferguson, across the country towards Summit Point, on a reconnoissance, while the trains under the protection of Rodes' division were moved to Stephenson's depot. After I had crossed the Opequon and was moving towards Summit Point, Averill's cavalry attacked and drove back in some confusion first Vaughan's and then Johnson's cavalry, which were on the Martinsburg road and the Opequon, but Rodes returned towards Bunker Hill and drove the enemy back in turn. This affair arrested my march and I recrossed the Opequon and <je_411>moved to Stephenson's depot, where I established my camp.

On the 3rd, Rodes moved to Bunker Hill in support of Lomax's cavalry, and drove the enemy's cavalry from and beyond the place.

A letter had been received from General Lee requesting that Kershaw's division should be returned to him, as he was very much in need of troops, and, after consultation with me, General Anderson determined to recross the Blue Ridge with that division and Fitz. Lee's cavalry. On the 3rd, he moved towards Berryville for the purpose of crossing the mountain at Ashby's Gap, and I was to have moved towards Charlestown next day, to occupy the enemy's attention during Anderson's movement. Sheridan, however, had started two divisions of cavalry through Berryville and White Post, on a raid to our rear, and his main force had moved towards Berryville. Anderson encountered Crook's corps at the latter place, and after a sharp engagement drove it back on the main body. Receiving information of this affair, I moved at daylight next morning, with three divisions, to Anderson's assistance, Gordon's division being left to cover Winchester.

I found Kershaw's division extended out in a strong skirmish line confronting Sheridan's main force, which had taken position in rear of Berryville, across the road from

Charlestown to that place, and was busily fortifying, while the cavalry force which had started on the raid was returning and passing between Berryville and the river to Sheridan's rear. As may be supposed, Anderson's position was one of great peril, if the enemy had possessed enterprise, and it presented the appearance of the most extreme audacity for him thus to confront a force so vastly superior to his own, while, too, his trains were at the mercy of the enemy's cavalry, had the latter known it. Placing one of my divisions in line on Kershaw's left, I moved with the other two along the enemy's front towards his right, for the purpose of reconnoitring and <je_412>attacking that flank, if a suitable opportunity offered. After moving in this way for two miles, I reached an elevated position from which the enemy's line was visible, and within artillery range of it. I at first thought that I had reached his right flank and was about making arrangements to attack it, when, casting my eye to my left, I discovered, as far as the eye could reach, with the aid of field glasses, a line extending toward Summit Point.

The position the enemy occupied was a strong one, and he was busily engaged fortifying it, having already made considerable progress. It was not until I had had this view that I realized the size of the enemy's force, and as I discovered that his line was too long for me to get around his flank and the position was too strong to attack in front, I returned and informed General Anderson of the condition of things. After consultation with him, we thought it not advisable to attack the enemy in his entrenched lines, and we determined to move our forces back to the west side of the Opequon, and see if he would not move out of his works.

The wagon trains were sent back early next morning (the 5th) towards Winchester, and about an hour by sun, Kershaw's division, whose place had been taken by one of my divisions, moved toward the same point. About two o'clock in the afternoon my troops were withdrawn, and moved back to Stephenson's depot. This withdrawal was made while the skirmishers were in close proximity and firing at each other; yet there was no effort on the part of the enemy to molest us. Just as my front division (Rodes') reached Stephenson's depot, it met, and drove back, and pursued for some distance, Averill's cavalry, which was forcing, towards Winchester, that part of our cavalry which had been watching the Martinsburg road.

It was quiet on the 6th, but on the 7th the enemy's cavalry made demonstrations on the Martinsburg road and the Opequon at several points and was repulsed.

<je_413>

On the 8th it was quiet again, but on the 9th a detachment of the enemy's cavalry came to the Opequon below Brucetown, burned some mills and retreated before a division of infantry sent out to meet it.

On the 10th, my infantry moved by Bunker Hill to Darksville and encountered a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry, which was driven off, and then pursued by Lomax through Martinsburg across the Opequon. We then returned to Bunker Hill and the next day to Stephen-son's depot, and there was quiet on the 12th.

On the 13th, a large force of the enemy's cavalry, reported to be supported by infantry, advanced on the road from Summit Point, and drove in our pickets from the Opequon, when two divisions of infantry were advanced to the front, driving the enemy across the Opequon again. A very sharp artillery duel across the creek then took place and some of my infantry crossed over, when the enemy retired.

On the 14th, General Anderson again started, with Kershaw's division and Cutshaw's

battalion of artillery, to cross the Blue Ridge by the way of Front Royal, and was not molested. Fitz. Lee's cavalry was left with me, and Ramseur's division was moved to Winchester to occupy Kershaw's position.

There was an affair between one of Kershaw's brigades and a division of the enemy's cavalry, while I was at Fisher's Hill and Anderson at Front Royal, in which some prisoners were lost; and two affairs in which the outposts from Kershaw's command were attacked and captured by the enemy's cavalry, one in front of Winchester and the other in front of Charlestown; which I have not undertaken to detail, as they occurred when General Anderson was controlling the operations of that division, but it is proper to refer to them here as part of the operations in the Valley. On the 15th and 16th my troops remained in camp undisturbed.

The positions of the opposing forces were now as follows: Ramseur's division and Nelson's battalion of <je_414>artillery were on the road from Berryville to Winchester, one mile from the latter place. Rodes', Gordon's and Wharton's divisions (the last two being under Brecken-ridge), and Braxton's and King's battalions of artillery were at Stephenson's depot on the Winchester & Potomac Railroad, which is six miles from Winchester. Lomax's cavalry picketed in my front on the Opequon, and on my left from that stream to North Mountain, while Fitz. Lee's cavalry watched the right, having small pickets across to the Shenandoah. Four principal roads, from positions, centred at Stephenson's depot, to wit: the Martinsburg road, the road from Charlestown via Smithfield, the road from the same place via Summit Point, and the road from Berryville via Jordan's Springs. Sheridan's main force was near Berryville, at the entrenched position which has been mentioned, while Averill was at Martinsburg with a division of cavalry. Berry-ville is ten miles from Winchester, nearly east, and Martinsburg twenty-two miles nearly north. The crossing of the Opequon on the Berryville road is four or five miles from Winchester. From Berryville there are two good roads via White Post to the Valley Pike at Newtown and Middletown, the last two roads running east of the Opequon. The whole country is very open, being a limestone country which is thickly settled and well cleared, and affords great facilities for the movement of troops and the operations of cavalry. From the enemy's fortifications on Maryland Heights, the country north and east of Winchester, and the main roads through it are exposed to view.

The relative positions which we occupied rendered my communications to the rear very much exposed, but I could not avoid it without giving up the lower Valley. The object of my presence there was to keep up a threatening attitude towards Maryland and Pennsylvania, and prevent the use of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as well as to keep as large a force as possible from Grant's army to defend the <je_415>Federal Capital. Had Sheridan, by a prompt movement, thrown his whole force on the line of my communications, I would have been compelled to attempt to cut my way through, as there was no escape for me to the right or left, and my force was too weak to cross the Potomac while he was in my rear. I knew my danger, but I could occupy no other position that would have enabled me to accomplish the desired object.

If I had moved up the Valley at all, I could not have stopped short of New Market, for between that place and the country, in which I was, there was no forage for my horses; and this would have enabled the enemy to resume the use of the railroad and canal, and return all the troops from Grant's army to him. Being compelled to occupy the position

where I was, and being aware of its danger as well as apprised of the fact that very great odds were opposed to me, my only resource was to use my forces so as to display them at different points with great rapidity, and thereby keep up the impression that they were much larger than they really were. The events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposed to me was without enterprise, and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity. If it was his policy to produce the impression that his force was too weak to fight me, he did not succeed, but if it was to convince me that he was not an energetic commander, his strategy was a complete success, and subsequent events have not changed my opinion.

My infantry force at this time consisted of the three divisions of the 2nd Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Wharton's division of Breckenridge's command. The 2nd corps numbered a little over 8,000 muskets when it was detached in pursuit of Hunter, and it had now been reduced to about 7,000 muskets, by long and rapid marches, and the various encampments and skirmishes in which it had participated. Wharton's division had been reduced to about 1,700 muskets by the same causes. Making a small allowance for details and <je_416>those unfit for duty, I had about 8,500 muskets for duty.

When I returned from Maryland, my cavalry consisted of the remnants of five small brigades, to wit: Imboden's, McCausland's, Johnson's, Jackson's and Vaughan's. Vaughan's had now been ordered to Southwestern Virginia, most of the men having left without permission. The surprise and rout of McCausland's and Johnson's brigades by Averill at Moorefield had resulted in the loss of a considerable number of horses and men, and such had been the loss in all the brigades, in the various fights and skirmishes in which they had been engaged, that the whole of this cavalry, now under Lomax, numbered only about 1,700 mounted men. Fitz. Lee had brought with him two brigades, to wit: Wick-ham's and Lomax's old brigade (now under Colonel Payne), numbering about 1,200 mounted men. I had three battalions of artillery which had been with me near Washington, and Fitz. Lee had brought a few pieces of horse artillery. When I speak of divisions and brigades of my troops, it must be understood that they were mere skeletons of those organizations.

Since my return from Maryland, my supplies had been obtained principally from the lower Valley and the counties west of it, and the money which was obtained by contributions in Maryland was used for that purpose. Nearly the whole of our bread was obtained by threshing the wheat and then having it ground, by details from my command, and it sometimes happened that while my troops were fighting, the very flour which was to furnish them with bread for their next meal was being ground under the protection of their guns. Latterly our flour had been obtained from the upper Valley, but also by details sent for that purpose. The horses and mules, including the cavalry horses, were sustained almost entirely by grazing.

I have no means of stating with accuracy Sheridan's force, and can only form an estimate from such data as I have been able to procure. Citizens who had seen his <je_417>force stated that it was the largest which they had ever seen in the Valley on either side, and some estimated it as high as 60,000 or 70,000, but of course I made allowance for the usual exaggeration of inexperienced men. My estimate is from the following data: in Grant's letter to Hunter, dated at Monocacy, August 5th, 1864, and contained in the report of the former, is the following statement: "In detailing such a force, the brigade of cavalry now en *route* from Washington via Rockville may be taken into account. There are now on their way to join you three other brigades of the best

cavalry, numbering at least 5,000 men and horses." Sheridan relieved Hunter on the 6th, and Grant says in his report, "On the 7th of August, the Middle Department and the Departments of West Virginia, Washington and the Susquehanna were constituted into the Middle Military division, and Major General Sheridan was assigned to the temporary command of the same. Two divisions of cavalry, commanded by Generals Torbert and Wilson, were sent to Sheridan from the Army of the Potomac. The first reached him at Harper's Ferry on the 11th of August."

Before this cavalry was sent to the Valley, there was already a division there commanded by Averill, besides some detachments which belonged to the Department of West Virginia. A book containing the official reports of the chief surgeon of the cavalry corps of Sheridan's army which was subsequently captured at Cedar Creek on the 19th of October, showed that there were present for duty in that corps, during the first week in September, 10,000 men. The extracts from Grant's report go to confirm this statement, as, if three brigades numbered at least 5,000 men and horses, the two divisions, when the whole of them arrived with Averill's cavalry, must have numbered over 10,000.

I think, therefore, that I can safely estimate Sheridan's cavalry at the battle of Winchester, on the 19th of September, at 10,000. His infantry consisted of the 6th, 19th, and Crook's corps, the latter being composed of the <je_418>"Army of West Virginia," and one division of the 8th corps. The report of Secretary Stanton shows that there was in the department of which the "Middle Military division" was composed the following "available force present for duty May 1st, 1864," to wit:

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Department of Washington	42,124
Department of West Virginia	30,782
Department of the Susquehanna	2,970
Middle Department	5,627

making an aggregate of 81,503; but, as the Federal Secretary of War in the same report says, "In order to repair the losses of the Army of the Potomac, the chief part of the force designed to guard the Middle Department and the Department of Washington was called forward to the front," we may assume that 40,000 men were used for that purpose, which would leave 41,503, minus the losses in battle before Sheridan relieved Hunter in the Middle Military division, exclusive of the 6th and 19th corps, and the cavalry from Grant's army. The infantry of the Army of the Potomac was composed of the 2nd, 5th, and 6th corps, on the 1st of May, 1864, and Stanton says the "available force present for duty" in that army, on that day, was 120,386 men. Allowing 30,000 for the artillery and cavalry of that army, which would be a very liberal allowance, and there would be still left 90,385 infantry; and it is fair to assume that the 6th corps numbered one-third of the infantry, that is 30,000 men on the 1st of May, 1864.

If the losses of the Army of the Potomac had been such as to reduce the 6th corps to less than 10,000 men, notwithstanding the reinforcements and recruits received, the carnage in Grant's army must have been frightful indeed. The 19th corps was just from the Department of the Gulf and had not gone through a bloody campaign. A communication which was among the papers captured at Cedar Creek, in noticing some statement of a newspaper correspondent in regard to the conduct of that <je_419>corps at Winchester, designated it as "a vile slander on 12,000 of the best soldiers in the Union army."

In view of the foregoing data without counting the troops in the Middle Department and the Departments of Washington and the Susquehanna, and making liberal allowances for losses in battle, and for troops detained on post and garrison duty in the Department of West Virginia, I think that I may assume that Sheridan had at least 35,000 infantry against me. The troops of the 6th corps and of the Department of West Virginia, alone, without counting the 19th corps, numbered on the 1st of May, 1864, 60,784. If with the 19th corps Sheridan did not have 35,000 infantry remaining from this force, what had become of the balance? Sheridan's artillery very greatly outnumbered mine, both in men and guns.

Having been informed that a force was at work on the railroad at Martinsburg, I moved on the afternoon of the 17th of September, with Rodes' and Gordon's divisions, and Braxton's artillery, to Bunker Hill, and on the morning of the 18th with Gordon's division and a part of the artillery to Martinsburg, preceded by a part of Lomax's cavalry. Averill's division of cavalry was driven from the town across the Opequon in the direction of Charlestown, and we then returned to Bunker Hill. Gordon was left at Bunker Hill, with orders to move to Stephenson's depot by sunrise next morning, and Rodes' division moved to the latter place that night, to which I also returned. At Martinsburg, where the enemy had a telegraph office, I learned that Grant was with Sheridan that day, and I expected an early move.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLV.--Battle Of Winchester.

<je_420>

AT light on the morning of the 19th, our cavalry pickets, at the crossing of the Opequon on the Berryville road, were driven in, and information having been sent me of that fact, I immediately ordered all the troops at Stephenson's depot to be in readiness to move, directions being given for Gordon, who had arrived from Bunker Hill, to move at once, but by some mistake on the part of my staff officer, the latter order was not delivered to General Breckenridge or Gordon. I rode at once to Ramseur's position, and found his troops in line across the Berryville road skirmishing with the enemy. Before reaching this point, I had ascertained that Gordon was not moving and sent back for him, and now discovering that the enemy's advance was a real one and in heavy force, I sent orders for Breckenridge and Rodes to move up as rapidly as possible. The position occupied by Ramseur was about one mile and a half out from Winchester, on an elevated plateau between Abraham's Creek and Red Bud Run. Abraham's Creek crosses the Valley Pike one mile south of Winchester, and then crosses the Front Royal road about the same distance southeast of the town, and running eastwardly, on the southern side of the Berryville road, crosses that road a short distance before it empties into the Opequon.

Red Bud Run crosses the Martinsburg road about a mile and a half north of Winchester and runs eastwardly, on the northern side of the Berryville road, to the Ope-quon. Ramseur was therefore in the obtuse angle formed by the Martinsburg and Front Royal roads. In front of and to the right of him, for some distance, the country was open. Abraham's Creek runs through a deep valley, and beyond it, on the right, is high open ground, at the intersection of the Front Royal and Millwood roads. To <je_421>Ramseur's left the country sloped off to the Red Bud, and there were some patches of woods which afforded cover for troops. To the north of the Red Bud, the country is very open, affording facilities for any kind of troops. Towards the Opequon, on the front, the Berry-ville road runs through a ravine with hills and woods on each side, which enabled the enemy to move his troops under cover, and mask them out of range of artillery.

Nelson's artillery was posted on Ramseur's line, covering the approaches as far as practicable, and Lomax with Jackson's cavalry and part of Johnson's was on the right, watching the valley of Abraham's Creek, and the Front Royal road beyond, while Fitz. Lee was on the left, across the Red Bud, with his cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; and a detachment of Johnson's cavalry watched the interval between Ramseur's left and the Red Bud. These troops held the enemy's main force in check until Gordon's and Rodes' divisions arrived from Stephenson's depot.

Gordon's division arrived first, a little after ten o'clock A.M., and was placed under cover in a rear of a piece of woods behind the interval between Ramseur's line and the Red Bud, the detachment of Johnson's cavalry having been removed to the right. Knowing that it would not do for us to await the shock of the enemy's attack, Gordon was directed to examine the ground on the left, with a view to attacking a force of the enemy which had taken position in a piece of wood in front of him, and while he was so engaged, Rodes arrived with three of his brigades, and was directed to form on Gordon's right in rear of another piece of woods. While this movement was executed, we discovered very heavy columns of the enemy, which had been massed under cover

between the Red Bud and the Berryville road, moving to attack Ram-seur on his left flank, while another force pressed him in front. It was a moment of imminent and thrilling danger, as it was impossible for Ramseur's division, <je_422>which numbered only about 1,700 muskets, to withstand the immense force advancing against it.

The only chance for us was to hurl Rodes and Gordon upon the flank of the advancing columns, and they were ordered forward at once to the attack. They advanced in most gallant style through the woods into the open ground, and attacked with great vigor, while Nelson's battery on the right, and Braxton's on the left, opened a destructive fire. But Evans' brigade of Gordon's division, which was on the extreme left of our infantry, received a check from a column of the enemy, and was forced back through the woods from behind which it had advanced, the enemy following to the very rear of the woods, and to within musket range of seven pieces of Braxton's artillery which were without support.

This caused a pause in our advance and the position was most critical, for it was apparent that unless this force was driven back the day was lost. Braxton's guns, in which now was our only hope, resolutely stood their ground, 'and under the personal superintendence of Lieutenant Colonel Braxton and Colonel T. H. Carter, my then Chief of Artillery, opened with canister on the enemy. This fire was so rapid and well directed that the enemy staggered, halted, and commenced falling back, leaving a battle flag on the ground, whose bearer was cut down by a canister shot. Just then, Battle's brigade of Rodes' division, which had arrived and been formed in line for the purpose of advancing to the support of the rest of the division, moved forward and swept through the woods, driving the enemy before it, while Evans' brigade was rallied and brought back to the charge.

Our advance, which had been suspended for a moment, was resumed, and the enemy's attacking columns were thrown into great confusion and driven from the field. This attacking force of the enemy proved to be the 6th and 19th corps, and it was a grand sight to see this immense body hurled back in utter disorder before my two divisions, numbering a very little over 5,000 muskets.

<je_423>

Ramseur's division had received the shock of the enemy's attack, and been forced back a little, but soon recovered itself. Lomax, on the right, had held the enemy's cavalry in check, and, with a part of his force, had made a gallant charge against a body of infantry, when Ramseur's line was being forced back, thus aiding the latter in recovering from the momentary disorder. Fitz. Lee on the left, from across the Red Bud, had poured a galling fire into the enemy's columns with his sharpshooters and horse artillery, while Nelson's and Braxton's battalions had performed wonders.

This affair occurred about 11 A.M., and a splendid victory had been gained. The ground in front was strewn with the enemy's dead and wounded, and some prisoners had been taken. But on our side, Major General Rodes had been killed, in the very moment of triumph, while conducting the attack of his division with great gallantry and skill, and this was a heavy blow to me. Brigadier General Godwin of Ramseur's division had been killed, and Brigadier General York of Gordon's division had lost an arm. Other brave men and officers had fallen, and we could ill bear the loss of any of them.

Had I then had a fresh body of troops to push our victory, the day would have been ours, but in this action, in the early part of the day, I had present only about 7,000 muskets,

about 2,000 cavalry and two battalions of artillery with about 30 guns; and they had all been engaged. Wharton's division and King's artillery had not arrived, and Imboden's cavalry under Colonel Smith, and McCausland's under Colonel Ferguson, were watching the enemy's cavalry on the right, on the Martinsburg road and the Opequon. The enemy had a fresh corps which had not been engaged, and there remained his heavy force of cavalry. Our lines were now formed across from Abraham's Creek to Red Bud and were very attenuated. The enemy was still to be seen in front in formidable force, and away to our right, across Abraham's Creek, at the junction of the Front Royal and Millwood roads, <je_424>he had massed a division of cavalry with some artillery, overlapping us at least a mile, while the country was open between this force and the Valley Pike and Cedar Creek Pike back of the latter; which roads furnished my only means of retreat in the event of disaster. My line did not reach the Front Royal road on the right or the Martinsburg road on the left.

When the order was sent for the troops to move from Stephenson's depot, General Breckenridge had moved to the front, with Wharton's division and King's artillery, to meet a cavalry force, which had driven our pickets from the Opequon on the Charlestown road, and that division had become heavily engaged with the enemy, and sustained and repulsed several determined charges of his cavalry, while his own flanks were in great danger from the enemy's main force on the right, and a column of his cavalry moving up the Martinsburg road on the left. After much difficulty, and some hard fighting, General Breckenridge succeeded in extricating his force, and moving up the Martinsburg road to join me, but he did not reach the field until about two o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime there had been heavy skirmishing along the line, and the reports from the front were that the enemy was massing for another attack, but it was impossible to tell where it would fall. As the danger from the enemy's cavalry on the right was very great and Lomax's force very weak, Wickham's brigade of Fitz. Lee's cavalry had been sent from the left to Lomax's assistance. When Wharton's division arrived, Patton's brigade of that division was left to aid Fitz. Lee in guarding the Martinsburg road, against the force of cavalry which was advancing on that road watched by Lomax's two small brigades; and the rest of the division in the centre, in order to be moved to any point that might be attacked. Late in the afternoon two divisions of the enemy's cavalry drove in the small force which had been watching it on the Martinsburg road, and Crook's corps, <je_425>which had not been engaged, advanced at the same time on that flank, on the north side of Red Bud, and, before this overwhelming force, Patton's brigade of infantry and Payne's brigade of cavalry under Fitz. Lee were forced back.

A considerable force of the enemy's cavalry then swept along the Martinsburg road to the very skirts of Winchester, thus getting in the rear of our left flank. Wharton's two other brigades were moved in double quick time to the left and rear, and making a gallant charge on the enemy's cavalry, with the aid of King's artillery, and some of Braxton's guns which were turned to the rear, succeeded in driving it back. The division was then thrown into line by General Breckenridge, in rear of our left and at right angles with the Martinsburg road, and another charge of the enemy's cavalry was handsomely repulsed. But many of the men on our front line, hearing the fire in the rear, and thinking they were flanked and about to be cut off, commenced falling back, thus producing great confusion. At the same time Crook advanced against our left, and Gordon threw Evans' brigade into line to meet him, but the disorder in the front line became so great that, after an obstinate

resistance, that brigade was compelled to retire also.

The whole front line had now given way, but a large portion of the men were rallied and formed behind an indifferent line of breastworks, which had been made just outside of Winchester during the first year of the war, and, with the aid of the artillery which was brought back to this position, the progress of the enemy's infantry was arrested. Wharton's division maintained its organization on the left, and Ramseur fell back in good order on the right. Wickham's brigade of cavalry had been brought from the right, and was in position on Fort Hill just outside of Winchester on the west. Just after the advance of the enemy's infantry was checked by our artillery, it was reported to me that the enemy had got around our right flank, and as I knew this was practicable <je_426>and was expecting such a movement from the cavalry on the Front Royal road, I gave the order to retire, but instantly discovering that the supposed force of the enemy was Ramseur's division, which had merely moved back to keep in line with the other troops, I gave the order for the latter to return to the works before they had moved twenty paces.

This order was obeyed by Wharton's division, but not so well by the others. The enemy's cavalry force, however, was too large for us, and having the advantage of open ground, it again succeeded in getting around our left, producing great confusion, for which there was no remedy. Nothing now was left for us but to retire through Winchester, and Ramseur's division, which maintained its organization, was moved on the east of the town to the south side of it, and put in position, forming a basis for a new line, while the other troops moved back through the town. Wickham's brigade, with some pieces of horse artillery on Fort Hill, covered this movement and checked the pursuit of the enemy's cavalry. When the new line was formed, the enemy's advance was checked until nightfall, and we then retired to Newtown without serious molestation. Lomax had held the enemy's cavalry on the Front Royal road in check, and a feeble attempt at pursuit was repulsed by Ramseur near Kernstown.

As soon as our reverse began, orders had been sent for the removal of the trains, stores and sick and wounded in the hospitals to Fisher's Hill over the Cedar Creek Pike and the Back Road. This was done with safety, and all the wounded, except such as were not in a condition to be moved, and those which had not been brought from the field, were carried to the rear.

This battle, beginning with the skirmishing in Ram-seur's front, had lasted from daylight till dark, and, at the close of it, we had been forced back two miles, after having repulsed the enemy's first attack with great slaughter to him and subsequently contested every inch of ground with unsurpassed obstinacy. We deserved <je_427>the victory, and would have had it, but for the enemy's 'immense superiority in cavalry, which alone gave it to him.

Three pieces of King's artillery, from which the horses were shot, and which, therefore, could not be brought off, were lost, but the enemy claimed five, and if he captured that number, two were lost by the cavalry and not reported to me. My loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was severe for the size of my force, but it was only a fraction of that claimed by the enemy. Owing to its obedience to orders in returning to the works, the heaviest loss of prisoners was in Wharton's division. Colonel G. W. Patton, commanding a brigade, was mortally wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy; Major General Fitz. Lee was also severely wounded. In the death of Major General Rodes, I had to regret the loss, not only of a most accomplished, skilful and gallant officer, upon whom I placed great reliance, but also of a personal friend, whose counsels had been of great service to

me in the trying circumstances with which I had found myself surrounded. He fell at his post, doing a soldier's and patriot's duty to his country, and his memory will long be cherished by his comrades. General Godwin and Colonel Patton were both most gallant and efficient officers, and their loss was deeply felt, as was that of all the brave officers and men who fell in this battle. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was very heavy, and some prisoners fell into our hands.

A skilful and energetic commander of the enemy's forces would have crushed Ramseur before any assistance could have reached him, and thus ensured the destruction of my whole force; and later in the day, when the battle had turned against us, with the immense superiority in cavalry which Sheridan had, and the advantage of the open country, would have destroyed my whole force and captured everything I had. As it was, considering the immense disparity in numbers and equipment, the enemy had very little to boast of. I had lost a few pieces of <je_428>artillery and some very valuable officers and men, but the main part of my force and all my trains had been saved, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was far greater than mine. When I look back to this battle, I can but attribute my escape from utter annihilation to the incapacity of my opponent. (*)

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLVI.--Affair At Fisher's Hill.

<je_429>

AT light on the morning of the 20th, my troops moved to Fisher's Hill without molestation from the enemy, and again took position at that point on the old line-- Wharton's division being on the right, then Gordon's, Ramseur's and Rodes', in the order in which they are mentioned. Fitz. Lee's cavalry, now under Brigadier General Wickham, was sent up the Luray Valley to a narrow pass at Millwood, to try to hold that valley against the enemy's cavalry. General Ramseur was transferred to the command of Rodes' division, and Brigadier General Pegram, who had reported for duty about the 1st of August, and been in command of his brigade since that time, was left in command of the division previously commanded by Ramseur. My infantry was not able to occupy the whole line at Fisher's Hill, notwithstanding it was extended out in an attenuated line, with considerable intervals. The greater part of Lomax's cavalry was therefore dismounted, and placed on Ram-seur's left, near Little North Mountain, but the line could not then be fully occupied.

This was the only position in the whole Valley where a defensive line could be taken against an enemy moving up the Valley, and it had several weak points. To have retired beyond this point would have rendered it necessary for me to fall back to some of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, at the upper part of the Valley, and I determined therefore to make a show of a stand here, with the hopes that the enemy would be deterred from attacking me in this position, as had been the case in August.

On the second day after our arrival at this place, General Breckenridge received orders from Richmond, by telegraph, to return to Southwestern Virginia, and I lost the benefit of his services. He had ably co-operated <je_430>with me, and our personal relations had been of the most pleasant character.

In the afternoon of the 20th, Sheridan's forces appeared on the banks of Cedar Creek, about four miles from Fisher's Hill, and the 21st, and the greater part of the 22nd, were consumed by him in reconnoitring and gradually moving his forces to my front under cover of breastworks. After some sharp skirmishing, he attained a strong position immediately in my front and fortified it, and I began to think he was satisfied with the advantage he had gained and would not probably press it further; but on the afternoon of the 22nd, I discovered that another attack was contemplated, and orders were given for my troops to retire, after dark, as I knew my force was not strong enough to resist a determined assault. Just before sunset, however, Crook's corps, which had moved to our left on the side of Little North Mountain, and under cover of the woods, forced back Lomax's dismounted cavalry and advanced against Ramseur's left.

Ramseur made an attempt to meet this movement by throwing his brigades successively into line to the left, and Wharton's division was sent for from the right, but it did not arrive. Pegram's brigades were also thrown into line in the same manner as Ramseur's, but the movement produced some disorder in both divisions, and as soon as it was observed by the enemy, he advanced along his whole line and the mischief could not be remedied. After a very brief contest, my whole force retired in considerable confusion, but the men and officers of the artillery behaved with great coolness, fighting to the very last, and I had to ride to some of the officers and order them to withdraw their guns, before they

would move. In some cases, they had held out so long, and the roads leading from their positions into the Pike were so rugged, that eleven guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Vigorous pursuit was not made, and my force fell back through Woodstock to a place called the Narrow Passage, all the trains being carried off safely.

<je_431>

Our loss in killed and wounded in this affair was slight, but some prisoners were taken by the enemy, the most of whom were captured while attempting to make their way across the North Fork to Massanutten Mountain, under the impression that the enemy had possession of the Valley Pike in our rear. I had the misfortune to lose my Adjutant General, Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Pendleton, a gallant and efficient young officer, who had served on General Jackson's staff during his Valley campaign, and subsequently to the time of the latter's death. Colonel Pendleton fell mortally wounded about dark, while posting a force across the Pike, a little in rear of Fisher's Hill, to check the enemy. He was acting with his accustomed gallantry, and his loss was deeply felt and regretted.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLVII.--The March Up The Valley.

<je_432>

ON the morning of the 23rd, I moved back to Mount Jackson, where I halted to enable the sick and wounded, and the hospital stores at that place to be carried off. In the afternoon Averill's division of cavalry came up in pursuit, and after some heavy skirmishing was driven back. I then moved to Rude's Hill between Mount Jackson and New Market.

On the morning of the 24th, a body of the enemy's cavalry crossed the North Fork below Mount Jackson, and attempted to get around my right flank, but was held in check. The enemy's infantry soon appeared at Mount Jackson, and commenced moving around my left flank, on the opposite side of the river from that on which my left rested. As the country was entirely open, and Rude's Hill an elevated position, I could see the whole movement of the enemy, and as soon as it was fully developed, I commenced retiring in line of battle, and in that manner retired through New Market to a point at which the road to Port Republic leaves the Valley Pike, nine miles from Rude's Hill.

This movement was made through an entirely open country, and at every mile or two a halt was made, and artillery opened on the enemy, who was pursuing, which compelled him to commence deploying into line, when the retreat would be resumed. In this retreat, under fire in line, which is so trying to a retiring force, and tests the best qualities of the soldier, the conduct of my troops was most admirable, and they preserved perfect order and their line intact, notwithstanding their diminished numbers, and the fact that the enemy was pursuing in full force, and every now and then dashing up with horse artillery under the support of cavalry, and opening on the retiring lines. At the last halt, which was at a place <je_433>called "Tenth Legion," near where the Port Republic road leaves the Pike, and was a little before sunset, I determined to resist any further advance so as to enable my trains to get on the Port Republic road; and skirmishers were sent out and artillery opened on the advancing enemy, but after some skirmishing, he went into camp in our view, and beyond the reach of our guns. At this point a gallant officer of artillery, Captain Massie, was killed by a shell. As soon as it was dark, we retired five miles on the Port Republic road and bivouacked.

In the morning Lomax's cavalry had been posted to our left, on the Middle and Back Roads from Mount Jackson to Harrisonburg, but it was forced back by a superior force of the enemy's cavalry, and retired to the latter place in considerable disorder. Wickham's brigade had been sent for from the Luray Valley to join me through the New Market Gap, but it arrived at that gap just as we were retiring through New Market, and orders were sent for it to return to the Luray Valley, and join me at Port Republic. In the meantime, Payne's small brigade had been driven from Millford by two divisions of cavalry under Torbert, which had moved up the Luray Valley, and subsequently joined Sheridan through the New Market Gap. This cavalry had been detained by Wickham with his and Payne's brigades, at Millford, a sufficient time to enable us to pass New Market in safety. If, however, it had moved up the Luray Valley by Conrad's store, we would have been in a critical condition.

On the morning of the 25th, we moved towards Port Republic,--which is in the fork of the South Fork and South River, and where the road through Brown's Gap in the Blue

Ridge crosses those rivers,--in order to unite with Kershaw's division which had been ordered to join me from Culpeper Court-House. We crossed the river below the junction, and took position between Port Republic and Brown's Gap. Fitz. Lee's and Lomax's cavalry joined us here, and on the 26th, Kershaw's division with Cutshaw's battalion of artillery came up, after <je_434>having crossed through Swift Run Gap, and encountered and repulsed, below Port Republic, a body of the enemy's cavalry. There was likewise heavy skirmishing on my front on the 26th with the enemy's cavalry, which made two efforts to advance towards Brown's Gap, both of which were repulsed after brisk fighting in which artillery was used.

Having ascertained that the enemy's infantry had halted at Harrisonburg, on the morning of the 27th, I moved out and drove a division of his cavalry from Port Republic, and then encamped in the fork of the rivers. I here learned that two divisions of cavalry under Torbert had been sent through Staunton to Waynesboro, and were engaged in destroying the railroad bridge in the latter place, and the tunnel through the Blue Ridge at Rock-fish Gap, and on the 28th I moved for those points. In making this movement I had the whole of the enemy's infantry on my right, while one division of cavalry was in my rear and two in my front, and on the left was the Blue Ridge. I had therefore to move with great circumspection.

Wickham's brigade of cavalry was sent up South River, near the mountain, to get between the enemy and Rock-fish Gap, while the infantry moved in two columns, one up South River, with the trains guarded in front by Pegram's and Wharton's divisions, and in rear by Ram-seur's division, and the other, composed of Kershaw's and Gordon's divisions with the artillery, on the right through Mount Meridian, Piedmont and New Hope. McCausland's cavalry, under Colonel Ferguson, was left to blockade and hold Brown's Gap, while Lomax, with the rest of his cavalry and Payne's brigade, watched the right flank and rear. Wickham's brigade, having got between Rock-fish Gap and Waynesboro, drove the enemy's working parties from the latter place, and took position on a ridge in front of it, when a sharp artillery fight ensued. Pegram's division, driving a small body of cavalry before it, arrived just at night and advanced upon <je_435>the enemy, when he retired in great haste, taking the roads through Staunton and west of the Valley Pike, back to the main body. A company of reserves, composed of boys under 18 years of age, which had been employed on special duty at Staunton, had gone to Rock-fish Gap, and another company of reserves from Charlottesville, with two pieces of artillery, had moved to the same point, and when the enemy advanced towards the tunnel and before he got in range of the guns, they were opened and he retired to Waynesboro.

On the 29th and 30th, we rested at Waynesboro, and an engineer party was put to work repairing the bridge, which had been but partially destroyed.

On the 1st of October, I moved my whole force across the country to Mount Sidney on the Valley Pike, and took position between that place and North River, the enemy's forces having been concentrated around Harrisonburg, and on the north bank of the river. In this position we remained until the 6th, awaiting the arrival of Rosser's brigade of cavalry, which was on its way from General Lee's army. In the meantime there was some skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry on the North River, at the bridge near Mount Crawford and at Bridgewater above.

On the 5th, Rosser's brigade arrived and was temporarily attached to Fitz. Lee's division, of which Rosser was given the command, as Brigadier General Wickham had

resigned. The horses of Rosser's brigade had been so much reduced by previous hard service and the long march from Richmond, that the brigade did not exceed six hundred mounted men for duty, when it joined me. Kershaw's division numbered 2,700 muskets for duty and he had brought with him Cutshaw's battalion of artillery. These reinforcements about made up my losses at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, and I determined to attack the enemy in his position at Harrisonburg, and for that purpose made a reconnoissance on the 5th, but on the morning of the 6th it was discovered that he had retired during the night down the Valley.

<je_436>

When it was discovered that the enemy was retiring, I moved forward at once and arrived at New Market with my infantry on the 7th. Rosser pushed forward on the Back and Middle roads in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, which was engaged in burning houses, mills, barns, and stacks of wheat and hay, and had several skirmishes with it, while Lomax also moved down the Valley in pursuit, and skirmished successfully with the enemy's cavalry on the 8th; but on the 9th they encountered his whole cavalry force at Tom's Brook, in rear of Fisher's Hill, and both of their commands were driven back in considerable confusion, with a loss of some pieces of artillery,--nine were reported to me as the number lost, but Grant claims eleven. Rosser rallied his command on the Back Road, at Columbia furnace opposite Edinburg, but a part of the enemy's cavalry swept along the Pike to Mount Jackson, and then retired on the approach of a part of my infantry. On the 10th, Rosser established his line of pickets across the Valley from Columbia Furnace to Edinburg, and on the 11th Lomax was sent to the Luray Valley to take position at Millford.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A
Chapter XLVIII.--Battle Of Cedar Creek, Or Belle Grove.

<je_437>

HAVING heard that Sheridan was preparing to send part of his troops to Grant, I moved down the Valley again on the 12th. On the morning of the 13th we reached Fisher's Hill, and I moved with part of my command to Hupp's Hill, between Strasburg and Cedar Creek, for the purpose of reconnoitring. The enemy was found posted on the north bank of Cedar Creek in strong force, and while we were observing him, without displaying any of my force except a small body of cavalry, a division of his infantry was moved out to his left and stacked arms in an open field, when a battery of artillery was run out suddenly and opened on this division, scattering it in great confusion.

The enemy then displayed a large force, and sent a division across the creek to capture guns which had been opened on him, but when it had advanced near enough, Conner's brigade of Kershaw's division was sent forward to meet this division, and after a sharp contest drove it back in considerable confusion and with severe loss. Conner's brigade behaved very handsomely indeed, but unfortunately, after the enemy had been entirely repulsed, Brigadier General Conner, a most accomplished and gallant officer, lost his leg by a shell from the opposite side of the creek. Some prisoners were taken from the enemy in this affair, and Colonel Wells, the division commander, fell into our hands mortally wounded. The object of the reconnaissance having been accomplished, I moved back to Fisher's Hill, and I subsequently learned that the 6th corps had started for Grant's army but was brought back after this affair.

I remained at Fisher's Hill until the 16th observing the enemy, with the hope that he would move back from his very strong position on the north of Cedar Creek, and <je_438>that we would be able to get at him in a different position, but he did not give any indications of an intention to move, nor did he evince any purpose of attacking us, though the two positions were in sight of each other. In the meantime there was some skirmishing at Hupp's Hill, and some with the cavalry at Cedar Creek on the Back Road. On the 16th Rosser's scouts reported a brigade of the enemy's cavalry encamped on the Back Road, and detached from the rest of his force, and Rosser was permitted to go that night, with a brigade of infantry mounted behind the same number of cavalry, to attempt the surprise and capture of the camp. He succeeded in surrounding and surprising the camp, but it proved to be that of only a strong picket, the whole of which was captured--the brigade having moved its location.

At light on the morning of the 7th, the whole of my troops were moved out in front of our lines, for the purpose of covering Rosser's return in case of difficulty, and, after he had returned, General Gordon was sent with a brigade of his division to Hupp's Hill, for the purpose of ascertaining, by close inspection, whether the enemy's position was fortified, and he returned with the information that it was. I was now compelled to move back for want of provisions and forage, or attack the enemy in his position with the hope of driving him from it, and I determined to attack. As I was not strong enough to attack the fortified position in front, I determined to get around one of the enemy's flanks and attack him by surprise if I could.

After General Gordon's return from Hupp's Hill, he and Captain Hotchkiss, my topographical engineer, were sent to the signal station on the end of Massanutten

Mountain, which had been re-established, for the purpose of examining the enemy's position from that point, and General Pegram was ordered to go as near as he could to Cedar Creek on the enemy's right flank, and see whether it was practicable to surprise him on that flank. <je_439>Captain Hotchkiss returned to my headquarters after dark, and reported the result of his and General Gordon's examination, and he gave me a sketch of the enemy's position and camps. He informed me that the enemy's left flank, which rested near Cedar Creek, a short distance above its mouth, was lightly picketed, and that there was but a small cavalry picket on the North Fork of the Shenandoah, below the mouth of the creek, and he stated that, from information he had received, he thought it was practicable to move a column of infantry between the base of the mountain and the river, to a ford below the mouth of the creek. He also informed me that the main body of the enemy's cavalry was on his right flank on the Back Road to Winchester.

The sketch made by Captain Hotchkiss, which proved to be correct, designated the roads in the enemy's rear, and the house of a Mr. Cooley at a favorable point for forming an attacking column, after it crossed the river, in order to move against the enemy and strike him on the Valley Pike in rear of his works. Upon this information, I determined to attack the enemy by moving over the ground designated by Captain Hotchkiss, if it should prove practicable to move a column between the base of the mountain and the river. Next morning, General Gordon confirmed the report of Captain Hotchkiss, expressing confidence that the attack could be successfully made on the enemy's left and rear, and General Pegram reported that a movement on the enemy's right flank would be attended with great difficulty, as the banks of Cedar Creek on that flank were high and precipitous and were well guarded. General Gordon and Captain Hotchkiss were then sent to examine and ascertain the practicability of the route at the base of the mountain, and General Pegram, at his request, was permitted to go to the signal station on the mountain to examine the enemy's position himself from that point. Directions were given, in the meantime, for everything to be in readiness to move that night (the 18th) and the division commanders were requested <je_440>to be at my quarters at two o'clock in the afternoon, to receive their final instructions.

The river makes a circuit to the left in front of the right of the position at Fisher's Hill and around by Strasburg, leaving a considerable body of land between it and the mountain, on which are several farms. Whenever Fisher's Hill had been occupied by us, this bend of the river had been occupied by a portion of our cavalry, to prevent the enemy from turning the right of the position, and it was now occupied by Colonel Payne with his cavalry, numbering about 300. In order to make the contemplated movement, it was necessary to cross the river into this bend, and then pass between the foot of the mountain and the river below Strasburg, where the passage was very narrow, and across the river again below the mouth of Cedar Creek. The enemy's camps and position were visible from a signal station on Round Hill in rear of Fisher's Hill, and had been examined by me from that point, but the distance was too great to see with distinctness. From the station on the mountain, which immediately overlooked the enemy's left, the view was very distinct, but I could not go to that point myself, as the ascent was very rugged, and it required several hours to go and come, and I could not leave my command for that time. I had, therefore, necessarily, to rely on the reports of my officers.

General Gordon and Captain Hotchkiss, on their return, reported the route between the mountain and river, which was a blind path, to be impracticable for infantry, but not for

artillery, and a temporary bridge was constructed under Captain Hotchkiss' superintendence, at the first crossing of the river on our right.

The plan of attack on which I determined was to send the three divisions of the 2nd corps, to wit: Gordon's, Ramseur's and Pegram's, under General Gordon, over the route which has been specified to the enemy's rear, to make the attack at five o'clock in the morning, which would be a little before daybreak--to move myself, with <je_441>Kershaw's and Wharton's divisions, and all the artillery, along the Pike through Strasburg, and attack the enemy on the front and left flank as soon as Gordon should become engaged, and for Rosser to move with his own and Wickham's brigade, on the Back Road across Cedar Creek, and attack the enemy's cavalry simultaneously with Gordon's attack, while Lomax should move by Front Royal, across the river, and come to the Valley Pike, so as to strike the enemy wherever he might be, of which he was to judge by the sound of the firing.

At two o'clock P.M. all the division commanders, except Pegram, who had not returned from the mountain, came to my headquarters, and I gave them their instructions. Gordon was directed to cross over the bend of the river immediately after dark; and move to the foot of the mountain, where he would rest his troops, and move from there in time to cross the river again and get in position at Cooley's house in the enemy's rear, so as to make the attack at the designated hour, and he was instructed, in advancing to the attack, to move for a house on the west side of the Valley Pike called the "Belle Grove House," at which it was known that Sheridan's headquarters were located.

A guide, who knew the country and the roads, was ordered to be sent to General Gordon, and Colonel Payne was ordered to accompany him with his force of cavalry, and endeavor to capture Sheridan himself. Rosser was ordered to move before day, in time to attack at five o'clock next morning, and to endeavor to surprise the enemy's cavalry in camp. Kershaw and Wharton were ordered to move, at one o'clock in the morning, towards Strasburg under my personal superintendence, and the artillery was ordered to concentrate where the Pike passed through the lines at Fisher's Hill, and, at the hour appointed for the attack, to move at a gallop to Hupp's Hill--the movement of the artillery being thus delayed for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy by the rumbling of the wheels over the macadamized road. <je_442>Swords and canteens were directed to be left in camp, so as to make as little noise as possible.

The division commanders were particularly admonished as to the necessity for promptness and energy in all their movements, and they were instructed to press the enemy with vigor after he was encountered, and to allow him no time to form, but to continue the pursuit until his forces should be completely routed. They were also admonished of the danger to be apprehended from a disposition to plunder the enemy's camps by their men, and they were enjoined to take every possible precaution against it.

Gordon moved at the appointed time, and, after he had started, General Pegram reported to me that he had discovered, from the signal station on the mountain, what he supposed to be an intrenchment thrown up since Gordon and Hotchkiss made their examination; and he suggested the propriety of attacking the enemy's left flank' at the same time Gordon made his attack, as he would probably have more difficulty than had been anticipated. I adopted this suggestion and determined to cross Ker-shaw's division over Cedar Creek, at Bowman's Mill, a little above its mouth, and strike the enemy's left flank simultaneously with the other attacks, of which purpose notice was sent to General

Gordon by General Pegram.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Kershaw and Wharton moved, and I accompanied them. At Strasburg Kershaw moved to the right on the road to Bowman's Mill, and Wharton moved along the Pike to Hupp's Hill, with instructions not to display his forces but avoid the enemy's notice until the attack began, when he was to move forward, support the artillery when it came up, and send a force to get possession of the bridge on the Pike over the creek. I accompanied Kershaw's division, and we got in sight of the enemy's fires at half past three o'clock. The moon was now shining and we could see the camps. The division was halted under cover to await the arrival of the proper time, and I pointed out <je_443>to Kershaw, and the commander of his leading brigade, the enemy's position and described the nature of the ground, and directed them how the attack was to be made and followed up. Kershaw was directed to cross his division over the creek as quietly as possible, and to form it into column of brigades, as he did so, and advance in that manner against the enemy's left breastwork, extending to the right or left as ,night be necessary.

At half-past four he was ordered forward, and, a very short time after he started, the firing from Rosser, on our left, and the picket firing at the ford at which Gordon was crossing were heard. Kershaw crossed the creek without molestation and formed his division as directed, and precisely at five o'clock his leading brigade, with little opposition, swept over the enemy's left work, capturing seven guns, which were at once turned on the enemy. As soon as this attack was made, I rode as rapidly as possible to the position on Hupp's Hill to which Wharton and the artillery had been ordered. I found the artillery just arriving, and a very heavy fire of musketry was now heard in the enemy's rear from Gordon's column. Wharton had advanced his skirmishers to the creek, capturing some prisoners, but the enemy still held the works on our left of the Pike, commanding that road and the bridge, and opened with his artillery on us. Our artillery was immediately brought into action and opened on the enemy, but he soon evacuated his works, and our men from the other columns rushed into them.

Just then the sun rose, and Wharton's division, and the artillery were ordered immediately forward. I rode in advance of them across the creek, and met General Gordon on the opposite hill. Kershaw's division had swept along the enemy's works on the right of the Pike, which were occupied by Crook's corps, and he and Gordon had united at the Pike, and their divisions had pushed across it in pursuit of the enemy. The rear division of Gordon's column (Pegram's) was crossing the river at the time Kershaw's attack was made, and General Gordon <je_444>moved rapidly to Cooley's house, formed his troops and advanced against the enemy with his own division on the left, under Brigadier General Evans, and Ramseur's on the right, with Pegram in the right supporting them.

There had been a delay of an hour at the river before crossing it, either from a miscalculation of time in the dark, or because the cavalry which was to precede his column had not gotten up, and the delay thus caused, for which no blame is to be attached to General Gordon, enabled the enemy partially to form his lines after the alarm produced by Kershaw's attack, and Gordon's attack, which was after light, was therefore met with greater obstinacy by the enemy than it would otherwise have encountered, and the fighting had been severe.

Gordon, however, pushed his attack with great energy, and the 19th and Crook's corps

were in complete rout, and their camps, with a number of pieces of artillery and a considerable quantity of small arms, abandoned. The 6th corps, which was on the enemy's right, and some distance from the point attacked, had had time to get under arms and take position so as to arrest our progress. General Gordon briefly informed me of the condition of things and stated that Pegram's division, which had not been previously engaged, had been ordered in. He then rode to take command of his division, and I rode forward on the Pike to ascertain the position of the enemy, in order to continue the attack.

There was now a heavy fog, and that, with the smoke from the artillery and small arms, so obscured objects that the enemy's position could not be seen; but I soon came to Generals Ramseur and Pegram, who informed me that Pegram's division had encountered a division of the 6th corps on the left of the Valley Pike, and, after a sharp engagement, had driven it back on the main body of that corps, which was in their front in a strong position. They further informed me that their divisions were in line confronting the 6th corps, but that there was a vacancy in the line on their right which ought to be filled.

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I ordered Wharton's division forward at once, and directed Generals Ramseur and Pegram to put it where it was required. In a very short time, and while I was endeavoring to discover the enemy's line through the obscurity, Wharton's division came back in some confusion, and General Wharton informed me that, in advancing to the position pointed out to him by Generals Ramseur and Pegram, his division had been driven back by the 6th corps, which, he said, was advancing. He pointed out the direction from which he said the enemy was advancing, and some pieces of artillery, which had come up, were brought into action. The fog soon rose sufficiently for us to see the enemy's position on a ridge to the west of Middletown, and it was discovered to be a strong one. After driving back Wharton's division he had not advanced, but opened on us with artillery, and orders were given for concentrating all our guns on him.

In the meantime, a force of cavalry was advancing along the Pike, and through the fields to the right of Middletown, thus placing our right and rear in great danger, and Wharton was ordered to form his division at once, and take position to hold the enemy's cavalry in check. Wofford's brigade of Kershaw's division, which had become separated from the other brigades, was ordered up for the same purpose. Discovering that the 6th corps could not be attacked with advantage on its left flank, because the approach in that direction was through an open fiat and across a boggy stream with deep banks, I directed Captain Powell, serving on General Gordon's staff, who rode up to me while the artillery was being placed in position, to tell the General to advance against the enemy's right flank and attack it in conjunction with Kershaw, while a heavy fire of artillery was opened from our right; but as Captain Powell said he did not know where General Gordon was and expressed some doubt about finding him, immediately after he started, I sent Lieutenant Page of my own staff, with <je_446>orders for both Generals Gordon and Kershaw to make the attack.

In a short time Colonel Carter concentrated 18 or 20 guns on the enemy, and he was soon in retreat. Ramseur and Pegram advanced at once to the position from which the enemy was driven, and just then his cavalry commenced pressing heavily on the right, and Pegram's division was ordered to move to the north of Middletown, and take position across the Pike against the cavalry. Lieutenant Page had returned and informed me that he delivered my order to General Kershaw, but the latter informed him that his division was

not in a condition to make the attack, as it was very much scattered, and that he had not delivered the order to General Gordon, because he saw that neither his division nor Kershaw's was in a condition to execute it. As soon as Pegram moved, Kershaw was ordered from the left to supply his place.

I then rode to Middletown to make provision against the enemy's cavalry, and discovered a large body of it seriously threatening that flank, which was very much exposed. Wharton's division and Wofford's brigade were put in position on Pegram's right, and several charges of the enemy's cavalry were repulsed. I had no cavalry on that flank except Payne's very small brigade, which had accompanied Gordon, and made some captures of prisoners and wagons. Lomax had not arrived, but I received a message from him, informing me that he had crossed the river after some delay from a cavalry force guarding it, and I sent a message to him requiring him to move to Middletown as quickly as possible, but, as I subsequently ascertained, he did not receive that message. Rosser had attacked the enemy promptly at the appointed time, but he had not been able to surprise him, as he was found on the alert on that flank, doubtless owing to the attempt at a surprise on the night of the 16th.

There was now one division of cavalry threatening my right flank and two were on the left, near the Back Road, <je_447>held in check by Rosser. The force of the latter was too weak to make any impression on the enemy's cavalry, and all he could do was to watch it. As I passed across Cedar Creek after the enemy was driven from it, I had discovered a number of men in the enemy's camps plundering, and one of Wharton's battalions was ordered to clear the camps, and drive the men to their commands.

It was reported to me, subsequently, that a great number were at the same work, and I sent all my staff officers who could be spared, to stop it if possible, and orders were sent to the division commanders to send for their men.

After he was driven from his second position, the enemy had taken a new position about two miles north of Middletown, and, as soon as I had regulated matters on the right so as to prevent his cavalry from getting in rear of that flank, I rode to the left, for the purpose of ordering an advance.

I found Ramseur and Kershaw in line with Pegram, but Gordon had not come up. In a short time, however, I found him coming up from the rear, and I ordered him to take position on Kershaw's left, and advance for the purpose of driving the enemy from his new position--Ker-shaw and Ramseur being ordered to advance at the same time. As the enemy's cavalry on our left was very strong, and had the benefit of an open country to the rear of that flank, a repulse at this time would have been disastrous, and I therefore directed General Gordon, if he found the enemy's line too strong to attack with success, not to make the assault. The advance was made for some distance, when Gordon's skirmishers came back, reporting a line of battle in front behind breastworks, and Gordon did not make the attack.

It was now apparent that it would not do to press my troops further. They had been up all night and were much jaded. In passing over rough ground to attack the enemy in the early morning, their own ranks had been much disordered, and the men scattered, and it had required <je_448>time to reform them. Their ranks, moreover, were much thinned by the advance of the men engaged in plundering the enemy's camps. The delay which had unavoidably occurred had enabled the enemy to rally a portion of his routed troops, and his immense force of cavalry, which remained intact, was threatening both of our flanks in

an open country, which of itself rendered an advance extremely hazardous.

I determined, therefore, to try and hold what had been gained, and orders were given for carrying off the captured and abandoned artillery, small arms and wagons. A number of bold attempts were made during the subsequent part of the day, by the enemy's cavalry, to break our line on the right, but they were invariably repulsed.

Late in the afternoon, the enemy's infantry advanced against Ramseur's, Kershaw's and Gordon's lines, and the attack on Ramseur's and Kershaw's fronts was handsomely repulsed in my view, and I hoped that the day was finally ours, but a portion of the enemy had penetrated an interval which was between Evans' brigade, on the extreme left, and the rest of the line, when that brigade gave way, and Gordon's other brigades soon followed. General Gordon made every possible effort to rally his men, and lead them back against the enemy, but without avail. The information of this affair, with exaggerations, passed rapidly along Kershaw's and Ram-seur's lines, and their men, under the apprehension of being flanked, commenced falling back in disorder, though no enemy was pressing them, and this gave me the first intimation of Gordon's condition.

At the same time the enemy's cavalry, observing the disorder in our ranks, made another charge on our right, but was repulsed. Every effort was made to stop and rally Kershaw's and Ramseur's men, but the mass of them resisted all appeals, and continued to go to the rear without waiting for any effort to retrieve the partial disorder. Ramseur, however, succeeded in retaining with <je_449>him two or three hundred men of his division, and Major Goggin of Kershaw's staff, who was in command of Conner's brigade, about the same number from that brigade; and these men, with six pieces of artillery of Cutshaw's battalion, held the enemy's whole force on our left in check for one hour and a half, until Ramseur was shot down mortally wounded, and the ammunition of those pieces of artillery was exhausted. While the latter were being replaced by other guns, the force that had remained with Ramseur and Goggin gave way also. Pegram's and Wharton's divisions, and Wofford's brigade had remained steadfast on the right and resisted all efforts of the enemy's cavalry, but no portion of this force could be moved to the left without leaving the Pike open to the cavalry, which would have destroyed all hope at once.

Every effort to rally the men in the rear having failed, I now had nothing left for me but to order these troops to retire also. When they commenced to move, the disorder soon extended to them, but General Pegram succeeded in bringing back a portion of his command across Cedar Creek in an organized condition, holding the enemy in check, but this small force soon dissolved. A part of Evans' brigade had been rallied in the rear, and held a ford above the bridge for a short time, but it followed the example of the rest. I tried to rally the men immediately after crossing Cedar Creek, and at Hupp's Hill, but without success.

Could 500 men have been rallied, at either of these places, who would have stood by me, I am satisfied that all my artillery and wagons, and the greater part of the captured artillery could have been saved, as the enemy's pursuit was very feeble. As it was, a bridge broke down on a very narrow part of the road between Strasburg and Fisher's Hill, just above Strasburg, where there was no other passway, thereby blocking up all the artillery, ordnance and medical wagons and ambulances which had not passed that point; and, as there was no force to defend <je_450>them, they were lost, a very small body of the enemy's cavalry capturing them.

The greater part of the infantry was halted at Fisher's Hill, and Rosser, whose command had retired in good order on the Back Road, was ordered to that point with his cavalry. The infantry moved back towards New Market at three o'clock next morning, and Rosser was left at Fisher's Hill to cover the retreat of the troops, and hold that position until they were beyond pursuit. He remained at Fisher's Hill until after ten o'clock on the 20th, and the enemy did not advance to that place while he was there. He then fell back without molestation to his former position, and established his line on Stony Creek, across from Columbia Furnace to Edinburg, seven miles below Mount Jackson. My other troops were halted at New Market, about seven miles from Mount Jackson, and there was an entirely open country between the two places, they being very nearly in sight of each other.

Lomax had moved, on the day of the battle, on the Front Royal road towards Winchester, under the impression that the enemy was being forced back towards that place, and he did not reach me. When he ascertained the reverse which had taken place in the latter part of the day, he retired up the Luray Valley to his former place at Millford, without molestation.

My loss in the battle of Cedar Creek was twenty-three pieces of artillery, some ordnance and medical wagons and ambulances, which had been carried to the front for the use of the troops on the field, about 1860 in killed and wounded, and something over 1,000 prisoners. Major General Ramseur fell into the hands of the enemy mortally wounded, and in him not only my command, but the country sustained a heavy loss. He was a most gallant and energetic officer, whom no disaster appalled, but his courage and energy seemed to gain new strength in the midst of confusion and disorder. He fell at his post fighting like a lion at bay, and his native State has reason to be proud of his memory. Brigadier General Battle <je_451> was wounded at the beginning of the fight, and other valuable officers were lost. Fifteen hundred prisoners were captured from the enemy and brought off, and his loss in killed and wounded in this action was very heavy.

This was a case of a glorious victory given up by my own troops after they had won it, and it is to be accounted for on the ground of the partial demoralization caused by the plunder of the enemy's camps, and from the fact that the men undertook to judge for themselves when it was proper to retire. Had they but waited, the mischief on the left would have been remedied. I have never been able to satisfy myself that the enemy's attack in the afternoon was not a demonstration to cover his retreat during the night. It certainly was not a vigorous one, as is shown by the fact that the very small force with Ramseur and Goggin held him in check so long; and the loss in killed and wounded in the division which first gave way was not heavy, and was the least in numbers of all but one, though it was the third in strength, and its relative loss was the least of all the divisions.

I read a sharp lecture to my troops, in an address published to them a few days after the battle, but I have never attributed the result to a want of courage on their part, for I had seen them perform too many prodigies of valor to doubt that. There was an individuality about the Confederate soldier which caused him to act often in battle according to his own opinions, and thereby impair his own efficiency; and the tempting bait offered by the rich plunder of the camps of the enemy's well-fed and well-clothed troops was frequently too great for our destitute soldiers, and caused them to pause in the career of victory.

Had my cavalry been sufficient to contend with that of the enemy, the rout in the morning would have been complete; as it was, I had only about 1,200 cavalry on the field under Rosser, and Lomax's force, which numbered less than 1,700, did not get up. My

infantry and artillery was about the same strength as at Winchester. The reports <je_452>of the Ordnance officers showed in the hands of my troops about 8,800 muskets in round numbers, as follows · in Kershaw's division 2,700, Ramseur's 2,100, Gordon's 1,700, Pegram's 1,200 and Wharton's 1,100. Making a moderate allowance for the men left to guard the camps and the signal station on the mountain, as well as for a few sick and wounded, I went into this battle with about 8,500 muskets and a little over forty pieces of artillery.

The book containing the reports of the chief surgeon of Sheridan's cavalry corps, which has been mentioned as captured at this battle, showed that Sheridan's cavalry numbered about 8,700 men for duty a few days previous, and from information which I had received of reinforcements sent him, in the way of recruits and returned convalescents, I am satisfied that his infantry force was fully as large as at Winchester. Sheridan was absent in the morning at the beginning of the fight, and had returned in the afternoon before the change in the fortunes of the day. (*)

It may be asked why with so small a force I made the attack. I can only say we had been fighting large odds during the whole war, and I knew there was no chance of lessening them. It was of the utmost consequence that Sheridan should be prevented from sending troops to Grant, and General Lee, in a letter received a day or two before, had expressed an earnest desire that a victory should be gained in the Valley if possible, and it could not be gained without fighting for it. I did hope to gain one by surprising the enemy in his camp, and then thought and still think I would have had it, if my directions had been complied with, and my troops had awaited my orders to retire.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter XLIX.--Close Of The Valley Campaign.

<je_453>

AFTER the return from Cedar Creek, the main body of my troops remained in their camp for the rest of the month without disturbance, but on the 26th of October the enemy's cavalry attacked Lomax at Millford and after sharp fighting was repulsed. Having heard that Sheridan was preparing to send troops to Grant, and that the Manassas Gap Railroad was being repaired, I moved down the Valley again on the 10th of November. I had received no reinforcements except about 250 cavalry under General Cosby from Breckenridge's department in Southwestern Virginia, some returned convalescents and several hundred conscripts who had been on details which had been revoked.

On the 11th, on our approach to Cedar Creek, it was found that the enemy had fallen back towards Winchester, after having fortified and occupied a position on Hupp's Hill subsequently to the battle of Cedar Creek. Colonel Payne drove a small body of cavalry through Middletown to Newtown and I followed him and took position south of the latter place and in view of it. Sheridan's main force was found posted north of Newtown in a position which he was engaged in fortifying.

I remained in front of him during the 11th and 12th, Rosser being on my left flank on the Back Road, and Lomax on my right between the Valley Pike and the Front Royal road, with one brigade (McCausland's) at Cedarville on the latter road. Rosser had some skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry on the 11th, and on the 12th two divisions advanced against him, and after a heavy fight the enemy was repulsed and some prisoners captured. Colonel Payne, who was operating immediately in my front, likewise had a sharp engagement with a portion of the enemy's cavalry and defended it. When <je_454>Rosser was heavily engaged, Lomax was ordered to his assistance, with a part of his command, and during his absence, late in the afternoon, Powell's division of the enemy's cavalry attacked McCausland at Cedarville, and after a severe fight drove him back across the river with the loss of two pieces of artillery.

At the time of this affair, a blustering wind was blowing and the firing could not be heard; and nothing was known of McCausland's misfortune until after we commenced retiring that night. In these cavalry fights, three valuable officers were killed, namely: Lieutenant Colonel Marshall of Rosser's brigade, Colonel Radford of McCausland's brigade, and Captain Harvie of McCausland's staff.

Discovering that the enemy continued to fortify his position, and showed no disposition to come out of his lines with his infantry, and not being willing to attack him in his entrenchments, after the reverses I had met with, I determined to retire, as we were beyond the reach of supplies. After dark on the 12th, we moved to Fisher's Hill, and next day returned in the direction of New Market, where we arrived on the 14th, no effort at pursuit being made. I discovered by this movement that no troops had been sent to Grant, and that the project of repairing the Manassas Gap Railroad had been abandoned.

Shortly after our return to New Market, Kershaw's division was returned to General Lee, and Cosby's cavalry to Breckenridge. On the 22nd of November two divisions of the enemy's cavalry advanced to Mount Jackson, after having driven in our cavalry pickets. A part of it crossed over the river into Meem's Bottom at the foot of Rude's Hill, but was

driven back by a portion of my infantry, and the whole retreated, being pursued by Wickham's brigade, under Colonel Munford, to Woodstock.

On the 27th, Rosser crossed Great North Mountain into Hardy County, with his own and Payne's brigade, <je_455>and, about the 29th, surprised and captured the fortified post at New Creek, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. At this place, two regiments of cavalry with their arms and colors were captured and eight pieces of artillery and a very large amount of ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores fell into our hands. The prisoners, numbering 800, four pieces of artillery, and some wagons and horses, were brought off, the other guns, which were heavy siege pieces, being spiked, and their carriages and a greater part of the stores destroyed. Rosser also brought off several hundred cattle and a large number of sheep from Hampshire and Hardy counties.

This expedition closed the material operations of the campaign of 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley, and, at that time, the enemy held precisely the same portion of that valley which he held before the opening of the campaign in the spring, and no more, and the headquarters of his troops were at the same place, to wit: Winchester. There was this difference, however: at the beginning of the campaign, he held it with comparatively a small force, and, at the close, he was compelled to employ three corps of infantry, and one of cavalry, for that purpose, and to guard the approaches to Washington, Maryland and Pennsylvania. When I was detached from General Lee's army, Hunter was advancing on Lynchburg, 170 miles south of Winchester, with a very considerable force, and threatening all of General Lee's communications with a very serious danger.

By a rapid movement, my force had been thrown to Lynchburg, just in time to arrest Hunter's march into that place, and he had been driven back and forced to escape into the mountains of Western Virginia, with a loss of ten pieces of artillery and subsequent terrible suffering to his troops. Maryland and Pennsylvania had been invaded, Washington threatened and thrown into a state of frantic alarm, and Grant had been compelled to detach two corps of infantry and two divisions of cavalry from his army. Five or six thousand prisoners had been <je_456>captured from the enemy and sent to Richmond, and according to a published statement by Sheridan, his army had lost 13,831, in killed and wounded, after he took command of it. Heavy losses had been inflicted on that army by my command, before Sheridan went to the Valley, and the whole loss could not have been far from double my entire force. The enemy moreover had been deprived of the use of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, for three months.

It is true that I had lost many valuable officers and men, and about 60 pieces of artillery, counting those lost by Ramseur and McCausland, and not deducting the 19 pieces captured from the enemy; but I think I may safely state that the fall of Lynchburg with its foundries and factories, and the consequent destruction of General Lee's communications, would have rendered necessary the evacuation of Richmond, and that, therefore, the fall of the latter place had been prevented; and by my subsequent operations, Grant's operations against General Lee's army had been materially impeded, and for some time substantially suspended.

My loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, had been less than 4,000, and at Cedar Creek, about 3,000, but the enemy has claimed as prisoners several thousand more than my entire loss. I know that a number of prisoners fell into the enemy's hands who did not belong to my command: such as cavalymen on details to get fresh horses, soldiers on leave of absence, conscripts on special details, citizens not in the

service, men employed in getting supplies for the departments, and stragglers and deserters from other commands. My army during the entire campaign had been self-sustaining so far as provisions and forage were concerned, and a considerable number of beef cattle had been sent to General Lee's army; and when the difficulties under which I labored are considered, I think I may confidently assert that I had done as well as it was possible for me to do.

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Shortly after Rosser's return from the New Creek expedition, Colonel Munford was sent with Wickham's brigade to the counties of Hardy and Pendleton, to procure forage for his horses, and, cold weather having now set in so as to prevent material operations in the field, the three divisions of the 2nd corps were sent, in succession, to General Lee,--Wharton's division, the cavalry, and most of the artillery being retained with me.

On the 16th of December, I broke up the camp at New Market, and moved back towards Staunton, for the purpose of establishing my troops on or near Central Railroad--Lomax's cavalry, except one brigade left to watch the Luray Valley, having previously moved across the Blue Ridge so as to be able to procure forage. Cavalry pickets were left in front of New Market, and telegraphic communications kept up with that place, from which there was communication with the lower Valley, by means of signal stations on the northern end of Massanutten Mountain, and at Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, which overlooked the enemy's camps and the surrounding country.

The troops had barely arrived at their new camps when information was received that the enemy's cavalry was in motion. On the 19th, Custer's division moved from Winchester towards Staunton, and, at the same time, two other divisions of cavalry, under Torbert or Merrit, moved across by Front Royal and Chester Gap towards Gordonsville. This information having been sent me by signal and telegraph, Wharton's division was moved on the 20th, through a hailstorm, towards Harrisonburg, and Rosser ordered to the front with all the cavalry he could collect. Custer's division reached Lacy's Spring, nine miles north of Harrisonburg, on the evening of the 20th, and next morning before day, Rosser, with about 600 men of his own and Payne's brigades, attacked it in camp, and drove it back down the Valley in some confusion.

Lomax had been advised of the movement towards <je_458>Gordonsville, and as soon as Custer was disposed of, Wharton's division was moved back, and on the 23rd a portion of it was run on the railroad to Charlottesville, Munford, who had now returned from across the great North Mountain, being ordered to the same place.

On my arrival at Charlottesville on the 23rd, I found that the enemy's two divisions of cavalry, which had crossed the Blue Ridge, had been held in check near Gordonsville by Lomax, until the arrival of a brigade of infantry from Richmond, when they retired precipitately. I returned to the Valley and established my headquarters at Staunton--Wharton's division and the artillery being encamped east of that place, and Rosser's cavalry west of it; and thus closed the operations of 1864 with me.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

Chapter L.--Operations In 1865.

<je_459>

ON the 2nd of January, 1865, I had a consultation with General Lee at Richmond, about the difficulties of my position in the Valley, and he told me that he had left me there with the small command which still remained in order to produce the impression that the force was much larger than it really was, and he instructed me to do the best I could. Before I returned from Richmond, Rosser started with between 300 and 400 picked cavalry, for the post of Beverly in West Virginia, and, on the 11th, surprised and captured the place, securing over 500 prisoners and some stores. This expedition was made over a very mountainous country, amid the snows of an unusually severe winter. Rosser's loss was very light, but Lieutenant Colonel Cook, of the 8th Virginia Cavalry, a most gallant and efficient officer, lost his leg in the attack, and had to be left behind.

The great drought during the summer of 1864 had made the corn crop in the Valley a very short one, and, as Sheridan had destroyed a considerable quantity of small grain and hay, I found it impossible to sustain the horses of my cavalry and artillery where they were, and forage could not be obtained from elsewhere. I was therefore compelled to send Fitz. Lee's two brigades to General Lee, and Lomax's cavalry was brought from across the Blue Ridge, where the country was exhausted of forage, and sent west into the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Alleghany and Greenbrier, where hay could be obtained. Rosser's brigade had to be temporarily disbanded, and the men allowed to go to their homes with their horses, to sustain them, with orders to report when called on,--one or two companies, whose homes were down the Valley, being required to picket and scout in front of New Market.

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The men and horses of Lieutenant Colonel King's artillery were sent to Southwestern Virginia to be wintered, and most of the horses of the other battalions were sent off under care of some of the men, who undertook to forage them until spring. Nelson's battalion, with some pieces of artillery with their horses, was retained with me and the remaining officers and men of the other battalions were sent, under the charge of Colonel Carter, to General Lee, to man stationary batteries on his lines. Brigadier General Long, who had been absent on sick leave for some time and had returned, remained with me, and most of the guns which were without horses were sent to Lynchburg by railroad. This was a deplorable state of things, but it could not be avoided, as the horses of the cavalry and artillery would have perished had they been kept in the Valley.

Echols' brigade of Wharton's division was subsequently sent to Southwestern Virginia to report to General Echols for special duty, and McNeil's company of partisan rangers, and Woodson's company of unattached Missouri cavalry, were sent to the county of Hardy, Major Harry Gilmor being likewise ordered to that county, with the remnant of his battalion, to take charge of the whole, and operate against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; but he was surprised and captured there, at a private house, soon after his arrival. Two very small brigades of Wharton's division, and Nelson's battalion with the few pieces of artillery which had been retained, were left, as my whole available force, and these were in winter quarters near Fishersville, on the Central railroad between Staunton and Waynesboro. The telegraph to New Market and the signal stations from there to the lower

Valley were kept up, and a few scouts sent to the rear of the enemy, and in this way was my front principally picketed, and I kept advised of the enemy's movements. Henceforth my efficient and energetic signal officer, Captain Welbourn, was the commander of my advance picket line.

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The winter was a severe one, and all material operations were suspended until its close. Late in February. Lieutenant Jesse McNeil, who was in command of his father's old company, with forty or fifty men of that company and Woodson's, made a dash into Cumberland, Maryland, at night and captured and brought off Major Generals Crook and Kelly, with a staff officer of the latter, though there were at the time several thousand troops in and around Cumberland. The father of this gallant young officer had performed many daring exploits during the war, and had accompanied me into Maryland, doing good service. When Sheridan was at Harrisonburg in October, 1864, Captain McNeil had burned the bridge at Edinburg in his rear, and had attacked and captured the guard at the bridge at Mount Jackson, but in this affair he received a very severe wound from which he subsequently died. Lieutenant Baylor of Rosser's brigade, who was in Jefferson County with his company, made one or two dashes on the enemy's outposts during the winter, and, on one occasion, captured a train loaded with supplies, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

On the 20th of February, an order was issued by General Lee, extending my command over the Department of Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, previously commanded by General Breckenridge, the latter having been made Secretary of War.

On the 27th, Sheridan started from Winchester up the Valley with a heavy force, consisting, according to the statement of Grant, in his report, of "two divisions of cavalry, numbering about 5,000 each." I had been informed of the preparations for a movement of some kind, some days previous, and the information had been telegraphed to General Lee. As soon as Sheridan started, I was informed of the fact by signal and telegraph, and orders were immediately sent by telegraph to Lomax, whose headquarters were at Millboro, on the Central Railroad, forty miles west of Staunton, to get together all of his cavalry as soon as possible. Rosser was also <je_462>directed to collect all of his men that he could, and an order was sent by telegraph to General Echols, in Southwestern Virginia, to send his brigade by rail to Lynchburg. My own headquarters were at Staunton, but there were no troops at that place except a local provost guard, and a company of reserves, composed of boys under 18 years of age, which was acting under the orders of the Conscript Bureau. Orders were therefore given for the immediate removal of all stores from that place.

Rosser succeeded in collecting a little over 100 men, and with these he attempted to check the enemy at North River, near Mount Crawford, on the first of March, but was unable to do so. On the afternoon of that day, the enemy approached to within three or four miles of Staunton, and I then telegraphed to Lomax to concentrate his cavalry at Pound Gap in Rockbridge County, and to follow and annoy the enemy should he move towards Lynchburg, and rode out of town towards Waynesboro, after all the stores had been removed.

Wharton and Nelson were ordered to move to Waynesboro by light next morning, and on that morning (the 2nd) their commands were put in position on a ridge covering Waynesboro on the west and just outside of the town. My object in taking this position

was to secure the removal of five pieces of artillery for which there were no horses, and some stores still in Waynes-boro, as well as to present a bold front to the enemy, and ascertain the object of his movement, which I could not do very well if I took refuge at once in the mountain. The last report for Wharton's command showed 1,200 men for duty; but as it was exceedingly inclement, and raining and freezing, there were not more than 1,000 muskets on the line, and Nelson had six pieces of artillery. I did not intend making my final stand on this ground, yet I was satisfied that if my men would fight, which I had no reason to doubt, I could hold the enemy in check until night, and then cross the river and take position in Rock-fish Gap; for I had done more difficult things than that during the war.

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About twelve o'clock in the day, it was reported to me that the enemy was advancing, and I rode out at once on the line, and soon discovered about a brigade of cavalry coming up on the road from Staunton, on which the artillery opened, when it retired out of range. The enemy manoeuvred for some time in our front, keeping out of reach of our guns until late in the afternoon, when I discovered a force moving to the left. I immediately sent a messenger with notice of this fact to General Wharton, who was on that flank, and with orders for him to look out and provide for the enemy's advance; and another messenger, with notice to the guns on the left, and directions for them to fire towards the advancing force, which could not be seen from where they were.

The enemy soon made an attack on our left flank, and I discovered the men on that flank giving back. Just then, General Wharton, who had not received my message, rode up to me and I pointed out to him the disorder in his line, and ordered him to ride immediately to that point and rectify it. Before he got back, the troops gave way on the left, after making very slight resistance, and soon everything was in a state of confusion and the men commenced crossing the river. I rode across it myself to try and stop them at the bridge and check the enemy; but they could not be rallied, and the enemy forded the river above and got in our rear. I now saw that everything was lost, and after the enemy had got between the mountain and the position where I was, and retreat was thus cut off, I rode aside into the woods, and in that way escaped capture. I went to the top of a hill to reconnoitre, and had the mortification of seeing the greater part of my command being carried off as prisoners, and force of the enemy moving rapidly towards Rock-fish Gap.

I then rode with the greater part of my staff and 15 or 20 others, including General Long, across the mountain, north of the Gap, with the hope of arriving at Greenwood depot, to which the stores had been removed, before the enemy reached that place; but on getting near <je_464>it, about dark, we discovered the enemy in possession. We then rode to Jarman's Gap, about three miles from the depot, and remained there all night, as the night was exceedingly dark, and the ice rendered it impossible for us to travel over the rugged roads.

The only solution of this affair which I can give is that my men did not fight as I had expected them to do. Had they done so, I am satisfied that the enemy could have been repulsed; and I was and am still of opinion that the attack at Waynesboro was a mere demonstration, to cover a movement to the south towards Lynchburg. Yet some excuse is to be made for my men, as they knew that they were weak and the enemy very strong.

The greater part of my command was captured, as was also the artillery, which, with five guns on the cars at Greenwood, made eleven pieces. Very few were killed or

wounded on either side. The only person killed on our side, as far as I have ever heard, was Colonel Wm. H. Harman, who had formerly been in the army but then held a civil appointment; and he was shot in the streets of Waynesboro, either after he had been made prisoner, as some said, or while he was attempting to make his escape, after everything was over. My aide, Lieutenant Wm. G. Callaway, who had been sent to the left with one of the messages, and my medical director, Surgeon H. McGuire, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the wagons of Wharton's command were absent getting supplies; but those we had with us, including the ordnance and medical wagons and my own baggage wagon, fell into their hands.

On the 3rd, I rode, with the party that was with me, towards Charlottesville; but on getting near to that place, we found the enemy entering it. We had then to turn back and go by a circuitous route under the mountains to Gordonsville, as the Rivanna River and other streams were very much swollen. On arriving at Gordonsville, I found General Wharton, who had made his escape to Charlottesville on the night of the affair at Waynesboro, <je_465>and he was ordered to Lynchburg, by the way of the Central and Southside Railroads, to take command of Echols' brigade, and aid in the defence of the city. General Long was ordered to report to General Lee at Petersburg.

The affair at Waynesboro diverted Sheridan from Lynchburg, which he could have captured without difficulty, had he followed Hunter's route and not jumped at the bait unwillingly offered him, by the capture of my force at the former place. His deflection from the direct route to the one by Charlottesville was without adequate object, and resulted in the abandonment to capture Lynchburg, or to cross the James River to the south side. He halted at Charlottesville for two or three days, and then moved towards James River below Lynchburg, when, being unable to cross that river, he crossed over the Rivanna, at its mouth, and then moved by the way of Frederick 's Hall on the Central Railroad, and Ashland on the R., F. & P. Railroad, across the South and North Anna, and down the Pamunkey to the White House.

At Gordonsville, about 200 cavalry were collected under Colonel Morgan of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and, with this force, I watched the enemy for several days while he was at Charlottesville, and when he was endeavoring to cross the James River. When Sheridan had abandoned this effort, and on the day he reached the vicinity of Ashland, while I was riding on the Louisa Court-House and Richmond Road, towards the bridge over the South Anna, with about 20 cavalry, I came very near being captured, by a body of 300 cavalry sent after me, but I succeeded in eluding the enemy with most of those who were with me, and reached Richmond at two o'clock next morning, after passing twice between the enemy's camps and his pickets. My Adjutant General, Captain Moore, however, was captured, but made his escape.

Lomax had succeeded in collecting a portion of his cavalry and reaching Lynchburg, where he took position <je_466>on the north bank of the river, but the enemy avoided that place. Rosser had collected a part of his brigade and made an attack, near New Market, on the guard which was carrying back the prisoners captured at Waynesboro, with the view of releasing them, but he did not succeed in that object, though the guard was compelled to retire in great haste. He then moved towards Richmond on Sheridan's track.

After consultation with General Lee, at his headquarters near Petersburg, Rosser's and McCausland's brigades were ordered to report to him under the command of General Rosser, and I started for the Valley, by the way of Lynchburg, to reorganize what was left

of my command. At Lynchburg, a despatch was received from General Echols, stating that Thomas was moving in East Tennessee, and threatening Southwestern Virginia with a heavy force, and I immediately went, by train, to Wytheville. From that place I went with General Echols to Bristol, on the state line between Virginia and Tennessee, and it was ascertained, beyond doubt, that some important movement by the enemy was on foot. We then returned to Abingdon, and while I was engaged in endeavoring to organize the small force in that section, so as to meet the enemy in the best way we could, I received, on the 30th of March, a telegraphic despatch from General Lee, directing me to turn over the command in Southwestern Virginia to General Echols, and in the Valley to General Lomax, and informing me that he would address a letter to me at my home. I complied at once with this order and thus terminated my military career.

CONCLUSION.

In the afternoon of the 30th of March, after having turned over the command to General Echols, I rode to Marion in Smythe County and was taken that night with a cold and cough so violent as to produce hemorrhage <je_467>from the lungs, and prostrate me for several days in a very dangerous condition. While I was in this situation, a heavy cavalry force under Stoneman, from Thomas' army in Tennessee, moved through North Carolina to the east, and a part of it came into Virginia from the main column, and struck the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad at New River east of Wytheville; whence, after destroying the bridge, it moved east, cutting off all communication with Richmond, and then crossed over into North Carolina. As soon as I was in a condition to be moved, I was carried on the railroad to Wytheville, and was proceeding thence to my home, in an ambulance under charge of a surgeon, when I received, most unexpectedly, the news of the surrender of General Lee. Under the disheartening influence of the sad tidings I had received, I proceeded to my journey's end, and I subsequently received a letter from General Lee, dated on the 30th of March, explaining the reasons for relieving me from command. This letter, written on the very day of the commencement of the attack on General Lee's lines, which resulted in the evacuation of Richmond, and just ten days before the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, has a historical interest; for it shows that Lee, even at that late day, was anxiously and earnestly contemplating the continuation of the struggle with unabated vigor, and a full determination to make available every element of success.

Immediately after the battle of Cedar Creek, I had written a letter to General Lee, stating my willingness to be relieved from command, if he deemed it necessary for the public interests, and I should have been content with the course pursued towards me, had his letter not contained the expressions of personal confidence in me that it does; for I knew that in everything he did as commander of our armies, General Lee was actuated solely by an earnest and ardent desire for the success of the cause of his country. As to those among my countrymen who judged me harshly, I have not a word of reproach. <je_468>When there was so much at stake, it was not unnatural that persons entirely ignorant of the facts, and forming their opinions from the many false reports set afloat in a time of terrible war and public suffering, should pass erroneous and severe judgments on those commanders who met with reverses.

I was not embraced in the terms of General Lee's surrender or that of General Johnston, and, as the order relieving me from command had also relieved me from all embarrassment as to the troops which had been under me, as soon as I was in a condition to travel, I started on horseback for the Trans-Mississippi Department to join the army of

General Kirby Smith, should it hold out; with the hope of at least meeting an honorable death while fighting under the flag of my country. Before I reached that Department, Smith's army had also been surrendered, and, without giving a parole, after a long, weary and dangerous ride from Virginia, through the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, I finally succeeded in leaving the country.

LETTER FROM GENERAL LEE.

"HD. QRS., C. S. ARMIES, 30th March, 1865.

"LT.-GENERAL J. A. EARLY, FRANKLIN CO., VA.

"General,--My telegram will have informed you that I deem a change of commanders in your Department necessary; but it is due to your zealous and patriotic services that I should explain the reasons that prompted my action. The situation of affairs is such that we can neglect no means calculated to develop the resources we possess to the greatest extent, and make them as efficient as possible. To this end, it is essential that we should have the cheerful and hearty support of the people, and the full confidence of the soldiers, without which our efforts would be embarrassed and our means of resistance weakened. I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that you cannot command the united and willing co-operation which is so essential to success. Your reverses in the Valley, of which the public and the army judge chiefly by the results, have, I fear, impaired your influence both with the people and the soldiers, and would add greatly <je_469>to the difficulties which will, under any circumstances, attend our military operations in S. W. Virginia. While my own confidence in your ability, zeal, and devotion to the cause is unimpaired, I have nevertheless felt that I could not oppose what seems to be the current of opinion, without injustice to your reputation and injury to the service. I therefore felt constrained to endeavor to find a commander who would be more likely to develop the strength and resources of the country, and inspire the soldiers with confidence; and to accomplish this purpose, I thought it proper to yield my own opinion, and to defer to that of those to whom alone we can look for support.

"I am sure that you will understand and appreciate my motives, and no one will be more ready than yourself to acquiesce in any measures which the interests of the country may seem to require, regardless of all personal considerations.

"Thanking you for the fidelity and energy with which you have always supported my efforts, and for the courage and devotion you have ever manifested in the service of the country,

"I am, very respectfully and truly

"Your ob't servant,
"R. E. LEE,

"Gen'l."

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

APPENDIX.--THE TESTIMONY OF LETTERS.

<je_470>

I FEEL reluctant to add a word to what General Early has written of himself and yet his letters, bearing (as many of them do) upon his manuscript, show that there are some things he has left untold which would interest the reader of his life.

My feeling in this matter proceeds from the remembrance of his sentiments on the subject of biography, which he forcibly expressed in a letter written in 1866 to a correspondent who proposed writing an account of his life, saying:

I trust that you will not suspect me of rudeness or a desire to offend when I respectfully request that you omit mine from the list of biographies you propose writing. If I were to furnish you the materials desired, you would become the biographer of my choice, and I would be bound by what you might write. I hope you will understand what I mean, and will not interpret what I say as intended in an offensive sense. I cannot, of course, prevent your writing on any subject you may choose.

If my biography was of sufficient importance to require its being placed before the world, and my wishes were consulted, I would not trust its compilation to any but one who had known me personally and well: you and I are, personally, entire strangers. During my life I have often associated with men who thought they knew me, but who in fact had very little appreciation of my true character. I would not therefore expect it to be understood by one who is a stranger.

Naturally possessing a reserved disposition, and in his bachelor life cut off from the softening influences of familiar intercourse to be found in the home, it was not entirely the fault of others that he was often misunderstood: but as he has said, those who knew him best were the ones who best appreciated him. The opportunity of intimate acquaintance enabled one to fathom the depths of his kindly nature and to discover his real feelings.

In his autobiographical sketch he writes of the mother whose death was the source of grief to her family, but he does not tell of the affection which caused him to <je_471>choose her companionship preferably to that of any other, nor of the sense of deprivation he felt upon the loss of her tender counsels at the early age of sixteen. His father was a most thoughtful and affectionate parent, but from him, too, he was parted during the crucial period of his youth, though that parent's watchful care followed closely in a correspondence, preserved by the son, during a long life of many vicissitudes.

As the son's character developed, he inspired more and more confidence and respect, until the relations of father and son seemed to become reversed, and, as years wore on, the position of head of the family was insensibly accorded the son. Possessing a sense of right never swayed by impulse, his opinion and advice were never questioned by members of his family. His grandmother, observing the promise of his youth, had said of him that he was born to make a name for himself.

In his nineteenth year, while a cadet at West Point Academy, his sympathies were very much aroused for the Texans in their revolt against the tyranny of Santa Anna, and he wrote urging his father's consent to his joining in their cause. This letter portrays the disposition of the future patriot, and is in part as follows:

The Texans are bound by every principle of self-preservation and are justified by the natural law of rights, as well as by precedent, to declare their independence and to resist the attempt which is being made to annihilate them. And we of the United States are called upon by every principle of humanity, by our love of liberty and our detestation of oppression, to go to the succor of our countrymen and aid in overwhelming the tyrant. Shall we shed tears over the fate of Greece and Poland, yet see our countrymen slaughtered with indifference? The respect we entertain for our forefathers of the Revolution forbids it. The gratitude we owe another country for espousing our cause imperiously commands us to espouse that of the oppressed. The cause of the Texans is more justifiable than was ours. We resisted the usurpation of our lawful government. They are resisting the tyranny and cruelty of an usurped government. Liberty has been driven from the old world and its only asylum is in the new. It is the imperious duty of every one, who in this fair land has received it and its principles unsullied from his ancestors, to extend its dominion and to perpetuate its glorious light to posterity. How can this be done if <je_472>tyranny more despotic than that which exists in Europe is allowed to exist in our very confines? In succoring the Texans we should consider that we extend the sway of the goddess we worship, that we secure to their progeny the benefits of which we are so tenacious, and secure to oppressed freemen of other countries an asylum which our own country. will, ere long, not be able to afford them....

The great end of all education is to expand the mind and gain a knowledge of human nature. What is more calculated to expand the mind than the espousing and working in the cause of liberty? What better book in which to study human nature than such a variety of characters as I would be constantly thrown with? All things cry out to me to go. Oh, my dear father, will you not give me permission? Do not think that my resolution has been taken unadvisedly, and do not smile at my aspirations. I do not believe that I shall become a Bonaparte or a Bolivar, but he who never aspires, never rises.

I have confined this letter to one subject because my whole soul is taken up with that subject.

General Early returned from Canada to the States in 1869; that winter was devoted to visits among his relatives and friends from whom he had been so long parted. His father died in 1870. In the autobiography he writes of his father as still living: it is therefore presumable that his manuscript was, at least, commenced while he was in Canada.

Previously he had published at Toronto (in 1866), "A Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence," which was written, he states, "under a solemn sense of duty to my unhappy country, and to the brave soldiers who fought under me, as well as to myself."

His correspondence was very large and in many cases continued during years. Through this runs the story of his unflagging interest and industry in endeavoring to confirm every minutest detail of the narrative he desired to complete. The letters all show the esteem in which he was held. Many of them are written to thank him for contributions, already written, in the defence of the South. Others urge that he prepare a complete history of the war giving the Southern side.

From among these letters the following are selected; not the least of the interest in which proceeds from the fact that they are voluntary offerings, generally from <je_473>warm personal friends and received in the course of private correspondence.

The first is from the pen of the beloved leader and is followed by tributes from Jefferson Davis, Generals D. H. Hill and W. H. Payne, Colonels Marshall and Johnston, Senator

John W. Daniel, Professors Peters and Venable, Dr. McGuire, and others,--if less known to fame,--none the less ardent in the expression of their regard.

LEXINGTON, VA., Nov., 1865.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I received last night your letter, which gave me the first authentic information of you I had received since the cessation of hostilities and relieved the anxiety I had felt on your account. I am very glad to hear of your health and safety, and I wish you every happiness and prosperity: you will always be present to my recollections.

I desire, if not prevented, to write a history of the campaigns in Virginia; all of my records, books, orders, etc., were destroyed in the conflagration and retreat from Richmond, only such reports as were printed are preserved. Your reports of your operations in '64 were among those destroyed. Can you not repeat them and send me copies of such letters, orders, etc., of mine and particularly give me your recollection of our effective strength at the principal battles? My only object is to transmit, if possible, the truth and do justice to our brave soldiers

ROBERT E. LEE.

March, 1866.

I am much obliged for the copies of my letters. Send me reports of the operations of your commands in the campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond, at Lynchburg, in the Valley, Maryland, etc....

All statistics as regards numbers, destruction of private property by the Federal troops, etc., I should like to have, as I wish my memory strengthened on these points. It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought and the destruction or loss of all returns of the army embarrasses me. We shall have to be patient and suffer till a period when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth. I hope in time peace will be restored to the country and that the South may enjoy some measure of prosperity. I fear, however, much suffering is still in store for her and that the people must be prepared to exercise fortitude and forbearance.

ROBERT E. LEE.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I wish to thank you for your last offering to the cause you served so zealously and efficiently in the field. To vindicate the struggle <je_474>of the South to preserve their political and social inheritance by truthfully stating events was alike due to those to whom its regeneration must be confided, as well as to those who suffered for that cause. Your career as a commander met my entire approval and secured my admiration. It was such estimate concurrently held by General Lee and myself that led to your selection to command the vitally important and difficult campaign which you have described in your recent publication. The means were known to be disproportionate to the task before you when you marched against General Hunter. That they proved adequate, is glory enough for you and your associates. It would be easy to show, if it were desirable now to enter upon that question, at whose door lies the responsibility of subsequent disasters. You have

rendered the more grateful and useful service of showing at whose door it does not belong.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I have thought much of this matter of the Army of Northern Virginia, and my earnest, honest belief is that you should write memoirs of its campaigns. I don't know any nobler labor of love, even if you do not publish it.

If you write and leave it unfinished even, I will pledge myself to edit it and have it published as a true memorial of your love and affection for that noble army of martyrs. General Lee ought to have done this thing. Now that he is gone, the duty devolves on you to give the account of all the campaigns in detail from the beginning to the end. This is the only way to defeat the deplorable effects of thousands of books of misapprehension, because nobody has written authoritatively on the subject. I do hope you will take the matter into consideration and undertake the work. I will do everything I can to collect material for you.... Your address at Washington and Lee is the best piece of military criticism which has been written on our war, and I beg you earnestly and solemnly as a duty to that old Army of Northern Virginia to write a history of its campaigns; it would be most appropriate and essential.

CHARLES S. VENABLE.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I write, at the lapse of twenty-five years from the close of the war, on a matter in which you are interested as well as every man who served under you. It is due to yourself and to the truth of history that you should write a minute, calm and complete history of your campaigns, from the time you were detached from the army around Petersburg, in 1864, until the affair at Waynesboro.

My honest conviction is that your campaign will lose nothing by <je_475>comparison with that of our great Jackson in the same field, and for the following reasons:

(1st) With about 12,000 (perhaps fewer) men you met and defeated Hunter at Lynchburg with an army of 20,000 men. You pursued him, driving him out of Virginia into Kanawha Valley, thus diverting him from the valley of Virginia. He had (I think) two brigades of cavalry,--you did not have over 1,500 cavalry.

(2nd) You made a forced march down the valley, whipping another army of 12,000 men at Monocacy, after driving all the Federal forces out of the valley, marched to the very walls of Washington City, causing the withdrawal of a large force from the front of Lee, for the protection of the city.

(3rd) You fell back into Virginia, when your force reduced by fighting and marching could not have exceeded 9,000 men. Sheridan was sent to meet you with 35,000 or 40,000 men. Up to this period your campaign was brilliantly successful. The disproportion was vastly greater between your forces and Sheridan's than between Jackson's and Shields' at Kernstown. If it had been possible to reinforce you at Winchester to the extent of 20,000,

you would have driven Sheridan into the Potomac.

(4th) Now observe. After Kernstown, Jackson fell back up the valley, was reinforced by Ewell; the latter was left to hold Banks in check. Jackson marched with his own force, 4,500 men, took command of Johnston's force of two brigades, 3,500 men, defeated Milroy, 7,000 men, returned centre with Ewell and with a force, now something over 20,000, expelled Banks (who commanded not over 7,000) from the valley. When threatened by Fremont from the west and Shields from the east--each with about 18,000 men--he retired, keeping them in check, and fought with equal numbers, the battle of Port Republic.

Again. At Chancellorsville Jackson, by order of Lee, by a forced and daring march, attacked the right flank of the Federal Army, surprised and routed it. You, by a similar march surprised and routed the advance forces of Sheridan at Cedar Creek. His remaining force would have been routed had not the troops halted to plunder the captured camp. Who was responsible for this? Those who commanded under you, whose business and duty it was to keep their troops well in hand, and pursue the routed army.

I have thought much of your campaign in the valley when our military affairs were in extremis and think you did all that could have been done. I urge that you will write a full, consecutive history of that campaign, not leaving out of view the service rendered by your cavalry; they acted a most important part in saving Lynchburg until your arrival.

You reached Lynchburg late in the afternoon; the day before <je_476>your cavalry met the Federal force at New London at 2 o'clock P.M. and held them until night; fell back during the night to the old Quaker Church and there held them till the following night. Had the cavalry not so detained Hunter, he would have captured Lynchburg during the forenoon of the day in which you reached the city. No campaign of the war was superior to this.

WILLIAM E. PETERS.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I throw out a suggestion for your consideration, which would be to the country a matter of inestimable value, for the merit of truth and knowledge. I refer to a history of Virginia. You have given the subject more accurate study than anybody else. Write it out and publish it. I write after a good deal of reflection about it. Though you may not know it, your explicit, lucid pen reflects your mind more accurately always than your tongue, which must banter, willy-nilly.

WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

NEW YORK.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

More than a year ago in some correspondence with the sons of General R. E. Lee, I was referred to you by General W. H. F. Lee, for information respecting the intention of the commanding general of the Army of Northern Virginia at the time of the assault on Fort Steadman and Haskell before Petersburg, March 25th, 1865. Although you may not have been actually engaged there, General Lee says you are an authority on all the operations

of that army.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

Accept my special thanks for a copy of your narrative of the military operations in the Shenandoah Valley and east of the Blue Ridge. Knowing your strict and straightforward fidelity to the truth makes the perusal all the more interesting.

W.S. ROSECRANS.

For the benefit of history, a physician would prolong his life indefinitely.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I leave the city to-night on my way to England, but I cannot go without telling you how glad I am that you have been chosen to deliver the address at Lexington.

I know General Jackson admired you and believe, if he could be consulted in the matter, he would select you to make the address.

I wish you could live forever, if only to keep history straight.

HUNTER MCGUIRE, M.D.

<je_477>

There are so many pages devoted to recalling war incidents and exploits that it becomes difficult to make the choice, from among them, of such as might serve to gain the especial interest of the reader; those which disclose critical situations and unconscious heroism, such as these sent from Charlotte, North Carolina, and Farmdale, Kentucky, will best appeal to veterans of the war:

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

You remember that I was the cause of your being sent to Ross Pole just before the first Fredericksburg battle. Did you ever notice that Burnside said that Halleck had selected Ross Pole for the crossing of the Federal Army, but that he had taken the responsibility of crossing at Fredericksburg, because Halleck had selected Ross Pole before troops had been sent to guard it, and that as the circumstances had changed he felt at liberty to disobey orders? Your presence at the first place made Burnside cross at Fredericksburg. On that horrible Sunday I rode up with young Morrison from Port Royal to Ross Pole, and found that we did not have even a cavalry picket there, while the Federals were in force on the other side and were working on a batteau bridge. I wrote to General Jackson about the condition of things, and you were sent down. You never rendered more important service....

You and I were long side by side, and, like you, I was only unpopular with those soldiers who did not do their duty....

Your letter was full of touching interest to me, who am alive to any incident connected

with the rank and file.

I have laid it away for the benefit of my children's children. You are so accurate in statistics, I would be afraid of a blunder, if I differed with you.

In comparing my statistics with yours in my address, I wished to say, "*General Early* knows more of Confederate history than any man now living, probably for the reason that he has never moved out of the Confederacy"--but I know you did not like some haversack anecdotes which were entirely to your credit, and which endeared you to thousands of our people. You were so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to be considered the wittiest man in the army and doubtless many clever and witty things were put upon you in consequence.

Heaven bless you always !

D. H. HILL.

<je_478>

*KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE,
Farmdale, Ky.*

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

Captain Sam Gaines went to the reunion at Gettysburg some years ago and while standing at the point taken by you (Hays' and Hoke's brigades on Cemetery Heights) he says a Federal officer, who was also in the battle, told him that your charge was more serious than you or our people seemed to be aware of,--that you really had passed in rear of Meade's headquarters and that Meade and his staff would certainly have been your prisoners had you been supported on your right, so that you could have held the ground you had taken. The officer pointed out the house in which Meade and his staff, virtually for the time (you held the heights) your prisoners, were at the time you made the assault, and that it was in the rear of your position; that it was indeed a crisis with the Federals.

D. F. BOYD, Supt.

In his manuscript, General Early refers to his order for the burning of Chambersburg; this I do not find, but in an article in the *Richmond State*, June 22nd, 1887, he makes this statement:

The act was done in retaliation for outrages committed by General David Hunter in the Valley of Virginia.

I thought it was time to try and stop this mode of warfare by some act of retaliation, and I accordingly sent a cavalry force to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to demand of the authorities of that town compensation for the houses of Messrs. Hunter, Lee and Boteler, upon pain of having their town reduced to ashes on failure to pay the compensation demanded. The three houses burned were worth fully \$100,000 in gold and I demanded that, or what I regarded as equivalent in greenbacks. No attempt was made to comply with my demand and my order to burn the town was executed.

This was in strict accordance with the laws of war and was a just retaliation. I gave the order on my own responsibility, but General Lee never in any manner indicated disapproval of my act, and his many letters to me expressive of confidence and friendship forbade the idea that he disapproved of my conduct on that occasion. It afforded me no pleasure to subject non-combatants to the rigors of war, but I felt that I had a duty to

perform to the people for whose homes I was fighting and I endeavored to perform it, however disagreeable it might be.

It may not be out of keeping with General Early's object in writing a history of the war to insert a letter <je_479>from a former Federal soldier acknowledging kindness received while he was held as prisoner within Southern lines. The one chosen gives the address at the National Military Home in Montgomery County, Ohio:

GENERAL J. A. EARLY:

I write in memory of old times and a special act of kindness on your part, when in the midst of battle, with your self-earned brave army around, and General Sheridan's army contending at Cedar Creek, Virginia, October 19th, 1864. I was wounded, early at dawn of day, in the face and right thigh, and was unable to walk on account of my wounds. Your men came to me and asked how long since I was paid off; and then searched me, but I had no money, as I had not lately been paid. One of the men came up to me and took my canteen; just then you came riding along and spoke to me, asking if I was badly hurt. I said "Yes, sir, I am." I looked earnestly at you and said to you, "Do you allow a man to rob another of the last drop of water he possesses?" You replied, "No." "Well," I said, pointing to a man who had just robbed me, "there stands the man who took my canteen."

Straightway you rode up to him, made him give up my canteen, and filled it, yourself, with water for me.

"Now," said you, "get away to your command."

THOMAS DOUGLAS,

Late of Co. G, 12th Reg.

Volumes might be filled from the collection, which in length of time covers the period of his manhood to old age, all attesting respect for the veracity of his character. Perhaps the finest tribute to him comes from the pen of his devoted friend, General Wm. H. Payne, of Warrenton, who writes:

There is no man now living who so entirely commands my respect, or of whose good opinion I am so covetous, as yours. What I most admire in you is your passionate love of truth. I am truly pleased to know that you are to deliver the address on the Jackson statue. So many false conceptions of men and events are cultivated, that one gives up all hope of truth ever having an audience. It is a consolation to know that it will be spoken at Lexington.

The friendship between General Early and Senator Daniel dated from the time the latter became a member of Early's staff.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a friendship <je_480>which never paled, and which afforded General Early great satisfaction. I have selected from a bundle of his letters a hurried note written in 1874 while Senator Daniel was a candidate for Congress,--in order to show the friendly relations existing between these two.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

The three tickets enclosed were elected here to-night by overwhelming majorities. I shall have 60 votes on first ballot. I ask that you will do me the honor to nominate me in convention. It will be glory enough whether I succeed or not. I beg that you will come and help me now. You said, in Richmond, you "raised me." Come then and stand by your boy.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

After an interval of eight years, there is a letter telling of Daniel's desire to write the life of his friend. To accomplish this purpose he seems to have collected a vast deal of material. The answer to his request has not been found.

December 3rd, 1882.

MY DEAR GENERAL

I have wished to talk with you about a contemplated undertaking in which you are not disinterested. With your permission and good will in the plan, I desire to render such contribution to the history of the war as I may be able to do, in the shape of a volume to bear the title "The Life and Campaigns of Lieutenant General Jubal A. Early."

I have some elements of qualification in familiarity with some of your campaigns and a very good general knowledge of the conditions under, and means with which you conducted others. My mind continually recurs to the war and not a day passes that its various scenes and phases are not revolved over and over again. It would be a relief to work on the subject, and did you consent to my doing so in the manner indicated, in a year or two I could prepare the work as well as my poor abilities permit: and while, to tell the truth would be ever the uppermost thought, it would be a labor of love to me to recount it in the themes proposed. If for any reason you do not wish me to write such a book, your wishes would of course control me, but unless you object, my mind is made up to the undertaking. If you approve there are many things in which I would need your assistance. Think over this matter and let me know your views. Most truly yours,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early C.S.A

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In his report General Beauregard states that I did not receive this order until 2.00 P.M. This is a mistake. I could not possibly have reached the battlefield at the time I did, if the reception of the order had been delayed until 2.00 P.M.

Jackson's command consisted of nine brigades at this time. Whiting with two brigades and Lawton with one had joined him after the engagements at Cross Keys and Port Republic, at which time he had only six brigades, three in Ewell's division, and three in his own.

So called by General Lee, though designated by subordinate commanders as the battle of Cold Harbor or Gaines' Mill, according to the part of the ground on which their commands fought.

Milroy, in his report, states that the truce was requested by us, but General Jackson says it was applied for by the enemy, and no one will doubt his word. I know that the extension was applied for by Milroy or his staff officer, for I was on the ground in communication with General Stuart at the time. This same Milroy was himself prevented by me from riding to the rear of the ground on which the enemy's dead lay, and he witnessed the taking from the field, under my directions, of very large quantities of small arms, which had been abandoned by Banks' men on the day of the battle.

Walker's division of two brigades (his own and Ransom's) had reached the vicinity of the battlefield on the 16th and McLaws' division, and Anderson's, including the three brigades of Longstreet's with him, did not get up until after the battle had begun.

Lieutenant Early, at General Early's request (and accompanied by his young son, John Cabell Early, aged fifteen years), rejoined the army in 1863 during its northern invasion, and was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg.

Professor Lowe's balloon reconnaissances so signally failed on this occasion and in the operations at Chancellorsville, that they were abandoned for the rest of the war.

The "mysterious signs" referred to were supposed by the Confederates to be made by Knights of the Golden Circle, a secret organization said to sympathize with the South, but of which our soldiers knew nothing.

Grant says General Lee had the advantage of position. As the latter had to move from his lines on the Rapidan and attack Grant in the Wilderness, how happened it that he was enabled to get the advantage of position, after the two days' fighting? He also says that General Lee was enabled to reach Spottsylvania Court-House first, because he had the shorter line. The fact is, that, as the two armies lay in their positions at the Wilderness, their lines were parallel to the road to Spottsylvania Court-House. Grant had the possession of the direct road to that place, and he had the start. General Lee had to move on the circuitous route by Shady Grove, and he was enabled to arrive there first with part of his infantry, because his cavalry held Grant's advance in check for nearly an entire day.

It will be seen that after this affair I held, for a time, both of General Lee's flanks, which was rather an anomaly, but it could not be avoided, as we had no reserves and the two other corps being immediately in front of the enemy in line of battle, and almost constantly engaged, could not be moved without great risk. It was absolutely necessary to occupy the position, held on the left by Mahone, to avoid a renewal of the danger from which we had escaped.

The Matapony River, which, by its juncture with the Pamunkey forms York River, is formed by the confluence of four streams, called respectively, the "Mat," "Ta," "Po," and "Ny." The Ny is north and east of Spottsylvania Court-House, and behind it the enemy did most of his manoeuvring in my front. It unites with the Po, a few miles to the east and south of Spottsylvania Court-House, and both streams are difficult to cross except where there are bridges.

Hanover Junction is about 22 miles from Richmond and is at the intersection of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad with the Central Railroad from Richmond west, via Gordonsville and Staunton. It is on the direct road, both from Spottsylvania Court-House and Fredericksburg, to Richmond. The North Anna River is north of the Junction about two miles and the South Anna about three miles south of it. These two streams unite south of east, and a few miles from the Junction, and form the Pamunkey River.

Now Bedford City.

On the night of the 13th the house of Postmaster General Blair near Silver Spring was burned, and it was assumed by the enemy that it was burned by my orders. I had nothing to do with it and do not yet know how the burning occurred. Though I believed that retaliation was justified by previous acts of the enemy, yet I did not wish to incur the risk of any license on the part of my troops and it was obviously impolitic to set the house on fire when we were retiring, as it amounted to notice of our movement.

For this act I, alone, am responsible, as the officers engaged in it were simply executing my orders, and had no discretion left them. Notwithstanding the lapse of time which has occurred and the result of the war, I see no reason to regret my conduct on this occasion.

The enemy has called this battle "The Battle of the Opequon," but I know of no claim it has to that title, unless it be in the fact that, after his repulse in the forepart of the day, some of his troops ran back across that stream.

The retreat of the main body of his army had been arrested, and a new line formed behind breastworks of rails, before Sheridan arrived on the field; and he still had immense odds against me when he made the attack in the afternoon.

jeps

jeps

J.E.B. Stuart -- Life and Campaigns

jeps

The Life And Campaigns
Of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart
Commander Of The Cavalry Of The Army Of Northern Virginia

by
H. B. McClellan, A.M.
Late Major, Assistant Adjutant-General And Chief Of Staff Of The Cavalry Corps, Army
Of Northern Virginia

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

PREFACE.

I HAVE written this work at intervals during the past five years of a very busy life, and I fear that it may have suffered from the want of consecutive thought and labor. I believe myself to have been actuated by a sincere desire to tell the truth, and to do simple justice to the memory of one under whom I feel it an honor to have served. If it shall prove that I have failed to give due credit to the gallant men who fought on either side, it will be to me a source of lasting regret. I have not hesitated to give my personal testimony when it seemed necessary.

The story of Stuart's early life has been given to me by members of his family. The history of his campaigns has been compiled from the Official Records of both armies. I have not attempted a narrative of the Mine Run campaign, because it has not been convenient to obtain access to the Federal reports. The last chapter is, of necessity, somewhat personal in character, and is drawn largely from my own memory.

I am greatly indebted to Colonel Robert N. Scott, who presides over the War Records Office in Washington, for copies of the official reports, and for many [jeps_iv] facts not contained in the reports, which have been determined by special search among the archives. For similar valuable assistance I owe thanks to the Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

For kind and courteous attentions, and for valuable information, I am indebted to a number of officers of the Federal army, among whom I beg to mention General John S. Simonson, General D. McM. Gregg, General T. F. Robenbough, General Wesley Merritt, General G. K. Warren, Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, Colonel William Brooke-Rawle, Colonel John P. Nicholson, and Colonel W. S. Newhall. Captain George N. Bliss, of Providence, R. I., whose enviable reputation as a member of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry is well known, has been untiring in his efforts to secure for me information on several important points. I am also indebted to many of my comrades in arms, whose names are generally mentioned, in the text of the work, in connection with the data they have supplied. Hon. M. C. Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, and Colonel W. W. Blackford and Major B. S. White, of General Stuart's staff, have given to me much of the material contained in the chapter on the Chambersburg raid.

To the Chief of Engineers United States Army I am indebted for the official maps of Gettysburg, Chan-cellorsville, the Wilderness, and other localities; and to the Post Office Department, for maps of the postal routes in Pennsylvania and Maryland. From these and other reliable authorities, my maps have been compiled by my brother, Carswell McClellan, civil engineer, formerly of the staff of Major-General A. A. Humphreys. The map of the Battle of Fredericksburg has been recently revised by its author, Colonel William W. Blackford.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

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The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter I.--Ancestry, Boyhood And Youth.

<1>

JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART was born in Patrick County, Virginia, on the 6th of February, 1833.

His ancestry is traced on his father's side to Archibald Stuart, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, but of Scotch-Presbyterian parentage, who, about the year 1726, was compelled by religious persecution to fly from his native country. He found refuge in western Pennsylvania, where he remained in seclusion for seven years. At the expiration of this period the passage of an act of amnesty rendered it safe for him to disclose his hiding-place, and his wife and children joined him in his new home. About the year 1738 he removed from Pennsylvania to Augusta County, Va., where he acquired large landed estates, which, either during his lifetime or by will, he divided among his four children.

His second son and third child, Major Alexander Stuart, was early in the Revolutionary War commissioned as major in Colonel Samuel McDowell's regiment, in which he served throughout the war. During <2>Colonel McDowell's illness he commanded the regiment at the battle of Guilford Court House. Two horses were killed under him in this action, and he himself, dangerously wounded, was left upon the field and fell into the hands of the enemy. He was subsequently exchanged, and his sword was returned to him. This valued relic is now in the possession of his grandson, the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Virginia. Major Stuart was a warm friend of education, and aided liberally in the endowment of the school which afterwards expanded into Washington College, and is now known as Washington and Lee University. He was a man of large stature and uncommon intelligence. He died at the advanced age of ninety years.

Judge Alexander Stuart, the youngest son of Major Alexander Stuart, was a lawyer by profession. He resided for some years in Cumberland County, Va., but having been elected a member of the Executive Council of the State, removed thence to Richmond. He subsequently resided in Illinois, where he held the office of United States Judge; and in Missouri, where he held office as United States Judge, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State, and Speaker of the Missouri Legislature. He died in Staunton, Va., in 1832, and was there buried.

The Hon. Archibald Stuart, of Patrick County, Va., the eldest son of Judge Alexander Stuart and the father of General J. E. B. Stuart, was an officer in the United States Army in the War of 1812. He embraced the profession of law. Throughout his long and eventful life he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession and in political life. He represented, first, the county of Campbell in the Virginia Legislature, and was repeatedly elected to both branches of that body from the county of Patrick. He was a <3>member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829-30, and of the Convention of 1850. In this latter body, he and the Hon. Henry A. Wise were two of the four members residing east of the Blue Ridge who advocated a "white basis" of representation for the State. He represented the Patrick district in the Federal Congress during the Nullification agitation, and was a strong supporter of Mr. Calhoun in that crisis. He is represented as a man of splendid talents and wonderful versatility. "A powerful orator and advocate, he charmed the multitude on the hustings, and convinced juries and courts. In addition to these gifts, he was one of the most charming social companions the State ever produced. Possessing

wonderful wit and humor, combined with rare gift for song, he at once became the centre of attraction at every social gathering. Among the people of the counties where he practised his name is held in great respect, and his memory is cherished with an affection rarely equalled in the history of any public man."

He married Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, of Pittsylvania County, Va., by whom he had four sons and six daughters. Among these, James E. B. Stuart was the seventh child and youngest son.

On his mother's side the ancestry of General Stuart is not less distinguished.

Giles Letcher was descended from ancient Welsh families-- the Hughses, Gileses, and Leches. He was born in Ireland, to which country one of his ancestors had removed from Wales during the reign of Charles the Second. He emigrated to the New World before the Revolutionary War, and was married in Richmond, Va., to Miss Hannah Hughes, a lady of fortune and of Welsh extraction. He settled in Goochland County, Va. He had four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Stephen Letcher, was the father of Governor Robert P. Letcher, of Kentucky. His third son, John Letcher, married the daughter of the Hon. Sam Houston, of Texas, and was the father of Governor John Letcher, of Virginia. His second son, William Letcher, removed to Pittsylvania County, Va., where he married Elizabeth Perkins, daughter of Nicholas Perkins, who owned a considerable estate upon the Dan River. He finally settled in Patrick County, on the Ararat, a small stream which rises in the Blue Ridge and empties into the Yadkin River in North Carolina.

The settlers in that part of Virginia were greatly annoyed by the Tories, who were numerous in North Carolina, and many encounters had taken place between them and the Whigs in that border land. William Letcher had served in a volunteer company from his county that had defeated the Tories at the battle of the Shallow Ford, on the Yadkin, a place which is still considered historic in that locality. This victory had inspired the Whigs with new courage; and William Letcher, prominent among them, had openly expressed his determination to resist the robberies and depredations of the Tories, and to hunt them down to the death. In the latter part of June, 1780, while Mrs. Letcher was in her house alone with her infant daughter, then only six weeks old, a stranger appeared at the door and inquired for Mr. Letcher. There was nothing unusual in his manner, and Mrs. Letcher replied that her husband would soon be at home. While she was speaking, Mr. Letcher entered and invited the stranger to be seated. To this courtesy the stranger (he was a Tory named Nichols) replied by presenting his gun and saying: "I demand you in his Majesty's name." Letcher seized the gun to get possession of it; the Tory fired, and Letcher fell mortally wounded. He survived a few moments, but never spoke. Nichols fled. The terror-stricken wife despatched messengers to her relatives on the Dan River, who came to her as soon as possible, and attended to the burial of her husband. Nichols committed other murders and many robberies, but was finally overtaken in the southern part of North Carolina, and expiated his crimes on the gallows.

William Letcher was a man of fine appearance, and was greatly beloved and esteemed. His widow returned to her paternal home, with her little daughter Bethenia, and there remained until her second marriage with Colonel George Hairston, of Henry County, Va. In after years Bethenia Letcher married David Pannill, of Pittsylvania County, Va. Her daughter, Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, married Archibald Stuart.

She inherited from her grandfather, William Letcher, a beautiful and fertile farm in the southwestern part of Patrick County, which was named "Laurel Hill." Here her children

were born. The large and comfortable house was surrounded by native oaks and was beautified with a flower garden, which was one of the childish delights of her son James, to whom she had transmitted her own passionate love of flowers. The site commanded a fine view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and near at hand was the monument erected to the memory of William Letcher by his daughter Bethenia.

Amid these surroundings James Stuart passed a happy boyhood. He loved the old homestead with all the enthusiasm of his nature; and one of the fondest dreams of his manhood was that he might own the place of his birth, and there end his days in quiet retirement. He writes thus to his mother from Fort Leavenworth, in 1857:-- <6>

I wish to devote one hundred dollars to the purchase of a comfortable log church near your place, because in all my observation I believe one is more needed in that neighborhood than any other that I know of; and besides, "charity begins at home." Seventy-five of this one hundred dollars I have in trust for that purpose, and the remainder is my own contribution. If you will join me with twenty-five dollars, a contribution of a like amount from two or three others interested will build a very respectable *free* church. What will you take for the south half of your plantation ? I want to buy it.

A near relative writes: --

I well remember his speaking thus to his brother in 1863: "I would give anything to make a pilgrimage to the old place, and when the war is over quietly to spend the rest of my days there."

At the age of fourteen years James Stuart was placed at school in Wytheville; and in August, 1848, he entered Emory and Henry College. During a revival of religion among the students he professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Church. Throughout his after life he maintained a consistent Christian character. Ten years later, in 1859, he was confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Hawkes, in St. Louis. The reasons for this change in his church connections were simple and natural. His mother was an Episcopalian, and had early instilled into him a love for her own church. His wife was a member of the same communion. He found, also, that a majority of the chaplains in the United States Army at that time were Episcopalian divines, and he considered that his opportunities for Christian fellowship and church privileges would be increased by the change. His spirit toward all denominations of Christians was as far removed as possible from narrow sectarianism.

In April, 1850, James Stuart left Emory and Henry College, <7>having obtained an appointment as cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point, on the recommendation of the Hon. T. H. Averett, of the Third District of Virginia. During his career as cadet, Stuart applied himself assiduously to study, and graduated thirteenth in a class of forty-six members. He appears to have been more ambitious of soldierly than of scholarly distinction, and held in succession the cadet offices of corporal, sergeant, orderly sergeant, captain of the second company, and cavalry sergeant; the last being the highest office in that arm of the service at the Academy. General Fitzhugh Lee speaks thus of this period:--

I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were a strict attention to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might in any way feel himself aggrieved, and a clear, metallic, ringing voice.(1)

The reader must not suppose from this description that Stuart was an advocate of the duel. The difficulties referred to were of such a character as are always liable to occur between boys at school, especially where, under a military organization, boys bear

authority over boys. Another fellow-cadet gives the testimony that Stuart was known as a "Bible-class man," but was always ready to defend his own rights or his honor; and that the singular feature of his encounters with his fellow-students was, that his antagonists were physically far superior to him, and that although generally worsted in the encounter, Stuart always gained ground in the estimation of his fellows by his manly pluck and endurance. What his conduct was under these circumstances may be inferred from the following extracts from letters written by his father, who was a <8>man of prudence and of honor. Under date of June 15, 1853, Archibald Stuart thus writes to his son:--

I am proud to say that your conduct has given me entire satisfaction. I heard, it is true (but no thanks to you for the information), of the little scrape in which you involved yourself; but I confess, from what I understand of the transaction, I did not consider you so much to blame. An insult should be resented under all circumstances. If a man in your circumstances gains credit by submitting to insult as a strict observer of discipline, he loses more in proportion in his standing as a gentleman and a man of courage.

Again on January 5, 1854, he writes :--

I have received your letter, and much regret that you have been involved in another fighting scrape. My dear son, I can excuse more readily a fault of the sort you have committed, in which you maintained your character as a man of honor and courage, than almost any other. But I hope you will hereafter, as far as possible, avoid getting into difficulties in which such maintenance may be demanded at your hands.

The relations existing between the father and son, as revealed by their correspondence during Stuart's cadet-ship, were of the most admirable character. Mutual affection was founded on mutual respect. As the time of graduation approached, the minds of both were greatly exercised over the important question of a choice of profession; and while the father seems to have preferred that his son should adopt the profession of arms, he throws the responsibility of the decision on his son, as the one most interested in, and the one most capable of making, a wise decision. The religious element in Stuart's character seems to have had a decided influence at this crisis of his life, and he was doubtless led to his decision by that Providence in which he trusted, and which was even then preparing him for his after life. During his last year at West Point he writes thus to his father:-- <9>

I have not as yet any fixed course determined upon after graduation; still I can't help but regard it as the important crisis of my life. Two courses will be left for my adoption, the profession of arms and that of law; the one securing an ample support, with a life of hardship and uncertainty,--laurels, if any, dearly bought, and leaving an empty title as a bequeathment; the other an overcrowded thoroughfare, which may or may not yield a support, -- may possibly secure honors, but of doubtful worth. Each has its labors and its rewards. In making the selection I will rely upon the guidance of Him whose judgment cannot err, for "it is not with man that walk-eth to direct his steps."

After Stuart had fairly embarked on his military career his father writes thus:--

Before I conclude I must express the deep solicitude I feel on your account. Just embarking in military life (a life which tests, perhaps more than any other, a young man's prudence and steadiness), at an immense distance from your friends, great responsibility rests upon your shoulders. It is true that you have, to start with, good morals fortified by religion, a good temper, and a good constitution, which if preserved will carry you through the trial safely. But the temptations of a camp to a young man of sanguine temperament, like yourself, are not to be trifled with or despised. I conjure you to be constantly on your guard, repelling and avoiding the slightest approach towards vice or immorality. You have to go through a fiery ordeal, but it is one through which many great and pious men have gone unscathed. But the greater portion have not escaped unscorched, and many have perished. Your military training at West Point will strengthen you greatly in the struggle. By it

you have been taught the necessity of strict subordination to superiors, and of kind and conciliatory manners toward equals; and I trust that you will carry those lessons into practice now that you have exchanged the Academy for the camp.

Words of wisdom are these; words which the young man laid close to his heart. No stain of vice or immorality was ever found upon him.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Chapter II.--In Texas With The Mounted Riflemen.

<10>

IMMEDIATELY after graduation Stuart was commissioned as brevet second lieutenant in the regiment of Mounted Riflemen then serving in Texas. His commission is dated July 1, 1854. Owing to the prevalence of the yellow fever in New Orleans, through which city he must necessarily pass on his way to Texas, he was unable to join his regiment until December of that year. In the mean time he was commissioned as second lieutenant on October 31, 1854.

Almost the only information concerning this portion of Stuart's career comes from General John S. Simonson, formerly major of the Mounted Riflemen, who now passes in retirement the remaining years of a life of honorable activity in the service of his country. The following letter needs no further explanation:--

CHARLESTOWN, IND., *December 27, 1880.*

H. B. MCCLELLAN, Lexington, Ky.:

SIR, -- In reply to your inquiry for information as to General Stuart's services in the expedition against the Apache Indians in the years 1854 and 1855, I have to state that J. E. B. Stuart, then a second lieutenant, joined my command at Fort Clark, Texas, in December, 1854, and continued with it until May 8, 1855, when he was relieved to take advantage of his promotion to the 1st Cavalry. In the order relieving him I gave expression to the estimation in which he was held in complimentary terms, highly creditable to his character as a soldier and a gentleman. My order-book is lost, and I have <11>no copy of that order. A copy was furnished Lieutenant Stuart, and may be among his papers.

Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in the execution of orders, and reckless of danger or exposure. I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army. The expedition continued on duty in the mountains and valleys of western Texas, the El Paso Road, and the borders of the Rio Grande, until October, 1855. A large portion of country, little known at that day, was explored, and the Muscalero Apaches made to flee across the Rio Grande into Mexico. It would take a volume to contain the history of that expedition, -- its scouts, marches, skirmishes, and privations. I enclose herewith slips containing a communication of Lieutenant Stuart to the Jeffersonian, a paper I think printed in Staunton, Va. It gives a full description of the difficulties and privations encountered in one of the scouts. These slips were pasted in, and cut from, my morning-report book. Lieutenant Stuart wrote another communication, which was printed in some paper in Virginia or Texas, giving an account of a fight, at the crossing of the Peacus River, with a band of Comanche Indians, by a portion of the troops of this expedition

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. S.- SIMONSON.

[For the Jeffersonian.]

CAMP STUART, TEXAS,

Major Simonson's Command, *February* 15, 1855.

DEAR SIR,--On the 6th instant this command, of the operations and character of which you learned something in a former letter from Fort Clark, was divided into two parties, one of which, under command of Captain Elliot, was sent below Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, where the Indians were reported to be; while the main body, under command of the Major, started on the trail of a more numerous party, leading toward the Sierra Guadalupe. A few notes on this scout, though unsuccessful as regards finding Indians, yet embracing an extensive region of which but little was previously known, may not be void of interest to the readers of the *Jeffersonian*. <12>

The narrow trail led in the direction of a very rugged range of mountains, a circumstance which determined the substitution of pack-mules for wagons. The trail continued for about ten miles through a narrow ravine, surrounded by precipitous ridges of a species of red sandstone, which cropped out so frequently as to leave no space for vegetation except here and there a bunch of cactus of a singular variety. This ravine was soon headed by a high mountain, up whose steep side the trail wound its serpent way. Hardly had we reached the summit when a furious storm set in, first by a few preliminary drops, then in torrents of rain and hail. Welcome as was the change from six inches of dust to a refreshing shower, this time it came most inopportune for the command, all of whom were well drenched with rain and benumbed with cold. Our march continued in this way for several miles, the storm so blinding us that we could scarcely discern the ground; when suddenly, not only had we debouched upon a level plain, but every vestige of the storm had vanished save a few raindrops which lingered on the grass. All nature rejoiced at the change, and the gorgeous splendor of a rainbow which hung in the west was interpreted as an omen of success to the scout. Thus you see that in Texas, instead of having to follow the circuit of the seasons for variety in climate, we can have May and December in one day in February. We were obliged to camp without water, a circumstance by no means uncommon with this expedition, for its operations have been very much circumscribed on account of the great scarcity of water.

Next day we started early on the march, having a bright day and a better road than before. Proceeding thus over a diversified track, alternately rough and smooth,--now a ridge covered with scrubby pine, then a ravine skirted by muskít-wood, but all the time gradually rising upon a tableland that seemed better clad with vegetation than any of the preceding,--we were suddenly checked by finding ourselves on the crest of a stupendous precipice. Up to this time we had led our horses over rough places from choice; it now became a matter of necessity; for the weight of a man on his horse would undoubtedly have precipitated both many hundred feet below. To look at the mountain from its base, any sane man would pronounce it impassable, for it seemed a vertical ledge of rock; yet, strange to say, the Indian trail traversed its side in a zigzag manner to the base. The descent was extremely slow, and those in the rear of the line had ample opportunity to survey the prospect before them. I was raised in the Blue Mountains of Virginia, but never have I beheld anything to compare with the grandeur of the scenery from that Comanche pass. The ridge on which we stood extended in a straight line as far as the eye could reach north and south, sloping gradually toward the rear, but in front rising in huge columns of solid rock, or in vertical ledges, to a height of two thousand feet above the level plain at its base, which extended twenty-five miles across and sixty miles in a longitudinal direction. The other side of this broad valley was terminated by a similar range, rising to

encamped in that *arroyo* escaped without some loss. The deplorable condition of many of the command caused us to steer a straight course for Camp Stuart. We descended into the same broad valley by a different and less obstructed cañon from the other, in the bottom of which was the dry bed of a stream. At places this bed was a flat slate-like rock, on which were found some singular specimens of aboriginal drawing. It was done with a deep red substance not unlike Indian red. The characters were distinctly marked, and those which I examined particularly represented three warriors, one on horseback with his bow drawn, and two others on foot, similarly equipped. Their arrows being directed up the cañon suggested the idea that at the time they were made, three warriors had gone in that direction, leaving this drawing to indicate that fact to others of their tribe. They are pretty good draughtsmen on the human figure, but make very grotesque representations of horses. Next day we arrived in camp, which really seemed like home to us, and our floorless, chairless, and comfortless tents looked luxurious after a week's shelter beneath the broad canopy of heaven.

This camp was named in honor of Captain Stuart, of South Carolina, formerly in the Mounted Riflemen, and has heretofore been the rendezvous of the expedition; the Major expects, however, in a few days to move it to Guadalupe Spring, so as to operate from that point toward the Sacramento Mountains, where the Indians must be, if anywhere in this section of country. The party despatched below Presidio have not yet been heard from. They have not had time to return, as it is some distance below Fort Davis, which is about one hundred and ten miles below this place. If they succeed in jumping the Indians in that quarter, you will be apprised of the result by

Yours truly,

S.

A fragment of a letter written to his brother, Dr. John Stuart, gives some particulars concerning his own part in the expedition which a proper modesty prevented him from making public in the above letter. <16>

These particulars are interesting since they show that in his first experiences in active service, Stuart exhibited that perseverance and quick ingenuity in overcoming difficulties which afterwards formed one of the most prominent of his characteristics as a general. Major Simonson had placed him in charge of the artillery, which followed the advance of the mounted men as fast as circumstances would permit. Stuart thus writes :--

Next day the artillery got along so well that I began to consider my difficulties at an end; when, as we topped a ridge, to my utter amazement there burst upon my view one of the grandest spectacles of which nature can boast. More than fifteen hundred feet below me lay a broad valley, hemmed in on both sides by abrupt precipices of naked rock. To look from below any one would pronounce that precipice impassable to a man; yet, strange to say, the Indian trail led in a zigzag manner down its side. The descent was conducted in a very slow and cautious manner, each man leading his horse with greatest care lest both be precipitated on those below. . . . In the mean time Jack came walking up and saluted me with, "Well! Leftenant, what you gwine to do with the cannon?"

I told him to remain on top until I went down and picked out a road. I will be candid enough to say, however, that when I left Jack my smallest hope was to find a place to take down the cannon; but I did hope to find at the bottom an order from Major Simonson to abandon the piece. After a time I, in turn, reached the bottom, but found no order. I hitched my horse and started back up the mountain, determined to show Jack, as well as

the Major, what a little determination could do. Reaching the top, I had the mules unhitched and started Jack down with them. I told the Captain of the company of Rangers, which had been detailed to remain in rear of the artillery in case I needed their services, that with the aid of his men I could transport the cannon down; and that, as the Major had left no orders about it, I could not and would not forsake it. The captain acquiesced <17>in my views. I unlimbered the piece, and started him down in command of the limber and twenty-five men, having previously pointed out the route. I took charge of the piece with twenty-five men; and down we went, lowering it by lariat ropes, and lifting it over the rocks. We reached the bottom safely, and before night were sipping our coffee at the Major's bivouac. The Major told me that I deserved great credit for my success, and said that he never expected to see me bring the artillery down that mountain.

In the spring of 1855 the 1st and 2d Cavalry regiments were organized by Jefferson Davis, who was at that time Secretary of War. Officers were selected with the greatest care, and these new regiments contained many who were destined to attain great distinction in the Civil War.(1) Stuart was transferred to the 1st regiment U.S. Cavalry with the rank of second lieutenant. On leaving the regiment of Mounted Rifle-men, Major Simonson presented to him the following testimonial:--

CAMP BURBANK, TEXAS, *May 8, 1855.*

SIR,-- While relieving you from duty in order to allow you to avail yourself of the present opportunity of anticipating the arrival of orders for duty in your regiment, I have felt reluctant thus to close your connection with this expedition and with the regiment of Mounted Riflemen, without adding to the official announcement of this separation the expression of the feelings with which I regard it.

During your service with Company G, your duties have, at times, been necessarily arduous, and it has afforded me pleasure to notice that under these circumstances you have not omitted to display that cheerfulness and zeal in their performance which, if persevered in, will not fail to be appreciated by those with whom you may serve, and to secure you a favorable reputation as an officer.

A regret for the loss of your services in the regiment is <18>therefore mingled with the pleasure with which I offer my congratulations on your promotion, and my best wishes for your future success and happiness. With these sentiments of esteem and regard,

I remain very truly your friend,

JOHN S. SIMONSON,

Major R. M. R., Commanding Expedition.

To Lieut. JAS. E. B. STUART,
1st Cavalry.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter III.

<19>

IN August, 1855, the 1st Regiment U.S. Cavalry, which had been organized at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and Stuart was appointed by Colonel Sumner regimental quartermaster and commissary at that post. About the middle of September of this year his regiment was engaged in an expedition against the hostile Indians, in which no fighting occurred, but which occupied the regiment until the 4th of November, when it returned to Fort Leavenworth. During this expedition Stuart received the intelligence of the death of his father, and his letters show what sincere and unaffected sorrow this bereavement caused him. Only a short time before, he had asked and received from his father his approval of his marriage to Miss Flora Cooke, daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, of the 2d Dragoons. Arrangements having already been made for this event, the marriage was solemnized on the 14th of November, at Fort Riley, of which post Colonel Cooke was commandant.

On the 20th of December, 1855, Stuart was promoted to be first lieutenant in his regiment. During the following year the regiment was engaged in the attempt to preserve peace between the new settlers in Kansas Territory, in that exciting period when it was as yet undetermined whether Kansas would be a <20>free or a slave State. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance with "Osawatomie Brown" which enabled him to identify Brown at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

In the year 1857 the 1st Cavalry was actively engaged in Indian warfare. The important event of the campaign was the battle fought upon the North Fork of Solomon's River, probably within the limits of the present Norton County, Kansas. The story of Stuart's connection with this campaign is best given in his own words.

The following letter was written at intervals on the two days succeeding the battle:--

CAMP ON SOLOMON'S FORK,
July 30, 1857.

MY DARLING WIFE,--Yesterday, after seventeen days' steady march from Camp Buchanan, we overtook about three hundred Cheyenne warriors drawn up in line of battle, and marching boldly and steadily toward us. We fronted into line as soon as possible (the six companies of cavalry), the infantry being too far behind to take any part in the action, also Bayard's battery, which the colonel stopped three or four miles back, as unable to keep up. It was my intention, and I believe that of most of the company commanders, to give a carbine volley and then charge with drawn pistols, and use the sabre as a *dernier ressort*; but much to my surprise, the colonel ordered, "Draw sabres ! charge !" when the Indians were within gunshot. We set up a terrific yell, which scattered the Cheyennes in disorderly flight, and we kept up the charge in pursuit. I led off company G right after their main body; but very few of the company horses were fleet enough, after the march, beside my own brave Dan, to keep in reach of the Indians mounted on fresh ponies. My part of the chase led toward the right and front, and in that direction companies G, H, and D were, in a short time, mixed together in the pursuit, so that Stanley, McIntyre, McIntosh, Lomax, and myself were, for the greater part of the time, near each other, and frequently side by side. As long as Dan held out I was foremost; but <21>after a chase of

five miles he failed, and I had to mount the horse of a private. When I overtook the rear of the enemy I found Lomax in imminent danger from an Indian, who was on foot and in the act of shooting him. I rushed to the rescue, and succeeded in wounding the Indian in his thigh. He fired at me in return with an Allen's revolver, but missed. About this time I observed Stanley and McIntyre close by. The former said: "Wait! I'll fetch him." He dismounted to aim deliberately, but in dismounting accidentally discharged his last load. Upon him the Indian now advanced with his revolver pointed. I could not stand that; but, drawing my sabre, rushed upon the monster and inflicted a severe wound on his head. At the same moment he fired his last barrel within a foot of me, the ball taking effect in the centre of the breast, but, by the mercy of God, glancing to the left, lodging near my left nipple, but so far inside that it cannot be felt. I rejoice to inform you that the wound is not regarded as dangerous, though I may be confined to my bed for weeks. I am now enjoying excellent health in every other respect.

I was able to dismount and lie down, before which the Indian, having discharged his last load, was dispatched by McIntyre and a man of company D. Lomax, who came to my relief, had some sabres stuck in the ground, and a blanket put up for shade. Dr. Brewer was sent for, but as it was eight miles to the place where the fight began, there was great delay. In the mean time the rally was sounded, and numbers collected around me, doing everything in their power for my comfort. Soon the colonel appeared, moving up at the head of the column from the rear. He greeted me in the most affectionate terms, and had me taken on a blanket back towards the first scene of action, where he intended to camp, as his horses were too much used up to continue the pursuit.

I was carried in the blanket about three miles, when I met the doctor, who examined the wound, bandaged it, etc. Soon after, I met the sick wagon, which consisted of the two hind wheels of the ambulance, with a tongue attached, the cushions being fastened on the spring. The rest of the ambulance had broken down weeks ago, and had been left behind. Three mules hitched to this bore me off, as it were, in a car of triumph. I suffered much from this mode of transportation, but <22>now (July 31st) feel pretty well, though I am entirely helpless as regards locomotion.

The colonel, after resting one day to bury Privates Cade, of company G, and Lynch, of company A, and to recuperate the horses, starts this morning on the chase.

Captain Foote's company, Dr. Covey, and Lieutenant Me-Cleary are left here, with myself and the other wounded and sick. I have every reason to believe that I will be able to resume duty in about ten days or two weeks. I have received every attention from my fellow officers, for which I shall ever be grateful. I send this by Colburn, in case an express is sent in by Colonel Sumner before his return here. We will, in a day or two, be reduced to fresh beef alone. The regiment will return to Leavenworth, I think, certainly before the 1st of November. See Mrs. McIntyre, and tell her all left in fine spirits.

FORT FLOYD, Cheyenne Expedition,
August 1, 1857.

After the command left yesterday I was taken on a litter to a little field fortification built under the direction of Lieutenant McCleary, quite respectable for the means at hand. A tent-fly was stretched a few paces outside, and there Dr. Covey and myself and Ben established our ranch. We have a pretty view up the creek for about two miles, my bed being sufficiently inclined to enable me to see. It is very hot to-day. I can sit up a little with props, and seize a moment now and then to jot a daily token to my wife. The day

drags heavily. My Prayer-Book--which I must say has not been neglected--and my Army Regulations are my only books. A few sheets of "Harper's Weekly" are treasures indeed. The doctor requires me to keep very quiet. My wound does not pain me when lying still. Dr. Covey is as kind as a brother could be. He tells me my wound is doing finely. The wounded in the hospital, he says, are doing remarkably well, and he has strong hope that all will recover.

August 5th. The Cheyennes who attacked us last night were about twenty or thirty. Before daylight this morning another alarm. Every gun was in hand, when we could hear in the distance "Pawnee! Pawnee!" and presently five men were <23>seen running directly toward us on foot. We immediately surmised that they were Colonel Sumner's Pawnee guides, which proved to be true. They made signs that Colonel Sumner had sent them with letters to Fort Kearny, and while on their way, an hour or two ago, the Cheyennes had attacked them and taken their ponies, and they, after killing one Cheyenne, barely made their escape. They said they had another letter for Captain Foote, but that the Cheyennes had torn it up. They said that the colonel's orders were for Captain Foote to go directly to Fort Kearny. Among the letters they had for Fort Kearny was the one I had written July 31st, and given to Colburn. I opened it and took possession. I have not eaten any meat since wounded until to-day. I am able to walk about a little.

August 6th. I am still rapidly improving. Captain Foote held a council of war, and determined to start for Kearny on Saturday, the 8th, the doctor deciding that the wounded would be able to be carried then.

FORT KEARNY, N. T., *August 19, 1857.*

MY DEAREST WIFE,--I arrived here night before last, having left Captain Foote, who has not yet arrived, three days before. Before beginning my *letter* I will extend the narrative of our march from Fort Floyd.

August 8th. Packed up and left this forsaken region, I riding on horseback, which does not appear to fatigue me. We are almost reduced to fresh beef alone for food. The command is, and has been, since August the 2d. The three wounded men, who are unable to ride, are conveyed in an affair on the Indian style, which is nothing more than two poles lashed to a mule, like the shafts of a wagon, the other ends dragging; having lashed across them a sort of basket-work of strips of rawhide, in which the wounded man reclines in comparative comfort; men walking in rear to lift the ends over rough places. We travel very slow. Camp ten miles out, at a little mud hole. The Pawnee guides say that we will reach Kearny four days after to-day. We hardly expect it.

August 9th. Went fourteen miles and encamped on a creek; our course northeast, as well as we can tell by the stars. *No compass in the command.* <24>

August 14th. A heavy fog envelopes us this morning, and to our utter amazement and consternation we find on starting that the *Pawnees are gone*. The rascals, our sole dependence for guidance, have deserted us in this thick fog, when most needed. The wounded, particularly First Sergeant McKeown, are in great jeopardy. Yes! we are lost! lost in a fog! no compass, no guide! The sun is obscured for the day. We let the Cheyenne (a prisoner) guide us. He seems to understand what we want, and signifies that he can go to Kearny. We marched twenty miles, but no Kearny, which we were to meet to-day, according to the Pawnees. We camp by a little dry-bed stream; very little water in a hole. At night the stars, blessed stars, appear, and reveal to us the north, which we mark for to-morrow, by objects placed. To save unnecessary marching to the command, which is worn

out by the hard march and scanty rations, many of the men being barefooted, I volunteer to start to-morrow with a small party to look for Fort Kearny; and as McCleary wishes to go, I ask for him and one or two men; among whom the captain sends a cowardly Mexican guide of Laramie. He was all the time creating discontent by contending that Fort Kearny was south of us, and secretly created discouragement among the men.

August 15th. The morning came, but was completely enveloped in fog. We waited until noon, and resolved to go anyhow. The suffering wounded were too strong an appeal for me to resist. We started out to go east, which Captain Foote insisted must be the course; whereas I wished to go northeast. As it was cloudy, the only way by which we could approximate the course was by keeping two of the party successively stationed on the line, the remainder trotting on the prolongation as fast as the process would allow. We got along pretty well until five P.M., when another storm came up. I established points to show our course, and waited quietly under some trees for the storm to abate. After the rain we pushed on for about half an hour, when it became so dark that I again planted stakes to mark the route, and camped for the night. We had hardly finished picketing our horses along the edge of a grassy ravine, when the storm of wind and rain, of thunder and lightning, was renewed with great violence. There we sat, <25>every man squatted on his saddle, revealed in gloomy outlines only by the lightning's flash, a picture I can never forget. The night of the 13th was nothing in comparison. We were all sleepy, and were dozing through the night in this way, when a flash of lightning revealed, instead of the pretty grass plat, a large mass of water before us half way up the bodies of our horses, and rising rapidly. We ran to extricate them, and had barely time to make good our retreat with horses and saddles to higher ground.

August 16th. At the first dawn of day we saddled up. McCleary proposed that we should go to timber and make a big fire to warm ourselves. I told him that under such circumstances we ought to endure anything rather than delay, when our speedy arrival at Kearny was of such vital importance to the command. To this he readily agreed. We started on the same course: the day was cloudy, but for a few moments at seven o'clock the sun dashed into view, as if by a merciful dispensation of Providence, showing that we were going south-southeast instead of east. I established an east and west line while the sun was visible, and then started northeast. I shall always suspect that the Mexican, who alternated with me in taking the point of direction, deflected the line toward the right according to his absurd notion of the whereabouts of Kearny. At four P.M. our course was stopped by an impassable stream, flooded, very deep, and with precipitous banks. We were obliged to abandon our course and proceed up this stream until it could be headed. Our direction was now southeast, as well as we could guess. Soon we struck a plain wagon trail, a miracle to us. It led south-southeast, but we hoped it would take us somewhere. I surmised that it was Lieutenant Bryan's road from the Republican to Fort Kearny, and we followed it eagerly at a trot for three hours, during which it appeared that we had been going in a circle; for a tree on our left was visible constantly, and apparently at the same distance. Dark overtook us and we encamped. Ben had two small slices of beef for each of us. I devoured one. I set a man on watch for the stars in case they should appear, in order that I might take a reckoning. I was almost in despair. I began to fear that this road was merely the trail of some hunting party, or of traders who had nothing to do <26>with Fort Kearny; and when I thought of Captain Foote's command and the wounded sufferers, I never before felt so much anxiety and responsibility. From the first I prayed

God to be my guide, and I felt an abiding hope that all would be well with us. During the night the cavalry corporal waked me to see the stars. I rejoiced to find that our course now was due north, which I knew was safe.

August 17th. At dawn we saddled up, somewhat encouraged by the prospects. We followed the trail two or three miles, when we found that the road led directly across a very considerable stream, now entirely out of its banks and very swift. I felt that we must cross that stream. I had not the most remote idea where we were, but I saw that to go around it, or to wait until it fell, would take a week. McCleary demurred; and the cowardly Mexican, who was mounted on a beautiful Indian pony, that could, I knew, swim anywhere, said, "Too deep ! Me no swim." I was determined to cross it, if I crossed alone; and giving the cavalry corporal permission to swim the Mexican's pony, we started. Our animals struck out for the other bank, but the current bore them down considerably; and Dan, getting his feet entangled, fell over backwards, and unhorsed me. I swam to the opposite bank, although encumbered by my clothing. Dan came over too. The mules crossed with more or less difficulty, and then McCleary and the infantrymen swam the stream. All were now over except the Mexican, who protested that he could not get across: "Me no swim." I could not be deaf to the voice of humanity, and planned an arrangement to help him, when to our amazement the rascal swam over better than any one had done.

Meantime the cavalry sergeant had gone up the bank a short distance, and reported a plain wagon road and a fresh trail. I then knew that this stream was the Big Blue, and at least fifty miles below Kearny, on the Leavenworth road. It was now seven o'clock A.M., and cold and wet as we were, there was no time to be lost. I thanked God for the merciful deliverance, and we started for Kearny, travelling five miles an hour. About noon we met the Kearny mail for the States. We got some news and a piece of hard bread, the most delicious morsel I ever tasted. We arrived here in good time <27>that afternoon, having travelled fifty-five measured miles since morning. We found the officers here, Marshall and Bryant and Summers, much alarmed about us. The Pawnees had come in three days before and reported us close at hand. Parties had been sent out as far as twenty-five miles in all directions to look for us, but without success. Our plans were soon formed. We sent Jeffreys, the interpreter, and the best of our Pawnees, with an ambulance and two wagons loaded with hard bread and luxuries for the sick and the well, and a sufficient escort; with instructions to go to the point where we had been deserted by the Pawnees, and thence to follow Captain Foote's trail until he was found.

The relief party sent out after Captain Foote found him without delay, and within four days the sick and wounded were brought safely to Fort Kearny.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter IV.--The John Brown Raid.

<28>

FROM the fall of 1857 until the summer of 1860 Stuart was stationed at Fort Riley with six companies of the 1st Cavalry, under the command of Major John Sedgwick.

In the winter of 1858-59 he invented a sabre attachment, for which he obtained a patent from the government. Having received a six months' leave of absence, he passed the summer of 1859 among his relatives in Virginia, and while attending the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, in Richmond, in October, was called to Washington to negotiate with the War Department concerning the sale of his sabre attachment. While in Washington on this business the news was received of the "*John Brown Raid*" at Harper's Ferry. Stuart was requested to convey to Arlington a secret communication to Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, who had been selected to command the marines sent to suppress the insurrection. Although the facts had been carefully concealed, Stuart perceived that something unusual was transpiring, and volunteered his services as aid to Colonel Lee.

The following extracts are taken from a letter which he wrote to his mother from Fort Riley, in January, 1860. Several contemporary newspaper accounts gave to him the credit of having led the attack upon the engine house in which John Brown had taken refuge, an honor which Stuart is careful to disclaim. <29>

Colonel Lee was sent to command the forces at Harper's Ferry. I volunteered as his aid. I had no command whatever. The United States marines are a branch of the naval force,-- there was not an enlisted man of the army on hand. Lieutenant Green was sent in command. Major Russell had been requested by the Secretary of the Navy to accompany the marines, but, being a paymaster, could exercise no command; yet it was his corps. For Colonel Lee to have put me in command of the storming party would have been an outrage to Lieutenant Green, which would have rung through the navy for twenty years. As well might they send him out here to command my company of cavalry

I, too, had a part to perform, which prevented me in a measure from participating in the very brief onset made so gallantly by Green and Russell, well backed by their men. I was deputed by Colonel Lee to read to the leader, then called *Smith*, a demand to surrender immediately; and I was instructed to leave the door after his refusal, which was expected, and wave my cap; at which signal the storming party was to advance, batter open the doors, and capture the insurgents at the point of the bayonet. Colonel Lee cautioned the stormers particularly to discriminate between the insurgents and their prisoners.

I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spectators, and told *Mr. Smith* that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand: hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito. The parley was a long one. He presented his propositions in every possible shape, and with admirable tact; but all amounted to this: that the only condition upon which he would surrender was that he and his party should be allowed to escape. Some of his prisoners begged me to ask Colonel Lee to come and see him. I told them he would never accede to any terms but those he had offered; and as soon as I could tear myself away from their importunities I left the door and waved my cap, and Colonel Lee's plan was carried out

When *Smith* first came to the door I recognized old *Osawatomie Brown*, <30> who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service. I got his bowie-knife from his person, and have it yet.

The same day, about eleven or twelve o'clock, Colonel Lee requested me, as Lieutenant Green had charge of the prisoners and was officer of the guard, to take a few marines and go over to old Brown's house, four and a half miles distant, in Maryland, and see what was there. I did so, and discovered the magazine of pikes, blankets, clothing, and utensils of every sort. I could only carry off the pikes, as I had but one wagon. The next day I was occupied in delivering the various orders of Colonel Lee, and in other duties devolving on an aid-de-camp. The night after, Colonel Lee, Green, and myself, with thirty marines, marched six miles and back on a false alarm among the inhabitants of a district called Pleasant Valley.

The prisoners having been turned over to the United States Marshal, Colonel Lee and the marines were ordered back to Washington. I went with him, and this terminated my connection with the Harper's Ferry affair.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter V.--First Manassas; Dranesville.

<31>

Is the summer of 1860 the 1st regiment U.S. Cavalry was ordered from Fort Riley to make a demonstration against the Comanche and other hostile Indians, and when on the head-waters of the Arkansas, received instructions to remain in that section and select a site for a new fort. This was done about midsummer, and the fort now known as Fort Lyon was begun. Here the regiment wintered.

In March, 1861, Lieutenant Stuart obtained a two months' leave of absence. Having resolved to direct his own course by the action of his native State in regard to secession, he wished to place himself in such position that he could either return to Virginia or remove his family to Fort Lyon when the decision of Virginia was made known. He now repaired to St. Louis, where he passed three weeks in uncertainty. Returning to Fort Riley, he there learned that Virginia had passed the ordinance of secession. His leave of absence had not yet expired, and he at once removed his family to St. Louis, and took passage on a river steamboat for Memphis. Much excitement existed in St. Louis, but keeping his own counsel, he was enabled to avoid all difficulty. When the boat landed at Cairo, Stuart forwarded to the War Department his resignation as an officer in the United States Army. Almost immediately thereafter he received the <32>notification of his promotion to captaincy in his regiment. On the 7th of May he reached Wytheville, Va., and on the same day his resignation was accepted by the War Department. He now proceeded at once to Richmond, Va., and offered his sword in the defence of his native State.

His first commission in the Southern army was that of lieutenant-colonel of infantry, dated May 10, 1861, with orders to report to Colonel T. J. Jackson, at Harper's Ferry. This commission was issued by the State of Virginia. On July 16, 1861, he received from the same source his commission as colonel of cavalry. On the 24th of September of the same year he was made brigadier-general by the Confederate States' government, and on July 25, 1862, he was commissioned major-general by the same authority.

The cavalry under Stuart's command in June, 1861, numbered only twenty-one officers and three hundred and thirteen men present for duty,⁽¹⁾ and yet such was his activity that a front of more than fifty miles was efficiently watched, and every important movement of the enemy was duly reported. It was in reference to these services that General Joseph E. Johnston, when subsequently transferred to the West, wrote privately to Stuart: "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?"

On July 1, 1861, Major-General R. Patterson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and advanced into Virginia, with the intention of operating against the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, at Winchester, and of preventing him from sending reinforcements to Manassas, upon which point McDowell was about to advance. The early discovery of this movement by Stuart enabled General Johnston to send Colonel T. J. Jackson's <33>brigade to the assistance of the cavalry north of Martinsburg. Jackson was ordered to resist the advance of any small body, but to retire under cover of the cavalry if the enemy appeared in force. The result of this movement was "the affair at Falling Waters," in which Jackson, with one regiment of his brigade, numbering three hundred and eighty men, and one piece of artillery, detained the advance of Patterson's column, and compelled him to deploy an entire division for the attack. Jackson then retired beyond

Martinsburg, having lost eleven men wounded and nine missing.(1)

While operating on the flank of Jackson's infantry, Stuart encountered a danger which might have been fatal to him, but which his quick courage converted into the discomfiture of others. Emerging suddenly from a thick piece of woods while riding alone in advance of his men, he found himself in the presence of a considerable body of Federal infantry, and separated from them only by a fence. Riding toward them without hesitation, he directed some of the men, who probably mistook him for one of their own officers, to throw down the fence. This was quickly done; when Stuart ordered the whole party to lay down their arms on the peril of their lives. Bewildered by the boldness of the transaction the men obeyed, and filing them off through the gap in the fence, Stuart soon had them surrounded by his troopers. His prize proved to be forty-nine men of the 15th Pennsylvania volunteers, almost an entire company organization.

Immediately upon the withdrawal of Colonel Jackson, General Johnston moved his army forward to Darksville, and for four days offered battle to Patterson. The challenge was declined, and Johnston retired <34>to Winchester that he might be in position to reinforce Manassas. On the 15th of July General Patterson advanced to Bunker's Hill, nine miles from Winchester, and on the 17th moved to Smithfield, as if to attack General Johnston from the south. This movement failed to deceive General Johnston, who on the 18th commenced his march from Winchester to Piedmont Station. So skilfully was this movement screened by the dispositions which Stuart made of his cavalry, that General Patterson does not appear to have been aware of it until the 21st of July,(1) on which day Johnston's forces were actively engaged at Bull Run.

Johnston's infantry was transported by railroad from Piedmont to Manassas; but Stuart's little band of horsemen made the march across the country in due time, and actively participated in the battle. General Johnston thus describes the supreme moment of the battle:(2)--

We had now sixteen guns and two hundred and sixty cavalry and a little above nine regiments of the Army of the Shenandoah, and six guns and less than the strength of three regiments of that of the Army of the Potomac, engaged with about thirty-five thousand United States troops, among whom were full three thousand of the old regular army. Yet this admirable artillery and brave infantry and cavalry lost no foot of ground. For nearly three hours they maintained their position, repelling five successive assaults by the heavy masses of the enemy, whose numbers enabled him continually to bring up fresh troops as their preceding columns were driven back. Colonel Stuart contributed to one of these repulses by a well timed and vigorous charge on the enemy's right flank with two companies of his cavalry.

General T. J. Jackson says:

Apprehensive lest my flanks should be turned, I sent orders <35>to Colonels Stuart and Radford, of the cavalry, to secure them. Colonel Stuart, and that part of his command with him, deserve great praise for the promptness with which they moved to my left and secured the flank by timely charging the enemy and driving him back.

The Official Records give a very inadequate idea of the real service which Stuart performed on this memorable day. I am, however, permitted to make the following extract from an unpublished manuscript narrative, written by General J. A. Early in the years 1867-68, which shows that at the very crisis of the day Stuart held the turning-point of the field, and that with the insignificant force under his command he contributed in no small

degree to the final victory.

General Early thus writes:--

Toward three P. M. we neared the field of battle, and began to perceive the scenes usual in the rear of an army engaged in action. On entering the road leading from the Lewis House towards Manassas, we met quite a stream of stragglers and skulkers going to the rear, and were informed by them that everything was over with us. Some of the men said that their regiments had been entirely cut to pieces, and that there was no use for them to remain any longer. It was to the encouraging remarks of this stream of recreants that my command was exposed as it moved on, but not a man fell out of ranks. I moved on, soon meeting General Johnston himself, who rode toward us when he discovered our approach, and expressed his gratification at our arrival. I asked him at once to show me my position, to which he replied that he was too much engaged at present to do that in person, but would give me directions as to what I was to do. He then directed me to move to our extreme left and attack the enemy on their right; stating that by directing my march along the rear of our line, by the sound of the firing in front, there could be no mistake; and he cautioned me to take especial care to clear our whole line before advancing to the front, and to be particular and not fire on any of our own men, which he was sorry to say had been done in some instances. <36>

Affairs now wore a gloomy aspect, and from all the indications in the rear, the day appeared to be going against us Immediately in front of us was a body of woods extending towards our left, in which there was the constant rattle of musketry, and I moved along the rear, crossing the road from Manassas to Sudley, and inclining to the left so as to clear our line entirely As I approached the open space beyond, a messenger came galloping to me from Colonel, afterwards General, J. E. B. Stuart, who was on our extreme left with two companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery under Lieutenant Beckham, stating that the colonel said that the enemy was about giving way, and if we would hurry up they would soon be in retreat. This was the first word of encouragement I had received after reaching the vicinity of the battle-field. I was then making all the haste the condition of my men, who were much blown, would permit; and I directed my march to a field immediately on the left of the woods, and between Stuart's position and the left of our infantry then engaged. The messenger from Stuart soon returned at a gallop, and stated that the colonel said the enemy had only retired his right behind a ridge now in my front, and was moving another flanking column behind said ridge still farther to our right; and he cautioned me to look out for this new column. The fact was that Stuart, who had been for some time in position beyond our extreme left watching the enemy's movements, had, by the judicious use of Beckham's guns on his right flank, kept the enemy in check, and prevented him from flanking Elzey, then on the extreme left of our infantry. It was mainly by the fire poured from Beckham's guns into the enemy, who had moved a column in front of the lower end of the ridge mentioned, in order to flank Elzey, that that column had been forced to retire, just as I was approaching, behind the ridge, producing on Stuart the impression that the enemy was about to retreat.

Having cleared the woods entirely, I moved to the front in order to form line against the flanking column of the enemy which was reported forming behind the ridge in front of me. Just at this time I observed a body of our troops move from a piece of woods on my immediate right across an open space to another in front of it, and this proved to be the left regiment <37>of Elzey's brigade. I heard a rapid fire open from the woods into which

this regiment had moved, and a body of the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge immediately in my front, preceded by a line of skirmishers. This ridge is the one on which was situated the Chinn House, so often mentioned in the descriptions of this battle and the subsequent one near the same position. It is a high ridge, sloping off to our right and terminating in front of the position occupied by Elzey. The enemy had the decided advantage, as my troops had to form in the low ground on our side of the ridge near a small stream which runs along its base. The formation of my troops was in full view of the enemy; and his skirmishers, who were about four hundred yards in front of us, opened on my men, while forming, with long-range rifles or Minie muskets

As we advanced the enemy disappeared behind the crest, and while we were ascending the slope, Lieutenant McDonald, acting aid to General Elzey, came riding rapidly towards me and requested me not to let my men fire on the troops in my front, stating that they consisted of the 13th Virginia regiment of Elzey's brigade. I said to him: "They have been firing on my men;" to which he replied, "I know they have, but it is a mistake; I recognized Colonel Hill of the 13th and his horse." This was a mistake on the part of Lieutenant McDonald, arising from a fancied resemblance of a mounted officer with the enemy to the colonel of the 13th. This regiment did not, in fact, reach the battle-field at all. This information and the positive assurance of Lieutenant McDonald caused me to halt my troops and ride to the crest of the hill, when I observed a regiment about two hundred yards to my right, drawn up in line in front of the woods where Elzey's left was. The dress of the volunteers on both sides at that time was very similar, and the flag of the regiment was drooping around the flag-staff so that I could not see whether it was the flag of the United States or the Confederate flag. The very confident manner of Lieutenant McDonald induced me to believe that this must also be one of our regiments. Colonel Stuart had advanced on my left with his two companies of cavalry and Beckham's artillery, and passing around Chinn's house had caused the battery to open fire upon <38>the regiment I was observing. Thinking it must certainly be one of our regiments, I started a messenger to Colonel Stuart to give him the information and request him to stop the fire; but a second shell or ball from Beckham's guns, which passed not over twenty feet in front of me, caused the regiment to face about and retire rapidly, when I saw the United States flag unfurl, and discovered the mistake into which I had been led by Lieutenant McDonald. I immediately ordered my command forward, and Kemper's and Hays' regiments advanced to the crest of the ridge. All this occurred in less time than it has taken to describe it. On reaching the crest we came in view of the Warrenton turnpike and the plains beyond, and discovered the enemy in full retreat across and beyond the turnpike

We were now on the extreme left of the whole of our infantry force and in advance of the main line. The only troops on our left of any description were the two companies of cavalry and Beckham's battery with Stuart. On my immediate right and a little to the rear was Elzey's brigade, and away farther to the right I saw our line extending towards Bull Run, but I discovered no indications of a forward movement. My troops were now very much exhausted, especially Hays' regiment, which had been marching nearly all the morning before our movement toward the battle-field; and it was necessary to give the men a little time to breathe. Beckham's guns had continued firing on the retreating enemy until the latter was beyond their range, and Colonel Stuart went in pursuit with his cavalry, followed by Beckham's battery.

As soon as my men had rested for a brief period, I directed my brigade to advance in column of divisions along the route over which we had seen the enemy retreating, and I sent information to the troops on my right of my purpose to move along their front, with the request not to fire on us. I then moved forward, crossing Young's Branch and the Warrenton turnpike to the north side. When we got into the valley of Young's Branch we lost sight of the enemy, and on ascending to the plains north of the turnpike we could see nothing of his retreating forces. Passing to the west and north of the houses known as the Dogan House, the Stone Tavern, the Matthew House, and the Carter House or Pittsylvania House, and being <39>guided by the abandoned haversacks and muskets, we moved over the ground on which the battle had begun with Evans' command in the early morning, and continued our march until we had cleared our right entirely. We had now got to a point where Bull Run makes a considerable bend above the Stone Bridge, and I halted, as we had not observed any movement from the main line. Nothing could be seen of the enemy, and their troops had scattered so much in the retreat that it was impossible to tell what route they had taken. Moreover, the country was entirely new and unknown to me. I therefore desisted from any farther effort at pursuit. Stuart with his cavalry and Beckham's guns had crossed the run above me, and Cocke's regiment had also moved towards a ford above where I halted.

It was this movement of mine from our extreme left along the front of our line that produced the erroneous impression, under which some newspaper correspondents wrote from the battle-field, that General Kirby Smith had gotten off the train at Gainesville, and moved directly to where the battle was raging; as my command when first seen from our right was moving from the direction of Gainesville.

Generals Johnston and Beauregard have both attributed the turning of the tide of battle to the movement of my brigade against the enemy's right,--the former in his "Narrative," and the latter in a letter on the origin of the Confederate battle-flag. General Johnston in his "Narrative" says that on my way to attack the enemy's right I was "reinforced by five companies of cavalry commanded by Colonel Stuart and a battery under Lieutenant Beckham." Stuart had only two companies of cavalry with him, and he was in position on the extreme left when I arrived, and had been there for some time, rendering very efficient and valuable service by keeping the enemy's right in check, and thwarting the efforts to flank our left until my timely arrival. But for his presence there, I am of opinion that my brigade would have arrived too late to be of any service, as by falling upon the left and rear of Elzey's brigade, the enemy would probably have ended the battle before my brigade reached that point.

Stuart did as much towards saving the battle of First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it; and yet he <40>has never received any credit for it, in the official reports or otherwise. His own report is very brief and indefinite.

The force at Stuart's command was utterly inadequate to the pursuit of McDowell's routed army; but Stuart followed the fugitives for a distance of twelve miles, and until his command had been reduced to a mere handful by the sending of prisoners to the rear.

While Stuart was thus engaged on the extreme left, the 30th Virginia regiment, Cavalry, under Colonel R. C. W. Radford, rendered effective service on the right flank of Jackson's command. At the turning-point of the battle Colonel Radford charged one of the enemy's batteries, killed the horses attached to two pieces, and captured Colonel Corcoran, of the 69th New York regiment, with his colors and a number of prisoners. Colonel Radford

made a second charge against a force of infantry and artillery, in which it seems that his cavalry was repulsed, but he continued to follow the retreating enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. Munford, with four companies of the 30th Virginia, aided in these movements on Colonel Radford's right. Both Colonel Radford and Colonel Munford claim that the attacks made by them caused the stampede and blockade of the enemy's vehicles near Cub Run bridge, which resulted in the capture of fourteen pieces of artillery, with wagons and ambulances.

The battle of Bull Run was succeeded by many months of inactivity to the main armies, during which the cavalry was engaged in not infrequent skirmishes and reconnoissances, the result of which was to cement the mutual confidence between Stuart and his men. Outpost duty with Stuart did not consist in the mere routine of establishing pickets and posting videttes; it was the school of instruction for his inexperienced but willing soldiers, and he himself was their ready and <41>thorough instructor. In these early days, too, Stuart marked out for promotion more than one gallant spirit who served under him with distinction in subsequent and more important campaigns. Beckham, who handled his guns so well at Manassas, commanded the horse artillery after the death of Pelham, and proved himself no unworthy successor of that young hero. Promoted to chief of artillery of Hood's army, he laid down his life before the intrenchments at Nashville. Rosser, of the Washington Artillery, courted distinction under the eye of Stuart; and owed his subsequent rank as much to the favor of that officer, and to the restraints which he threw about him, as he did to his own unquestioned talents, -- a debt which he has of late but ill repaid by unnecessary reflections on the military character of his dead chief.

With restless activity Stuart pursued a well-directed system of annoyance against the Federal pickets, drove them from Mason's, Munson's, and Upton's hills, and established his own headquarters on Munson's Hill, with his pickets within sight of the spires of Washington. Here he maintained himself for some weeks.

On the 11th of September a reconnoissance was made to Lewinsville by a force of about 1,800 Federal infantry and cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, commanded by Colonel I. I. Stevens, of the 79th New York Infantry. This force was subsequently augmented by the arrival of other portions of the brigade under Brigadier-General W. F. Smith. The object of the reconnois-sance was to examine the ground in the vicinity of Lewinsville, with a view to its permanent occupancy. Stuart was informed of this movement, and started about midday to oppose it. He took with him three hundred and five men of the 13th Virginia Infantry, one section of Rosser's battery, and two companies of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. <42>Before he could reach Lewinsville the enemy had been in occupation of the place for some hours, and having completed their examination of the ground, were about to retire. Stuart attacked their right flank as their skirmishers were in the act of withdrawing. It seems from the Federal reports that this attack was accompanied by the effects of a surprise, and that no vigorous resistance was offered, and no effort made to develop the strength of Stuart's attack. The Federal troops were content to have made a successful reconnoissance. They acknowledge the loss of two killed, thirteen wounded, and three missing. Stuart lost neither man nor horse.(1)

During this period Stuart was reporting to General James Longstreet, who commanded the advance forces of the Confederate army. His activity and capacity could not fail to secure the approbation of his superior officers and their united efforts for his advancement. Already, on the 10th of August, in a letter to President Davis, General

Johnston had thus recommended his promotion:-

He is a rare man, wonderfully endowed by nature with the qualities necessary for an officer of light cavalry. Calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising, I know no one more competent than he to estimate the occurrences before him at their true value. If you add a real brigade of cavalry to this army, you can find no better brigadier-general to command it. (2)

On the 24th of September, 1861, Stuart received his promotion as brigadier-general. The loss of most of the cavalry records at the close of the war renders it impossible to state with certainty the original organization of the cavalry brigade; but the "General Order-Book," which still survives, shows that in December, 1861, <43>the following regiments were under Stuart's command :--

<u>1st Virginia Cavalry</u>	<u>Colonel W. E. Jones.</u>
<u>2d Virginia Cavalry</u>	<u>Colonel R. C. W. Radford.</u>
<u>4th Virginia Cavalry</u>	<u>Colonel B. H. Robertson.</u>
<u>6th Virginia Cavalry</u>	<u>Colonel C. W. Field.</u>
<u>1st North Carolina Cavalry</u>	<u>Colonel R. Ransom, Jr.</u>
<u>Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry</u>	<u>Major W. T. Martin.</u>

The most important event of this period was the battle at Dranesville, on December 20, 1861. Stuart had been placed in command of four regiments of infantry, numbering about 1,600 men, a battery of artillery, and 150 cavalry, for the purpose of covering a foraging expedition of nearly all the wagons of Johnston's army to the country west of Dranesville.

On the same morning, Ord's brigade of McCall's division, strengthened by the 1st Pennsylvania Reserve Rifles, Colonel T. L. Kane, in all numbering 3,950 officers and men,(1) and supported by the two other brigades of McCall's division, started for Dranesville, with the double purpose of driving back the Confederate pickets, which had recently been somewhat advanced, and of collecting forage.(2) General Ord's march was made with the expectation of finding a considerable body of Confederates in the vicinity of Dranesville. The Confederate pickets were driven from the town, but remained in such close observation of Ord's movements as to cause the impression that there was a considerable reserve not far distant. General Ord immediately occupied advantageous ground with his artillery and two of his regiments, and awaited the arrival of the other three regiments, all of which were placed in position before Stuart's attack was made. <44>

In the mean time Stuart, who was entirely ignorant of these movements, had sent his cavalry in advance of his infantry, expecting to occupy Dranesville, and there cover and protect the wagons and men engaged in foraging. When Captain Pitzer, who commanded Stuart's advance guard, came within sight of Dranesville, he reported its occupation by the enemy. Nothing lay between the enemy and the foraging parties, whom Stuart was bound to protect; and the only course to save them from destruction was to attack and delay the enemy where he was until the wagons could be withdrawn. Captain Pitzer was at once sent to gain the roads west of Dranesville, and warn and recall the wagons, while the four regiments of infantry, still three fourths of a mile distant, were hurried forward, placed in position on the right and left of the road, and advanced to the attack.

Ord's artillery was advantageously posted and admirably served. On the other hand, Stuart's battery, commanded by Captain A. S. Cutts, was, from the nature of the ground,

compelled to take an exceedingly unfavorable position, where it could neither protect itself from the destructive fire of the enemy, nor make an effective reply. Courage and skill could avail but little under such circumstances, and the battery suffered most severely in men, horses, and material. One caisson was blown up; and when the troops retired it was necessary to remove one of the guns by a detail of infantry soldiers, and to abandon one caisson and one limber, for want of horses. Another unfortunate occurrence was that the 1st Kentucky and the 6th South Carolina regiments fired into each other by mistake, and produced confusion in that part of the line. Against such an accident it was difficult to provide in the early, days of the war. <45>

After maintaining the contest for more than two hours, Stuart was satisfied that he could not move the force in his front, and that reinforcements to the enemy might place him in serious jeopardy. He therefore withdrew, first his guns and the caissons for which horses remained, and then his infantry. This movement was not made a moment too soon; for even then the two other brigades of McCall's division were moving into position, and another half-hour would have enveloped Stuart's command in an overwhelming force. As it was, the withdrawal was conducted without interference by the enemy and with success, except that one of his regiments, in regaining the road, missed the place where they had deposited their knapsacks and blankets on going into the fight, and these were left as trophies in the enemy's hands. General Ord made no advance on Stuart's position until the latter had withdrawn from his front.

Stuart retired for the night to a distance of about five miles from Dranesville. On the next morning, being reinforced by two regiments of infantry and a detachment of cavalry, he returned to the battle-field (from which the enemy had retired), buried his dead, and recovered eight or ten of his wounded. His aggregate loss in this battle was 194; that of the enemy was 68.

This was the first serious check which Stuart had received; but his conduct on the field only increased the confidence of those who served under him. His men felt that they had been overmatched and worsted in a hot fight, but the manner in which Stuart had extricated them from their danger commanded their admiration. Sergeant C. W. West, company C, 1st Kentucky Infantry, now a resident of Cynthiana, Ky., gives me the following incident :-- <46>

Captain Desha, of the 1st Kentucky, had been severely wounded early in the action, but had remained on the field with his regiment. When ordered from the field, and retiring along the road, Desha was still at the head of his company. Stuart approached. Over his horse's neck hung a quantity of harness which he had stripped from some of the dead artillery horses. Recognizing Desha and his wounded condition, he rode to him, and, urgently insisting that Desha should take his horse and ride to a place of safety, was in the act of dismounting for this purpose when prevented by Desha's firm but grateful refusal.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter VI.--Williamsburg; Seven Pines.

<47>

THE months of January and February, 1862, were marked by no events of much importance to the cavalry. Early in March the Confederates commenced the evacuation of their positions at Manassas, and on the 11th of that month the Federal army took possession of their abandoned winter quarters. On the 28th of March the Federals made a reconnoissance in force along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad as far as Bealton Station. This movement was watched by Stuart with the 1st, 2d, 4th, and 6th regiments of Virginia Cavalry, supported by a small force of infantry from General Ewell's command. No serious fighting occurred, but Stuart reports the capture of about fifty prisoners.

The work of transporting the Federal army from Washington to Fortress Monroe commenced about the middle of March, and on the 4th of April McClellan advanced upon Yorktown. Here he was confronted by the army of General Joseph E. Johnston in the works constructed by General Magruder during the previous year. Having delayed McClellan's advance for a month, the untenable position at Yorktown was quietly evacuated by the Confederates on the night of the 3d of May. The duty of covering this movement and of protecting the rear devolved on the cavalry under Stuart. Colonel Fitz Lee, with the 1st Virginia Cavalry, <48>was sent towards Eltham's Landing to watch the York River in that direction. The 4th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Wickham; the Wise Legion, Colonel J. Lucius Davis; and the cavalry of the Hampton Legion, under Major M. C. Butler, were stationed on the Telegraph Road, the direct route from Yorktown to Williamsburg. Stuart himself occupied the centre of his line at Blow's Mill, on Skiff Creek, having on his right, at Lee's Bridge, the Jeff Davis Legion, under Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin. This bridge was effectually destroyed before the enemy made his appearance.

The evacuation of Yorktown was a surprise to the Federal army. Nothing was in readiness for such an event, and it was midday on the 4th before an efficient pursuit could be organized. The advance-guard of the Federal army consisted of four regiments and a squadron of cavalry, with four batteries of artillery, under the command of Brigadier-General George Stoneman. He was supported by two divisions of infantry, Hooker's and Smith's. It was expected that a rapid pursuit along the Telegraph Road would cut off and capture whatever portion of the Confederate rear-guard might be on the roads south of it, which, leading from Blow's Mill and Lee's Bridge, intersected the Telegraph Road a short distance in front of Fort Magruder, where it was expected that Stuart would concentrate his cavalry. An earlier start or a more vigorous pursuit might, perhaps, have accomplished this result. Colonel Wickham selected a strong position about four miles in advance of Williamsburg, where he checked the progress of the Federal cavalry until their superiority in artillery rendered it necessary for him to withdraw. Having dislodged Wickham from this position, General Stoneman sent General Emory, with the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, <49>and Barker's squadron, supported by a battery of artillery, to gain the road from Blow's Mill, upon which Stuart was operating. The dense woods which covered almost the whole face of the country, and the swampy nature of the ground, rendered active cooperation between Stuart and Wickham impossible; and while Stuart was slowly retiring before the languid advance on his front, General Emory had interposed his

command, and closed the road behind him. The first notice that Stuart had of Emory's presence in his rear was the return of a courier whom he had sent with a despatch to the commanding general, and who narrowly escaped capture. Thinking that his courier might have encountered a mere scouting party, Stuart sent Colonel Thomas F. Goode, with a portion of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, to ascertain the true state of affairs. A charge by Goode drove in the enemy's advance and developed his true strength. Goode lost four men wounded in this action, and claims to have counted eight of the enemy's dead on the road. No route now remained for Stuart but that along the river beach, and without a moment's hesitation he moved his command down to it, covering his rear by the fire of two little mountain howitzers. The enemy made no effort to interfere with his withdrawal, and Stuart reached Williamsburg about dark. In the mean time Wickham had had a fierce fight on the Telegraph Road, immediately in front of Fort Magruder, to which he had retired in order to gain the support of artillery, of which he was destitute. The cavalry fighting here seems to have been extremely spirited on both sides, the opposing squadrons meeting in well-sustained hand to hand encounters. Aided by the Wise Legion and the Hampton Legion, Colonel Wickham succeeded in keeping the open ground in front of Fort Magruder free from the enemy, who, confined within narrow limits by the marshy nature of the ground, suffered severely in men and horses under the fire of the artillery in Fort Magruder, and finally retired, leaving behind them one rifle gun and three caissons. During the action Colonel Wickham was wounded in the side by a sabre thrust, but he remained upon the field until the close of the day.

At daylight the next morning commenced the battle of Williamsburg. The nature of the ground rendered it impossible for the cavalry to participate in the fighting, but it was held in reserve in rear of Fort Magruder, exposed, throughout the entire day, not only to a drenching rain, but also to the fire of the enemy's artillery, from which it sustained a number of casualties. Stuart himself was, however, by no means an idle spectator of the scene. During the greater part of the day he was used by General Longstreet as his medium of communication with the battlefield.

The check received at the battle of Williamsburg, and the immense difficulty of forwarding supplies over the narrow and miry roads of the peninsula, prevented the Federal army from making any further direct attempt to annoy the Confederate rear. The effort to turn the Confederate right flank by debarking Franklin's division at Eltham's Landing, on the York River, resulted in the spirited affair of the 7th of May, in which two brigades of Whiting's division, Hood's and Hampton's, attacked the enemy and drove him under the cover of the fire of his gun-boats. Major-General G. W. Smith pays the following tribute to the cavalry :-

The affair at Eltham forms one of the most interesting incidents of the march of my command in retiring from Yorktown out of the peninsula. The route is nearly parallel to a deep, navigable river, filled with vessels of war, gun-boats, and transports of the enemy. Along this river are many most favorable landings, and good lateral roads leading from the river, intersecting our line of march at almost every mile, and at points varying in distance between one and three miles from the river. This delicate movement has been successfully accomplished.

The comfort and quiet with which the march of the troops has been conducted on this line is largely due to the admirable dispositions and watchfulness of the cavalry rear-guard, first under Colonel Fitz Lee and more recently under Brigadier-General J. E. B.

Stuart, supported from day to day by brigades detailed for this purpose.

Until Johnston's army retired into the defences of Richmond nothing more occurred on this line save a few cavalry skirmishes of so little importance as to be unworthy of mention.

On the 31st of May and the 1st of June was fought the battle of Seven Pines. The nature of the battle-field forbade the use of cavalry on either side. General Longstreet says in his report:--

Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart, in the absence of any opportunity to use his cavalry, was of material service by his presence with me on the field.

Major-General G. W. Smith says in his report:--

Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart had been for some time attached to my command, but he was during the action of the 31st principally with that portion of his cavalry attached to the three divisions on the right under General Longstreet. He gave me the first information received from the right after the close of the action, and rendered me very important assistance during the night.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Chapter VII.(1)--The Chickahominy Raid.

<52>

ON the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of June, Stuart prosecuted his reconnoissance to the rear of McClellan's army, which is known as "The Chickahominy Raid." This movement had been fully discussed by Lee and Stuart in a private interview, and the orders of the commanding general were conveyed in the following letter, of which the original autograph is now in the author's possession:--

HEADQUARTERS DOBB'S FARM,
11th *June*, 1862.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART,
Commanding Cavalry.

GENERAL,--You are desired to make a scout movement to the rear of the enemy now posted on the Chickahominy, with a view of gaining intelligence of his operations, communications, etc., and of driving in his foraging parties and securing such grain, cattle, etc., for ourselves as you can make arrangements to have driven in. Another object is to destroy his wagon trains, said to be daily passing from the Piping-Tree Road to his camp on the Chickahominy. The utmost vigilance on your part will be necessary to prevent any surprise to yourself, and the greatest caution must be practised in keeping well in your front and flanks reliable scouts to give you information. You will return as soon as the object of your expedition is accomplished; and you must bear constantly in <53>mind, while endeavoring to execute the general purpose of your mission, not to hazard unnecessarily your command, or to attempt what your judgment may not approve; but be content to accomplish all the good you can, without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired.

I recommend that you take only such men and horses as can stand the expedition, and that you use every means in your power to save and cherish those you do take. You must leave sufficient cavalry here for the service of this army, and remember that one of the chief objects of your expedition is to gain intelligence for the guidance of future movements.

Information received last evening, the points of which I sent you, leads me to infer that there is a stronger force on the enemy's right than was previously reported. A large body of infantry, as well as cavalry, was reported near the Central Railroad.

Should you find, upon investigation, that the enemy is moving to his right, or is so strongly posted as to make your expedition inopportune, you will, after gaining all the information you can, resume your former position.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.

Reading this letter, as we now do, in the light of subsequent events, we are at no loss to determine that the great object of the expedition was to locate, definitely, the right wing of McClellan's army, and to ascertain whether the plan of moving Jackson upon it were feasible.

Early on the morning of Thursday, the 12th of June, Stuart commenced his movement. His force consisted of 1,200 cavalry and a section of artillery. The detachment from the 1st Virginia Cavalry was commanded by Colonel Fitz Lee; that from the 9th Virginia Cavalry, by Colonel W. H. F. Lee; and that from the Jeff Davis Legion, by Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin. No field-officer of the 4th Virginia Cavalry was available for this expedition, and the detachment <54>from that regiment was divided between the commands of Colonel Fitz Lee and Colonel W. H. F. Lee. The artillery was commanded by Lieutenant James Breathed.

Desiring to create, if possible, the impression that his force was destined to reinforce Jackson, Stuart moved northward by the Brook turnpike, and encamped that night on Winston's farm, in the vicinity of Taylorsville, twenty-two miles distant from Richmond. Early on the 13th he resumed his march. Up to this time no one but himself had any true idea of his destination; but now, in order to secure more intelligent coöperation on the part of his regimental commanders, he made known the general purport of his orders to Colonels Fitz Lee, W. H. F. Lee, and Martin.

Scouts who had been sent out during the night had returned with the information that the road to Old Church was unobstructed, and the head of the column was turned eastward toward Hanover Court House. Reaching this point about nine o'clock A.M., it was found to be in the possession of a body of the enemy's cavalry. While occupying their attention in front, Stuart sent Fitz Lee to make a detour to the right, and to endeavor to reach their rear. But the enemy did not await the consummation of this movement. Before Fitz Lee could reach the desired position, they withdrew in the direction of Mechanicsville, and were allowed to pursue their way unmolested. A sergeant belonging to the 6th U.S. Cavalry was captured from this party. Stuart now moved forward by Taliaferro's Mill and Enon Church to Hawes' Shop, where the enemy's pickets from Old Church were first encountered. His march up to that point had not, however, been unobserved. Two squadrons of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, under command of Captain W. B. Royall, <55>were stationed at Old Church, and it was the daily duty of this command to send a scouting party northward on the road to Hanover Court House. On this morning that duty devolved on company F, under the command of Lieutenant E. H. Leib. This officer reports that he advanced to a point about a half a mile from Hanover Court House, and discovered the presence of the Confederate cavalry at about eleven o'clock A.M. He estimated the force he could observe at two squadrons of cavalry, and as this was superior to his own he retired behind the Federal picket at Hawes' Shop, where he received orders from Captain Royall to retire still further in the direction of Old Church.

The 9th Virginia Cavalry led Stuart's advance, and the advance-guard was intrusted to Adjutant Robbins of that regiment, who managed his men so well that, although the Federal picket had full warning of his approach, he succeeded in capturing several men and horses. No serious resistance was offered until the advance reached Totopotomoy Creek, where the advantages of the ground tempted Lieutenant Leib to make a stand. The road here passes through a deep ravine, whose steep banks are fringed with laurel and pine, the narrow road permitting a direct attack only in column of fours. Both north of the creek and at the bridge Lieutenant Leib halted his small command, and resisted the advance-guard, until flanking parties thrown out on either side by the 9th Virginia admonished him that he must retire. Had the whole of Captain Royall's command defended the Totopotomy bridge, Stuart's advance might have been delayed so long as,

perhaps, to render his subsequent movements impossible. But Lieutenant Leib was pushed back beyond that favorable position to the junction of the road which leads by Bethesda Church to Mechanicsville. Here Captain Royall <56>assumed the command, and drew up his force to receive the attack.

Without hesitation Stuart charged the enemy with Crutchfield's squadron of the 9th Virginia. This squadron consisted at that time of the Mercer Cavalry, from Spottsylvania County, company E; and the Essex Light Dragoons, from Essex County, company F. Corbin Crutchfield, of company E, was senior captain, but could not accompany this expedition, having been disabled by an accident. The command devolved on Captain Latanè, of company F, who, with soldierly courtesy, declined to take the post of honor from company E, but led the charge at the head of the Spottsylvania men. The charge was made in column of fours, and with the sabre. It was received by the enemy standing in line, drawn up in the road and on either side of it, and with an almost harmless discharge of their pistols. Captain Latanè and Captain Royall met hand to hand, the one with sabre, the other with pistol, and Latanè received instant death. Royall was wounded severely by Latanè's sabre and by the men who charged close at Latanè's side, and his squadrons were driven into hurried flight. The discipline of the regular service, however, asserted itself, and within a few hundred yards the Federal cavalry wheeled into line, in beautiful order, again to receive, and again to be broken by the charge of company E. A second halt was attended by the same result. (1) These movements, and the detachments necessarily made to guard the flanks, had consumed <57>the 9th Virginia, and had brought Colonel Fitz Lee, with the 1st Virginia, to the front. The 5th United States Cavalry had formerly been designated as the 2d, and was Colonel Lee's old regiment. Numbers of the captured soldiers belonged to his former company, and in conversation with them he learned that their camp was within a short distance. Colonel Lee now begged permission from Stuart to follow the enemy and capture the camp. This Stuart readily granted, but with the injunction that Lee should return as speedily as possible. The 1st Virginia pushed rapidly forward to Old Church, where the enemy was drawn up to make a last effort in defence of their camp. Hardly awaiting the charge of the 1st Virginia, they retired toward the Federal army, and were seen no more. Fitz Lee now took possession, and the camp was speedily destroyed. It was a little removed from the road, but in full sight of it. While still there, and much to his surprise, Colonel Lee saw Stuart's column moving southward in the direction of Tunstall's Station, and as he passed, Stuart called out to Lee to follow when his work was completed. It is the opinion of General Fitz Lee, recently expressed to me, that it was Stuart's intention, after the dispersion of Royall's cavalry, to retire by the same road upon which he had advanced; but having consented that Lee should attempt the capture of the camp at Old Church he followed him to witness the result, and then changed his determination.

Stuart had now accomplished the main object of the expedition. He had ascertained that the Federal army had not extended its right wing in the direction of the railroad and of Hanover Court House; and with this as the sole result of his movement, he knew that his commander would be satisfied. But he must now <58>determine how he could most safely convey this information within the Confederate lines. Two courses only lay open to him: he must either return by the same road on which he had advanced, or he must make the entire circuit of the Federal army, crossing the Chickahominy at one of the lower fords. If he returned by the same route he must, of necessity, pass through Hanover Court

House, for the recent rains had rendered the South Anna River unfordable, and a *détour* northward was impossible. The presence of the detachment of Federal cavalry which he had encountered at that point early in the morning warned him that a much larger body might be expected to be awaiting his return. To the south and west of him lay the Federal army, some of the camps of their infantry being within five miles of the road on which he was operating, to which numerous roads leading from those camps gave easy access. Stuart was on the outer and longer line, the enemy held the inner and shorter line. It was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon; the enemy's camps had, of course, been aroused, and even should he escape their infantry, he must certainly expect to encounter their cavalry before reaching Hanover Court House, and in the darkness of the night. If anything of perplexity existed in Stuart's mind when called upon to make his choice, nothing of it was apparent in his manner. Everything moved forward as in accordance with a predetermined plan, and no one could suspect that the turning-point of the expedition had been reached and passed.

Let us now see how the Federal forces were occupied. Major Lawrence Williams, 6th United States Cavalry, reports that he encountered Stuart's picket, near the scene of the action with Captain Royall, at half past three o'clock. Doubtless this picket was in the act of withdrawing when observed by Major Williams, for he occupied the road in rear of Stuart's column one half hour after it had passed on; and having sent a picket to the Totopotomoy bridge, and a scouting party to follow Stuart's column, he soon discovered the presence of the Confederates on the road to the White House. Major Williams reports the strength of the 6th Cavalry at three hundred and eighty men. He was soon joined by the 5th United States Cavalry, the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Rush, and by a brigade of infantry under Colonel G. K. Warren. In the light of these reports it is evident that retreat by the Hanover Court House road was seriously impeded, if not effectually closed, at the Totopotomoy Creek, almost immediately after Stuart passed on, and certainly before Fitz Lee had completed the destruction of Royall's camp. Even then a vigorous pursuit might greatly have embarrassed Stuart, but he was favored by the uncertainty of the Federal officers as to the character of his command. Lieutenant Byrnes, of the 5th Cavalry, thought he had seen seven regiments of Confederate infantry,⁽¹⁾ and the first reports brought in to General P. St. George Cooke led that officer to suppose that he

(1)Lieutenant Byrnes says in his report: "It is proper for me to state in connection with this report, that when retreating, and when about one mile from Old Church, I saw the head of a column of infantry advancing on the road leading into the Hanover Ferry road. The pickets which were driven in saw the same body of infantry."

Major Lawrence Williams says: "Lieutenant Byrnes also reported, that whilst retreating from the battle-field he had seen infantry about a mile from me (five regiments, I think), on the Hanover Ferry road, which came on to the Old Church road about a mile ahead of me."

Brigadier-General W. H. Emory says: "He (Byrnes) had seen near Old Church five regiments of the enemy's infantry, which went to corroborate his information."

Colonel G. K. Warren says: "There was also a statement, that Lieutenant Byrnes (I believe that is the name) had seen about seven regiments of infantry at the place where the pickets were first attacked. I never for a moment believed we had any evidence of an infantry force."

was about to be attacked in his camp by a greatly superior force. Major Williams and Colonel Warren seem to have been incredulous about the infantry business, but Lieutenant Byrnes' report produced its effect, and General Cooke was ordered by

General Fitz John Porter to use caution in his advance, and not to attack, with cavalry alone, superior forces of the enemy. This gave Stuart all the time he needed, and before his movements could be satisfactorily determined the present danger had passed, and he was safely on his way to Tunstall's Station and the White House.

Up to this time Stuart had inflicted but little damage upon the enemy, but he was now directly upon their line of communications, and he proceeded to execute the second part of the instructions given to him by General Lee. While on the road to Tunstall's Station numbers of wagons, whose drivers were entirely unconscious of danger, fell into his hands. When he reached Garlick's, two squadrons, Knight's, of the 9th Virginia, and Hammond's, of the 1st Virginia, were sent to Putney's Ferry, and burned two large transports loaded with stores, together with a number of wagons constituting the supply train of the 17th and 44th New York volunteer regiments. The loss inflicted here was very considerable.

As Stuart approached Tunstall's Station, he sent forward rapidly a body of picked men, including his aids, Burke, Farley, and Mosby, to capture the depot, cut the telegraph wires, and obstruct the railroad. An infantry guard of fifteen men was captured at the depot without firing a gun, and the work of obstructing the railroad commenced. Before this could be done in a satisfactory manner a train of cars approached from the direction of Dispatch Station. Seeing the obstruction and suspecting its cause, the engineer refused to obey the command to halt, but crowding on steam, dashed through, running the gauntlet of the fire which was poured into the train from both sides of the road. On the cars two men were killed and eight were wounded by this attack. A few, who in fright and bewilderment jumped from the speeding train, were disabled and captured.

The great depot of the Federal army was the White House, on the Pamunkey River, less than four miles distant from Tunstall's Station. This depot was guarded by gun-boats, and by a garrison of six hundred men, including five companies of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Colonel Harlan. Lieutenant-Colonel Rufus Ingalls, aid-de-camp, was in command of the post. As Stuart approached Tunstall's Station a scouting party of cavalry retired toward the White House. His presence was of course known, and he might reasonably expect an attack from that direction. He was still within five or six miles of the camps of McClellan's army, and the railroad could readily transport a large force of infantry to his immediate vicinity. He therefore wisely forbore to make any attack upon the White House, remembering the instructions of his commander: "*Be content to accomplish all the good you can, without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired.*" Could he have spared the time, the prize at the White House would have been rich beyond description; but even at Tunstall's Station the property which fell into his hands was large. A wagon train, loaded and on its way to the army; cars standing at the depot and loaded with corn and forage, were speedily destroyed, while the sutlers' stores and wagons furnished abundant rations for the hungry men. Although provided with only such implements as could be collected from the neighboring houses, the telegraph poles were destroyed to a considerable extent, and the railroad bridge over Black Creek was burned. This work occupied Stuart's command until about dark, when the head of the column was started for Talleyville, four miles distant. One who has never participated in such a scene can form but a faint idea of the careless gayety of the men. In its grimmer aspects war must always be a terrible thing, even to those most accustomed to it; but it was just such experiences as this which gave pith and meaning to Stuart's favorite

song:--

"If you want to have a good time,
Jine the cavalry;"

and gayest among the gay, and apparently most unconcerned among the careless, was he upon whom all the responsibility rested.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Stuart allowed himself to drift by accident into such a position as that in which he was now situated. Every chance had been carefully calculated. The New Kent company of the 3d Virginia Cavalry furnished scouts and guides who were acquainted with every foot of the country he was now traversing, and individual scouts had carefully located many of the enemy's positions before he started. Stuart chiefly relied, in this expedition, on Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Jones Christian and Private Richard E. Frayser, of the New Kent company, as his guides. Frayser had led the advance-guard from Old Church to Tunstall's Station, and had nearly succeeded in capturing the scouting party which occupied that place at the time of his arrival. For his invaluable services on this expedition he was promoted to a captaincy in the signal corps, and was thereafter attached to Stuart's staff. Christian led the advance from Talleyville to the Chickahominy. His home, <63>known as Sycamore Springs, lay along the bank of the river, and it was at a private ford on this farm that Stuart expected to cross.

At Talleyville Stuart halted for three hours and a half, to give his men some rest and to allow the scattered detachments to come in. At midnight he started for the Chickahominy. It appears from the report of General J. F. Reynolds, who reached Tunstall's Station at this same hour with his brigade of infantry, that Stuart's rear-guard did not leave Tunstall's Station until about eleven o'clock. General Emory, with Rush's Lancers, arrived at Tunstall's at two o'clock. It thus appears that Stuart had the start of his pursuers only by two hours of time and four miles of distance. The 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, from the White House, could readily have kept within sight of him, but no attempt was made to follow until daylight the next morning.

At midnight, as has already been stated, Stuart resumed his march for the vicinity of Forge Bridge, eight miles distant. The 9th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel W. H. F. Lee, still held the advance. Day was dawning on the 14th as Lieutenant Christian led the way to the ford which, within his knowledge, had always afforded a safe, or at least a practicable, passage of the river. But the recent rains had swollen the river beyond precedent. The banks were overflowed, and an immense volume of water rushed madly on, as if mocking the weary horsemen who stood upon the bank. Colonel Lee determined not to relinquish the attempt to cross at this point, unless it were proven to be impracticable. Accompanied by a few of his men he entered the angry water and essayed to reach the opposite side by swimming. He did reach it, but only after encountering imminent peril; for beside the danger <64>arising from the rapid current, the feet of several of the horses became entangled in the roots of trees and other obstructions on the bank, and some of them were rescued with difficulty. Colonel Lee would not consent to be separated from his regiment, and re-crossed the river by swimming; but the experiment satisfied him that the passage in this manner was impracticable for the command. Axes were now procured, and the effort was made to span the river by felling trees, upon which it was thought a temporary bridge might be laid; but as their tops reached the water the current swept them down the stream as if they had been reeds.

At this juncture Stuart reached the ford. It could not be expected that the enemy would long delay pursuit, nor did any way appear by which the river could be crossed without serious loss. Every face showed anxious care, save that of Stuart himself, who sat upon his horse, stroking his long beard, as was his custom in moments of serious thought. Having first sent a despatch by Corporal Turner Doswell to inform General Lee of his situation, and to ask that a diversion might be made in his favor on the Charles City Road, he set about to find the means to relieve his command from its unpleasant position. He soon learned that about a mile below the ford were the remains of the old bridge, where the road from Providence Forge to Charles City Court House crosses the river. Instantly he abandoned the attempt at Christian's Ford and moved to the bridge below. Enough of the *débris* of the old bridge remained to facilitate the construction of another. A large, abandoned warehouse stood near at hand, and a party was at once set to work under the direction of Captain Redmond Burke and Corporal Henry Hagan to tear down this house and convey the <65>timbers to the river. Never did men work with more alacrity. In a wonderfully short time a foot-way was constructed, over which the cavalymen at once commenced to pass, holding the bridles of their horses as they swam at their side. About one half of the command was sent over in this manner, while the work of enlarging and strengthening the bridge was prosecuted most industriously. Within three hours it was ready for cavalry and artillery, and by one o'clock P.M. the whole command had crossed. Fitz Lee was the last man to step upon the bridge. During these hours of earnest work he had maintained the rear-guard at such a distance as to secure the command from interruption. Once or twice the enemy had made his appearance in small force, but as Lee advanced to attack, had retired.

The greatest perils of the expedition were now safely passed, but its difficulties and dangers were by no means over. Stuart was still more than thirty-five miles from Richmond, and at least twenty of those miles lay within the enemy's lines. Until he should have passed over that distance he could not feel secure against attack. Federal gun-boats lay upon the James River, within sight of which he must pass, and General Hooker occupied the line of the White Oak Swamp, in close proximity to his road to Richmond. Nothing would be easier than to throw a force of infantry across his path from Hooker's position. But these dangers seemed as nothing in comparison with those from which they had just escaped, and the enthusiasm of the troops knew no bounds. To secure themselves from attack in the rear, the torch was applied to the newly constructed bridge, and they soon had the satisfaction of knowing that pursuit from that direction was impossible. A few Federal cavalymen appeared on the hill beyond just as the destruction of the bridge was completed. <66>

A short distance above the bridge a fork of the Chickahominy leaves the main current, forming an island in the river. This stream, ordinarily shallow, was now both deep and rapid; but it was forded without loss, except that the pole of one of the gun-lim-bers was broken, and the limber was abandoned on the north side of the river. Without halting for rest, Stuart passed up the north bank of the Chickahominy to the residence of Mr. Thomas Christian, and thence to the vicinity of Charles City Court House, where he and his staff were most hospitably entertained at the mansion of Judge Isaac H. Christian. His command bivouacked at Buckland, the residence of Colonel J. M. Wilcox. For thirty-six hours the men had been continuously in the saddle, and the remainder of the day was given to rest and sleep. At sunset Stuart turned over the command to Colonel Fitz Lee,

with orders to resume the march to Richmond at eleven o'clock P.M. Taking with him one courier and Frayser, his gallant and trusted guide, Stuart hastened to report in person to General Lee the results of his reconnoissance. The distance from Charles City Court House to Richmond is about thirty miles, and for two thirds of that distance he would be in danger of meeting scouting parties of the enemy. But he did not hesitate to take the risk. Once only did he halt, at Rowland's Mill, to drink a cup of coffee; and before sunrise on the 15th he reached General Lee's headquarters. Having communicated the intelligence he had gained, and having received the congratulations of his commander, he almost immediately rejoined his command. After reaching Richmond, and while Stuart was riding to General Lee's headquarters, Frayser was sent to announce his safe return to Mrs. Stuart and to Governor John Letcher, and from the governor he received a <67>handsome sabre in recognition of his valuable services.

The results of the expedition were important and satisfactory. One hundred and sixty-five prisoners were turned over to the provost-marshal in Richmond, and two hundred and sixty captured horses and mules were added to the quartermaster's department of the cavalry. The destruction of Federal property was great. Colonel Ingalls, commanding at the White House says:

So far as this depot was directly concerned, it lost the two schooners and some forage, amount unknown, and in all not to exceed seventy-five wagons. There were more trains lost, probably, but they were in possession of brigade quartermasters serving with the army in front.

The greatest results, however, were those which followed from the information obtained by Stuart. All doubt as to the location of the Federal army was solved, and the possibility was demonstrated of those movements which, on the 27th of June, culminated in the defeat of the Federal right wing at Cold Harbor. Aside from these strategic considerations the influence of this expedition on the *morale* not only of the cavalry, but of the whole army, was most important; and we have the authority of the Comte de Paris for the statement that by it the confidence of the North in McClellan was shaken.

The only casualty which occurred in Stuart's command was the fall of Latanè. He died as became a soldier, in the moment of victory, "With his back to the field and his feet to the foe." The concurrent testimony of Mrs. W. B. Newton and of Mr. O. F. At-kinson, who aided in the burial of Latanè, gives the following account of that mournful but interesting ceremony. <68>

John Latanè, a member of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, remained with the body of his brother when the command passed on toward Old Church. A cart, returning front mill, carried the body to the house of Dr. Brock-enborough, where John Latanè gave the dead into the kind care of Mrs. Brockenborough. A Federal guard was stationed at this house, and John Latanè of course could not remain. He at once proceeded to the neighboring house of Captain W. B. Newton, to obtain assistance and information which would enable him to escape from the enemy's lines. Mrs. Newton gave him the necessary instructions, and loaned to him her old blind horse, almost her only dependence. Mrs. Willoughby Newton, Mrs. W. B. Newton, and Mr. James Lowry, the manager of the farm, then repaired to the assistance of Mrs. Brockenborough, and the body of Latanè was made ready for burial. A coffin was procured with great difficulty. As there was no burial-ground on the plantation of Dr. Brockenborough, the body was removed on the following morning to Summer Hill, the residence of Captain W. B. Newton, and was interred in the

old Page family burial-ground. The ladies were not allowed to attempt to secure the services of a clergyman; but the burial-service of the Episcopal Church was read at the grave by Mr. R. E. Atkinson, at the request of Mrs. W. B. Newton. Thus did tender hands and sympathizing hearts perform the last kind offices for this brave young man.

It is proper to record the names of those whose conduct on this expedition won the especial commendation of their commander. General Stuart says in his report:--

I am most of all indebted to First Lieutenant D. A. Timber-lake, 4th Virginia Cavalry; Second Lieutenant Jones R. Christian, <69>and Private R. E. Frayser, 3d Virginia Cavalry, who were ever in advance, and without whose thorough knowledge of the country and valuable assistance I could have effected nothing.

The following paper accompanied General Stuart's report:--

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
June 17, 1862.

GENERAL,--I have the honor to append to the report of the Pamunkey expedition the following recommendations, which were suggested more particularly by the distinguished services rendered then:--

1st. Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, 1st Virginia Cavalry, for promotion as brigadier-general of cavalry. In my estimation no one in the Confederacy possesses more of the elements of what a brigadier of cavalry ought to be than he.

2d. Colonel W. H. F. Lee, rivalling his cousin in daring exploits on this expedition, has established a like claim to promotion to the same grade.

3d. Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin to have Shannon's and two other companies added to the Legion, so as to be colonel, a grade which he has fairly won.

4th. Assistant-Surgeon J. B. Fontaine to be surgeon of his regiment, 4th Virginia Cavalry, now without one. Dr. Fon-taine is a man of signal military merit, and an adept in his profession.

5th. M. Heros von Borcke, a Prussian cavalry officer, has shown himself a thorough soldier and a splendid officer. I hope the department will confer as high a commission as possible on this deserving man, who has cast in his lot with us in this trying hour.

6th. First Lieutenant Redmond Burke to be captain for the important service rendered by him on this occasion.

7th. Captains W. D. Farley and J. O. Mosby, without commissions, have established a claim for position which a grateful country will not, I trust, disregard. Their distinguished services run far back towards the beginning of the war, and present a shining record of daring and usefulness.

8th. First Lieutenant W. T. Robbins, Adjutant of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, <70>would be a valuable addition to the regular army.

I have the honor to be, general, Your most obedient servant,

J. E. B. STUART,

Brigadier-General commanding Cavalry.

To General R. E. LEE,

Commanding Departments of Virginia and Carolinas.

General Lee's congratulatory order is as follows:--

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 74.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 23d, 1862.

The commanding general announces with great satisfaction to the army the brilliant exploit of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart, with part of the troops under his command. This gallant officer, with portions of the 1st, 4th, and 9th Virginia Cavalry, a part of the Jeff Davis Legion, with whom were the Boy-kin Rangers, and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of

June made a reconnoissance between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy rivers, and succeeded in passing around the rear of the whole of the Union army, routing the enemy in a series of skirmishes, taking a number of prisoners, and destroying and capturing stores to a large amount.

Having most successfully accomplished its object, the expedition recrossed the Chickahominy almost in the presence of the enemy, with the same coolness and address that marked every step of its progress, and with the loss of but one man, the lamented Captain Latanè, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, who fell bravely leading a successful charge against a superior force of the enemy. In announcing the signal success to the army, the general commanding takes great pleasure in expressing his admiration of the courage and skill so conspicuously exhibited throughout by the general and the officers and men under his command.

In addition to the officers honorably mentioned in the report of the expedition, the conduct of the following privates has received the special commendation of their respective commanders: Private Thomas D. Clapp, Co. D, 1st Virginia Cavalry, <71>and J. S. Mosby, serving in the same regiment; privates Ashton, Brent, R. Herring, F. Herring, and F. Coleman, Co. E, 9th Virginia Cavalry.

By command of General Lee,

R. H. CHILTON,

A. A. G.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter VIII.--The Seven Days' Battles Around Richmond.

<72>

IN order that the movements of the Confederate cavalry during the "Seven Days' Battles around Richmond" may be understood, it is necessary to relate the operations of those divisions of Lee's army with which it was in immediate connection.

The order of battle issued by General Lee on the 24th of June assumed that Jackson's command would be able to reach the vicinity of the Central Railroad on the 25th, and be in position to turn the enemy's right flank early on the 26th. Jackson's march was, however, delayed to such an extent that he only reached the vicinity of Ashland on the night of the 25th. Here he was joined by Stuart with the 1st, 4th, and 9th regiments of Virginia Cavalry, the Cobb Georgia Legion, the Jeff Davis Legion, and the Stuart Horse Artillery. The 3d and 5th regiments of Virginia Cavalry, the Hampton Legion, and the 1st North Carolina Cavalry were stationed on the right of the Confederate army, observing the country between the White Oak Swamp and the James River. The 10th Virginia Cavalry was held in reserve on the Nine Mile Road.

The positions held by the Federal army on the 25th of June were nearly the same as at the time of Stuart's reconnoissance. The three divisions of the 5th corps under General Fitz John Porter, occupied the north bank of the Chickahominy. Taylor's brigade of Franklin's corps, which had constituted the extreme right at <73>Mechanicsville, was withdrawn on the 19th, and replaced by McCall's division of the 5th corps. This appears to have been the only change on the Federal right wing since the 15th of June. The remainder of McClellan's forces extended south of the Chickahominy to the White Oak Swamp. Generals Stoneman and Emory observed the country north of Mechanicsville towards Atlee's Station and Hanover Court House with cavalry. The official reports do not show what cavalry was under General Stoneman's command, but on the night of the 25th he was reinforced by two regiments of infantry from Morell's division--the 18th Massachusetts and the 17th New York. Colonel H. S. Lansing, of the 17th New York, states that the cavalry force under General Stoneman consisted of two regiments and a light battery.(1)

Leaving Ashland early on the 26th, Jackson pursued the Ashcake Road and crossed the Central Railroad about ten o'clock A.M. Here he met the first Federal cavalry picket or scout. Stuart covered his left flank by the march of his column and by scouts as far north as Hanover Court House. At Taliaferro's Mill, Stuart encountered a cavalry picket, which retired before him, skirmishing, by way of Dr. Shelton's, to the Totopo-tomoy. A part of Stuart's command scouted the road past Enon Church to Hawes' Shop. At Dr. Shelton's, Stuart awaited the arrival of Jackson's column, having sent one squadron to seize the bridge over the Totopo-tomoy. The enemy, however, had burned this bridge, and held the opposite bank until the arrival of the Texas brigade of Whiting's division, whose *skirmishers* crossed the stream and drove them away. The bridge was rebuilt, and Jackson's march was continued. His divisions rested for the night in the vicinity of Pole Green Church <74>and Hundley's Corner, his left still covered by Stuart's cavalry.(1)

General Lee's plan of battle had contemplated an attack upon the enemy's positions in the vicinity of Me-chanicsville at an early hour on the 26th, in which Jackson was to play the all-important part of turning the Federal right in their strong position on Beaver Dam

Creek. But as we have already seen, Jackson's march had been unexpectedly delayed; and although nothing had been heard from him since early in the day, General A. P. Hill, at three o'clock P.M., crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, with five of his brigades, and drove the enemy back upon their impregnable line on Beaver Dam Creek. This movement uncovered the bridge at Mechanicsville for Longstreet, who had been waiting since early in the morning for an opportunity to cross.

The Federal position on Beaver Dam was to be approached only by two roads; the one leading from Mechanicsville northward to the Pamunkey, the other crossing the creek lower down at Ellyson's Mill, and leading <75>

(1)Brigadier-General H. C. Whiting says, in his report: "Discovered an advance post of cavalry west of the Totopotomoy, which fled at our approach. At three o'clock reached the creek, found the bridge in flames, and a party of the enemy engaged in blocking the road on the opposite side. The Texan skirmishers gallantly crossed and engaged. Reilly's battery being brought up, with a few rounds dispersed the enemy; the bridge was rebuilt and the troops crossed, continuing on the road to Pole Green Church, or Hundley's Corner. Here we united with Ewell's division, and, night coming on, bivouacked. A furious cannonade in the direction of Mechanicsville indicated a severe battle." -- *Official Records*, vol. xi. part ii. p. 562.

Brigadier-General Isaac R. Trimble says in his report: "On the 26th we moved with the army from Ashland in a southerly direction, passing to the east of Mechanicsville in the afternoon, and at four P.M. heard distinctly the volleys of artillery and musketry in the engagement of General Hill with the enemy. Before sundown the firing was not more than two miles distant, and in my opinion we should have marched to the support of General Hill that evening."-- *Official Records*, vol. xi. part ii. p. 614.

towards Cold Harbor. Field's, Archer's, and Anderson's brigades, of A. P. Hill's division, attacked the upper position, while Pender's brigade, aided by Ripley's, of D. H. Hill's division, assailed the lower. Neither effort was attended with success, and after sustaining heavy losses, the Confederate lines withdrew, at nine o'clock, from the unavailing contest. Early the next morning the attack was renewed; but without more favorable results. After two hours of fighting, the Federal troops were withdrawn to take position at Gaines' Mill. This movement was the necessary result of the march of Jackson's command, which now rendered the position at Beaver Dam untenable. It seems from General Trimble's report that Jackson might have reached this same point on the previous evening, and that it was within his power to have rendered efficient aid to the troops which were there engaged. The Federal line on Beaver Dam was held, mainly, by two brigades of McCall's division, who, protected by their works, inflicted upon their assailants a loss probably ten times as great as they themselves suffered. The withdrawal of McCall on the morning of the 27th under fire, and in the presence of a superior force of the enemy, was conducted in a manner worthy of praise.

During the morning of the 27th Longstreet and A. P. Hill moved down the Chickahominy towards Gaines' Mill, while D. H. Hill moved by way of Bethesda Church to Cold Harbor. Jackson crossed Beaver Dam Creek early in the morning, and advanced to Walnut Grove Church; then bearing to his left, moved on Cold Harbor. Finding his road obstructed, he was compelled to make a still wider *détour* to the left, which threw him in the rear of D. H. Hill.

Meantime Stuart had covered the left of Jackson's march, and having thoroughly scoured the country <76>toward the Pamunkey as far as Old Church, had advanced by way of Beulah Church, and had taken position on Jackson's left, in readiness to intercept the enemy should he attempt to retreat to the Pamunkey by way of Old Cold Harbor. The

battle at Gaines' Mill was opened by A. P. Hill at about 2.30 P.M., and soon extended from right to left along the whole Confederate line. On Jackson's line there was no opportunity to use artillery during the earlier part of the battle. Stuart was the first to find a suitable position. Observing, late in the evening, a movement of the enemy's artillery on the road from Grapevine Bridge, two of Pelham's guns, a twelve-pounder Blakely and a Napoleon, were ordered forward to meet it. The Blakely gun was disabled at the first fire, leaving the Napoleon to encounter alone the two batteries to which it was opposed. Pelham maintained the unequal contest with the same courage which subsequently, at Fredericksburg, called forth the praise of Lee and Jackson. By the personal efforts of General Jackson, whose attention was called to the position occupied by Pelham, he was reinforced by the batteries of Brockenborough, Carrington, and Courtney.

The design of the Federal commander was not yet manifest, and it was still deemed possible that he might attempt to retreat toward the Pamunkey River. When the Federal lines had been forced at Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, Stuart proceeded three miles still further to his left, to intercept any movement in that direction; but finding no evidences of a retreat, he returned the same night to Cold Harbor. Early the next morning, the 28th, General Ewell's division was sent down the Chickahominy to Dispatch Station, and the 9th Virginia Cavalry constituted his advance-guard. With his main body Stuart pursued a parallel route to the left, and <77>pushing ahead of Ewell's column, surprised a squadron of the enemy's cavalry at Dispatch Station. The enemy retreated in the direction of Bottom's Bridge. Ewell remained at Dispatch Station during the rest of the day, and on the 29th moved to Bottom's Bridge. On the following day he rejoined his corps.

After Ewell had taken position at Dispatch Station on the 28th, Stuart determined to advance toward the White House. General Stoneman and General Emory had retired in that direction, and had occupied Tun-stall's Station on the evening of the 27th, stationing pickets on the roads towards Dispatch Station. Stuart advanced to Tunstall's Station. Here he found that a field-work commanding the approaches to the station had been constructed since his recent visit on the 13th, which gave proof by its presence that one of the re-suits desired in his late reconnoissance had been accomplished, and that a considerable force of the enemy had been detached to guard his communications. Immediately beyond Tunstall's Station the enemy had destroyed the bridge over Black Creek, and there awaited Stuart's advance, with cavalry and artillery posted on the hills beyond. The fire of Stuart's guns dispersed the cavalry, and Captain Farley, having gained the opposite bank with a few dismounted men, drove off the sharpshooters who commanded the bridge. Captain Blackford at once proceeded to rebuild, but it was after dark before a practicable crossing could be made.

Meantime Stoneman had sent his infantry to the White House, where, with all the infantry of General Casey's command, it was received on board transports and gun-boats, and moved down the river. At dark the evacuation of the White House Landing was completed. So far as their hasty departure permitted, the government property was destroyed by the Federal <78>troops, and, last of all, the torch was applied to the home of Colonel W. H. F. Lee. It is but just to General Casey to state that he says in his report that this last act was performed without his knowledge and against his express orders.

Early the next morning, the 29th, Stuart moved cautiously toward the White House. He had reason to think that it was held by a considerable force of the enemy; nothing, however, was in sight but a Federal gun-boat, the Marblehead, which occupied a

threatening position in the river. Imagination had clothed the gun-boat with marvellous terrors, and at this stage of the war there was nothing which inspired more of fear than the screech of its enormous shells. Stuart determined to illustrate to his command its real character. Leaving his main body about two miles in the rear, he advanced with seventy-five men selected from the 1st and 4th Virginia Cavalry and the Jeff Davis Legion. These men were armed with rifle carbines. Deployed in pairs, with intervals of forty paces, they advanced across the open ground to attack the boat, from which a party of sharpshooters was promptly sent on shore to meet them. A lively skirmish ensued, during which Stuart brought up one of Pelham's howitzers and placed it in position to command the gun-boat. Pelham's shells were soon exploding directly over her decks. To this fire she was unable to reply; for while her guns might throw shot far inland, they could not be brought to command that point of the bank where the howitzer was posted. The skirmishers were soon withdrawn to the boat, and under a full head of steam she disappeared down the river, followed as far as was practicable by the impudent and tormenting howitzer.

Although the destruction of Federal property at the White House had been great, it was by no means complete, and sufficient remained to supply both men and horses of Stuart's command. Having sent Colonel Fitz Lee with the 1st Virginia Cavalry to observe the Chickahominy from Bottom's Bridge to Forge Bridge, Stuart remained at the White House for the rest of the day. The information which he had been able to send to General Lee was of importance, for it was demonstrated that the enemy had abandoned his base on the Pamunkey, and was seeking a new one on the James.

Late in the afternoon of the 29th Magruder engaged the enemy at Savage Station. Jackson's route lay to the flank and rear of this position, but he was unable to participate in the battle, being delayed by the necessity of rebuilding Grapevine Bridge, which the enemy had destroyed on his retreat. He succeeded in crossing the Chickahominy during the night, and by noon on the 30th had advanced to White Oak Swamp.

On the 29th a reconnoissance was made on the Charles City Road by five companies of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry and the 3d Virginia Cavalry, under the command of Colonel L. S. Baker, of the 1st North Carolina. The enemy's cavalry was discovered on the Quaker Road, and a charge, the 1st North Carolina leading, drove it back to Willis' Church. Here the head of the column was greeted by a fire of artillery and infantry, and Colonel Baker was forced to retire, having sustained a loss of sixty-three in killed, wounded, and missing. His charge had led him unwittingly into the presence of a large force of infantry.

During the 30th Stuart moved his command to Long and Forge bridges, and at the latter place he bivouacked that night. At half past three the next morning, July 1, he received orders to cross the Chickahominy at Grapevine Bridge, and connect with Jackson. He moved at once up the Chickahominy, but on reaching Bottom's Bridge, discovered that the army had passed on to the south, and that the only practicable way for him to connect with Jackson was to retrace his steps and cross at one of the lower fords. Turning the head of his column about, he returned to Forge Bridge, where he found the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Colonel T. T. Munford, which at that time belonged to the Valley cavalry, and had accompanied Jackson's command. Forging the river at this point Stuart pressed on past Nance's shop to Rock's house, near which he encountered a picket, which he pursued until within sight of the camp-fires of a large body of the enemy. Here he encamped for the night.

While Stuart was thus occupied, Longstreet and A. P. Hill had fought the bloody battle of Frayser's Farm, or Glendale, on the afternoon of the 30th. Could Jackson have participated in this battle the result must have been fatal to the Federal army. He had reached White Oak Swamp at midday, but found the bridge destroyed and the passage disputed by a large force of infantry and artillery. After sending Mun-ford's regiment of cavalry across, Jackson decided that the passage was impracticable.(1) The Rev. Dr. Dabney <81>

(1) I have received from General T. T. Munford an interesting letter, under date of August 4, 1884, which describes the action of his regiment, the 2d Virginia Cavalry, on this day. I am permitted to make the following extract:--

"My recollection is very distinct in regard to what happened on that day. On the evening before, I had heard of some forage and provisions which had been left by the enemy at a point about four miles on our left; and as we had no quartermaster and no wagons, I started to carry my regiment over to this place to get food for man and beast. When I left him, General Jackson ordered me to be at the cross-roads at sunrise the next morning, ready to go in advance of his troops. The worst thunderstorm came up about, night that I ever was in, and in that thickly-wooded country it became so dark that one could not see his horse's ears. My command scattered in the storm, and I do not suppose any officer ever had a rougher time in any one night than I had to endure. When the first gray dawn appeared I started couriers, adjutant, and officers, to blow up the scattered regiment; but at sunrise I had not more than fifty men, and I was half a mile from the cross-roads. When I arrived, to my horror, there sat Jackson waiting for me. He was in a bad humor, and said: 'Colonel, my orders to you were to be here at sunrise.' I explained my situation, telling him that we had no provisions, and that the storm and the dark night had conspired against me. When I got through he replied: 'Yes, sir. But, colonel, I ordered you to be here at sunrise. Move on with your regiment. If you meet the enemy drive in his pickets, and if you want artillery, Colonel Crutchfield will furnish you.'

"I started on with my little handful of men. As others came straggling on to join me Jackson noticed it, and sent two couriers to inform me that my 'men were straggling badly.' I rode back and went over the same story, hoping that he would be impressed with my difficulties. He listened to me, but replied as before, 'Yes, sir. But I ordered you to be here at sunrise, and I have been waiting for you for a quarter of an hour.'

"Seeing that he was in a peculiar mood, I determined to make the best of my troubles, sent my adjutant back, and made him halt the stragglers and form my men as they came up; and, with what I had, determined to give him no cause for complaint. When we came upon the enemy's picket we charged, and pushed the picket every step of the way into their camp, where were a large number of wounded and many stores. It was done so rapidly that the enemy's battery on the other side of White Oak Swamp could not fire on us without endangering their own friends.

"When Jackson came up he was smiling, and he at once ordered Crutch-field to bring up sixteen pieces of artillery, and very soon one or two batteries were at work.

"After the lapse of about an hour my regiment had assembled; and while our batteries were shelling those of the enemy, Jackson sent for me and said, 'Colonel, move your regiment over the creek and secure those guns. I will ride with you to the swamp.' When we reached the crossing we found that the enemy had torn up the bridge, and had thrown the timbers into the stream, forming a tangled *mass* which seemed to prohibit a crossing. I said to General Jackson that I did not think we could cross. He looked at me, waved his hand, and replied, 'Yes, colonel, try it.' In we went, and you never saw such a time as the first squadron had; but we floundered over, and before I had formed the men, Jackson cried out to me to move on at the guns. Colonel Breckinridge started out with what we had over, and I soon got over the second squadron, and moved up the hill. We reached the guns, but they had an infantry support which gave us a volley; at the same time a battery on our right, which we had not seen, opened on *us*, and back we had to come. I moved down the swamp about a quarter of a mile, and recrossed with great difficulty by a cow-path. I sent General Jackson a despatch telling him where I had crossed, but his engineers thought they could cross better above than below. A division of infantry was put in above the bridge, and hammered away all day, but did not get over. I never understood why he did not try the ford where I had crossed. He sent me a little slip of paper saying, 'I congratulate you on getting out,' or words to that effect. He held on to the idea of crossing

above the bridge."

seems to be of the opinion that this was, perhaps, the sole occasion on which the great "*Stonewall*" did not <82>accomplish all that lay within his power.(1) On the afternoon of the next day, July 1, Jackson, D. H. Hill, Huger, and Magruder fought the battle of Malvern Hill.

Early on July 2, Stuart took position at Gatewood's on Jackson's left; but as soon as it was known that the enemy had abandoned the position at Malvern Hill, Stuart started down the river to ascertain his location. Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin, of the Jeff Davis Legion, was sent in advance. To his command the 4th Virginia Cavalry had been temporarily added, because all of the field officers of that regiment were disabled. When opposite Haxall's, Colonel Martin and a few of his men proceeded to the river bank, where, in full sight of the Monitor and the Galena, which were lying in the river not one hundred yards distant, he captured a sailor belonging to the Monitor, drove off thirty mules from the open field, and, scouring the adjacent woods, retired in safety with one hundred and fifty prisoners. Privates Volney Metcalf and William Barnard are especially mentioned by Colonel Martin for boldness in this affair.

At the Cross Roads near Shirley, Stuart found the rear-guard of the enemy in such force that he was unable to move it. He spent the remainder of the day in collecting prisoners toward Malvern Hill, and in recon-noitring toward Charles City Court House. Having ascertained that the enemy had not moved in that direction, Captain Pelham was sent with one howitzer and Irving's squadron, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, with orders to take position in the vicinity of Westover, and shell <83>the enemy should he attempt to move down the river road during the night. Pelham discovered the position of the Federal army at Westover, and informed Stuart of the advantages which might possibly be gained by occupying Evelington Heights, a plateau which commanded the enemy's encampment. Pelham's report was received during the night, and Stuart at once moved his command, as it suggested, having forwarded the information to the commanding general, through General Jackson, and occupied the heights at about nine o'clock in the morning of the 3d. He had been informed that Longstreet and Jackson were moving to his support, and believing that Longstreet was close at hand, he opened with Pelham's howitzer on the Federal camps on the plain below. Artillery and infantry were moved to confront him, but he maintained his ground until nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, when, having exhausted his ammunition, and having learned that Longstreet had advanced no further than Nance's Shop, he withdrew.

Colonel Walter H. Taylor, in his valuable work, "Four Years with General Lee," says, on page 41:--

Without attempting an account of any one of the severe engagements embraced in the seven days' battles, so fully described in General Lee's official report, I cannot forbear mention of a maladroit performance just before their termination, but for which I have always thought that McClellan's army would have been further driven, even "to the wall," and made to surrender; a trifling matter in itself, apparently, yet worthy of thoughtful consideration. General McClellan had retreated to Harrison's Landing; his army, supply, and baggage trains were scattered in much confusion in and about Westover plantation; our army was moving down upon him, its progress much retarded by natural and artificial obstacles; General Stuart was in advance, in command of the cavalry. In rear of and around Westover there is a range of hills, or elevated ground, completely commanding the

plains below. Stuart, <84>glorious Stuart! always at the front and full of fight, gained these hills. Below him, as a panorama, appeared the camps and trains of the enemy, within easy range of his artillery. The temptation was too strong to be resisted; he commanded some of his guns to open fire. The consternation caused thereby was immediate and positive. It frightened the enemy, but it enlightened him.

Those heights in our possession, the enemy's position was altogether untenable, and he was at our mercy; unless they could be recaptured, his capitulation was inevitable. Half a dozen shells from Stuart's battery quickly demonstrated this. The enemy, not slow in comprehending his danger, soon advanced his infantry in force, to dislodge our cavalry and repossess the heights. This was accomplished: the hills were fortified, and became the Federal line of defence, protected at either flank by a bold creek which entered into James River, and by heavy batteries of the fleet anchored opposite. Had the infantry been up, General Lee would have made sure of this naturally strong line, fortified it well, maintained it against assault, and dictated to General McClellan terms of surrender; and had the attention of the enemy not been so precipitately directed to his danger by the shots from the little howitzers, it is reasonable to presume that the infantry would have been up in time to secure the plateau.

Colonel Taylor's criticism is based on the assumption that the Federal commander was ignorant of the necessity of occupying a position which commanded his camp until his attention was drawn to the fact by the fire of Stuart's guns. This seems improbable, both from the character of General McClellan and from the fact that at 5.30 P.M., on the 2d of July, he thus wrote to President Lincoln from Harrison's Landing: "If not attacked during this day I will have the men ready to repulse the enemy to-morrow."⁽¹⁾ But even if General McClellan had been so culpably ignorant, can we believe that there was not one among his able subordinates who <85>would have seen and suggested the necessity of securing so obvious and vital a position?

Again, Colonel Taylor assumes that the Confederate infantry would have been in position to make an irresistible attack had it not been for Stuart's precipitate action. The facts of the case do not, however, justify this assumption; for the movements of the Confederates had been greatly retarded by the severe storm of July 2, and neither Jackson nor Longstreet, who approached Harrison's Landing by different roads, were able to reach that vicinity until late in the afternoon of the 3d, and after Stuart had retired from the plateau, which he had occupied for five hours. The supposition that McClellan would have allowed the whole of the 3d to pass without guarding against assault from that position cannot be entertained.

Again, Colonel Taylor assumes that the position on Evelington Heights could have been fortified and maintained by the Confederates against assault aided by the fire of the flotilla of gun-boats, which lay on the river within effective range, in front, and completely enfilading the whole line from the mouth of Herring Creek. At least seven gun-boats guarded the flanks of the Federal army on July 2, and on the 4th Flag Officer Goldsborough informs the Secretary of the Navy that seventeen are at the scene of action.⁽¹⁾ Perhaps the picture which Colonel Taylor presents might have been realized, but, in the light of these facts, it by no means assumes the proportions of a certainty, hardly of a probability.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Chapter IX.--The Second Manassas Campaign.

<86>

ON the 25th of July, 1862, Stuart received his commission as major-general. On the 28th of the same month the cavalry was organized into two brigades as follows:--

First brigade, Brigadier-General Wade Hampton commanding:

1st North Carolina Cavalry, Colonel L. S. Baker.

Cobb Legion Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. B. Young.

Jeff Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin. Hampton Legion Cavalry, Major M. C. Butler.

10th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Z. S. Magruder.

Second brigade, Brigadier-General Fitzhugh Lee commanding:--

1st Virginia Cavalry, Colonel L. Tiernan Brien. 3d Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Thomas F. Goode. 4th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. C. Wickham. 5th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel T. L. Rosser. 9th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. H. F. Lee.

A month of inactivity succeeded the "Seven Days' Battles." The Federal army remained within its strong position at Harrison's Landing, and the Confederate army was withdrawn nearer to Richmond. Stuart's two brigades of cavalry were placed alternately on picket duty on the Charles City front, and in camp of <87>instruction at Hanover Court House. Meantime a Federal army, fifty thousand strong, and commanded by General Pope, had been concentrated east of the Blue Ridge, between the two branches of the Rappahannock; and on the 13th of July Jackson, with his own and Ewell's divisions, was sent to Gordonsville to observe and oppose its movements. On the 27th of July Jackson was still further reinforced by A. P. Hill's division. General Pope's advance had now been pushed forward as far as the Rapidan River. On the 2d of August Colonel W. E. Jones with his regiment, the 7th Virginia Cavalry, was placed in command of Jackson's outposts, and had a spirited fight with the enemy's cavalry at Orange Court House, in which, although at first successful, he was driven back by superior numbers. On the 7th Jackson advanced from Gordonsville, and on the 9th another victory crowned his arms at Cedar Run. The cavalry of the Army of the Valley, under the command of Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, participated in this battle. On the morning of the 10th General Stuart arrived on a tour of inspection which he had been ordered to make of all the cavalry under General Lee's command; and by request of General Jackson took command of a reconnoissance to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy. The information obtained by Stuart determined General Jackson not to attempt to follow up his victory, but to await the attack of the enemy, should he be disposed to make it.

Stuart had just returned from an expedition of some importance, which had occupied him from the 4th to the 8th of August.

The occupation of Fredericksburg by the enemy was a standing menace to the Central Railroad. A body of Federal cavalry had already penetrated to Beaver Dam Station, <88>where they captured Captain J. S. Mosby, who was awaiting the arrival of the train. Some damage was inflicted upon the railroad. It was important to counteract such raids, if possible, and on the 4th of August Stuart started from Hanover Court House with Fitz Lee's brigade and a battery of horse artillery, marched to Bowling Green, thence to Port

Royal, and passing by Morse's Neck, encamped at Grace Church on the night of the 5th. On the next morning he learned that two brigades of infantry, under Generals Gibbon and Hatch, with some cavalry, had encamped the previous night at Massaponax Creek, and were then marching down the Telegraph Road toward the railroad. This was evidently another and more determined attempt to break the communications of General Lee's army. Stuart struck the Telegraph Road at Massapo-nax Church, between which place and the crossing of the Po River he captured a number of wagons and straggling infantry. At the Po River he attacked the rearguard of the enemy, and drove it in upon the main body, whose advance was arrested to meet this unexpected assault from the rear. As the enemy moved back against him, Stuart retired, contesting the ground with artillery until he reached the hills north of the Ny River. Here he turned off toward Bowling Green, and the enemy attempted no pursuit. Stuart captured eighty-five prisoners, eleven wagons and teams, and fifteen cavalry horses. He lost two men mortally wounded. He mentions Colonel S. D. Lee, temporarily in command of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Thornton, Captain Berkeley, and Lieutenant George D. White, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, as distinguished by conspicuous gallantry.

This expedition was, however, only partially successful. Stuart drew back the main body of the enemy <89>and prevented their reaching the railroad; but although his scouts reported the presence of a body of Federal infantry at Spottsylvania Court House on the 6th, he did not know, and could not learn, that it was the rear-guard of another column which had pressed on toward the railroad that same morning; for Colonel Cutler, of the 6th Wisconsin Infantry, with his own regiment, eight companies of the 2d New York Cavalry, and a section of artillery, had left Spottsylvania Court House late on the previous evening, and, reaching Frederickshall Station on the afternoon of the 6th, had torn up about two miles of the railroad and destroyed some other property; after which, by a forced march, he recrossed the South Anna River the same night.

On the 16th of August the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, which had been commenced on the 11th, was completed, and McClellan's army was on its way to reinforce Pope. On the 13th of August Longstreet was ordered to Gordonsville to join Jackson, and Anderson's division soon followed to the same point, Hampton's cavalry being left to watch the Charles City and Fredericksburg front.

On the 16th of August Stuart went by the cars to Orange Court House for consultation with General R. E. Lee. He had given instructions to Fitz Lee's brigade to move toward the Rapidan, where he proposed to meet it on the evening of the next day. Stuart expected Fitz Lee to march on the 17th from Beaver Dam to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, a distance of about twenty-seven miles. From some cause explicit directions had not been conveyed to Fitz Lee, and he was ignorant of Stuart's expectations. This misunderstanding nearly resulted in the capture of Stuart and his staff. Fitz Lee's command was out of rations. He <90>therefore marched on the 17th to the depot at Louisa Court House, and having filled the haversacks of his men, resumed his march the next day, leaving his wagons to follow. Meantime Stuart reached Verdierville on the evening of the 17th, and hearing nothing from Fitz Lee, sent his adjutant, Major Norman R. Fitz Hugh, to meet him and ascertain his position. A body of the enemy's cavalry had, however, started on a reconnoissance on the previous day, and in the darkness of the night Major Fitz Hugh rode into this party and was captured. On his person was found an autograph letter from the commanding general to Stuart, which disclosed to General Pope the design of turning

his left flank. The fact that Fitz Hugh did not return aroused no apprehensions, and Stuart and his staff imprudently passed the night on the porch of an old house on the Plank Road. At daybreak he was aroused by the noise of approaching horsemen, and, sending Mosby and Gibson, two of his aids, to ascertain who was coming, he himself walked out to the front gate, bareheaded, to greet Fitz Lee, as he supposed. The result did not justify his expectations. In another instant pistol shots were heard, and Mosby and Gibson were seen running back, pursued by a party of the enemy. Stuart, Von Borcke, and Dabney had their horses inside of the enclosure of the yard. Von Borcke gained the gate and the road, and escaped unhurt after a long and hard run. Stuart and Dabney were compelled to leap the yard fence and take across the fields to the nearest woods. They were pursued but a short distance. Returning to a post of observation, Stuart saw the enemy depart in triumph with his hat and cloak, which he had been compelled to leave on the porch where he had slept. He bore this mortification with good nature. In a letter of about that date he <91>writes: "I am greeted on all sides with congratulations and 'Where's your hat?' I intend to make the Yankees pay for that hat." And Pope did cancel the debt a few nights afterward at Catlett's Station.

In his report of this circumstance Stuart is unjustly severe on Fitz Lee. Had the latter understood that he was expected at Raccoon Ford on the evening of the 17th he would have been there, full or hungry. But his orders indicated nothing of the exigencies of the case, and he deemed himself fully at liberty to provide his men with the necessary rations. He was made aware of Stuart's strictures; but manfully preferred to rest under an injustice rather than engage in controversy with his commander. He was always more fond of fighting than of writing, and to this day has never appeared publicly to justify himself.

Stuart's division had now been augmented by the addition of Robertson's brigade, which then consisted of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, Colonel T. T. Munford; the 6th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel P.S. Flournoy; the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. E. Jones; the 12th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel A. W. Harman; and the 17th battalion Virginia Cavalry, Major O. R. Funsten.(1)

It was the intention of the commanding general that the cavalry should cross the Rapidan on the 18th, and endeavor to gain the enemy's rear on the railroad, and destroy the bridge over the Rappahannock; while Jackson advanced by Orange Court House and Longstreet by Raccoon Ford. This movement was delayed <92>

(1)Ashby's original command consisted of twenty-six companies without regimental organization. After his death the 7th and 12th regiments and the 17th battalion were organized from these companies; other companies were soon added to the 17th battalion, which became the 11th regiment Virginia Cavalry, under Colonels L. L. Lomax and O. R. Funsten. For these facts I am indebted to Captain W. K. Martin, A. A. G. under General W. E. Jones.

until the 20th, and in the mean time Pope had withdrawn his army across that river.

Having previously detached Munford's regiment to guard the upper fords of the Rapidan, and to operate on Jackson's left, Stuart crossed the Rapidan early on the 20th, with Fitz Lee's brigade and the remainder of Robertson's. Fitz Lee proceeded by Willis Madden's to Kelly's Ford, where he drove the enemy's cavalry across the river, capturing a flag and some prisoners. Stuart himself with Robertson's regiments turned northward at Stevensburg and moved on Brandy Station. The 7th Virginia Cavalry held the advance, and soon encountered the 2d New York Cavalry (the Harris Light), under Lieutenant-Colonel J. Kilpatrick, which it pressed back upon its support at Brandy Station, while

Robertson, with his remaining regiments, was sent to make a *détour* by Barbour's house, with a view of attacking its right and rear. The Federal cavalry at this point was commanded by General George D. Bayard, and consisted of five regiments, the 1st New Jersey, the 2d New York, the 1st Pennsylvania, the 1st Maine, and the 1st Rhode Island. Two of these regiments, the 1st Maine and the 1st Rhode Island, had retired toward the river, but three remained to confront Colonel Jones and the 7th Virginia as they emerged from the woods in the vicinity of the station. General Robertson had been misled, and had made a wider *détour* than was expected; he was therefore unable to render immediate assistance to the 7th, which charged and routed the New York and New Jersey regiments. The arrival of Robertson with his other regiments completed the victory, and the Federal cavalry was pushed, almost without a pause, to the protection of their guns on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock. Stuart reports the capture of sixty-four <93>prisoners, many of them wounded. His own loss was three killed and thirteen wounded. This was the first time that these Valley regiments had served under Stuart's eye, and he highly compliments them and their commander.

The advance of Jackson's corps reached Brandy Station on the evening of the 20th, and Stuart was reinforced by the 1st and 5th regiments from Fitz Lee's brigade; but as the enemy held the opposite bank of the Rappahannock in force, nothing further could be accomplished by the cavalry. At daybreak on the 21st Colonel Rosser, with the 5th Virginia Cavalry, was sent to secure the crossing at Beverly's Ford. His dash at the ford was so sudden that the infantry picket left their muskets standing in stacks, and fled to the adjacent woods. Stuart soon arrived with two pieces of artillery furnished to him by General Jackson, and for several hours maintained his position, expecting that the army would follow. Robertson had crossed at an upper ford, and had there also prepared the way for an advance. This was not, however, the intention of the commanding general, and the cavalry was withdrawn to the south side of the river. On the afternoon of this day Fitz Lee joined Stuart with the 4th and 9th regiments, the 3d having been left in observation on Longstreet's right at Kelly's Ford. On the 22d and 23d Jackson moved northward to the Warrenton Springs Ford, and crossed the river with a considerable portion of his command. A violent rain, however, rendered the river impassable, and threatened to divide his corps: he therefore, on the night of the 23d, by means of a temporary bridge, withdrew that portion of his troops which had crossed, before the arrival of the Federal forces, which quickly concentrated at that point with the expectation of crushing him. <94>General Stuart had proposed to General R. E. Lee to allow him to take his cavalry to the rear of Pope's army, and endeavor to interrupt his communications by the railroad. General Lee gave his consent; and on the morning of the 22d Stuart crossed the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge and Hart's Ford with all of his command except the 7th and 3d Virginia Cavalry. Two pieces of artillery accompanied the expedition. Marching by way of Warrenton, Stuart reached Auburn, in the immediate vicinity of Catlett's Station, after dark; and, having captured the enemy's pickets, was soon in the midst of their encampments. But now that he had reached the desired point it seemed impossible to accomplish anything; for the rain fell in torrents, and the night was so dark that it was impossible to tell where an attack should be directed, or to distinguish friend from foe. Fortunately a captured negro, who had known Stuart in Berkeley Comity, recognized him, and offered to lead him to the place where the wagons belonging to General Pope's headquarters were parked. Under the guidance of this man, the 9th Virginia Cavalry

attacked the camp and captured a number of officers belonging to General Pope's *staff*, together with a large sum of money, the despatch-book and other papers of General Pope's office, his personal baggage and horses, and other property. While this attack was being made, the 1st and 5th Virginia Cavalry moved against another part of the camp, and Captain W. W. Blackford, of the engineers, attempted the destruction of the railroad bridge over Cedar Run. It was found impossible to set fire to the bridge on account of the rain which was falling, and the heavy timbers defied the attack of the few axes which could be found in the darkness. The enemy also opened fire from a cliff on the opposite side. After exhausting all <95>the means at his disposal, Stuart was compelled to acknowledge that the destruction of the bridge was beyond his power; and as the immediate return of his cavalry was imperative, he withdrew before daylight, and returned to Warrenton Springs on the 23d, bringing with him more than three hundred prisoners. For many days thereafter General Pope's uniform was on exhibition in the window of one of the stores on Main Street, in Richmond, and Stuart felt that he had been fully repaid for the loss of his own hat and cloak at Verdiersville.

The swollen condition of the river now enabled General Pope to concentrate his army between Warrenton Springs and Waterloo; but while Longstreet and A. P. Hill occupied his attention on that front, Jackson crossed the Rappahannock four miles above at Hinson's Mill, on the 25th, and by a forced march reached Salem on the night of the same day. On the 26th he passed the Bull Run Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap, and marching by way of Gainesville reached the railroad at Bristoe Station on the same evening. At Gainesville he was joined by Stuart with Robertson's and Fitz Lee's brigades, except the 3d Virginia Cavalry, which had been left at Brandy Station as rearguard to the army, to watch the fords of the Rappahannock, and to forward stragglers and convalescents. The 2d Virginia Cavalry was assigned to special duty as the advance - guard of Jackson's corps. Colonel Munford had seen much service in the Valley under Jackson, and had performed this same duty for him during the battles around Richmond.

As he approached Bristoe Station Jackson sent Colonel Munford forward to surprise and capture the place. In this Munford succeeded. He approached within one hundred yards before the enemy was aware of his <96>presence, dispersed a cavalry company which constituted a part of the guard, and captured forty-three infantry, killing two and wounding seven. While thus engaged a train of cars approached, and succeeded in making its escape before Munford could sufficiently obstruct the track. The arrival of the Louisiana brigade soon after placed an efficient force on the railroad, and two large trains were captured.

But the main depot of the Federal army was at Manassas Junction, still seven miles distant. Here immense supplies of clothing and provisions were stored, and it was important that no time should be lost, lest the enemy, alarmed by the reports of the fugitive cavalry which Munford had driven from Bristoe, or by notice given by the train which had escaped capture, should apply the torch and destroy that of which Jackson's half-famished men stood so much in need. Although the night was exceedingly dark, and the troops had marched more than twenty-five miles since daybreak, Brigadier-General I. R. Trimble volunteered to undertake the capture of the Junction with two of his regiments, the 21st North Carolina and the 21st Georgia, numbering in all about five hundred men. General Jackson *says* in his report:--

In order to increase the prospect of success, Major-General Stuart, with a portion of his

cavalry, was subsequently directed to move forward, and, as ranking officer, to take command of the expedition.

The sequel shows that General Jackson failed to notify General Trimble that Stuart had been placed in command, and from this circumstance there arose a controversy which demands some notice, because it has been made the occasion of unjust criticisms.(1)

<97>

In examining the reports of General Stuart and General Trimble we notice, first of all, that the controversy is begun by General Trimble, and, apparently, without cause. In his report, dated February 28, 1863, General Stuart thus refers to the capture of Manassas Junction:--

As soon as practicable I reported to General Jackson, who desired me to proceed to Manassas, and ordered General Trimble to follow with his brigade, notifying me to take charge of the whole. The 4th Virginia Cavalry (Colonel Wickham) was sent around to gain the rear of Manassas, and with a portion of Robertson's brigade not on outpost duty I proceeded by the direct road to Manassas. I marched until challenged by the enemy's interior sentinels, and received a fire of canister. As the infantry were near, coming on, I awaited their arrival, as it was too dark to venture cavalry over uncertain ground against artillery. I directed General Trimble, upon his arrival, to rest his centre directly on the railroad and advance upon the place, with skirmishers well to the front. He soon sent me word that it was so dark he preferred waiting until morning, which I accordingly directed he should do. As soon as day broke the place was taken without much difficulty, and with it many prisoners and millions of stores of every kind, which his [Trimble's] report will doubtless show.

There is certainly nothing in this extract to excite the jealousy of General Trimble. Stuart states that, under the circumstances, his cavalry was inadequate to the capture of the place, and he therefore awaited the arrival of the infantry. He does not even claim that his cavalry participated in the attack, and only asserts that, as commanding officer, charged with the conduct of the undertaking, he gave general instructions to General Trimble, which he (Trimble) carried into successful execution. He even assumes that Trimble took charge of the prisoners and captured stores, as a duty and honor to which he was justly entitled, and that <98>he had made report of the same to his division or corps commander. Stuart makes no parade of his own services, nor does he in the slightest degree depreciate the services of General Trimble. The latter, however, in his report, which bears date of January 6, 1863, uses the following language:--

In this successful issue of the night's work I had no assistance from artillery or from any part of General Stuart's cavalry, a regiment of which arrived some hours after the attack was made, and commenced an indiscriminate plunder of horses. General Stuart himself did not arrive until seven or eight o'clock in the morning.

Let it be borne in mind that these words were penned before General Trimble had seen General Stuart's report, and it is apparent that General Trimble not only lays claim to the sole honor of this undertaking--an honor which had not been denied him--but that he unnecessarily *makes* an occasion to cast injurious reflections upon the cavalry and its leader. It is an uglier exhibition of the same spirit which causes him to complain, in a subsequent sentence of his report, because the hungry soldiers of Hill's division paid no respect to the guards which he had placed over the captured stores, but regaled themselves to satiety on the rare dainties provided by the Federal sutlers.

It appears from the Official Record that on the 9th of April, 1863, General Trimble's attention was called to the discrepancies between his report and that of General Stuart, by a note from General Jackson's headquarters, and that he was at the same time furnished

with a copy of General Stuart's remarks. In his reply to this note General Trimble maintains his self-imposed position of antagonism to General Stuart in a still more offensive manner, and again asserts that General Stuart was not upon the field, that he received no orders from him, <99>that he sent to Stuart no message in regard to waiting until the morning, and that the attack was made at about half past twelve o'clock at night. This reply was referred to General Stuart. A few extracts from the addition which he made to his report, on the 25th of April, will show the spirit in which Stuart received these strictures.

Human memory is frail, I know; and while in what I have said or may say on this subject my recollection is as vivid as upon any other contemporaneous event about which there is no difference, I lay no claim to infallibility, and I am very far from imputing to the veteran General Trimble any improper intention or motive in what he has said The idea which, strange to say, never entered General Trimble's head, never for one moment left mine, that he was under my command on that occasion, it is hard to account for; and yet I remember that he sent me no message upon the capture of Manassas, but sent it direct to General Jackson; and besides, he failed to submit to me his official report, which he should have done. I attributed these omissions to a certain jealousy of authority, which officers older in years are apt to feel toward a young superior in rank, and never suspected that the question of my being in command was involved in any kind of doubt in his mind. I received instructions from General Jackson, and was told by him that Trimble's brigade would be sent to me. I pushed on with the cavalry to surprise the place, but the train which ran the gauntlet at Bristoe put the garrison on the alert. I awaited Trimble's arrival to make the attack, as well as to give Wickham more time with his regiment to seize the avenues in rear of Manassas, which he did in a very creditable manner, as shown in his report.

Now, as to the interview when General Trimble came up, he says: "It was arranged between General Stuart and myself that I should form line," etc. How arranged? I was a major-general, he a brigadier; I was assigned specially to this duty, and was notified that General Trimble would report to me. It is true that I am not in the habit of giving orders, particularly <100>to my seniors in years, in a dictatorial manner, and my manner very likely on this occasion was more suggestive than imperious; indeed, I may have been content to satisfy myself that the dispositions which he himself proposed accorded with my own ideas, without any blustering show of orders to do this or do that. My recollection is clear that I indicated that the centre should rest on the railroad. The cavalry under Wickham had already been sent, long before Trimble's arrival, to seize the avenues of escape and await events. Wickham, Eliason, and myself have corresponding impressions, *without conference, as to* the events of the night. Wickham says he carried out his instructions to the letter, and reported to General Trimble as soon as the place was taken. He says the first fire occurred about twelve o'clock, and that it was about two A.M. before any further firing was heard, and then the place was taken. General Trimble *says* the place was taken at 12.30 A.M. Eliason thinks it was even later than two o'clock: so do I. All accounts agree--General Trimble's too--that the place was taken without difficulty. General Trimble remarks that he admits that it was taken without difficulty so far as my executions contributed to its capture. I certainly could not have participated more than I did, without officiously interposing to assist Brigadier-General Trimble to command two regiments of his brigade in an enterprise attended with so little difficulty. I commanded in

the capture of Manassas quite as much as either General Jackson or General Lee would have done, had either been present

General Trimble says I did not reach the place until seven or eight o'clock. I was in plain view all the time, and rode through, around, and all about the place soon after its capture

When matters follow each other so closely, it is difficult in a report written some time after to fix the order of time, but General Trimble does the cavalry injustice in his report. There seems to be a growing tendency to abuse and underrate the services of that arm of service by a few officers of infantry, among whom I regret to find General Trimble. Troops should be taught to take pride in other branches of service than their own. Officers, particularly general officers, <101>should be the last, by word or example, to inculcate in the troops of their commands a spirit of jealousy and unjust detraction towards other arms of service, where all are mutually dependent and mutually interested, with functions differing in character, but not in importance.

These extracts sufficiently refute the insinuations made against Stuart. It may, however, be well to consider what were the probabilities in regard to the time at which the attack was made. In his official report General Trimble states that he received General Jackson's order at about nine o'clock in the night. General Jackson states in his report that the distance to Manassas Junction was about seven miles, and that General Trimble's regiments would have marched more than thirty miles since dawn before reaching the Junction.⁽¹⁾ It is not an easy matter to arouse soldiers who are weary and footsore from a long day's march, and if General Trimble started within an hour after receiving the order, he did well. Moreover, three miles per hour is rapid marching for troops in the daytime, and over unobstructed roads. Jackson had not accomplished as much on this day, and all regard his movement as one of unusual celerity. Tired soldiers could not accomplish two miles an hour in the darkness of the night, and over an unknown road, and it speaks volumes for the *esprit du corps* of Trimble's regiments that they accomplished this undertaking with such spirit and success as they did. When we take into consideration the time necessarily consumed in the march, in changing from march by the flank to line, in throwing out a line of skirmishers, in arranging passwords so that friends might be distinguished from foes, <102>and in regulating the advance of the two regiments, which were separated by the railroad embankment (and General Trimble states that he did all this), it must be acknowledged that two hours and a half were not sufficient for its accomplishment; and that, although General Trimble's watch may have marked 12.30 A.M. at the time of the attack, it was probably much nearer the hour as stated by Stuart, namely, two o'clock.

It may be asked why Stuart did not communicate with General Trimble at an earlier hour. The answer is furnished by the circumstances themselves. Stuart says, "I reported to General Jackson, who desired me to proceed to Manassas, and ordered General Trimble to follow with his brigade." Again, in the addendum to his report, he says: "I was assigned specially to this duty, and was notified that General Trimble would report to me." And again: "I received instructions from General Jackson, and was told by him that Trimble's brigade would be sent to me." It is therefore plain either that Stuart and Trimble pursued different routes, or else that although Trimble received his orders first, Stuart was first upon the road, and pushed on in advance, thinking that he might effect a surprise; failing in this, he awaited Trimble's arrival, taking it for granted that Jackson had ordered

Trimble to report to him. Jackson failed to do this, and the opportunity was seized by General Trimble to make the remarks contained in his report.

The capture of Manassas Junction placed immense stores of food and clothing in Jackson's hands. Eight guns, fully equipped, and three hundred prisoners, were captured. Leaving Ewell's division at Bristoe, Jackson moved the rest of his corps to the Junction, upon which a gallant attack was made by General G. W. Taylor's New Jersey brigade, which had been sent <103>on that morning by railroad from Alexandria to hold the bridge over Bull Run. General Taylor pressed the attack with great vigor, but was soon compelled to retire, himself being mortally wounded and carried from the field. His brigade moved back the same evening to Fairfax Court House, where it encountered Fitz Lee, who, with three regiments, had been sent to harass the rear. Stuart mentions the fact that during the attack made by Taylor's brigade, Mr. Louis F. Terrill, volunteer aid to General Robertson, performed valuable service, extemporizing lanyards, and working the captured guns with detachments of infantry as cannoneers.

On the afternoon of the same day heavy columns of the Federal army attacked General Ewell at Bristoe Station, and after repulsing several attempts to carry his position, Ewell withdrew while yet under fire toward Manassas Junction. During this movement his rear was covered by the 2d and 5th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonels Munford and Rosser. After supplying his troops with all that they needed from the captured stores at the Junction, and having destroyed what he could not remove, Jackson evacuated the place on the night of the 27th, and on the following day concentrated his three divisions at Groveton, north of the Warrenton and Alexandria turnpike. During this movement his rear and flanks were covered by Stuart's cavalry, and he received correct information concerning the Federal forces, which were now rapidly concentrating upon him with the hope that he might be crushed by superior numbers before Longstreet could bring him aid. At sunset on the 28th Jackson attacked the enemy with two of his divisions, and after a fierce battle, which lasted until nine o'clock, remained master of the field. Two of his division commanders, General Ewell <104>and General Taliaferro, were wounded in this engagement. On the morning of the 29th Jackson awaited the enemy's assault, which commenced about ten o'clock and continued until nine o'clock P.M., and although the fighting was of the most desperate character, maintained his lines intact. During the day Longstreet arrived and took position on his right.

Having followed the same line of march pursued by Jackson on his advance, Longstreet reached Thoroughfare Gap at three o'clock on the 28th, and finding a considerable body of the enemy in possession, was unable to force a passage until late in the evening. Early the next morning he resumed his march, and reached Groveton in time to participate in the battle of that day.

On the 28th General Stuart learned from despatches which he had captured that the enemy's cavalry was ordered to concentrate at Haymarket, under the command of General Bayard. With Jackson's consent, Stuart proceeded thither with a small part of his now widely scattered command, and engaged the enemy in the afternoon in a brisk skirmish, but without decided result. From his position the fight in which Longstreet was engaged at Thoroughfare Gap was plainly visible, but being unable to effect a successful diversion, Stuart withdrew to cover the right of Jackson's battle, having first sent a trusty messenger to communicate with Longstreet. On this same day the horse artillery took important part in the battle. General Jackson says in his report:--

Owing to the difficulty of getting artillery through the woods, I did not have as much of that arm as I desired at the opening of the engagement; but this want was met by Major Pelham, with the Stuart Horse Artillery, who dashed forward on my right and opened upon the enemy at a moment when his services were much needed. <105>

On the morning of the 29th General Stuart again set out to open communication with Longstreet. He had proceeded but a short distance on the Sudley road when he encountered a force of the enemy which had penetrated to the rear of Jackson's line, and endangered his trains. Jackson at once sent infantry to meet this attack, but before its arrival the enemy was repulsed by the fire of Pelham's guns. Major William Patrick, commanding the 17th battalion of Virginia Cavalry, was left in charge of this position, and at a later hour in the day was attacked by a stronger force. He repulsed the enemy, but fell mortally wounded at the head of his men. General Jackson says:--

At a later period Major Patrick, of the cavalry, who was by General Stuart intrusted with guarding the train, was attacked, and though it was promptly and effectually repulsed, it was not without the loss of that intrepid officer, who fell in the attack while setting an example of gallantry to his men well worthy of imitation.

General Stuart says of Major Patrick: --

He lived long enough to witness the triumph of our arms, and expired thus in the arms of victory. The sacrifice was noble, but the loss to us irreparable.

After effecting a junction with Longstreet's command Stuart placed his available cavalry on his right toward Bristoe Station, where Rosser, with the 5th Virginia Cavalry, was already operating. Fitz Lee, with the rest of his brigade, remained on Jackson's left, and both flanks of the army were thus guarded during the remainder of the 29th.

On the 30th Stuart obtained an important post of observation on the right, from which the movements of the enemy, as he concentrated a force against Jackson's corps, were plainly visible. The attack, thus anticipated, was made at about four o'clock in the <106>afternoon. At the proper moment Longstreet moved forward to the relief of Jackson. Stuart had obtained control of four batteries, Stribling's, Rogers', Eshleman's, and Richardson's, and having placed them under the command of Colonel T. L. Rosser, who was detached from his regiment for this service, pressed forward in advance of Longstreet's right to obtain an enfilading fire upon the enemy's lines. Although, as Rosser narrates, at one time nearly half a mile in advance of Longstreet's right, and unsupported even by cavalry, these batteries maintained their position in spite of the attempt made by a force which was sent to dislodge them; and they contributed in no small degree to the repulse of that portion of Pope's army against which Longstreet advanced.

While Rosser was thus occupied Robertson had advanced his brigade to the vicinity of the Lewis House, in order that he might, if opportunity offered, strike the enemy's rear near the Stone Bridge. Here he met Buford's cavalry brigade in one of the handsomest cavalry fights of the war, the honors of which fairly belong to Munford and the 2d Virginia Cavalry. Observing at the first only a small portion of the Federal cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Watts was sent forward with one squadron. His charge developed the fact that he had attacked the advance-guard of a brigade, which was advancing to battle in column of regiments. Munford formed the 2d regiment in line, and was retiring to gain the advantage of a better position, when he heard the order given to the enemy's column, "Forward ! trot ! march !" He instantly wheeled by fours, and charged at full gallop. The impetuosity of the charge carried his regiment entirely through

the first line of the enemy, with whom his men were thoroughly intermingled in hand to hand fight. <107>

For a moment his position was critical, for he had engaged perhaps four times his number; but General Robertson rapidly brought forward the 7th regiment, under Captain S. B. Myers, and the 12th regiment, under Colonel A. W. Harman, whose supporting charge drove the enemy across Bull Run. The 2d regiment stopped at the ford, but the 7th and the 12th continued the pursuit until the enemy were driven beyond the turnpike at the Stone Bridge. Adjutant Harman and Sergeant Leopold, both of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, are mentioned for conspicuous courage. The 2d Virginia Cavalry lost three men killed and four officers and twenty-eight men seriously wounded. Among the wounded were Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Watts and Major C. Breckinridge. Colonel Munford himself was dismounted by a sabre stroke, and his horse was killed. The entire loss in Robertson's brigade was five killed and forty wounded. More than three hundred prisoners were captured, together with a large number of horses, arms, and equipments.

During these days Stuart sustained a severe loss in the death of his signal officer, Captain J. Hardeman Stuart, whom he had sent on the 25th to attempt the capture of the Federal signal station on View Tree, an eminence overlooking Warrenton, and, if possible, to establish his own flag in its place. Captain Stuart was unable to surprise the station, and the force under his command was insufficient to effect its capture. He had dismounted for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, and had given his horse to a man to hold. For some unaccountable reason this man left his post, carrying with him the captain's horse, and leaving him to make his way out as best he could. In this Captain Stuart succeeded, and, joining the march of Longstreet's command, shouldered a musket and fought in <108>the ranks as a private soldier. General Stuart says of him: --

He was killed at the storming of Groveton Heights, among the foremost. No young man was so universally beloved or will be more universally mourned. He was a young man of fine attainments and bright promise.

The battle of the 30th was continued until ten o'clock at night, when darkness closed the pursuit and covered the retreat of Pope's army across Bull Run. A heavy rain, which fell during the night, impeded the movements of Lee's army and gave the enemy opportunity to recover. While Longstreet remained on the field of battle to bury the dead and collect the captured arms, Jackson crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, and moved toward the Little River Turnpike. Early on that morning Stuart had preceded Jackson, and had concentrated his two brigades on the same road, near Chantilly. The Federal army was in full retreat toward Centreville, its flanks feebly guarded by some small bodies of cavalry, two companies of which surrendered almost without firing a shot. Pressing down toward the Centreville road, on which the enemy was retreating, Stuart obtained a commanding position, and about dark attacked their trains with his artillery as they were moving on toward Fairfax Court House. On the morning of this day, Colonel Rosser, with the 5th Virginia Cavalry, was sent to reoccupy Manassas Junction, where he captured about four hundred stragglers, some arms, and medical stores.

On the 1st of September Jackson fought the battle of Ox Hill. On the next day Fitz Lee's brigade occupied Fairfax Court House. On the same day the 3d regiment of Virginia Cavalry rejoined its brigade, having moved up from Brandy Station, and Hampton's brigade reached the front, after having guarded the <109>removal of the army from Richmond. A reconnois-sance by Hampton on this day developed the position of the

enemy at Flint Hill.

Having driven Pope's army to a secure position behind the defences of Washington, General Lee turned northward to the Potomac, and began the first Maryland campaign. While this movement was in progress Stuart covered the front toward Washington. He had learned that an irregular body of cavalry under a certain Captain Means was harassing the citizens in the vicinity of Leesburg, and on the 2d of September he sent Colonel Munford, with the 2d Virginia Cavalry, to that point. On approaching Leesburg, Munford learned that it was occupied by Means' company, and that he was supported by about two hundred men under Major Cole, of Maryland. Munford's regiment numbered only about one hundred and sixty men; but, approaching Leesburg by an unexpected direction, he effected a surprise, and after a heavy skirmish completely routed Means' party, and pursued him to Waterford, a distance of seven miles. He captured forty-seven prisoners, and killed or wounded twenty. An interesting incident of this fight was that Edward, the servant of Private English, of company K, followed his master in the charge, and shot one of the Means party who had made himself especially obnoxious.

On the 5th of September Brigadier-General B.H. Robertson was relieved of the command of his brigade, and was ordered to the department of North Carolina, where (in the words of the order) "his services are indispensably necessary for the organization and instruction of cavalry troops of North Carolina." Colonel Munford was assigned to the command of the brigade, and served in that capacity until the latter part of October, when Colonel W. E. Jones was appointed brigadier-general.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Chapter X.--The First Maryland Campaign.

<110>

FOLLOWING the march of the main army, Stuart's cavalry crossed the Potomac at Leesburg on the afternoon of the 5th of September, and extending itself from the river to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad covered the front toward Washington. Fitz Lee occupied the left at New Market, Hampton the centre at Hyattstown, while Munford covered the signal station on Sugar Loaf Mountain, and extended his pickets as far as Poolesville. Stuart's headquarters were in rear of the centre of this line at Urbana. This position was maintained until the 11th, Hampton being engaged in some unimportant skirmishes near Hyattstown, and Munford in more serious fighting near Poolesville. Upon leaving Virginia the 6th regiment had been detached from Munford's brigade to collect arms and guard the captured property on the battle-field at Manassas; and the 17th battalion had also been assigned to detached service. Three regiments only remained to Munford, and upon these the casualties of the campaign had fallen heavily. The 12th regiment had been reduced to seventy-five men, and the 2d regiment numbered less than two hundred.

On the 7th of September Pleasonton's cavalry drove in Munford's pickets at Poolesville, and on the following day the 8th Illinois and the 3d Indiana Cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, advanced to occupy that <111>place and establish pickets beyond. As the Federal cavalry entered the town Munford approached it from the north with the 7th and 12th regiments and two guns. He had hardly taken position outside of the town when he was charged by the enemy. The 7th regiment under Captain Myers met and repulsed that charge which was directed against Munford's advance gun; but despite the example of gallantry set by Colonel Harman, a part of the 12th regiment behaved badly, and the other gun was with difficulty extricated from an exposed position. Munford retired on the road toward Barnesville, near which place the advance of the enemy was checked by the sharpshooters of the 2d regiment. His total loss in this affair was ten men, eight of whom were from the 12th regiment. On the following day, the 9th of September, the 12th regiment was again somewhat roughly handled, in an affair near Monocacy Church, in which General Pleasonton claims to have captured the regimental flag. On the 10th, Pleasonton attempted to dislodge Munford from his position guarding Sugar Loaf Mountain, but although now reinforced by the 6th U.S. Cavalry he found the position too strong to be assailed. On this day Munford's force was still further weakened by the detachment of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, which was sent to aid Jackson's movement on Harper's Ferry. On the 11th, Franklin's corps advanced upon Munford, causing him to uncover Sugar Loaf Mountain and retire to a point about three miles from Frederick, on the Buck-eystown road.

Until the 10th of September General Lee's army had been concentrated in the vicinity of Frederick. He had anticipated that his advance into Maryland would lead to the evacuation of Harper's Ferry; but as this result did not follow, it became necessary to dislodge <112>the large Federal army which occupied that place and Martinsburg, before his own could with safety be concentrated west of the mountains. On the morning of the 10th of September Jackson's corps left the vicinity of Frederick to accomplish this object. Marching by way of Boonsboro' Jackson recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and occupied the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad northwest of Martinsburg on the evening of the

next day. The Federal garrison at Martinsburg was made aware of his approach, and evacuating the town on the night of the 11th, retreated to Harper's Ferry, thus postponing their surrender for a short time. On the 12th Jackson passed through Martinsburg, and by noon on the 13th had placed his corps in front of the position occupied by the enemy on Bolivar Heights. In the mean time McLaws' division, reinforced by six brigades under Major-General Anderson, had been sent to drive the enemy from Maryland Heights, north of the Potomac; while Walker's division recrossed the river to the Virginia side, and was ordered to gain possession of Loudon Heights east of the Shenandoah. General Lee's order for these movements anticipated that McLaws and Walker would be in position to cooperate with Jackson on Friday the 12th, and that Jackson himself would complete the investment of Harper's Ferry west of the Shenandoah on the morning of the 13th. The advance division of Jackson's corps was in position before Bolivar Heights at the time specified; but McLaws had encountered many obstacles and strong resistance, and was only able to gain possession of Maryland Heights on the afternoon of the 13th; while Walker's division, which had been engaged in incessant duty for two days and nights, reached the summit of Loudon Heights at about the same time. The investment of Harper's Ferry was now complete; <113>but some time was consumed in establishing communications and securing coöperation between the Confederate forces, which were separated by the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. This was not accomplished until the afternoon of the 14th; for before his artillery could be placed in position to command Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights, it was necessary for McLaws to cut a road along the top of the ridge to the bluff which overhangs the river. This work occupied the morning of the 14th. At dawn on the 15th Jackson attacked the garrison from the Virginia side, and within two hours received the surrender of an army of eleven thousand men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, thirteen thousand stand of small arms, and large stores and munitions of war.

Until the 13th of September the utmost uncertainty in regard to Lee's movements and intentions had existed in the Federal army and at Washington. The fact that Jackson had recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport was telegraphed by Governor Curtin to President Lincoln on the 12th; but so far from divining the real object of this movement, the Federal authorities were only able to see in it an indication of the retreat of Lee's army, or of a possible attack upon Washington from the south side of the Potomac. General McClellan's movements were much embarrassed by this uncertainty, and by the timidity of those in Washington who so largely controlled him. His right wing under Burnside rested on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while his left under Franklin extended to the Potomac. On the 11th of September the left wing was thrown forward, and, as we have already seen, drove away Munford's party from Sugar Loaf Mountain. On the 12th a general advance along his whole line compelled Stuart to withdraw from his position at <114>Urbana and Hyattstown. Fitz Lee crossed the Monocacy above Frederick, while Hampton retired through that place toward Middletown. Munford was at the same time drawn back to the gap in the Catoctin range at Jefferson. As Hampton was withdrawing through the streets of Frederick, the enemy pressed so closely upon his rear with infantry and artillery that he found it necessary to check their pursuit in order to insure the orderly withdrawal of his brigade. The enemy had planted a gun in the suburbs of the city, and were firing along the street through which Hampton must pass. This gun was supported by the 30th Ohio Infantry and by two companies of cavalry. Colonel M. C. Butler, of the 2d South Carolina

Cavalry, was directed to attack. Lieutenant Meighan's squadron made the charge, supported by the brigade provost guard of forty men, under Captain J. F. Waring. Lieutenant Meighan rode over the gun, dispersed its support, and captured the officer in command, Colonel Moore of the 30th Ohio, and seven other prisoners. He might have brought off the gun had not five of its horses been killed in the fight. This sharp action protected Hampton's rear, and his brigade was slowly withdrawn to Middletown, leaving the Jeff Davis Legion and two guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin, to hold the gap in the Catoctin Mountain.

Early on the 13th Stuart returned with Hampton's brigade to the position occupied by Colonel Martin at the gap. He had not yet been able to determine whether he was opposing a reconnoissance, or whether the army of McClellan was advancing. The orders which he, in common with the other subordinate commanders, had received contemplated the reduction of Harper's Ferry on the 12th or 13th; and after that event no importance would attach to the mountain gaps. But no intelligence had been received from Harper's Ferry; and in order to gain time and to develop the enemy, Stuart determined to hold the gap beyond Middletown; while Fitz Lee, from his position on the left, was sent to gain the enemy's rear, and endeavor to ascertain his real force. Although attacked by Pleasonton's cavalry, Hampton held the gap until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the advance of Rodman's division of infantry compelled him to withdraw toward Middletown, near which place he made a second and a third stand, checking each time the progress of the enemy.

Having assured himself that Turner's Gap, where the Boonsboro' road crosses the South Mountain, was held in force by the infantry of D. H. Hill's division, and having posted Rosser with the 5th Virginia Cavalry and the horse artillery at Braddock's Gap, on the right of Hill's position, Stuart withdrew Hampton from contact with the enemy and sent him to reinforce Munford at Crampton's Gap, which he now considered the weakest portion of the line. The Jeff Davis Legion was detached from Hampton for service at the Boons-boro' Gap.

Munford's two regiments had not been allowed to remain idle on this day. The enemy pressed upon his position at Jefferson by three roads, and followed him closely with cavalry as he retired toward Burkittsville, or Crampton's Gap. Colonel Harman with the 12th regiment was sent hurriedly to gain position at Burkittsville and to secure the wagons of the brigade, while Munford with the sharpshooters of the 2d regiment, under Captain Holland, disputed the enemy's advance. Finding himself heavily pressed, Captain Holland made a dash at his pursuers with a mere handful of mounted men, and checked them until an advantageous position had been secured for the artillery on the mountain side. At this opportune moment Hampton was approaching from the north, but all unaware of the pressure under which Munford was laboring. Observing a regiment of the enemy's cavalry on a road parallel to the one on which he was moving, Hampton took the Cobb Georgia Legion across to charge it. Lieutenant-Colonel P.M. B. Young led the charge, dispersed the party, and captured prisoners from the 3d Indiana and 8th Illinois Cavalry. Hampton states that the published accounts of the enemy acknowledged the loss of thirty men killed and wounded in this fight. His own loss was four killed and nine wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant-Colonel Young. This attack upon the enemy's rear brought the much needed relief to Munford, although he was at the time unaware of the real cause. Menaced by this new danger the enemy retired from Munford's front,

giving the road to Hampton, who, approaching from the direction from which Munford anticipated attack, was not recognized by him. Waiting until the head of Hampton's column was within easy range, Munford's guns were shotted and the lan-yards applied; when fortunately Hampton perceived the intention, and raising a white flag made himself known as a friend.

The situation of the Confederate army on the morning of the 14th of September was critical in the extreme. Jackson's corps and three divisions of Longstreet's were concentrated at Harper's Ferry, and were separated from the rest of the army by the Potomac River. This was practically the case even with Mc-Laws' command on Maryland Heights; for he was eventually compelled to cross the river into Virginia and recross at Shepherdstown before he could rejoin the army at Sharpsburg. Four divisions of infantry and a <117>part of the cavalry alone remained with General Lee. The mountain passes at Turner's and Crampton's gaps were held by mere rear-guards: D. H. Hill's division, of less than five thousand men, occupying the important point at Turner's Gap, while Hampton and Munford, with their cavalry, held Crampton's Gap. In his advance on the 13th the enemy had not exposed much of his force, and Stuart was still uncertain as to the character of the movement he had been opposing, especially as Fitz Lee had been unable to gain the enemy's rear. Naturally anxious not to overestimate the force he had encountered, Stuart reported to D. H. Hill and to McLaws only what he had seen, and this was not enough to cause serious apprehensions. Nevertheless Harper's Ferry had not yet surrendered, and until this did take place and give opportunity for the concentration of the Confederate army, the gravest peril existed that McLaws might be overpowered at Maryland Heights, and that the four divisions with General Lee might be called upon to face the greater part of the Federal army. It was therefore imperative that the mountain passes should be held for at least a day longer; and to effect this Longstreet was recalled from Hagerstown to Boonsboro' by a forced march, and Cobb's brigade was sent by McLaws to reinforce the two brigades he had left near Crampton's Gap. But so great was the uncertainty produced by the inactivity of the enemy on the 13th that D. H. Hill did not move to the front two of his brigades, Ripley's and Rodes', until he was actually attacked; and McLaws did not send Cobb's brigade to reinforce the gap in his rear until noon on the same day.

Stuart left the vicinity of Boonsboro' early on the morning of the 14th and rode rapidly to Crampton's Gap. The enemy had as yet made no demonstration <118>at this point, and Stuart deemed it necessary to send Hampton to guard the road next to the river at the end of the mountain ridge, lest an attempt should be made to relieve Harper's Ferry from that direction. Leaving Munford at Crampton's, with his own two regiments of cavalry and two fragments of infantry regiments from Mahone's brigade, and having instructed Munford to hold the gap at any cost, Stuart himself proceeded to McLaws' position to procure additional force, and to acquaint himself with the state of affairs.

Leading westward from Burkittsville two practicable roads cross the mountain at points about a mile distant from each other. The southern passage is known as the Browsersville Gap, the northern, as Crampton's. General McLaws had advanced on Maryland Heights through the Browsersville Gap, and it was here that he had left General Semmes with his own and Mahone's brigade. Semmes' position was four miles distant from Maryland Heights, and Crampton's Gap was five miles. The roads east of the mountain leading to both these gaps were within sight of each other, and a force advancing upon either was

exposed to artillery fire from both.

The inactivity of the Federal army on the 13th and the early part of the 14th of September will, perhaps, be excused by the historian on account of the demoralized condition in which that army was left by the disastrous campaign under General Pope. It possessed, however, at this time every incentive for active exertion. On the 13th General McClellan was authoritatively informed of General Lee's plans and movements; and the exposed condition of his army was as well known to him as to us at the present day. Through the fatal carelessness of some one, that copy <119>of the order of march issued by General Lee on the 9th of September and addressed to General D. H. Hill, which revealed the movement of every part of Lee's army, was left at Frederick and fell into General McClellan's hands. No general could hope for a greater advantage over his adversary; and yet the mountain gaps were not forced until the evening of the 14th. In calculating the results which might have ensued had the Federal army moved with greater celerity, it must not be forgotten that both Hill and McLaws had abundant time to make more effective dispositions for the defence of the gaps, and that these dispositions were not made, simply because the small force developed by the enemy on the 13th did not seem to require them. For the same reason Hampton's brigade of cavalry was moved on the morning of the 14th from Crampton's Gap, where its services would have been of inestimable value, to a point which the sequel showed to be of but little importance.

The battle at Turner's Pass began at about seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th. As the record does not show that the cavalry was actively engaged in this battle, it is only necessary for this narrative to state the general result. General D. H. Hill maintained his position unsupported and without sustaining any serious reverse until four o'clock in the afternoon, although assailed by the two corps which constituted the right wing of the Federal army. At four o'clock Longstreet arrived at the gap, which was held until darkness put an end to the conflict. But both the right and left of the Confederate line had been turned by the superior numbers of the enemy, and the position was no longer tenable. Longstreet and Hill were therefore withdrawn during the night, and on the next morning were placed in position beyond the <120>Antietam at Sharpsburg. The withdrawal of these troops was covered by Fitz Lee's cavalry brigade, which, on the morning of the 15th, was hotly engaged in a manner which will hereafter be described.

The gallant defence made by Colonel Munford at Crampton's Gap demands a more extended notice. Munford had selected a strong position for his men behind a stone fence near the eastern base of the mountain. In his rear was a body of woods, and in his front a large open field over which the enemy must advance to the attack. Every available cavalryman was dismounted and placed in line of battle to strengthen the two regiments of infantry under his command. Chew's battery of horse artillery and a section of navy howitzers from the Portsmouth battery were placed in position near this line, but were subsequently removed to a more commanding point higher up the mountain. Not until skirmishing had actually begun was Munford reinforced by the two remaining regiments of Mahone's brigade under Colonel Parham. These regiments hardly numbered three hundred men, and the whole force under Munford's control could not have amounted to as many as eight hundred. At noon his pickets at Burkittsville were driven in, and the enemy soon after appeared in force at the base of the mountain. The first demonstration was directed toward the lower gap, the one held by General Semmes; but being met by the artillery fire from both gaps, the assault concentrated on Munford. At three o'clock in the

afternoon a column of attack was organized consisting of the three brigades of Slocum's division strengthened by two brigades of Smith's division. Although assailed by such superior numbers Munford held his position for three hours. The action was in full view of General Semmes, but from him he received <121>no further assistance. The infantry under Colonel Parham and the dismounted cavalry vied with each other in the steadiness of their fire, and there was no break in their ranks until after the arrival of Cobb's brigade. Munford's report says:

After much delay, and some four couriers had been sent, General Cobb, with two regiments of his brigade, came up to my support. When the general himself came up, I explained the position of the troops, and of course turned over the command to him. At his request I posted the two regiments. The first troops, having exhausted all their ammunition, began to fall back as soon as their support came up, Colonel Parham having already partially supplied them with ammunition. When the two other regiments of General Cobb's brigade came up, he again requested me to put them in position, but they behaved badly and did not get in position before the wildest confusion commenced, the wounded coming to the rear in numbers, and more well men coming with them. General Cobb attempted to rally the men, but without the least effect, and it would have been as useless as to attempt to rally a flock of frightened sheep. Had General Cobb's brigade given the support to the first troops engaged which they deserved, the gap would have been held. The cavalry horses were on the road leading to Boonsboro', and having previously retired the artillery on the Harper's Ferry road (every round of ammunition having been fired for some time before), I formed my command and moved down the mountain, the infantry still running in great disorder on the Harper's Ferry road, followed at a short distance by the enemy, who were then between them and the cavalry, who had to go for their horses. The enemy was at the forks of these roads before many of the cavalry, who were the last to give up their position. Had General Cobb come up in time the result might have been otherwise. There were two stone walls at the base of the mountain parallel to each other, and one commanding the other, which could have been held against great odds had the troops been in position.

It affords me great pleasure to commend Colonel Parham as <122>a gallant and efficient officer, who did everything in his power to hold his position. His little command fought splendidly. Colonel Parham's loss must have been heavy, as he was a long time engaged and the firing was as heavy as I ever heard.

General Slocum acknowledges a loss of 511 in his division. He claims to have captured over 300 prisoners, 700 stand of arms, and one piece of abandoned artillery.

Having regained his horses, Munford retired towards Boonsboro', and on the next day took position covering the approaches to Keedysville. As the enemy closed down upon the line of the Antietam, Munford retired to Sharpsburg, and was assigned to the right of Lee's line of battle, guarding the lower crossings, where he was engaged in active skirmishing on the 17th and 18th.

Munford's gallant fight had transpired while Stuart was on Maryland Heights. The knowledge which he had gained of the country during the John Brown raid led him to believe that he could render valuable assistance at that point; and with this object in view, as well as to gain the information necessary for the proper direction of his own command, he had joined General McLaws while the enemy appeared inactive at Crampton's Gap. He urged that the road leading from Harper's Ferry, by the Kennedy Farm, toward

Sharpsburg, be occupied, lest any of the enemy should escape thereby. The neglect of this precaution was followed by serious results. On the night of the 14th, Colonel B. F. Davis, of the 8th New York Cavalry, marched out from Harper's Ferry by this very road, at the head of fifteen hundred horsemen; and, meeting with no opposition, he not only delivered the cavalry from the surrender of the following morning, but inflicted serious loss on the Confederates by capturing a portion <123>of Longstreet's ordnance train near Sharpsburg.

General Lee acknowledges the loss of 45 wagons.

Colonel Voss, of the 12th Illinois Cavalry, claims the capture of 60 wagons and 675 prisoners.

As soon as Stuart was informed of the fight at Cramp-ton's Gap he returned thither, but only in time to meet the disorganized fugitives of Cobb's brigade as they were streaming down Pleasant Valley. They reported that the enemy was immediately in their rear and in overwhelming force. Aided by the presence of General McLaws, some portions of the brigade were rallied and a line was formed across the road. Reconnoitring parties were sent back toward the gap, but found no enemy within a mile. The approach of night had prevented the enemy from following up the signal advantage which he had gained, and gave time for dispositions to dispute his progress. All of McLaws' command except one regiment and two guns was withdrawn from Maryland Heights, and was moved back toward the mountain passes, in anticipation of a battle on the following morning, but the early surrender of Harper's Ferry relieved McLaws of his most serious embarrassment, and the excellent position of his line of battle in Pleasant Valley caused the enemy to pause. McLaws withdrew his command to Harper's Ferry at two o'clock r. M., and marching by way of Shepherdstown, reached Sharpsburg at sunrise on the 17th, in time to participate in the battle of that day. During this movement his rear was covered by the cavalry under Hampton, which on the 17th occupied position on the right of the Confederate line on the Antietam.

Stuart was on McLaws' line of battle in Pleasant Valley when Harper's Ferry surrendered. The news was at once communicated to the troops, and produced wild <124>demonstrations of joy. Stuart reported in person to General Jackson, and was by him requested to convey the information to the commanding general at Sharpsburg. Leaving his staff to follow at a more moderate pace, he took with him one courier, and proceeded at full speed upon this mission. He reached the town soon after the arrival of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, whose troops were greatly strengthened and encouraged by Jackson's success.

On the night of the 14th, after the battle at Turner's Pass, Fitz Lee was ordered to cover the withdrawal of the infantry from the mountain, and to resist and retard as much as possible the advance which it was anticipated the enemy would make on the following morning. He took position east of Boonsboro', where he could command the road as it descended from the mountain. A good position was secured for his artillery, and dismounted skirmishers were thrown out well to the front. A mounted force on either side of the road supported the guns.

Soon after daylight a column of the enemy's infantry debouched from the gap. Fitz Lee's skirmishers were soon engaged, and fell back slowly until the position occupied by his guns was uncovered. He withheld their fire until the head of the enemy's column was within easy range, when shells were exploded in it so rapidly and accurately as to cause a

halt. A second attempt to advance was attended with a like result. Lines of battle were now formed extending beyond both of Fitz Lee's flanks, and he was compelled to retire toward the town. His guns had been sent back to a new position, and his mounted men were in the act of withdrawing, when the lines of the enemy's infantry opened and let out a force of cavalry, which came charging down the road. <125>

The 3d Virginia Cavalry was called on to meet this charge, and responded so handsomely that the Federal cavalry was driven back to their infantry. But the pressure upon Lee's rear was soon renewed, and became so heavy as he was passing through Boonsboro' that it was necessary to make a stand with one of his regiments to insure the orderly withdrawal of the remainder. This difficult duty devolved upon Colonel W. H. F. Lee and the 9th Virginia Cavalry. The street through which he necessarily passed was so narrow that his regiment could only be operated in column of fours. A sufficient interval was, however, preserved between his squadrons, which were employed successively in charging the head of the enemy's advancing column. As one squadron retired from the charge, to form again in rear of the regiment, the one next in front took up the battle. By a rapid series of well executed attacks the 9th regiment thus covered the retreat of the remainder of the brigade and gave it time to take position west of Boonsboro'.

The contest in the streets of the town was fierce and protracted. The Union sentiment here was strong, and Colonel Lee's squadrons were assailed not only by an open enemy, but concealed foes shot at his men from the windows of the houses. The 9th regiment was of course pushed back steadily through the town. In retiring from a charge, one squadron was compelled to cross a narrow bridge. The enemy was pressing close behind. At the entrance to the bridge Colonel Lee's horse fell in the road. The press of men and horses permitted no attempt at recovery. In an instant he was overridden by his own men and by a portion of the enemy. Captain Haynes, who commanded the squadron next in position, charged and recovered the bridge, and raising Colonel Lee's horse from the <126>ground, called upon him to mount and escape. He was, however, so stunned and bruised as to be incapable of moving hand or foot; and before others of his men could come to his rescue Captain Haynes was driven back across the bridge by a fresh charge of the enemy, and was compelled to leave his colonel to his fate. For some time he lay on the roadside, dazed and helpless, as the enemy's cavalry, infantry, and artillery passed by within a few feet of him. No one, however, noticed him. At length the thought entered his mind that escape was not impossible. By slow and painful movements he crawled to a copse of woods which skirted the field adjacent to the road. Here he was so fortunate as to meet two or three Confederate soldiers, who had become separated from their commands. By them he was raised to his feet and supported to a farm-house, where a horse was procured. Avoiding the roads and pressing westward, he succeeded in crossing the Antietam before night, and was soon afterwards in the hands of his friends, who welcomed him as one restored from the dead.

Having brought his command through Boonsboro', Fitz Lee made another stand at the intersection of the Keedysville road, where he was again successful in delaying the enemy for a considerable time. In withdrawing from this position he retired on the road leading directly west, hoping to draw the enemy after him on this, which was, for them, the wrong road. He thus occupied their attention during the greater part of the day, and finding, at length, that he was no longer pursued, he moved his command to Sharpsburg, and placed it on the left of the Confederate line, guarding the upper fords of the Antietam.

It was not until late in the afternoon of the 16th that the Federal army was so far concentrated west of <127>the Antietam as to warrant the beginning of an attack. The Confederate line of battle rested its right upon Antietam Creek, covering the two bridges by which alone Sharpsburg could be approached in that direction, and extended thence northward for a distance of about two and a half miles, nearly parallel with the course of the Antietam. The right was held by Longstreet, the centre by D. H. Hill, and the left by two small divisions of Jackson's corps, commanded by General Lawton. The Confederate left was prolonged by the cavalry under Stuart, and was somewhat retired, in a westerly direction, toward the Potomac River. Any attack upon the Confederate right or centre must of necessity be preceded by a severe struggle for the possession of the narrow stone bridges which there spanned the Antietam; but on the Confederate left there were bridges and practicable fords across which an undisputed passage could be made. This consideration determined McClellan's plan of battle, which was to cross the Antietam at the points above Sharpsburg where it was undefended, and attempt to crush the Confederate left wing, which being accomplished would make easy the attacks which should be subsequently directed against the centre and right. The effort against the Confederate left was made by three corps, those of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner. Hooker crossed the Antietam on the afternoon of the 16th, and pressed southward and eastward. Timely notice of this movement was given by Stuart, and two brigades of Hood's division were sent forward to meet it. They encountered Hooker's troops in the woods east of the Hagerstown turnpike, and opposite the Dunkard Church, around which the battle must rage so fiercely the following day. Night had now fallen. The sharp contest between Hooker's troops and Hood's brigades <128>had lasted but a short time, and had resulted in no advantage to either side. Both parties lay down upon their arms, ready to resume the battle at the dawn of day. During the night Hood was replaced by Lawton's and Trimble's brigades from Jackson's command. On the other side Mansfield's corps had crossed the Antietam and lay within supporting distance of Hooker, while Sumner was close to the Antietam, ready to cross at daybreak.

I borrow the following description of this part of the field of battle from Swinton's "Decisive Battles of the War": --

If leaving the town of Sharpsburg the pedestrian walks northward by the Hagerstown road, he will, at the distance of a mile, reach a small edifice, known as the Dunker Church, situate on the road, hard by a body of woods. This wood, which has a depth of about a quarter of a mile, runs along the Hagerstown road for several hundred yards, entirely on the left hand side as you proceed from Sharpsburg. Then there is a field, the edge of which runs at right angles to the road for about two hundred yards, thus making an elbow in the woods. The field then turns to the right, and runs along the woods parallel to the Hagerstown road for a quarter of a mile, when the wood again turns square to the left and extends back about half a mile, making at this point again an elbow with the strip of woods running along the road from the church. The timber ground is full of ledges of limestone and small ridges, affording excellent cover for troops. It was here that Jackson's troops were posted. The field from the timber to the Hagerstown road forms a plateau, nearly level, and in higher ground than the woods, which slope clown abruptly from the edges of the plateau. The field, however, extends not only *to* the Hagerstown road, but for a considerable distance to the east side of it, when it is again circumscribed by another body of timber, which we may call the "east woods." The woods around the Dunker

Church, the "east woods," and the open field between them formed the arena whereon the <129>terrible wrestle between the Union right and Confederate left took place,-- a fierce flame of battle, which, beginning in the "east woods," swept back and forth across the field, burst forth for a time in the woods around the Dunker Church, and which left its marks everywhere, but in most visible horror on the open plain.

The advance of Hooker's corps, which had been interrupted by nightfall, was resumed at the dawn of day. His first onset fell upon the three brigades of Ewell's division, Lawton's, Trimble's, and Hays', under the command of General Lawton, which numbered only twenty-four hundred men. Early's brigade had been sent to support the artillery with which Stuart, on the left, maintained a severe enfilading fire upon the enemy's right. After sustaining the unequal contest for an hour, this little band of heroes was forced back across the open field east of the turnpike, and into the woods in which is situated the Dunkard Church. Here, still fighting, they were reinforced by Jackson's other division, commanded by General Starke, and the battle was renewed with almost unparalleled ferocity. Before seven o'clock A.M. Jackson had lost one half of his men in killed and wounded, and Hooker's corps had been so completely shattered that General Sumner stated that when he came upon the field he saw nothing of it at all.

As the Confederate line retired, Stuart's position became too much exposed, and the direction of his fire now endangered his friend. He therefore withdrew more to the rear of the Confederate left, where he was better able to participate in the contest, which still raged around the Dunkard Church. At the same time Early was recalled to assume the command of Ewell's division, after General Lawton was wounded; and leaving one regiment, the 13th Virginia, to support Stuart's <130>artillery, he returned toward the position he had first occupied that morning. At half past seven o'clock Mansfield's corps reinforced Hooker's shattered line, but he was met and disastrously repulsed by Hood's division, which pursued the retreating enemy east of the turnpike, until the ground was recovered on which the battle had begun at daybreak. But here again the tide of battle turned, for Sumner's corps had now advanced to the front, and attacking with fresh strength troops already exhausted, Hood's division was forced back across the open field, now ghastly with the dead and dying, and into, and even beyond, the woods surrounding the Dunkard Church. While this last attack was transpiring Early was moving his brigade into position in this body of woods, which he had just regained after leaving Stuart. The advance of Sumner was pursued so far that Early was entirely separated on his right from the rest of Jackson's command, and was at the same time threatened with attack by a force which was advancing across the open field toward Iris left. At the moment when the success of Sumner's attack was such as seemingly to threaten the destruction of the Confederate left, McLaws' division arrived in place, and, joining with Early in a sweeping charge, drove Sumner back through the woods and across the open field east of the turnpike, and into the woods in which the battle first began.

In such a battle there was no opportunity to use the little body of cavalry which followed Stuart to support his guns. But Stuart himself was ceaselessly active. The positions which he occupied were indeed of the greatest importance. Between the left of Jackson's line and the sharp elbow which the Potomac makes just beyond was an open space, through which, if left unguarded, the enemy might easily have penetrated to <131>Jackson's rear. The rising ground gave admirable positions for artillery, and had these hills fallen into the possession of the Federals, Jackson's divisions must have been

driven back upon the Confederate centre. The historian Swinton blames Hooker because, after his first success in driving back Lawton's three brigades to the Dunkard Church, he did not at once order up Mansfield's corps, and occupy this ground. He says: --

There is a commanding eminence to the right of where Hooker's flank rested, which would thus have been occupied; and as it is the key of the field, taking *en fevers* the woods with the outcropping ledges of limestone where Jackson's reserves lay, its possession would, in all likelihood, have been decisive of the field. Hooker failed to perceive this; but he advanced his line to reap the fruit of his first advantage, thrusting forward his centre and left over the open fields toward the woods west of the Hagerstown road.(1)

This very position which Swinton thinks might have been occupied by Mansfield was the one which Stuart guarded. Behind his guns at the time of Hooker's first success lay Early's brigade of infantry and Fitz Lee's brigade of cavalry. Mansfield might have gained these heights, but certainly not without a struggle; for not only was the horse artillery brought into action by Stuart, but other guns from Jackson's command served with him under Pelham. Poague, Pegram, and Carrington, with others, were there. The last assault made by Sumner's corps brought it under the musketry fire of the 13th Virginia Infantry, which supported these guns. In speaking of the final repulse of this corps General Early says:-

Major-General Stuart, with the pieces of artillery under his charge, contributed largely to the repulse of the enemy, and <132>pursued them for some distance with his artillery and the 13th Virginia regiment under the command of Captain F. V. Winston.

General Jackson says, in reference to a proposed movement against the enemy's right, on the afternoon of the 17th:--

In this movement Major-General Stuart had the advance, and acted well his part. This officer rendered valuable service throughout the day. His bold use of artillery secured for us an important position, which, had the enemy possessed, might have commanded our left.

The repulse of Sumner's corps closed the serious fighting on that flank. Attempts were made to force the right and centre of the Confederate line, but they were repulsed; and night closed down upon this hard-fought field. With four thousand men Jackson had sustained the attack of Hooker's powerful corps, and had reduced it to the condition described in General Sumner's words. When Hooker was reinforced by Mansfield's corps, Hood's division came to Jackson's assistance. Then followed McLaw's charge and the final repulse of Sumner's corps. Two divisions of Jackson's corps, aided by two divisions from Longstreet's, in all less than ten thousand men, had met and shattered three corps of the Federal army, which outnumbered them four to one.

On the 18th the two armies confronted each other in sullen silence. The scene can never be forgotten by those who rode along Jackson's attenuated line. There appeared to be hardly one man to a rod of ground, and it seemed that a compact regiment must pierce such a line at any point, should the attempt be made. But a bold front and an over-cautious enemy saved the Confederates from such an unequal contest; and during the night General Lee safely transferred <133>his forces to the south bank of the Potomac. Fitz Lee's brigade again covered the withdrawal of the infantry. Munford, who had been

skirmishing with the enemy on the extreme right, along the bank of the canal, made a somewhat narrow escape. The messenger sent by Fitz Lee to notify him to withdraw had failed to find him; and it was not until he rode in person to Sharpsburg, and there met General Fitz Lee, that he was made aware of the isolated situation of his command. However, a rapid ride brought his brigade to Shepherdstown in time to cross the river in the presence of the enemy, and under the cover of the friendly guns on the southern bank. General Munford relates an incident which occurred at the ford, and which is worth preservation. As he reached the river bank he found there General Maxey Gregg with about one hundred men, the rear of the infantry. At the edge of the river, and in the water, stood an ambulance filled with wounded men. The cowardly driver had unhitched his horses, crossed the river, and had left his suffering comrades to the mercy of the foe. The poor fellows begged piteously to be carried to the other side. General Gregg lifted his hat, and said to his soldiers, --

"My men, it is a shame to leave these poor fellows here in the water! Can't you take them over the river?"

In an instant a dozen or more strong men laid hold on the ambulance and pulled it through the water, in most places waist deep, amid the shouts of the rest, who sang, --

"Carry me back to Old Virginia."

General Munford also states that Lieutenant W. O. English, of company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, was the last Confederate who crossed the ford at Shepherdstown. <134>He blew up two abandoned caissons with a slow match, and then crossed under fire.

Munford's brigade now took position on the right of the Confederate line, near Boteler's Ford. On the evening of the 19th four regiments of the 5th corps crossed the river at this ford, and attacked the reserve artillery, which was supported by Lawton's and Armistead's brigades. These two brigades did not number more than 600 men. They gave way before the attack of the enemy, and permitted the capture of four pieces of artillery. The retreat of the infantry and artillery was covered by Munford's brigade, and greater loss was prevented by the efficiency with which the cavalry was handled. The enemy retired to the Maryland side during the night, but renewed the attempt to harass the Confederate rear on the following morning. Two brigades of Sykes' division and one from Morell's, in all thirteen regiments, numbering about 3,500 men, crossed the river at an early hour, and advanced toward Shepherdstown. They were met by A. P. Hill's division, and were driven back across the river with a loss of 331 men. In this action only three brigades of Hill's division were engaged. His total loss was 261.

While these events were transpiring on the right of the Confederate army, Stuart, with Hampton's brigade and some small detachments from several infantry regiments, had ascended the Potomac on the afternoon of the 18th to Williamsport, for the purpose of making a demonstration which might give aid to the army in retiring across the river on the 19th. Two sections of artillery accompanied this movement. Stuart maintained a threatening position on the Maryland side during the 19th and 20th. On the latter day he was engaged in skirmishing with Couch's division, which <135>had been sent to dislodge him. At night on the 20th he withdrew to the Virginia side without loss.

General Lee's army now moved back beyond Martinsburg, and for about six weeks enjoyed much-needed rest. The cavalry covered the front of the army, and protected it from annoyance. On the 1st of October, General Pleasonton, with seven hundred cavalry

and a battery of artillery, made a reconnoissance as far as Martinsburg, retiring within his lines on the same day. This affair was attended with but little result on either side.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XI.(1)--The Chambersburg Raid.

<136>

DURING the period of rest which succeeded the battle of Sharpsburg, the cavalry headquarters was located under the magnificent oaks which beautify the lawn of "The Bower,"-- the residence of Mr. A. S. Dandridge, near Charlestown. The open-hearted hospitality, the pleasant and ennobling social intercourse of those days, can never be forgotten by those who participated in them.

For a few days before the 9th of October a more than usual stir at cavalry headquarters aroused suspicion on the part of those who were somewhat behind the scenes. On the afternoon of the 8th Stuart ordered his acting adjutant, Lieutenant R. Channing Price, to prepare all official papers which required his attention. The evening, until eleven o'clock, was spent in the society of the ladies of "The Bower." Retiring to his tent Stuart then consumed two hours in closing up the business of his office. This done, the banjo, fiddle, and bones were awakened, and a parting serenade was given to his kind friends.

On the morning of the 9th everything was astir. Eighteen hundred cavalry were to rendezvous that day at Darksville. Six hundred of the best mounted and most reliable men had been selected from each of the <137>three brigades of Hampton, Fitz Lee, and Robertson, and these detachments were commanded respectively by Brigadier-General Wade Hampton, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, and Colonel William E. Jones. Major John Pelham commanded the four guns which accompanied the expedition.

When the troops had assembled at the rendezvous, Stuart issued to them the following address:--

Soldiers ! You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to insure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision, and bravery; implicit obedience to orders without a question or cavil; and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you. Suffice it to say, that with the hearty coöperation of officers and men I have not a doubt of its success, --a success which will reflect credit in the highest degree upon your arms. The orders which are here published for your government are absolutely necessary, and must be rigidly enforced.

The orders which controlled the action of the troops were in substance as follows: each brigade commander was required to detail one third of his command to seize horses and other property of citizens of the United States subject to legal capture, while the remainder of his command was held at all times in readiness for action. It was required that receipts should be given to all non-combatants for every article taken from them, in order that they might have recourse upon the Federal government for damages. Individual plundering was prohibited in the strongest manner. The arrest of public functionaries, such as magistrates, postmasters, and sheriffs, was ordered, that such persons might be held as hostages for citizens of the Confederacy who had been arrested and imprisoned. The seizure of private property in the State of Maryland was prohibited. <138>

Every nerve of every man responded to Stuart's address. The secrecy of the movement added zest to it. Many a trooper in that company had ridden with him around McClellan's army, on the Chickahominy, and all felt that they could safely follow where Stuart led the way. Hampton took the lead from Darksville. It was necessary to conceal the presence of

the troops from the signal station on the Maryland side of the river, and Hedgesville was approached after dark. Here the command bivouacked for the night, during which Hampton personally selected the place where a chosen body of twenty-five men, under Lieutenant H. R. Phillips, of the 10th Virginia Cavalry, was to cross the river on foot above the ford at McCoy's, and attempt the surprise and capture of the Federal picket. Colonel M. C. Butler, of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, who led Hampton's advance, added to this party Lieutenant Robert Shiver, an experienced scout, and six picked men from his own regiment.

Before daylight every man was in the saddle. Butler, at the head of Captain John Chestnut's company, was at the ford, listening for some token of Shiver and his men. Soon it came. Shiver had not succeeded in surrounding the picket; but he drove it in so rapidly that the fugitives were cut off from their reserve, and were unable to report the attack made upon them. One Federal soldier was wounded and several horses were captured.

At the first sound from the opposite side Butler plunged into the river and secured the ford; and the whole command made a quick and quiet crossing. The advance was immediately pressed forward to the National Turnpike, which joins Hagerstown and Hancock, near which, upon Fairview Heights, was established a Federal signal station. Along this road, between three and five o'clock that morning, had passed General Cox's division of infantry. Butler reached the turnpike so close to their rear that he captured ten stragglers from that command. The heavy fog which covered the river valley obscured all movements, and General Cox proceeded on his march to Hancock ignorant of the presence of the Confederate cavalry in his rear.

Twenty men were now sent to capture the signal station on Fairview. They approached it within a few rods before they were discovered. The two officers in charge of the station succeeded in making their escape; but two privates and all the equipments of the station were captured.

Stuart's march was not, however, unobserved. Captain Logan, of the 12th Illinois Cavalry, who had charge of the pickets in the vicinity, was apprised by a citizen as early as half past five o'clock that the enemy was crossing at McCoy's Ferry; and he immediately moved out his reserve to the support of his interior pickets, which had been attacked but not surprised. He remained in observation of Stuart's column until nine o'clock A.M., when, finding that Stuart was marching towards Mercersburg, he moved his pickets around to guard the roads leading from the north. At half past seven o'clock General Kenly at Williamsport was aware of the raid, and at ten o'clock A.M. had communicated the direction of Stuart's march to General Brooks at Hagerstown. But there was no force of cavalry available to check its progress, and the column pressed steadily forward toward Mercersburg.

Although McClellan's army was now on the lookout for the invading cavalry, there was no suspicion of their presence on the line of march, which was remote from telegraph and railroad. The Pennsylvania people could not believe it possible that the rebel cavalry had invaded the security of their farms, and when the truth was forced upon them, their surprise and consternation were the occasion of many incidents highly amusing to the Confederates. Butler's advance-guard was com-

pletely equipped with boots and shoes at the expense of a Mercersburg merchant, who had no suspicion of the character of his liberal customers until payment was tendered in

the form of the receipt required by General Stuart's orders. One old gentleman, who was despoiled of a large sorrel mare which he was driving to a cart, protested that the impressment of horses had been forbidden by orders from Washington. He refused to be convinced that he had fallen into the hands of the rebels; but threatened the vengeance of the general government upon those who had disregarded its orders.

The terms of Stuart's orders were strictly enforced during the whole march. Nothing whatever was dis-disturbed on the soil of Maryland; but when once the Pennsylvania line was crossed, the seizure of horses was prosecuted with system and diligence. Six hundred men scoured the country on either side of the line of march, and as far as scouts could extend the country was denuded of its horses. With his usual courtesy toward ladies, Stuart gave orders that, whenever they might meet his column, they should be allowed to *pass* in their conveyances without molestation. So strict was the enforcement of orders that the men were not even allowed to seize provisions for themselves. They *sometimes*, however, obtained by stratagem what they were not permitted to take by force. On the second day's march some hungry cavalrymen approached a house whose male defenders had fled, leaving the women and babies in possession. A polite request for food was met by the somewhat surly <141>reply that there was none in the house. Casting a wolfish glance upon the babies, a lean fellow remarked that he had never been in the habit of eating human flesh, but that he was now hungry enough for anything; and if he could get nothing else he believed he would compromise on one of the babies. It is hardly necessary to say that the mother's heart relented and a bountiful repast was soon provided.⁽¹⁾

Stuart reached Chambersburg about eight o'clock on the evening of the 10th, in the midst of a drizzling rain. Two pieces of artillery were placed in position commanding the town, and Lieutenant Thomas Lee, with nine men from Butler's regiment, was sent forward to demand an unconditional surrender within thirty minutes, under penalty of a cannonade. No resistance was made, and the troops were immediately marched into the town and drawn up on the public square. Colonel Butler was ordered by Stuart to enter the bank and obtain whatever funds were on hand. Accompanied by a suitable guard Butler took possession of the building. The cashier assured him that the funds had been sent away that morning, and he opened the vault and drawers for inspection. Butler was soon satisfied that the statement of the cashier was correct. Doubtless he had been warned from Hagerstown of possible danger, and had prudently provided against it. Reassured by the courteous deportment of Colonel Butler, the cashier, now that the search for money was ended, summoned the ladies of his family, and voluntarily brought forth food for the men, who, though hungry, had made no demand on him for the supply of their personal wants. Hampton was constituted military governor of the town, and placed Butler in <142>immediate command. The strictest discipline was enforced, and quiet reigned throughout the entire night.

The conduct of the Confederate cavalry in Chambersburg was so exemplary that it deserves especial commemoration. The testimony on this point comes almost exclusively from Federal sources, and bears the greater weight because given voluntarily. Colonel A. K. McClure, now proprietor of the Philadelphia "Times," was at that time a resident of Chambersburg, and was one of the committee of three citizens who formally surrendered the city to General Hampton. Colonel McClure wrote at the time a most interesting account of the "day of rebel rule in Chambersburg," from which extracts are given which show its true character. It will be well, however, to relate first one incident which has

come to light within recent days.

Hugh Logan, one of Stuart's trusted guides and scouts, had been for years a resident of Pennsylvania. To him Colonel McClure had, in former days, rendered some professional services which Logan remembered with kindness. The present circumstances placed it in Logan's power to pay his debt of gratitude. He recognized Colonel McClure at the time of the surrender of the city; and knowing that he was subject to capture as an officer of the United States, he advised him to go to his home and there remain quietly, in the hope that he might escape identification and arrest. At the same time he assured Colonel McClure that if he should be discovered and arrested, he would take means to secure his release. Influenced by these and other considerations Colonel McClure determined to share the fate of his fellow-citizens. He thus describes the scenes of that night.

After travelling a mile westward we were brought to a halt by a squad of mounted men, and were informed that General Hampton <143>was one of the party, to whom we should address ourselves. It was so dark that I could not distinguish him from any of his men. Upon being informed that we were a committee of citizens, and that there was no organized force in the town, and no military commander at the post, he stated, in a respectful and soldier-like manner, that he commanded the advance of the Confederate troops, that he knew resistance would be vain, and he wished the citizens to be fully advised of his purpose, so as to avoid needless loss of life and wanton destruction of property. He said that he had been fired upon at Mercersburg and Campbellstown, and had great difficulty in restraining his troops. He assured us that he would scrupulously protect the citizens,-- would allow no soldiers to enter public or private houses unless under command of an officer upon legitimate business,-- that he would take such private property as he needed for his government or troops, but that he would do so under officers who would allow no wanton destruction, and would give receipt for the same if desired, so that claim might be made therefor against the United States government. All property belonging to or used by the United States, he stated, he would use or destroy at his pleasure, and the wounded in hospitals would be paroled. Being a United States officer myself, I naturally felt some anxiety to know what my fate would be if he should discover me, and I modestly suggested that there might be some United States officers in the town in charge of the wounded, stores, or of recruiting offices, and asked what disposition he would make of them. He answered that he would parole them, unless he should have special reasons for not doing so; and he instructed us that none such should be instructed by us to leave the town. Here I was in an interesting situation. If I remained there might, in General Hampton's opinion, be "special reasons" for not paroling me, and the fact that he had several citizens of Mercersburg with him as prisoners did not diminish my apprehensions. If I should leave, as I had ample opportunity afterward to do, I might be held as violating my own agreement, and to what extent my family and property might suffer in consequence, conjecture had a very wide range. With sixty acres of corn in shock, and <144>three barns full of grain, excellent farm and saddle-horses and a number of best blooded cattle, the question of property was worthy of a thought. I resolved to stay, as I felt so bound by the terms of surrender, and take my chances of discovery and parole.

I started in advance of them for my house, but not in time to save the horses. I confidently expected to be overrun by them, and to find the place one scene of desolation in the morning. I resolved, however, that things should be done soberly, if possible, and I

had just time to destroy all the liquors about the house. As their pickets were all around me, I could not get it off I finished just in time, for they were soon out upon me in force, and every horse in the barn, ten in all, was promptly equipped and mounted by a rebel cavalryman. They passed on towards Shippensburg, leaving a picket force on the road.

In an hour they returned with all the horses they could find, and dismounted to spend the night on the turnpike in front of my door. It was now midnight, and I sat on the porch observing their movements. They had my best cornfield beside them, and their horses fared well. In a little while one entered the yard, came up to me, and after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals to start a fire. I supplied him, and informed him as blandly as possible where he would find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp-fires made of my palings. I was thanked in return, and the mild-mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump, and again received a profusion of thanks.

Communication having been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered by this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but the prelude to a general movement upon everything eatable in the morning. It was not a grateful reflection that my beautiful mountain trout, from twelve to twenty inches long, sporting in the spring, would probably grace the rebel breakfast-table; that the blooded calves in the yard beside them would most likely go with the trout; and the dwarf pears had, I felt assured, abundant promise of early relief from their golden burdens.

About one o'clock, half a dozen officers came to the door, and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright, open wood-fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible.

Once seated around the fire all reserve seemed to be forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of generals of both armies, etc. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburg. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen anything more keenly relished. They said that they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and that then they had paid from six to ten dollars per pound for it. When they were through they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates who were prostrated by exposure, to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as those present, and on they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. Then they asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more.

In the mean time a subordinate officer had begged of me a little bread for himself and a

few men, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others in turn, until nearly a hundred had been supplied with something to eat or drink. <146>

All, however, politely asked permission to enter the house, and behaved with entire propriety. They did not make a single rude or profane remark even to the servants. In the mean time, the officers who had first entered the house had filled their pipes from the box of Killickinick on the mantel, after being assured that smoking was not offensive,-- and we had another hour of free talk on matters generally

At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was heard, and they rose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted, mutually expressing the hope that should we ever meet again, it would be under more pleasant circumstances. In a few minutes they were mounted and moved into Chambersburg. About seven o'clock I went into town.

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General Stuart sat on his horse in the centre of the town, surrounded by his staff, and his command was coming in from the country in large squads, leading their old horses and riding the new ones they had found in the stables hereabouts. General Stuart is of medium size, has a keen eye, and wears immense sandy whiskers and moustache. His demeanor to our people was that of a humane soldier. In several instances his men commenced to take private property from stores, but they were arrested by General Stuart's provost-guard. In a single instance only, that I heard of, did they enter a store by intimidating the proprietor. All of our stores and shops were closed, and, with a very few exceptions, were not disturbed.

Certainly this was a remarkable scene. It did, however, but illustrate the control which Stuart had over his men. They were accustomed to feel his hand upon them in the camp as well as on the field of battle; and they knew that when occasion required that hand was a heavy one. Orders were issued to be obeyed, and not as an empty sound. And then, the ranks of Stuart's regiments were largely filled by men from the highest class of Southern society,--men who intelligently appreciated the importance of obedience, and who <147>yielded it as readily as they did their lives at their country's call.

Stuart, with his staff and escort of couriers, bivouacked outside of the town, at the toll-gate on the Gettysburg road. Night had settled down upon him with a drizzling rain, which had since increased to a steady, continuous dropping.

Rain ! rain! rain! Will it never cease? Dangers are multiplying around him. Troops are concentrating to oppose him. Cavalry is marching to intercept him. Scouts are threading every road to ascertain his movements and direct attack upon him. And then this rain! It is easy enough to penetrate into the enemy's country, but can he as easily escape from it ?

His plan of return is fixed in his mind; but what if the river should rise beyond fording, and thus cut off the last hope of escape ?

Captain B. S. White, of his staff, was a former resident of Poolesville, Md., and on him Stuart relied as his principal guide on the return. Three times during that anxious night, while Iris soldiers slept the sleep of the weary and the careless, did Stuart arouse White and ask whether he thought that the rain would at once raise the river. Each time White assured him that his troopers could march as fast as the water would flow, and that he would have ample time to cross the river before the rain now falling on the mountains

could cause a swell at the lower fords. But oh! how slowly passed the hours! The plashing rain invited thought, and there was nothing of action to banish apprehension. The command must rest until morning to prepare for the supreme effort which lay before them; and their leader could only wait and long for daylight. How heavy the responsibility which drove sleep from the eyes of that light-hearted cavalryman! <148>

Day dawned at last, and the head of the column started toward Gettysburg. While riding between his advance-guard and his main body, Stuart called to his side his engineer officer, Captain W. W. Blackford. For some moments he rode in silence. At length he spoke with deep feeling:--

"Blackford, I want to explain to you my reasons for selecting this route for return; and if I do not survive, I want you to vindicate my memory."

Taking out his map, he proceeded:--

"You see, the enemy will be sure to think that I will try to recross above, because it is nearer to me and further from them. They will have all the fords strongly guarded in that direction, and scouting parties will be on the lookout for our approach, so that they can concentrate to meet us at any point. They will never expect me to move three times the distance and cross at a ford below them and so close to their main body, and therefore they will not be prepared to meet us down there.

"Now, do you understand what I mean? And don't you think I am right?"

Blackford assured him that he understood and approved his reasons, and that, should the necessity arise, he would make them known.

This momentary unbending brought to Stuart's mind the needed relief, and soon the cloud of thought was lifted from his brow, and his joyous, confident habit resumed its sway.

Colonel Butler, who had held the advance on the previous day, now brought up the rear with the 2d South Carolina and a detachment from the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, under the gallant Captain W. H. H. Cowles. He was ordered to destroy the ordnance store-house, which contained a large amount of ammunition <149>and other army supplies. Having made all necessary arrangements, he started his own regiment on the march, retaining with him only Cowles' detachment. He then notified the residents in the immediate vicinity of his intention to fire the building, applied the match to the slow-burning fuse, and retired to the edge of the town to await the result. A loud explosion announced that the fire had reached the fixed ammunition, and in another instant the whole building was wrapped in flames. Satisfied that his work was accomplished, Butler hurried on to rejoin the command, which he overtook at Cashtown, seven and a half miles from Gettysburg. He did not leave Chambersburg until nine o'clock A.M., and from this hour the duration of the return march is fairly to be computed.

Stuart followed the direct road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg until he had crossed the Catoclin Mountain. At Cashtown he turned southward and marched through Fairfield, on the road to Emmittsburg. All day long the details had been busy collecting horses; but when the Maryland line was reached the command was halted, compactly closed up, and the order was again issued that no horses should be taken from the State of Maryland.

The detachment from Fitz Lee's brigade commanded by Colonel W. H. F. Lee, had held the advance since leaving Chambersburg. A squadron of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, under Captains C. R. Irving and F. W. South-all, constituted the advance-guard. Captain B. S.

White was now placed at the head of this squadron, as guide, and with Logan and Harbaugh, the other guides, led the command forward to Emmittsburg, which they entered about sunset, amid the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and welcome from the inhabitants, who brought out bountiful provisions for the hungry <150>men during the few minutes they were allowed to remain in their midst.

Let us now follow the movements of the Federal forces in their endeavors to intercept the raiders.

The cavalry which guarded the right of McClellan's army had given early and accurate reports of the movements of Stuart's column on the morning of the 10th of October. By ten o'clock that night Stuart's arrival at Chambersburg was telegraphed by Governor Curtin to General Wool, at Baltimore, and from that city troops were sent out for the protection of Harrisburg and Gettysburg, at which latter place they arrived about the time that Stuart was recrossing the Potomac at White's Ford. Doubtless these troops could have been moved more expeditiously if they had only known where to move them; but it required all of Saturday, the 11th, for General Wool and Governor Curtin to decide upon what point Stuart would be most likely to move.

His march as far as Chambersburg was of course definitely known at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac on the same night; but General McClellan wisely refrained from sending his cavalry on the fruitless task of following on the trail of the raiders, but waited until Stuart's march from Chambersburg was sufficiently developed to enable him to act with some degree of certainty. Accordingly General Pleasonton and his cavalry were held in readiness near Knoxville during the 10th, and on the 11th, at four o'clock A.M., were ordered to Hagerstown, which they reached before noon. Here Pleasonton received false intelligence which caused him to think that Stuart was endeavoring to retrace his steps and recross the Potomac at one of the upper fords, and he immediately started westward toward Clear Spring. He had not marched more than four miles when he was halted by orders from army <151>headquarters, and at half-past one o'clock was turned back with orders to proceed towards Emmittsburg and Gettysburg. At noon General McClellan had received intelligence of the direction of Stuart's march toward Gettysburg, intelligence which had been forwarded from Chambersburg to Governor Curtin by Colonel McClure, as early as half-past seven o'clock, by the way of Shippensburg. Conjecturing that Stuart might attempt to recross the river near Leesburg, McClellan ordered Stoneman, at Poolesville, to be on the lookout, and turned back Pleasonton to intercept him if possible near Emmittsburg or Mechanicstown.

But Pleasonton had lost nearly two hours of precious time, and had made an unnecessary march of eight miles -- hours that might have placed him in position to confront Stuart, and miles every foot of which would tell against his weary horses during the night which was to follow. He reached Mechanicstown, which is hardly less than twenty miles from Hagerstown, at half-past eight o'clock that evening, -- an excellent march when it is remembered that he had already travelled thirty miles on the same day. Stuart was even then passing within four miles of him; but Pleasonton did not know it, and his scouts seem to have brought him but tardy information, for he himself states that he was not aware of Stuart's movements until midnight. He then immediately set out for the mouth of the Monocacy, which he reached about eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th. But his extraordinary march of over seventy-eight miles within twenty-eight hours had left him with but a fragment of his command, and he could do little more than

observe Stuart's crossing.

Stuart reached Emmittsburg near sunset on the 11th, having marched thirty-one and a half miles since leaving <152>Chambersburg. He was now forty-five miles from the Potomac. One hour before his arrival at Emmittsburg, four companies of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Colonel Rush's Lancers, numbering one hundred and forty men, had passed through the town on a scout toward Gettysburg. Some stragglers from this command were chased by Stuart's advance-guard as it entered the town. After enjoying the hospitalities of the citizens for a few minutes, the march was resumed at a rapid trot on the road leading southward toward Frederick. Southall commanded the advance platoon. With him rode Pelham, throughout the night, as a companion. Stuart accompanied Southall for a short distance, to regulate the rate of the march, and, on leaving him, ordered him to keep that gait throughout the night, and to ride over anything which might oppose him. Soon after dark a courier was captured bearing despatches from Frederick to the scouting party of Rush's Lancers. From him and from his papers Stuart learned that the enemy was still unaware of his locality, although using every means to intercept him. He learned that Colonel Rush held Frederick with a force sufficient for its protection,(1) and that General Pleasonton, with eight hundred men, was rapidly approaching Mechanicstown, only four miles from his line of march. He perhaps also learned the fact that two brigades of infantry occupied the railroad crossing of the Monocacy, in cars, the engines with steam up, ready to convey them in either direction at a moment's warning.(2) To avoid these dangers, the head of the column was ordered to turn eastward at Rocky Ridge, and strike the Woodsboro' road, <153>two miles distant. At Rocky Ridge the advance-guard met a small scouting party of Federal cavalry which must have come from Pleasonton's command. This party retired at once towards Mechanics-town. This incident, which is given to the author by Captain B. S. White, who guided the advance-guard, could not have occurred much later than nine o'clock P. M., for at half-past ten o'clock a company of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, sent out from Frederick by Colonel Rush, observed the march of Stuart's column through Woodsboro', more than eight miles distant from Rocky Ridge, and transmitted this information to Colonel Rush by midnight, sending it at the same time to General Pleasonton, at Mechanicstown. It is hard to understand how more than three hours could have been consumed in sending intelligence from Rocky Ridge (which must be the place called Middletown in Pleasonton's report) to Mechanicstown, only four miles distant; but whatever the cause of the delay, the hours were well improved by Stuart. Everything now depended upon the rapidity of his march, for his route to the Potomac was necessarily longer by many miles than the road which lay open to Pleasonton. Throughout the whole of the night the head of his column was kept at a trot, and by daylight on the 12th the advance-guard entered Hyattstown, which is thirty-three and a half miles from Emmittsburg. Within twenty hours Stuart had marched sixty-five miles, and had kept up his artillery. Horses for the guns and caissons there were in abundance; and as fast as one team was broken down the horses were turned out and others were substituted. Three or four times during the night did the drivers change their horses, and the march was made without delay or interruption. But at Hyatts-town he was still more than twelve miles from a place <154>of safety. General Stoneman, who was stationed at Poolesville, guarded all the lower fords with three brigades of infantry and Colonel Duffié's cavalry, and Pleasonton was rapidly closing down upon the mouth of the Monocacy. It seemed

hardly possible that he could escape these dangers. Even at this day we can almost justify General McClellan in saying: "I did not think it possible for Stuart to recross, and I believed that the capture or destruction of his entire force was perfectly certain."(1)

Up to the time when the command reached Hyatts-town Logan and Harbaugh had aided in guiding the advance; but now that all-important duty devolved solely upon Captain B. S. White, whose long residence at Poolesville had rendered him perfectly familiar with the country. His courage and capacity had often been tried; nor was he found wanting on this occasion. Upon his well-laid plans the final success of the expedition now largely depended.

Until nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th General Stoneman had been led to believe, by despatches from army headquarters, that Stuart would endeavor to pass between him and the river, and cross at Leesburg. While not neglecting other points, Stoneman's expectations and dispositions were largely based on this information. All that could be learned of Stuart's movements tended to confirm this idea; and, indeed, Stuart directed his march from Hyattstown with the intention, if possible, thus to deceive his enemy. From Hyattstown he moved to Barnesville, which he reached just after it was vacated by a company of Duffié's cavalry. Thence he pushed boldly southward toward Poolesville. He took it for granted that Sugar Loaf Mountain was occupied by a signal station, and that his every movement <155>would be telegraphed thence, and cause a concentration of forces at Poolesville. When he had marched a little more than two miles in that direction, the road entered a large body of woods which enveloped his command and concealed his movements. Here he found, as White had predicted, a road long disused, but easily reopened by throwing down a few fences. Turning abruptly to the west, this road led, within a mile and a half, to the road between the mouth of the Monocacy and Poolesville, and entered that road about three miles from the mouth of the Monocacy. When Stuart's advance-guard reached the last-named road they immediately turned northward.

Meanwhile General Pleasonton had reached the mouth of the Monocacy with that portion of his command which had survived the night's march from Me-chanicstown. It was now eight o'clock in the morning. Pleasonton had four hundred cavalry and two of Pennington's guns in hands. He was pleased to have occupied the ford which he had selected in his own mind as the point at which Stuart intended to cross. As yet nothing had been heard from the raiders, and Pleasonton moved on toward Poolesville by the very road now occupied by Stuart, whose advance-guard had hardly cleared the woods and gained the road, when the Federal cavalry came in view. The night had been cold, and the morning was chilly and damp, and the Confederates had not yet put off the blue overcoats with which they had provided themselves at Chambersburg. Stuart was riding at the head of his advance-guard, side by side with Captain Irving and Captain Southall. The Federal cavalry could not be sure that this was not a party of their friends. Noticing their hesitation Stuart restrained his men until a nearer approach gave him a more complete opportunity for a <156>surprise. Then the charge was ordered. The Federal squadron stood only long enough to fire one volley, and then turned and ran back to their main body. Captain Irving's horse was wounded by this fire, but no other casualty resulted to the Confederates; nor does it appear that the Federal squadron allowed their enemies to approach sufficiently near to inflict any serious damage upon them. This charge was, however, of the greatest importance to Stuart. By it he occupied the road up to the Little

Monocacy, where a high bluff, extending nearly to the river, protected his left flank, and screened his subsequent movements from observation. He also gained a commanding position a quarter of a mile in advance of the road by which Captain White expected to approach White's Ford. Thus far all was well. Unless White's Ford were occupied by the enemy Stuart was safe. Instantly Pelham with one of his guns was hurried forward, and, supported by dismounted men, opened a rapid fire across the Little Monocacy upon Pleasonton's command. At the same moment Colonel W. H. F. Lee, with the leading brigade and the led horses was turned off to the left by a farm road to the ford, which was two miles distant. Lee was followed by Colonel W. E. Jones' command. Hampton held the rear. Stuart's demonstration so impressed Pleasonton with the idea that he wished to advance and cross the Potomac at the mouth of the Monocacy, that he made no effort to attack until reinforced by the arrival of the two remaining guns of Pennington's battery, and by four companies of infantry,⁽¹⁾ which had been stationed at <157>the ford behind him. Here again Stuart gained more than two hours, - hours that insured his safety.

As Colonel Lee approached White's Ford it seemed that the worst fears were about to be realized. A large body of Federal infantry had it in possession. Posted on a precipitous quarry bluff, and separated from the ford only by the width of the canal, it seemed a desperate undertaking to attempt to dislodge this force if any serious resistance should be made. But something must be done, and that quickly. The situation seemed so dangerous that Colonel Lee sent a messenger to Stuart requesting his presence at the ford; but Stuart only replied that he was fully occupied where he was, and that the ford must be gained at all hazards. Nothing remained for Lee but to make the attack. His plan was to assail the quarry bluff in front and from his left flank, while a strong party of cavalry made a dash at the ford and endeavored to cross in spite of and through the fire of the enemy. He hoped thus to gain the opposite bank with one gun, and thence open fire upon the enemy's rear. It seemed like a forlorn hope, but there was no escape from it.

While making his dispositions for the attack, Colonel Lee concluded to try the effect of a little bravado. He wrote a note to the Federal commander, stating that General Stuart with his whole command was in his front, and that the hopelessness of making successful resistance must be apparent: to avoid unnecessary bloodshed he was called upon to surrender: fifteen minutes were granted for compliance with this demand, at the expiration of which his line would be charged.

A courier with a handkerchief tied to his sabre conveyed this note to the Federal skirmishers. The fifteen minutes passed, and yet there was no sign of <158>a white flag along the enemy's line. Lee opened with his artillery and ordered his regiments to advance. In another moment he expected to receive the fire of the enemy.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed several voices. "They are retreating! They are retreating!"

It seemed too good to be true; and yet it was true. With flags flying, drums beating, in perfect order, with skirmishers well out to the rear, the Federal infantry abandoned their strong position without an effort at resistance, and marched eastward down the river. A wild cheer arose from the Confederate ranks when they realized this unexpected deliverance. Glad were they to allow their enemy an unmolested retreat; for the ford was now secure, and safety was within their grasp.

Down into the dry bed of the canal, up its steep bank, and across the rugged ford, one piece of artillery was hurried, and soon crowned the bluff on the Virginia side. The other

gun was stationed to sweep the tow-path and other approaches to the ford, while the stream of cavalymen and the long train of captured horses passed rapidly through the water.

Pelham maintained his position in Pleasonton's front until all but the rear-guard had passed, when he too was gradually withdrawn from one position to another toward the ford. He was making his last stand on the Maryland side, firing now up, now down the river, at the enemy approaching from both directions. Everything was ready for the final withdrawal except that the rear-guard--Butler's regiment and the North Carolinians--had not arrived. Courier after courier had been sent to hasten Butler toward the ford, but no tidings of him had been received.

Captain Blackford had been stationed by Stuart at <159>the ford to urge on the crossing and to prevent the men from stopping to water their horses. Stuart approached him, and said with evident emotion,--

"Blackford, we are going to lose our rear-guard!"

"How is that, General," asked Blackford.

"Why, I have sent four couriers to Butler, and he is not here yet; and see! there is the enemy closing in behind us!"

"Let me try it!" said Blackford.

Stuart paused a moment, and then, extending his hand, said,--

"All right! and if we don't meet again good-by, old fellow!" and in an instant Blackford was speeding on his mission.

Colonel Butler had brought up the rear the whole distance from Chambersburg. He had assigned the rear-guard to Captain Cowles and the North Carolina detachment. Before his rear had cleared the Poolesville road, Cowles notified Butler that the enemy had overtaken him and was pressing upon him. Butler halted at once, and being entirely ignorant of what was transpiring at the front, made disposition of his regiment and his one gun to resist or delay the further advance of the enemy. While thus engaged, Blackford, who had passed in succession the couriers sent in search of Butler, arrived in hot haste with the news from the front, and all excitement with the intensity of the occasion.

"General Stuart says, 'Withdraw at a gallop, or you will be cut off!'"

"But," replied Butler, with his own inimitable coolness, "I don't think I can bring off that gun. The horses can't move it!"

"Leave the gun," said Blackford, "and save your men." <160>

"Well, we'll see what we can do!" replied Butler. To the amazement of all, the broken-down horses responded to whip and spur, and the gun went whirling down the road, followed by Butler and his men. As he rounded the turn of the road toward the ford, Pennington saluted him with his guns; and as he approached the ford he was subjected to the distant and scattering fire of the infantry approaching from Poolesville and the lower river. Ten minutes later, and he could hardly have cut his way through, even with the loss of his gun; but now a rapid dash through the ford, and the last man was safely landed on Virginia soil.

Stuart's joy at the successful termination of his expedition was unbounded. The enemy made no attempt at further pursuit, but approached the ford sufficiently near to receive a few shots from Pelham's guns, and to hear the exulting cheers with which his men greeted Stuart as he rode along their lines.

His march from Chambersburg is one of the most remarkable on record. Within twenty-seven hours he had traversed eighty miles,(1) although encumbered by his artillery and captured horses, and had forced a passage of the Potomac under the very eyes of forces which largely outnumbered his own. His only casualty was the wounding of one man. Two men, who for some reason dropped out of the line of march, were captured.

After a short breathing-spell the troops moved on to Leesburg, ten miles distant, where they bivouacked for the night and enjoyed well-earned repose. Thence by <161>easy marches they returned to their camps west of the mountains.

The amount of public and railroad property destroyed in Chambersburg was estimated by Colonel McClure at about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two hundred and eighty sick and wounded prisoners were paroled. About thirty United States government officials and other citizens of prominence were captured and forwarded to Richmond, to be held as hostages for citizens of the Confederacy imprisoned by the United States authorities. Of the number of horses brought over to Virginia there is no official record; but private memoranda state it at about twelve hundred. The remounts obtained by the Southern cavalry were, however, generally less valuable for the cavalry service than many of the horses that were of necessity abandoned on the march. Stuart himself lost two valuable animals--Lady Margrave and Skylark--which were in charge of his servant Bob. The temptation of drink was too strong for Bob's constancy. He imbibed enough to make him sleepy, fell out of the line to take a nap, and awoke to find himself and his charge in the hands of the enemy.

Not the least important of the results of this expedition was its effects on the physical and moral condition of the Federal cavalry. As to its physical results, General McClellan sufficiently describes them when he says in his report, that it was necessary for him to use all of his cavalry against Stuart, and that "this exhausting service completely broke down nearly all of our cavalry horses and rendered a remount absolutely indispensable before we could advance on the enemy." On the 6th of October General McClellan had received positive orders "to cross the river and attack the enemy." He was unable to execute these orders until <162>the last days of that month. His correspondence with General Halleck shows that the condition of his cavalry was one of the chief causes of this delay. Perhaps even more important was the fact that confidence in the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was seriously impaired, not only among the people generally, but even in the highest circles of the Federal government. That this statement is no exaggeration appears from the following letter of President Lincoln. If he could have given expression to such opinions, what must have been the sentiment among the people at large!

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
October 26, 1862 (Sent 11.30 A.M.).

MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN,--Yours, in reply to mine about horses, received. Of course you know the facts better than I; still, two considerations remain. Stuart's cavalry out-marched ours, having certainly done more marked service on the Peninsula and everywhere since. Secondly, will not a movement of our army be a relief to the cavalry, compelling the enemy to concentrate, instead of foraging in squads everywhere? But I am so rejoiced to learn from your dispatch to General Halleck that you begin crossing the river this morning.

A. LINCOLN.

The effect upon the Federal cavalry itself may be inferred from the fact that on the 31st of October, Stuart felt able, with one thousand men, to throw himself between Pleasonton at Purcellville and Bayard at Aldie, both of whom commanded forces superior to his own,

causing Bayard to retire toward Washington; and holding Pleasonton in check for three days between Philemont and Paris, a distance hardly exceeding ten miles; although Pleasonton was operating with two brigades of cavalry and one of infantry.

It is interesting to inquire what were the elements of success which brought Stuart safely through those combinations of his enemies which to General McClellan's mind appeared certain to result in the capture or destruction of his command.

First, we must notice that General Stuart himself reverently ascribes his success to the guiding hand of a protecting Providence. To the pious mind, the narrow escape from conflict with Pleasonton south of Emmitts-burg; the capture of the courier near Rocky Ridge, with information which showed what dangers were to be avoided; and the retreat of the Federal infantry from White's Ford, must seem to be interpositions of Providence in his behalf.

General Williams C. Wickham relates the following incident. When his command was mounted at Chambersburg on the morning of the 11th, his regiment was formed fronting westward, with the expectation of retracing the march of the previous day. He was, however, soon ordered to change front and move toward Gettysburg. In a conversation held with Stuart months after these events, Wickham inquired what caused his determination to make the circuit of McClellan's army. "Was it intuition?" asked Wickham. "No," replied Stuart, "rather say judgment." Stuart then repeated to Wickham, substantially, the reasons stated in the conversation with Blackford, which has already been related.

The swiftness of Stuart's march, and the uncertainty of the enemy as to his intentions, were, humanly speaking, the strongest elements of success in the expedition. After the direction of his march toward Gettysburg was determined, it seemed reasonably certain that he would endeavor to cross the river somewhere in the vicinity of Leesburg: but between that place and the Point of Rocks there were several practicable fords, any one of which he might select, and all of which must be observed by the Federal forces. It would have been a rare chance which had concentrated at any one of these fords sufficient force to resist the attack of twelve hundred fighting men, within sight of safety, and under such leadership. And then the other route could not be neglected; for it was by no means certain that, after occupying Gettysburg, Stuart would not retrace his steps, and attempt some of the upper fords. He chose, however, the boldest and the safest plan. The ford which he had selected was so near the main body of the Federal army that it seemed improbable that he would there attempt a passage; and although his presence was detected at an early hour, his movements were so bold and so swift, that he altogether avoided any serious collision with his foes.

Again: at the time and place of danger Stuart was always present. He habitually rode with his advance-guard, and was ever ready to seize and improve an opportunity. He could "trust in Providence" with an honest and sincere faith: but he also *kept his powder dry*.

The management of the Federal infantry at White's Ford invites criticism. From General Stoneman's report we learn the dispositions which he made on the 11th of October, when informed of the possibility that Stuart might attempt to cross the Potomac in his vicinity. He tells us that the 3d and 4th Maine Infantry, 600 strong, were posted at the mouth of the Monocacy; the 99th Pennsylvania and the 40th New York Infantry, 700 strong, at White's Ford; the 10th Vermont Infantry at Seneca Creek; the 39th Massachusetts Infantry at

Edward's Ferry; and the reserve, consisting of the 38th and 101st New York and 57th Pennsylvania Infantry and the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, 950 strong, at Poolesville. It appears, however, <165>from the report of Colonel H. G. Staples, commanding brigade, that the 40th New York had been sent on the morning of the 11th on a reconnoissance towards Leesburg, in support of a portion of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, and that it returned to camp near Conrad's Ferry on the same night.

The 99th Pennsylvania was, therefore, the only regiment at White's Ford at the time of Stuart's arrival. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin R. Biles, who commanded this regiment on this occasion, states that the 99th was extended along the river "from near Conrad's Ferry, on the left, to some three hundred yards above White's Ford, on my right, a distance of about four miles." He had two reserves,--one, of three companies, at White's Ford; and another, of one company, at Weedin's Ford, a mile and a half below. Company A had been sent on the night of the 10th to relieve a company of the 40th New York at the mouth of the Monocacy. The remainder of the regiment was distributed along the river at various picket posts. Colonel Biles does not mention the fact that company A rejoined him on the morning of the 12th; but Colonel E. Walker, of the 4th Maine, states that he found a company of the 99th Pennsylvania at the Culvert Bridge, and ordered it to rejoin its regiment at White's Ford; and Colonel Biles states, incidentally, that, having withdrawn from White's Ford, and having reached Weedin's Ford, his regiment was "now together." It would seem, therefore, that company A was not absent.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Colonel Biles discovered that the enemy was advancing upon him. He immediately stationed his reserve on the hill commanding the ford, and drew in his nearest pickets. He was joined by one company which had <166>been on his left. He now commanded five entire companies (if company A be included), to which were doubtless added pickets from other companies. He states that his force was "about one hundred men." It is difficult, however, to accept this estimate; for, according to the records of the adjutant-general's office, his regiment numbered, on the 30th of September, an aggregate present for duty of 477. If only four companies were present, they should have numbered nearly 200 men. Stuart states that about 200 infantry occupied the ford. General W. H. F. Lee considers that this is an underestimate. Whatever may have been his force, it was certainly a matter of extreme and grateful surprise to the Confederate cavalry that Colonel Biles was content to abandon so strong a position without a contest. That he occupied a post of danger was certainly true. Some men, out of just such circumstances, have won for themselves undying fame.

One other characteristic incident of this expedition may be noted. During the first Maryland campaign, while his headquarters were at Urbana, Stuart had received many acts of kindness and courtesy at the hands of the ladies of the family of Mr. Cockey. As he bade them good-by when his cavalry fell back before McClellan's advance, he had laughingly promised these ladies that he would call upon them again before very long. When he reached New Market on the night of the 11th, he, with a few of his staff and couriers, left the route of his column, rode to Urbana, aroused the family from slumber, paid his compliments to the ladies while yet on horseback, reminded them of his promise, and begged that they would accept this as the fulfilment of it. He then rode on and rejoined his column before daylight.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XII.--From The Valley To Fredericksburg.

<167>

ONLY two days of rest were allowed to Stuart's command after his return from Chambersburg. At daylight, on the 16th of October, two columns of the Federal army advanced: one, under Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, from Shepherdstown to Smithfield; the other, under Brigadier-General W. S. Hancock, from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown. General Humphreys commanded 6,000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery. General Hancock commanded his own division, 1,500 men from other divisions, four regiments of cavalry, and four pieces of artillery. He does not state the numerical strength of his command, but it was probably greater than that of the other column. Stuart's raid seems to have suggested many possibilities to the Federal authorities; hence this reconnoissance in force, the object of which was to determine whether General Lee's army was yet in the Valley of Virginia.

The advance of General Humphreys' column was opposed by Stuart in person with Fitz Lee's brigade. At Kearneysville, six and a half miles from Shepherdstown, Stuart was reinforced by Winder's brigade of infantry, which happened to be at that point engaged in destroying the railroad. A determined attack was necessary to dislodge him from this position. This occurred about sunset. On the following day Hampton's brigade <168>joined Stuart, who so closely covered General Humphreys' movements that he was unwilling to trust his cavalry beyond the support of his infantry. He estimated Stuart's force at 7,000 men; and as his object was to obtain information rather than to bring on a fight, he pushed forward cautiously as far as Leetown, whence he sent a scouting party of twenty-five cavalry to Smithfield. Having thus accomplished his object, he retraced his steps on the same day. General Humphreys particularly acknowledges "the assistance received from Major Lovell, commanding the brigade of regulars; Major Curtis, commanding the cavalry; Captain McClellan, my assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenant Ash, commanding detachment of 5th U.S. Cavalry; and Lieutenant Hazlett, commanding the artillery."

The advance of General Hancock's column was opposed by Colonel T. T. Munford with the 6th, 7th, and 12th Virginia Cavalry, and a portion of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, supported by one gun from Chew's battery of horse artillery, and three guns from the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, under Captain B. H. Smith, Jr. Munford offered stubborn resistance, and compelled the enemy to deploy three brigades of infantry to support his advance cavalry; but he was pushed back to Charlestown, which the enemy occupied about one o'clock P. M. (1) Colonel Munford makes special mention of the gallantry of Captain B. H. Smith, who lost a foot and was captured in Charlestown as his last piece was retiring from the field. He also commends Lieutenant J. W. Carter, of Chew's battery, who, although wounded early in the day, returned to his gun as soon as his wound was dressed.

General Hancock remained in occupation at Charlestown <169>until the afternoon of the 17th, when he also withdrew his command to his former position at Harper's Ferry. (1)

Having ascertained by means of this reconnoissance that the army of General Lee was yet in the Valley, General McClellan rapidly completed his preparations for an advance, and on the 26th of October crossed the Potomac below Harper's Ferry with two divisions

of the 9th corps and Pleasonton's cavalry, and pushed back the Confederate pickets east of the mountains as far as Snicker's Gap. By the 2d of November the whole of his army had crossed the river and was advancing into the interior of Virginia. Stuart was, of course, informed of the earliest of these movements, and while Lee's army was preparing to march, he crossed the mountains into Loudon County, by way of Snicker's Gap, with Fitz Lee's brigade and six pieces of artillery. General Fitz Lee was disabled from service, and Colonel W. H. F. Lee had not recovered from the severe injuries received at Boonsboro'. The command of the brigade devolved on Colonel W. C. Wickham, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry. A troublesome disease, known as the "greased heel," had prevailed among the horses, and the number of men for duty in this brigade had been reduced to less than one thousand. On the night of the 30th of October Stuart bivouacked near Bloomfield. A picket consisting of three companies of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry had been established by the enemy at Mountsville, where the Snickersville turnpike crosses Goose Creek. (2) Having ascertained their position, Stuart determined to attempt their capture. Moving early on the morning of the 31st, he approached Mountsville by an unfrequented road, surprised the party, captured their camp, and drove the whole into rapid flight. Lieutenant L. D. Gore, of the 1st Rhode Island, was killed, and fifty prisoners were captured, including one commissioned and nine non-commissioned officers. (1) The attack was made by the 9th Virginia Cavalry, supported by the 3d. The latter regiment continued the pursuit as far as Aldie, where it encountered Bayard's brigade of cav-airy, from the defences of Washington, (2) and, retiring to the hills west of the village, awaited the arrival of the rest of the command. The advance was now given to the 4th Virginia Cavalry, which moved toward Aldie, meeting midway a column of the enemy charging up the narrow lane. A conflict between the heads of the opposing columns resulted in the retreat of the Federal cavalry to the cover of their artillery, posted on the hills east of the village. Stuart's artillery had not been able to keep up with his rapid advance, but, arriving after a time, was placed in position and engaged the enemy. Stuart's advance to Aldie was made with the full knowledge that he thereby exposed his rear to attack from the direction of Pleasonton's command; but, trusting to the vigilance of his scouts, he remained in General Bayard's front until nightfall, when he withdrew and bivouacked a few miles west of Middleburg. General Bayard seems to have believed that he was opposed by a largely superior force. He states his own numbers at two thousand men, but says that one half of his command was absent on picket duty. He acknowledges that, being so far from any support, he retired two miles to a more secure position, leaving eight of his dead on the field. During the night he retired still further, to his camp near Chantilly.

While these movements were in progress, D. H. Hill's division had moved through Ashby's Gap, and was now encamped in the vicinity of Paris and Upperville. On the following morning, the 1st of November, Stuart's command was disposed so as to cover his front. Learning that the enemy was advancing upon Phile-mont, Stuart moved through Union to meet him. The fighting on this day was of comparatively little moment, but its connection with the events of the two succeeding days gives it an importance that cannot be overlooked. After stating that he met the enemy a short distance in advance of Union, Stuart says in his report:

The enemy spent the remainder of the day in reconnoitring, displaying very little force, and in the skirmishing which took place our lines were advanced to the vicinity of Philemont.

General Pleasanton says in his report--

On November 1st the command moved forward and occupied Philemont, several hundred of Stuart's cavalry leaving about the time we entered. Colonel Gregg, with the 8th Pennsylvania and 3d Indiana Cavalry, pursued this cavalry and drove it very handsomely from some woods it attempted to hold; but, the enemy bringing up his artillery, no further advance was made, except to silence the rebel guns by the fire of Pennington's battery. The rebels left five dead upon the field. Our loss was one killed, and one officer and thirteen men wounded.

A fair interpretation of these extracts is, that Pleasanton drove Stuart's advance-guard back upon his main body, which he declined to attack. Pleasanton's loss in so small a skirmish seems to have been unusually severe. <172>We are inclined to discredit the number of rebel dead, because similar estimates made by General Pleasanton on other occasions are so evidently excessive. The "*silencing*" of "hostile guns" by a destructive reportorial fire is an easy achievement, of which both Confederate and Federal generals were far too fond. Stuart as well as Pleasanton is open to this charge. Perhaps we should forgive them readily, for they wrote amid the heat and smoke of the conflict.

Stuart retired at nightfall to feed his men and horses, but resumed the same line of battle early the next morning, the 2d of November. The second cavalry brigade, with which General Pleasanton was operating, consisted of four regiments, and was supported by Pennington's battery. Among his regimental commanders were Colonel B. F. Davis, of the 8th New York, and Colonel D. M. Gregg, of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry. The brilliant career of Colonel Davis was cut short at the battle of Fleetwood, on the 9th of June, 1863; but Colonel Gregg and Lieutenant Pennington survived to attain distinction--the one, in command of a cavalry division, the other, of a cavalry brigade. General Pleasanton did not lack in efficient subordinates. His command was reinforced on this day by the 2d brigade of Doubleday's division of infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Holman, of the 56th Pennsylvania Volunteers. This brigade consisted of four regiments, three of which numbered, according to Colonel Hofman's statement, 700 men. It is fair to conclude that the brigade was not less than 900 strong. The 1st New Hampshire Battery accompanied it, and, added to Pennington's guns, gave Pleasanton the preponderance of artillery. When it is remembered that Stuart crossed the mountains on the 30th of November with less than 1,000 men, it is apparent that he was on <173>this day opposed by forces more than double his own in numbers,--forces which were led by some of the best officers in the Federal cavalry service.

The successful resistance which Stuart was enabled to oppose to the Federal advance was in great measure due to the skilful handling of his artillery. Two spirits more congenial than Stuart and Pelham never met on the field of battle. Stuart's fondness for the use of artillery was almost excessive; Pelham's skill in its management amounted to genius. Stuart and Pelham imparted to the horse artillery an independency of action and a celerity of movement which characterized it to the end of the war, and which was nowhere equalled or imitated, except in the same arm of the Federal service. The achievements of the batteries attached to both the Federal and Confederate cavalry are worthy of a separate record and of the careful attention of military men.

The general agreement of the official reports of Generals Stuart and Pleasanton and of Colonel Hofman is somewhat unusual. General Pleasanton says:--

On November 2d my advance came up with the enemy at Union. They had some infantry supporting their guns, and very soon some sharp fighting began, which resulted in the blowing up of one of their caissons, by which a number of their men were killed, and their retreat for several miles on the road to Upperville.

Lieutenant-Colonel Holman, with a small brigade of infantry and a battery, reported to me for duty this morning from Doubleday's division.

The fighting did not cease until after dark, the rebels giving way at every point. Their loss must have been considerable. One of their officers was left dead upon the field, and ten wounded fell into our hands, besides a number of prisoners. My loss in my own brigade was one man killed and twenty-six <174>wounded. The infantry brigade lost five men killed and thirty wounded.

Colonel Hofman corrects the statement of his loss by giving it at five men killed and twenty-three wounded. This makes Pleasanton's total loss fifty-five men. Of course General Pleasanton is in error in stating that Stuart was supported by infantry; and the fact that he mistook Stuart's dismounted men for infantry may be regarded as a compliment to the steadiness of their conduct. Colonel Hofman's report corrects General Pleasanton's in several important particulars. He says:--

I found General Pleasanton engaged with the enemy in front of the town of Philemont. The enemy were throwing shell with considerable rapidity. We, however, sustained no loss. General Pleasanton directed that two regiments of my brigade should skirmish through the wood on the left of the road leading to the town of Union. The 56th and 95th regiments were detailed for this duty. They were soon recalled, and I was directed by General Pleasanton to take the brigade to the front, advance through the town, and then hold it. The enemy had his cavalry posted in the town at the time, and had his artillery in front of it. After fording the creek and ascending the hill in our front, the brigade was formed in line of battle, and, with skirmishers thrown out, we advanced upon the town. We had proceeded about two hundred yards when General Pleasanton sent for a regiment to support a battery on our left and rear. The 76th regiment was detailed for this purpose. The line, now consisting of 700 men, passed on through the town, the enemy retiring, on our approach, to a hill one mile beyond the town. After passing through the town, I sent the 95th regiment and two companies of the 56th to take possession of a strip of wood on the left of the road and about three hundred yards to our front. Two companies of the 7th Indiana regiment were then sent to picket the roads leading into the town. I then sent a request to General Pleasanton to send forward a battery of artillery. General Pleasanton soon arrived in person, and brought the <175>artillery with him. He directed me to again move the brigade to the front, leaving the 76th regiment to picket the roads. As we advanced on the enemy they again opened on us with shell, one of which struck the line of the 7th Indiana, killing the color sergeant and one color corporal and wounding a number of others. We then took possession of a wood beyond the church, on the left of the road, and awaited the arrival of the artillery. The enemy in the mean time continued throwing shell, causing a number of casualties. After our artillery had thrown a few shots at the enemy, they again retired to a position three fourths of a mile further on, toward the turnpike leading to Upperville. We crossed the ravine in our front, and again advanced in line of battle upon the enemy, who soon reopened on us with shell. As we were crossing an open field, a shell struck the line of the 56th regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, killing two men of company G and mortally wounding two others.

I would be doing injustice to this regiment to omit mentioning the prompt manner in which the gap formed by the loss of four men was closed; not a single man left the line until permission to do so had been given.

The brigade was placed in rear of a stone wall, and our artillery soon replied to the enemy. The 95th regiment was ordered to go to the left and front, to support a section of artillery. They were soon reinforced by the 56th regiment. The enemy were now soon driven from their position, and it being quite dark the firing ceased on both sides.

In the light of these reports Stuart's will be read with the greater interest. The difference in the estimates of General Stuart and Colonel Hofman as to the distance over which Stuart retired is not unnatural or irreconcilable, while General Pleasonton's statement that Stuart retreated "*several miles on the road to Upperville*" is as evidently inaccurate as many others which he has allowed to escape from his pen. General Stuart says:--

About eight o'clock the enemy began to deploy in our front <176>both infantry and cavalry, with six or eight pieces of artillery. Our dispositions were made to receive him by posting artillery advantageously, and the cavalry dismounted behind the stone fences, which were here very numerous and consequently afforded the enemy as good shelter as ourselves. Having to watch all the avenues leading to my rear, my effective force for fighting was very much diminished, but the Stuart Horse Artillery, under the incomparable Pelham, supported by the cavalry sharpshooters, made a gallant and obstinate resistance, maintaining their ground for the greater part of the day, both suffering heavily, one of our caissons exploding from the enemy's shot. It was during this engagement that Major Pelham conducted a howitzer some distance beyond support to a neighboring hill, and opened a masked fire upon a body of the enemy's cavalry in the valley beneath, putting them to flight, capturing their flag and various articles,--their arms, equipments, and horses, as well as some prisoners,--sustaining in this extraordinary feat no loss whatever. The enemy finally enveloped our position with his superior numbers, both infantry and cavalry, so as to compel our withdrawal; but every hilltop and every foot of ground was disputed, so that the enemy made progress of less than a mile during the day. The enemy were held at bay until dark at Seaton's Hill, which they assailed with great determination, but were each time signally repulsed by the well-directed fire of the horse artillery. Major Pelham, directing one of the shots himself at the color bearer of an infantry regiment, struck him down at a distance of eight hundred yards. During this withdrawal Captain Bullock, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, by great presence of mind and bravery saved himself from capture in a very perilous position.

At night I bivouacked the command east of Upperville, with the view of occupying as a line of battle the ground along the creek below the town. Some few of our wounded, who were so much disabled that they could not be moved, were left in hospital near Union, with surgeons and nurses.

On the following day, the 3d of November, General Pleasonton was still further reinforced by the 1st Cavalry brigade, under General Averell, and by Tidball's <177>battery, but no fresh troops came to Stuart's assistance. His only reinforcement was a battery loaned by General D. H. Hill, who had withdrawn from Upperville, and had moved his division through the gap toward Front Royal. A reconnoissance made by Captain W. W. Blackford, engineer officer, disclosed the fact that McClellan's whole army was in motion southward. Stuart's instructions were, in such a case, to retire along the east side of the mountains, observing and delaying the enemy; but, upon the urgent request of

General D. H. Hill, who visited him at Upperville, Stuart determined to divide his command, and, sending a portion of it toward Piedmont, retire with the remainder to Ashby's Gap, where he expected to meet Hampton's brigade, thus keeping the gap open for the movement of Jackson's corps, for which General Hill desired to provide.

Pleasanton advanced upon Stuart's new position at about nine o'clock A.M. He was met by Stuart in the manner of the previous day, and it was late in the afternoon before he gained possession of Upperville. As Stuart retired from this place he sent the 1st, 4th, and 5th Virginia Cavalry on the road to Piedmont, to constitute a rear-guard for his trains, and moved his two remaining regiments, the 3d and 9th, back toward Paris and Ashby's Gap. General D. H. Hill had left in the gap a small force of infantry, supporting a Whitworth gun and some other pieces of artillery under Captain Hardaway. The Whitworth gun opened an effective fire on the enemy at long range. General Pleasanton mentions this gun, but calls it a ten-pounder Parrott. This same gun, under the same commander, was stationed on the extreme Confederate right at the battle of Fredericksburg, and greatly annoyed Burnside's troops on the plain below. By one of its shells <178>General George D. Bayard, of the Federal cavalry, was killed.

While retiring toward Upperville Colonel W. C. Wickham, commanding the brigade, was wounded in the neck, by a fragment of a shell. The command now devolved on Colonel T. L. Rosser, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry.(1)

(1)However valuable the Comte de Paris' history may be as a treatise on military strategy, the greatest inaccuracies in regard to the details of the movements he narrates are apparent even to a careless student of the records. The following is the account which he gives, in his second volume, page 552, of Stuart's movements on the 2d and 3d of November.

"Stuart pressed the latter [the Federals] very closely, sometimes remaining on the crest of the Blue Ridge, where he could perceive their long columns from a distance, at other times descending into the valley which stretched out below him, and boldly disputing the ground with them whenever he found an opportunity. His battery of artillery, almost entirely served by Europeans, was of powerful assistance to him in this kind of warfare, and was remarkable for its precision of aim; a very rare thing in the Southern armies. But, since the time when the inexperience of the Federal cavalry made Stuart's task an easy one, his adversaries had learned much. Pleasanton and his brigade, who cleared McClellan's march, asked nothing better than to measure strength with the Confederate cavalry and revenge themselves for not having been able to catch them in their raid across Maryland. A favorable opportunity for accomplishing this presented itself to the Union troops on the 2d of November. While the 2d corps was occupying Snicker's Gap Pleasanton pushed forward in the direction of Ashby's Gap. At Union village he met a brigade of the enemy's cavalry, which he dislodged after a sharp fight. The next day, having been reinforced by Averell, he continued his march. Stuart was waiting for him with his entire division, in front of the village of Upperville, determined to resist as long as he could, in order to defend the pass of Ashby's Gap. But the Federals attacked him so vigorously that he was soon overthrown and driven in disorder through Upperville as far as the village of Paris, at the very entrance of the pass."

There are some expressions in this extract, and others on the page which follows the one from which this is taken, which clearly show that the noble author had read Stuart's report; and yet, with an utter disregard of the facts presented in it, he asserts that Stuart's "entire division" was present at Upperville, when in reality less than one thousand men from Fitz Lee's brigade were there. A comparison of Colonel Hofman's report with General Stuart's shows that on the 2d of November this same little band resisted the advance of a brigade of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery, and that in a fight which commenced at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until dark Stuart did not give up more than two miles of ground. Surely during this long day the Federal cavalry might have been given opportunity to cross sabres with the Confederates had Pleasanton been so anxious for it as the Comte de Paris represents. From Colonel Hofman's report one might even be led to suspect that *his infantry* did most of the fighting, and that the Federal cavalry were

content to observe the field, or to advance dismounted side by side with his line of battle.

The statement that Stuart's artillery was "almost entirely served by Europeans" will be a surprise to the surviving members of that organization. Pelham, Henry, Hart, Breathed, McGregor, and Johnston were certainly not of any European nationality, and the only foundation for this statement is, that one detachment of Pelham's original battery consisted so largely of Frenchmen that it was known as the "French Detachment."

The Comte de Paris' narrative of the fight at Upperville on the 3d, and at Barbee's Cross Roads on the 4th, is as erroneous as the above.

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After Pleasonton had occupied Upperville he showed but little disposition to advance upon the gap beyond. Averell's brigade was, however, sent to Piedmont, following the road pursued by the three regiments which Stuart had sent to the same point. Anticipating such a movement, and fearing for the safety of his trains, Stuart sent Rosser with his two remaining regiments, the 3d and the 9th, after nightfall, by way of Paris to Piedmont. Major B. B. Douglass, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, commanded the three regiments which had been sent in the same direction from Upperville. Stuart retained with him only a picket, under Captain W. B. Wooldridge, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry. He expected Hampton to reinforce him on this day, and knew that he could not be far distant. Finding that Jackson's troops were not in motion, and that Jackson himself was at Millwood, Stuart repaired thither to ascertain what change of plans had been made. He was informed by General Jackson that instead of following Longstreet's march he should remain in the valley, so as to be on McClellan's flank. It was now no longer necessary for Stuart to hold Ashby's Gap, and he therefore ordered D. H. Hill's infantry and <180>artillery to rejoin his division at Front Royal, while Captain Wooldridge remained to picket the gap, with orders to retire in the same direction upon the advance of the enemy. Hampton's brigade reached Millwood on the evening of the 3d, and was ordered to Markham's Station on the morning of the 4th, while Stuart himself, unaccompanied except by his staff, rode by a nearer but much more exposed route toward the same point.

On the evening of the 3d, Major Douglass had occupied Piedmont, but through a misunderstanding of his orders had retired toward Markham's on the approach of Averell's brigade. As Rosser approached Piedmont in the night he found the town in the possession of the enemy, and was compelled to make a detour toward Markham's, between which place and Manassas Gap he found the regiments commanded by Major Douglass. Having thus reunited the brigade, Rosser moved forward to Markham's on the morning of the 4th, and offered battle to Averell. The reports of this affair are meagre. Stuart refers to it only by saying that the enemy advanced upon Rosser in such force that he was compelled to withdraw, but without suffering any serious loss; and that the battery of horse artillery under Captain Henry behaved with conspicuous gallantry. Stuart was not present at this fight, and his report was written many months after its occurrence. Rosser made no report of it. But we can glean some interesting items from the despatches of General Pleasonton, who, at 3.45 P.M. on this day, thus writes to General McClellan: "General Averell has sent for assistance at Markham, and reports having had a hard fight with Stuart. I am moving forward to reinforce him. It would be well to send some infantry here to-night." <181>

An hour later he again writes: "I have sent Colonel Gregg and the 6th Cavalry to reinforce Averell at Markham Averell sends me word he had two guns and three hundred prisoners of Stuart's at one time, and then lost them. I expect he has had a hard fight, and as they can so easily throw infantry upon him through the gap, and the country

is bad, I have advised him to be very careful."

An hour still later he thus writes: "Averell's command is, I fear, a good deal crippled, from his report. He does not give me his killed and wounded, but tells me one of his squadrons was overwhelmed by superior numbers."

This is all that we can learn from the Official Records. There is, however, the unwritten tradition, among the Southern cavalry, that on this occasion two of the guns of Henry's battery,--one of which was the Napoleon afterwards distinguished at Fredericksburg, and manned by "The French Detachment,"--were surrounded by the Federal cavalry, and attacked at the same time both in front and rear; and that these gallant fellows, all the while singing the *Marseillaise Hymn*, fought their guns with unfaltering courage until relieved from their peril by a successful charge of one of Rosser's regiments. We give the story for what it is worth. Perhaps some of Averell's men may corroborate it.

Rosser retired to Barbee's Cross Roads, where he was joined by Stuart and by Hampton's brigade on the night of the 4th. Here Stuart determined to give battle. He thus describes his position:--

The crest of the hill immediately north of the town was occupied by our artillery and sharpshooters, with a view to rake the enemy's column as it moved up the road; but the main position for defence was just at the Cross Roads, where the main body was held in reserve. <182>

Toward nine A.M. the enemy advanced, and a fierce engagement of artillery and sharpshooters ensued, lasting some hours. The enemy at length approached under cover of ravines and woods, and my command held the position near the Cross Roads, where our artillery had complete control of the approaches. At this juncture I received information that the enemy was in Warrenton. This information, together with the delay and lack of vigor in the enemy's attack at this point, led me to believe that this was only a demonstration to divert my attention from his move on Warrenton. I accordingly gave orders to Hampton and Rosser to withdraw, the former by the Flint Hill road, the latter by the Orleans road, as the withdrawal of both by the same route would have been next to impossible. In withdrawing there was a sharp conflict between the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Gordon, and the enemy on the left, that regiment suffering a good deal The enemy made no pursuit.

Colonel Gordon tells the story of this action as follows:--

I sent a courier to General Hampton reporting the position of the enemy. As he came up a squadron of Yankee cavalry dashed up along a stone fence in front. I asked him if I should charge them, stating to him at the same time that there was a large body of the enemy upon my right behind a stone fence, and that they had sharpshooters also posted there. He replied, No, there was no fence there; that he had been there during the morning, and that it was open. He then ordered me to charge, the regiment being in a column of squadrons. I asked him if I should charge in squadron form. He replied, Yes, and that he would support me with the 2d South Carolina regiment. I ordered the charge. The men moved out promptly, going at the men we could see. The enemy fled rapidly as soon as they discovered that we were charging them, passing through a narrow opening in the stone fence and going over a hill in rear. As we got near the fence we encountered a broad ditch, concealed by grass and weeds, into which a number of horses fell, dismounting the riders. I ordered the men in front to pass through the opening in the fence

in <183>pursuit. A few only had passed when we received a withering fire from one hundred and fifty dismounted men and one piece of artillery placed behind the stone fence on our right flank, running at right angles to the one in front. From this fire a number of men and horses were shot down. Seeing no chance to get at the enemy, and being exposed to a terrible fire from the sharpshooters and artillery, which were near by, I ordered the regiment to retire from that position by the left about wheel. As the squadrons were wheeling, to my surprise I saw a large body of cavalry charging upon us from the right, which had been concealed from view by a hill. The regiment fell back across the hill to the point from which it started, where it reformed, with the exception of some men who went into the road against orders. The enemy dashed up boldly, but did not enter the column, except three who were captured or killed. The 2d South Carolina regiment did not come to my support as promised. I have since learned that it was blocked in the road by the Cobb Legion. Major Deloney, of the Legion, came up with a few men, and he, in connection with Captain Cowles and Lieutenant Siler, of my command, made a dash at the enemy, when they ran back.

I lost in this affair four men killed, seventeen wounded and captured. The captured men were dismounted at the ditch. The enemy report a loss of four men killed."

General Pleasonton thus describes the same affair:--

By this time I had advanced two sections of artillery to the position held by the rebels, where they first opened, and I soon discovered that Colonel Davis, of the 8th New York Cavalry, had a much superior force to his own to contend with, and that they were about to charge him in column of squadrons. I ordered the 3d Indiana to reinforce Davis, and opened a fire on the enemy's squadrons. Before, however, much was effected, Davis saw his situation, and dismounted one of his squadrons behind a stone wall, while he gallantly led the remainder of his regiment against the enemy to meet their charge. The result was very successful. The carbines of the dismounted squadron gave a galling flank and front fire, while the attack of the 8th New York routed the enemy, and <184>sent them flying in all directions. Thirty-seven of the rebel dead were left on this field, and more than that number of arms, horses, and prisoners were captured. This part of their command retreated towards Chester Gap, and that from Barbee's Cross Roads took the Warrenton road.

On this occasion the second brigade had contended with two rebel brigades (Hampton's and Lee's), the whole commanded by Stuart, and had driven them in confusion from their positions with a severe loss. My own loss was five killed and eight wounded.

On November 7 moved, with the first and second brigades, to Amissville, and was opened on by the rebels with artillery, on the Little Washington road, and also on the Jefferson road. Drove the rebels out of Jefferson and captured two guns; also, three officers and ten men.

The capture of these guns seems to have been accomplished without any difficulty. General Stuart, however, makes mention of no such circumstance. Moreover, in his report of the battle near Middleburg, on June 19, 1863, Stuart distinctly states that the

Blakely gun which he was compelled to abandon on that field was the first which the horse artillery had lost during the war. This and other evidence(1) compels us to believe that the two guns mentioned by General Pleasonton belong to the same category with the thirty-seven dead North Carolinians found by him on the field at Barbee's Cross Roads.

General Pleasonton continued to drive the rebels before him on the 8th and 9th of November, and further states that,

On November 10, the enemy from Culpeper attacked me in <185>

(1) I have in my possession the diary of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, in which the losses sustained during these days of November, 1862, are recorded with much minuteness. He makes no mention of the loss of any artillery. Surviving officers of the Stuart Horse Artillery deny General Pleasonton's claim, and reaffirm General Stuart's statement.

force with a brigade of infantry, one of cavalry and artillery, and at Corbin's Cross Roads drove in my pickets, and compelled me to concentrate my whole force to resist him. Several prisoners taken say that it was Longstreet making a reconnoissance to find out where our army lay. He did not succeed, as he was repulsed late in the afternoon with severe loss. Our loss was two men mortally and two severely wounded. General Sturgis, who was stationed at Amissville, quickly sent several of the regiments of his division to the right of the enemy to outflank them. This movement, doubtless, had great effect in inducing the enemy to withdraw.

General Stuart's explanation of this attack is as follows:--

The enemy moved over two brigades of infantry to Jeffer-son-ton, and kept a large force of cavalry with a strong infantry support at Amissville. With a view to dislodge the latter I concerted a simultaneous attack with Hampton's and Lee's brigades on the enemy there, supported by two regiments of infantry, under Colonel Carnot Posey, of the 16th Mississippi. Hampton did not receive the orders in time to coöperate, but the remainder of the force advanced on the enemy, dislodging him from his position, and he was rapidly retiring when a large force of infantry came to his relief. The command was, therefore, leisurely returned to camp.

The conduct of the Southern cavalry during this brief campaign was certainly creditable. General Stuart makes no undue claim when he says:--

In all these operations I deem it my duty to bear testimony to the gallant and patient endurance of the cavalry, fighting every day most unequal conflicts, and successfully opposing for an extraordinary period the onward march of McClellan. The Stuart Horse Artillery comes in for a full share of this praise, and its gallant commander, Major John Pelham, exhibited a skill and courage which I have never seen surpassed. On this occasion I was more than ever struck with that extraordinary coolness and mastery of the situation which more <186>eminently characterized this youthful officer than any other artillerist who has attracted my attention. His *coup d'oeil* was accurate and comprehensive, his choice of ground made with the eye of military genius, and his dispositions always such in retiring as to render it impossible for the enemy to press us without being severely punished for his temerity.

These words were penned nearly a year after the death of Pelham, and form no uninteresting tribute to the memory of one who seems to have won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. Certainly no similar organization in the Army of Northern Virginia contained more officers who were distinguished by excessive daring than did the cavalry division: yet, much as Stuart valued and admired them all, no one could to him supply the place of his "incomparable Pelham."

While Stuart had been operating on the front of Lee's army in the movements which have just been described, the country between Warrenton and Fredericksburg had been occupied by a force of cavalry under Colonel J. R. Chambliss, of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, who, in addition to his own regiment, appears to have commanded the 15th Virginia Cavalry and the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, the latter regiment temporarily under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Payne of the 4th Virginia Cavalry. These regiments had not as yet been assigned to Stuart's command.(1)

(1) On the 10th of November, 1862, the cavalry brigades were reorganized by Special Orders No. 238, from the Headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia. This order may be found in the *Official Records*, in the preliminary print of Confederate reports of that date, page 626. The brigades were arranged as follows:--

HAMPTON'S BRIGADE.

1st South Carolina Cavalry,
2d South Carolina Cavalry,
1st North Carolina Cavalry,
Cobb Georgia Legion,
Phillips Georgia Legion.

FITZHUGH LEE'S BRIGADE.

1st Virginia Cavalry,
2d Virginia Cavalry,
3d Virginia Cavalry,
4th Virginia Cavalry.

W. H. F. LEE'S BRIGADE.

5th Virginia Cavalry,
9th Virginia Cavalry,
10th Virginia Cavalry,
15th Virginia Cavalry,
2d North Carolina Cavalry.

W. E. JONES' BRIGADE.

6th Virginia Cavalry,
7th Virginia Cavalry,
12th Virginia Cavalry,
17th Battalion Virginia Cavalry,
35th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.

The Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry was detached from Hampton's brigade for service with General Longstreet, but returned to its proper place within a few weeks. Colonel W. H. F. Lee, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, was promoted as brigadier-general. Colonel T. T. Munford, who had so ably commanded Robertson's brigade since the Second Manassas, was transferred with his regiment to Fitzhugh Lee's brigade. Colonel W. E. Jones, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, was promoted as brigadier-general, and assigned to Robertson's brigade. Jones' brigade remained in the Valley of Virginia until the following May, and only rejoined the cavalry division in time to participate in the battle of the 9th of June, 1863. At this latter date the 17th battalion had been increased to a regiment, and was then and afterwards known as the 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonels *L.L.* Lomax and *O. R.* Funsten. In a subsequent arrangement the 15th Virginia Cavalry was taken from W. H. F. Lee's brigade, and was replaced by the 13th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel J. R. Chambliss.

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On the 7th of November General McClellan was relieved of the command of the Army

of the Potomac, and General Burnside was appointed in his place. This change of commanders produced a short period of inaction, after which the Federal army was moved toward Fredericksburg only to find itself again confronted by its vigilant adversary. W. H. F. Lee's brigade guarded the lower Rappahannock, while Hampton and Fitz Lee picketed the river above. The interval of time which elapsed before the battle of Fredericksburg furnished the opportunity for some successful reconnoissances by the cavalry.

On the 27th of November Brigadier-General Wade Hampton, with two hundred and eight men from his brigade, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and proceeded through Morrisville toward Hartwood Church or the Yellow Chapel. His march was made by unfrequented country roads, and avoided all of the <188>enemy's pickets. He thus succeeded in reaching at nightfall a point within two miles of Hartwood Church, where was stationed the reserve of the Federal pickets, who, though warned that an attack was probable, were entirely ignorant of his proximity. At four o'clock on the morning of the 28th Hampton moved out from his noiseless bivouac, and, gaining the rear of the Federal squadrons, surprised them in their camp and captured the entire party without the loss of a man. Four Federal soldiers were left in the camp so badly wounded that they could not be removed; but eighty-two prisoners, including five commissioned officers, with their horses and equipments, were securely landed within the Confederate lines. The Federal picket consisted of two squadrons of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by Captain George Johnson. General Averell's report confesses the full magnitude of this disaster, and indignantly blames Captain Johnson for it. At the same time he estimates Hampton's force at seven or eight hundred men, and states that he marched through the country, avoiding all pickets and roads. Under these circumstances Captain Johnson was perhaps more to be pitied than blamed.

On the 1st of December, Major T. Weller, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock near Port Royal, with sixty men from his regiment, and captured a Federal picket consisting of two commissioned officers and forty-seven men.

On the 10th of December General Hampton started from his camp in Culpeper County with five hundred and twenty men, on a reconnoissance to the north of Fredericksburg. His object was to reach Dumfries and then sweep the road northward to Occoquan. This expedition was successful, although it was accomplished under circumstances which severely taxed the strength <189>and endurance of his troops. Snow lay on the ground to the depth of several inches, and for three days and nights Hampton's men were exposed to severities of winter such as they had never before experienced.

Having marched sixteen miles before daylight on the morning of the 12th, Hampton surprised Dumfries and captured over fifty prisoners and twenty-four sut-ler's wagons. His further progress toward Occoquan was arrested by the discovery that General Sigel's corps occupied that road. Leaving Dumfries with his captures at eight o'clock in the morning, Hampton returned to Morrisville, where he encamped for the night, after his long march of forty miles. On the following morning everything was safely brought across the Rappahannock. No loss or casualty occurred during this expedition.

On the 17th of December General Hampton made another successful reconnoissance in the same direction. Crossing the Rappahannock at the railroad bridge, he bivouacked at Cole's Store on the night of the 17th, and reached Neabsco Creek at daylight on the 18th, where he surrounded and captured two picket posts. Dividing his command into three

columns, Hampton rapidly moved upon Occoquan, where he found a train of wagons belonging to Sigel's corps in the act of crossing the river from the north side. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, of the Jeff Davis Legion, dismounted some men, and forced the wagon guard, who were on the north side, to surrender and come over on the ferry-boat. Having effected this capture the work of bringing over the wagons was at once commenced. This was, however, necessarily slow, as there was but one small boat at the ferry, and the approaches to the river on either side were bad. While thus engaged the enemy appeared on the north side. The 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry and two companies <190>of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under the command of Colonel R. H. Rush, of the 6th Pennsylvania, were on the march from Washington to the Army of the Potomac, and at this moment approached the Occoquan. A part of this force threatened the ferry, while the larger part attempted to force a passage at Selectman's Ford, and thus gain Hampton's rear. (1) But Selectman's Ford was held by Captain T. H. Clark, of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, with forty men from his own regiment and from the Phillips Legion, and the efforts of the enemy to dislodge him were not successful. The work of ferrying over the captured wagons was, however, so slow that Hampton felt that he would incur unjustifiable risk in attempting to complete it. He therefore withdrew from the town, bringing with him one hundred and fifty prisoners, twenty wagons laden with valuable stores, thirty stands of infantry arms, and one stand of colors. Captain Clark held his position at Selectman's Ford for one hour after the rest of the command had retired, and although followed by the enemy, successfully protected the rear of Hampton's column. On the 19th Hampton returned to his camp without the loss of a man.

The battle-field of Fredericksburg offered but little opportunity for the use of cavalry. Hampton was, as we have seen, engaged on his expedition to Dumfries. Fitz Lee's brigade watched the fords of the Rappahannock on the Confederate left, above Fredericksburg. W. H. F. Lee's brigade extended the Confederate right as far as Massaponax Creek. To this part of the line, as being of the greater importance, Stuart gave his personal presence. Neither he nor any of his subordinate commanders made report of this battle. The following extract from a letter written to his <191>mother on the 17th of December, by Lieutenant R. Channing Price, of Richmond, Va., furnishes the most interesting and perhaps the most accurate narrative of General Stuart's movements which it is possible to obtain at this day. At the time of this battle Lieutenant Price was aid-de-camp to General Stuart. He was subsequently promoted to the position of major and assistant adjutant-general of the cavalry division. He was wounded on the 1st of May following, near the Old Furnace, during Jackson's movement around Hooker at Chancellorsville, and died within an hour after receiving the wound. General Stuart thus wrote to his bereaved mother:

The dear boy fell at my side, displaying the same devotion to duty and abnegation of self which signalized his whole career. As an adjutant-general he had no superior, and his reputation as an able and efficient staff-officer had already spread through the army. Many have been the expressions of regret and sympathy from officers of all grades, even the highest.

Channing Price's letter presents so vivid a picture of the battle-field from an unmilitary stand-point that on this account alone it would be worth preservation.

Thursday morning (the 11th), sometime before day, I was aroused by the heavy

cannonading in the direction of Fredericksburg, it having commenced some time before I heard it. About sunrise we got up, and, as soon as we could get breakfast, started for the front, General Stuart having gone on a little before us to General R. E. Lee's headquarters. We found Generals Lee, Longstreet, Stuart, and some others, on a very commanding hill to the right of the Telegraph Road, and the fog was so dense that we could only conjecture what was going on from the other side of the river. After a while the fog began to lift, and just then General Stuart sent me back to headquarters to get more couriers. On my return everything was perfectly clear, and soon afterward commenced <192>the grand bombardment of the town. Such a cannonading I never heard before, one hundred or more guns to the minute. All the batteries were in full view, and until nearly night this continued--the whole being done to drive out one brigade (Barksdale's), which was keeping them from getting across. A little before sunset they succeeded in getting a number of troops across in boats, and Barksdale, not being able longer to hold the bank, withdrew his men to this side of the town, having inflicted a tremendous loss on the enemy, and having made him show his desire to cross at Fredericksburg. They had succeeded also in getting two bridges over below the town, and we went to headquarters to sleep, knowing that the enemy were crossing in heavy force.

Friday morning (the 12th) we went out again to our same position, but the fog was very thick. About the middle of the day, General Stuart having gone towards our right wing, I rode along the lines in that direction to find him. After passing Pickett's, McLaw's, and Hood's divisions, we came upon the left of Jackson's corps (which had come up during the night), consisting of Pender's brigade of A. P. Hill's division. I rode to the position of the Letcher Battery. Generals Lee and Jackson were there, watching the troops who were marching from the bridges and taking position on the left as they came up. General Lee told me that General Stuart had gone out to our skirmish line to examine the enemy more closely, and pretty soon he came galloping back and joined General Lee. We then rode back to General Hood's position. Before returning to camp I wrote a note to General Fitz Lee (between Sportsylvania Court House and Beaver Dam) to bring the main portion of his command and unite with General W. H. F. Lee during the night on the Bowling Green and Fredericksburg road near Hamilton's Crossing. Next day (the 13th) we had breakfast sometime before daylight, and made our way to Hamilton's Crossing, near which we found the cavalry. The enemy were very near the junction of the Bowling Green and Hamilton's Crossing roads, as we found out by riding in the field, when their sharpshooters opened on us. We then went on the hill to the left of the Crossing (A. P. Hill's extreme right), where were Pegram's battery and Jim Ellett's <193>section. While there the fog rose and revealed the enemy coming up in beautiful style, forming line of battle, planting batteries, etc. I then galloped out to where General Stuart was (at the junction of the two roads named above), and there Major Pelham had come up with one gun of Henry's horse artillery. The enemy were in dense masses advancing straight towards our line of battle, and Pelham was exactly on their left flank with his gun, with no support whatever. He opened on them with solid shot, and though most of them went amongst the infantry, one blew up a caisson for the Yankees. They now opened about fifteen or twenty guns on Pelham; but he had splendid shelter, and only had one man wounded, I think. He kept up his fire until he was ordered to cease so that they might come up closer. Not a gun in our long line from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing had yet fired; only Pelham with his Napoleon, and soon afterwards a Blakely nearer the

railroad. General Lee expressed his warm admiration for Major Pelham's distinguished gallantry, but said that the young major-general (alluding to Stuart) had opened on them too soon. Everything was now quiet along our line. The rest of Jackson's corps (D. H. Hill's division and Brown's artillery) had gotten up and were in reserve. The enemy's field batteries and his heavy guns across the river commenced to shell in every direction to find our position. The hill on which Pegram and Ellett were came in for a large share of the shelling; and it was now that Jim Ellett was killed, long before his battery had fired a gun. I saw his body at the Crossing soon after. All of us except the general now got out of the way to the right of the railroad until the fight should commence in earnest. General Stuart remained where he could see plainly when the enemy began to move, so that he might know when to begin his work, which was to bring to bear a large number of guns and break the left flank of the enemy. So soon as they began to advance, Lindsey Walker's guns on the hill opened on their infantry, and Pelham moved into the field to the right of the railroad, with twelve or fifteen rifle guns, and opened an enfilading fire. We now all joined the general, who was near Pelham, and the fight began in earnest. Time and again we strained over the field to General Jackson, <194>the Lees, and Pelham. Once when I galloped into Major Pelham's batteries to order him to advance his guns and enfilade the enemy, who was now recoiling from the fierce shock of A. P. Hill's gallant men, I recognized the boys at the old gun which I have assisted so often to work. In a minute they pulled off their caps and cheered me until I left the place. Pelham was standing between White's and Wake-ham's guns, and the shells were crashing in every direction. This was the last time I saw poor Jim Utz, as he was struck soon afterwards and instantly killed. Pelham continued to advance his guns as the enemy retreated, pouring in an enfilading fire all the time. After reaching the protection of their batteries, the enemy were reorganized by bringing up fresh lines, and again presented their front. A Parrott gun of the 2d Howitzers and one of the Powhatan battery now crossed the Bowling Green road and opened a very destructive fire on their flank (under the direction of Colonel Rosser), Major Pelham commanding the others. I went to General Jackson to apprise him of this change, and when I returned, the neighborhood of those two guns was, I think, the hottest place from artillery fire that I have ever been in. Just as I entered the field (a caisson having been blown up a few minutes before), when going up a slippery bank, a shell struck very close to my horse, and, rearing up, he rolled over me in the ditch. For a moment I thought he was struck; but he soon recovered himself and I found it was merely fright. Galloping to the general, I found him looking on with his usual coolness. He soon started towards the Crossing, and on our way met the two Parrotts I have mentioned above leaving the field. The general was very much displeased at first, but Colonel Rosser made matters all right by telling him that it was useless to stay there, a great many horses having been killed, men wounded, and ammunition nearly exhausted.

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Sunday we were up before day and off for the field. Everything was quiet; the enemy lay in full view and reach of our guns all day; but not a shot was fired from us, General Lee hoping that they would again make the attack. Monday the same programme was carried out, and I spent <195>most of the day with the boys of the rifle section of my old corps.

The gallantry and efficiency of the services rendered by Major John Pelham in this battle have been considered worthy of especial commendation. General R. E. Lee and General Jackson were present together on the extreme Confederate right, and were eye-witnesses of the contest between Pelham's Napoleon and the Federal batteries. Both of these great generals in their reports bestow distinguished praise upon the young artilleryman. The immediate effect of his fire was to stop the advance of Meade's division, whose ranks he enfiladed, until the arrival of Doubleday's division, which, facing to the left, advanced to protect the flank of Meade. The Federal reports show that the fire of not less than five batteries, attached to Meade's and Doubleday's divisions, was turned upon this one gun; (1) but Pelham maintained his ground for at least an hour, and retired only when ordered to a new and more important position, where a large number of guns was placed under his command.(2) John Eaton Cooke has recorded the incident, which is no doubt authentic, that, on the day following the battle, Jackson said to Stuart:(3) "Have you another Pelham, General? If so, I wish you would give him to me!"

(1) Meade's, Doubleday's, Lieutenant Stewart's, Lieutenant Edgell's, and Captain Reynolds' reports.

(2) Sergeant Reuben B. Pleasants, of the second company of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion, has, in a publication entitled *Contributions to a History of the Richmond Howitzer Battalion*, claimed for a gun belonging to his company the honor which has been accorded to Pelham's Napoleon. This claim has been sufficiently refuted in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xii. p. 466. Sergeant Pleasants has, however, done well in calling attention to the fact, which is also mentioned in Channing Price's letter, that his gun and another were, at a later hour, advanced by Rosser to a position not far from and probably in advance of the spot where Pelham opened the battle with his Napoleon.

(3) Surry of Eagle's Nest, p. 373.

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Although the Federal army had been warned by Hampton's expeditions of the danger to which their line of communications along the Potomac was exposed, Stuart determined to keep up the system of irritation. He therefore organized an expedition, known among his men as the *Dumfries Raid*, which, although unproductive of any great material results, illustrates the facility with which a bold leader may move a large body of cavalry in an enemy's country, striking heavy blows where weak points present themselves, and avoiding dangers which are too serious to be encountered.

The line of communication between Fredericksburg and Alexandria was no longer insecurely guarded, as when Hampton made his last descent upon it. A brigade of infantry and detachments from two cavalry regiments under Colonel A. Schimmelfennig occupied Aquia where the Telegraph Road crosses Aquia Creek. A brigade of cavalry under Colonel De Cesnola lay within supporting distance of the same place. Scouting parties from this post reached as far west as Stafford Springs, and Colonel Schimmelfennig was aware of the presence of Confederate patrols at that point on the 24th and 25th of December. At Dumfries, Colonel Charles Candy commanded a brigade of infantry, together with the 1st Maryland Cavalry and six companies of the 13th Illinois Cavalry and a battery of artillery. Patrols and pickets from this post were sent out southward to Chopawamsic Creek and westward toward Brentsville. A brigade of infantry occupied Wolf Run Shoals,(1) and the line of the Occoquan eastward from this point was guarded by the 2d and 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry. To this force was intrusted the safety of the road from Neabsco Creek to the Occoquan. The remainder of the cavalry brigade to which

these regiments belonged, and which was commanded <197>by Colonel R. Butler Price, extended a line of pickets from Wolf Run Shoals to Manassas Junction, where it connected with the pickets of the brigade of cavalry commanded by Colonel Percy Wyndham, who was encamped at Chantilly, and who in turn connected with another force of cavalry at Dranesville. Within this line of outposts a brigade of infantry was posted at Union Mills, another at Fairfax Court House, while a considerable force of infantry occupied the railroad at Fairfax Station. As soon as the news of Stuart's attack upon Dumfries was known at Washington, three regiments of infantry, with cavalry and artillery, were moved from the vicinity of Alexandria to Annandale, and a similar force was stationed midway between Fairfax Court House and Falls Church. Around and between these numerous posts Stuart led his command, avoiding forces which would have endangered him, and quickly overpowering such resistance as he chose to encounter.

On the afternoon of the 26th of December, 1,800 cavalry, commanded by Generals Hampton, Fitz Lee, and W. H. F. Lee, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and encamped for the night at Morris-ville. Early on the following morning the command moved toward the Potomac. Stuart's plan was to strike the Telegraph Road at three points between Aquia Creek and the Occoquan; then, sweeping northward, to reunite his forces wherever the events of the day might determine. Fitz Lee was accordingly directed to strike the Telegraph Road north of the Chopawamsic and move northward to Dumfries, while W. H. F. Lee was sent directly to the latter place. Hampton was directed upon Occoquan. A march of more than twenty miles was necessary before any serious contact with the enemy could be expected, and the larger part <198>of the day was expended before any of the detachments reached the points of attack. Fitz Lee struck the Telegraph Road just north of Chopawamsic Creek, and moved toward Dumfries, capturing wagons and prisoners. W. H. F. Lee reached Dumfries, having captured a number of pickets. He found the place strongly defended, but caused the enemy to withdraw all of his forces to the north bank of the Quantico. When Fitz Lee arrived, Stuart at first determined to make a serious attack. The 2d and 3d Virginia Cavalry were directed to move against the front of the enemy by the Telegraph Road, while the 1st and 5th Virginia Cavalry crossed the fords above and engaged in a mounted charge. Before this movement became serious, Stuart discovered that the statements of the prisoners whom he had captured were correct, and that the town was held by a force of infantry and cavalry whose numbers exceeded his own at this point. Fitz Lee's attack was therefore converted into a demonstration which should occupy the attention of the enemy until darkness might cover withdrawal and prevent pursuit. In this affair the detachment from the 5th Virginia Cavalry was principally engaged. Early in the action, Captain J. N. Bullock, who had led the dismounted men, received mortal wounds, and was carried from the field. Lieutenant James P. Bayly succeeded to the command, and, under orders from Colonel Rosser, charged across the creek, driving back the infantry skirmishers of the enemy and capturing eleven of their number. Lieutenant Bayly held the position he had gained until dark, when he was withdrawn. The whole command now moved out on the Brentsville road, and encamped for the night in the vicinity of Cole's Store. The loss inflicted on the Federal command at Dumfries, as shown by the reports, was 3 killed, 12 wounded, and 68 missing. <199>

While the two Lees were thus occupied, Hampton had pursued his longer march to Occoquan, which he reached about sunset. Colonel M. C. Butler charged into the town,

and drove from it a detachment of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry, capturing 8 wagons and 19 prisoners. Hampton now withdrew and joined the other brigades at Cole's Store. During the night the captured wagons and prisoners, together with two guns, whose ammunition was exhausted, were sent back to the Rappahannock, under the escort of a squadron of the 9th Virginia Cavalry.

Early on the 28th Stuart moved forward to the Occoquan. At Greenwood Church, Colonel M. C. Butler, with 150 men of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, was detached, with orders to go to Bacon Race Church and endeavor to capture a body of the enemy reported to be at that point. Butler encountered cavalry pickets about a mile from the church and drove them back upon their support, which he found to consist of a considerable force of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. He had been instructed that the rest of the command would advance in the same direction, on a parallel road, and join him in the vicinity of Bacon Race Church. He therefore maintained his position in front of the force he had engaged, although exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's artillery. But events had carried the larger part of the Southern cavalry in another direction, and Butler in vain awaited the attack which he momentarily expected to be made by his friends, in which he was prepared to join. Not deeming it prudent longer to remain in his isolated position, he attempted to withdraw toward Brentsville by the same road on which he had advanced. He had moved but a short distance when he found this road occupied by a large force of the enemy. Thus enclosed in front and rear, his position was critical; but by making a *détour* of three or four miles he eluded his enemies and safely rejoined his brigade at Selectman's Ford. Both Stuart and Hampton bestow praise on Butler for the manner in which he extricated his command.

At a short distance from Greenwood Church, where Butler had separated from the main column, the advance of Fitz Lee's brigade had encountered the enemy's cavalry. Captain Chauncey, of the 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Major Reinholt, of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry, with about 150 men from each of these two regiments, had crossed Selectman's Ford at daylight on the 28th, to discover what had become of the enemy who had attacked Occoquan on the previous evening. It appears from the reports that Captain Chauncey was in command of this party. He followed the trail made by Hampton's command until he reached the vicinity of Greenwood Church, where he was charged by the 1st Virginia Cavalry. Colonel R. Butler Price, commanding brigade of Federal cavalry, states in his report that the 2d Pennsylvania was deserted by the 17th Pennsylvania at the first fire, and that the whole command was routed and pursued for two miles north of Selectman's Ford. Stuart claims to have captured more than 100 prisoners, while the incomplete Federal returns show a total loss of 115.

At Selectman's Ford the enemy was tempted by the narrow and difficult nature of the ford to make a stand. Dismounted men were posted on the north bank, and an effort was made to hold the ford. The long chase from Greenwood Church had now brought the 5th Virginia Cavalry to the front. Without hesitation Colonel Rosser ordered his regiment to cross the creek. The charge was of necessity made by file; but it was executed with such spirit that Rosser suffered no loss, and quickly dispersed the enemy. The 3d Virginia Cavalry now took the lead, and continued the pursuit until the camp of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry was uncovered. This was speedily destroyed by the regiments which followed the 3d.

When the whole of his command was collected north of the Occoquan, Stuart sent a

detachment, under Hampton, toward the village of Occoquan, which encountered and drove back a small party of the enemy. The pursuit was not continued on account of the darkness. Captain Dickenson, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, was sent toward Wolf Run Shoals. He met a patrol of Major Stagg's cavalry command, captured a wagon and three prisoners, and drove the enemy back upon the infantry at the Shoals.

Stuart now directed his march northward to the railroad, which he struck at Burke's Station. The telegraph office was surprised and captured before the operator could give the alarm. Stuart always carried with him an accomplished telegraph operator, and he now had the satisfaction of receiving official information from General Heintzleman's headquarters in Washington concerning the dispositions which were being made to intercept him. After gaining the information he needed, he caused his operator to send a message to General M.C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, at Washington, in which he complained that the quality of the mules recently furnished to the army was so inferior as greatly to embarrass him in moving his captured wagons. Having thus revealed his locality, the telegraph wire was cut, and he moved on. While waiting at Burke's Station General Fitz Lee was sent to destroy the railroad bridge over the Accotink. He took with him Lieutenant John Lee and Surgeon J. B. Fontaine of his staff, and ten men. He destroyed the bridge and safely rejoined his <202>brigade, bringing with him a lieutenant and three men, captured from one of the enemy's pickets.

From the information he had received Stuart conceived that it might be possible to surprise and capture the post of Fairfax Court House. He therefore marched direct to that point; but when within about a mile of the town his advance was stopped by a volley from infantry and artillery, which showed that the enemy was in force and on the alert.(1) While still maintaining the semblance of an attack, he turned off the rear of his column to the right without the least delay, and crossing the turnpike between Fairfax Court House and Annandale, marched to Vienna. Here he turned westward to Frying Pan, which he reached at daybreak, and fed and rested for some hours. Thence by easy marches he returned through Middleburg and Warrenton to Culpeper Court House, which he reached on the 31st of December.

His loss on the expedition was 1 killed, 13 wounded, and 14 missing. The captured sutlers' wagons proved capable of inflicting nearly as much damage as the rifles of the enemy. The Federal loss exceeded 200 men. About twenty wagons and sutlers' teams were captured.

(1) The following extract from the *Diary of Lieutenant-Colonel W.R. Carter*, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, will be recognized as a correct picture by those who participated in this affair: --

"Reaching the Little River Turnpike, the division turned down toward Fairfax Court House, and on arriving within a mile of that place the enemy's infantry, in ambush, opened on the head of our column, fortunately killing only two horses and wounding one man very slightly. We made no reply to their fire, and only withdrew out of musket-range; whereupon the enemy, not knowing how to interpret it, and thinking it might be a party of their own men, sent a flag of truce to ask whether we were friends or foes. They were told that they would be answered in the morning. On this being reported back they began to shell the turnpike; but in the interim we had built camp-fires, as if about to encamp for the night, and had left, taking a cross-road towards Vienna.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XIII.--Kellysville.

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IT has been customary to designate the battle near Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March, 1863, as the first of the *battles* between the horsemen of the Army of the Potomac and those of the Army of Northern Virginia. As regards the Southern cavalry this battle differed from those of the previous fall in that it was fought almost entirely on horseback, and in the earlier part of it entirely without the support of artillery. As regards the Federal cavalry, the novel features were, that a larger force than usual was concentrated under one commander, and that an advance was made into the enemy's country beyond the hope of assistance from their infantry. That they should have returned from such an expedition without suffering serious loss, and after having crossed sabres with their adversaries in hand to hand fight, was considered a matter of congratulation, and perhaps justly; for up to this time the Federal cavalry certainly labored under such stigma as was placed upon it in President Lincoln's letter to General McClellan, which has been quoted in a previous chapter. The expedition itself was barren of results, unless, as some claim, it improved the *morale* of the Federal cavalry. It certainly added nothing enviable to the reputation of the brigadier-general in command, whose conduct has even called forth a weak animadversion from that most partial of historians M. le Comte de Paris.(1) <204>A candid examination of the facts as disclosed in the official records will justify these statements.

On the 9th of February Fitz Lee's brigade broke up camp in Caroline County, where it had been stationed since the battle of Fredericksburg, and moved to Culpeper Court House, where, on the 12th, it relieved Hampton's brigade, and assumed the duty of picketing the upper Rappahannock. On the 24th General Fitz Lee crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford with 400 men from the 1st, 2d, and 3d regiments, to make a reconnoissance on the Falmouth road, under orders from General Stuart. It will be sufficient to say, that in executing his orders General Lee advanced to Hartwood Church, where he encountered the enemy's cavalry, which he attacked and drove before him until he came within sight of the camps of the 5th corps. He captured 150 prisoners, representing seven regiments, with their horses, arms, and equipments. Among the prisoners were five commissioned officers. He returned to his camp on the 26th, having sustained a loss of 14 in killed, wounded, and missing.(2)

(1) History of the Civil War in America, vol. iii. pp. 17, 18.

(2) The diary of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, has been placed in my hands by the kind confidence of his venerable mother. It narrates some incidents of this reconnoissance, which, although they may not interest the general reader, will certainly be appreciated by the survivors of his old command. Colonel Carter was one of the most promising officers of his rank in Stuart's cavalry. Always cool and collected, always provident for the wants of his men even to the minutest details, he commanded their confidence and respect. He was frequently in command of his regiment, and always fought it well. He fell, mortally wounded, at the battle of Trevillian's Station, in June, 1864. I make the following extracts from his diary :--

February 24th. Colonel Owen being sick, I deferred my departure on furlough and took the regiment on the scout, -- about one hundred and fifty officers and men, -- with three days' rations and as much corn as the men could well carry on their horses. We marched at nine o'clock A.M. through Culpeper Court House and Stevensburg, and crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Mill. On account of eighteen inches of snow the roads were miserable, almost impassable. No ambulances with the

command. Encamped near Morrisville, Fauquier County. We got plenty of hay for our horses, and notwithstanding the snow the men spent a very agreeable night by scraping it away and making beds with brush and straw near large log fires. The river was so high as to swim low horses at the ford.

February 25th. Marched at eight o'clock A.M., 1st regiment in front, down the Falmouth road, passing Grove Church, Deep Run Mill, Franklin Gold Mines, and Hartwood Church, in Stafford County. Came upon the enemy's pickets below Hartwood, and charged them, the 1st regiment being in front and the 3d in rear. In the first charge the 1st regiment and a part of the 2d pursued the enemy to the left of Wallack's house, on the 'Poplar Road,' while the remainder of the 2d regiment, under Major Breckinridge, with the 3d in reserve, pursued them down the Falmouth road. After charging several miles General Lee had the rally sounded and ordered the 1st and 2d regiments to form behind the 3d. We had then pursued about a mile beyond Hammett's house, and having captured a number of prisoners, and having accomplished our purpose, we began to *retire by echelon*. The 2d regiment formed in line of battle at Hammett's house, and the 1st went to form in a field in their rear. Captain Randolph, of the Black-Horse Troop, having thrown out his company as sharpshooters to my front, I was ordered by General Lee to withdraw and form behind the 1st regiment. On moving back to execute this order I was met by several couriers looking for General Lee to inform him that a regiment of Yankees was in the woods on the right of the road facing Falmouth. I moved up quickly to support Colonel Drake, of the 1st. As I did so I saw an officer on the right of the road as aforesaid waving his handkerchief to me. Learning from some stragglers that the party probably belonged to the enemy, and thinking that it might be a *ruse* for the purpose of disentangling his men from the woods, I threw the regiment 'left into line,' to be ready to meet them in case they charged, and then advanced myself to meet the flag of truce. Whereupon Lieutenant Wetherell, of the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, surrendered himself and twenty men to me. Eight or ten others came out and surrendered to Colonel Drake. This proved to be the party supposed to be a regiment of the enemy, and I immediately informed General Lee to that effect. While this was transpiring the enemy had advanced their sharpshooters within carbine range of Hammett's house, and commenced firing on the 2d regiment, which was ordered to retire and form behind the 1st and 3d, which were stationed near Coakley's house. The enemy continuing to press, our sharpshooters were placed in the edge of the woods three hundred yards in advance of Coakley's house, on both sides of the road. In a very few moments the enemy drove in our sharpshooters and commenced need following them up with a cheer, their skirmishers being supported by a column in the road with sabres drawn. General Lee ordered me to charge them with a yell, which the regiment did in most gallant style, striking at the column advancing along the road, and disregarding the skirmishers on the flanks. The enemy continued to move on until we came within thirty yards of them, when they broke, and fled in perfect confusion. We pursued them for a quarter of a mile, killing and capturing several of them, when, thinking that we had pursued as far as prudence would permit, or as far as was in accordance with the designs of General Lee, I halted the column, formed it front into line, and immediately received orders to retire to the edge of the woods and form in line facing the enemy. Retiring from this position, and coming within speaking distance of General Lee, he highly complimented the regiment for the gallant charge it had made, which praise the men received with loud cheers. After this charge the enemy made no further effort to pursue.

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On the 16th of March Brigadier-General W. W. Averell left the main body of the Army of the Potomac with the intention of crossing the Rappahannock <206>at one of the upper fords and provoking a battle with the Southern cavalry. Something more than a mere reconnoissance was in view, for General Averell tells us that he was ordered "to attack and rout or destroy" Fitz Lee's brigade of cavalry, which was reported to be in the vicinity of Culpeper Court House. The Confederate scouts had been very active north of the Rappahannock, and by their operations had created the impression that a considerable force was located in the vicinity of Brentsville, against which General Averell was warned in his orders that he must provide. He accordingly detached 900 men from his command to guard his rear at Morgansburg, Elk Run, and Morrisville, and with 2,100 men and his

artillery advanced to Kelly's Ford, which he reached, according to his report, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th. A wide discrepancy is to be noticed between the reports of General Averell and General Lee as to the hour of the attack upon the ford. General Lee states that the attack was made at five o'clock A.M., three hours earlier than the time given by General Averell. For sufficient reasons, we adopt as correct the hour stated by General Lee.⁽¹⁾ He had been notified by telegram from <207>General R. E. Lee, at eleven o'clock on the previous day, that a large body of cavalry had left the Federal army, and was marching up the Rappahannock. The scouts which he sent out the same day correctly located the enemy at Morrisville and at Bealton. He was therefore uncertain whether the enemy would cross at Kelly's Ford or at the railroad bridge, or whether they would pursue their march toward Warrenton. Under these circumstances he strengthened his picket of twenty carbines at Kelly's Ford with forty more, and ordered the rest of the sharpshooters of the brigade, under Major W. A. Morgan, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, to be stationed at daylight at the point where the road to Kelly's Ford leaves the railroad, that they might be in readiness to reinforce either place. Captain James Breckinridge, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, commanded the picket at Kelly's Ford. There was no more efficient officer of his rank in either army, and had he been properly supported on this occasion, he would probably have succeeded in preventing General Averell from crossing at that point. His picket consisted of twenty men, of whom only fifteen at most were available for fighting, because every fourth man must be a horse-holder. General Lee says that only eleven or twelve men were stationed in the rifle-pits at the ford at the time of the attack. The horse-holders of the forty men sent to reinforce Breckinridge were stationed too far in the rear, and the dismounted men, although hurried forward, did not reach the ford in time to gain the shelter of the pits. This occasion, as well as many others, demonstrated the fact that the horse-holders in a cavalry <208>fight should be the coolest and bravest men in the company. "Number Four" has no right to be exempt from the perils of the battle. He holds the horses of his comrades only in order that they may more efficiently fight on foot; and he should always be near at hand to give whatever aid the occasion demands. In the present instance several brave men were captured simply because their horses were so far distant.

The brunt of the fight fell upon Breckinridge's little band of about a dozen men. General Lee says that he detained the enemy at the ford for an hour and a half. General Averell says that he dismounted two squadrons and endeavored to cross his advance-guard under their fire, but failed. Two similar attempts made by his pioneers met with the same result. An effort was made to find a place for crossing below the ford; but the swollen stream, four feet deep at the ford, was impassable elsewhere. Major Chamberlaine, chief-of-staff to General Averell, now selected sixteen men and placed them under the command of Lieutenant S. A. Brown, of troop G, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, and ordered him to cross the river and not return. Lieutenant Brown gallantly executed this order, and opened the way for the remainder of his regiment, which followed immediately. Captain Breckinridge escaped capture, but twenty-five dismounted men, who could not reach their horses, were the trophies of Brown's brave dash. It is a noteworthy fact that General Lee reports a loss of twelve horses captured in this battle, and that not one was lost by the 2d Virginia Cavalry, to which Captain Breckinridge belonged. It would seem, therefore, that as a prudent officer he had his horses near at hand, and thus provided for the safety of his men. General Averell's loss at the ford was one officer and two men killed, two officers

and five men wounded, and fifteen horses killed and wounded. <209>

After the resistance at the ford had been overcome, two hours were consumed in crossing over the command.(1) The river was deep and swift, and the caissons and limbers of the guns were submerged. It was necessary that the cavalymen should carry across the artillery ammunition in the nose-bags of their horses. Having watered his horses by squadrons, and having gotten his command well in hand on the south side of the river, General Averell was prepared to advance, as he states, at twelve M. Captain Bliss, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, names the hour at ten o'clock A. M., doubtless with greater accuracy.(2)

In the mean time General Fitz Lee was awaiting news from the front in his camp near Culpeper Court House. At half past seven o'clock he received his first intelligence, which was that the enemy had crossed at Kelly's Ford, driving back his picket and capturing twenty-five of their number. He immediately moved his regiments at a rapid trot to Miller's house, about a mile and a half below Brandy Station. Finding that the enemy delayed, General Lee moved rapidly down the road toward Kelly's Ford and met Averell's troops before *they* had advanced as much as a half-mile from the ford. General Averell was correct when he wrote: "From what I had learned of Lee's position, and from what I knew personally of his character, I expected him to meet me on the road to his camp." . . . The distance passed over by either command, from the crossing at the ford to the time of meeting, is suggestive. When General Lee met him, Averell's right rested on the river near Wheatley's Ford, and his left extended a short distance beyond Brooks' house. He had a force of sharpshooters posted behind a stone fence which connected these two places, while his mounted reserves <210>were drawn up in the fields and woods in the rear, on both sides of the road which branches off from Wheatley's to Kelly's Ford. On his right was the 4th New York, on his left the 4th Pennsylvania, both regiments deployed to use carbines, and supported by two sections of artillery.

Fitz Lee approached with his 3d regiment in front, preceded by the sharpshooters of the brigade under Major W. A. Morgan, of the 1st regiment. Major Morgan immediately engaged the enemy with effect, as we learn from General Averell's report; for he says: "The 4th Pennsylvania and the 4th New York, I regret to say, did not come up to the mark at first, and it required some personal exertions on the part of myself and staff to bring them under the enemy's fire, which was now sweeping the woods." While this was transpiring, the 3d regiment threw down the fence and entered Wheatley's field about one hundred yards below Brannin's house, and moved back to form near Brown's house in the same field. From this point General Lee ordered the 3d to charge. The order was executed in column of fours. The regiment swept down the line of the stone fence which separated them from the enemy in the woods beyond, delivering the fire of their pistols. The enemy's line wavered throughout its length, and the utmost exertions of the Federal officers were required to keep their men from flight. But no outlet could be found through the stone fence, and the 3d regiment turned across the field to its left and moved down toward Wheatley's ice-house.

As adjutant of the 3d, it was made my duty by Colonel Owen, who led the charge in person, to see that the column of the regiment was kept well closed up. When about midway of the column, I saw Major John Pelham rushing to its head with the shout of battle on <211>his lips. After the rear of the regiment had passed through a small enclosure near Wheatley's house, I saw a single cavalryman struggling to place the body

of a comrade across the bow of his saddle. I approached to assist, and recognized Pelham. He had been struck in the head by a piece of a shell, and life was extinct. By this narrow chance was his body preserved from falling into the hands of the enemy.

As the 3d regiment moved down toward Wheatley's, endeavoring to find an outlet by which to attack the enemy's right flank, McIntosh's brigade, the 16th and 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, moved forward to the same point, and having occupied Wheatley's house and garden, opened a severe fire, by which several men were wounded. The 3d was now joined by the 5th regiment, under Colonel T. L. Rosser, and the two regiments endeavored to force the enemy near the house of G. T. Wheatley. While retiring from this unsuccessful attempt, Major Fuller, of the 5th regiment, was killed. The 3d and 5th regiments now drew back to the remainder of the brigade, which, mean time, had not been idle. Colonel Duffié had advanced his three regiments, the 1st Rhode Island, the 4th Pennsylvania, and the 6th Ohio, in front of the left of Averell's line, and General Lee moved forward the 1st, 2d, and 4th regiments to meet him. In the charges which followed, Colonel Duffié's three regiments were aided by two squadrons of the 5th U.S. Cavalry and by McIntosh's command, which advanced upon Lee's left as soon as the 3d and 5th regiments retired. If we may credit General Averell's report, "The enemy were torn to pieces and driven from the field in magnificent style." General Averell, however, proceeds to explain why he could not improve this rout of his opponents, and why he did not capture three to five <212>hundred prisoners, "because the distance was too great for the time, the ground was very heavy, and the charge was made three minutes too soon, and without any prearranged support." In point of fact, in these combats General Lee found himself largely outnumbered and was compelled to withdraw; but he retired in such manner that Averell was able to gain no advantage over him. In one of the charges, Major Cary Breckinridge, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, leaped his horse across a wide ditch which separated him from the enemy. His horse was killed, and Major Breckinridge was compelled to surrender to Lieutenant James M. Fales, of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry. The 1st Rhode Island, however, lost in this charge eighteen men captured, and among them Captain Thayer and Lieutenant Darling. (1)

It should not be forgotten that all this fighting occurred in the immediate vicinity of Kelly's Ford; nor should the great disparity in numbers be unnoticed. According to his own account, Averell commanded not less than twenty-one hundred men and six pieces of artillery. General Lee could not bring eight hundred men into line, and his advance to Kelly's Ford had been so rapid that his battery could not reach him until after this part of the battle was over. Surely Averell should have felt himself able to "rout or destroy" that small force, especially when he had them "torn to pieces and driven from the field."

Having thus compelled the enemy to display his superior numbers, General Lee deemed it prudent to retire to a stronger position, where he could receive assistance from his artillery. He accordingly withdrew through Miss Wheatley's farm (occupied by Lumpkin) to the road leading from Brandy Station to Kelly's Ford, <213>and formed his line across that road, near Carter's Run, on the farm of James Newby. Here an open field, not less than five or six hundred yards wide, extended for a considerable distance on either side of the road. Gently sloping toward the centre, the southern side of this field was enclosed by thick woods, while the opposite hill was skirted by a thin growth of old-field pines, which terminated the view in that direction. Captain James Breathed's battery now crowned the hill on the north side, and Fitz Lee's brigade was drawn up in line across the road in the

open field, with his mounted skirmishers in front. After considerable delay, the enemy made his appearance in the edge of the opposite woods, and opened fire at long range with his carbines and with a battery of four pieces.⁽¹⁾ The 2d and 4th regiments, which numerically constituted more than half of Lee's brigade, held the field on his right of the road; the 1st, 3d, and 5th regiments held the left. Fitz Lee endured the enemy's fire for a time, but seeing that Averell showed no disposition to advance, he ordered his brigade to charge in line, commencing on the right. This was a serious movement. Not a squadron was left to reinforce the charge when broken on the enemy's lines, and there was nothing behind which his regiments could rally, if unsuccessful, except the four guns of Breathed's battery. A year later in the war Lee would hardly have ventured on such a charge, but at this time he was probably influenced by what he "*knew personally of his [Averell's] character.*" From the very beginning of the charge Lee's regiments were subjected to the fire of the enemy's carbines, and of shell, spherical case, and double-shotted canister from his artillery. Midway across the field the charge of the 4th regiment <214>was interrupted by a rail fence, which was, however, so soon thrown down that the regiment immediately recovered its alignment. On the left of the road the 3d regiment was compelled to change from line into column of fours, to cross the run which flowed through the bottom of the valley; but the line was reformed on the other side without a halt. Captain Bliss, of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, tells us that the right of General Averell's line was held by the 3d Pennsylvania and the 5th Regulars, and that the 1st Rhode Island and a squadron of the 6th Ohio held the left.⁽¹⁾ Everything gave way before the charge of Lee's left. The enemy disappeared in the dense woods, and made no show of resistance, except by a desultory fire of carbines at long range. Could a fresh regiment have supported this charge, Averell's guns would certainly have fallen into Lee's hands; but these guns were all on the left of Averell's position, and between them and Lee's left were two strong fences which lined either side of the road. It was impossible, under the circumstances, to pursue the advantage farther, and the 1st, 3d, and 5th regiments, broken by the charge into little squads, retired across the field to reform on the ground whence they had started.

On the right, the 2d and 4th regiments met with more resistance. They pressed their charge so close to the enemy's battery that the gunners fled from their guns. The 1st Rhode Island, however, came to the rescue, and a hand to hand fight ensued. The contemporary writer on either side would doubtless have recorded that his adversaries were "*driven in headlong flight and scattered in every direction.*" The facts are that the 2d and 4th regiments did not and could not reach the guns, though they were silent; and that the <215>1st Rhode Island did not feel itself strong enough, after its encounter, to follow or molest these regiments as they retired to reform on the other side of the field.

Now, indeed, there was an opportunity for General Averell to "rout or destroy" Fitz Lee's brigade. He had a large force in reserve; and two fresh regiments, one on either side of the road, could have swept that field beyond the hope of recovery. He could have ridden over Breathed's guns before the brigade could possibly have formed to protect them. Why did he not do it? Let us turn to his report for information. Near the beginning of his report. General Averell says:-

On the night of the 16th the fires of a camp of the enemy were seen from Mount Holly Church by my scouts between Ellis' and Kelly's fords, and the drums, beating retreat and tattoo, were heard from their camps near Rappahannock Station.

And thus it appears that the phantom of "*rebel* infantry" was conjured up before General

Averell's imagination at the very outset of his expedition. Further on he says:--

Here the enemy opened three pieces, two ten-pounder Par-rotts and one six-pounder gun, from the side of the hill, directly in front of my left. No horses could be discovered about these guns, and from the manner in which they were served it was evident that they were covered by earthworks. It was also obvious that our artillery could not hurt them. Our ammunition was of miserable quality and nearly exhausted

Theirs, on the contrary, was exceedingly annoying. Firing at a single company or squadron in line, they would knock a man out of ranks very frequently Their skirmishers again threatened my left, and it was reported to me that infantry had been seen at a distance to my right, moving towards my rear, and the cars could be heard running on the road in rear of the enemy, probably bringing reinforcements. It was 5.30 P. M., and it was necessary to advance my cavalry <216>upon their intrenched positions, to make a direct and desperate attack, or to withdraw across the river. Either operation would be attended with imminent hazard. My horses were much exhausted. We had been successful thus far. I deemed it proper to withdraw.

It is hardly necessary to state that there was no Confederate infantry nearer to Fitz Lee's brigade than the camps of the army in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

We may thus sum up the results of this battle. With 2,100 men and six guns, between the hours of five o'clock A.M. and 5.30 P.M., General Averell advanced less than two miles on the road to Culpeper Court House, his avowed destination. He was turned back by General Fitz Lee with 800 men aided by a well served battery of four guns, and reinforced by imaginary "*drums beating retreat and tattoo... near Rappahannock Station;*" by imaginary "earthworks" and "*rifle-pits, which could not easily be turned,*" but which must be approached by "*a direct and desperate attack;*" by imaginary "infantry . . . *seen at a distance to my right, moving towards my rear;*" and last, but not least, by imaginary cars "*heard running on the road in rear of the enemy, probably bringing reinforcements.*"

We cannot excuse General Averell's conduct. He ought to have gone to Culpeper Court House.

Among numerous instances of personal gallantry there were two which seem worthy of permanent record. After three attempts to force a passage at Kelly's Ford had failed, Lieutenant Simeon A. Brown, of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, charged the deadly pass at the head of sixteen men. The lieutenant was the first to reach the opposite bank, but only two of his men followed him. His horse was wounded in two places, and he himself received three bullets through his clothing. <217>Sergeant Kimborough, of company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry, was wounded early in the action. He refused to leave the field. In the last charge he was the first to spring to the ground to throw down the fence which obstructed the way; remounted, and dashed on at the head of his regiment; was twice sabred over the head; had his arm shattered by a bullet; was captured and carried over the river, but made his escape, and, on the same night, walked back twelve miles to the camp of his regiment.

General Lee reports a loss of 11 killed, 88 wounded, and 34 taken prisoners. Of the latter, 25 were captured at the ford; only 9 were lost in the subsequent fighting. This fact is in itself an eloquent commentary on the conduct of this brigade. General Lee reports a loss of 71 horses killed, 87 wounded, and 12 captured. In his address on the Battle of Chancellorsville he calls attention to the large proportion of horses killed, as showing "*the*

closeness of the contending forces."

General Averell reports an aggregate loss of 80. Out of this number, 41 casualties occurred in the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry. This regiment fairly carried off the honors of the day on the Federal side.

General Stuart was present at this battle, but, as it were, by accident. He did not assume command, and accords all the honor of the battle to General Lee. Stuart and Pelham had been attending the session of a court-martial in Culpeper Court House as witnesses. They had expected to return to Fredericksburg on the morning of the 17th, but learning that the enemy was advancing, both borrowed horses and joined Lee's brigade. Pelham could not remain inactive on the battlefield. Having no guns to occupy his attention, he rode forward to aid in leading the charge of the 3d regiment, and met his fate.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XIV.--Chancellorsville.

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EARLY in February, 1863, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was consolidated into one corps under the command of Brigadier-General George Stoneman, who soon afterwards received the rank of Major-General. Thus organized, the cavalry constituted a command of which any general might have been proud. On the 28th of February General Stoneman reported the strength of his corps at about 12,000 men and 13,000 horses present for duty; and the monthly report of the Army of the Potomac for the 30th of April, 1863, shows that the force of cavalry *actually* available for the line of battle" was 11,079. Upon this splendid body of troops General Hooker depended for the successful opening of the campaign he had planned against Lee's army at Fredericksburg. It was intended that General Stoneman should cross the Rappahannock River at the fords west of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad with all of his command except one brigade; and after dispersing the small force of Confederate cavalry in Culpeper, a force which General Hooker estimated at not over 2,000 men,⁽¹⁾ that he should interpose his command between Lee's army and Richmond. He was expected to destroy communication along the line of the Central Railroad, to capture the supply stations at Gordonsville and Charlottesville, <219>and to inflict all possible damage along the Pamunkey River as far as West Point. But the main object of the expedition was to penetrate to the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, along the line of which it was anticipated that General Lee would retreat; and by breaking up that road and by destroying the bridges over the North and South Anna, to sever direct communication between Lee's army and Richmond. General Stoneman was assured that he might rely upon the fact that General Hooker would be in connection with him before his supplies were exhausted; for it was further intended that the Army of the Potomac should pass around the left of Lee's army, and, compelling the evacuation of the strong fortress at Fredericksburg, cause the Confederates to retreat toward Richmond by the direct line, or to withdraw through Spottsylvania toward Gordonsville. In either event General Stoneman would be in position to harass and delay the movements of the defeated army. The instructions which General Stoneman received closed with this solemn injunction:--

It devolves upon you, general, to take the initiative in the forward movement of this grand army, and on you and your noble command must depend in a great measure the extent and brilliancy of our success. Bear in mind that celerity, audacity, and resolution are everything in war, and especially is it the case with the command you have and the enterprise upon which you are about to embark.

General Stoneman received his orders on the 12th of April. On the night of the 13th his command was concentrated at Morrisville, ready to cross the Rappahannock on the following morning. In order that his movement might be unimpeded, a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery from the 11th corps was directed to take possession of Kelly's Ford. On the <220>same day the Army of the Potomac was ordered to prepare eight days' rations in haversacks, so that it might be ready to move when the cavalry had performed the part assigned to it.

To oppose the movement of this heavy column of cavalry Stuart had only the 9th and

13th regiments of Virginia Cavalry, 116 mounted men of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, and 143 dismounted men (men whose horses had been lost in the service) of the same regiment. Two batteries of horse artillery were present. Fitz Lee's brigade had been moved northward toward Salem, and could not return in time to meet the enemy.(1) During the night of the 13th General W. H. F. Lee was informed by his scouts of the presence of the enemy at Morrisville, and he promptly reinforced his picket at Kelly's Ford by Captain S. Bolling's company of sharpshooters from the 9th Virginia Cavalry. Captain Bolling's force at the ford amounted to about 150 men. He was subsequently strengthened by one gun from Moorman's battery, and by the larger part of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel J. R. Chambliss.

At daylight, on the 14th, General John Buford, commanding the Cavalry Reserve (U.S. Regulars), made his appearance and attempted to force a passage of the ford under cover of a large party of riflemen; but meeting with strong resistance the attempt was abandoned and was not renewed. General Buford's report

(1) Extract from the diary of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter, 3d Virginia Cavalry :-

April 14th. Started to move camp nearer to Salem on Manassas Gap Railroad, but hearing that a large force of Yankee cavalry was at Morrisville, preparing to cross at Kelly's Ford and attack General W. H. F. Lee's force, we were ordered to move back to Amissville, where we encamped for the night.

April 15th. Rainy and cold all day. Ordered to start for Culpeper Court House. Having marched two miles, the order was countermanded, and we returned to the same camp, with no dry place to pitch a tent.

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states that his object at Kelly's Ford was merely to make a demonstration which should favor the passage of the rest of the corps at the upper fords; and this was undoubtedly the plan marked out in the orders which had been given to General Stoneman.

While General Buford was thus observing Kelly's Ford, General D. McM. Gregg's division was moved up to the ford at the railroad bridge. This point was defended by a few dismounted men (it does not appear from what regiment), who held a block-house which commanded the bridge; and by twenty men of company D, 13th Virginia Cavalry, under Lieutenant W. T. Gary, who occupied the adjacent rifle-pits. The 9th Virginia Cavalry and two sections of artillery, one from Moorman's and one from Breathed's battery, supported these riflemen. One hundred and sixteen mounted men of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Captain J. W. Strange, supported a Whitworth gun which was stationed one mile east of Brandy Station.

A party from General Gregg's command was allowed to cross at the bridge without opposition from the block-house, while at the same time a mounted party crossed the ford. Lieutenant Gary was outflanked and retired from the rifle-pits; but he soon gained position in the block-house, and without loss, except that he himself was wounded. When the 9th Virginia Cavalry moved down to attack, the Federals retired to the north bank of the river, and the remainder of the day was consumed in a desultory fire between the sharpshooters and the artillery on either side. General Gregg sent a squadron to Beverly's Ford, two miles above the bridge, and ascertained that a force of dismounted Confederates held the south bank. Nothing further was attempted on this day. From early morning the Federal cavalry had threatened the fords which <222>were then entirely practicable. A determined effort on the part of General Gregg's command could not have

failed to secure the passage of his division at the railroad and at Beverly's Ford; and success at these points would have caused the withdrawal of the Confederates at Kelly's Ford. General Stoneman, however, deferred a serious attempt until the following morning, and lost his opportunity. We are not surprised to read the following tart despatches which were sent by General Hooker to General Stoneman on the following day:---

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
April 15, 1863.

GENERAL STONEMAN,--Despatches of April 15th, from -----, signed by the chief of your staff, have been received. The commanding general desires me to call your attention to your letter of instruction. The tenor of your despatches might indicate that you were manoeuvring your whole force against the command of General Lee, numbering not over two thousand men. The commanding general does not expect, nor do your instructions indicate, that you are to act from any base or depot. When any messengers are coming this way please acknowledge the receipt of the despatch concerning the telegram from General Peck, sent for your information.

Jos. HOOKER,
Major-General commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
April 15, 1863.

GENERAL STONEMAN,- Your despatches of 9 and 10.35 o'clock, of this date, are received. As you stated in your communication of yesterday that you would be over the river with your command at daylight this morning, it was so communicated to Washington, and it was hoped that the crossing had been made in advance of the rise of the river. If your artillery is your only hindrance to your advance, the major-general commanding directs that you order it to return and proceed to the execution of your orders without it. It is but reasonable <223>to suppose that if you cannot make use of that arm of the service the enemy cannot. If it is practicable to carry into execution the general instructions communicated to you on the 12th instant, the major-general commanding expects you to make use of such means as will, in your opinion, enable you to accomplish it, and that as speedily as possible. This army is now awaiting your movement. I am directed to add that, in view of the swollen condition of the streams, it is not probable, in the event of your being able to advance, that you will be troubled by the infantry of the enemy.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the same day President Lincoln thus wrote to General Hooker: --

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER,--It is now 10.15 P.M. An hour ago I received your letter of this morning, and a few moments later your despatch of this evening. The letter gives me considerable uneasiness. The rain and mud, of course, were to be calculated upon. General S. is not moving rapidly enough to make the expedition come to anything. He has now been out three days, two of which were unusually fair weather, and all three without hindrance from the enemy, and yet he is not twenty-five miles from where he started. To reach his point he still has sixty to go, another river (the Rapidan) to cross, and

will be hindered by the enemy. By arithmetic, how many days will it take him to do it? I do not know that any better can be done, but I greatly fear it is another failure already. Write me often, I am very anxious.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The failure which President Lincoln feared had already been consummated when this letter was written. At 6.30 A.M. on the 15th, Buford's cavalry, which had moved up from Kelly's Ford, was at the railroad bridge and ready to cross. He was ordered to await further instructions. It seems that some Federal cavalry had been sent early in the day to Welford's Ford, where the small Confederate picket was easily driven back <224>and a crossing was effected. Moving rapidly down the river this party approached Beverly's Ford, to which General Gregg's division had been moved, and surprised the dismounted men who, under Lieutenant-Colonel M. Lewis, guarded that point. But although surprised, this picket was not to be captured without a fight. Colonel Lewis and Lieutenant G. W. Beale, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, boldly charged the advance of the enemy, and thus gained time to withdraw in safety. It seems strange that any could have escaped from such a position. They were cut off from their horses and lost them all, twelve in number; but the loss in men was only one killed and five captured.

As soon as this news was received, General W. H. F. Lee moved the 9th and 13th regiments to the threatened point. The enemy had partly recrossed the river, but Colonel Chambliss, at the head of about fifty men, charged their rear-guard and drove them into the stream. One lieutenant and twenty-four men, of the 3d Indiana Cavalry, were captured, and some were drowned in the rapid waters. The 9th Virginia Cavalry was also engaged in this charge. It is noticeable that the Federal reports are silent concerning this affair.

Thus ended this expedition. The bold action of two small cavalry regiments, aided by a swollen stream, thwarted the plans of the Federal commander and delayed for a fortnight the advance of the Grand Army of the Potomac.

The meaning of such a concentration of the enemy's cavalry as had just been witnessed could not be mistaken, and General Stuart was especially charged by his commander to do all in his power to prevent a foray upon his communications. Therefore, as soon as the flood had subsided, Fitz Lee's brigade was brought back <225>Sperryville to Culpeper Court House. The force under Stuart's command was painfully small in comparison with the services demanded of it. It is impossible at the present day to give exact numbers, but General Hooker's statement that Stoneman was opposed by not over 2,000 cavalry is probably correct.(1) With this small force Stuart was required to cover a front of more than fifty miles, maintaining pickets at the fords of both the Rappahannock and the Rapidan.

For some days prior to the 28th of April, the north bank of the Rappahannock, at Kelly's Ford and at the railroad bridge, had been held by Federal infantry pickets, and this unusual appearance had placed the Confederates fully on the alert. On the afternoon of the 28th three corps of the Federal army were concentrated near Kelly's Ford, and at six o'clock in the evening a strong party crossed the river in boats below the ford, severing communication with the pickets lower down the river, and driving back the picket at the ford. A pontoon bridge was laid, and the passage of the 11th and 12th army corps was effected during the night. No effort was made to extend the advance further than was

necessary to accommodate these troops for the night.

Stuart received notice of these movements by nine o'clock P.M., at Culpeper Court House. His scouts

(1) In his Chancellorsville Address General Fitzhugh Lee estimated his own brigade at 1,500 men, and that of W. H. F. Lee at 1,200 men. This estimate is based on the monthly report of March 31, 1863, and is probably an over-estimate. On the 30th of April, 1863, the Federal cavalry reported an effective total of 11,079. But the reports of Generals Stone-man and Averell show that only about 6,900 men were engaged in the "Stoneman Raid"; and yet this was *all* of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac except one brigade, which General Pleasonton calls a "small brigade," which was left with the main body of the army. If we apply the same ratio of discount to the Confederate cavalry, General Fitzhugh Lee's 2,700 men will be reduced to about 2,000.

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had detected, and he had already reported to General R. E. Lee, the movement of a large force of infantry and artillery up the river from Falmouth, and unless the telegraph line was closed, he must have reported these facts also. It must be remembered, however, that the magnitude of the enemy's force was concealed by darkness, and that no forward movement was made until the following morning. Unless the most urgent necessity required it, Stuart had no right to move his command from a position where it would be able to confront the enemy's cavalry, which he had abundant reason to believe would now attempt to reach the interior of the State. So far as he could observe, the present advance might be intended solely as a diversion in favor of such a movement. He accordingly ordered that the enemy be enveloped with pickets, and, concentrating his command near Brandy Station, awaited the developments of the morning. At four o'clock A.M. on the 29th, the 12th corps advanced toward Germanna Ford, followed by the 11th corps, while the 5th corps commenced the passage of the pontoon bridge at eleven o'clock A.M., and moved at once on the road to Ely's Ford. To cover this movement, a force of infantry was sent out toward Brandy Station, and with these troops the 13th Virginia Cavalry was engaged in skirmishing during a considerable part of the morning.

Early in the afternoon Stuart learned that the enemy's column was moving toward Germanna Ford, and to ascertain the truth of the report he moved the larger part of his command to Willis Madden's, where he pierced the marching column and captured prisoners from the 11th, 12th, and 5th corps. The intentions of the enemy were now well developed, and this information was at once telegraphed to the commanding general. In reply, Stuart was not only instructed to swing <227>around to join the left wing of Lee's army, but he was also charged to give the necessary orders for the protection of public property along the railroads. To accomplish this latter purpose, General W. H. F. Lee was ordered to proceed by way of Culpeper Court House to the Rapidan, and endeavor to cover Gordonsville and the Central Railroad. Two regiments, the 9th and 13th Virginia Cavalry, constituted the whole of his command. Fitz Lee's brigade was put in motion as soon as possible for Raccoon Ford. Before leaving the position he had gained at Madden's, Stuart detached a strong party of sharpshooters from the 4th Virginia Cavalry, who were ordered to remain at that point and annoy the enemy's trains and marching columns as much as possible; and, when driven away, to follow the brigade to Raccoon Ford. The reports of General Howard and of Colonel Devin show that this party occupied the attention of the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry during the remainder of that day and during the night of the same, and prevented it from taking an active part in the advance of the army.

After marching more than half the night, Fitz Lee's brigade crossed the Rapidan and rested for a few hours. The 3d Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Thomas H. Owen, was sent on without stopping, and early the next morning interposed between the enemy and Fredericksburg, at Wilderness Run.(1) The darkness of the

(1) The conduct of General Stuart on the present occasion has been criti-cised by the Hon. William E. Cameron, of Petersburg, Va., in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, of the 5th of July, 1879, as wanting in the vigor and watchfulness which usually characterized him. An examination of the Official Records will not establish the justice of this criticism. The roads leading southward from Kelly's Ford to the Rapidan were not left unobserved. Pickets were placed upon them, and this was all that could be done *or ought to have been done*, for no one will venture to assert that, with the facts which were before him on the night of the 28th, Stuart would have been justified in separating any portion of his small command from the apparently paramount duty of guarding the railroads. Moreover, General Howard states that the 11th corps commenced the passage of the pontoon bridge at Kelly's Ford only at ten o'clock on the night of the 28th; and General Slocum states that the advance of the 12th corps began on the following morning at four o'clock. Superhuman penetration and personal ubiquity, but nothing less, might have enabled Stuart to ascertain these facts in time to interpose cavalry on the roads leading to Ely's and Germanna fords. But Slocum's advance instantly closed access to the former road, and although Stuart sent couriers to notify the pickets on the Rapidan, they were captured and failed to reach their destination.

The march of Slocum's column was not, however, unopposed. We have the testimony of his report for the fact that "during the entire march from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan, the advance-guard, consisting of the 6th New York Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel McVicker commanding, was opposed by small bodies of cavalry." What officer was in command of this Confederate picket does not appear; nor can it be stated why he failed to notify the Ely's Ford picket; nor why he failed to communicate his movements to General Stuart. It is reasonable, as well as charitable, to suppose that he made the effort to perform these evident duties, but that his couriers also were captured.

There is one portion of the Hon. Mr. Cameron's criticism which produces an unpleasant impression. He brings forward General R. E. Lee as a witness to the tardiness of his lieutenant. He says :-

"But Major-General Anderson arrived at Chancellorsville at twelve o'clock on Thursday night, the 29th of April, having been sent by General Lee *'as soon as he had intelligence of the enemy's movement.'* This proves that the Confederate commander received his first notice of the great events maturing on his left late in the afternoon of the 29th, and then Slocum and Meade were within easy striking distance."

The words which I have italicized appear as if quoted from General Lee's report. It seems impossible to put any other construction upon them. And yet, neither these words nor anything like them can be found in that report. On the contrary, after acknowledging that he had been informed by General Stuart, on the 28th, that a large body of infantry and artillery was moving up the river, General Lee says :-

"During the forenoon of the 29th that officer reported that the enemy had crossed in force near Kelly's Ford on the preceding evening. Later in the day he announced that a heavy column was moving from Kelly's toward Germanna Ford, on the Rapidan, and another towards Ely's Ford, on that river."

Toward the close of his report, General Lee gives the following explicit testimony to the vigilance and energy of his cavalry :-"The cavalry of the army, at the time of these operations, was much reduced. To its vigilance and energy we were indebted for timely information of the enemy's movements before the battle, and for impeding his march to Chancellorsville. It guarded both flanks of the army during the battle at that place, and a portion of it, as has already been stated, rendered valuable service in covering the march of Jackson to the enemy's rear."

These quotations may be verified by reference to pages 258 and 266 of the preliminary print of Confederate Reports from November 15, 1862, to June 3, 1863, issued by the War Records Office, Washington, D.C.

I should have thought it unnecessary to answer the criticisms of Mr. Cameron were it not for the fact that Major I. Scheibert, of the Prussian army, who is, I am persuaded, an admirer of General

Stuart, has thought Mr. Cameron's paper of sufficient importance to translate it into the German language.

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night and the excessive fatigue of his men produced a separation of several companies from Colonel Owen's regiment, and he was able to oppose only the smaller <229>part of his force to the advance of the 6th New York Cavalry on the morning of the 30th. He made, however, a spirited fight for the possession of the bridge over Wilderness Run, as is testified by Colonel Devin, who commanded the cavalry brigade operating with the right of Hooker's army; and when forced away, retired skirmishing toward Chancellorsville. Stuart, with the remainder of Fitz Lee's brigade, reached the Germanna road in the vicinity of the Wilderness Tavern soon after Colonel Owen had retired, and opened on the enemy's column with artillery and dismounted men. Stuart claims that he delayed the enemy at this point until midday. General Slocum states that he sent two regiments to oppose this attack, but that his "*main* body continued its march." It is clear, however, that some delay occurred; for the distance from Germanna Ford to Chancellorsville is less than ten miles, and although Slocum's advance division left the ford at daylight, it did not reach Chancellorsville until two o'clock P.M. Meantime Colonel Owen had discovered and reported that the 5th corps, under Meade, had reached Chancellorsville by the Ely's Ford road. Stuart therefore withdrew from the Wilderness Tavern, and directed his march by way of Todd's Tavern toward Spottsylvania Court House. <230>Night had fallen when the command reached Todd's Tavern. Here Stuart proposed that his troops should bivouac, while he himself, with his staff, rode to army headquarters to receive instructions. A bright moon was shining. Stuart had not proceeded far on his way when he found himself confronted by the enemy's cavalry. The 6th New York regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel McVicker, had been sent on a reconnoissance toward Spottsylvania Court House, and was now returning. Stuart's party readily yielded the right of way to this regiment, while he sent for aid to the brigade, which fortunately had not yet dismounted. The 5th Virginia Cavalry, being nearest, advanced against the enemy, who, warned of danger by contact with Stuart's staff, had left the road and were drawn up in line in Hugh Alsop's field. The 5th regiment kept the road past this field. The 6th New York charged upon the rear of the column of fours as it passed on, took some prisoners, gained the road in rear of the 5th regiment, and moved on to occupy the forks of the road, which it was necessary for them to hold in order to make good their way to Chancellorsville. Here they met that portion of the 3d Virginia Cavalry which had rejoined the brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter. The 3d regiment charged with vigor, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Many of the 5th regiment were mingled with the 6th New York, some unrecognized, and some as prisoners; and as soon as the heads of the two columns closed, the cry arose, "Don't shoot ! don't shoot! we're friends!" The place where the encounter occurred was shaded by woods on one side of the road, and the light was insufficient to distinguish between friends and foes. The 6th New York scattered for the moment in the woods, and, all uncertain whether he had not <231>made a mistake and charged one of our own regiments, Colonel Carter withdrew his men a short distance and awaited further developments. This gave the 6th New York the road to Chancellorsville, and they speedily availed themselves of it, leaving at the forks of the road a picket, which was soon afterward captured by the 2d Virginia Cavalry. The 3d regiment lost one man wounded in this affair. During the fight all of the prisoners which had been taken from the 5th Virginia

Cavalry made their escape. Lieutenant-Colonel McVicker was killed at the head of his regiment. His body was carried off by his friends; but several of his men were buried on the field on the following day.

While these events were transpiring on his left flank, General R. E. Lee was moving the larger part of his army from Fredericksburg toward Chancellorsville, and at eight o'clock A.M. on the 1st of May had concentrated near that point all of his force except Early's division of Jackson's corps and Barksdale's brigade of Mc-Laws' division, which remained at Fredericksburg. At eleven o'clock A.M. Anderson's and McLaws' divisions advanced, and were soon engaged in severe fighting, the result of which was that the Federal army fell back within the strong defensive line which later surrounded their position at Chancellorsville. During the movements of this day the 4th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Williams C. Wickham, and a portion of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Thomas H. Owen, guarded the right flank of the Confederate army from the Mine Road to the Rappahannock, while the remainder of Fitz Lee's brigade protected the left flank. At about six o'clock in the evening, Wright's brigade of Anderson's division was engaged at Welford's Old Furnace. Having no artillery, General Wright requested Stuart <232>to aid him in this respect. Four guns belonging to the horse artillery battalion, under the immediate command of Major R. F. Beckham, were sent to General Wright, and were soon engaged with a superior force of the enemy's artillery. Major Beckham states that "One gun from McGregor's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Burwell, had every man about it wounded, except one. The axle of another gun of the same battery was cut nearly in two." General Stuart himself was present on this occasion, and it was here that he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his assistant adjutant-general, Major R. Channing Price. A piece of a shell cut an artery, and before medical assistance could be procured he had bled beyond recovery. He had won his promotion from the rank of lieutenant and aid-de-camp under the eyes of his own general, to whom he had made himself a necessity. His years were few, but his character was strong and mature.

During the 2d of May that part of the cavalry which was on the Confederate left was engaged in the delicate operation of screening from view the movement of Jackson's three divisions around the Federal right wing. The 1st Virginia Cavalry marched in advance of Jackson's column, while the 2d and 5th regiments and part of the 3d interposed between the enemy and its right flank. After the rear of A. P. Hill's division had passed the Furnace, and while Jackson's ordnance train was on the road, the enemy made another determined attempt to pierce the line at this point. Two divisions of the 3d army corps, under the personal command of General D. E. Sickles, penetrated to the Furnace, and ultimately gained possession of the road upon which Jackson's corps had passed. Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter, of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, commanded the picket at the Furnace; and by <233>his activity a sufficient force was obtained to check the attack. Colonel J. Thompson Brown furnished two guns from his battalion of artillery; two companies of the 14th Tennessee Infantry, under Captain W. S. Moore, who had just been relieved from picket, were induced to move immediately to the point of danger; and General Archer, when notified by Colonel Carter of the attack, moved back his own brigade and Thomas', and engaged the enemy. Sickles' advance was checked until the last of Jackson's train had passed in safety; when General Archer, having been relieved by troops from McLaws' division, moved on to join his corps.

Meanwhile General Fitz Lee, who commanded in person the cavalry which preceded

Jackson's column, had reached the plank road, and had halted his command to await the arrival of the infantry. To improve the time he made a personal reconnoissance, which revealed the fact that a force advancing on the turnpike would take in reverse the right of the enemy's line of battle. Fully appreciating the importance of the discovery he had made, General Lee hurriedly returned along the line of march until he met General Jackson, whom he conducted in person to the same point of observation. "Below, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal line of battle. There was the line of defence, with abatis in front, and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in the part of the line seen. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, smoking; probably engaged, here and there, in games of cards, and other amusements indulged in when feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In the rear were other parties driving up and butchering beeves.(1)"

General Jackson immediately ordered his troops to <234>cross the plank road and take position on the turnpike. At six o'clock P.M. everything was ready for the attack, and before dark the right of Hooker's army had been hurled back upon the position at Chancellorsville. The only artillery employed in this attack was from the battalion of horse artillery, under the command of Major R. F. Beckham, who thus modestly describes the part taken by his guns:-

Under instructions from Major-General Stuart I had placed two pieces in the turnpike, under the command of Captain Breathed, and held them in readiness for the advance of our infantry. Two other pieces, immediately in rear, were kept as a relief to Breathed from time to time, the width of road not allowing more than two pieces in action at once. Captain Moorman's battery was still farther in rear, to be brought up in case of accident. I was directed by the major-general commanding as our line started forward to advance with them, keeping a few yards in rear of our line of skirmishers. This we did not entirely succeed in doing, owing to the narrow space in which the pieces had to be manoeuvred and the obstructions encountered at various points along the road. I am glad, however, that I can report that we were able to keep up almost a continuous fire upon the enemy from one or two guns, from the very starting-point up to the position where our lines halted for the night.

Major Beckham reaped a rich reward for his services. His conduct attracted the attention of General Jackson. Meeting him in the road at the first pause of the battle, Jackson leaned forward on his horse, and extended his hand to Beckham, with the words, "Young man, I congratulate you." (1)

The two sections of Breathed's battery were commanded by Captain James Breathed and Lieutenant (afterwards Major) P. P. Johnston. While the front section was engaged in firing, the section in rear was <235>limbered up and ready to move. When the infantry had advanced beyond the guns, the front section ceased firing, and the rear section was moved forward at a gallop, often taking position in advance of the infantry. The strain upon the gunners was excessive, and Breathed's men were aided by volunteers from Moor-man's battery in the rear, who came forward to supply the places of those who fell from exhaustion.

Finding no room for the use of his cavalry on the field of battle, Stuart asked permission of Jackson to take it and a small force of infantry, and hold the road to Ely's Ford. The permission was readily granted, and the 16th North Carolina Infantry was placed under his orders. Stuart reached the hills adjacent to the ford and found there Averell's division

of cavalry. While making dispositions for an attack, he received the information, through Captain Adams, of General A. P. Hill's staff, that both Jackson and Hill had been wounded, and that the command of Jackson's corps devolved on him. The 16th North Carolina had already been deployed in line. Stuart ordered the officer commanding this regiment to fire three rounds into the enemy's camp, and then retire and rejoin his brigade. Without awaiting the result of this attack, and leaving Fitz Lee and his cavalry to guard the road from Ely's Ford, he hastened to assume the responsibility which had so unexpectedly devolved upon him.

The circumstances under which General Stuart took command of Jackson's corps were of a trying nature. It was about midnight when he reached the line of battle. The fact that Jackson had been borne wounded from the field could not be concealed; and there was unmistakable evidence that the troops were shaken by the great disaster. Stuart had no information from the commanding general concerning his plans for the <236>movement which Jackson had commenced; and he was of course ignorant of the positions of the troops

and the condition of the field. There was no possibility of receiving immediate instructions from General Lee; and when he requested suggestions from General Jackson he received the reply: "Tell General Stuart to act upon his own judgment and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him."⁽¹⁾ He was even denied the assistance of a staff who could work efficiently under these trying circumstances; for none of General Jackson's staff reported to him except Colonel A. S. Pendleton; and his own staff made almost their first personal acquaintance with the commanders of Jackson's corps during that night and the following day. Moreover, the fall of Jackson developed the fact that no one of his subordinates had received from him the least intimation of his plans and intentions; and that every one was ignorant of the topography of the battle-field. The enemy's artillery, of which a large force was concentrated near the Chancellorsville House, commanded the plank road, and ever and anon swept it with a fearful fire. A part of A. P. Hill's division, now thrown in advance and formed at right angles to the road, presented a solid front to the enemy; but Rodes and Colston had become mingled in great confusion by the ardor with which they had pursued the defeated enemy, and had been withdrawn to reform. On the right this confusion was greatly *increased* by an attack which had thrown back that flank until it rested nearly upon and parallel with the plank road. These facts were duly presented to Stuart by the infantry commanders, and he decided to defer further attack until morning.

In order that the situation in which Stuart found <237>Jackson's corps may be understood, it is necessary to enter somewhat minutely into the details of the movements of the brigades which composed it, as they are presented in the Official Reports.

It has already been indicated that Jackson's march toward the right of the Federal army had been observed at the point where his column passed near the Welford Furnace. This movement was interpreted by the Federal commander as the beginning of a retreat toward Gordonsville; and as early as twelve o'clock General Sickles, commanding the 3d army corps, was ordered to push forward two of his divisions on a reconnoissance. Three regiments of cavalry, under General Pleasonton, accompanied him. General Sickles advanced beyond the We]ford Furnace, and gained the road upon which Jackson had passed. To oppose this movement, and to secure Jackson's trains, Archer's and Thomas' brigades, of A. P. Hill's division, which were at that time about two miles from the

Furnace, moved back and checked Sickles' advance until they were relieved by some of McLaws' troops. This delay prevented these brigades from taking any part in the battle of the evening of the 2d. General Sickles was well pleased with the early success of his reconnoissance. He had advanced nearly two miles; had captured a number of prisoners; and, having made satisfactory disposition of his forces, was about to advance to fresh conquests, when he was informed of the disaster which had overtaken the 11th corps. His own position was now precarious. Jackson's advance threatened to enclose his rear and cut off his retreat. General Sickles immediately commenced to withdraw his two divisions; and, in order to gain time, requested General Pleasonton to check the enemy as much as possible with his cavalry and with artillery. The 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Major Keenan, <238>was ordered to interpose if possible between Jackson and the fugitives of the 11th corps. Major Keenan reached the plank road with a portion of his command, and made gallant charge, which, it is claimed, checked for a short time the advance of Jackson's men.(1) The interval was improved by General Pleasonton, who succeeded in massing twenty-two pieces of artillery on a clearing about eight hundred yards from the plank road,(2) and in such position as to command the front and right flank of the advancing Confederates. The importance of this position, which is designated in many of the reports as Fairview, but which is properly known as Hazel Grove, will appear as our narrative advances. To this place General Sickles conducted his two divisions. Although exposed to the demoralizing influence of the panic-stricken fugitives of the 11th corps, Sickles' troops maintained an unbroken formation; and to them and to the artillery under General Pleasonton must be ascribed the honor of placing the first check upon Jackson's advance. This is made clear in the reports of Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. E. Winn and Colonel J. T. Mercer, commanding the 4th and 21st Georgia regiments of Doles' brigade. Colonel Winn states that when he reached this place he found himself in charge of about two hundred men of various commands, and facing two regiments of the enemy, which, with artillery, were posted on the cleared ridge obliquely to his left. While forming his line for attack, an officer, whom he supposed to be the commander of the Federal <239>troops in his front, rode toward his line. His men were ordered not to fire; but when the officer had approached within a hundred yards, two men shot at him; whereupon he returned to his lines, and a heavy artillery and infantry fire was opened. Colonel Winn returned this fire until his ammunition was exhausted. When his fire ceased, that of the enemy ceased also; and without having been relieved or reinforced his command retired, after dark, to the plank road. General Pleasonton describes this same incident. Being uncertain whether the troops in sight were Confederates or a portion of the 11th corps, he sent his aid, Lieutenant Thompson, of the 1st New York Cavalry, to clear up the doubt. Lieutenant Thompson was induced to approach within fifty yards of the Confederate line, along which no color was visible except an American flag in the centre battalion. In another moment "the whole line in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry, dropped the American color, and displayed eight or ten rebel battle-flags." Lieutenant Thompson escaped unhurt, and Pleasonton opened on the Confederates with his guns. "This terrible discharge staggered them and threw the heads of their columns back on the woods, from which they opened a tremendous fire of musketry, bringing up fresh forces constantly, and striving to advance as fast as they were swept back by our guns."

The importance of the position held by Pleasonton can hardly be exaggerated; but he

over-estimated the troops opposed to him. Two hundred men, under Lieu-tenant-Colonel Winn, supported on their left by the 21st Georgia regiment, under Colonel Mercer, were the only troops attacking that point. In this same connection it is worthy of notice how small a portion of Rodes' division operated on his right of the road. Colquitt's <240>and Ramseur's brigades had been diverted, early in the action, by a reported advance on their right flank; and were, as General Rodes states, "deprived of any active participation." The brunt of the battle on the right fell on Doles' brigade, with which was mingled a portion of Colston's brigade from the second line. As we have now seen, these were the troops which were confronted and checked by Pleasonton and Sickles.

Night had now come on. The confusion in Rodes' and Colston's divisions was so great that an advance seemed inadvisable. General Rodes says:--

I at once sent word to Lieutenant-General Jackson, urging him to push forward the fresh troops of the reserve line, in order that mine might be reformed. Riding forward on the plank road, I satisfied myself that the enemy had no line of battle between our troops and the heights of Chancellorsville, and on my return informed Colonel S. Crutchfield, chief of artillery of the corps, of the fact, and he opened his batteries on that point. The enemy instantly responded by a most terrific fire, which silenced our guns, but did little execution on the infantry, as it was mainly directed down the plank road, which was unoccupied except by our artillery. When the fire ceased General Hill's troops were brought up, and as soon as a portion were deployed in my front as skirmishers I commenced withdrawing my men under orders from the lieuten-ant-general.

It had not been an easy matter for A. P. Hill's division to maintain its formation and still keep pace with the pursuit in which Rodes and Colston had been engaged; and we find that only one of the four brigades present in this division was ready immediately to take the place of Rodes' men. This brigade was Lane's. General Lane says :--

Here General A. P. Hill ordered me (at dark) to deploy one regiment as skirmishers across the road, to form line of battle in rear with the rest of the brigade, and to push vigorously <241>forward. In other words, we were ordered to make a night attack and capture the enemy's batteries in front if possible. Just then they opened a terrific artillery fire, which was responded to by our batteries. As soon as this was over I deployed the 33d North Carolina troops forward as skirmishers, and formed line of battle to the rear,--the 7th and 87th to the right, and the 18th and 28th to the left, - the left of the 37th and the right of the 18th resting on the road.

It is manifest from the reports both of General Lane and of General Rodes that the fire of the Federal artillery from the Chancellorsville hill delayed the movements of Hill's division in relieving Rodes' line; and that Rodes' division was withdrawn, by order of General Jackson, before even one brigade had completely deployed in its front. Lane's brigade, being at first required to occupy both sides of the road, could not, and did not cover the line from which Rodes withdrew. Confirmation of this is to be found in the reports of the officers commanding the 4th and 21st Georgia regiments of Doles' brigade, which show that these regiments were withdrawn from the position confronting Pleasonton and the two divisions of Sickles' corps, without having been replaced by any other troops. More interesting proof of the same fact is found in the following extract from a letter written to the author by General James H. Lane, under date of May 14, 1885:

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I was not in line, but was ordered to move along the road by the right flank, immediately in rear of the artillery commanded by my friend, Stapleton Crutchfield. When this artillery halted in the road near the last line of breastworks from which the enemy had been driven, I was immediately behind it, and was kept standing in the road a short time. Here, about dark, I was ordered by General A. P. Hill in person to form my brigade, as described in my official report, for a night attack. As General Hill rode off I called my command to <242>attention; and just then our artillery opened fire down the plank road in the direction of Chancellorsville. This drew a most terrific fire from the enemy's artillery in our front, and I at once ordered my men to lie down, as they were enfiladed, and I thought it would be madness to attempt to move them under such circumstances, in the dark, and *through such a woods*. Not long afterwards I heard Colonel Palmer, of General Hill's staff, inquiring for me, as it was too dark for him to recognize me, though we were not far apart. I called him; and he informed me that General Hill wished to know why I did not form my command as I had been ordered. I requested him to tell General Hill, if he wished me to do so successfully, he would have to order our artillery to cease firing, as I thought the enemy's fire was in reply to ours. The message was delivered, and Hill at once ordered Braxton, through Palmer, to cease firing; and as I expected, the enemy also ceased.

When I threw forward my first regiment as skirmishers, I ordered them to go well to the front, as we were to make a night attack; and to be very careful not to fire into any of Rodes' men, whom we would relieve. When the colonel commanding this regiment reported to me after the deployment, he informed me that there were none of Rodes' men in my front.

As soon as I had formed my whole command as ordered, I rode back from the right to the plank road, to know of General Hill if I must advance at once or await orders. On reaching the road I met General Jackson, who, strange to say, recognized me first, and remarked: "Lane, for whom are you looking?" (I was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute under the old hero.) I told him, and for what purpose; and then remarked that as General Hill was acting under his orders, and I did not know where to find him, it would save time were he to tell me what to do. He replied: "Push right ahead, Lane!" accompanying his order with a pushing gesture of his right hand in the direction of Chancellor's house, and then rode forward. I at once rode to the right to put my line in motion; when the colonel on that flank advised me not to move, as his men had heard the talking and movement of troops on their flank. <243>Lieutenant Emack and four men were sent out to reconnoitre, and they soon returned with the 128th Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. Emack, on encountering them, put on a bold front and advised them to throw down their arms, as they were cut off by Jackson's corps. I was present when the lieutenant marched them in from the right, between my line of skirmishers and the main line, and they were without arms. Soon after they were halted in front of my right regiment, some one rode up from the front to the right of my skirmish line, and called for General Williams. Instead of capturing this individual, some of my skirmishers fired upon him, and he escaped unhurt, as far as we know. This seemed to cause a fire along the skirmish line, and the enemy's artillery again opened a terrific fire. It was then that General Jackson was wounded, as I have always thought, by the 18th regiment, of my brigade. This regiment undoubtedly fired into Hill and his staff; and they were not to blame, as I had told them that the enemy only were in

their front, and that they must keep a sharp lookout. They were formed in low, dense, scrubby oaks, on the left of the road, and knew nothing of these generals having gone to the front. When the skirmish and artillery fire caused them and their staffs to turn back, there was a loud clattering of horses' hoofs, and some one cried out, "Yankee cavalry !"

From that unknown person's riding up, and calling for the Yankee General Williams, it is evident that they had a line in our front, possibly at the edge of the woods, Chancellorsville side, where they had their breastworks the next morning. My skirmish line was in the woods on the crest of the hill, and my main line on the right of the works last captured by Rodes. My line on the left was further advanced. General Pender rode into the woods inquiring for me just as I had ordered my right forward, and advised me not to advance, as Generals Jackson and Hill had both been wounded, and it was thought by my command. I did not advance; and was subsequently ordered by General Heth to withdraw that part of my brigade on the left of the road and prolong my line on the right.

This, then, seems to have been the exact position of <244>the troops when Jackson was wounded: Rodes' and Colston's divisions had been withdrawn, incapable of action on account of the disorder consequent on the victory which they had won. Of A. P. Hill's brigades, Lane's alone was formed in line of battle, and in such position that any immediate advance would have exposed his right flank and rear, now uncovered by the withdrawal of Doles' brigade. Heth, Pender, and McGowan were on the plank road, marching through the confused regiments and brigades of Rodes and Colston; while Archer and Thomas were still some miles in the rear, hurrying on to overtake their division, from which they had been separated by the necessity of meeting Sickles at the Welford Furnace.

It is proper now to notice the location of the Federal troops. The position of the two divisions of the 3d corps, which were with General Sickles, has already been described. The 1st division of the 12th corps, commanded by Major-General A. S. Williams, had been sent forward early in the afternoon to coöperate with General Sickles' attack at the Welford Furnace. Upon the first intelligence of the defeat of the 11th corps, Williams' division was ordered to return to its former line. Before it could reach this point the Confederates had it in possession, but this division did reach the plank road in time to form line of battle on the south side of that road before dark. The 2d division of the 3d corps, Hooker's old division, commanded by Major-General Berry, together with one brigade of the 2d corps, had been held in reserve near Chancellorsville. These troops were now moved forward through the tide of the fugitives of the 11th corps, and formed line of battle on the north side of the plank road, connecting with General Williams. This line of battle was formed on the Chancellorsville side of the woods in which the <245>Confederate advance had halted, and in which the battle was renewed on the following morning. About five hundred yards in rear of this line Captain C. L. Best, chief of artillery of the 12th corps, had massed thirty-four pieces of artillery. The official reports leave no reasonable doubt that all of these troops were in the positions indicated at the time when Lane's brigade formed line of battle, with orders to "push right ahead."

While Jackson was being carried from the field, Heth's brigade *was* approaching, marching by the flank. General Heth says:--

On reaching the position on the road occupied by General Hill, he directed me to deploy two regiments -- one on the right the other on the left of the road -- to check the enemy, who were then advancing. These movements had not been completed before the enemy

opened heavily upon the 55th Virginia regiment. It was here that gallant and promising officer, Colonel F. Mallory, was killed. Soon after, General Hill informed me that he was wounded, and directed me to take command of the division. General Lane's brigade at this time was in line of battle on the right of the road, occupying the breastworks from which the enemy had been driven. I directed General Pender to form his brigade in line of battle on the left of the road, occupying the deserted breastworks of the enemy. Before the remaining brigade could be placed in line of battle, the enemy, under General Sickles, advanced and attacked General Lane's right.

The "remaining brigade" to which General Heth refers was McGowan's, which, we learn from the reports of General Rodes and Colonel D. H. Hamilton, had been halted to guard one of the roads leading from the plank road to the position held by Pleasonton and Sickles.

As soon as Heth's and Pender's brigades came into position, Lane withdrew his two regiments, which had been on the left of the road, and with them extended his right flank. Even then he was not able to occupy <246>the whole of the line from which Doles' brigade had been withdrawn. General Lane says:--

General A. P. Hill being wounded, the night attack was not made, as at first contemplated. I withdrew the left wing of the 33d, which formed on the right of the 7th, and extended our line still further to the right with the 18th and 28th regiments, the right of the 28th resting on a road running obliquely to the plank road, with two of its companies broken back to guard against a flank movement. Between twelve and one o'clock that night the enemy could be heard marshalling their troops along our whole front, while their artillery was rumbling up the road on our right. Soon after, their artillery opened right and left, and Sickles' command rushed upon us with loud and prolonged cheering. They were driven back on our left by our skirmishers, but the fight was more stubborn on the right, which was their main point of attack. The 18th, 28th, and left wing of the 33d engaged them there and gallantly drove them back, although they had outflanked us, and encountered the two right companies of the 28th, which had been deflected in anticipation of such a movement. A subsequent attack made about half an hour later was similarly repulsed. The 28th captured a staff officer. The colors of the 3d Maine volunteers were taken by Captain Niven Clark's company, of the same regiment. The 18th also captured an aid to General Williams. A number of field and company officers and a large number of men were captured along our whole line. After the enemy were repulsed, General McGowan was ordered forward with his brigade and took position on our right.

General Sickles claims as the result of this night attack that "all of our guns and caissons and a portion of Whipple's mule train were recovered, besides two pieces of the enemy's artillery and three caissons captured." General Sickles also claims to have reached the plank road with a portion of his command. In the last statement General Sickles is certainly in error; for the plank road was closely occupied with troops as <247>far back as Melzi Chancellor's, and none of them were aware of his presence. But there can be no doubt that he made the recoveries, and perhaps even the captures he claims; and this circumstance reveals to us in the strongest light the extremely hazardous position of Jackson's corps so long as Hazel Grove was in the possession of the enemy. Had Sickles actually thrown a heavy force as far forward as the plank road, he would

have divided Jackson's corps. But this much praised night attack seems to have been of short duration and feeble character. On his right, General Sickles' troops made no impression on the firm lines of Lane's brigade; on his left, they were content to regain the lines which had been carried in the evening by Doles' brigade, and abandoned soon after dark. The heavy artillery fire which accompanied the night attack penetrated to the plank road and caused many casualties; but Lane's brigade was the only body of Confederate troops which was assailed. The reports from Colquitt's brigade, which relieved McGowan's, concur in stating that the brigade was moved forward to support a battery, and was subjected for a short time to a severe artillery fire, and even to musketry fire; but that no engagement ensued.

Stuart's report seems to be at fault as to the hour when he took command of Jackson's corps. He states that he reached the front at ten o'clock P.M., but his subsequent description of the positions in which he found the troops shows that he was not on the field until after the attack made by Sickles, which a majority of the reports locate at midnight. General Rodes' report agrees with this. He says:--

Soon after this occurrence I was informed that Lieutenant-General Jackson was wounded, and also received a message from Major-General Hill that he likewise was disabled, and <248>that the command of the corps devolved on me. Without loss of time I communicated with Brigadier-Generals Heth and Colston, commanding respectively the divisions of A. P. Hill and Trimble, and made the necessary arrangements for a renewal of the attack in the morning, it being agreed that the troops were not in condition to resume operations that night. Just at this time (about twelve o'clock) the enemy made an attack on our right, but, being feeble in its character and promptly met, it lasted but a short time. Very soon after, Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, who had been sent for by Major A. S. Pendleton, assistant adjutant-general of Lieutenant-General Jackson, arrived on the ground and assumed command.

The report of General A. P. Hill confirms General Rodes' statements, and both of these reports show that before Stuart's arrival the judgment of the ranking officers of Jackson's corps was opposed to any further advance on that night.

Such was the situation when Stuart reached the field. The details have been thus minutely described in order that an intelligent opinion may be formed as to whether his action was all that the occasion demanded.

Soon after Stuart assumed command he directed Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) E. P. Alexander, upon whom the command of Jackson's artillery had devolved when Colonel Crutchfield was wounded, to make reconnoissance of the field of battle, and post artillery in readiness for an attack early in the morning. General Alexander's report contains the following accurate description of the ground on which the fighting occurred on the 3d of May:--

A careful examination showed that our attack must be made entirely through the dense wood in front of us, the enemy holding his edge of it with infantry protected by abatis and breastworks, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery in the fields behind, within canister range of the woods. <249>There were but two outlets through which our artillery could be moved--one on the plank road, debouching within four hundred yards of twenty-seven of the enemy's guns protected by breastworks and enfiladed for a long distance by a part of them, as well as by two guns behind a breastwork thrown up across the road

abreast of their line of abatis and infantry cover; the second outlet was a cleared vista or lane through the pines (a half mile south of the plank road) some two hundred yards long by twenty-five wide. This opened on a cleared ridge, held by the enemy's artillery, about four hundred yards distant. This vista was reached from the plank road by two small roads: No. 1 leaving the plank road near our infantry lines and running parallel with and close behind them to the head of the vista, where it crossed them and went perpendicularly down the vista to the enemy's position; thence it bore to the left and north, and, crossing a ravine, came upon the plateau in front of Chancellorsville at the south end of the enemy's line of artillery breastworks. Road No. 2 left the plank road a half mile behind our lines and ran into Road No. 1 at the head of the vista.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "cleared ridge" of which General Alexander speaks was Hazel Grove, the position held by Pleasonton and Sickles on the evening of the 2d, and that Road No. 1 was the outlet by which the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry gained the plank road and charged upon Iverson's brigade. Colonel Alexander's reconnoissance convinced Stuart that Hazel Grove was the key to the Federal line; and to this part of the field Stuart directed a large share of his personal attention on the morning of the 3d.

Jackson's men had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours except such provisions as they had obtained from the haversacks of the 11th corps. Rations were on hand for a part of the command, and some of the general officers were urgent that the men be allowed time to eat. But Stuart had received orders just before day, from General Robert E. Lee, to begin the attack as <250>soon as possible. Before sunrise the right flank, which had been thrown back during the night, was advanced to bring it parallel with the rest of the line, and the battle opened at once with great fury. It is unnecessary to describe with minuteness the movements of this morning. Immediately on the plank road the battle assumed the phase of an infantry duel, and the opposing lines stood for hours delivering steady volleys into each other's faces. On the Confederate left there was greater activity. Charges were made, and ground was gained, lost, and retaken. The deciding contest was all this time raging on the Confederate right, where Pender's and McGowan's brigades, of A. P. Hill's division (Heth's command), parts of Rodes' and Iverson's brigades, of D. H. Hill's division (Rodes' command), and Colston's, Jones', and Paxton's brigades, of Trimble's division (Colston's command), united in the attack upon Hazel Grove, where the Federal artillery and infantry were posted in force. The contest here was of the most desperate nature, but the ridge was at last carried, and its great importance was apparent at a glance. Nearly the whole of the Federal line about Chancellorsville was enfiladed from this ridge, and a position was gained which commanded the Federal artillery about the Chancellorsville House. Stuart immediately ordered thirty pieces of artillery to occupy the ridge, and, aided by their fire, his whole line was advanced. A desperate struggle now ensued for the possession of the Chancellorsville clearing. Two unsuccessful charges were made upon the Federal entrenchments. They were carried by the third charge; connection was made with Anderson on the right, and the whole Federal force was swept back into the woods north of Chancellorsville.

The personal bearing of Stuart created great enthusiasm <251>among the troops. General Lane says in his report that Stuart led two charges which were made by the 28th North Carolina regiment, and in the letter from which an extract has already been made he says:--

That afternoon, when the 28th rejoined me on the left, where I had been ordered to

support Colquitt, its colonel, Thomas L. Lowe, was perfectly carried away with Stuart. He not only spoke of his dash, but he told me he heard him singing, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you get out of the wilderness!" and he wound up by saying, "Who would have thought it? Jeb Stuart in command of the 2d army corps!"

The imagination of the people of the South has drawn a picture of the annihilation of Hooker's army on this field, as a catastrophe which was averted only by the fall of Jackson. The real foundation of this opinion is perhaps to be found in that valuable work, "*The Life of Lieutenant-General Jackson*," by the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., whose distinguished abilities, as well as the confidential relations he held with General Jackson as major and assistant adjutant-general on his staff, entitle his statements to the fullest credence. On page 699 Dr. Dabney says:--

But we are not left in doubt concerning General Jackson's own designs. Speaking afterwards to his friends, he said that if he had had an hour more of daylight, or had not been wounded, he should have occupied the outlets toward Ely's and United States fords, as well as those on the west. (It has already been explained that of the four roads diverging from Chancellorsville, the one which leads north, after proceeding for a mile and a half in that direction, turns northwestward, and divides into two, the left-hand leading to Ely's and the right-hand to United States Ford. And the point of their junction, afterwards so carefully fortified by Hooker, was on Saturday night entirely open.) General Jackson proposed, therefore, to move still further to his left during the night, and occupy that point. He declared that if he had been able to do so the dispersion or capture of Hooker's army would have been certain. "For," said he, "my men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from their position, but the enemy are never able to drive my men from theirs." . . . General Stuart now departed from the plans of General Jackson by extending his right rather than his left, so as to approximate the Confederate troops on the southeast of Chancellorsville, under the immediate command of General Lee. Thus the weight of his attack was thrown against the southwest side of Hooker's position. General Jackson would rather have thrown it against the northwest. But the true design of the latter was to assume the defensive for a few hours on Sabbath morning, after occupying both the Orange turnpike and the road to Ely's Ford. He purposed to stand at bay there, and receive amidst the dense thickets the attack which he knew this occupation of his line of retreat would force upon Hooker, while General Lee thundered upon his other side. Then after permitting him to break his strength in these vain assaults he would have advanced upon his disheartened masses, over ground defended by no works, and Hooker would have been crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. To comprehend the plausibility of this design, it must be remembered that Chancellorsville, with its few adjoining farms, was an island, completely environed by a sea of forests, through whose tangled depths infantry could scarcely march in line, and the passage of carriages was impossible. Of the four roads which centred at the Villa General Lee held two,--the old turnpike and the plank road leading toward Fredericksburg. General Jackson proposed to occupy the other two. Had this been done, the strong defence of the surrounding woods, in which Hooker trusted, would have been his ruin, for he would have found his imaginary castle his prison. The necessity which compelled him again to take the aggressive in the leafy woods would have thrown the advantage vastly to General Jackson, by rendering the powerful Federal artillery, in which they so much trusted, a cipher, and by requiring the Federals to come to close quarters with the terrible

Confederate infantry. And this was work always more dreaded by them than the meeting <253>of a "bear bereaved of her whelps." But on the southwest side of his position, within the open farm of Chancellor, Hooker had constructed a second and interior line of works, upon the brow of a long declivity, consisting of a row of lunettes, pierced for artillery, and of rifle-pits. General Stuart's line of battle, after winning the barricade, once before won by General Jackson, and emerging from the belt of woods which enveloped it, found themselves confronted by these works, manned by numerous batteries, and hence the cruel loss at which the splendid victory of Sunday was won.

However presumptuous it may appear to say that *anything* was impossible to Jackson, the assertion is ventured that the successful execution of such a plan as that indicated by Dr. Dabney was not possible, and that had Jackson remained in command of his corps he must have adopted the plan which Stuart so successfully carried out.

To have gained the junction of the roads to Ely's and United States fords on the night of the 2d of May it would have been necessary for Jackson either to proceed along the plank road to Chancellorsville, turning thence northward, or to march his men through the dense and pathless forest for the distance of a mile, leaving Chancellorsville on his right hand, and still in the possession of Hooker. In the former case it would have been necessary for him to drive before him the entire Federal force then concentrated at Chancellorsville, still leaving open to it the line of retreat to the United States Ford. In the latter case, even if it had been possible for the infantry to have overcome the difficulties of such a march, Jackson, deprived of his artillery, would have found himself enclosed between Hooker, at Chancellorsville, and the 1st army corps, under Reynolds, which, fresh except from marching, reached the United States Ford at sunset, and, hurrying on toward the battle-field, took position before daylight <254>on the very ground which Jackson would have covered. General Doubleday states that Hooker had 37,000 men who "were kept out of the fight, most of whom had not fired a shot, and all of whom were eager to go in. The whole of the 1st corps and three fourths of the 5th corps had not been engaged." (1) Had Jackson been assailed by these troops, in front and rear, at the junction of the roads to the fords, the result must have been disastrous.

I am informed by Dr. Dabney that the statements which I have quoted from his "Life of Jackson" were made on the authority of the gentlemen of Jackson's staff who attended him during his last days. There can, therefore, be no doubt of their accuracy, and no doubt of the fact that Jackson's original intention was to fight by his left rather than by his right. But Jackson was too great a soldier to hold to a preconceived plan when the developments of the battle-field pointed in another direction. Darkness had overtaken his incomplete victory. He was ignorant of the topography of the battle-field, and really lost his life in the attempt to acquaint himself with it. He was ignorant of the position held by Pleasonton and Sickles, so close to his right flank and on ground which commanded the whole field. He was probably ignorant of the existence of a line of battle in his front, for General Rodes says that he satisfied himself that there was none, and so informed Colonel Crutchfield. Perhaps he gave the same information to Jackson. The events of the next few minutes must have disclosed the true state of affairs. Had Lane pushed "right ahead" he would have encountered two divisions of Federal infantry. Had he been able to put these to flight, he would have been at once exposed to attack by Sickles' two divisions on his <255>right and rear, as well as to the fire of Captain Best's thirty-four guns in his front. This would have revealed the necessity of dislodging Sickles; and when the battle was

once joined on the right, it could not have been relaxed until a junction was effected with Anderson.

Almost immediately after the cessation of the battle at Chancellorsville, McLaws' division was sent towards Fredericksburg, to aid Early against Sedgwick. On the following day Anderson's division was sent in the same direction, leaving Stuart with Jackson's corps to watch Hooker at Chancellorsville. When the whole of the Federal army had retired across the Rappahannock, A. P. Hill resumed the command of Jackson's corps, and Stuart returned to his own division.

I am permitted to make the following extract from a letter written to me on the 16th of *May*, 1885, by General E. P. Alexander, whose distinguished abilities and eminent services give great weight to his utterances.

Stuart rode with the first battery we brought out of the woods, and I well remember his enthusiasm and delight in recognizing the Chancellorsville House from the plank road where it debouches on the edge of the woods.

Altogether, I do not think there was a more brilliant thing done in the war than Stuart's extricating that command from the extremely critical position in which he found it as promptly and as boldly as he did. We knew that Hooker had at least 80,000 infantry at hand, and that his axemen were entrenching his position all night; and in that thick undergrowth

very little cutting gave an abatis or entanglement that a rabbit could hardly get through. The hard marching and the night fighting and manoeuvring had thinned our ranks to less than 20,000; and we had little chance in the night even to hunt for the best place to make our attack. But Stuart never seemed to hesitate or to doubt for one moment that he could just crash his way wherever he chose to strike. He decided to attack at daybreak; and, unlike many planned attacks that I have seen, this one came off promptly on time, <256>and it never stopped to draw its breath until it had crashed through everything and our forces stood united around Chancellor's burning house.

I always thought it an injustice to Stuart and a loss to the army that he was not from that moment *continued in command of Jackson's corps*. He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without that eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. For instance: Jackson went into camp near Shady Grove Church before sunset on the 26th of June, 1862, when he might have participated in the battle of Mechanics-ville. This, and his feeble action at White Oak Swamp, on the 30th of June, 1862, show that Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always *equal to himself at his very best*.

That Sunday morning's action ought to rank with whatever else of special brilliancy can be found in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia; and as a test of the mettle of a commander it would be hard to conceive severer demands or more satisfactory results.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XV.--The Battle Of Fleetwood.

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A CONSIDERATION of the difficulties under which the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia labored will not be uninteresting to one who would form a true estimate of the services rendered by it.

At the beginning of the war, the Confederate government, charged as it was with the creation of an army and of war material of all kinds, felt itself unable to provide horses for the numerous cavalry companies which offered their services, especially from the State of Virginia. Many companies, organized as cavalry, were rejected. With those that were enrolled the government entered into contract, the substance of which was that the cavalymen should supply and own their horses, which would be mustered into service at a fair valuation; that the government should provide feed, shoes, and a smith to do the shoeing, and should pay the men a *per diem* of forty cents for the use of their horses. Should a horse be *killed in action*, the government agreed to pay to the owner the muster valuation. Should the horse be captured in battle, worn out, or disabled by any of the many other causes which were incident to the service, the loss fell upon the owner, who was compelled to furnish another horse, under the same conditions, or be transferred to some other arm of the service.

That the government should have adopted such a <258>policy at the beginning of the war was a misfortune; that it should have adhered to it to the very end was a calamity against which no amount of zeal or patriotism could successfully contend.

It is not in the spirit of unfriendly criticism that we to-day proclaim the unwisdom of such a policy. At the time, all acquiesced in it; the cavalryman most cheerfully of all. Virginia was full of horses of noble blood. The descendants of such racers as Sir Archy, Boston, Eclipse, Timoleon, Diomede, Exchequer, Red-Eye, and many others more or less famous on the turf, were scattered over the State. Gentlemen fond of following the hounds had raised these horses for their own use. They knew their fine qualities, their speed, endurance, and sure-footedness, and they greatly preferred to intrust their safety in battle to their favorite steeds rather than to any that the government could furnish. But the government might have purchased these horses at the outset, and by suitable activity it might have provided for replenishing the losses incurred in the service. The cavalymen *were kept mounted*, but at an enormous loss of efficiency in the army, and by a system of absenteeism which sometimes deprived the cavalry of more than half its numbers. Why should it have been thought that the people of Virginia would hold back their horses, when they refused nothing else to the government?

The evil results of this system were soon apparent, and rapidly increased as the war progressed. Perhaps the least of these was the personal loss it entailed upon the men. Many a gallant fellow whose horse had been irrecoverably lamed for the want of a shoe, or ridden to death at the command of his officer, or abandoned in the enemy's country that his owner might escape capture, impoverished himself and his family in order that <259>he might keep his place in the ranks of his comrades and neighbors. Nor should it be a cause for wonder if this property question affected the courage of many a rider; for experience soon proved that the horse as well as the man was in danger during the rough cavalry *mêlée*. If the horse were killed the owner was compensated; but a wounded horse

was a bad investment.

By far the greatest evil of the system was the fact that whenever a cavalryman was dismounted, it was necessary to send him to his home to procure a remount. To accomplish this required from thirty to sixty days. The inevitable result was that an enormous proportion of the command was continuously absent. Many of the men were unable to procure fresh horses within the time specified in their "details," and the column of "Absent without leave" always presented an unsightly appearance. To punish such men seemed an injustice, and the relaxation of discipline on this point was abused by some with impunity. We have already seen that Fitz Lee's brigade, which should never have presented less than twenty-five hundred sabres in the field, was reduced to less than eight hundred at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March, and numbered less than fifteen hundred men at the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, when many of the absentees had returned.

Great as was this evil among the Virginia regiments, it operated with tenfold force upon the cavalry of Hampton's brigade. Think of sending a man from Virginia to South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, or Mississippi to procure a horse! Recruiting camps were established in Virginia and in North and South Carolina, and every means which the cavalry commanders could devise were used to ameliorate this state of affairs. <260>But the inevitable tendency was downwards; and in the last year of the war hundreds of men were gathered together in the "Dismounted Camp," or, as the men called it, "Company Q," in the vain attempt to utilize good, but misplaced material. Special officers were appointed for these men, and the attempt was made to use them, dismounted, in various ways; but with no success. The men were disheartened. *Esprit du corps* could by no possibility be infused into such an assemblage. Every man looked and longed for the time when his horse might be returned from the recruiting camp, or when some other kind providence might remount him and return him to his comrades. The penitentiary could not be more loathsome to him than his present condition, and yet even this was better than to give up all hope, and consent to a transfer to the infantry or artillery.

The want of proper arms and equipments placed the Southern cavalry at a disadvantage which can hardly be overestimated. At the beginning of the war the troopers furnished their own saddles and bridles. The English round-tree saddle was in common use, and sore-backed horses multiplied with great rapidity. After a time the government furnished an unsightly saddle which answered a very good purpose; for although the comfort of the rider was disregarded, the back of the horse was protected. Our best equipments were borrowed from our cousins of the North. The question of arming the cavalry was far more serious. Some of the more wealthy of the Virginia counties armed their cavalry companies with pistols when they were mustered into service, but whole regiments were destitute of them. Breech-loading carbines were procured only in limited quantities, never more than enough to arm one, or at most two squadrons in a regiment. The <261>deficiency was made up, generally, by Enfield rifles. Robertson's two North Carolina regiments, which joined Stuart in May, 1863, were armed with sabres and Enfield rifles. The difference between a Spencer carbine and an Enfield rifle is by no means a mere matter of sentiment.

Horseshoes, nails, and forges were procured with difficulty; and it was not an uncommon occurrence to see a cavalryman leading his limping horse along the road, while from his saddle dangled the hoofs of a dead horse, which he had cut off for the sake of the sound shoes nailed to them.

On the 22d of May, General Stuart reviewed the three brigades of Hampton and the two Lees, on the broad open fields which lie between Brandy Station and Culpeper Court House. About four thousand men assembled on that day. Shortly afterwards Jones' brigade arrived from the Valley, and Robertson's brigade from North Carolina, doubling the force under Stuart's command. He appointed another review on the 5th of June, at which it was expected General R. E. Lee would be present. In this Stuart was disappointed; but, nevertheless, the pageantry of war proceeded. Eight thousand cavalry passed under the eye of their commander, in column of squadrons, first at a walk, and then at the charge, while the guns of the artillery battalion, on the hill opposite the stand, gave forth fire and smoke, and seemed almost to convert the pageant into real warfare. It was a brilliant day, and the thirst for the "pomp and circumstance" of war was fully satisfied. It was not esteemed a matter of congratulation when on the 7th of June notice was received that the commanding general desired to review the cavalry on the following day. The invitation could not be declined; and on the 8th of June the brigades were assembled <262>on the same field, and passed in review before the great leader of the Army of Northern Virginia. Much less of display was attempted on this occasion, for General Lee, always careful not to tax his men unnecessarily, would not allow the cavalry to take the gallop, nor would he permit the artillerymen to work their guns. He would reserve all their strength for the serious work which must shortly ensue. The movement of his army which resulted in the Gettysburg campaign had commenced. Longstreet and Ewell had already reached Culpeper Court House, and he wished his cavalry to move across the Rappahannock on the following day, to protect the flank of these corps as they moved northward. In preparation for this movement the brigades were, on the evening of the same day, moved down toward the river. Fitz Lee's brigade, commanded by Colonel T. T. Munford, having charge of the pickets on the upper Rappahannock, was, with the exception of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, moved across the Hazel River, and encamped in the vicinity of Oak Shade. W. H. F. Lee's brigade was stationed near Welford's house on the road to Welford's Ford; Jones' brigade on the road to Beverly's Ford; while Robertson's brigade encamped between the Botts and Barbour farms, picketing the lower fords. Hampton's brigade returned to their camps between Brandy Station and Stevensburg. One battery of horse artillery was sent across the Hazel River with Fitz Lee's brigade, while the other four accompanied Jones' brigade to the vicinity of Saint James' Church. Orders were issued to march at an early hour on the 9th, and, ignorant of any concentration of the enemy's cavalry on the opposite side, the battalion of horse artillery bivouacked in advance of Jones' brigade, on the edge of the woods which skirt the large open field north of Saint James' Church. This church stood, not upon the direct <263>road to Beverly's Ford, but about two hundred yards to the west of that road. Opposite to it toward the east, and on the east side of the Beverly's Ford road, stood an old brick house known as the Thompson or Gee House, which in the winter of 1863-64 was occupied as a Federal hospital. Around it was a considerable grove of trees; and the rise of the land gave it full command of the open field which extends on both sides of the Beverly's Ford road, for about five hundred yards toward the north. The 6th Virginia Cavalry encamped in this grove and in its vicinity. The camp of the horse artillery was in the edge of the woods beyond, but within sight and within supporting distance. Beyond the camp of the horse artillery unbroken woods extended on both sides of the road for more than a mile, and as far as the hill which overlooks the river low-grounds and Beverly's Ford. From this hill the ford is

distant about a mile. The camp of Jones' brigade and the horse artillery was at least two miles distant from Beverly's Ford.

With all of his camp equipage--except two tent-flys --packed in the wagons and in readiness for an early start, Stuart himself bivouacked on the night of the 8th on Fleetwood Hill, so called from the name of the residence there situated. For some time past he had occupied this hill as his headquarters. It is half a mile east of Brandy Station and four miles from Beverly's Ford. It commands the open plain around it in every direction except toward the Barbour House, which stands on ground a little more elevated.

On the same evening General Pleasonton approached the northern bank of the Rappahannock, with the intention of effecting an early crossing on the morrow, and a reconnoissance in force as far as Culpeper Court House, if possible, to ascertain for General Hooker's <264>information the truth of the reports that General Lee was moving his army westward and northward from Fredericksburg. He divided his command into two columns; one of which, consisting of the 2d and 3d cavalry divisions and General David Russell's brigade of infantry, and commanded by Brigadier-General D. McM. Gregg, was ordered to cross at Kelly's Ford, about four miles below the railroad bridge; the other, consisting of the 1st cavalry division, the reserve cavalry brigade, and General Adelbert Ames' brigade of infantry, all under the command of Brigadier-General John Buford, was ordered to cross at Beverly's Ford, about a mile and a half above the railroad bridge. General Pleasonton accompanied General Buford's column. No fires were allowed in the Federal bivouac, and the presence of this large force was perfectly concealed from the Confederate pickets.

At the very first dawn of day on the 9th of June, Colonel B. F. Davis, of the 8th New York Cavalry, led his brigade across the river at Beverly's Ford. Company A, 6th Virginia Cavalry, constituted the picket at the ford, and gallantly contested the enemy's advance, which, from the narrowness of the road and the wide ditches that crossed the low-grounds, was necessarily made in column of fours. This circumstance gave to the picket company some chance to delay the advance of the large attacking force, and Captain Gibson used his opportunity to the utmost. The picket was, however, steadily and rapidly pressed backward to the edge of the woods which skirted the open field already described north of Saint James' Church, when Major C. E. Flournoy, commanding the 6th Virginia Cavalry, having collected about one hundred men of his regiment, charged down the road. He was met by the 8th New York and the 8th Illinois Cavalry, and drove them <265>back a short distance, with some loss in killed and prisoners. These gallant men certainly did their duty, for Major Flournoy reports a loss of thirty men in this encounter alone. Colonel B. F. Davis, commanding the Federal advance, was killed in this fight, and under the following circumstances. Lieutenant R. O. Allen, of company D, 6th Virginia Cavalry, had just returned from picket duty, when the advance of the enemy was reported. He joined in the charge which has been mentioned, and his horse was badly wounded. When Flournoy retired after having checked the enemy, Allen remained in the woods. Seeing an officer in the road, perhaps seventy-five yards in front of a column which was halted, Allen advanced upon him with his horse at a canter. The officer's attention was given to his own men, toward whom he was waving his sword as if to order them forward. Remembering that he had but one shot in his pistol, Allen reserved his fire until within sword's length of his foe. Perceiving his danger, Colonel Davis turned upon Allen with a

cut of his sabre, which Allen avoided by throwing himself on the side of his horse. At the same moment he fired and Colonel Davis fell. He met a soldier's fate, and at the hands of one as brave, as daring as himself. Sergeant Stone, of company H, 6th regiment, and Private Larue, of company D, now came forward to the assistance of Lieutenant Allen. Others of the enemy advanced at the same moment. Sergeant Stone *was* killed almost instantly; and Allen and Larue, finding themselves alone in the presence of a large force, made a hasty retreat to their own lines.

During all this time the position of the horse artillery was critical in the extreme. There was nothing between the guns and danger but Flournoy's men. Captain⁽¹⁾ James F. Hart's battery had gone into camp <266>immediately on the road. Two guns from this battery were placed in position, and opened on the enemy, while the remainder of the battalion hastened back across the field to the line subsequently held at Saint James' Church. At this juncture General W. E. Jones brought up the 7th Virginia Cavalry, in hot haste, many of his men having mounted without their coats, and some even without waiting to saddle their horses.⁽¹⁾ A charge was instantly made to support Flournoy, but it was repulsed by the enemy, and in the recoil the 7th was carried back past the guns stationed on the road. These gallant cannoneers on two occasions during this memorable day proved that they were able to care for themselves. Although now exposed to the enemy, they covered their own retreat with canister, and safely retired to the line at Saint James' Church, where they found efficient support.⁽²⁾ The delay caused by the fighting of Jones' two regiments and Hart's two guns was sufficient to give safety to the other guns of the battalion and to the transportation. No loss occurred worthy of mention, except that in the hurried flight the desk of Major Beckham, commanding the artillery, was jostled from his wagon, and fell into the enemy's hands.

The other regiments of Jones' brigade had now taken position on the left of Saint James' Church, and Hampton, with four of his regiments, had come in on the right. W. H. F. Lee, also, had advanced from Welford's down the river toward the firing, and had gained a strong position on the Cunningham farm, with excellent cover for his dismounted men behind the stone fence which runs northwest from near the overseer's house, with his artillery on the hill behind, near the Green House, and open ground around him <267>in every direction. The importance of this position, as affecting events which soon transpired on other parts of the field, will be noticed hereafter. A determined attack was made upon W. H. F. Lee by the enemy's dismounted men, and by cavalry; but it was repelled by the sharpshooters of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, aided by mounted charges made by the 10th Virginia and the 2d North Carolina regiments. The loss of the enemy at this point, especially in horses, is represented as having been unusually severe. (1) The enemy retired to the woods which covered the road to Beverly's Ford. The occasion now seemed favorable for an advance. General W. H. F. Lee's position seriously threatened the Federal right and rear, while Hampton had extended his right so as to partially envelop their left in the woods beyond the field in front of Saint James' Church. Both Hampton and Jones now advanced. The ground was, however, fiercely contested by the Federal cavalry, and a brilliant charge across the open field was made by the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, supported by the 6th Regulars. Major Hart thus describes the scene:--

From this time (near sunrise) until ten o'clock A.M., the engagement lingered along our front without anything noteworthy except the gallant charges of the 6th Pennsylvania and of

(1) In endeavoring to write a truthful narrative of the events on this part of the field, I meet with great discouragement. Neither General Buford nor any of his subordinates wrote reports of this engagement. Neither did General W. H. F. Lee nor any of his subordinates make report of their action. I have been compelled to rely upon a careful personal study of the battle-field, which I have twice visited for this purpose (once in company with General W. H. F. Lee), together with such facts as I could learn from the article of Colonel F. C. Newhall, published in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times*, and from personal correspondence with surviving officers of the Federal cavalry who took part in this engagement. General R. L. T. Beale, then colonel of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, has written out for me his recollections of this day. There is no doubt that a severe fight took place on the ground that I have described, and, as far as I can judge, I have stated the result correctly.

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the Regulars, mentioned by Colonel Newhall in his careful narrative. The latter of these charges was made over a plateau fully eight hundred yards wide, and its objective point was the artillery at the church. Never rode troopers more gallantly than did those steady Regulars, as under a fire of shell and shrapnel, and finally of canister, they dashed up to the very muzzles, then through and beyond our guns, passing between Hampton's left and Jones' right. Here they were simultaneously attacked from both flanks, and the survivors driven back.

Meanwhile the situation was becoming serious in another direction, and that too while we were ignorant of the danger.

Before sending Hampton into action Stuart had ordered that one of his regiments be detached to guard our rear at Brandy Station. Hampton had assigned that duty to the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel M. C. Butler. This regiment had gone into camp the previous night on the road from Brandy Station to Stevensburg, about half way between the two places. Robertson had moved his brigade at early dawn to the support of his picket at Kelly's Ford, and soon reported the advance of the Federal column upon Stevensburg. Butler had hardly reached Brandy Station with his regiment when he was notified by the videttes, which he, with wise precaution, had sent toward Kelly's Ford, that the enemy was advancing in force on that road. Knowing that there was nothing to prevent that column from marching to Culpeper Court House, if so disposed, Butler, without waiting for orders, started his regiment back, in all haste, toward Stevensburg. The 4th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. C. Wickham, was shortly after sent by Stuart to his assistance. These dispositions seemed to be all that the circumstances required. Robertson's brigade, with the 2d South Carolina and the 4th Virginia, <269>constituted a force of at least fifteen hundred men, and Stuart was justified in expecting them to protect his rear from attack by way of the lower fords.

Having made these dispositions, Stuart proceeded to the front, at Saint James' Church, to urge on the battle; and as the field was geographically so extensive, he stationed his adjutant (the author) upon Fleetwood Hill, directions having been given to the brigades and detached regiments to communicate with that point as headquarters. Every scrap of the camp was removed toward Culpeper Court House, and there remained nothing upon the hill except the adjutant and his couriers. A six-pounder howitzer, from Chew's battery; under charge of Lieutenant John W. Carter, which had been retired from the fight near the river because its ammunition was exhausted, was halted at the bottom of the hill; a circumstance which proved to be our salvation.

Perhaps two hours had elapsed since Stuart had mounted for the front when an individual scout from one of Robertson's North Carolina regiments reported to me that the

enemy was advancing from Kelly's Ford, in force and unopposed, upon Brandy Station, and was now directly in our rear. Not having personal acquaintance with the man, and deeming it impossible that such a movement could be made without opposition from Robertson's brigade, I ordered the scout to return and satisfy himself by a closer inspection that he had not mistaken some of our troops for the enemy. In less than five minutes the man reported that I could now see for myself. And so it was! Within cannon shot of the hill a long column of the enemy filled the road, which here skirted the woods. They were pressing steadily forward upon the railroad station, which must in a few moments be in their possession. How could <270>they be prevented from also occupying the Fleetwood Hill, the key to the whole position? Matters looked serious! But good results can sometimes be accomplished with the smallest means. Lieutenant Carter's howitzer was brought up, and boldly pushed beyond the crest of the hill; a few imperfect shells and some round shot were found in the limber chest; a slow fire was at once opened upon the marching column, and courier after courier was dispatched to General Stuart to inform him of the peril. It was all important to gain time, for should the enemy once plant his artillery on this hill it would cost many valuable lives to recover the ground, even if that could at all be accomplished. We must retain this position or suffer most seriously when enclosed between the divisions of Buford and Gregg. But the enemy was deceived by appearances. That the head of his column should have been greeted with the fire of artillery as soon as it emerged from the woods must have indicated to General Gregg the presence of a considerable force upon the hill; and the fact that his advance from Kelly's Ford had been entirely unopposed, together with his ignorance of what had transpired with Buford, must have strengthened the thought that his enemy, in force, here awaited an attack. In point of fact there was not one man upon the hill beside those belonging to Carter's howitzer and myself, for I had sent away even my last courier, with an urgent appeal for speedy help. Could General Gregg have known the true state of affairs he would, of course, have sent forward a squadron to take possession; but appearances demanded a more serious attack, and while this was being organized three rifled guns were unlimbered, and a fierce cannonade was opened on the hill.

My first courier found General Stuart as incredulous concerning the presence of the enemy in his rear as I <271>had been at the first report of the North Carolina scout. Major Hart states that Stuart turned to him and ordered him to "ride back there and see what all that foolishness is about." But simultaneous with my second message--which was delivered by young Frank Deane, of Richmond, Va., one of my confidential clerks, and, in the field, one of our most trusted couriers--came the sound of the cannonading, and there was no longer room for doubt. The nearest point from which a regiment could be sent was Jones' position, one and a half miles distant from Fleetwood. The 12th Virginia, Colonel A. W. Harman, and the 35th battalion, Lieu-tenant-Colonel E. V. White, were immediately withdrawn from his line and ordered to meet this new danger. But minutes expanded seemingly into hours to those anxious watchers on the hill, who feared lest, after all, help *could* not arrive in time. But it *did* come. The emergency was so pressing that Colonel Harman had no time to form his regiment in squadrons or even in platoons. He reached the top of the hill as Lieutenant Carter was retiring his gun after having fired his very last cartridge. Not fifty yards below, Colonel Percy Wyndham was advancing the 1st New Jersey Cavalry in magnificent order, in column of squadrons, with flags and guidons

flying. A hard gallop had enabled only the leading files of the 12th Virginia to reach the top of the hill, the rest of the regiment stretching out behind in column of fours. It was a trying position both to the pride and the courage of this regiment to be put into action in such manner that a successful charge seemed hopeless; but with the true spirit of a forlorn hope, Colonel Harman and the few men about him dashed at the advancing Federals.⁽¹⁾ Stuart

(1)The result of this charge was always a matter of mortification to this gallant regiment and its leader. It is but just that I should say, even at this day, that the whole responsibility rested with me, and not with Colonel Harman. The colonel was not aware of the extreme urgency of the case, and his regiment was advancing only at a trot. Seeing this, I rode down the hill to meet him, ordered the gallop, and put him into the fight in the disorderly manner narrated. I have, however, always believed that the circumstances justified the sacrifice of this regiment; for, had Colonel Wyndham obtained undisputed possession of the summit, with time to make arrangements for holding it, the subsequent fighting would probably have had a different result.

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reached the hill a few moments later, having ordered Hampton and Jones to retire from the position at Saint James' Church and concentrate on the Fleetwood Hill. It would seem from Hampton's report that, before he received this order, he himself perceived the danger in our rear and had commenced the necessary withdrawal, at the same time notifying Robertson, on the Kelly's Ford road, that his rear would now be exposed.

And now the first contest was for the possession of the Fleetwood Hill; and so stubbornly was this fought on either side, and for so long a time, that all of Jones' regiments and all of Hampton's participated in the charges and counter-charges which swept across its face. As I have already stated, the 12th regiment reached the top of the hill just in time to meet the charge of the 1st New Jersey. The 35th battalion was not far behind, but these troops were so disordered by their rapid gallop that, after the first shock, they recoiled and retired to reform. White's battalion seems to have been cut into two parts, two of his squadrons falling in with Colonel Harman on the eastern slope of the hill, while the other two retired along the crest of the ridge toward the Barbour House, in which direction they were followed by a portion of the 1st New Jersey, which now held the hill in temporary possession.⁽¹⁾ Colonel Harman <273>soon reformed his regiment, and, aided by the two squadrons of the 35th battalion, regained the hill for a short time. Colonel Harman was severely wounded in a personal encounter with the officer leading the Federal cavalry. Lieutenant-Colonel White, having reformed the two other squadrons of his battalion, swept around the west side of the bill and charged the three guns which had been advanced to its foot. The cavalry which supported these guns was driven away. Not so, however, with the gallant gunners of the 6th New York battery. They had already distinguished themselves at Chancellorsville on the 2d of May, under General Pleasanton, and on this occasion they stood by their guns with the most determined courage. Lieutenant-Colonel White says in his report:

There was no demand for a surrender nor offer to do so until nearly all of the men, with many of their horses, were either killed or wounded.

Captain J. W. Martin, commanding this battery, says in his report:--

Once in the battery, it became a hand to hand fight with pistol and sabre between the enemy and my cannoneers and drivers, and never did men act with more coolness and

bravery, and show more of a stern purpose to do their duty unflinchingly, and, above all, to save their guns; and while the loss of them is a matter of great regret to me, it is a consolation and a great satisfaction to know that I can point with pride to the fact that, of that little band who defended the battery, not one of them flinched for a moment from his duty. Of the thirty-six men that I took into the engagement, but six came out safely; and of these thirty, twenty-one are either killed, wounded, or missing,⁽¹⁾ and scarcely one of them is there but <274>will carry the honorable mark of the sabre or bullet to his grave.

Colonel White could not long retain possession of his trophies. He was soon surrounded by superior numbers, and was compelled to cut his way out with severe loss.

While these events were transpiring General Jones was withdrawing from Saint James' Church, with the 11th regiment, which was the only one of his brigade remaining on that line,⁽¹⁾ and Hampton was moving his brigade back toward Fleetwood. Hampton had formed his four regiments in column of squadrons, and, with everything well in hand for action, was moving forward briskly to the attack. He had already, in response to an order from Stuart, sent in advance of his brigade the 6th Virginia Cavalry, one of Jones' regiments, which had been acting with his line at Saint James' Church. Stuart had met this regiment and directed it to make a charge on the enemy's right, toward the east and south of the Fleetwood Hill. The result of Major Flournoy's charge may as well be given in this connection. He states in his report:--

I was then ordered by him (Hampton) to move quickly in the direction of Brandy Station, and while on the way I received orders from General Stuart to cut off three hundred Yankees who were near the Miller House. I moved across the railroad, and instead of three hundred, I met what prisoners reported as five regiments. I charged with my regiment, now reduced by casualties and the detachment of four of my companies, to two hundred and eight men. We drove back the whole force and had them in retreat, when we were attacked in rear and forced to fall back towards the Miller House, where the enemy opened on us with artillery. We charged and took the battery, but were unable to hold it. Having been charged <275>by five times our number, we fell back in confusion towards the hill in front of the Miller House, where the men rallied and reformed.

It is probably to this charge of the 6th Virginia Cavalry that Lieutenant J. Wade Wilson, commanding the left section of the 6th New York battery, refers in the following spirited extract from his report:--

Again, pursuant to orders from Colonel Kilpatrick, I limbered to the front and sought a position on the crest of the hill behind which the enemy was rapidly massing to force back the advance of Colonel Kilpatrick upon the house. Before reaching the crest, however, a halt was ordered by Colonel Kilpatrick, and, soon after, a retreat from that position, which was executed without panic and in admirable order. The enemy, perceiving the retreat, charged furiously up the hill and through the section fifty yards in rear of the pieces, charging desperately on the cavalry, some hundreds of yards in the advance of the pieces in retreat. The capture of the section seems to have been thought accomplished by the enemy, and the rebel line wheeled into column and pushed rapidly by the flanks, with the intent to turn the right of the 1st brigade, leaving, as they supposed, a sufficient force to secure the guns. At this time was displayed the heroism of the section, and valor of which any command and country may be justly proud. In reversing, one of the gun-limbers was nearly capsized, one wheel being in the air and the axle nearly

vertical. Perceiving this, I ordered the cannoneers to dismount and restore to its position the limber. We were surrounded by a squad of rebel cavalry, firing with carbine and pistol. The order was scarcely needed, for the cannoneers had seen the peril of their gun, and, anticipating the order, had dismounted to restore it; and with revolvers in hand, they defended the gun as if determined to share its destiny and make its fate their own. The bearer of a rebel battle-flag was shot by Private Currant, who would have recovered it but for the great difficulty of approaching the color with a lame and skittish horse upon which he was at the time mounted. The flag was taken by the 1st Maine Cavalry. <276>

Following the sequence of events as nearly as may be possible, we must for a moment recall the position of the three guns of the 6th New York Battery under Captain Martin's command, which, following up the early successes of Wyndham's brigade, had been advanced to the foot of the Fleetwood Hill. Colonel H. S. Thomas, of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was on staff duty during this day, tells us, in the Philadelphia "Weekly Times" of November 10, 1877, that

One gun did reach the crest of the hill mentioned, and fired two rounds of canister, but was dragged back to the foot, where some unknown officer had ordered the others to unlimber. Seeing the mistake that had been made, I hurried back from the charge in which I had taken part with the Jersey cavalry, but before the guns could be reached the drivers of the limber chests had taken flight with those who came back from the first charge, and were lost in the clouds of dust.

It was doubtless at the foot of the hill that these guns were reached in the charge made by Colonel E. V. White; and it was here that they were finally abandoned and fell into the hands of the men of Hart's battery, as the result of the charges made by Hampton's brigade, followed up as they were by a charge of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel L. L. Lomax.

Let us now return to Hampton, remembering that most of the events already narrated had transpired before he came into the action at Fleetwood Hill. The magnificent order in which he advanced to the attack was the sure harbinger of success. I transcribe the following from Major J. F. Hart's narrative, premising only that the charge which he so graphically describes was made, as is clear from Hampton's report, by the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, Colonel L. S. Baker, supported by the Jeff Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Waring: --

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. . . The battery I commanded moved abreast of Hampton's column in its gallop toward this new foe; and as we came near Fleetwood Hill, its summit, as also the whole plateau east of the hill and beyond the railroad, was covered with Federal cavalry. Hampton, diverging toward his left, passed the eastern terminus of the ridge, and, crossing the railroad, struck the enemy in column just beyond it. This charge was as gallantly made and gallantly met as any the writer ever witnessed during nearly four years of active service on the outposts. Taking into estimation the number of men that crossed sabres in this single charge (being nearly a brigade on each side), it was by far the most important hand-to-hand contest between the cavalry of the two armies. As the blue and gray riders mixed in the smoke and dust of that eventful charge, minutes seemed to elapse before its effect was determined. At last the intermixed and disorganized mass began to recede, and we saw that the field was won to the Confederates.

We notice one omission in the narrative of Major Hart which must by all means be supplied. He makes no mention of the charge made by the Cobb Georgia Legion, Colonel P. M. B. Young, supported by the 1st South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel J. L. Black, which was made, as Hampton's report shows, at the same time, or a little in advance, of the charge of the 1st North Carolina and the Jeff Davis Legion. Colonel Young led this charge straight up the Fleetwood Hill from the northeast. His regiment used the sabre alone, and his movement was one of the finest which was executed on this day so full of brave deeds. Colonel Young says in his report:--

I immediately ordered the charge in close column of squadrons, and I swept the hill clear of the enemy, he being scattered and entirely routed. I do claim that this was the turn-ing-point of the day in this portion of the field, for in less than a minute's time the battery would have been upon the hill. . . .

Scarcely had Colonel Young's command disappeared below the crest of the hill when Captain Hart galloped <278>his battery to the summit. He was joined by a section of McGregor's battery, and also, as Major Beckham states in his report, by a part of Chew's battery. And now occurred one of the strangest events of the day. A portion of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry still occupied the extension of the ridge toward the Barbour House. Pressed by Jones' regiments and isolated by the result of Young's charge, it became necessary for this body to cut their way through to their friends. I borrow again from Major Hart's narrative:--

Scarcely had our artillery opened on the retreating enemy from this new position than a part of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, which formed the extreme Federal left, came thundering down the narrow ridge, striking McGregor's and Hart's unsupported batteries in the flank, and riding through between guns and caissons from right to left, but met by a determined hand to hand contest from the cannoneers with pistols, sponge-staffs, and whatever else came handy to fight with. Lieuten-ant-Colonel Broderick, commanding the regiment, was killed in this charge, as also the second in command, Major J. H. Shelmire, who fell from a pistol ball, while gallantly attempting to cut his way through these batteries. The charge was repulsed by the artillerists alone, not a solitary friendly trooper being within reach of us.

In reference to this same charge, Major Beckham says in his report:--

The charge was met by the cannoneers of the pieces. Lieutenant Ford killed one with his pistol. Lieutenant Hoxton killed one; and Private Sully, of McGregor's battery, knocked one off his horse with a sponge-staff.

The Fleetwood Hill now seemed to be securely in our possession, and Major Beckham speedily crowned it with all his available artillery. Hampton was pressing his advantage on the plain toward the railroad; but the enemy still held possession of Brandy Station, and a few gallant men remained in the vicinity of Captain Martin's <279>now silent guns, hoping that by some means they might be saved. The hope was a vain one. Stuart advanced Lomax's strong regiment, the 11th Virginia, in the last charge which was made on this part of the field. Lomax covered both sides of the road to the station, rode over Martin's guns for the last time, drove the enemy from the railroad station, and pursued for some distance on the Stevensburg road. Hampton states that he himself pressed the enemy until his advance was checked by the well-directed fire of Beck-ham's guns on the

Fleetwood Hill. The dust and smoke of the conflict was so great that it was impossible at a distance, and difficult even near at hand, to distinguish between friends and foes. Colonel H. S. Thomas tells us that in the confusion he picked up a Virginia trooper, who remarked: "I can't tell you Yanks from our folks."

Thus ended the attack of Gregg's division upon the Fleetwood Hill. Modern warfare cannot furnish an instance of a field more closely, more valiantly contested. General Gregg retired from the field defeated, but defiant and unwilling to acknowledge a defeat. He reformed his division on the same ground on which he had formed it to make the attack, and without further molestation moved off to effect a junction with Buford's division near Saint James' Church. He had been outnumbered and overpowered, but when the fighting was over he retired from the field at his own gait.

It has, perhaps, occurred to the reader to ask how it was possible for Stuart, in the presence of enterprising officers, such as Pleasonton and Buford, to withdraw so large a portion of his command from their front and concentrate it upon Gregg's column. Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Newhall, assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Pleasonton, has published in the Philadelphia "Weekly Times" of the 10th of November, 1877, an excellent article on that part of this battle which occurred near Beverly's Ford. Colonel Newhall's statements, when taken in connection with other facts, will give the necessary explanation. It will be remembered that W. H. F. Lee's brigade had taken position on the Cunningham farm, on the extreme Confederate left. He had repelled a strong attempt to dislodge him, and had formed a junction with Jones' line, making with it, as General Jones states, nearly a right angle. The 7th Virginia Cavalry, which formed the left of Jones' line, was somewhat separated from the rest of that brigade, but formed such close connection with Lee's line as really to constitute part of his battle. In the subsequent movements this regiment acted with Lee's brigade. This is shown by the reports of both General Jones and Colonel Thomas Marshall, then lieutenant-colonel commanding the 7th. W. H. F. Lee had therefore a strong force under his command. A glance at the map will show how threatening was the position which he occupied. He was within striking distance of the road by which Pleasonton had advanced from Beverly's Ford. Should he reach that road he would be full in the rear of the troops engaged at Saint James' Church, where the Confederates, at first acting on the defensive, now threatened to become the aggressors. General Buford therefore found it necessary, as Colonel Newhall states, to bring Ames' brigade of infantry into the battle near the church, and, replacing with it the reserve cavalry brigade, move the latter to meet the danger which threatened his right flank and rear. Of course, during such an operation, he was willing to be let alone; and it was just at this time that Stuart found it necessary to withdraw to meet Gregg. Before Buford's arrangements for an advance were completed, Gregg's attack upon the Fleetwood Hill had been repulsed. As soon as General Gregg retired, Stuart formed a new line running almost north, on the eastern slope of the range of hills which, commencing at Fleetwood, extends in an irregular and somewhat broken manner to the river at Welford's Ford. Toward the northern end of this range, not upon the summit but in depressions between the hills, or upon the hill sides, are situated several houses; most prominent among them Welford's house and Green's house. Thompson's house stands at the foot of the hills, just where they commence to rise from the level field of the Cunningham and Green farms. When General Jones withdrew the 11th regiment from Saint James' Church, he thereby uncovered a road leading to Green's house, which

exposed W. H. F. Lee's right and rear. It was therefore necessary for Lee to withdraw to the west of this road. This he soon accomplished, bringing the 7th regiment with him. His line now occupied the hills overlooking Thompson's house. On his right, the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, dismounted, formed connection with General Jones, while the 9th, 10th, and 13th regiments extended the line, which, on the extreme left, was refused toward the west, facing Welford's house, which at this point is concealed from sight by intervening hills. Munford, with Fitz Lee's brigade, was momentarily expected on the field, and the direction of his march from Oak Shade would naturally bring him into position on the commanding ground about Welford's house.

The withdrawal of W. H. F. Lee's brigade from the open plain was, of course, in full view of the enemy, but was accomplished without provoking an attack until the new line was established, when a feeble charge in front was easily repulsed by the dismounted men. <282>This, however, was only the beginning of the real struggle. General Buford continued to extend his right until he had entirely enveloped the left of Lee's line, and was now prepared to make an attack from the high ground just south and west of Green's house. This, if successful, would have placed Buford in rear of the left of Stuart's line. An engagement of dismounted men--in which portions, at least, of the 2d Massachusetts and 3d Wisconsin infantry participated--was the prelude to a charge of the 6th Pennsylvania and the 2d United States Cavalry. This charge was met by the 9th Virginia, supported by the 10th and the 13th. General R. L. T. Beale, then colonel of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, in a description of this fight which he has kindly prepared for my use, claims that the 9th regiment broke the force which first attacked it, and drove it back across the stone fence in its rear. At this moment the 9th was attacked by a fresh regiment which came in on the flank, and was in turn driven back to the foot of the hill whence it had commenced the charge. Here the 9th was reinforced by the 10th and the 13th, and the tide of battle was finally turned against the Federal cavalry, which was driven back across the crest of the hill whence they had advanced. General Beale further states that having reformed his regiment after this action, he rode forward to reconnoitre before again advancing, when, to his surprise, he found the enemy moving back toward Beverly's Ford. A comparison of General Beale's statement with the narrative of Colonel Newhall indicates that this was the fight in which Adjutant Ellis, of the 6th Pennsylvania, was wounded, and in which General Wesley Merritt, then captain commanding the 2d Regulars, lost his hat in a sabre fight with a rebel officer. When the 9th Virginia first charged up the hill, <283>General W. H. F. Lee was upon its left flank, encouraging the men of his old regiment. Just before he reached the crest of the hill he was severely wounded and was carried from the field. Colonel Sol. Williams, of the 2d North Carolina Cavalry, had begged permission, inasmuch as everything was quiet on his line, to join in this charge. He went in on the right of the 9th, was shot through the head, and instantly killed. The command of the brigade now devolved on Colonel J. R. Chambliss, of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, who says in his report:--

About half-past four o'clock P.M. Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee was wounded, and Colonel Sol. Williams, 2d North Carolina Cavalry, was killed, and I assumed command, having previously been in charge of three squadrons, dismounted as sharpshooters. Only a few shots were fired, and the action was virtually over when I assumed command.

While the attack upon the left of W. H. F. Lee's line was in progress, Colonel T. T. Munford arrived from Oak Shade with three regiments of Fitz Lee's brigade. He had been

delayed in his march by a perplexing ambiguity in the orders which had been transmitted to him. Had he been able to reach the field of battle two hours earlier, and had he secured the hills commanding Green's house, more important results would perhaps have been secured. As it was, he was compelled to grope his way, in ignorance of what was transpiring to the left of W. H. F. Lee's line. Once in position, he performed effective service with three squadrons of sharpshooters from the 1st, 2d, and 3d Virginia Cavalry, aided by Breasted's battery. In these three squadrons, during the short time they were engaged, he lost three men killed and eighteen wounded.

Colonel Newhall tells us that while Buford's attack was in full progress, he was searching for Buford with orders from General Pleasanton to discontinue the attack and withdraw his division to the north side of the Rappahannock. Gregg had now effected a junction with Pleasanton at Saint James' Church. Duffié had come in from Stevensburg. The presence of Confederate infantry, supporting Stuart, had been definitely ascertained. Believing that he had accomplished the objects of the reconnoissance, Pleasanton determined to cross the river without delay. The reports of Stuart and of his subordinate officers show that no serious effort was made to impede his withdrawal.

We must now turn our attention toward Stevensburg, where events of less magnitude, but of equal interest, were transpiring.⁽¹⁾

On the morning of the 9th of June the atmosphere was in a condition peculiarly favorable for the transmission of sound, and the firing of the pickets at Beverly's Ford aroused Stuart's entire command. At early dawn General Hampton rode in person to Colonel Butler's camp, and directed him to mount his regiment, move to Brandy Station, and there await orders. In executing this order Butler left Lieutenant W. W. Broughton, officer of the guard, with fourteen men, in charge of the camp, directing him to send two videttes to Stevensburg. Butler had hardly reached Brandy Station when Lieutenant Broughton reported that the enemy was advancing on the road near Stevensburg, and that the wagons of the regiment were in danger. Knowing that there was no force of cavalry between Stevensburg and Culpeper Court House, where lay General Lee with Longstreet's and Ewell's corps, Butler did not await orders, but moved at once to meet the danger. He sent forward, at a gallop, in advance of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton, with twenty men, to observe and delay the enemy until the regiment could reach the range of hills known as Hansborough's Mount, where Butler wished to contest his advance. Colonel Hampton pursued the direct road to Stevensburg, and meeting Lieutenant Broughton's party learned that a squadron of the enemy had advanced through the town, and had again retired. As Hampton's party, now numbering thirty-six men, reached Stevensburg, he found this squadron drawn up in a position of observation on the east side of the town. He immediately ordered a charge, which the enemy did not wait to receive, but retired in the direction of their main body. Colonel Butler had, in the mean time, led his regiment on a by-road to the east of Stevensburg, and reached the main road just in rear of this retreating squadron, the pursuit of which was continued past Doggett's house to the wide stretch of open field beyond, over which the enemy was seen advancing in force. Judging that the attack would be made from the open field north of the road, Butler withdrew his regiment to the line of wooded hills already described. It was necessary for him to occupy a line from Doggett's house to Hansborough's, a distance of nearly a mile, and to cover this line he had less than two hundred men. Leaving the thirty-six men under Colonel Hampton to act mounted on the

road, Butler deployed the remainder of his regiment on foot along the line on the north side of the road. Colonel Hampton was ordered to charge anything which might assail him.

It is now necessary to explain the presence of the <286>Federal cavalry at this point. The column under General Gregg had effected an easy crossing of the river at Kelly's Ford between the hours of five and eight o'clock A.M., for it was opposed by nothing but Robertson's picket, which retired toward his brigade in the direction of Brown's house, leaving General Gregg's advance entirely unobstructed and unobserved. (1) General Gregg left Russell's infantry brigade in the vicinity of Kelly's Ford, and pushed forward to Stevensburg the 2d cavalry division, 1,900 men, under Colonel A. N. Duffié, of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry. Following Colonel Duffié's march as far as Willis Madden's, General Gregg turned the 3d cavalry division to the northwest, toward Brandy Station, where he made the attack, the result of which has already been narrated. Colonel Duffié's column continued to move toward Stevensburg. One squadron of his command entered the town without opposition, but retired on the main body when charged by Colonel Hampton.

The position in which Butler awaited attack was well chosen. The woods concealed the smallness of his numbers, and even on the road the sloping ground prevented the enemy from discovering any but the leading files of Hampton's mounted detachment. The enemy's advance was at first cautious, even timid. As Butler had anticipated, the first attempt was to break the line of his dismounted men, on his left, and two such attacks were made; but both were repulsed by the close fire of his Enfield rifles. The enemy now turned his attention to Hampton's position, and prepared to carry it by a direct sabre charge on the road, supported by squadrons on either flank. To meet this attack Colonel Hampton dismounted nearly one half of his men for the protection of his flanks, retaining but twenty to <287>meet the enemy's mounted charge. Between Hampton's position on the road and the nearest point of the line of Butler's dismounted men was a considerable gap.

At this juncture Colonel Wickham arrived with the 4th Virginia Cavalry. He had been turned off from the direct road to Stevensburg by Captain W. D. Farley, volunteer aid-de-camp to General Stuart, and had been guided along the same obscure road by which Butler had advanced. He now found himself on the right of Butler's dismounted men, the head of his column resting on the main road east of Stevensburg, just in rear of the position held by Hampton's mounted detachment. The change in the direction of his march was most unfortunate, and was the real cause of the stampede which ensued. Had Wickham moved through Stevensburg, as he would have done had he not met Captain Farley, his regiment would have been in position to meet the enemy, whose advance might have been checked at the strong line occupied by Butler. The circumstances in which Wickham was placed were peculiar. His own regiment was in a position where it was impossible for it to act, enclosed as it was in a thick pine copse, on a narrow by-road, where even a column of fours could scarcely move. It was therefore necessary to turn the head of his column westward, toward Stevensburg, and after thus gaining the main road, to wheel about by fours, placing his left in front. Ignorant of the dispositions made by Butler, and of the events which had already occurred, Wickham naturally hesitated to give orders either to Butler or Hampton until he could survey the ground and bring his own regiment into action.

Major T. J. Lipscomb, commanding the 2d South Carolina Cavalry after Colonel Butler was disabled and <288>Colonel Hampton was killed, in an appendix to his report dictated by Colonel Butler, states that the command was turned over to Colonel Wickham by Colonel Butler, and that it was suggested that Colonel Hampton's position be strengthened by sharpshooters on the right, and by a mounted force in the road. The communication between Butler and Wickham was made through Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Payne, of the 4th Virginia. Adjutant Moore states that in a brief interview between Colonel Hampton and Colonel Wickham, Hampton requested that both his right and left be strengthened by squadrons of sharpshooters, and that Wickham promptly acquiesced, and moved back toward his regiment to give the necessary orders. Captain John D. Hobson, of company F, 4th Virginia Cavalry, has recently assured me that the squadron, composed of his own company and Captain Strother's, was put in on Hampton's left, and that being soon separated from the rest of the regiment these companies acted with the 2d South Carolina during a considerable part of the rest of the day. This agrees with Major Lipscomb's report, and also with Colonel Wickham's. While these arrangements were being made the enemy was advancing a column on the road, supported by strong squadrons on either side, moving slowly, however, as they came under the fire of the few men dismounted on the road. The force of the enemy was so large that, in the opinion of both Adjutant Moore and Lieutenant Rhett, a charge by Hampton's twenty men, unsupported, would only have resulted in their destruction. Lieutenant Broughton informed Adjutant Moore that he delivered a message from Colonel Hampton to Colonel Wickham to the effect that he (Hampton) would close back upon the 4th regiment so as to make a charge in solid column. At this moment the rear of <289>the 4th regiment was emerging upon the road from the woods, and the order "By fours, right about wheel," was heard. Whether this command was given by Colonel Hampton to execute the movement contemplated in the message delivered by Lieutenant Broughton, or whether it was given by some officer of the 4th regiment so as to bring the faces of his men toward the enemy, is entirely uncertain. The result was most unfortunate. Captain Chestnut and Lieutenant Rhett, at the head of Hampton's men, remained facing the enemy, to conceal, if possible, a movement which they felt must bring an attack upon them at once. But the enemy saw the wheel, and instantly ordered the charge. Colonel Hampton again ordered the right about wheel, and placed himself at the head of his men; but it was of no avail. In a moment they were swept to the side of the road, and the full force of the charge fell upon the 4th Virginia. Colonel Hampton, while engaging one of the enemy with his sabre, was shot through the body by another, and was mortally wounded. He succeeded in reaching the house of John S. Barbour, west of Stevensburg, where he died that night.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that the 4th regiment under such circumstances broke and ran. Had the regiment rallied quickly no blame would have attached to it. There was not a finer body of men in the service. They had frequently proved their valor on other battle-fields, and on many subsequent occasions they confirmed their good reputation. But on this day a panic possessed them. They did not respond to the efforts of their officers, and the enemy's pursuit was continued through the town of Stevensburg and beyond as far as Barbour's house, where Colonel Wickham and a few of his men threw themselves into a field on the road-side, and by the fire of their pistols checked further pursuit.

Very few of Hampton's men continued on the road with the 4th regiment. Most of them gave way to the left toward the line of the dismounted men of their own regiment. Simultaneous with the charge on the road, a squadron of the enemy had attacked the left of Butler's line, which was held by Lieutenant Markert, but this attack was readily repulsed, and Markert's line, still intact, offered a good rallying point for Hampton's men. Adjutant Moore says:---

I was told that some of the men, among whom was Lieutenant W. H. Waring, as soon as they got out of the road, stopped and began firing into the enemy, nor did they leave their position by the road until the head of the charging column had gone so far beyond them as to render them liable to be cut off and captured; that Lynch, of company H, knocked two dragoons off their horses with the butt of his rifle before he was surrounded and captured: and I remember that when I was engaged in rallying these men, Babb, of company E, brought me a prisoner whom he had captured after a hand to hand fight; and that I saw Pender, of company H,--who was badly mounted before the charge,--just afterwards on a fine horse, having killed the Federal dragoon who rode him.

Major Lipscomb's report narrates the events which now followed. He says:--

The enemy having gained possession of the road, and passed through Stevensburg on the road to Culpeper, the right of our line fell back obliquely to the road leading from Stevensburg to Brandy Station. They were rallied and formed by Colonel Butler between Stevensburg and Norman's Mill; but the columns of the enemy pouring out of the woods on his left, and threatening to gain his rear, compelled him to fall back beyond Norman's Mill and take a new position on the hill near Beckham's house. Colonel Butler ordered me to hold my position, and if they pressed on the right to move in that direction. The firing on the right gradually got to my rear, and I was in the act of moving when Captain Farley, of General Stuart's staff, brought to me a squadron of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, <291>with orders to hold my position. I immediately put all the riflemen in position. About half an hour afterwards I received orders from Colonel Butler to retire with rapidity across Mountain Run. My line was extended, and by the time the riflemen were mounted the right and left of our line had both fallen back across Mountain Run. Having sixteen dismounted men with me, I was obliged to retire slowly to protect them. When I reached the open field I found a column of the enemy on either flank, from three to four hundred yards distant, and also moving towards Mountain Run. Our artillery fired two shots, which fell near me, and which, I think, caused the enemy to take me for one of their own columns, as they did not fire on me until after I had crossed the Run.

Butler had now secured a good position covering the road to Brandy Station, and where he might expect soon to be reinforced by the 4th Virginia Cavalry. Moreover, he threatened the enemy's flank should he advance towards Culpeper Court House. The one gun which had followed Colonel Wickham from Brandy Station was now available, and Butler proposed to make a stand. But while in the road, side by side with Captain Farley, their horses' heads in opposite directions, a shell from the enemy struck the ground near by, ricocheted, cut off Butler's right leg above the ankle, passed through his horse, through Farley's horse, and carried away Farley's leg at the knee.

The Hon. John T. Rhett addresses his narrative, from which I have already largely drawn, to the Hon. M. C. Butler; and thus describes a scene which for knightly courtesy and heroism cannot be surpassed.

After we crossed the stream the enemy placed a gun in position in full view of us all. While they were so doing you ordered us to retire. As we were moving off I was turned in my saddle looking backwards. I saw the artilleryman fire the gun, heard an exclamation, and saw that the shot had taken effect in the small group with you. Captain Chestnut and myself with a few men hastened to the spot. We first went to you, sending some men to aid Captain Farley. When we had placed you in a blanket you said to us,--

"I wish that you two gentlemen, as you have placed me in the hands of my own men, would go and take charge of Farley."

We went to Captain Farley, told him that you had sent us, took him out of a blanket, and placed him in an old fiat trough. He was very cool, in fact pleasant and smiling, though evidently in great pain. Just as we were about to send him away, he called me to him, and pointing to the leg that had been cut off by the ball, and which was lying near by, he asked me to bring it to him. I did so. He took it, pressed it to his bosom as one would a child, and said, smiling,--

"It is an old friend, gentlemen, and I do not wish to part from it."

Chestnut and myself shook hands with him, bidding him good-by, and expressing the hope that we should soon again see him. He said,--

"Good-by, gentlemen, and forever. I know my condition, and we will not meet again. I thank you for your kindness. It is a pleasure to me that I have fallen into the hands of good Carolinians at my last moment."

Courteously, even smilingly, he nodded his head to us as the men bore him away. He died within a few hours. I have never seen a man whose demeanor, in the face of certain, painful, and quick death, was so superb. I have never encountered anything so brave from first to last.

Duffié's division, now far separated from the rest of the Federal cavalry, and recalled by repeated orders from General Gregg, did not press the advantage gained, but retired from Stevensburg in the direction of the railroad, where it effected a junction with Gregg's division, and recrossed the Rappahannock at the railroad bridge.

The severity of the fighting during this day is shown by the losses sustained in both commands. The total Confederate loss was 523 officers and enlisted men. As trophies of the fight there remained in Stuart's hands three pieces of artillery, six regimental and company flags, and 486 prisoners. The total Federal loss was 936 officers and enlisted men. Colonel J. Kilpatrick and Colonel P. Wyndham, commanding the two brigades of Gregg's division, each claim the capture of a Confederate battle-flag and of General Stuart's adjutant-general. Stuart did lose his aid, Lieutenant Goldsborough, who was captured while attempting to return to Brandy Station from Stevensburg; but the report of the capture of the adjutant is a mistake.

The forces engaged were, on the Federal side, three divisions of cavalry, consisting of twenty-four regiments, and two brigades of infantry, consisting of ten regiments; numbering in all, according to General Pleasonton, 10,981 effective men. All of these troops, except Russell's brigade of infantry, were more or less engaged in the battle. On the Confederate side there were five brigades of cavalry, containing twenty-one regiments, one of which was absent on picket duty, and not within reach of the battle-field. On the monthly return for May 31, 1863, these five brigades and the horse artillery reported an effective total of 9,536. The fighting on this day was done almost exclusively

by fifteen regiments,--five of Hampton's, five of Jones', four of W. H. F. Lee's, and one of Fitz Lee's. Three squadrons of sharpshooters from Fitz Lee's brigade were engaged, late in the afternoon, on the Confederate left. Robertson's brigade was not engaged at any time during the day. General Robertson moved promptly to the support of his picket at Kelly's Ford, and discovered the movement of Gregg's division toward Stevensburg. He reported the facts to General Stuart, who was probably four miles distant, and asked for instructions. Meanwhile Gregg pursued his way unmolested. <294>General Robertson's movements are fully described in his report, which may be found in the Appendix.

The number of guns employed on either side was probably nearly equal, although the advantage of position was generally with the Confederates.

The results claimed by Federal writers as following from this battle seem extravagant. The information which General Pleasonton obtained was positive, as far as it extended, but after all was meagre. He developed the presence of the Confederate cavalry, and of a portion of the Confederate infantry at Brandy Station. Beyond this he learned nothing. Certainly General Hooker does not credit him with having penetrated General Lee's designs; for on the 12th of June he uses the following language in orders addressed to the commanding officer of the 1st corps: "In view of the position of affairs on the right, the absence of any specific information as to the objects, movements, and purposes of the enemy,"(1) etc., etc. Subsequent correspondence contained in General Hooker's testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War shows that uncertainty concerning General Lee's intentions existed both at Washington and at General Hooker's headquarters, as late as the 21st of June.(2) One result of incalculable importance certainly did follow this battle,--it *made* the Federal cavalry. Up to that time confessedly inferior to the Southern horsemen, they gained on this day that confidence in themselves and in their commanders which enabled them to contest so fiercely the subsequent battle-fields of June, July, and October.

There are two points in connection with this battle which, although proven incorrect, have been persistently repeated. It is asserted that General Stuart's <295>headquarters, his baggage, and his papers were captured; and that Confederate infantry was seen debark-ing from the cars in the vicinity of Brandy Station while the fight with Gregg's division was in progress.

As regards the asserted capture of Stuart's baggage and papers, it is to be noticed that no official report on the Federal side makes any such claim; and it cannot be supposed that so important a fact would have passed without mention had it actually occurred. On the other hand, certain expressions in General B. H. Robertson's report caused General Stuart to explain, in his indorsement, that the Fleetwood Hill, where his headquarters had been located, was temporarily in the enemy's hands, but that his baggage had been sent off early to the rear. If necessary the testimony of every surviving officer of Stuart's staff can be produced, showing that long hours before Gregg's attack on the Fleetwood Hill, all of the headquarters' wagons had been sent to Culpeper Court House.

The assertion that Confederate infantry was seen de-barking from the cars in the vicinity of Brandy Station has no better foundation. General Ewell's report, and the reports of General Rodes and his subordinate commanders, show that Ewell's corps marched to Stuart's assistance from a point on the Rixeyville road four miles north of Culpeper Court House, by way of Botts' farm, to Brandy Station; and that Rodes' division, which was in advance, did not reach Barbour's house until Pleasonton and Buford were in

the act of retiring.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XVI.--Aldie; Middleburg; Upperville.

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AFTER the battle of the 9th of June, Longstreet remained at Culpeper Court House while Ewell pushed forward into the Valley and conducted those movements which resulted in the capture of Milroy's command at Winchester. On the 15th of June Longstreet moved from Culpeper to occupy Ashby's and Snicker's gaps, in the Blue Ridge, and Stuart placed three of his brigades, Fitz Lee's, W. H. F. Lee's, and Robertson's, in advance, and on the right of his column. Jones' brigade and Hampton's were left to guard the line of the Rappahannock until A. P. Hill's corps had passed northward. The movements of the cavalry did not bring Stuart in collision with the enemy until the evening of the 17th, when a severe engagement took place at Aldie. Fitz Lee's brigade, under Colonel Thomas T. Munford, had been sent forward to occupy the gap in the Bull Run Mountain at Aldie; while Colonel J. R. Chambliss, with W. H. F. Lee's brigade, reconnoitred toward Thoroughfare Gap. Robertson was held near Rectortown, so as to move to the assistance of either as occasion might demand.

Early on the morning of the 17th, Colonel Munford, with the 2d and 3d Virginia Cavalry, moved from Upperville through Middleburg, and having established his picket posts east of Aldie, crossed over to the Snicker's Gap road, and proceeded with these two regiments <297>to procure corn at the house of Mr. Franklin Carter, about a mile distant. He expected to encamp that night in the vicinity of Aldie. Colonel Williams C. Wickham, with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Virginia Cavalry, the remaining regiments of the brigade, had moved from Piedmont through Middleburg and was about to place his men in camp at Dover Mills, near Aldie. The 5th regiment, Colonel Thomas L. Rosser, which arrived some little time after the 1st and 4th, was directed by Colonel Wickham to pass beyond Dover Mills, and select a camp nearer Aldie. In so doing Colonel Rosser encountered the enemy, who was rapidly driving back the pickets established by Colonel Munford.

The force of the enemy making this attack was the 2d cavalry division, commanded by General D. M. Gregg, and accompanied by Major-General Pleasonton. General Kilpatrick's brigade, consisting of the 2d New York, 1st Massachusetts, 6th Ohio, and 4th New York regiments, supported by the 1st Maine Cavalry, from Colonel J. I. Gregg's brigade, and by Randol's battery, appears to have done all the fighting. The two other brigades of General Gregg's division were closed up within supporting distance.

The arrival of Rosser's regiment was most opportune. By an immediate sabre charge he drove back the enemy's advance upon their main body in the town of Aldie. Having relieved the pressure on the pickets, Rosser stationed his sharpshooters, under Captain R. B. Boston, on the right of the Snickersville road, where a number of haystacks afforded some protection, and held the remainder of his small regiment ready for their support. Colonel Munford in the mean time arrived in person, and stationed Lieutenant William Walton, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, with the reserve picket, fifteen men, behind a stone wall on the <298>left of the Snickersville road, with orders to hold his position against any odds until the 2d and 3d regiments could come to his assistance. In the mean time, and while Colonel Wickham was stationing the 1st and 4th regiments and Breathed's battery to dispute any advance on the Middleburg road, Rosser, single-handed, had met and repulsed two charges which were made upon Captain Boston's squadron; and

believing that he could be maintained there with advantage, had ordered Boston to hold his position at all hazards. The result proved that this disposition was unfortunate; for during the subsequent heavy fighting Boston was so far advanced as to be beyond the reach of support, and he and his squadron were captured.

During all this time there was no force on the left of the Snickersville road except the picket posted by Munford behind the stone wall. Munford therefore moved Rosser's regiment and the 4th Virginia Cavalry, with one gun from Breathed's battery, so as to command this road, leaving Colonel Wickham with the rest of the guns and the 1st Virginia Cavalry on the Middleburg road. In the mean time the enemy pressed heavily on Lieutenant Walton. He had repulsed two mounted charges, but being outflanked by dismounted men, had been withdrawn about fifty yards behind a house and orchard, in which position he commanded the only opening through which the enemy could attack. Here three distinct charges were met and repulsed in counter-charges by the 5th Virginia Cavalry, by the 3d squadron of the 4th regiment, led by Lieutenant A. D. Payne, and by the 2d and 5th squadrons of the same regiment, led by Captain W. B. Newton. These were the only squadrons of this regiment present at this battle, the 1st and 4th squadrons having been detailed early in the day to accompany General Stuart. <299>In each of these charges the enemy had suffered severely at the hands of Lieutenant Walton's sharpshooters, who poured volleys into their flank as they passed him in advancing and in retiring. As Walton's party was, however, evidently small, the enemy determined to dislodge him, and was preparing a considerable force for another attack, when the 2d and 3d Virginia Cavalry reached the field. Two squadrons of sharpshooters were at once dismounted and placed on the left of the road: the squadron from the 2d regiment under Captains Breckinridge and Graves, that from the 3d regiment under Captain George D. White. Their line was advanced to the stone wall from which Lieutenant Walton had been withdrawn. Colonel Munford now felt that his position was secure against an attack of cavalry, and there was nothing he more desired than that the enemy should wear himself out against it. His flanks were secured by the Little River and its tributaries. The enemy must necessarily attack his front. The road by which it was approached was worn, as it ascended the hill, into deep gullies, which compelled an attack in column of fours and prevented the enemy from spreading out his front. Munford's strong party of sharpshooters commanded the road. They were stationed in an enclosed field, with a stone wall in their front, a post and rail fence on their right, and another fence on their left. The fences to the rear were thrown down so as to give the cavalry access to the field. Munford felt that unless his cavalry failed in their duty his dismounted men were perfectly secure.

The 2d Virginia Cavalry, led by Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Watts, now charged the advancing enemy, who had penetrated beyond the position of the sharpshooters. The heads of the columns met in the narrow road <300>in a hand to hand sabre fight. While this was in progress, Captain Jesse Irving threw down the fence on the right of the road, and bringing his squadron to the front, opened fire on the enemy's left flank. Captain W. W. Tebbs executed a similar movement on the left of the road, while the sharpshooters were all the time firing into the enemy's rear. Their attack was completely broken, and their leading squadron almost destroyed. Another support moved up during the confusion, but was met and repulsed by Colonel Rosser. In this fight Lieutenant-Colonel Watts was wounded and permanently disabled. The command of the 2d regiment devolved on Major Cary Breckinridge, who moved the regiment off to the right to reform, carrying with him

Colonel Louis P. De Cesnola and the colors of his regiment, the 4th New York Cavalry.

During all this time Captain Boston, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, had been holding the haystacks, far in advance of his friends, where Colonel Rosser had placed him with such stringent orders. He was beyond the reach even of a recall, but had been doing his utmost to aid in the fight. He was now charged by the 6th Ohio Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel William Stedman; and after losing three of his officers, including his junior captain, and a third of his men killed and wounded, he surrendered to the odds brought against him.

The Federal cavalry were determined to carry the position if it were possible, and another charge was speedily organized. This was met by the 3d Virginia Cavalry, led by Colonel T. H. Owen, who took the road, supported on his right by the 2d regiment and on his left by the 5th. The sabre was the weapon used, and the enemy was again driven back. Colonel Munford pronounces this to be the most spirited charge <301>of the day. Colonel Owen, however, pressed his success too far. He drove the enemy almost to the village of Aldie, where he was charged by a fresh regiment and driven back, losing many of the prisoners he had taken and some of his own men. Major Henry Carrington, of the 3d regiment, was captured at this point. Colonel Munford says in his report :--

Captain Newton, having rallied his small command and a good many men from other commands, was again ready to relieve Colonel Owen as he fell back, and by a timely charge repelled another effort to flank him. As the enemy came up again the sharpshooters opened upon him with terrible effect from the stone wall, which they had regained, and checked him completely. I do not hesitate to say that I have never seen as many Yankees killed in the same space of ground in any fight I have ever seen, or on any battle-field in Virginia that I have been over. We held our ground until ordered by the major-general commanding to retire, and the Yankees had been so severely punished that they did not follow. The sharpshooters of the 5th were mostly captured, this regiment suffering more than any other.

Colonel Munford reports that he captured 138 prisoners. His own total loss was 119, of which the 5th Virginia Cavalry lost 58, mostly from Captain Boston's squadron.

There is a significant absence of reports of this battle on the Federal side. General Kilpatrick made no report of it. General D. M. Gregg devotes one paragraph to it, in which, in general terms, he claims a victory over "the enemy, strongly posted, and in superior force to Kilpatrick's brigade." Lieutenant-Colonel William Stedman, commanding the 6th Ohio Cavalry, makes a particular report of the capture of Captain Boston's squadron, in which charge he lost "three men killed and eleven wounded, including Major Stanhope, who has since died of his wounds." <302>Colonel Stedman adds: "The enemy opened on us from the hill beyond with grape and canister; but we held the position until dark, when we were ordered to retire." Colonel C. S. Douty, of the 1st Maine Cavalry, was killed on the field. He was succeeded by Colonel C. H. Smith, who, on the 31st of August, reports that "A portion of the regiment, led by Colonel Douty, charged, turned the enemy, and drove him from the hill and his stronghold among the stone walls. The regiment gained the position, secured our wounded, collected the trophies of the field, and were burying the dead when relieved just before dark. The casualties were as follows: killed, six; wounded, nineteen; missing, five." No other statement of the Federal losses is to be found in the reports; but the records of the Adjutant-General's Office show that the 1st Maine Cavalry and Kilpatrick's brigade

(exclusive of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, whose disaster at Middleburg will soon be noticed), lost 50 killed, 131 wounded, and 124 missing--a total of 305. This excessive loss will perhaps account for the silence of the Federal officers. It certainly testifies to the gallantry of the regiments which advanced so often against such a strong position held by so determined a foe.

The disparity of numbers was in favor of the Federal cavalry, on whose part five regiments were actively engaged. Only four regiments were engaged on the Confederate side; and of these the 3d and 5th regiments were small. Two squadrons were absent from the 4th regiment, and one from the 2d. The 1st Virginia Cavalry held the Middleburg road, but took no other part in the battle. The fighting was done by probably less than a thousand men on the Confederate side. Munford retired from the field about dark, by the Snickersville road, not because of any pressure that <303>was brought to bear on him by General Gregg, but in obedience to the orders of General Stuart, and in consequence of events which had occurred at Middleburg. He brought off from the field all of his dead, and all of his wounded who could be moved. He established his pickets about a mile from the battle-field, and these were not molested until the following morning. (1)

On this same afternoon events of considerable importance occurred at Middleburg, where Stuart had established his headquarters for the day.

Early in the morning Colonel A. N. Duffié, with the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, had crossed the Bull Run Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap. His orders directed him to encamp at Middleburg the night of the 17th, and to proceed the next day toward Noland's Ferry, extending his march to the west as far as Snickersville. These orders seem to have contemplated a somewhat extended scout by this regiment on the left flank of General Gregg's division, -- a hazardous movement in the presence of an enterprising enemy. Colonel Duffié reached Thoroughfare Gap at 9.30 A.M., and was somewhat delayed in crossing the mountain by the picket from Chambliss' command. By eleven o'clock, however, he was fairly on his way toward Middleburg. At four o'clock P.M. he struck the pickets which Stuart had established for his own safety outside the town, and drove them in so quickly that Stuart and his staff were compelled to make a retreat more rapid than was <304>consistent with dignity and comfort. Having with him no force adequate to contest the ground with Duffié's regiment, Stuart retired toward Rector's Cross Roads. Munford was notified of his danger, and directed to withdraw from Aldie, and Robertson and Chambliss were ordered to move immediately upon Middleburg. The only hope for Duffié's regiment now lay in an immediate advance upon Aldie, where he might have created considerable commotion by attacking the rear of the 1st Virginia Cavalry on the Middleburg road. But he did not know this, and his orders were positive, requiring him to encamp for the night at Middleburg. He therefore made the best of his situation by dismounting one half of his regiment behind stone walls and barricades, hoping that he might be able to hold his position until reinforced from Aldie, whither he sent Captain Frank Allen to make known his situation at brigade headquarters. Captain Allen reached Aldie, after encountering many difficulties, at nine o'clock P.M. He says in his report :--

General Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the situation of our regiment to General Gregg. Returning, he said that General Gregg had gone to state the facts to General Pleasonton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from General Pleasonton. I remained, but received no further orders.

Thus Colonel Duffié was left to meet his fate. At seven o'clock in the evening he was attacked by Robertson's brigade. His men fought bravely, and repelled more than one charge before they were driven from the town, retiring by the same road upon which they had advanced. Unfortunately for Duffié, this road was now closed by Chambliss' brigade, which surrounded him during the night, and captured, early the <305>next morning, the greater part of those who had escaped from Robertson on the previous evening. Colonel Duffié himself escaped capture, and reached Centreville early in the afternoon, with four of his officers and twenty-seven men. He reports the loss in his regiment at twenty officers and two hundred and forty-eight men. This, however, was an exaggeration of the calamity; for other officers beside himself had taken to the woods, and succeeded in making their way back to the Federal lines on the 18th and 19th. Major Far-rington, who was separated from his regiment on the night of the 17th, in Middleburg, thus brought in two officers and twenty-three men; Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson brought in eighteen men; Sergeant Palmer, twelve men; and Captain George N. Bliss, six men. Color-Sergeant Robbins, who was wounded and captured, was left in Middleburg and fell into the hands of his friends when Stuart retired from that place. This reduces the loss to two hundred. This regiment was composed of good materials, and it rapidly recuperated. On the 17th of August following it assembled three hundred men at Warrenton, and was attached to McIntosh's brigade of Gregg's division.(1)

It was doubtless Stuart's intention to occupy the gap at Aldie on the 17th, and there dispute any advance which the Federal cavalry might make. But it may be questioned whether he would have attempted to make a permanent stand on the line of the Bull Run Mountain,- a line which would have necessitated the <306>separation of the three brigades then available, to guard as many gaps, upon any one of which the enemy might concentrate and force a passage,- a line which could, moreover, readily be turned by a movement toward the north. The force at his command was inadequate to hold this line, and the advance of Gregg's division to Aldie, on the 17th, forced Stuart to adopt perhaps the wiser plan of holding his command west of the Bull Run Mountain, ready to oppose the enemy wherever he might appear.

On the night of the 17th Robertson's brigade encamped about Middleburg, where Chambliss, with W. H. F. Lee's brigade, joined it on the following morning. Munford was drawn back on the road to Union to a point about four miles distant. Stuart's pickets east of Middleburg were attacked and driven through the town on the 18th; but the enemy did not pursue beyond, and the pickets were reëstablished at night. On this day, Major John S. Mosby captured one of General Hooker's staff who was bearing despatches to General Pleasonton at Aldie. These despatches informed Stuart that he was confronted not only by the large cavalry force commanded by General Pleasonton, but also by General Barnes' division of infantry, three brigades strong. To oppose this force, Stuart had only two brigades, or less than eight regiments, on the road from Middleburg to Upperville, and one brigade of five regiments on the road to Union.

Early on the 19th Stuart's position on the Upperville turnpike was attacked by General D. M. Gregg's division, Colonel J. I. Gregg's brigade being in the advance. The attack was resisted for a long time; but when the enemy had gained a considerable advantage on the Confederate right by a charge of dismounted men supported by two regiments of cavalry, Stuart <307>withdrew to another line about a half a mile in his rear. This withdrawal was

effected in good order, under the fire of the enemy's dismounted men and artillery, and no attempt was made to charge the retiring lines. During this movement Major Heros Von Borcke, an officer of the Prussian army, who was serving on General Stuart's staff, received a severe wound, which disabled him from future service. General Gregg claims to have captured a large number of prisoners, but makes no specifications. Colonel J. I. Gregg reports a loss of one hundred and twenty-seven officers and men from his brigade. No attack was made on Stuart's new position on this day, although hardly half of it was spent in this encounter.

Jones' brigade reached Stuart on the evening of the 19th, and was posted at Union; Munford being moved still further to the left, to cover Snicker's Gap. Hampton arrived on the 20th, having met and repulsed, near Warrenton, a body of the enemy's cavalry which was making a reconnoissance in that direction. Hampton had been notified to expect a collision with the enemy, for the despatches captured by Mosby had indicated such a movement. Hampton was now stationed on the Upperville pike, and Chambliss was moved over to strengthen the line in front of Union. Although Stuart's five brigades were now in position, the necessity of guarding the three roads by which the mountain passes might be approached compelled him to divide his command into as many parts; and forewarned that the enemy's cavalry was supported by a strong force of infantry, he determined still to act on the defensive, and, if heavily attacked, withdraw toward the mountains, concentrating his cavalry at Upperville, after offering as much opposition as he could without involving his command in too serious a contest with superior numbers. <308>At about eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 21st of June, the enemy moved out from Middleburg. Buford's division, three brigades, advanced on the road toward Union, endeavoring to turn Stuart's left flank; while Gregg's division, three brigades, supported by Vincent's infantry brigade, which alone numbered on the 19th of June an effective total of 1,545, (1) advanced on the Upperville pike. General D. M. Gregg states in his report that his advance was at first intended as a feint to occupy Stuart's attention in front, while Buford moved upon his left flank. But Buford found Chambliss and Jones so strong that he could do no more than make a direct attack upon them. General Gregg's feint against Hampton and Robertson was, therefore, soon changed into a serious attack. Kilpatrick's brigade of cavalry and Vincent's brigade of infantry held the advance. Colonel Vincent, in his report, states with particularity the part taken by each of his four regiments up to a point west of Goose Creek, and reports a total loss of seven officers and men.(2) Pursuing the policy already indicated, Stuart directed Hampton and Robertson not to allow themselves to become too heavily engaged, and at the same time he ordered Chambliss and Jones to retire toward Upperville, as the artillery firing on the pike receded in that direction.

The first position held by Stuart was about three miles west of Middleburg. Here he delayed the enemy as long as prudence permitted, and then retired *en echelon* of regiments, covered by his artillery. This order of retiring was maintained throughout the entire day, and at no time was the enemy able to cause any serious disorder in his ranks. In leaving his first position a Blakely gun belonging to Hart's battery was abandoned. <309>The axle had been broken by a shot from the enemy, and no means were at hand for its renewal. This was the first piece belonging to the horse artillery which had, up to that time, fallen into the enemy's hands, and the only one lost on that day.

The second position held by Stuart was on the west bank of Goose Creek, and here the

enemy was delayed for several hours. At this point General Gregg's cavalry and Vincent's infantry were still further reinforced by the reserve cavalry brigade from Buford's division, and from this position Stuart again withdrew, to effect a junction at Upperville with Jones and Chambliss, who were retiring slowly before Buford's advance. As the battle approached Upperville the enemy pressed with renewed vigor. When within a mile of the town General Buford, believing from the appearance of the field that General Gregg was outnumbered, disengaged himself from Chambliss' front and moved rapidly to General Gregg's assistance. Having the shorter line to traverse, he thus cut off Jones and Chambliss from effecting a junction with Hampton and Robertson east of Upperville.

Perhaps the truest estimate of the situation north of the Upperville pike will be formed by a comparison of the reports of General John Buford and General W. E. Jones, proper allowance being made for the stand-points of these officers. General Buford says:--

When within a mile of Upperville I saw a large force in front of General Gregg, who appeared to be outnumbered. I resolved to go to his aid. The column struck a brisk trot, but ran afoul of so many obstructions in the shape of ditches and stone fences that it did not make fast progress, and got out of shape. While in this position I discovered a train of wagons and a few troops to my right, marching at a trot, apparently making for Ashby's Gap. I turned the head of my column toward <310>them, and very soon became engaged with a superior force. The enemy brought four twelve-pounder guns into position, and made some excellent practice on the head of my regiments as they came up. The gunners were driven from their guns, which would have fallen into our hands but for two impassable stone fences. The enemy then came up in magnificent style from the direction of Snickersville, and for a time threatened me with overwhelming numbers. He was compelled, however, to retire before the terrific carbine fire which the brave 8th Illinois and 3d Indiana poured into him. As he withdrew, my rear troops came up, formed, and pressed him back to the mountains. He was driven over the mountains into the valley.

General Jones says:--

Having arrived in rear of Colonel Chambliss' position he was found retiring, and the advance of the enemy towards Upperville was such as to necessitate a deviation towards the mountain. This increase of distance rendered rapid movement necessary. The artillery of both brigades was put in the road, and the cavalry on the flanks,--Chambliss' to the left, and mine to the right,--approaching rapidly the elevation on which stands the house of Captain Gibson, to secure a position for our artillery. We found ourselves anticipated by the enemy, who, taking advantage of his shorter line, forced us into an engagement with Buford's whole division. The artillery, finding the struggle unavoidable, accepted with alacrity the part forced upon it by the enemy. The stone fence next the enemy was soon down, and the pieces in position were heard and felt by the enemy; but the hostile cavalry pushing on, a charge became necessary to save the artillery. The 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel O. R. Funsten (Colonel Lomax being still in charge of the rear-guard), made the attack, checking the advance until the artillery could cross the lane, where it again took position.

In the mean time the 7th Virginia coming up it was held in reserve. The leading squadron, under Captain H. R. T. Koontz, was sent to attack a body of the enemy approaching the road. The remainder of the regiment attacked the force to the front and left of the first position of our battery. The check thus <311>given the enemy enabled our

artillery and cavalry to cross the road.

By this time the enemy was massed in force in our front, and our cavalry having cleared our battery it played with fearful effect upon their men and horses. The punishment here inflicted, together with the difficulties of the ground, soon caused the enemy to abandon his intention of preventing a junction of our forces in Ashby's Gap. The difficulties of the ground brought Colonel Chambliss to my left in this engagement, our commands retiring together as soon as the pressure was removed.

While these events were occurring on the north of the Upperville pike, General Gregg was handsomely pushing his advance upon the town. Robertson's brigade held the road, and the open fields north of it. As he retired through the town one of his regiments was thrown into some confusion, which was, however, instantly relieved by the splendid conduct of Hampton's brigade, on the right. As the enemy followed Robertson on the road Hampton charged their flank with the Jeff Davis Legion. General Hampton gives the following account of this action:--

We repulsed the enemy, who threw a fresh regiment on the right flank of the Legion. I called up the right wing of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, five companies, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon (afterwards brigadier-general), and in turn charged. Another regiment charged the North Carolinians, when Colonel Baker, with the remaining five companies, struck them upon the flank. Baker was charged by a fresh regiment. Then I put in the Cobb Legion and broke the attacking party. The Cobb Legion was again attacked, and again with the Jeff Davis Legion I turned the flank; and this series of charges went on until all of my regiments named had charged three times, and I had gained ground to the right and front of more than half a mile. At this moment the 2d South Carolina Cavalry was brought up in good order from the rear, and under its protection I reformed my command, and retired in ^{<312>}column of regiments, at a walk and without molestation. In the mean time everything upon my left had given way, and the enemy were in Upperville. I came into the road beyond the village, and formed to support Robertson.(1)

Hampton brought off eighty prisoners from this fight. The enemy advanced but a short distance beyond Upperville. The last charge of the day was made by Colonel P. G. Evans' regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, of Robertson's brigade. This was the regiment which had become disordered in retiring through the town. Colonel Evans was determined to atone for this disgrace. Placing himself at the head of his column of fours in the narrow lane, and pointing with his drawn sabre toward the enemy, he cried, as with the voice of a trumpet, "Now, men, I want you to understand that I am going through!" He kept his word, but fell mortally wounded in the midst of the enemy, whose ranks he had penetrated too far for the recovery of his body. A feeble attempt to follow this regiment as it returned from the charge was checked by Hampton's brigade, and darkness closed down upon the scenes of this hard-fought day. Had a longer term of daylight permitted any further advance by the enemy they would have come into collision with Longstreet's infantry, which had come down from the gap to Stuart's aid. Of this reinforcement, however, General Pleasonton was ignorant. He acknowledges in his report that he was unable to follow Stuart into the gap, and, except that he assured himself "that the enemy had no infantry force in Loudon Valley," was able to transmit to army headquarters no other information as the result of this reconnoissance beyond that "given by the negroes here."

The Official Reports of Federal commanders and the <313>narratives of Federal writers claim greater credit for the Federal cavalry than will be justified by a dispassionate study of *all* the records. The sum-total of results obtained in the way of information has already been indicated. As regards the fighting, it appears that Pleasonton, with superior force at his command, caused Stuart to retire over a distance certainly not greater than six miles, between eight o'clock in the morning and dark, on one of the longest days of the year. There is nothing in the details of the battle as given by the subordinate Federal commanders which would indicate any decided advantage gained by them in the fighting, and nothing which militates against the statement that Stuart's defensive policy was successfully carried out during the whole day, and that his withdrawal from one position to another was executed in uniformly good order. If victory in any passage at arms is to be claimed by either side, it must be accorded to Hampton's brigade, which at the close of the day relieved the pressure on Robertson's two regiments, drove back the forces opposed to it, regained more than half a mile of ground, and retired from the battle at a walk, and unmolested. This success was mainly due to that personal influence which both during and since the war has marked Hampton as a leader of men. When the Jeff Davis Legion was counter-charged, its position seemed perilous. Hampton saw the danger, and turned to Baker's regiment. Drawing his sabre, and raising himself to his full height, he cried, "1st North Carolina, follow me!" and those North Carolinians could as little resist that appeal as iron can fail to obey the magnet.

The duty devolving upon Stuart was one of the most difficult which belongs to the cavalry service, to retire in the presence of a superior force. He could oppose <314>on either road only two brigades to the enemy's two divisions and their supporting infantry, and even the Federal reports, while claiming victory in general terms, show how stubbornly he contested the field.

There was one feature of Stuart's conduct on this day which attracted my attention. Until the battle reached Upperville he personally participated in it but little, remaining, however, in close observation of the field. I asked the reason of this unusual proceeding, and he replied that he had given all necessary instructions to his brigade commanders, and he wished them to feel the responsibility resting upon them, and to gain whatever honor the field might bring.

Stuart's loss in the battles of the 17th, 19th, and 21st of June was 65 killed, 279 wounded, and 166 missing; a total of 510.

The Federal loss at Aldie and Middleburg, on the 17th of June, was 505. Colonel J. I. Gregg reports a loss of 127 in the battle of the 19th of June, and Generals Gregg and Buford report a loss of 188 on the 21st of June. Colonel Vincent lost 7 on the same day. The total Federal loss in these three engagements was, therefore, 827.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XVII.--Gettysburg.

<315>

EARLY on the morning of the 22d of June General Pleasonton retired from Upperville, and on the same day Stuart's headquarters were reestablished at Rector's Cross Roads, with pickets well advanced toward Middleburg.

Colonel John S. Mosby has related in the Philadelphia "Weekly Times" of the 15th of December, 1877, how he submitted to General Stuart, on the 23d, a plan of crossing the Bull Run Mountain at Glasscock's Gap, and of passing through the centre of Hooker's army in Loudon and Fairfax counties, with the purpose of crossing the Potomac at Seneca. While General Stuart does not mention Mosby's name in this connection, there is evidence in his report that this, with some modifications, was the plan which he submitted for the approval of General Lee; for General Stuart states that, before moving from Rector's Cross Roads, he sent Mosby to reconnoitre within the enemy's lines, with orders to report to him on the 25th, near Gum Spring, Loudon County. It is also apparent from Stuart's report that he was not restricted to this one route, but was free to act as circumstances might direct; for he says:--

I submitted to the commanding general the plan of leaving a brigade or so in my present front, and passing through Hopewell, or some other gap in Bull Run Mountain, attaining <316>the enemy's rear, and passing between his main body and Washington, to cross into Maryland and join our army north of the Potomac.

General Lee states in his report:--

Upon the suggestion of the former officer (General Stuart) that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so.

And again:--

In the exercise of the discretion given him when Longstreet and Hill marched into Maryland, General Stuart determined to pass around the rear of the Federal army with three brigades, and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, believing that he would be able by that route to place himself on our right flank in time to keep us properly advised of the enemy's movements.

The circumstances under which Stuart received his orders well illustrate his spirit and hardihood as a soldier. The night of the 23d of June was most inclement. A pitiless rain poured without cessation from the clouds, and the land was drenched. Although the shelter of the old house at the Cross Roads was available, at bedtime Stuart ordered his blanket and oil-cloths to be spread under a tree in the rear of the house, and directed me to sleep on the front porch, where I could readily light my candle and read any despatches which might come during the night. I remonstrated with him upon this needless exposure, but his reply was: "No ! my men are exposed to this rain, and I will not fare any better than they." It was late in the night when a courier arrived from army headquarters, bearing a despatch marked "confidential." Under ordinary circumstances I would not have ventured to break the seal; but the rain poured down so steadily that I was unwilling to disturb the general unnecessarily, and yet it might be important that he should immediately be <317>acquainted with the contents of the despatch. With some hesitation

I opened and read it. It was a lengthy communication from General Lee, containing the directions upon which Stuart was to act. I at once carried it to the general and read it to him as he lay under the dripping tree. With a mild reproof for having opened such a document, the order was committed to my charge for the night, and Stuart was soon asleep. It is much to be regretted that a copy of this letter cannot now be produced. A diligent search has failed to find it, and as General Stuart did not forward a copy of it with his report, I presume it was destroyed during our subsequent march. But I have many times had occasion to recall its contents, and I find that my recollection of it is confirmed by several passages in General Stuart's report.

The letter discussed at considerable length the plan of passing around the enemy's rear. It informed General Stuart that General Early would move upon York, Pa., and that he was desired to place his cavalry as speedily as possible with that, the advance division of Lee's right wing. The letter suggested that, as the roads leading northward from Shepherdstown and Williamsport were already encumbered by the infantry, the artillery, and the transportation of the army, the delay which would necessarily occur in passing by these would, perhaps, be greater than would ensue if General Stuart passed around the enemy's rear. The letter further informed him that, if he chose the latter route, General Early would receive instructions to look out for him and endeavor to communicate with him; and York, Pa., was designated as the point in the vicinity of which he was to expect to hear from Early, and as the possible (if not the probable) point of concentration of the army. The whole tenor of the letter <318>gave evidence that the commanding general approved the proposed movement, and thought that it might be productive of the best results, while the responsibility of the decision was placed upon General Stuart himself. Well may General Longstreet say: "*Authority* thus given a subordinate general implies an opinion on the part of the commander that something better than the drudgery of a march along our flank might be open to him, and one of General Stuart's activity and gallantry should not be expected to fail to seek it." (1)

Having received his orders on the night of the 23d of June, General Stuart prepared on the 24th to execute them. The three brigades of Hampton, Fitz Lee, and W. H. F. Lee, the latter under the command of Colonel Chambliss, were ordered to rendezvous that night at Salem, and Robertson's and Jones' brigades, under command of Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, "were left in observation of the enemy on the usual front, *with full instructions as to following up the enemy in case of withdrawal, and joining our main army.*"(2) I do not profess to give authoritatively the reasons which led General Stuart to make this disposition of his brigades, but there are some considerations which seem to lie upon the surface. Stuart was about to undertake a hazardous movement, in which he needed not only veteran troops, but officers upon whose hearty coöperation he could confidently rely. These qualities were united in the brigades and brigade commanders which he selected to accompany him. Moreover, by this division of his brigades he left in close communication with the army a force of cavalry nearly equal to that which he carried with him, for Jones' brigade was by far the largest in the division, and when joined to Robertson's <319>two regiments, this command must have numbered more than 3,000 men, even after deducting the losses in battle since the 9th of June. This force, added to Jenkins' brigade, which constituted Ewell's advance in Pennsylvania, and which General Stuart estimated at 3,800, (1) he was justified in considering sufficient to fulfil every duty which might be required of the cavalry by the commanding general. Another consideration doubtless had

weight. I have heard General Stuart pronounce in unqualified terms that he considered General Jones "*the best outpost officer*" in his command; and that his watchfulness over his pickets and his skill and energy in obtaining information were worthy of all praise. General Stuart must, therefore, have considered that he was leaving in communication with the army an officer eminently qualified for the duty of observing and reporting the enemy's movements; and that the fact that his brigade constituted, perhaps, four fifths of the force employed would cause General Robertson, who commanded the two brigades, to give full weight to his suggestions and counsels.

I shall not be accused of attempting to detract from the good name of one of the most gallant, zealous, and efficient officers in the armies of Virginia,--one who proved his ability by his success in independent command, who possessed the confidence of General Robert E. Lee, and who sealed his devotion to his country in his own blood,--when I say that, in his intercourse with General Stuart, General William E. Jones well <320>justified the sobriquet by which he was known among his comrades in the old army--" Grumble Jones." In the fall of 1861, soon after Jones had been promoted and assigned to the command of the cavalry regiment of which Stuart had been colonel, there was an unfortunate interruption of their personal relations, after which kind coöperation between two such positive natures was hardly possible. On several occasions General Stuart recorded his high estimate of Jones' abilities, and with equal clearness his protest against the assignment or promotion of Jones under *his* command. After Jones joined Stuart, in May, 1863, with his magnificent brigade, hardly a day passed without bringing to Stuart's adjutant-general official papers containing proof of Jones' idiosyncrasies. The disagreement between these two valuable men culminated, in the fall of 1863, in an official communication from Jones which Stuart could not overlook. General Stuart ordered his arrest and preferred charges against him. General Jones was afterwards assigned to the command of the department of Southwestern Virginia, where his distinguished services are a matter of history. Captain Walter K. Martin, of Richmond, Va., so long and well known as General Jones' assistant adjutant-general, has given me the following incident:--

At the opening of the Wilderness campaign in May, 1864, General Jones was stationed at Saltville, Va. The news of the earlier battles of that campaign had spread through the country, and General Jones was awaiting the result with the greatest anxiety. Returning to his camp after an absence of nearly the whole day, he eagerly inquired of Martin what news had been received. Martin replied: "*General* Stuart has been killed." For many minutes Jones paced the floor of his tent in silence, with eyes bent on the ground. At length he said, with his own peculiar emphasis,--

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"By G--, Martin! You know I had little love for Stuart, and he had just as little for me; but that is the greatest loss that army has ever sustained except the death of Jackson." (1)

The three brigades selected to accompany Stuart rendezvoused at Salem during the earlier part of the night of the 24th, and at one o'clock on the same night marched out for Haymarket, passing through Glasscock's Gap early in the morning. As Stuart approached Haymarket it was discovered that Hancock's corps, marching northward, occupied the road upon which he expected to move. A brisk artillery fire was opened upon the marching column, and was continued until the enemy moved a force of infantry against the guns. Not wishing to disclose his force, Stuart withdrew from Hancock's vicinity after

capturing some prisoners and satisfying himself concerning the movement of that corps. This information was at once started to General Lee by a courier bearing a despatch written by General Stuart himself. It is plain from General Lee's report that this messenger did not reach him; and unfortunately the despatch was not duplicated. Had it reached General Lee the movement of Hancock's corps would, of itself, have gone far to disclose to him the intentions of the enemy as to the place where a passage of the Potomac was about to be effected.

It was now clearly impossible for Stuart to follow the route originally intended; and he was called upon to decide whether he should retrace his steps and cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, or by making a wider *détour* continue his march to the rear of the Federal army. He consulted with no one concerning the decision, and no one is authorized to speak of the motives <322>which may have presented themselves to his mind. We may, however, fairly suggest the following considerations: Stuart's orders directed him to choose the most expeditious route by which to place himself on the right of Early's advance in Pennsylvania Early was at Waynesboro', Pa., on the 23d of June, and his movements up to that day were of course known to Stuart, who did not leave Rector's Cross Roads until late in the afternoon of the 24th. Early's march to York, Pa., was indicated to Stuart in General Lee's orders, and York was named as the place where Stuart would probably find Early.(1) On the evening of the 25th, when Stuart drew back to Buckland out of the way of Hancock's corps, at least sixty miles of a mountainous road lay between him and Shepherdstown, the nearest ford of the Potomac west of the mountains. He could not hope to reach Shepherdstown with his artillery earlier than the evening of the 27th; and he would have been more than fortunate could he have occupied the passes of South Mountain on the 28th. He would even then have been at least thirty miles from Gettysburg, and twice that distance from York. It should not therefore be wondered at if this consideration alone decided Stuart to persist in the movement already begun, especially when there was also the hope of damaging the enemy in his rear and thus delaying his movements. Moreover he had a right to expect that the information he had forwarded concerning the movement of Hancock's corps would cause Robertson and Jones to be active on their front, and would put General Lee himself on the alert in the same direction.

Stuart withdrew from contact with Hancock's corps to Buckland, from whence he marched on the 26th <323>to the vicinity of Wolf Run Shoals, and on the 27th through Fairfax Court House to Dranesville, which he reached late in the afternoon of the 27th. General Hampton had a sharp encounter near Fairfax Court House with a squadron of cavalry from "*Scott's Nine Hundred*," commanded by Major Remington, which was on its way to Centreville. Major Remington and eighteen of his men escaped, but with a loss of eighty of his squadron.(1) This encounter cost Hampton's brigade the loss of a most gallant officer, Major John H. Whitaker, of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, who was killed while leading the charge.

It had been necessary to halt the command several times since the 25th to graze the horses, for the country was destitute of provisions, and Stuart had brought no vehicles with him save ambulances. Upon reaching Dranesville Hampton's brigade was sent to Rowser's Ford, and made the passage early in the night; but the Potomac was so wide, the water so deep, and the current so strong, that the ford was reported impracticable for the artillery and ambulances. Another ford in the vicinity was examined, under circumstances

of great danger, by Captain R. B. Kennon of Stuart's staff, but it was found to offer no better prospect of success, and Stuart determined to cross at Rowser's, if it were within the limits of possibility. The caissons and limber-chests were emptied on the Virginia shore, and the ammunition was carried over by the cavalymen in their hands. The guns and caissons, although entirely submerged during nearly the whole crossing, were safely dragged through the river and up the steep and slippery bank, and by three o'clock on the morning of the 28th the rear-guard had crossed and the whole command was established upon Maryland soil. No <324>more difficult achievement was accomplished by the cavalry during the war. The night was calm and without a moon. No prominent object marked the entrance to the ford on either side, but horse followed horse through nearly a mile of water, which often covered the saddles of the riders. Where the current was strong the line would unconsciously be borne down the river, sometimes so far as to cause danger of missing the ford, when some bold rider would advance from the opposite shore and correct the alignment. Energy, endurance, and skill were taxed to the utmost; but the crossing was effected, and so silently that the nearest neighbors were not aware of it until daylight. Possession was immediately taken of the canal, which constituted one of the lines of supply for Hooker's army; a number of boats, some containing troops, were captured, and the canal was broken. After the arduous labors of the night some rest was indispensable, especially for the artillery horses, and the sun was several hours high before the command left the Potomac for Rockville. Hampton's brigade moved in advance by way of Darnes-town, and found Rockville in the possession of a small force of the enemy, which was speedily scattered.

It was past noon when Stuart entered Rockville. While halting for the purpose of destroying the telegraph line, and to procure supplies, information was brought of the approach from Washington of a large train of wagons on the way to Meade's army. Lieutenant Thomas Lee, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, with four men from his regiment, dashed along the train and routed its small guard. Although some of the wagons in the rear had turned about and were moving rapidly toward Washington, Lee reached the one foremost in the retreat, and halted and turned it about within sight of the defences of the city. Chambliss' brigade followed, <325>and the whole train was secured. One hundred and twenty-five of the wagons, and all of the animals belonging to the train, were turned over to the chief quartermaster of the army at Gettysburg.

At this day we read the history of the minutest events connected with this campaign in the light of the final result. Had General Lee gained the battle of Gettysburg, as he said he would have done if Stonewall Jackson had been present,(1) the persistency with which Stuart held on to these wagons, and the difficulties he surmounted in transporting them safely through an enemy's country during the next three days and nights of incessant marching and fighting, would have been the cause of congratulation. But Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate arms, and not through Stuart's fault; and every circumstance which might have contributed to a different result will be judged in the light of the final catastrophe. Considered from this point of view, it must be acknowledged that the capture of this train of wagons was a misfortune. The time occupied in securing it was insignificant; but the delay caused to the subsequent march was serious at a time when minutes counted almost as hours. Had Stuart been entirely unimpeded he would have probably passed Hanover, Pa., on the 30th, before the arrival of Kilpatrick's division, and would have been in communication with General Lee before nightfall on that day. That

this would have altered the result of the campaign is a matter of grave doubt; but it would certainly have relieved the movement of the cavalry around the rear of Meade's army of the disapprobation to which some have given expression.

Another cause of delay at Rockville was Stuart's <326>humanity towards his prisoners, of whom more than four hundred were in his hands. Among them were Major James C. Duane and Captain N. Michler, of the Engineer Corps, U.S.A. At the urgent solicitation of these officers, Stuart consented to a parole, and the whole of the night was consumed at Brooksville and much time the next morning at Cooksville in accomplishing this business,--a useless task; for the Federal authorities refused to acknowledge the parole, and returned officers and men immediately to duty.

While this parole was being transacted, Fitz Lee's brigade was moved northward towards the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which it reached soon after daylight on the morning of the 29th. Much time was necessarily consumed in tearing up the track at Hood's Mill, in burning the bridge at Sykesville, and in destroying the telegraph line; but this work was effectually accomplished, and the last means of communication between General Meade's army and Washington was destroyed. Stuart now pressed on to Westminster, which he reached about five o'clock P.M. Here his advance encountered a brief but stubborn resistance from two companies of the 1st Delaware Cavalry, commanded by Major N. B. Knight. This fight was more gallant than judicious on the part of Major Knight, for he reports a loss of sixty-seven men out of ninety-five.(1) Two officers of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, who were well known as among the best in the regiment,---Lieutenants Pierre Gibson and John W. Murray,--were killed in this affair. Stuart says in his report that the ladies of the town begged to be allowed to superintend their interment, and that the request was granted.

For the first time since the 24th an abundance of provisions for men and horses was obtained at Westminster; <327>and moving the head of his column to Union Mills, on the Gettysburg road, Stuart rested for the remainder of the night. Here he ascertained that the enemy's cavalry had reached Littlestown, seven miles distant, on the same evening, and had gone into camp. At this day we can see that it would have been better had Stuart here destroyed the captured wagons. Up to this time they had caused no embarrassment, for the necessary delay in destroying the railroad and telegraph on the previous day had given ample time for the movement of the train. But now the close proximity of the enemy suggested the probability of a collision on the morrow, and the separation of the brigades by the wide interval which the train occupied was a disadvantage which might well have caused its immediate destruction. But it was not in Stuart's nature to abandon an attempt until it had been proven to be beyond his powers; and he determined to hold on to his prize until the last moment. This was unfortunate. Kilpatrick's division, at Littlestown, was only seven miles from Hanover. His march would of course be directed upon that point early the next morning. To reach the same place Stuart must traverse more than ten miles; but an early start and an unimpeded march would have placed him in advance of his adversary. As it was he struck the rear of Farnsworth's brigade at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th, in the town of Hanover, and scattered one regiment, the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, inflicting upon it a loss of eighty-six officers and men.(1) The 2d North Carolina

Cavalry, temporarily commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Payne, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, made this attack, which, if it could have been properly supported, would

have resulted in the rout of Kilpatrick's command. <328>But Hampton was separated from the leading brigade by the whole train of captured wagons, and Fitz Lee was marching on the left flank to protect the column from an attack by way of Littlestown. There was nothing at the front but Chambliss' small brigade; and before anything could be brought to the assistance of the 2d North Carolina, General Farnsworth rallied his regiments, and drove the North Carolinians from the town. In this charge Lieutenant-Colonel Payne was captured.

The road upon which this fight occurred debouches from the town of Hanover toward the south, and at a distance of perhaps three hundred yards from the town makes a turn almost at right angles as it ascends the hill beyond, enclosing a piece of meadow land, through which flows a little stream, whose steep banks form a ditch, from ten to fifteen feet wide and from three to four feet deep. Stuart, with his staff and couriers, occupied this field, on the side next the enemy. When the 2d North Carolina broke and retreated under Farnsworth's charge, this party maintained its position for some moments, firing with pistols at the flank of the enemy, who pursued the North Carolina regiment on the road. The position soon became one of extreme personal peril to Stuart, whose retreat by the road was cut off. Nothing remained but to leap the ditch. Splendidly mounted on his favorite mare Virginia, Stuart took the ditch at a running leap, and landed safely on the other side with several feet to spare. Some of his party made the leap with equal success, but not a few horses failed, and landed their riders in the shallow water, whence by energetic scrambling they reached the safe side of the stream. The ludicrousness of the situation, notwithstanding the peril, was the source of much merriment at the expense of these unfortunate ones.

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Upon the repulse of the 2d North Carolina Stuart retired to the hills south and east of Hanover, which gave him such commanding position that the enemy declined further advance. Hampton, on his arrival, was moved to the right, and by means of his sharpshooters dislodged the enemy from that part of the town. Fitz Lee in moving up on the left had encountered a part of Custer's brigade, and captured a member of Kilpatrick's staff and a number of other prisoners. In the mean time the wagons had been placed in close park, and preparation had been made to burn them should the necessity arise. But Custer's brigade, which had at first been placed on Kilpatrick's left, was subsequently moved to his right, and Hampton's success having relieved Stuart's right, he now determined to send Fitz Lee forward with the train, through Jefferson toward York, Pa., hoping thus to gain information which would guide his future movements. It was, however, late in the afternoon before this could be effected, and not until night had fallen did Stuart deem it prudent to withdraw from Kilpatrick, who still maintained his threatening position in front of Hanover. Kilpatrick showed no disposition to hinder Stuart's withdrawal, or to pursue him on the following day. He had been roughly handled during the short engagement at Hanover, and himself acknowledges an aggregate loss of 197. He moved as far northward on the next day as Abbottstown, and sent a detachment, under Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Alexander, which followed Stuart's trail as far as Rossville, but neither of these movements came within Stuart's observation.

During the night march to Jefferson the wagons and prisoners were a serious hindrance. Nearly four hundred prisoners had accumulated since the parole at Cooksville. Many of these were loaded in the wagons; <330>some of them acted as drivers. The mules were

starving for food and water, and often became unmanageable. Not infrequently a large part of the train would halt in the road because a driver toward the front had fallen asleep and allowed his team to stop. The train guard became careless through excessive fatigue, and it required the utmost exertions of every officer on Stuart's staff to keep the train in motion. The march was continued through the entire night, turning northward at Jefferson. When Fitz Lee reached the road leading from York to Gettysburg he learned that Early had retraced his steps, and had marched westward. The best information which Stuart could obtain seemed to indicate that the Confederate army was concentrating in the vicinity of Shippensburg. After a short rest at Dover, on the morning of the 1st of July, Stuart pressed on toward Carlisle, hoping there to obtain provisions for his troops, and definite information concerning the army. From Dover he sent Major A. R. Venable, of his staff, on the trail of Early's troops, and at a later hour of the day Captain Henry Lee, of Fitz Lee's staff, was sent toward Gettysburg on a similar errand. Stuart had reached Carlisle before either of these officers could return with a report. He found the town in the possession of the enemy. When the Confederate infantry had withdrawn from it General W. F. Smith had occupied the town with two brigades of militia, supported by artillery and a small force of cavalry. General Smith was summoned to surrender, but refused. While preparing to enforce his demand Stuart received, through Major Venable and Captain Lee, the first information of the location of the Confederate army, and orders from General Lee to move at once for Gettysburg. Hampton's brigade had brought up the rear from Dover, and <331>had not yet reached Dillsburg, at which place he was met and turned southward, with orders to proceed ten miles on the road toward Gettysburg before halting. After burning the barracks and throwing a few shells into the outskirts of the town, from which a constant fire of musketry had been maintained, Stuart withdrew from Carlisle and proceeded in the same direction. Hampton reached Hunterstown on the morning of the 2d of July, and was ordered to move thence to take position on the left of the Confederate infantry at Gettysburg. Before this movement was completed he received information of the advance of Kilpatrick's division upon Hunterstown, and was directed by Stuart to return and meet it. General Hampton states that after some skirmishing the enemy attempted a charge, which was met in front by the Cobb Legion, and on either flank by the Phillips Legion and the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, and that the enemy was driven back to the support of his dismounted men and artillery. He held the field until the next morning, when he found that the enemy had retired, leaving in Hunterstown some of his wounded officers and men. Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Deloney was wounded in this affair, and the Cobb Legion suffered other severe losses. On the other hand General Custer's report reads as follows:--

July 2d this regiment [the 6th Michigan Cavalry], being in advance, encountered the enemy's cavalry at Hunterstown. Here company A, Captain H. A. Thompson, charged a brigade of cavalry. Though suffering great loss he checked the enemy so as to enable our battery to be placed in position. The other squadrons of the regiment drove the enemy back, when the guns of the battery caused them precipitately to surrender the field.

General Kilpatrick states in his report that he was <332>attacked near Hunterstown by Stuart, Hampton, and Lee; that he drove the enemy from this point with great loss, and encamped for the night; and that the loss in Custer's brigade was thirty-two, killed, wounded, and missing.

Stuart himself, with Fitz Lee's and Chambliss' commands, reached Gettysburg on the

afternoon of the 2d, and took position on the Confederate left. For eight days and nights the troops had been marching incessantly. On the ninth night they rested within the shelter of the army, and with a grateful sense of relief which words cannot express.

This movement of Stuart in the rear of the Federal army has been the subject of much discussion, and the prevalent opinion among writers, both Federal and Confederate, is that it was an error in strategy. General J. A. Early is, so far as I know, the only prominent Confederate general who has expressed the opinion that it was not a misfortune to the Confederate cause. He says, on page 270, volume IV., "Southern Historical Society Papers "--

When Hooker was crossing the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry it was simply impossible for Stuart to cross that stream between that point and Harper's Ferry, as Hooker was keeping up his communications with that place, and the interval was narrow. Stuart's only alternatives, therefore, were to cross west of the Blue Ridge, at Shepherdstown or Williamsport, or east of Hooker's crossing. He selected the latter, in accordance with the discretion given him, and it is doubtful whether the former would have enabled him to fulfil General Lee's expectations, as Hooker immediately threw one corps to Knoxville, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a short distance below Harper's Ferry, and three to Middletown, in the Ca-toctin Valley, while the passes of the South Mountain were seized and guarded, and Buford's division of cavalry moved on <333>that flank. It is difficult, therefore, to perceive of what more avail in ascertaining and reporting the movements of the Federal army Stuart's cavalry could have been if it had moved on the west of South Mountain than individual scouts employed for that purpose, while it is very certain that his movement on the other flank greatly perplexed and bewildered the Federal commanders, and compelled them to move slower.

We may dismiss at once the inconsiderate charge that Stuart disobeyed or exceeded the orders given to him by General Lee, for General Lee states that Stuart acted "*in the exercise of the discretion given to him.*" Stuart had submitted his plans to his commander, in a personal interview. Those plans were approved, and he was authorized to carry them out if in his opinion it seemed best to do so. The responsibility of the movement, strategically considered, rests with General Lee. Many considerations may be urged in its favor. Two objects were placed before Stuart. He was desired to gain information of the enemy's movements, and to damage and delay him on his march. Let us consider the latter object. Among the direct results of Stuart's movement we find that Meade was deprived of the services of all of his cavalry except Buford's division until noon on the 2d of July, and that Buford's division was withdrawn from Meade's left on the second day of the battle at Gettysburg to protect the depot of supplies at Westminster, leaving unguarded the flank of Sickles' corps, to which circumstance is largely attributed the success of Longstreet's attack upon that corps.⁽¹⁾ A portion of French's command was also diverted eastward, to protect communication with Washington. Indeed, no one can read the despatches which passed between Meade and Halleck from the 28th of June to the 1st of July without <334>noting the perplexity which existed in regard to Lee's movements, and the wide divergence eastward of Meade's corps, both caused by the presence of Stuart in his rear. From this cause alone the 6th corps was able to participate only in the battle of the last day. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that in one respect General Stuart's movement accomplished all that was anticipated. General Lee expected that he would be able to

delay the movements of the enemy, and produce confusion and uncertainty in regard to the movements of his own army. This Stuart accomplished, and it does not appear that he could have secured these results by any other mode of operations; for had he decided to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown he must have remained near Rector's Cross Roads until the morning of the 26th, when the northward movement of Hooker's army would have been developed to him. He could have crossed at Shepherdstown on the 27th, but he could not have done more than occupy the gaps of South Mountain with a portion of his command on the 28th, even if unopposed. These movements could hardly have been concealed from the signal stations of the enemy, and would have been met by corresponding movements of the enemy's cavalry; for on the 28th Buford's division was at Middletown and Kilpatrick's at Frederick, ready to force a passage through the mountains and fall upon Lee's trains. A concentration of these divisions upon any one of the gaps would have enabled them to accomplish this result, and with nothing to attract attention on the other side of Meade's army there can be but little doubt that some plan of this nature would have been adopted. But on the 28th Halleck was urging Meade to send cavalry in pursuit of the raiders, and Gregg's and Kilpatrick's divisions were diverted <335>from Meade's left to protect his right and rear, while Buford was left to bear alone a two hours' conflict with the Confederate infantry at Gettysburg. The result shows that no better plan could have been adopted to secure Lee's right flank from annoyance.

It remains to consider whether Stuart made proper arrangements to obtain information concerning the enemy's movements during his separation from the army. Had he decided to follow Longstreet's crossing at Shepherdstown and operate on that flank, he could have attained this end only by using individual scouts or by making reconnoissances in force. For the latter purpose the force under Stuart's command was insufficient. After making the detachments which must necessarily have been made to observe or guard the passes of South Mountain, the handful of veterans left would have been unable to do more than hold their own in the presence of the Federal cavalry, which in recent encounters had proven itself an adversary by no means to be despised. Unless provided with an infantry support, Stuart could have made no reconnoissance which would have held forth any hope of piercing the cavalry which enveloped Hooker's advance. General Early speaks wisely when he says: *"It is doubtful whether the former [alternative] would have enabled him to fulfil General Lee's expectations."*

It seems necessary to emphasize the fact that Stuart carried but a portion of his cavalry with him, and that he left in direct communication with the army a force numerically superior to that under his own immediate command. Jenkins' brigade and White's battalion from Jones' brigade, which accompanied the advance of the army in Pennsylvania, numbered not less than 1,800 men, while Robertson's and Jones' brigades, which remained on the front vacated by Stuart, numbered about <336>3,000. Mosby and Stringfellow, two of the best scouts in either army, were, by Stuart's direction, operating within the enemy's lines; but Mosby was paralyzed by his failure to find Stuart in consequence of the movements of Hancock's corps, and Stringfellow had been captured and had allowed himself to be carried to Washington, intending to make his escape thence and return with the information he might gather. He had succeeded in this plan on a former occasion, but now was so closely guarded that he found no opportunity to escape, and only rejoined Stuart after the close of the campaign, and through the channel of regular exchange. The arrangements which Stuart made for obtaining information appear

to have been adequate to the occasion, and it seems strange that General Lee did not use Robertson and Jones for this purpose. He was aware that under the most favorable circumstances Stuart must be separated from the army for at least three or four days, and that during that time he must look to some one else for information; but although in daily communication with Robertson, he does not appear to have called upon him for such service; nor can it be discovered that Robertson made effort in that direction. He remained in the vicinity of Berryville until the 1st of July, on which day he was ordered by General Lee to join the army in Pennsylvania. It is to be regretted that Stuart did not assume the risk of taking Jones with him, and that he did not leave behind him Hampton or Fitz Lee; for it is inconceivable that either of these officers, with or without orders, would have remained inactive under such circumstances. It was not the want of cavalry that General Lee bewailed, for he had enough of it had it been properly used. It was the absence of Stuart himself that he felt so keenly; for on him he had <337>learned to rely to such an extent that it seemed as if his cavalry were concentrated in his person, and from him alone could information be expected. Hampton or Fitz Lee, better than any one else, would have supplied Stuart's place to the commanding general.

On the morning of the 3d several hours were consumed in replenishing the ammunition of the cavalry. Jenkins' brigade, commanded by Colonel M. J. Ferguson, of the 16th Virginia Cavalry, was added to Stuart's command, but by some bad management was supplied with only ten rounds of cartridges to the man. At about noon Stuart, with Jenkins' and Chambliss' brigades, moved out on the York turnpike, to take position on the left of the Confederate line of battle. Hampton and Fitz Lee were directed to follow. Breathed and McGregor had not been able to obtain ammunition, and were left behind, with orders to follow as soon as their chests were filled. Griffin's 2d Maryland battery, which had never before served under Stuart, accompanied Jenkins and Chambliss. Stuart's object was to gain position where he would protect the left of Ewell's corps, and would also be able to observe the enemy's rear and attack it in case the Confederate assault on the Federal lines were successful. He proposed, if opportunity offered, to make a diversion which might aid the Confederate infantry to carry the heights held by the Federal army.

After marching about two and a half miles on the York turnpike, Stuart turned to his right by a country road which led past the Stallsmith farm to "a commanding ridge which completely controlled a wide plain of cultivated fields stretching towards Hanover on the left, and reaching to the base of the mountain spurs among which the enemy held position." (1) This ridge is <338>known as the Cress Ridge. Its northern end was covered with woods, which enveloped the road by which he approached it, and concealed his presence from the enemy. Near where the woods terminated on the southwest, and on the slope of the hill, stood a stone dairy, covering a spring. On the plain below, and not more than three hundred yards from the foot of the hill, stood a large frame barn, known as the Rummel Barn. A glance satisfied Stuart that he had gained the position he wanted. The roads leading from the rear of the Federal line of battle were under his eye and could be reached by the prolongation of the road by which he had approached. Moreover, the open fields, although intersected by many fences, admitted of movement in any direction. When Stuart first reached this place the scene was as peaceful as if no war existed. The extension of the ridge on his right hid from view the lines of the contending armies, and not a living creature was visible on the plain below. While carefully concealing Jenkins' and Chambliss' brigades from view, Stuart pushed one of Griffin's guns to the edge of the

woods and fired a number of random shots in different directions, himself giving orders to the gun. This, quite as much as the subsequent appearance of Hampton and Fitz Lee in the open ground to the left, announced his position to the enemy's cavalry; for General Gregg tells us that about noon he had received notice from army headquarters that a large body of cavalry had been observed moving toward the Confederate left. He was, therefore, on the alert before Stuart's arrival. I have been somewhat perplexed to account for Stuart's conduct in firing these shots; but I suppose that they may have been a prearranged signal by which he was to notify General Lee that he had gained a favorable position; or, finding that none of <339>the enemy were within sight, he may have desired to satisfy himself whether the Federal cavalry was in his immediate vicinity before leaving the strong position he then held; and receiving no immediate reply to this fire, he sent for Hampton and Fitz Lee, to arrange with them for an advance and an attack upon the enemy's rear. In the mean time Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent Witcher's battalion, of Jenkins' brigade, was dismounted and sent forward to hold the Rummel barn and a line of fence on its right. Matters were not, however, allowed to remain in this position. Stuart's messenger was a long time in finding Hampton; and before he, in turn, could find Stuart, the condition of the field required his presence with his own brigade.

The first sign of activity on the Federal side came from a battery near the house of Joseph Spangler. This was horse battery M, 2d United States Artillery, consisting of six three-inch rifles, and commanded by Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington. The fire of these guns was most accurate and effective. The first shot struck in Griffin's battery, and shot after shot came with such precision and rapidity, that Griffin was soon disabled and forced to seek shelter. The enemy now advanced a strong line of dismounted men against Colonel Witcher's position, overlapping his right. Witcher was reinforced by a dismounted squadron from Chambliss' command, which took position on his left, and the line was still further extended in that direction by sharpshooters from Hampton's and Fitz Lee's brigades. The 2d Virginia Cavalry held the extreme left. Reinforcements were now added to the Federal line along the whole front. While these dispositions were being made, Witcher's battalion had been hotly engaged on the right, and so long as his ten rounds of cartridges lasted, he not only maintained his ground, but even gained on <340>the enemy. The failure of his ammunition caused him to retire for a short distance just as the lines on his left closed in deadly fight. Here the charge of the Confederate sharpshooters was a success. The men sprang eagerly to their work, and the Federal line was driven back across the field for a long distance. It is either to this or to the mounted charge which next followed that Colonel J. Irving Gregg refers in the following extract from his report: "*My command did not participate in the cavalry fight of July 3d, except one section of Captain Randol's battery, under command of Lieutenant Chaster, which was hotly engaged, and was obliged to retire about two hundred yards on account of a portion of General Custer's command giving way.*"

Up to this time no mounted men had been employed on either side; but now the enemy brought forward a body of cavalry which rode through the Confederate line, drove it back, and captured a number of prisoners. This Federal charge was continued nearly to the original line held by the Confederates at the Rummel barn, where it was met by Chambliss' brigade, aided by the 1st Virginia Cavalry. The Federal cavalry was in turn forced back, but being reinforced, the tide was turned against Chambliss, and he was driven back to his starting-point. Just then Hampton arrived with the first North Carolina

and the Jeff Davis Legion, and the battle was renewed back and forth across the plain until all of Hampton's brigade except the Cobb Legion, and all of Fitz Lee's brigade except the 4th Virginia Cavalry, were engaged in the fierce hand to hand *mêlée* which followed. For many minutes the fight with sabre and pistol raged most furiously. Neither party seemed willing to give way. The impetuous attack of the Federal cavalry was, however, finally broken; and both parties withdrew to the lines held at the <341>opening of the fight. During this conflict the artillery on either side had participated so far as the safety of their own troops would permit. Breathed and McGregor had reached the field, and had taken position near where Griffin's battery was originally posted. After the cavalry fighting was ended a fierce artillery duel ensued, in which the Confederate batteries suffered some severe losses. The inferiority of their ammunition was painfully evident. Many of their shells exploded before they had halfway crossed the plain. Breathed and McGregor, however, held their position until nightfall.

The result of this battle shows that there is no probability that Stuart could successfully have carried out his intention of attacking the rear of the Federal right flank, for it was sufficiently protected by Gregg's command. As soon as General Gregg was aware of Stuart's presence he wisely assumed the aggressive, and forced upon Stuart a battle in which he had nothing to gain but the glory of the fighting; while Gregg himself performed the paramount duty of protecting the right flank of the Federal army. At the close of the battle General Gregg had a reserve of one strong brigade which had hardly been engaged at all, and which was drawn up ready for action in full view of the Confederate position. Stuart had no fresh troops with which to renew the fight; he therefore maintained his position until night, when he withdrew to the York turnpike, leaving the 1st Virginia Cavalry on picket on the field.

This battle has been described from the Federal stand-point by Colonel William Brooke-Rawle, in an address delivered at the dedication of the monumental shaft which marks the scene of the engagement. This address is characterized by a spirit of fairness and an <342>accuracy of description which are worthy of imitation. It is only in regard to the result of the last *mêlée* that many surviving Confederate cavalymen demand that I shall present their testimony. Colonel Brooke-Rawle says:--

As Hart's squadron and other small parties charged in from all sides, the enemy turned. Then there was a pell-mell rush, our men following in close pursuit. Many prisoners were captured, and many of our men, through their impetuosity, were carried away by the overpowering current of the retreat. The pursuit was kept up past Rummel's, and the enemy was driven back into the woods beyond. The line of fences, and the farm-buildings, the key-point of the field, which in the beginning of the fight had been in the possession of the enemy, remained in ours until the end.

I have not been able to find any Confederate who will corroborate this statement: on the contrary, all the testimony on that side indicates a result successful to the Confederates in the last charge. It is not just to say that this arises from a disposition on the part of the Southern cavalymen to claim uniform victory for themselves; for they have put on record many instances of candid acknowledgment of defeat. Moreover, it is *improbable* that Federal skirmishers could have held possession of the Rummel barn: for that building was not more than three hundred yards from the woods from which Jenkins' and Chambliss' brigades debouched for the fight, and on the edge of which the Confederate cavalry and artillery held position until the close of the day. And yet it was more than half a mile from

the Lott house, which was, perhaps, the nearest point where any Federal cavalry were visible. If Federal skirmishers held the Rummel barn they concealed their presence; otherwise their capture would have been effected before aid could have been sent to them.

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The testimony of many individuals is inconsistent with the idea of the Federal occupation of the Rum-mel barn. After the fighting had ceased, I accompanied Stuart as he rode over a part of the field in the vicinity of the barn, and often in close rifle range of it. We were the only horsemen visible on the plain. The fire from the opposing batteries passed over our heads; and we were so much endangered by the premature explosion of shells from our own guns, that I at length ventured to expostulate with him for what I considered an unnecessary exposure of his person. I may add that, attended by Private J. Thompson Quarles of our escort, I remained on the field until about ten o'clock at night, superintending the execution of some orders which had been intrusted to my care.

Dr. Talcott Eliason, Chief Surgeon of the cavalry division, writes to me in a letter of recent date that he remained in the vicinity of the Rummel barn, removing the wounded, a majority of whom were Federals, until half past seven or eight o'clock in the evening.

Colonel W. A. Morgan, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, who was wounded in this battle, writes :--

The barn, a large frame one, was certainly held by a portion of my regiment during the fighting of the afternoon, and all night until our lines were called in, and the retreat began with our cavalry as rear-guard. My regiment held its line until recalled early the next morning.

The Rev. G. W. Beale, of Buchanan, Va., who, as lieutenant, commanded a squadron of the 9th Virginia Cavalry at Gettysburg, writes as follows: --

Our dismounted men were giving way on Jenkins' line, and a body of mounted men were dashing forward to force a rout, when we moved forward at a trot, passed Rummel's barn, and engaged the mounted men at close range across a fence. Some of our troops, dismounting, threw down the <344>fence and we entered the field. A short hand to hand fight ensued, but the enemy speedily broke and fled. Whilst pursuing them I observed another body of the enemy approaching rapidly from the right to strike us in the flank and rear. I bore off in company with a portion of our men to meet and check this force. We soon found ourselves overpowered, and fell back closely pressed on two lines which converged at the barn. I was by General Stuart's side as we approached the barn. My horse fell at this point, placing me in danger of being made a prisoner. At this moment General Hampton dashed up at the head of his brigade. He was holding the colors in his hand, and passed them into the hands of a soldier at his side just as he swept by me. The charge of his brigade, as far as I could judge, was successful in driving the enemy back from that part of the field. Our brigade reformed on the edge of the woods in which it stood before the charge was made, and this position was held until we were quietly withdrawn at night. Our position commanded an easy view of the barn and of the line our skirmishers assumed at the beginning of the battle. We were so near to the barn that I rode back to where my horse had fallen, to secure if possible the effects strapped on my saddle. Later in the evening I sent two of my men to the same spot to search for the body of Private B. B. Ashton, of my company, who was supposed to have been left dead on the field. These facts warrant me in the conviction that we were not driven from the field, as has been

contended.

Among the incidents of this engagement I remember to have seen young Richardson, of company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry, the brother of our sergeant-major, fall on the fence as he was leaping into the field, mortally wounded by a piece of a shell. Corporal Carroll and Private Jett, of company C, after the hand to hand fight in the field, showed me their sabres cut off close to the hilt, and Carroll's forehead was gashed with a sabre.

Fitz Lee's brigade held the left of the Confederate line northeast of the Rummel barn. General Fitzhugh Lee writes:--

The position held by my cavalry at Gettysburg on the morning <345>of the 3d was held by them at dark. They never left it except to go to the front in a charge. Such a condition of things could not have existed had other portions of the line been abandoned.

Private G. W. Gilmer, company C, 2d Virginia Cavalry, writes that he was twice wounded in the attack which his squadron made, as dismounted skirmishers, on the enemy's battery. He remained on the field where he fell for half an hour, after which he was conveyed by his own comrades to a farm-house in the rear. His wounds were too serious to permit his removal, and he fell into the enemy's hands on the following morning.

Lieutenant James I. Lee, company F, 2d Virginia Cavalry, writes:--

We were in a lane between two stake-and-rider fences. We were ordered to charge the enemy, which we did, and drove them for some distance. We had nearly reached their battery when we were charged by the enemy's cavalry, who were promptly met by our own, and a general fight began, which lasted only a short time, as the enemy withdrew and left us in possession of the field for the remainder of the evening. After the cavalry fight had ended, Lieutenant Baughn, of company C, and myself went back to our horse-holders leisurely, as did the rest of the command.

Similar testimony can be multiplied to an indefinite extent, and the high character of those who give it must command the careful consideration of one who would form a true judgment as to the result of the fighting in this battle.

In his official report General Gregg acknowledges an aggregate loss of 295 in his division. General Custer's report states the loss in his brigade at 542. This would put the entire Federal loss at 837,--a loss so excessive as to cause suspicion that error has crept into the statement. Through the kindness of Colonel Robert N. Scott, of the War Records Office, Washington, D.C., <346>I am enabled to state that the loss in Gregg's division was one killed, 24 wounded, and eight missing; and in Custer's brigade, 29 killed, 123 wounded, and 67 missing; an aggregate loss of 252. Colonel Scott states that he has proof that the statement in General Gregg's report includes the losses in his own division on July 2d and those in Custer's brigade on July 3d.

On page 398 of the preliminary print of Confederate reports of Gettysburg, Stuart states his loss at 181. This report does not include the losses in Jenkins' brigade and the horse artillery.

The regiments of Confederate cavalry present at this battle were as follows: in Hampton's brigade, the 1st North Carolina and the 1st and 2d South Carolina Cavalry regiments, the Cobb Georgia, the Jeff Davis, and the Phillips Georgia Legions; in Fitz Lee's brigade, the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th Virginia Cavalry regiments; in W. H. F. Lee's

brigade, the 9th, 10th, and 13th Virginia Cavalry regiments, and the 2d North Carolina Cavalry; in Jenkins' brigade, the 14th, 16th, and 17th Virginia Cavalry regiments, and the 34th and 36th Virginia battalions. The 15th Virginia Cavalry, of W. H. F. Lee's brigade, was on detached service in Virginia. The 1st battalion of Maryland Cavalry, which on some returns appears as a part of Fitz Lee's brigade, had not yet joined Fitz Lee, but was serving with Ewell's corps.' The 4th Virginia Cavalry guarded the Confederate left, at some distance from the battle-field, and did not participate in the fighting. All the Confederate regiments had been greatly reduced in numbers by the arduous services of the previous month. Some idea of this depletion may be gained from the following statement of Lieutenant G. W. Beale, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry: "My own company could muster for duty that morning only fifteen men, whose names I <347>preserve. The 9th regiment was not more than one hundred strong, and the brigade could have hardly exceeded three hundred." The other regiments of Stuart's command were reduced in a similar proportion.

The Confederate batteries engaged were McGregor's, Breathed's, and Griffin's.

While Stuart was thus occupied on the Confederate left, Robertson's command was not inactive on the right. He had moved from the vicinity of Berryville on the 1st of July, and proceeding by way of Williamsport and Chambersburg, had reached Cashtown on the 3d. General Jones' brigade was reduced to three regiments, the 6th, 7th, and 11th. The 12th Virginia Cavalry had been picketing toward Harper's Ferry, and was left on that front, where, on the night of the 30th of June, Adjutant Harman and Lieutenant George Baylor captured a picket consisting of a lieutenant and nineteen men, one of the enemy being killed and one escaping.

At Cashtown orders were received from General Lee that a force of cavalry should be sent to Fairfield to protect the wagon trains. General Jones immediately proceeded in that direction with his three regiments. About two miles from Fairfield he encountered the 6th United States Cavalry. The opposing forces met in a lane, both sides of which were of post-and-rail fences too strong to be broken except with the axe. Although the country was open, the numerous small fields, divided by similar fences, rendered it difficult to bring into action more than a small body of men at one time. The 7th Virginia Cavalry made the first attack, but being met by a severe fire of dismounted men on either flank, the regiment broke and retired. General Jones says in his report: "A failure to rally promptly and renew the fight is a blemish in the bright history <348>of this regiment. Many officers and men formed noble exceptions." Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Marshall, commanding this regiment, admits this bad conduct with all frankness, but states that a portion of the regiment joined in the subsequent charge and contributed to the final result. The 7th regiment lost in this affair thirty men, only one of whom was captured.

The 6th Virginia Cavalry, under Major C. E. Flournoy, was now brought to the front and fully retrieved the fortunes of the day. An unhesitating charge broke the enemy and routed him. Major Samuel H. Starr, commanding the 6th Regulars, was wounded and captured, as was also his second in command, Captain G. C. Cram. General Jones states that he captured 184 prisoners. Colonel Marshall states the number at 220; while Lieutenant Nicholas Nolan, who commanded this regiment on the 27th of July, reports an aggregate loss of 298 officers and men and 292 horses.(1) Captain D. T. Richards, of the 6th Virginia, led this charge with his squadron. Adjutant John Allen was killed at the head of the regiment. Lieutenant R. R. Duncan, of company B, is mentioned by Major Flournoy

(1) Captain G. C. Cram, commanding the 6th United States Cavalry, reports that he carried into the battle on the 21st of June 12 commissioned officers and 242 enlisted men. The records of the Adjutant-General's Office show that at that time over 400 men were absent from the regiment on "detached service." Between the 21st and 30th of June many of these *absentees* had been returned, so that at the latter date the regiment numbered 587 officers and men "present for duty." The actual loss of the regiment on the 3d of July, as shown by the records, was six men killed, five officers and 23 men wounded, and five officers and 203 men captured or missing; a total of 242. On the 7th of July the 7th Virginia Cavalry again encountered the 6th United States Cavalry, and inflicted upon it a loss of 59. In these two engagements this regiment lost 301 officers and men. Such a loss would almost have annihilated any one of the Confederate regiments; and accordingly we find that General W. E. Jones remarks: "The 6th United States Regular Cavalry numbers among the things that were." General Jones was mistaken. This regiment still kept the field with respectable numbers.

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as "conspicuous for his daring." The loss in this regiment was 28, of whom five were missing.

After dark, on the 3d, Stuart withdrew his cavalry from the battle-field to the York road, where he encamped for the night. The main army was at the same time withdrawn to the ridges west of Gettysburg. Information of this movement did not reach Stuart, and it was only by a personal visit to army headquarters during the latter part of the night that he was made acquainted with it. His command was now in an isolated and exposed position, but it was successfully withdrawn early on the morning of the 4th.

Stuart's report thus continues the narrative of his movements:--

During the 4th, which was quite rainy, written instructions were received from the commanding general as to the order of march back to the Potomac, to be undertaken at nightfall. In this order two brigades of cavalry (Fitz Lee's and Hampton's) were ordered to move, as heretofore stated, by way of Cash-town, guarding that flank, bringing up the rear on the road *via* Greenwood to Williamsport, which was the route designated for the main portion of the wagon trains and ambulances. under the special charge of General Imboden, who had a mixed command of artillery, infantry, and cavalry (his own).

Previous to these instructions I had, at the instance of the commanding general, instructed Brigadier-General Robertson, whose two brigades (his own and Jones') were now on the right near Fairfield, Pa., that it was essentially necessary for him to hold the Jack Mountain passes. These included two prominent roads, --the one north and the other south of Jack Mountain, which is a sort of peak in the Blue Ridge chain.

In the order of march (retrograde) one corps (Hill's) preceded everything through the mountain; the baggage and prisoners of war were escorted by another corps. Longstreet occupied the centre, and the 3d (Ewell's) brought up the rear. The cavalry was disposed as follows: two brigades on the Cashtown road, under General Fitz Lee; and the remainder, <350>Jenkins' and Chambliss', under my immediate command, was directed to proceed by way of Emmittsburg, Md., so as to guard the other flank. I dispatched Captain W. W. Black-ford, of the engineer corps, to General Robertson, to inform him of my movement and direct his coöperation, as Emmittsburg was in his immediate front and was probably occupied by the enemy's cavalry. It was dark before I had passed the extreme right of our line, and having to pass through very dense woods, taking by-roads, it soon became so dark that it was impossible to proceed. We were in danger of losing the command as well as the road. It was raining, also. We halted several hours, when, having received a good

guide, and it becoming more light, the march was resumed, and just at dawn we entered Emmitsburg. We there learned that a large body of the enemy's cavalry had passed through that point the afternoon previous, going toward Monterey, one of the passes designated in my instructions to Brigadier-General Robertson. I halted for a short time to procure some rations, and, examining my map, I saw that this force would either attempt to force one of the gaps, or, foiled in that (as I supposed they would be), it would either turn to the right and bear off toward Fairfield, where it would meet with a like repulse from Hill's or Longstreet's corps, or, turning to the left before reaching Monterey, would strike across by Oeiler's Gap toward Hagerstown, and thus seriously threaten that portion of our trains which, under Imboden, would be passing down the Greencastle pike the next day, and interpose itself between the main body and its baggage. I did not consider that this force could seriously annoy any other portion of the command under the order of march prescribed, particularly as it was believed that those gaps would be held by General Robertson till he could be reinforced by the main body. I therefore determined to adhere to my instructions and proceed by way of Cavetown, by which I might intercept the enemy should he pass through Oeiler's Gap.

In and around Emmitsburg we captured 60 or 70 prisoners of war, and some valuable hospital stores *en route* from Frederick to the army.

The march was resumed on the road to Frederick until we <351>reached a small village called Cooperstown, where our route turned short to the right. Here I halted the column to feed, as the horses were much fatigued and famished. The column, after an hour's halt, continued through Harbaugh's Valley, by Zion Church, to pass the Catoctin Mountain. The road separated before debouching from the mountain, one fork leading to the left by Smithtown, and the other to the right, bearing more towards Leitersburg. I divided my command, in order to make the passage more certain,--Colonel Ferguson, commanding Jenkins' brigade, taking the left road, and Chambliss' brigade, which I accompanied, the other. Before reaching the west entrance to this pass I found it held by the enemy, and had to dismount a large portion of the command and fight from crag to crag of the mountain to dislodge the enemy, already posted. Our passage was finally forced, and as my column emerged from the mountains it received the fire of the enemy's battery, posted to the left on the road to Boonsboro'. I ascertained too, about this time, by the firing, that the party on the other route had met with resistance, and sent at once to apprise Colonel Ferguson of our passage, and directed him, if not already through, to withdraw and come by the same route I had followed. Our artillery was soon in position, and a few fires drove the enemy from his position.

I was told by a citizen that the party I had just attacked was the cavalry of Kilpatrick, who had claimed to have captured several thousand prisoners and four or five hundred wagons from our forces near Monterey; but I was further informed that not more than forty wagons accompanied them, and other facts I heard led me to believe the success was far overrated. About this time Captain G. M. Emack, of the Maryland Cav-airy, with his arm in a sling, came to us and reported that he had been in the fight of the night before, and partially confirmed the statement of the citizen, and informed me, to my surprise, that a large portion of Ewell's corps trains had preceded the army through the mountains.

It was nearly night, and I felt it of the first importance to open communication with the main army, particularly as I was led to believe that a portion of this force might still be hovering on its flanks. I sent a trusty and intelligent soldier <352>(Private Robert W.

Goode, 1st Virginia Cavalry) to reach the commanding general by a route across the country, and relate to him what I knew as well as what he might discover *en route*, and moved towards Leitersburg as soon as Colonel Ferguson came up, who, although his advance had forced the passage of the gap, upon the receipt of my despatch turned back and came by the same route I had taken, thus making an unnecessary circuit of several miles, and not reaching me until after dark.

The movements of the enemy referred to by Stuart need to be explained. On the morning of the 4th General Kilpatrick was ordered from Gettysburg to attack the trains which were moving on the road between Fairfield and Waynesboro'. He reached Emmittsburg at three o'clock in the afternoon, and joining Huey's brigade of Gregg's division to his own command, he moved on to the Monterey Gap. As has already been indicated in Stuart's report, two roads leading westward from Fairfield cross the mountains, the one on the north and the other on the south of Jack Mountain. The southern road intersects the road from Emmittsburg to Waynesboro' about six miles from Emmittsburg. Upon the northern road General Ewell's trains were passing. General Robertson lay in the vicinity of Fairfield with his own two regiments and three of Jones' brigade, with a picket at the intersection of the Emmittsburg road. When attacked by Kilpatrick this picket retired towards Fairfield, leaving no force on the road to Monterey Gap. Captain (afterwards Major) G. M. Emack, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, had, however, been stationed by some one on this road, and was able to delay the enemy's advance from dark until three o'clock in the morning. General Kilpatrick seems to have considered that his command was in a perilous situation. He states that he brushed away a force of cavalry from his <353>front,--probably Robertson's picket,--but was afterwards attacked, both in front and rear, on a rugged mountain-side, where the road was too narrow even to reverse a gun. He extricated himself from this dangerous position by a mounted charge of Custer's brigade. He reached the road upon which Ewell's train was moving, captured and destroyed a large number of wagons, and reached Smithfield early the next morning with 1,360 prisoners and a large number of horses and mules.

Major G.M. Emack, now residing near Versailles, Ky., has given me the following narrative of the events of this night:--

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1863, as Lee's army was on the retreat from Gettysburg, I was ordered to place a picket on the Emmittsburg road near Monterey. Selecting Sergeant Sam Spencer and six men for the post, the rest of my company, under Lieutenants Cook and Blackiston, were sent foraging. The advance picket had been on duty but a short time, when I was notified of the advance of a large body of Federal cavalry and artillery from the direction of Emmittsburg, I immediately returned to Ewell's wagon train, which was coming into the road in my rear, and going down the road half a mile, stopped the wagons from coming further, and started those in advance at a trot, so that, should the enemy break through my picket, they would find no wagons in the road. In doing this I came across a lieutenant of a North Carolina battery, who had but one gun and only two rounds of ammunition. With this he galloped up the road to my picket; and, placing him in position, I directed him to put both charges in his gun and await orders. Sergeant Spencer was placed in rear with five men, while I advanced down the road, accompanied by Private Edward Thomas, until I met the head of the enemy's column. It was then dusk and raining; and as we wore our gum coats the Federal cavalry failed to recognize us. Without making any demonstration we turned and retreated before them at a

walk, shielding the gun as much as possible as we <354>neared it. As soon as we passed the gun the lieutenant fired into the head of the column. Taking advantage of the halt and confusion which followed this fire, I charged with my little party, in all only eight mounted men, and succeeded in driving them back for more than a mile, until they reached their artillery. From the shouting and firing among the retreating enemy we concluded that they had become panic-stricken and were fighting among themselves.

The firing brought up Lieutenant Blackiston with the rest of my company; and dismounting the men, we formed line in some undergrowth on one side of the road. After fully an hour we heard the enemy advancing, this time with more caution and with dismounted skirmishers thrown out on each side of the road. Lying on the ground, we reserved our fire until they were within ten or fifteen paces of us, when we gave them a volley which caused another precipitate retreat. I now withdrew my men to another position, and formed them dismounted on either side of the road. Sergeant Spencer had charge of one squad and Sergeant Wilson of the other. Lieutenant Blackiston had charge of the horses and prisoners in the rear. Kilpatrick now commanded a general advance with mounted and dismounted men and with artillery, firing at every step, which to us was rather amusing, as we were about a mile distant and lying snugly on the ground. About midnight he reached Monterey, and opened a tremendous fire on us with artillery and dismounted men, to which we made but little answer.

In the mean time the wagons had commenced to run in on the road in my rear, and I again went back on the Gettysburg road and stopped them. They were soon started again, and on going back to ascertain the cause I was informed that they were moving by General W. E. Jones' orders. I found General Jones and told him that I had only a handful of men opposed to all of Kilpatrick's cavalry; and I urged the importance of keeping the road clear, so that when the enemy broke through he would find nothing on it. The general said that the train must move on, and if I could hold out a little longer the 6th Virginia Cavalry would come to my assistance. I returned to my men and urged them not to yield an inch nor to <355>waste any ammunition (we had but little at the commencement). The enemy now increased their fire until it seemed as if nothing could stand before it. Still these men lay there under it coolly, awaiting an opportunity to strike another blow. The enemy's skirmishers at last walked into my line, and I was told that one of them actually trod on private Key who killed him on the spot. The enemy was again driven back. My ammunition was entirely exhausted and some of my men actually fought with rocks; nor did they give back an inch.

The 4th North Carolina Cavalry now made its appearance at the junction of the two roads in my rear, and after General Jones and his staff had exhausted every means to get them to my assistance, I finally succeeded in getting a lieutenant and about ten men to dismount and advance to my line. The 6th Virginia Cavalry, that I knew so well to be good fighters, never made its appearance during the night. At about three o'clock A.M., finding that he had no force of consequence opposed to him, Kilpatrick advanced his cavalry to within twenty yards of my position, and gave the order to charge. A running fight now ensued amid wagons and ambulances. As we passed out of the mountain we met Captain Welsh's company of the 1st Maryland Cavalry at the junction of another road. Here the enemy was held in check for a moment, but they soon swept us aside, and on they went until they had captured all the wagons found in the road. The two portions of the train that I had cut off were not reached by the enemy; and I do not believe that we

would have lost any of the train had it not been started on the road after I had stopped it.

In this fight about half the men I had engaged were captured, and I myself was wounded. According to the official report of General Kilpatrick, his loss was five killed, 10 wounded, and 28 prisoners, in all 43 men, or more than I had in the fight including horse-holders.

General W. E. Jones says in his report:--

The evening of July 4th, when it was reported the enemy were advancing in force on the Emmitsburg and Waynes-boro' road, I saw that General Ewell's train (then on its way to Williamsport) was in danger, and asked to go with my command to its protection. I was allowed the 6th and 7th <356>regiments and Chew's battery; but the 7th was afterwards ordered back, and Colonel Ferebee's regiment (4th North Carolina Cavalry) allowed to take its place, the latter being then on this road. This narrow and difficult way, rendered doubly so by heavy rain just fallen, was so blocked by wagons as to render it wholly impracticable to push ahead the artillery or even the cavalry. With my staff I hastened on to rally all the stragglers of the train to the support of whatever force might be guarding the road. Arriving, I found Captain G. M. Emack's company of the Maryland Cavalry, with one gun, opposed to a whole division of Federal cavalry, with a full battery. He had already been driven back within a few hundred yards of the junction of the roads. Not half of the long train had passed. This brave little band of heroes was encouraged with the hope of speedy reinforcements, reminded of the importance of their trust, and exhorted to fight to the bitter end rather than yield. All my couriers and all others with fire-arms were ordered to the front, directed to lie on the ground and be sparing of their ammunition. The last charge of grape was expended and the piece sent to the rear. For more than two hours less than fifty men kept many thousands in check, and the wagons continued to pass long after the balls were whistling in their midst.

After Stuart had forced the passage of the mountains on the afternoon of the 5th, Kilpatrick retired to Boonsboro', where his prisoners were turned over to General French. On the next day, the 6th of July, Buford's division arrived at Boonsboro', and it was arranged between Buford and Kilpatrick that the former should attack the trains which were assembled at Williamsport, while the latter moved against Stuart at Hagerstown. General Stuart says in his report:--

Having heard from the commanding general about daylight the next morning, and being satisfied that all of Kilpatrick's force had gone towards Boonsboro', I immediately, notwithstanding the march of a greater portion of both the preceding nights, set out for Boonsboro'. Jones' brigade had now arrived by the route from Fairfield. Soon after night <357>Brigadier-General Jones, whose capture had been reported by Captain Emack, came from the direction of Williamsport, whither he had gone with the portion of the train which escaped. The enemy's movements had separated him from his command, and he had made a very narrow escape. He informed me of Imboden's arrival at Williamsport.

Having reached Cavetown, I directed General Jones to proceed on the Boonsboro' road a few miles, and thence proceed to Funkstown, which point I desired him to hold, covering the eastern front of Hagerstown. Chambliss' brigade proceeded direct from Leitersburg to Hagerstown, and Robertson's took the same route, both together a very small command. Diverging from Jones' line of march at Cavetown, I proceeded with Jenkins' brigade by way of Chewsville towards Hagerstown. Upon arriving at the former

place, it was ascertained that the enemy was nearing Hagerstown with a large force of cavalry from the direction of Boonsboro', and Colonel Chambliss needed reinforcements. Jenkins' brigade was pushed forward, and arriving before Hagerstown found the enemy in possession, and made an attack in flank by this road, Jones coming up further to the left and opening with a few shots of artillery. A small body of infantry, under Brigadier-General Iverson, also held the north edge of the town, aided by the cavalry of Robertson and Chambliss. Our operations here were much embarrassed by our great difficulty in preventing this latter force from mistaking us for the enemy, several shots striking very near our column. I felt sure that the enemy's designs were directed against Williamsport, where, I was informed by General Jones, our wagons were congregated in a narrow space at the foot of the hill near the river, which was too much swollen to admit their passage to the south bank. I therefore urged on all sides the most vigorous attack to save our trains at Williamsport. Our force was perceptibly much smaller than the enemy's, but by a bold front and determined attack, with a reliance on that help which has never failed me. I hoped to raise the siege of Williamsport, if, as I believed, that was the real object of the enemy's designs. Hagerstown is six miles from Williamsport, the country between being almost entirely cleared, but intersected by innumerable fences and <358>ditches. The two places are connected by a lane, -- a perfectly straight macadamized road. The enemy's skirmishers fought dismounted from street to street, and some time elapsed before the town was entirely clear, the enemy taking the road first toward Sharpsburg, but afterwards turning to the Williamsport road. Just as the town was cleared I heard the sound of artillery at Williamsport.

The cavalry, except the two brigades with General Fitz Lee, was now pretty well concentrated at Hagerstown, and one column, under Colonel Chambliss, was pushed directly down the road after the enemy, while Robertson's two regiments and Jenkins' brigade kept to the left of the road, moving in a parallel direction to Chambliss. A portion of the Stuart Horse Artillery also accompanied the movement. The first charge was gallantly executed by the leading brigade, the 9th and 13th Virginia Cavalry participating with marked gallantry. The column on the flank was now hurried up to attack the enemy, but the obstacles, such as post-and-rail fences, delayed its progress so long that the enemy had time to rally along a crest of rocks and fences, from which he opened with artillery, raking the road. Jenkins' brigade was ordered to dismount and deploy over the difficult ground. This was done with marked effect and boldness, Lieutenant-Colonel Witcher, as usual, distinguishing himself by his courage and conduct. The enemy, thus dislodged, was closely pressed by the mounted cavalry, but made one effort at counter-charge, which was gallantly met and repulsed by Colonel James B. Gordon, commanding a fragment of the 5th North Carolina Cavalry, that officer exhibiting under my eye individual prowess deserving special commendation. The repulse was soon after converted into a rout by Colonel Lomax's regiment, the 11th Virginia Cavalry of Jones' brigade, which now took the road under the gallant leadership of its colonel, and with drawn sabres charged down the turnpike under a fearful fire of artillery.

Lieutenant-Colonel O. R. Funsten behaved with conspicuous gallantry in this charge, and Captain S. Winthrop, a volunteer aid of Lieutenant-General Longstreet, also bore himself most gallantly.

The enemy was now very near Williamsport, and this <359>determined and vigorous attack in his rear *soon* compelled him to raise the siege of that place and leave by the

Downsville road. His withdrawal was favored by night, which set in just as we reached the ridge overlooking Williamsport. Important assistance was rendered by Brigadier-General Fitz Lee, who reached the vicinity of Williamsport by the Greencastle road very opportunely, and participated in the attack with his accustomed spirit.

General Kilpatrick describes this same affair in his report. He states that Stuart, at Hagerstown, was expecting him from the direction of Gettysburg; but that he attacked Stuart from the direction of Boons-bore,' surprised him, routed him, and drove him in the direction of Greencastle and Gettysburg. Stuart, however, was not in Hagerstown at that time. The force which Kilpatrick attacked was Chambliss' and Robertson's brigades, which together hardly made one good regiment. Colonel J. Lucius Davis, of the 10th Virginia Cavalry, was captured in this fight. His horse was killed, and falling on him confined him to the ground until he was released by the enemy. Kilpatrick pressed Chambliss and Robertson back through the town until he encountered Iverson's brigade, which was marching with the trains for their protection. General Iverson says in his report:--

Reached Hagerstown next day, where I found the enemy engaged with our cavalry. Sent the train back to the rear, deployed skirmishers, fixed an ambuscade, and I believe killed, wounded, and captured as many of the enemy as I had men.

General Kilpatrick further states that, learning from prisoners belonging to Hood's division that their whole division was close at hand, he left one brigade, under Colonel Richmond, to hold the enemy in check at Hagerstown, while he, with the other two brigades, hurried on toward Williamsport in the hope that his <360>command, united with that of General Buford, would be able to effect the capture and destruction of the Confederate trains before relief could reach them. He pushed Custer's brigade forward, and soon became hotly engaged on Buford's right, within less than a mile of Williamsport. When about to advance all of Custer's regiments, with prospect of success, he was informed by Colonel Richmond that the enemy had attacked him with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. At the same time he was made aware that a column of infantry was moving on his own right flank. "A few moments later General Buford sent a staff officer to say that he was about to retire; that he feared the enemy would move down on the Sharpsburg pike and intercept our retreat. My command was in a most perilous position; attacked in front, rear, and flank, and no prospect of a safe retreat till night. Slowly the regiments of each brigade fell back, taking up one position after another, repulsing each attack until night set in, and we formed a junction with General Buford, both commands going into camp near Jones' Crossing."

General Buford says in his report:--

While our hottest contest was in progress General Kilpatrick's guns were heard in the direction of Hagerstown, and as they grew nearer I sent word to him to connect with my right for mutual support. The connection was made, but was of no consequence to either of us. Just before dark Kilpatrick's troops gave way, passing to my rear by the right, and were closely followed by the enemy.

It now being dark, outnumbered, and the 1st and reserve brigade being out of ammunition, Devin was ordered to relieve Gamble and a portion of Merritt's troops. This being done I ordered the command to fall back, Devin to hold his ground until the entire road to the Antietam was clear. Devin handsomely carried out his instructions, and the division bivouacked on the road to Boonsboro'.

The expedition had for its object the destruction of the enemy's trains, supposed to be at Williamsport. This, I regret to say, was not accomplished. The enemy was too strong for me, but he was severely punished for his obstinacy. His casualties were more than quadruple to mine.

General Kilpatrick reports an aggregate loss of 185 in this engagement. Colonel Huey reports that his brigade lost one officer and 144 men between Emmittsburg and Williamsport. The greater portion of this loss of course occurred in the last battle. General Buford reports an aggregate loss of 72. The Federal cavalry, therefore, lost in this engagement nearly, if not quite, 400 officers and men. Stuart reports an aggregate loss of 254, exclusive of Jenkins' brigade, from which no report was received. These losses show the severity of the fighting. A comparison of the reports of Stuart, Kilpatrick, and Buford will show the result.

On the 7th of July Wofford's brigade of infantry was sent to Stuart's support, and was stationed by him at Downsville, on the road to Sharpsburg. The cavalry covered the rest of the front of the army. On this day the 7th Virginia Cavalry had another encounter with the 6th United States Regulars, which was more creditable to the 7th regiment than the affair at Fairfield on the 3d. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Marshall makes the following report of this fight:--

The enemy were reported advancing on Funkstown. I moved down immediately to support the advance picket, which had been driven in. After examining their position, which was very much obscured by woods and the crest of an intervening hill, I ordered companies F and G to advance upon them, and moved forward at a rapid trot. Their advance gave way after firing upon us, and fell back toward their reserve. I then ordered up our reserve at a charge, and moving F and G, or portions of them, on the right flank to clear the woods, while <362>Lieutenant Neff, with a small scouting party, was moving on the left, we drove the enemy before us, though they strove at first to make resistance. Our column pressed upon them with great rapidity, killing and wounding a number, and taking some sixty prisoners, capturing also a great many horses and a large number of rifles and revolvers. As I was mounted upon a recently-captured horse, about whose qualities I knew nothing, I did not endeavor to remain at the head of the column, but closed it up, sending back men when I found too many with the prisoners and urging forward those who were in rear.

Fearing (as eventually occurred) that in their eagerness our men would press the pursuit too far from our support, I sent two orders to the front to restrain them, but in vain. Coming up at length somewhere near the head of the column, I discovered that the enemy had rallied. I sent back immediately a reliable messenger to General Jones to make him aware of our position, and ordered all the men on jaded horses to go some distance to the rear, and form in a strong position to protect the portion of the column nearest the enemy. With a few better mounted men I awaited the development of the enemy's force and intentions. As the head of the column appeared we fired upon it. The enemy then charged vigorously upon us. Seeing our only hope was in a quick retreat, we double-quickened it as well as the condition of our horses would allow. I endeavored to rally the men when we came near the portion of the regiment which had been drawn up in a strong position, but to no purpose. One volley from this reserve brought down the leader of the enemy's

column and several on the flank, but scarcely at all checked it.

In this return trip, in which we lost a portion of our laurels, we sustained the following loss in wounded and captured: total captured by the enemy, nine; wounded, two; horses captured by the enemy, nine; killed, one; wounded, four.

Privates Joseph S. Hutton and William L. Parsons, of company F, are spoken of by their captain as having made themselves particularly conspicuous for their gallantry.

Lieutenant Nicholas Nolan, commanding the 6th Regular Cavalry, makes report of this fight. He says:--

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On the 7th instant the regiment was ordered to make a re-connoissance in the direction of Funkstown, under command of Captain Claflin. On arriving in the vicinity of the town we drove in the enemy's pickets, and immediately afterwards made dispositions of the regiment to resist the enemy, who was in force. The captain commanding proceeded to the front to reconnoitre, and when about 150 yards in front of the regiment (and with the advance-guard) was wounded in the shoulder by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. I, being the senior officer with the regiment, again assumed command. I immediately proceeded to the front, where my advance-guard was posted, when I saw the enemy's cavalry preparing to charge my command. I then made preparations to meet them, but being overpowered by superior numbers was forced to fall back, inflicting, however, great damage to the enemy in a running fight of four and a half miles, my command losing fifty-nine men, in killed, wounded, and missing; ten of the above men were brought in dead by the 1st United States Cavalry the same afternoon.

Such agreement in the official reports, and such candor, are not always to be found. The history of the war could be written more easily and more accurately if we had a larger number of reports from regimental commanders.

From the 8th to the 12th of July Stuart covered the front of Lee's army, which had now taken a strong position, and was securely entrenched while waiting for the waters of the Potomac to fall. These days were occupied by severe fighting between Stuart's command and the divisions of Buford and Kilpatrick, at Boons-boro', Beaver Creek, Funkstown, and on the Sharpsburg front. The cavalry fought mostly dismounted, and was aided on either side by small bodies of infantry. It would be tedious to enter into all the details of these battles, in which both parties claim the victory, and with apparent sincerity. Stuart reports an aggregate loss of 216 in these engagements, while Generals Buford <364>and Kilpatrick and Colonel Huey report a loss of 158. Stuart accomplished the object he had in view, which was to delay the advance of the enemy until General Lee was secure in his chosen position. On the 12th of July Stuart uncovered Lee's front, against which the Federal army advanced, but found it so strong that it declined to make an attack.

These days will be remembered by the members of General Stuart's staff as days of peculiar hardship. Scanty rations had been issued to the men, but nothing was provided for the officers. The country had been swept bare of provisions, and we could purchase nothing. For four or five days in succession we received our only food, after nightfall, at the hands of a young lady in Hagerstown, whose father, a Southerner, sympathized with the Confederacy. But for the charity of this lady, whose name we shall always gratefully remember, we would have suffered the pangs of severe hunger. The attention of students of psychology is called to an incident which occurred at this time. After a day of incessant

fighting Stuart and his officers reached the house of this friend about nine o'clock in the night. While food was being prepared Stuart fell asleep on the sofa in the parlor. When supper was announced he refused to rise. Knowing that he had eaten nothing within twenty-four hours, and that food was even more necessary for him than sleep, I took him by the arm and compelled him to his place at the table. His eyes were open, but he ate sparingly and without relish. Thinking that the supper did not suit him, our kind hostess inquired:--

"General, perhaps you would relish a hard-boiled egg?"

"Yes," he replied, "I'll take *four or five*."

This singular reply caused a good deal of astonishment <365>on the part of all who heard it, but nothing was said at the time. The eggs were produced; Stuart broke *one* and ate it, and then rose from the table. When we returned to the parlor I sat down at the piano, and commenced singing, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry." The circumstances hardly made the song appropriate, but the chorus roused the general, and he joined in it with a hearty good will. During all this time he had been unconscious of his surroundings, and when informed of the apparent discourtesy of his reply to our hostess, he apologized with evident mortification. Another incident, of a similar nature, occurred about this same time. It was probably on the night of the 11th or 12th of July that Stuart and myself were riding along one of the turnpikes, near Hagerstown, attended by only one courier. As we rode he dictated despatches which I was to write to two of his brigades and to the horse artillery, directing certain movements which were to be executed that night and the following morning. In order that I might have a light we dismounted at a toll-house, and asked to be provided with a lamp. The request was reluctantly granted. While I was writing, Stuart leaned forward his head and arms on the table, and fell fast asleep. When the despatches were completed I awoke him, that he might read them before they were sent. This was an almost invariable custom. The despatches to the brigades were read without correction being made, but when he revised that to the artillery he took out his pencil, erased the names of two places, and substituted the names Shepherdstown and Aldie. This was manifestly absurd, and I saw at once that he was unconscious of what he was doing. I aroused him with some difficulty, when my despatch was rewritten, approved, and sent off. These incidents <366>seem to bear on the disputed question, whether the mind can act and yet be unconscious of its action.

General Stuart's report shall conclude the history of this campaign.

On the 12th firing began early, and the enemy having advanced by several roads on Hagerstown, our cavalry forces retired without serious resistance, and massed on the left of the main body, reaching with heavy outposts the Conococheague on the National Road. The infantry having already had time to intrench themselves, it was no longer desirable to defer the enemy's attack.

The 13th was spent in reconnoitring on the left, Rodes' division occupying the extreme left of our infantry, very near Hagerstown, a little north of the National Road. Cavalry pickets were extended beyond the railroad leading to Chambersburg, and everything was put in readiness to resist the enemy's attack. The situation of our communications south of the Potomac caused the commanding general to desire more cavalry on that side, and accordingly Brigadier-General Jones' brigade (one of whose regiments, the 12th Virginia Cavalry, had been left in Jefferson) was detached, and sent to cover our communication with Winchester. The cavalry on the left now consisted of Fitz Lee's, W. H. F. Lee's,

Baker's (Hampton's), and Robertson's brigades, the latter being a mere handful.

On the 13th skirmishing continued at intervals, but it appeared that the enemy, instead of attacking, were intrenching in our front, and the commanding general determined to cross the Potomac. The night of the 13th was chosen for this move, and the arduous and difficult task of bringing up the rear was, as usual, assigned to the cavalry. Just before night (which was unusually rainy) the cavalry was disposed from right to left to occupy dismounted the trenches of the infantry at dark, Fitz Lee's brigade holding the line of Longstreet's corps, Baker's, of Hill's corps, and the remainder, of Ewell's corps. A pontoon bridge had been constructed at Falling Waters, some miles below Williamsport, where Longstreet's and Hill's corps were to cross, and Ewell's corps was to ford the river at Williamsport; in rear of which last, after <367>daylight, the cavalry was also to cross, except that Fitz Lee's brigade, should he find the pontoon bridge clear in time, was to cross at the bridge, otherwise to cross at the ford at Williamsport.

The operation was successfully performed by the cavalry. General Fitz Lee, finding the bridge would not be clear in time for his command, moved after daylight to the ford, sending two squadrons to cross in rear of the infantry at the bridge. These squadrons, mistaking Longstreet's rear for the rear of the army on that route, crossed over in rear of it. General Hill's troops being notified that these squadrons would follow in his rear, were deceived by some of the enemy's cavalry, who approached very near in consequence of their belief that they were our cavalry. Although this unfortunate mistake deprived us of the lamented General Pettigrew, who was mortally wounded, the enemy paid the penalty of their temerity by losing most of their number in killed or wounded, if the accounts of those who witnessed it are to be credited. The cavalry crossed at the fords without serious molestation, bringing up the rear on that route by eight A.M. on the 14th.

The attack upon Pettigrew's brigade to which Stuart refers was made by General Kilpatrick at first, aided afterwards by General Buford. Kilpatrick claims to have captured 1,500 prisoners, two guns, and three battle flags. He says that he fought for two hours and thirty minutes, routed the enemy, and drove him towards the river. He lost in his own command 29 killed, 36 wounded, and 40 missing. General Buford states that he aided in this fight, and that "our spoils on this occasion were one ten-pounder Parrott gun, over 500 prisoners, and about 300 muskets." On the other hand, General Robert E. Lee states that two guns, which were abandoned because the horses could not draw them through the mire, fell into the enemy's hands; but that "No arms, cannon, or prisoners were taken by the enemy in battle." . . . Generals Meade and Kilpatrick, in reply to General Lee's statement, reaffirm the reports as quoted above.

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General Stuart's report continues:--

To Baker's (Hampton's) brigade was assigned the duty of picketing the Potomac from Falling Waters to Hedgesville. The other brigades were moved back towards Leetown, Robertson being sent to the fords of the Shenandoah, where he already had a picket, which, under Captain L. A. Johnson, of the North Carolina Cavalry, had handsomely repulsed the enemy in their advance on Ashby's Gap, inflicting severe loss with great disparity of numbers.

Harper's Ferry was again in the possession of the enemy, and Colonel Harman, of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, had in an engagement with the enemy gained a decided success,

but was himself captured by his horse falling.

Upon my arrival at the Bower that afternoon (15th), I learned that a large force of the enemy's cavalry was between Shepherdstown and Leetown, and determined at once to attack them, in order to defeat any designs they might have in the direction of Martinsburg.

I made disposition accordingly, concentrating cavalry in their front, and early on the 16th moved Fitz Lee's brigade down the turnpike towards Shepherdstown, supported by Chambliss, who, though quite ill, with that commendable spirit which has always distinguished him, remained at the head of his brigade. Jenkins' brigade was ordered to advance on the road from Martinsburg towards Shepherdstown, so as by this combination to expose one of the enemy's flanks, while Jones, now near Charlestown, was notified of the attack in order that he might coöperate. No positive orders were sent him, as his precise locality was not known.

These dispositions having been arranged, I was about to attack when I received a very urgent message from the commanding general to repair at once to his headquarters. I therefore committed to Brigadier-General Fitz Lee the consummation of my plans, and reported at once to the commanding general, whom I found at Bunker Hill. Returning in the afternoon, I proceeded to the scene of conflict on the turnpike, and found that General Fitz Lee had, with his own and Chambliss' brigades, driven the enemy steadily to within a mile of Shepherdstown, Jenkins' brigade not having yet appeared on <369>the left. It, however, soon after arrived in Fitz Lee's rear, and moved up to his support. The ground was not practicable for cavalry, and the main body was dismounted and advanced in line of battle. The enemy retired to a strong position behind stone fences and barricades near Colonel A. R. Bote-ler's residence, and it being nearly dark, obstinately maintained their ground at this last point until dark, to cover their withdrawal.

Preparations were made to renew the attack vigorously next morning, but daybreak revealed that the enemy had retired towards Harper's Ferry.

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was heavy. We had several killed and wounded, and among the latter Colonel James H. Drake, 1st Virginia Cavalry, was mortally wounded, dying that night (16th), depriving his regiment of a brave and zealous leader, and his country of one of her most patriotic defenders.

The commanding general was very desirous of my moving at once into Loudon a large portion of my command, but the recent rains had so swollen the Shenandoah that it was impossible to ford it, and cavalry scouting parties had to swim their horses over.

In the interval of time from July 16th to the 22d the enemy made a demonstration on Hedgesville, forcing back Baker's brigade. Desultory skirmishing was kept up on that front for several days, while our infantry was engaged in tearing up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near Martinsburg

It soon became apparent that the enemy were moving upon our right flank, availing themselves of the swollen condition of the Shenandoah to interpose their army, by a march along the east side of the Blue Ridge, between our present position and Richmond. Longstreet's corps having already moved to counteract this effort, enough cavalry was sent under Brigadier-General Robertson for his advance-guard through Front Royal and Chester Gap, while Baker's brigade was ordered to bring up the rear of Ewell's corps, which was in rear; and Jones' brigade was ordered to picket the lower Shenandoah as long as necessary for the safety of that flank, and then follow the movement of the army. Fitz

Lee's, W. H. F. Lee's, and <370>Jenkins' brigades, by a forced march from the vicinity of Leetown through Millwood, endeavored to reach Manassas Gap, so as to hold it on the flank of the army; but it was already in the possession of the enemy, and the Shenandoah, still high, in order to be crossed without interfering with the march of the main army, had to be forded below Front Royal.

The cavalry already mentioned reached Chester Gap early on the 23d by a by-path, passing on the army's left; and with great difficulty and a forced march, bivouacked that night below Gaines' Cross Roads, holding the Rockford road and Warrenton turnpike, on which, near Amissville, the enemy had accumulated a large force of cavalry.

On the 24th, while moving forward to find the locality of the enemy, firing was heard towards Newling's Cross Roads, which was afterwards ascertained to be a portion of the enemy's artillery firing on Hill's column, marching on the Richmond road. Before the cavalry could reach the scene of action the enemy had been driven off by the infantry, and on the 25th the march was continued and the line of the Rappahannock resumed.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart

Chapter XVIII.--The Bristoe Campaign.

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AFTER the return from Gettysburg the cavalry occupied the line of the Rappahannock until the middle of September, while the main army withdrew behind the Rapidan. This was a period of rest and reorganization. Hampton and Fitz Lee were promoted as major-generals; and Colonels L. S. Baker, M. C. Butler, L. L. Lomax, and W. C. Wickham, were promoted as brigadier-generals. By Special Orders No. 226, from the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia, dated 9th of September, 1863, the cavalry divisions were arranged as follows:--

HAMPTON'S DIVISION.

Jones' Brigade.--Brigadier-General W. E. Jones.
6th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Green.
7th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel R. H. Dulaney.
12th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel A. W. Harman.
35th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. White.

Baker's Brigade.--Brigadier-General L. S. Baker.
1st North Carolina Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Gordon.
2d North Carolina Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson.
4th North Carolina Cavalry, Colonel D. D. Ferebee.
5th North Carolina Cavalry, Evans.

Butler's Brigade.--Brigadier-General M. C. Butler.
Cobb Georgia Legion, Colonel P. M. B. Young.
Phillips Georgia Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Rich. <372>
Jeff Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Waring.
2d South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel T. J. Lipscomb.

FITZ LEE'S DIVISION.

Lee's Brigade.--Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee.
1st South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel J. L. Black.
9th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel R. L. T. Beale.
10th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel J. Lucius Davis.
13th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel J. R. Chambliss.

Lomax's Brigade.--Brigadier-General L. L. Lomax.
5th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel T. L. Rosser.
1st Battalion Maryland Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgley Brown.
11th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel O. R. Funsten.
15th Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. W. Ball.

Wickham's Brigade.--Brigadier-General Wms. C. Wickham.
1st Virginia Cavalry, Colonel R. W. Carter.
2d Virginia Cavalry, Colonel T. T. Munford.
3d Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Thomas H. Owen.

4th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Payne.

This period of rest was broken on the 13th of September by the advance of the Federal army to occupy Culpeper County. Early on the morning of this day the Federal cavalry crossed at Kelly's and the other fords of the upper Rappahannock. General Stuart had received notice of this movement during the previous night, and was prepared for it. Dr. Hudgin, once a member of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, and afterwards employed on the surgeon's staff at cavalry headquarters, had been residing for some days at his home in Jeffersonton. His wife had recently died from fright caused by the conduct of some of Kilpatrick's men. Dr. Hudgin had good opportunity for observing the enemy's movements; and perceiving indications of an early <373>advance, he crossed the river at an obscure ford on the night of the 12th, made his way with considerable difficulty to General Stuart's headquarters at Culpeper Court House, and laid his information before him. The warning proved most timely. The wagons and disabled horses were immediately started toward Rapidan Station, and thus escaped from the enemy, who attacked, as Dr. Hudgin had predicted, at daylight on the 13th. Neither Stuart nor any of his subordinates made report of the operations of this day, and the forces engaged cannot be stated with certainty. Jones' brigade, however, under Lomax, was occupied with the enemy from Brandy Station back to Culpeper Court House, where it was joined by W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel R. L. T. Beale, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. The enemy's cavalry was in large force, and pushed their advance with great spirit and rapidity. Until the battle had passed Culpeper Court House Stuart himself did not take the field, but left the conduct of it to General Lomax. In retiring from the vicinity of the Court House three guns of Thompson's battery were captured by the enemy. Their support had withdrawn without notifying Thompson, who was so busily engaged in firing that he did not notice his exposed position until he was charged by a body of the enemy's cavalry. Seeing that it was impossible to bring off his guns, Thompson ordered his gunners to save themselves and their horses, and rode out alone to observe the enemy's charge. The officer commanding the Federal company or squadron, secure of a rich prize and carried away by his ardor, was riding more than fifty yards in advance of his men. Thompson advanced upon him, and both commenced firing with their pistols. Several shots were exchanged before one of Thompson's bullets took fatal effect, and the Federal <374>officer fell dead from his horse, which, now riderless, continued to run toward Thompson, who caught the loose reins, and, turning his own horse, retreated in safety through the streets of the Court House, although closely pursued by the enemy.

Throughout the remainder of the day Stuart continued to retreat toward Rapidan Station, which he reached after nightfall. The enemy's advance reached the Rapidan River early the next morning, the 14th. There was but little activity on either side on this day. Just before night, Major Flournoy, of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, asked permission to cross the river and attack some squadrons of the enemy which were in sight on the other side. The permission was granted. Major Flournoy formed his regiment by squadrons on the north side of the river and advanced to the attack. The movement itself was of no consequence, and produced no result except, perhaps, the capture of a few prisoners; but Flournoy's charge was witnessed by a large number of spectators, both of the cavalry and of the infantry, and called forth many expressions of admiration at the skilful manner in which he handled his squadrons. After driving the enemy into the shelter of the adjacent woods, Flournoy reformed his regiment and returned at a walk.

On the 22d of September Buford's cavalry advanced from Madison Court House toward Liberty Mills. Stuart met him on the road near Jack's Shop, attacked him in several mounted charges, but failed to make any impression on his lines. A subsequent effort with dismounted men was equally unsuccessful. While Stuart was thus engaged in a severe fight he received information that a large body of the enemy's cavalry had turned his left and had gained possession of the road in his rear, thus cutting him off from the ford at Liberty <375>Mills. It was necessary to withdraw from Buford to meet this attack; but the moment that the withdrawal commenced Buford pressed on Stuart's lines with vigor. It seemed for a time that Stuart had at last been caught where he could not escape serious damage. Kilpatrick had already thrown a body of dismounted men across the road between Stuart and the ford, and he was thus enclosed in front and rear. Buford pressed so heavily that several mounted charges were necessary to hold him in check. The battle was soon brought within the compass of an open field, near the centre of which a little hill gave position for the Confederate artillery. The scene was now extremely animated. Stuart's artillery was firing in both directions from the hill, and within sight of each other his regiments were charging in opposite directions. If Kilpatrick could have maintained his position Stuart must at least have lost his guns; but two regiments were directed against him, and compelled him to relinquish his hold on the road and retire in the direction from which he had advanced. One of these regiments charged, mounted, up to the fence behind which Kilpatrick's men were dismounted, threw down the fence in their faces, and cleared the road for Stuart's retreat. Having effected this, Stuart withdrew rapidly from the engagement with Buford, and retired across the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, where he was soon reinforced by Wilcox's division of infantry. Stuart made no report of this action, and his losses cannot be stated.(1)

(1)For several weeks before this fight Lieutenant-Colonel George St. Ledger Grenfell, an Englishman and a soldier of fortune, had been serving, by assignment, on General Stuart's staff. It seems that he had previously held position in the western army, on the staff of General John H. Morgan, and is mentioned in that connection as having a reputation for gallantry. During his short stay with us his eccentricities were the source of much good-natured amusement. Stuart employed him somewhat as an inspector. Grenfell became demoralized on this day. The fighting was closer and hotter than he liked. He was at my side when our regiments were attempting to force Kilpatrick from the road. Seeing one of them recoil from a charge, Grenfell concluded that the day was lost. He took to the bushes, swam the river, returned to Orange Court House, and reported that Stuart, his staff, and his whole command were surrounded and captured. When he found out his mistake, his mortification was so great that he did not again show his face in our camp. His subsequent history, which is a remarkable one, is related by Captain T. P. McElrath, of the 5th United States Artillery, in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times* of May 3, 1879.

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On the 9th of October, 1863, General Lee commenced that movement of his army around the right flank of the Federal army in Culpeper County which is known as the Bristoe campaign. It devolved upon Stuart to protect the line of march and conceal it from the enemy. Fitz Lee's division, supported by two brigades of infantry, was left at Raccoon Ford, while Stuart proceeded with Hampton's division to occupy the right flank of the army. General Hampton was absent, being still disabled by the severe wounds he had received at Gettysburg. In this campaign Jones' brigade was commanded by Colonel O. R. Funsten, and Butler's brigade was commanded by Colonel P. M. B. Young. Brigadier-General L. S. Baker had been severely wounded in one of the engagements in September, and being permanently disabled for the field, was assigned to the command of the second

military district in the Department of North Carolina and South Virginia. Lieutenant-Colonel James B. Gordon had been promoted to brigadier-general, and now commanded the North Carolina brigade.

On the night of the 9th of October Stuart bivouacked at Madison Court House. On the morning of the 10th the march of the army was directed toward Woodville, on the Sperryville turnpike. Funsten's command was sent as an advance-guard in this direction, while Stuart, with Gordon and Young, crossed the Robertson River <377>at Russell's Ford and pursued the direct road to James City. The enemy's picket at Russell's Ford was driven back to Bethsaida Church, where was stationed a reserve consisting of the 120th New York Infantry and a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry.

While engaging the attention of the enemy in front with Gordon's brigade, Stuart led Young's command through the woods to their right and rear, and routed the whole line by one charge of the 1st South Carolina Cavalry. The rough and wooded character of the ground favored the escape of those who were disposed to run, but Young's brigade alone captured eighty-seven prisoners. Pressing on toward James City, now two and a half miles distant, Stuart encountered the main body of the enemy, which consisted of Kilpatrick's cavalry supported by infantry and six pieces of artillery. This force was strongly posted north of the town, upon hills which commanded the approach from our side. Having thus far accomplished his object of screening the movements of the army, Stuart made no further attack, but held his position in observation of the enemy throughout the remainder of the day. The opposing forces occupied the crests of two nearly parallel ranges of hills, between which, in an open valley, lies James City. The troops were hidden from view behind the swell of the hills, and an occasional shot from the opposing batteries was, for some time, the only sign of war. Once, during the afternoon, the enemy attempted to charge with cavalry two guns which Stuart had advanced to the edge of the village, but the charge was met by the sharpshooters of the 1st South Carolina Cavalry, under Captain Jones, and was easily repulsed.

During the night the enemy disappeared from Stuart's front, and early on the morning of the 11th, leaving <378>Young's brigade at James City, he pushed northward to the Sperryville turnpike, which he struck at Griffinsburg. Here he found Funsten's brigade, from which he sent one regiment, the 11th Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Ball commanding, to Rixeyville, on the Warrenton road, and then, with Funsten and Gordon, pressed down the Sperryville turnpike toward Culpeper Court House. The enemy's pickets were at a distance of perhaps three miles from the town, and were pursued so rapidly that Stuart found himself at one time riding with one company of the 12th Virginia, his advance-guard, in a line parallel with and opposite to a considerable body of infantry which was endeavoring to join its friends. No other force being available, Stuart ordered his advance-guard and couriers to charge. Lieutenant Baylor led his company most handsomely, but encountering a wide ditch and a stone wall, was unable to reach the enemy, who delivered a harmless fire in his very face, and then retreated to Culpeper Court House. Before other troops could be brought forward this regiment effected its escape. On reaching the vicinity of Culpeper Court House, Stuart found that Meade's infantry had retired beyond the Rappahannock River, but that Kilpatrick's cavalry was massed and in position to receive him. At a short distance from the Court House Captain Grigg's squadron of the Harris Light Cavalry was encountered, and after a most gallant resistance was driven by superior numbers through

and beyond the town, with the loss, according to General Kilpatrick, of their leader and one half the command.⁽¹⁾ Colonel Ferebee and Adjutant Morehead, of Gordon's brigade, were wounded in this action, and Lieutenants Baker and Benton were killed. At this time Stuart had with him only five regiments, <379>--two in Jones' brigade, and three in Gordon's. The other regiments of these brigades had been detached to accompany the advance of the main army. Fifteen hundred men would be an extreme estimate of the force present, while General Kilpatrick states his command at "less than four thousand, all told."⁽¹⁾ General Kilpatrick occupied the open ground east of the Court House, where it would have been folly to attack unless with some equality of numbers; and as Stuart had nothing to gain by such an encounter, he contented himself with a quiet observation of the enemy until the distant sound of artillery informed him that Fitz Lee was advancing from the Rapidan. He now determined to effect a junction with Lee at Brandy Station, and, if possible, to occupy the Fleetwood Hill, thus cutting off the cavalry at Culpeper Court House from their friends below. He therefore withdrew from Kilpatrick's front, and moved rapidly through farm roads in the direction of Brandy Station.

To rightly understand the events now transpiring it is necessary to follow General Fitz Lee's movements of this day, which are best described by an extract from his letter to the author published in the Philadelphia "Weekly Times," February 7, 1880. He says:--

When General Lee decided to push General Meade from his front on the Rapidan, he ordered me to hold his lines while he moved out and around Meade's flank. For this purpose two brigades of infantry were ordered to report to me, and with this force and my cavalry division I occupied the whole of General Lee's former extended front--the infantry upon the left of the line and my cavalry upon the right. Upon the day after General Lee's departure, gallant John Buford, who was at Stevensburg with his division of cavalry, moved up to the Rapidan, and crossed that stream below my right, on a forced reconnoissance. I attacked him at once with my cavalry <380>alone, drove him back again across Raccoon Ford, and followed him up rapidly. He was dislodged, after severe combats, from the two positions where only he offered battle, namely, from Raccoon Ford and from Stevensburg. Expecting that Buford would make another stand at Brandy Station, I followed him to that point; but on arriving in its vicinity I ascertained that he had passed beyond it, toward the Rappahannock.

The country in which Stuart was operating was so open that his movement in withdrawing from the Court House could not long be concealed from Kilpatrick, who readily penetrated his design, and engaged with him in a race for Brandy Station. When Stuart reached the open plain near Slaughter Bradford's house, an animating sight presented itself. Dense columns of Federal cavalry were moving at a trot down the railroad, nearly parallel with his line of march. Below Bradford's the 1st North Carolina and the 12th Virginia were detached to attack two portions of the enemy's column which appeared to be separated from the main body. The hurry which seemed to pervade the Federal ranks, and the confusion which resulted from the charge of the 12th Virginia, promised good results, although the enemy's force was evidently much the greater. But while moving up in column of fours in a narrow farm lane to support the 12th Virginia, the 4th and 5th North Carolina Cavalry were suddenly opposed by a small body of the enemy, one batalion of the 5th New York Cavalry, charging in column of squadrons with drawn sabres. Huddled together in the lane, these regiments, which had on this same day done gallant service in previous charges, turned and ran from less than half their own

numbers, nor could their flight be checked until a few determined officers, pressing their horses to the head of the column of fugitives, blockaded the road with drawn pistols. The success of the enemy was, however, short lived; for the opportune arrival of the 7th Virginia Cavalry enabled Stuart to throw it upon the flank of the attacking party, and many of them were killed and captured. The time gained by this diversion was of the greatest importance to the Federal cavalry; for it gave them possession of Fleetwood, which they occupied with artillery before the arrival of either Fitz Lee or Stuart. Stuart's advance throughout the day had been so rapid that his guns could not keep to the front. He had, therefore, no means of notifying Fitz Lee of his approach. In the charges which had been made the fighting was done with the sabre, and while the noise and cheering which attended them was heard by Fitz Lee, it rather tended to retard than to hasten his advance, producing upon him the impression that the enemy in his front had been reinforced, and Stuart's command was even subjected for a time to the fire of Lee's guns.

As Fitz Lee approached Brandy Station, following up Buford's retreating column, he extended the 5th and 15th Virginia Cavalry and the 1st Maryland Battalion across the railroad, facing the position which Buford had now occupied on Fleetwood. The rear of these regiments was of course presented to Kilpatrick, of whose advance they were ignorant. The following extract from a letter to the author from General T. L. Rosser, who then, as Colonel, commanded the 5th Virginia Cavalry, gives a vivid picture of the situation:--

My regiment, with the 1st Maryland and 15th Virginia Cavalry, extended across the road upon which these troops were coming up in our rear. Not knowing who they were, I sent to Fitz Lee to learn something about them, but before hearing from him they came near enough for me to observe that they carried the Federal flag; and to prevent being crushed between these two commands I withdrew my regiment, and advised the other colonels to fall back so as to avoid the heavy blow in our rear. We did so, and reformed perpendicular to Buford and parallel to the direction of march of the advancing column from the rear, and we were in good order when the head of Kilpatrick's column got opposite us. These troops were moving at a full gallop; they were not charging upon us, for we stood in line off to one side, and for a moment I looked on in amazement at the performance. I soon concluded that they were being pursued, and charged them in flank. Never in my life did I reap such a rich harvest in horses and prisoners.

Stuart had now been disappointed in his expectation of delivering a serious blow upon Kilpatrick's cavalry. He could hardly have occupied Fleetwood, as events afterwards demonstrated, in advance of Buford's cavalry; and the bad behavior of the 4th and 5th North Carolina regiments had rendered him powerless to strike Kilpatrick as he passed on to join Buford. But when a junction was formed with Fitz Lee's division, Stuart attacked the enemy around Brandy Station, which was again the scene of a sanguinary cavalry battle. It was late in the afternoon. General Pleasonton, who had accompanied Kilpatrick's division from Culpeper Court House, assumed command of the united divisions of Buford and Kilpatrick, and handled his men as skilfully as he did on the 9th of June. Stuart extended Lomax's and Chambliss' brigades on the Confederate right, so as to pour a cross-fire upon the enemy's left flank, while the rest of the command attacked in front. It was no easy matter to dislodge the enemy from the woods about the station. They fought bravely, even desperately. Several times dismounted men, while eagerly pressing forward, were surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and either fought their way out with their

carbines and revolvers or were rescued by charges of their mounted comrades. Five times each did the 5th, 6th, and 15th Virginia Cavalry make distinct sabre <383>charges, in one of which Colonel Harrison, of the 6th Virginia, was wounded. Despite all his efforts, the enemy was steadily pushed back to his position upon Fleetwood, in which he was so strong that Stuart declined to attack: Fitz Lee's division was now moved by the left past the Barbour House, as if to interpose between the enemy and the river, perceiving which Buford and Kilpatrick withdrew from their position, and protected by their artillery, which was handled with great skill, crossed the river after nightfall. Stuart's command bivouacked near Brandy Station, wearied with the hard conflicts of the day, but conscious that their efforts had been crowned with success.

Early on the 12th orders were sent to Colonel Young, at James City, to move Butler's brigade to Culpeper Court House. Leaving the 5th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel T. L. Rosser, with one piece of artillery, to picket the Rappahannock, Stuart proceeded with the remainder of his command to gain the front of the army, now moving toward Warrenton.

Before following the movements of this column let us see what befell Rosser in his detached position. Stuart had succeeded in screening the march of Lee's army from the observation of the enemy. While Lee was hurrying northward Meade was under the impression that he had halted at Culpeper Court House, and on the afternoon of the 12th he countermarched the 2d, 5th, and 6th corps, with Buford's division of cavalry, intending to advance to Culpeper and there give battle to Lee if he could be found. This advance struck Rosser's regiment about two o'clock in the afternoon. He could, of course, do nothing but fall back, delaying Meade's march as much as circumstances would permit. So skilfully did he handle his men that it was nearly night when he reached the wooded ridge north of <384>Culpeper Court House, known as Slaughter's Hill. To this point Colonel Young had hurried forward his brigade from James City, bringing with him five pieces of artillery. Dismounting every available man, and posting his guns in advantageous positions, he was enabled to display what seemed to be quite a formidable line of battle; and as Rosser's line joined with his own the enemy was greeted with so severe a fire that he declined to attempt a further advance that night. Rosser and Young bivouacked on their line of battle, building extensive camp-fires. Fortunately Young had with him a regimental band. This was moved rapidly from point to point in the rear, and by its music tended to exaggerate, in the enemy's estimation, the force at his disposal. Young, however, passed an anxious night, anticipating a serious advance by the enemy in the morning, which could not fail to disclose his real weakness. But during the night Meade was made aware of events, shortly to be related, which had transpired that afternoon at Warrenton Springs, and hurriedly recalled his army to meet Lee's advance upon the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Buford's movements in this affair were doubtless rendered more cautious by the severe handling which his men had received on these same fields during the previous afternoon, and by the knowledge that at that time certainly there was present a large force of Confederate cavalry. But this does not detract from the credit due to Rosser and Young, by whose bold management a small force was so magnified in the eyes of the enemy as to cause him to move with caution.

Let us now return to the column operating under Stuart. Fitz Lee was sent to cross the river at Foxville, while Stuart, with Funsten's and Gordon's brigades, moved on toward Warrenton Springs. It will be <385>remembered that the 11th Virginia Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ball, had been detached on the previous day from Funsten's command

for service in this direction. While advancing, on the 12th, Colonel Ball encountered the enemy's cavalry, the 13th Pennsylvania and 10th New York regiments,⁽¹⁾ near Jefferson, and had unsuccessfully attempted to dislodge them from a strong position in the village. Upon Stuart's arrival the face of affairs was speedily changed. The 7th Virginia Cavalry was sent to the left and the 12th Virginia Cavalry to the right, with the intention of penetrating to the enemy's rear, and cutting them off from the fords. Colonel Funsten, with the 12th Virginia, soon encountered the 10th New York Cavalry, and, after a brief but severe struggle, drove them back toward the river. Meantime Colonel Ball had charged upon the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the town, and had succeeded in breaking their lines although they fought hard for their position. He had them in full retreat toward the river just as Colonel Funsten was reforming the 12th Virginia in their rear. Without delay Funsten charged the retreating column in flank, while Ball pressed heavily upon their rear. In a moment the rout was complete. The regiment broke and scattered. In this engagement the moral effect of superior numbers was of course upon the Confederate side, but the fighting was done by two regiments which could hardly have outnumbered the two to which they were opposed.

Sending two regiments to cross the Rappahannock higher up, Stuart proceeded to force the passage of the river at Warrenton Springs. Here the ford and bridge were commanded by rifle-pits, into which the enemy had thrown a considerable force of dismounted men, and these were supported by the mounted cavalry of <386>the 2d brigade of Gregg's division, and by artillery posted upon the hills beyond. In the absence of his own artillery Stuart applied for assistance to General Long, commanding the artillery of Ewell's corps. Eight guns were soon placed in position, and their fire silenced the enemy's battery and compelled the supporting cav-airy to seek shelter.

Now the 12th Virginia was ordered to charge the bridge. Lieutenant Baylor's company still had the front. Darkness was settling down upon the field. Along a narrow causeway Baylor led his men in column of fours. In the face of a sharp fire from the rifle-pits he reached the very abutment of the bridge before he discovered that the planks had been removed, and that a crossing was impossible. He must retrace his steps and try the ford. There was no trepidation, no confusion. "By fours, right about wheel! Forward!" and in a moment he had descended from the causeway, and his column was plunging through the narrow ford, where hardly four could ride abreast. It was a gallant sight, and called forth wild huzzas from the Confederate infantry, many of whom were spectators of the scene. Up the hill went Baylor, and in a few moments the rifle-pits were cleared of the enemy and the approaches to the bridge were under our control. While the planks were hastily replaced the cavalry crossed at the ford and pressed the enemy steadily back to the Warrenton road. Although it was now dark Stuart ordered Funsten and Gordon to proceed to Warrenton, where they bivouacked. Funsten had several skirmishes on the road, and captured about fifty of the enemy, who in the darkness had by mistake fallen in with his rear.

On the morning of the 13th, while Lee's army was concentrating at Warrenton, Stuart was ordered to <387>make a reconnoissance toward Catlett's Station. He received these orders about ten o'clock, and immediately sent forward Lomax's brigade. Funsten's and Gordon's brigades had been so constantly engaged with the enemy during the past four days that their ammunition was exhausted, and some unavoidable delay occurred while awaiting the arrival of their ordnance wagons. Lomax moved to Auburn, where he learned

that the enemy occupied Warrenton Junction in force. Having gained this intelligence, he halted his command to await the other brigades. The proximity of the enemy rendered it likely that some severe fighting would occur on this reconnoissance, and Stuart carried with him seven pieces of artillery, under Major Beckham, and five ordnance wagons, that he might be prepared for any emergency. It was perhaps as late as four o'clock in the afternoon when Stuart joined Lomax at Auburn. A brief description of the roads in this vicinity is necessary for a correct understanding of the interesting and somewhat amusing events which now occurred.

Warrenton Junction is distant from Warrenton about eight and one half miles, and almost due southeast. The road between these places makes with the railroad nearly a right angle. Catlett's Station is nearly three miles from Warrenton Junction and nine miles from Warrenton. Five miles from Warrenton, on the road to Catlett's Station, is Auburn, a little hamlet, consisting of the residence of Stephen McCormick, a post-office, and a blacksmith's shop. It is situated at the crossing of Cedar Run. Intersecting the Warrenton road at this point is a road leading from Freeman's Ford on the Rappahannock, and Fayetteville, toward Greenwich. The country about Auburn is rough with hills, both clear and wooded, and the crossing of Cedar Run is rendered difficult not only by the steep descent to its bed, but also by the fact that the ford is common to the intersecting roads.

Leaving Lomax to guard his rear at Auburn, Stuart proceeded with the remainder of the command, including artillery and ordnance wagons, toward Catlett's Station. About three miles from Auburn the road de-bouches from the woods into the extensive open fields through which passes the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and from this point the whole country between Catlett's Station and Hanover Junction is plainly visible. Here an exciting scene met the gaze of the Confederate horsemen. An immense park of wagons occupied the fields between the two stations; while infantry, artillery, and wagon trains were hurrying northward along the line of the railroad, at first in frequent detachments, afterward in steady columns. Hidden in the woods, Stuart remained in observation of the enemy for a long time. Satisfied that he was witnessing the movement of a large part of Meade's army, Stuart sent Major Venable, of his staff, to convey this information to General Lee, and to suggest an attack by the army upon the flank of this marching column. When Venable arrived within sight of Auburn he found it in the possession of the enemy; but making a *détour* to the northward, he avoided them, and continued his course to Warrenton, having first sent word to Stuart of the condition of things in his rear. The explanation of this surprising circumstance is this: the 3d army corps, which had been stationed at Freeman's Ford during the 12th, moved on the 13th to join Meade's army, marching by way of Auburn. The 2d army corps, recalled from its advance toward Culpeper, reached Fayetteville early on the morning of the 13th, and remaining there until the 3d corps had taken the advance, followed on the same road. Reaching Auburn late in the afternoon, the advance of the 3d corps easily brushed aside Lomax, who retired toward Warrenton. This occurred immediately before Venable's arrival at Auburn. Lomax had sent a messenger to Stuart with this information, but he failed to reach him. Evening was closing down when this state of affairs was announced, and, as any movement toward the railroad was clearly impossible, Stuart retraced his steps to Auburn, if perchance a passage might still be forced at that point. A brief reconnoissance developed the fact that he was securely enclosed between two large marching columns of

the enemy, and that any attempt to force his way through could be successful, if at all, only at a great sacrifice. Concealment seemed impossible; for the advance was now skirmishing with the enemy at Auburn, and an occasional shot in rear told that the rear-guard had been observed by parties flanking the march of the column on the railroad. Between the advance and the rear-guard stood the two brigades on the road, in close column, wondering what would be the result. Stuart hesitated not a moment. With all his fondness for attack, he knew when 'to remain quiet as well as when to act. Every available staff officer was employed in withdrawing the command from the road to the fields on its northern side. The advance and rear-guards were drawn in, with orders on no account to return the enemy's fire. As if by magic, the road was cleared of horsemen, artillery, and wagons, and darkness found us snugly sheltered beneath the hills which raised their friendly crests between us and danger. How thankful we were for those hills! How thankful for that darkness! An hour of daylight would have wrought our destruction; for even with Lomax's assistance on the opposite side, a passage of the difficult ford would have been impossible in the face of <390>Warren's infantry; and in no other direction could we look with greater hope. The enemy enclosed us in front and rear. Upon our right was a forest, upon our left a mill-race.

Our guns were soon posted upon the crest of the hill which overlooked the ford, and within three hundred yards of the road along which the enemy was marching. And nothing now remained but to watch and wait and keep quiet. Quiet? Yes, the men kept very quiet, for they realized that even Stuart never before had them in so "*tight*" a place. But many times did we fear that we were betrayed by the weary, hungry, headstrong mules of the ordnance train. Men were stationed at the head of every team; but in spite of all precautions, a discordant bray would every now and then fill the air. Never was the voice of a mule so harsh !

Though not without an admixture of the ludicrous, those were anxious hours. This was the only occasion on which I remember to have seen Stuart give outward manifestation of his deep concern. So close were we to the marching columns of the enemy that we could distinctly hear the orders of the officers as they closed up the column. We could even hear the voices of the men in conversation, and could distinguish between the passage of wagons and artillery by the noise of the wheels. Throughout the whole night, and almost without interruption, did we listen to the sound of hostile feet; and much did we rejoice that the noise of their march rendered inaudible to them the sounds which arose from our bivouac. Many were the plans of relief suggested and discussed. At one time it was proposed to abandon the artillery and wagons, mass the cavalry, and, overriding all opposition, break a way through the marching column. But Stuart would not <391>listen to a plan which involved the loss of a gun or a wheel. This might be adopted as a last resort, but that crisis had not yet arrived. Another plan, which his own mind suggested, nearly gained his approval. This was to turn off to the west the head of one of the wagon trains, as if by direction of some superior officer, then fall in with his own command and march the whole to a place of safety. Brilliant as such an achievement would have been if successful, and easy to accomplish with a small command, it seemed too hazardous to be attempted with two brigades. Moreover, Stuart still had hope that Lee would attack this column of the enemy, in which case he was in the best position to inflict damage. And so the night wore on. No break occurred through which it would have been possible to move, and our main hope of safety lay in the expectation that the rear of the enemy would have

passed our position by dawn, or would have cleared the vicinity of Warrenton Junction, so as to admit of a *détour* in that direction. Should this fail, we had an abiding confidence that General Lee would send forces to our assistance; for, during the night, Stuart had taken measures to inform him of our situation. As day began to dawn it was manifest that a collision of some kind was unavoidable. Upon the adjacent hill-tops and on the same side of Cedar Run with ourselves, but between us and the ford, a large force of infantry had halted, stacked arms, and were building camp-fires and preparing for breakfast. And now hearts beat quick with suspense, and saddle-girths were tightened, and arms were made ready; for the moment of our discovery could not be far distant, and at that moment we must attack. Our seven guns were pushed a little further on the crest of the hill, so as fully to command the opposite bivouac; and then we waited. As soon as it became light the infantry <392>commenced to straggle in search of water, and some of them approached so near that they could not fail to recognize the Confederate uniforms. A few shots on the side of the enemy next to Warrenton informed us that some one was about to commence work there, and in an instant our seven guns were raining shell and canister upon the enemy. Never were men more completely surprised. Soon they recovered themselves, and a regiment or more was moved in line of battle, without skirmishers, directly upon the position of our guns; but their fire and that of the dismounted men who supported them was more than they could bear, and that line of battle sunk from sight below the crest of an intervening hill, and made its appearance no more. Our left flank, which extended across the road to Catlett's, was our weak point, and against this a strong attack was directed. It was all-important to repel this, for our only means of egress lay in that direction. Colonel Ruffin now led the 1st North Carolina Cavalry in a mounted charge. He rode over a strong line of skirmishers, most of whom surrendered; but his charge was broken by the close line of battle beyond, and his men returned and reformed for another attack, but left behind them for dead their gallant leader. The enemy's advance was checked, and, seizing the favorable moment, the artillery and wagons were withdrawn from the hills, and, passing in rear of the enemy's position, the whole command was extricated from its perilous situation. Stuart had expected when he commenced the attack that he would be aided by a vigorous movement of our troops from Warrenton, and he had hoped that the combined assault would inflict serious damage upon the enemy, and perhaps bring on a general engagement between the armies. General Lee had been fully informed of his situation <393>by no less than six bold men, who, passing through the enemy's column while on the march, had carried verbal messages to the commanding general. A part, at least, of Ewell's corps had been moved down to his assistance, and had commenced an attack; but as the fire of Stuart's guns, which were served with intensest energy, continued and increased, the fire of the infantry on the opposite side diminished to a weak skirmishing. They afterward complained that the shot from Stuart's guns, passing through and over the enemy, arrested their advance. Ignorant of what force was on the other side, and thinking that perhaps Lomax alone was endeavoring to do what he could for his relief, Stuart was compelled to abandon his attack, and at the first possible moment to provide for the safety of his men.

The advance of Lee's army ended with the fight at Bristoe Station, but Stuart continued to follow the withdrawing lines of the enemy, and had frequent collisions with their cavalry during the next three days, on Bull Run, at Manassas, Groveton, and Frying Pan Church. The result of these movements was that, on the night of the 18th, Stuart, with

Hampton's division, was in position at Buckland, opposing Kilpatrick's cavalry and a large infantry support, which had been advanced from Fairfax Court House. Fitz Lee's division was within supporting distance at Auburn, and had orders to move to Buckland. Early on the 19th the enemy attempted to force the passage of Broad Run at Buckland, but were repulsed in every attempt. The morning was wearing away in the contest when Stuart received word from Fitz Lee that he was in motion to join him, and suggesting that Stuart should retire in Kilpatrick's front, drawing him on toward Warrenton, while he would attempt to interpose his <394>division between Kilpatrick and Broad Run. If caught in this trap, Kilpatrick would be likely to suffer. Stuart at once adopted the suggestion and notified Lee that he would turn upon Kilpatrick at the sound of the first gun. Halting Custer's brigade at Broad Run, to guard his left flank and rear, Kilpatrick followed Stuart with caution as far as Chestnut Ridge, about three miles from Warrenton.

Meantime Fitz Lee had come up from Auburn, expecting to gain, unopposed, the rear of Kilpatrick's entire division; but he found Custer's brigade at Broad Run ready to oppose him. A fierce fight ensued. Major P. P. Johnston, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, now a resident of Lexington, Ky., who commanded at Buckland a section of Breathed's battery, and who was severely wounded in this engagement, makes to me in substance the following statement:--

My battery was hotly engaged when Fitz Lee attacked Custer's brigade at Buckland Mills. The battle was of the most obstinate character, Fitz Lee exerting himself to the utmost to push the enemy, and Custer seeming to have no thought of retiring. Suddenly a cloud of dust arose on the road toward Warrenton, and as suddenly everything in our front gave way. The mounted cavalry was ordered forward, and I saw no more of the enemy, although following as closely as my wounded condition would permit.

The first sound of Fitz Lee's guns roused Stuart from his self-imposed inaction. Instantly Hampton's division was faced about and hurled upon Davies' brigade. Gordon's brigade, led by the 1st North Carolina, took the road, and Young and Rosser charged on either flank. The attack was sudden and impetuous, and although the enemy made resistance, their lines were soon broken and routed. Now commenced the race for Buckland. Routed in front, and admonished by the <395>artillery firing that an enemy had gained their rear, Kilpatrick's men ran in a manner worthy of the occasion. For nearly five miles the chase was continued without a pause. Naturally the crowd of fugitives, among whom all order was cast aside, made faster time than did the pursuing brigades. Colonel Young, who had led his brigade through the woods on the right of the road in the endeavor to reach the enemy's flank, was not able to get near enough to them to strike a blow, although he moved with all the speed that the nature of the ground permitted. Of course the stampede of Davies' brigade placed Custer in a critical position, and necessitated his precipitate withdrawal from Fitz Lee's front. But Custer was a hard fighter even in a retreat, and he succeeded in saving his artillery, and in recrossing Broad Run without any serious disorder. Some of the fugitives from Davies' brigade crossed at Buckland with Custer; the remainder, now cut off from that ford, continued their flight toward Haymarket.

In the rout of Davies' brigade Stuart captured two hundred and fifty prisoners, and eight wagons and ambulances, among them General Custer's headquarters' wagon, baggage, and papers. Fitz Lee now pushed down the pike toward Gainesville, while Stuart moved on the left toward Haymarket. On both roads the pursuit was continued until the lines of

the 1st army corps were encountered. General Custer in his report (1) makes no mention of the stampede of Davies' brigade. General Kilpatrick has even attempted to deny it altogether. (2) But there are hundreds of eye-witnesses on either side yet living who can bear testimony to the substantial accuracy of this narrative. <396>On the night of the 19th Stuart bivouacked at Buckland. On the next day he marched through Warrenton on his way to rejoin Lee's army, which had again taken up the line of the Rapidan. His loss in killed and wounded during these operations was 408. The loss in missing is not stated, but was small. Major G.M. Ryals, provost-marshal of the cavalry, reports 1,370 prisoners captured from the enemy during these days. The losses of the Federal cavalry were 390 killed and wounded, and 885 captured or missing. (1)

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Chapter XIX.--The Winter Of 1863-64.

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AT the close of the Bristoe Campaign the Confederate army returned to Culpeper County, and encamped on either side of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, holding the line of the Rappahannock. After rebuilding the railroad, which had been destroyed north of the river, the Federal army again advanced, and on the 7th of November forced the passage of the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and the railroad bridge, inflicting heavy loss at the latter place on the Confederate infantry. General Lee now withdrew his army beyond the Rapidan, and preparations were made for establishing winter quarters. This season of rest was, however, interrupted by the Mine Run Campaign. On the 26th of November General Meade put his army in motion, crossed the Rapidan at Germanna and Ely's Fords, and moved up the river in the direction of Orange Court House. Hampton's division, supported by the advance of Hill's corps, checked the enemy, on the 27th, near New Hope Church; while Early, on the left, advanced as far as Locust Grove, where he found the enemy in force. Believing that it was the intention of General Meade to attack, General Lee withdrew, on the night of the 27th, to a strong position on the west side of Mine Run, where he intrenched himself. On the morning of the 28th Meade's army advanced to the Confederate position and threw up intrenchments. For four <398>days the armies confronted each other, but on the night of the 1st of December General Meade withdrew and recrossed the Rapidan, after which the lines previously held were resumed by both armies. On the 27th of November General T. L. Rosser, who had been promoted and assigned to the command of Jones' brigade, attacked a wagon train in the rear of the Federal army, and made some important captures. On the 29th of November an engagement occurred at Parker's Store, between Hampton's and Gregg's divisions, in which the Confederate reports claim a success. It has not been convenient to obtain access to the Federal reports of these battles.

I desire to state one incident of this campaign which, so far as I know, has never been recorded. Hampton occupied the extreme right of the Confederate line. A personal reconnoissance on the 30th brought him into a position where he was in rear of the Federal left wing, which was fully commanded by his post of observation. Hampton was looking down on the rear of the Federal guns as they stood pointed against the Confederate lines. There seemed to be no reason why a heavy force could not be concentrated at this point, which might attack the Federal lines in reverse, and perhaps reenact some of the scenes of Chancellorsville. This information was quickly communicated to Stuart, who, after himself examining the ground, conducted General R. E. Lee to the same place. A council of war was held that night. The talk among the staff was that General Lee and General Stuart favored an immediate attack, but that Generals Ewell and Hill did not deem it best. General Lee made another personal reconnoissance on the 1st of December. He says in his report:--

Anderson's and Wilcox's divisions were withdrawn from the trenches at three A.M. on the 2d and moved to our right, with <399>a view to make an attack in that quarter. As soon as it became light enough to distinguish objects it was discovered that the enemy's pickets along our entire line had retired, and our skirmishers were sent forward to ascertain his position

The movements of General Meade, and all the reports received as to his intention, led me to believe that he would attack, and I desired to have the advantage that such an attempt on his part would afford.

After awaiting his advance until Tuesday evening, preparations were made to attack him on Wednesday morning. This was prevented by his retreat.

During the month of February an expedition was projected by which it was expected that the capture of the city of Richmond and the release of the Federal prisoners there confined would be effected by a large body of Federal cavalry. The command of this expedition was intrusted to General Judson Kilpatrick. In order to cover this movement and increase the chances of success, a heavy demonstration was made on the Federal right. On the 28th of February the 6th corps and a portion of the 3d were thrown forward from Culpeper to Madison Court House. At about midnight General Custer left Madison Court House for Charlottesville. He commanded a body of 1,500 cavalry. There was nothing to interfere with his march, and he reached the vicinity of Charlottesville early in the afternoon of the 29th. Four batteries of horse artillery, Moor-man's, Chew's, Breathed's, and McGregor's, were resting securely in their winter quarters, near the Rivanna River, about three miles from Charlottesville. Captain M. N. Moorman was in command of these batteries. He received the first information of the advance of the enemy at a little past midday on the 29th, from Lieutenant J. N. Cunningham, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, who had been watching the column since it left Madison Court House. Captain Moorman at once sent out <400>pickets to the Rio Bridge, but before they could reach that point they met the enemy and were driven back and pursued into the camp. There were no troops of any kind at Charlottesville, for although a body of infantry was sent by railroad from Orange Court House as soon as this movement was discovered, it did not reach Charlottesville until after the enemy had retired. Captain Moorman was compelled to rely on his own resources. In order to check the enemy he opened fire from a portion of the guns of each battery, while the drivers and the rest of the cannoneers caught up and hitched the horses which were running loose in the fields. As fast as a carriage was horsed it was moved to the rear, until only four guns remained in the camp. Lieutenant P. P. Johnston was placed in charge of the guns which were retired, and he distributed them along the road toward Charlottesville wherever position could be obtained; for it was the determination of these gallant artillerymen to dispute the ground with the enemy, and to sell their guns at the dearest price. Captain Moorman *says* in his report:--

The enemy by this time had pressed back through camp the line of skirmishers (unarmed except a few pistols) which I had deployed in my front. Having ordered all of my guns back excepting two sections, I drew up behind each a mounted support, placing the remainder of those mounted under Captains Chew and Breathed to guard my flank and manoeuvre in front, making a show of cavalry, in the execution of which they deserve great credit. Just at this moment, when the enemy's column which had crossed at Cook's Ford had reached and set fire to our camp, their right, which had crossed at Rio, made a charge just in time to receive and mistake the explosion of one of Captain Chew's caissons for the reopening of our guns (for they had just ceased firing at that point). Each column, mistaking the other for his enemy, fired into each other and broke. Captains Chew and Breathed, seeing their <401>mistake, charged with their squadrons, and drove the enemy with such precipitancy that I presume they have never discovered their mistake, as they never ventured to return, but drew up in line upon the opposite bank

waiting the advance of the Horse. They opened upon us two pieces of artillery, to which I made no reply.

Captain Moorman enumerates his losses with great particularity, the most serious of which were two men and nine horses or mules captured. He states that the men of Chew's and Breathed's batteries lost most of their private effects in the burning of their camp, but he rejoices that he was able to save his guns under such circumstances.

For some reason, which cannot now be explained, Stuart received tardy information of the march of the enemy towards Charlottesville, and it was not until afternoon that he started in that direction with Wickham's brigade. He had not marched many miles when the sound of distant firing announced that the enemy had reached Charlottesville. Still later the information was received that the enemy had retired, and Stuart turned his march northward in the hope of intercepting the return of the raiders in the vicinity of Stannardsville. The night was cold and rainy. As the rain fell it froze, and covered the face of the earth with sleet. Stuart reached the road on which the enemy was returning about daylight, and found that one detachment had already passed on toward Madison Court House. Here he awaited the arrival of the main body. For two or three hours his men sat on their horses or on the ground, exhausted, wet, and shivering. They had no food, and no fires could be built. Under such circumstances men cannot fight. When Custer discovered that an enemy was in his front he ordered a charge. His men, warm in the saddle, responded promptly, and easily brushed aside the force which Stuart had posted along the road. Without attempting any pursuit, Custer continued his way to Madison Court House.

While these events were transpiring General Kilpatrick was marching upon Richmond. His force amounted to 3,582 men. Leaving Stevensburg on the night of the 28th, he marched to Ely's Ford on the Rapidan, where he succeeded in capturing the entire picket without giving any alarm. Soon after crossing the Rapidan he sent forward an advance column of 460 men, under Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, which passed through Spottsylvania Court House about three o'clock, A.M., and pushed rapidly forward in the direction of the Central Railroad, which they struck near Frederickshall about noon on the 29th. Here they captured a court-martial, consisting of eight officers. They also threatened the camps of the artillery of the 2d corps, commanded by General A. L. Long. Finding that General Long was prepared to offer resistance, they continued their march toward the James River. The papers found on the body of Colonel Dahlgren indicate that it was a part of the plan of this expedition that, if it were found possible to cross the James River, Dahlgren's command should be divided, and a portion of it should attack Richmond from the south side. General Kilpatrick's report indicates that it was his intention that the whole of Dahlgren's force should cross the James. It was hoped that a simultaneous attack by the main column under Kilpatrick and the detachment under Dahlgren would be successful in liberating the Federal prisoners, and in capturing Richmond. Colonel Dahlgren's command reached the James River in the vicinity of Dover Mills. Finding no means of crossing to the south side, he continued to march down the river toward Richmond, which he reached on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 1st of March, but not in time to give aid to Kilpatrick, or to receive assistance from him.

Following the route of his advance column to Spottsylvania Court House, General Kilpatrick, with the main body of his command, marched to Beaver Dam Station, on the Central Railroad, and thence to Ashland, on the Fredericksburg Railroad. He reached the

outer defences of Richmond at about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning by the Brook turnpike. Colonel W. H. Stevens, commanding the defences of Richmond, had here about 500 men and six pieces of artillery. After engaging these troops until dark,⁽¹⁾ and hearing nothing from Dahlgren, Kilpatrick withdrew by the Meadow Bridge road, and encamped for the night near Atlee's Station. This withdrawal was effected not far from the time when Dahlgren made his attack upon the intrenchments of Richmond by the river road.

During this day Hampton had moved down from Hanover Junction with 306 men of Gordon's North Carolina brigade, under the command of Colonel W. H. Cheek. He reached Hughes' Cross Roads after dark, and, discovering the camp-fires of Kilpatrick's men near Atlee's Station, he dismounted 100 men, brought his artillery up to close range, attacked the camp, and drove Kilpatrick from it. Kilpatrick's men made but little resistance. Eighty-seven prisoners, 133 horses, and a number of arms and equipments were captured. Hampton was joined the following morning by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, who with forty men of the Maryland cavalry had followed the enemy from Beaver Dam, and who also had captured a number of prisoners. After being driven from his camp Kilpatrick continued <404>his march during the night, and made his escape to Williamsburg.

The most important result of the night attack made by Hampton was that it caused Colonel Dahlgren, with a considerable portion of his command, to make a wide *détour* in the effort to reach Gloucester Point. He had succeeded in crossing both the Pamunkey and the Mattaponi, although his march was watched and harassed by small bodies of cavalymen, who were at home recruiting. On Wednesday night, the 3d of March, he fell into an ambuscade near King and Queen Court House, which had been laid in his path by Lieutenant James Pollard, of company H, 9th Virginia Cav-airy. Lieutenant Pollard was aided by Captain W. M. McGruder, of the 42d Virginia battalion, and by Captains Bagby, Halbach, and Todd, of the Home Guards. Just before the action occurred Captain E. C. Fox, of company E, 5th Virginia Cavalry, arrived with 28 men of his company, and assumed command of the whole force, which now amounted to about 150 men. The fire of the ambush was reserved until the enemy had approached to close quarters. Colonel Dahlgren fell at the first fire. His men were surrounded in such a position that escape was impossible. At daylight they surrendered to Lieutenant Pollard, who reports the capture of 40 negroes and 135 soldiers.

Upon the body of Colonel Dahlgren were found papers which disclosed the objects of his expedition. An address which was to be delivered to his troops, and which was signed with his official signature, directed that the city of Richmond should be burned and destroyed, and that President Davis and his cabinet should be killed. Another paper, containing special orders and instructions, but without signature, made provision for the same course of conduct. Photographic copies <405>of these papers were transmitted under flag of truce by General Lee to General Meade, and the inquiry was made whether the United States government or Colonel Dahlgren's superior officers approved and sanctioned such orders. In his reply General Meade denies that the United States government, himself, or General Kilpatrick authorized, sanctioned, or approved the burning of the city of Richmond and the killing of Mr. Davis and cabinet, or any other act not required by military necessity and in accordance with the usages of war. General Kilpatrick further states that the officers of Colonel Dahlgren's command all testify that he issued no address whatever. General Kilpatrick adds:---

Colonel Dahlgren, one hour before we separated at my headquarters, handed me an address that he intended to read to his command. The paper was indorsed in red ink "approved," over my official signature. The photographic papers referred to are true copies of the papers approved by me, save so far as they speak of exhorting the prisoners to destroy and burn the hateful city, and kill the traitor Davis and his cabinet, and in this, that they do not contain the indorsement referred to as having been placed by me on Colonel Dahlgren's papers. Colonel Dahlgren received no orders from me to pillage, burn, or kill, nor were any such instructions given me by my superiors.

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Chapter XX.--The Death Of Stuart.

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On the morning of the 4th of May, 1864, commenced the Wilderness campaign.

As soon as intelligence was received that the enemy had crossed the fords of the Rapidan, Stuart proceeded to his picket line, accompanied by only one courier, leaving his staff to break up the pleasant camp near Orange Court House which had been our home during the winter. Later in the day we joined him at the front, and bivouacked that night just in rear of the picket reserve, and some distance beyond the lines of the infantry. Meantime the cavalry was moving up on the right to envelop the enemy.

On the morning of the 5th Stuart in person conducted the advance of A. P. Hill's corps on the plank road until the enemy's lines were reached and the battle was joined. On this day Rosser had a severe and successful encounter with Wilson's division of cavalry, on the right, beyond Todd's Tavern. (1)

On the 6th the battle was renewed in the Wilderness, and was continued throughout the day with great intensity. On the 6th and 7th the cavalry of both armies was engaged in severe conflicts on the Confederate right. On the night of the 7th General Grant commenced to move his army by the left flank, in the endeavor to interpose it between General Lee and Richmond. <407>The movement was discovered in time, and Fitz Lee's division was thrown in front of the Federal column, to delay it until Longstreet's corps, under Anderson, could reach Spottsylvania Court House. This was accomplished, although it entailed on Fitz Lee's division one of the severest conflicts in which it was ever engaged. Torbert's cavalry, commanded by Merritt and backed by the 5th corps, attacked before daylight. Fitz Lee employed his whole command dismounted, and presented so solid a front that the Federal cavalry found it difficult to move him; and having forced him slowly back beyond the forks of the road west of Alsop's, they were, at Merritt's suggestion, relieved by a line of battle from the 5th corps.(1) General Grant bears testimony to the character of the fighting when he says in his report:-

On the 8th General Warren met a force of the enemy which had been sent out to oppose and delay his advance, to gain time to fortify the line taken up at Spottsylvania. This force was steadily driven back on the main force within the recently constructed works, after considerable fighting, resulting in severe loss to both sides.

Fitz Lee was greatly aided in this battle by his battery, now commanded by Captain P. P. Johnston, Breathed having been recently made major of the battalion. His last position was close to Spottsylvania Court House, and immediately in front of a portion of Anderson's corps, which was drawn up in line of battle,

(1) It was in this action that Captain Joseph P. Ash, of the 5th United States Cavalry, was killed. This young officer is frequently mentioned in the reports of his superiors as a model of gallantry. An interesting incident occurred some months after his death. A sergeant of the 5th Cavalry who had served in the old army under Fitz Lee was captured and brought into his presence. During the conversation which ensued, Fitz Lee asked the sergeant why the old Rifles did not stand to their work better than they had done recently; and the sergeant replied that since Captain Ash was killed they had n't had any one to lead them right in a charge.

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behind cover, and concealed from the view of the enemy by the crest of an intervening

hill, which was held by Johnston's battery to give the led horses and dismounted men time to retire. Both Breathed and Johnston were present. A strong line of battle soon made its appearance on the edge of the opposite woods, and, seeing no support to the battery, pressed eagerly forward to capture it. The fire of the battery was maintained as long as possible, when Breathed directed Johnston to retire the left section, leaving the right to him. Johnston declined to leave while his battery was engaged, but retired three of his guns, one piece at a time, when he himself was shot through the shoulder, and followed the third from the field. Before any of the guns had left position the enemy had approached so near that they felt secure of capturing the battery, and the demand to surrender was heard from all sides. Breathed was now alone with the last gun. The cannoneers had limbered up the piece and had mounted their horses to retire; but before the gun could be moved, the drivers and horses of the lead and swing teams were killed or wounded, and Ryan, the driver of the wheel team, had his arm shattered by a bullet. As if unconscious of the presence of an enemy, Breathed jumped from his horse, cut loose the teams that were struggling on the ground, mounted a wheel horse, and brought off the gun almost as by a miracle. The enemy pressed on with loud cheering. As they crossed the crest of the hill they met the fire of Anderson's men at short range. Staggered by it, they fell back and did not renew the charge.

Up to this time only a portion of Anderson's corps had reached the Court House. A few moments later Stuart arrived with the remainder. At General Anderson's request he extended the left of the infantry <409>with his dismounted cavalry, and remained in command of the left of Anderson's line for several hours, until the arrival of the rest of the army relieved the cavalry and enabled it to withdraw.

While Stuart was thus engaged, brisk skirmishing was continued along the line. He exposed himself to fire with more than his usual disregard of danger, in spite of the repeated and earnest remonstrances of several of the infantry officers. I was the only member of his staff present. Not even a courier attended us. He kept me so busy in carrying messages to General Anderson, and some of these messages seemed so unimportant, that at last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavoring to shield me from danger. I said to him: "General, my horse is weary. You are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Please let me remain with you." He smiled at me kindly, but bade me go to General Anderson with another message.

During this day, the 8th, the enemy's cavalry was concentrated in rear of the army and moved to the vicinity of Fredericksburg. On the morning of the 9th General P. H. Sheridan, with about twelve thousand cavalry and a large force of artillery, moved to Hamilton's Crossing, thence to the Telegraph Road, and on toward Richmond. He thus avoided all but the outer line of the Confederate pickets and patrols. The movement was promptly reported, and within two hours after his column had passed Massaponax Church Wickham's brigade was in pursuit. Wickham struck the enemy at Jarrald's Mill, and drove in the rear-guard, the 6th Ohio Cavalry, (1) taking a number of prisoners. Here the enemy left the Telegraph Road., taking that to Beaver Dam. The 6th Ohio was now reinforced by the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, (2) and the rear-guard, thus strengthened, <410>made a determined stand near Mitchell's Shop. Wickham attacked promptly, but made no impression. One or two of his regiments had recoiled from the charge, when he called for Matthews' squadron of the 3d Virginia, with the remark, "I know he will go through." Matthews led his column of fours down the narrow lane and pierced the enemy's lines,

but he did not return. The heavy force of the enemy closed upon the head of his column, killed five, wounded three, and captured ten men of his company. Matthews' horse was killed. While fighting on foot with his sabre, he was shot from behind and mortally wounded. His gallantry excited the admiration of his enemies, who carefully carried him to a neighboring farm-house, leaving with him one of his company who had been captured in the charge. He died that night.

At this point Stuart and Fitz Lee joined Wickham, with Lomax's and Gordon's brigades. These three brigades numbered between four and five thousand men. Leaving Fitz Lee to follow the enemy's rear toward Chilesburg, Stuart marched in the night, with Gordon's brigade, to Davinport's Bridge, where he crossed the North Anna the following morning. The brigades were united at Beaver Dam Station, where the enemy's rear was again encountered. While his troops were at Beaver Dam, Stuart snatched a few minutes to visit the residence of Colonel Edmund Fontaine, in the immediate vicinity, to ascertain the safety of his wife and children, who were visiting there at that time. Having satisfied himself that his family had escaped the danger to which they had been exposed, and having learned that the main column of the enemy had passed southward toward Negro Foot, with the intention of striking the Louisa or Old Mountain Road, Stuart divided his command, sending Gordon's brigade to follow the rear of the <411>enemy, while he himself, with Fitz Lee's two brigades, marched to Hanover Junction, on his way to interpose between the enemy and Richmond. He reached the Junction some hours after dark, and proposed to prosecute his march without a stop. But Fitz Lee's men were thoroughly worn out. At the urgent request of General Lee, Stuart consented that the command should rest until one o'clock; and calling me to him, he ordered me to accompany General Lee to his bivouac, and not to close my eyes until I saw his command mounted and on the march at the appointed hour. When the troops had moved out I returned to Stuart and awoke him and the staff. While they were preparing to move I lay down, to catch, if possible, a few minutes' rest. The party rode off as I lay in a half-conscious condition, and I heard some one say: "General, here's McClellan, fast asleep. Shall I wake him?"

"No," he replied; "he has been watching while we were asleep. Leave a courier with him, and tell him to come on when his nap is out."

I gratefully accepted this unusual and unlooked-for interposition in my behalf, and after a short but most beneficial rest I succeeded in rejoining the general just after he had passed the road leading to Ashland. Here I learned that a squadron of the 2d Virginia Cavalry had encountered a body of the enemy in the town of Ashland, and had driven them from it with considerable loss. In this fight Lieutenant E. P. Hopkins, of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, son of Professor Albert Hopkins of Williams College, was killed. Stuart's march was now directed toward the Yellow Tavern, at the intersection of the Telegraph and Old Mountain roads. As I rode by his side we conversed on many matters of personal interest. He was more quiet than usual, softer, and more communicative. It seems now that the shadow of the near future was already upon him.

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He reached the Yellow Tavern at about ten o'clock, and found himself in advance of the enemy's column, and in full time to interpose between it and Richmond. Not knowing what troops were at the disposal of General Bragg, he was uncertain whether to take position in front of the enemy or to remain on the flank of his march, near the Yellow

Tavern. He preferred the latter course if he could be satisfied that there was sufficient force in Richmond to hold the trenches. To ascertain this he sent me to General Bragg. I was informed by General Bragg that he had irregular troops to the number of about four thousand, and that three brigades had been ordered from the army at Petersburg, and were hourly expected. He thought he could hold the fortifications. On my return I found that the enemy held the Brook turnpike, south of the Yellow Tavern, and I was compelled to make a *détour* through the fields to avoid capture. This somewhat delayed me, and I did not reach Stuart until after two o'clock. He told me that a heavy fight had taken place during my absence. The enemy had attempted to drive him from the Telegraph Road, but had been repulsed, after a most desperate and hand to hand fight, by the sharpshooters of Fitz Lee's brigade. The losses had been heavy. Among the killed was Colonel H. C. Pate, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry. Stuart spoke of the great gallantry he had exhibited under his own observation. He was pleased with the information I had brought from Richmond, and expressed the intention of retaining his position on Sheridan's flank, and the hope that, aided by a strong attack by the infantry in Richmond, he might be able to inflict serious disaster on the enemy's cavalry. Thus we sat talking for more than an hour, near one of our batteries on the right of our line, north of Half-Sink. Wickham held the right, and <413>Lomax the left. Lomax's line extended along the Telegraph Road for a short distance, then crossed it to a hill on the left, where was posted a piece of artillery. Two guns were placed immediately in the road. The whole command was dismounted except a portion of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, which was retained as a mounted reserve.

I quote the following passage from a letter which I wrote to Mrs. Stuart soon after the general's death, which was published, by her authority, in the seventh volume of the "Southern Historical Society Papers:"--

"About four o'clock the enemy suddenly threw a brigade of cavalry, mounted, upon our extreme left, attacking our whole line at the same time. As he always did, the general hastened to the point where the greatest danger threatened, -- the point against which the enemy directed the mounted charge. My horse was so much exhausted by my severe ride of the morning that I could not keep pace with him, but Captain G. W. Dorsey, of company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, gave me the particulars that follow.

"The enemy's charge captured our battery on the left of our line, and drove back almost the entire left. Where Captain Dorsey was stationed -- immediately on the Telegraph Road -- about eighty men had collected, and among these the general threw himself, and by his personal example held them steady while the enemy charged entirely past their position. With these men he fired into their flank and rear as they passed him, in advancing and retreating, for they were met by a mounted charge of the 1st Virginia Cavalry and driven back some distance. As they retired, one man who had been dismounted in the charge, and was running out on foot, turned as he passed the general, and discharging <414>his pistol inflicted the fatal wound. When Captain Dorsey discovered that he was wounded he came at once to his assistance, and endeavored to lead him to the rear; but the general's horse had become so restive and unmanageable that he insisted upon being taken down, and allowed to rest against a tree. When this was done Captain Dorsey sent for another horse. While waiting the general ordered him to leave him, and return to his men and drive back the enemy. He said he feared that he was mortally wounded, and could be of no more service. Captain Dorsey told him that he could not obey that order; that he would rather sacrifice his life than leave him until he had placed him out of all danger. The situation

was an exposed one. Our men were sadly scattered, and there was hardly a handful of men between that little group and the advancing enemy. But the horse arrived in time; the general was lifted on to him, and was led by Captain Dorsey to a safer place. There, by the general's order, he gave him into the charge of private Wheatly, of his company, and returned to rally his scattered men. Wheatly procured an ambulance, placed the general in it with the greatest care, and, supporting him in his arms, he was driven toward the rear. I was hastening toward that part of the field where I had heard that he was wounded when I met the ambulance. The general had so often told me that if he were wounded I must not leave the field, but report to the officer next to him in rank, that I did not now presume to disregard his order, and the more so because I saw that Dr. Fontaine, Venable, Garnett, Hullihen, and several of his couriers were attending him. I remained with General Fitz Lee until the next morning, when he sent me to the city to see General Bragg, and I thus had an opportunity to spend an hour with my general." <415>As he was being driven from the field he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating men, and called out to them: --

"Go back! go back! and do your duty, as I have done mine, and our country will be safe. Go back! go back! I had rather die than be whipped."

These were his last words on the battle-field, -- words not of idle egotism, but of soldierly entreaty. The shadow that for days had hung over his joyous, earnest life was deepening with the mist from out the dark valley, and ere the chill night closed in he would once again urge to effort, once again cheer to the charge, the comrades he had loved and led so well. But a few months later came the answering echo from the lips of his great commander, who would gladly have shared with him a soldier's grave, "My men, I have done my best for you."

While yet in the ambulance Dr. Fontaine and Lieutenant Hullihen turned the general over on his side, in order that an examination of the wound might be made. While this was in progress he spoke to Hulli-hen, addressing him by the pet name which he usually employed:---

"Honey-bun, how do I look in the face?"

"General," replied Hullihen, "you are looking right well. You will be all right."

"Well," said he, "I don't know how this will turn out; but if it is God's will that I shall die I am ready."

In order to avoid the enemy, who now held full possession of the Brook turnpike, it was necessary for the ambulance to make a wide *détour* to reach Richmond, and it was some time after dark when the general arrived at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Brewer. The long ride caused him great suffering. <416>On the morning of the 12th, after delivering General Fitz Lee's message to General Bragg, I repaired to the bedside of my dying chief. He was calm and composed, in the full possession of his mind. Our conversation was, however, interrupted by paroxysms of suffering. He directed me to make the proper disposal of his official papers, and to send his personal effects to his wife. He then said:--

"I wish you to take one of my horses and Venable the other. Which is the heavier rider?"

I replied that I thought Venable was.

"Then," said he, "let Venable have the gray horse, and you take the bay."

Soon he spoke again:--

"You will find in my hat a small Confederate flag, which a lady of Columbia, South

Carolina, sent me, with the request that I would wear it upon my horse in a battle and return it to her. Send it to her."

I was at loss how to interpret these instructions; for I had never seen any such decoration upon his hat. But upon examining it the flag was found within its lining, stained with the sweat of his brow; and among his papers I found the letter which had conveyed the request.

Again he said: "My spurs which I have always worn in battle I promised to give to Mrs. Lilly Lee, of Shepherdstown, Virginia. My sword I leave to my son."

While I sat by his side the sound of cannon outside the city was heard. He turned to me eagerly and inquired what it meant. I explained that Gracy's brigade and other troops had moved out against the enemy's rear on the Brook turnpike, and that Fitz Lee would endeavor to oppose their advance at Meadow Bridge. He turned his eyes upward, and exclaimed earnestly, "God grant that they may be successful." Then turning his head aside, he said with a sigh,--

"But I must be prepared for another world."

The thought of duty was always uppermost in his mind; and after listening to the distant cannonading for a few moments, he said: "Major, Fitz Lee may need you." I understood his meaning, and pressed his hand in a last farewell.

As I left his chamber President Davis entered. Taking the general's hand, he asked: "General, how do you feel?"

He replied: "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty."

The Rev. Mr. Peterkin visited him, and prayed with him. He requested Mr. Peterkin to sing "Rock of Ages," and joined in the singing of the hymn.

During the afternoon he asked Dr. Brewer whether it were not possible for him to survive the night. The doctor frankly told him that death was close at hand.

He then said: "I am resigned if it be God's will; but I would like to see my wife. But God's will be done."

Again he said to Dr. Brewer: "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done." And thus he passed away.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
**Appendix.--Reports Of Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, C. S. Army. Commanding
Brigade, Of Engagement At Brandy Station.**

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HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, June 12, 1863.

MAJOR:--On 9th instant, according to orders, my brigade proceeded to within two miles of Kelly's Ford to check the enemy's advance upon the railroad, near which our forces were engaged. I dismounted a portion to oppose the enemy's infantry in the woods. The enemy's cannon had just opened when several orders were received to fall back rapidly to Brandy Station, the Yankees being in my rear.

I had reported their advance upon Stevensburg and Brandy, and was ordered, through Lieutenant Johnston, to hold the ground in my front. One regiment of my brigade was then ordered to move rapidly to the general's headquarters. The other was instructed to cover the right and rear of Hampton's brigade. Both regiments were subsequently drawn up in line of battle to repel the advance of the enemy's columns, which finally moved to the left. One of my regiments was then ordered in that direction. I accompanied it. and, in accordance with instructions, deployed it as skirmishers to hold that wing until reinforcements should arrive. The other regiment remained with Hampton.

My command, although opposed to the enemy during the entire day, was not at any time actively engaged. Will make a detailed report.

Very respectfully,

B. H. ROBERTSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Cavalry.

Major H. B. McCLELLAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General, &c.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, June 13, 1863.

MAJOR:--In answer to yours just received, I have the honor to make the following statement:--

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About two miles this side of Kelly's Ford, at Brown's house, I think, I met Captain White falling back from his picket line. He reported that five regiments of infantry and a large amount of cavalry had crossed the river, and were slowly advancing towards the railroad. Just then the enemy's line of skirmishers emerged from the woods, and I at once dismounted a large portion of my command and made such disposition of my entire force as seemed best calculated to retard their progress. I immediately sent scouting parties to my right, and went forward myself to ascertain what was transpiring there. I soon learned that the enemy was advancing upon the Brandy Station road, and despatched Captain Worthington with the information. Soon afterwards the enemy was reported marching upon Stevensburg in large force. I ordered Lieutenant Holcombe to report the fact to the major-general commanding, who informed me that a force had been sent to Stevensburg,

and that troops were at Brandy Station. Before receiving this message I had contemplated making an attack in rear should it meet the general's approval. I therefore sent Lieutenant James Johnston to report to General Stuart, who sent me orders to hold my front. A division of my force was impossible, as I needed them all.

I consider it extremely fortunate that my command was not withdrawn from the position it occupied (which was a very strong one), as the enemy's force, consisting of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were marching directly upon the right flank of our troops engaged in front of Rappahannock Station. I had not force sufficient to hold in check (and it was vitally important to do so) this body, and at the same time follow the flanking party. All the facts may be summed up as follows: Before my arrival the enemy's cavalry had turned off to the points upon which they intended to march. They had posted artillery, cavalry, and infantry so as to cover this movement, or if unopposed march upon the railroad. Had I pursued the flanking party. the road I was ordered to defend would have been left utterly exposed. I acted according to orders and the dictates of judgment.

I came to this army resolved that my official conduct should meet the approbation of my military superiors, and whenever in their opinion I deserve censure I shall most cheerfully submit to official investigation.

Very respectfully, major,
Your obedient servant,

B. H. ROBERTSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Cavalry.

Major H. B. MCCLELLAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Cavalry Division.

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[Indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, June 15, 1863.

Respectfully forwarded. It is very clear that General Robertson intended to do what was right. At the time Lieutenant Johnston reported to me it was too late for any movement to have been made from General Robertson's front, and it would have been extremely hazardous for him to have interposed his command between the enemy's infantry and artillery and the column of cavalry that had already passed on his right flank. At the time he arrived on the spot it is presumed he could have made the detachment to get to the front of the flanking column and delay its progress.

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, June 15, 1863.

MAJOR:--Early on the morning of the 9th instant Captain White, commanding outposts, reported the enemy crossing in force at Kelly's Ford with cavalry and infantry, three regiments of the latter having passed at the time this despatch was written. I immediately announced this intelligence to the major-general commanding, and shortly afterwards received instructions to proceed with my command in that direction, to hold the enemy in check, and protect the right flank of our forces, then engaged between

Rappahannock and Beverly fords. Another courier from Captain White informed me that five regiments of infantry, several regiments of cavalry with artillery, had crossed and were moving slowly up the river. I at once despatched this information to headquarters.

About two miles from Kelly's I met Captain White, and learned that the enemy was then occupying a piece of woods directly on our front. Dismounting a portion of my men and deploying them as skirmishers, I made such disposition of the remainder as in my judgment would successfully resist the enemy's further advance. I then reconnoitred his position, and ascertained that some of his cavalry had gone in the direction of Brandy Station, which fact I communicated to Major-General Stuart through Captain Worthington, of my staff.

Upon further investigation I learned that several cavalry regiments had taken the road to Stevensburg via Willis Madden's, and reported the same through Lieutenant Holcombe, from whom I learned that a force to meet them had been sent in the directions above stated. I therefore determined to hold the ground in my front should the infantry <421>attempt to advance upon the railroad, and placed my skirmishers behind an embankment (parallel to a ditch) to protect them from the artillery which had been opened from the woods.

Soon after firing commenced I received orders to fall rapidly back towards Brandy, as the enemy was in my rear and had probably turned my left. When I reached the railroad I discovered on my right a considerable force of the enemy's infantry. At this point a courier from the major-general commanding directed me to advance rapidly with one regiment and report to him, as the enemy had possession of his headquarters. I selected the 63d, which was in front, and pushed rapidly forward, sending instructions to Colonel Ferebee to cover my rear and right.

The enemy having retired before my arrival, I was ordered to support General Hampton, who was making preparations to pursue. Soon afterwards, the enemy displaying a large force in our immediate front, apparently with the intention of attacking, I drew my two regiments up in line of battle and awaited his advance. His columns advancing to our left, one of my regiments was ordered in that direction. I accompanied it and deployed it as skirmishers dismounted, to hold that end of the line in case it should be pressed. The other regiment I instructed to report to Brigadier-General Hampton.

When General Lee was wounded I was ordered to command the left wing, and saw nothing more of my brigade. Although in sight of the enemy for many hours and exposed to the fire of his artillery, my command was not at any time actively engaged. With the exception of four horses mortally wounded or totally disabled, I have no casualties to report.

Very respectfully, major,
Your obedient servant,

B. H. ROBERTSON,
Brigadier-General Commanding Cavalry.

Major H. B. MCCLELLAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters Cavalry Division.

[Indorsement.]

*HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, June 20, 1863.*

Respectfully forwarded to accompany my report of the battle of Fleetwood. The enemy having been reported moving by Madden's to Stevensburg, two regiments (2d South Carolina and 4th Virginia) were sent to the latter place, but a portion of the enemy was detached from this column and sent to Brandy, where, as at Fleetwood, they were soon routed by Jones' and Hampton's brigades. Nothing of any <422>value was at Brandy. My own headquarters' baggage having been sent off early to the rear, the place spoken of as my headquarters was a high hill (Fleetwood), where they had been, but had early in the day been transferred to the field,- everything packed and sent off. General Robertson's report appears satisfactory.

J. E. B. STUART,

Major- General

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Roll Of The Second Regiment Virginia Cavalry.

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REGIMENTAL BAND.

GEORGE R. LYMAN, Leader, *Solo-alto*.
CHARLES H. RAU, *E Flat Cornet*.
THOMAS WALKER, *2d E Flat Cornet*.
FRANK MYERING, *B Flat Cornet*.
A. R. EDWARDS, First Tenor.
JAMES M. EDWARDS, *Second Tenor*.
HERCY E. CARPER, *Second Alto*.
H. M. HARRIS, *Bass*.
R. W. THURMAN, *Drum*.
THOMAS WILSON, *Cymbals*.

This was the only complete band from Virginia in the Cavalry Corps. It was supplied with a beautiful set of instruments captured near Haymarket from a New York regiment; and was generally well mounted, adding much to the spirit of the regiment, who were always proud of it.

The 2d Regiment Virginia Cavalry, formerly the 30th Regiment Virginia Volunteers, was organized at Lynchburg, Va., May 8, 1861, Col. J. A. Early mustering officer. This was the first mounted regiment organized in Virginia. When General J. E. B. Stuart organized the Cavalry after the first battle of Manassas, he made his regiment the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and this regiment was designated the 2d Virginia Cavalry.

First Colonel, R. C. W. RADFORD, graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, commanded the regiment during the first year of the war; after the reorganization, commanded cavalry in Floyd's army, Virginia forces.

First Lieutenant-Colonel, THOMAS T. MUNFORD, elected without opposition at the reorganization to command the regiment.

Second Colonel, THOMAS T. MUNFORD, Colonel of the regiment during the last three years of the war; two thirds of the time commanding the brigade; wounded slightly by a sabre-cut at second Manassas, and at Turkey Ridge, June 2, 1864, by a spent grape shot.

Second Lieutenant-Colonel, J. W. WATTS, promoted at the reorganization from the captaincy of Co. A; wounded severely by eight sabre-cuts at second Manassas; wounded at Flint Hill and at Occoquan; wounded at Aldie and permanently disabled; honorably discharged; assigned to post duty at Liberty, Va.

First Major, JOHN S. LANGHORNE, promoted from captaincy of Co. B; resigned.

Second Major, A. L. PITZER, promoted from captaincy of Co. C; served on Gen. J. A. Early's staff after reorganization.

Third Major, CARY BRECKINRIDGE, promoted at reorganization from captaincy of Co. C; wounded in the face by sabre-cuts at second Manassas; wounded at Opequan, September 20, 1864.

Fourth Major, W. F. GRAVES, promoted from captaincy of Co. F; wounded slightly at Mechanicsville.

Fifth Major, THOMAS WHITEHEAD, promoted from captaincy of Co. E; disabled by wounds at Trevillian's Depot.

Third Lieutenant-Colonel, CARY BRECKINRIDGE, promoted to colonelcy.

Fourth Lieutenant-Colonel, W. F. GRAVES.

Third Colonel, CARY BRECKINRIDGE, twice severely wounded, with sabre-cut at second Manassas, and on the Opequan, near Winchester; wounded in thigh October 29, 1864; captured at Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863; wounded at Raccoon Ford.

First Adjutant, R. H. BANKS, retired at the reorganization and promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of 12th Virginia Cavalry, on the recommendation of Col. T. T. Munford.

Second Adjutant, LOMAX TAYLOE, promoted for distinguished gallantry; wounded at Shepherdstown and at Bristoe Station; killed at Raccoon Ford.

Third Adjutant, JNO. W. TAYLOE, of Alabama, served as Major on Gen. D. H. Hill's staff; promoted to General Munford's staff.

Fourth Adjutant, SAMUEL GRIFFIN, promoted for gallantry from Sergeant-Major; twice wounded at Shepherdstown, August 16, 1865, and at Warrenton.

First Assistant Surgeon, S. H. MERIDITH, promoted from Lieutenant of Co. C, transferred and died.

Second Assistant Surgeon, W. H. BOWYER, transferred to battery and died in service.

Third Assistant Surgeon, WM. B. DAVIES, promoted from Orderly Sergeant, Co. E; killed at Hartwood Church, Va. (Stafford Co.), February 26, 1863.

Fourth Assistant Surgeon, JOHN H. NELSON, promoted from the ranks of Co. G, and killed at Raccoon Ford.

Fifth Assistant Surgeon, WM. H. PEAKE, died at Williamsport, Md.

Sixth Assistant Surgeon, JAMES ROAN.

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Seventh Assistant Surgeon, W. H. SHACKLEFORD, promoted from the ranks of Co. K.

First Quartermaster, W. H. TRENT, promoted from Co. H, Captain and A. Q. M.

First Commissary, ALBERT McDANIEL, Captain and A. Q. M., promoted to Brigade Q. M., with rank of Major.

First Sergeant-Major, WM. STEPTOE, promoted from Co. G for distinguished gallantry; promoted to captaincy of company B.

Second Sergeant-Major, JOHN FULKS, promoted from ranks of Co. A for gallantry; twice wounded at second Manassas and at Aldie; permanently disabled and retired.

Third Sergeant-Major, R. T. WATTS, promoted for gallantry from the ranks of Co. A; promoted to adjutancy of White's battalion on recommendation of Colonel Munford.

Fourth Sergeant-Major, W. J. HOLCOMBE, promoted to A.D.C. on staff of Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson.

Fifth Sergeant-Major, SAMUEL GRIFFIN, promoted for distinguished gallantry; wounded at second Manassas, Shepherdstown, and Cunningham's Ford; promoted to adjutancy.

First Color-Sergeant, LOMAX TAYLOE, promoted for gallantry to Sergeant-Major.

Second Color-Sergeant, H. D. YANCEY, was killed at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864; volunteered to carry flag on that day.

Third Color-Sergeant, JAMES E. TUCKER, promoted for distinguished gallantry; wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863, and at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864.

Fourth Color-Sergeant, J. T. MORGAN (state flag); a gallant lad full of dash.

First Commissary Sergeant, C. H. ALMOND, promoted for distinguished gallantry to lieutenantcy of Co. G.

First Q. M. Sergeant, FRANCIS MERRIWEATHER.

Farrier, F. WILLIAMS, Co. I.

Chief Blacksmiths, W. B. BOWYER, BARNEY HUGHES, both faithful efficient men, always in place.

First Bugler, J. H. KASEY, Co. G.

Second Bugler, WM. WILSON. Co. F. *Chaplain*, W. W. BERRY, resigned. *Second Chaplain*, R. H. MCKIM.

Adjutant's Clerk and Ordnance Officer, Maurice Guggenheimer, Co. C; a most efficient and faithful officer, always ready to do his duty, and always in place.

Adjutant's Clerk, T. P. TAYLOR, of Co. A, captured at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864; in prison till end of the war.

ROLL OF COMPANY A. BEDFORD COUNTY.

First Captain, WM. R. TERRY, promoted Colonel of 24th Virginia Infantry and Brigadier-General in Pickett's division.

Second Captain, J. W. WATTS, promoted to *Lieutenant-Colonel*; wounded at second Manassas by eight sabre-cuts; wounded and permanently disabled at

Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863, and honorably retired to post duty. *Third Captain*, H. CLAY DICKENSON, captured at Meadow Bridge; died since.

1st Lieutenant, WALTER IZZARD, until reorganization; retired; promoted to Capt. Top. Eng.

1st Lieutenant, ROBT. C. WILSON, wounded at Bristoe Station, at second Manassas, and mortally wounded at High Bridge.

1st Lieutenant, JOHN W. LOWRY, wounded slightly at Stevensburg, Va., October 11, 1863.

2d Lieutenant, R. HUGH KELSO, wounded with five sabre-cuts at second Manassas; mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.

2d Lieutenant, ARNER N. HATCHER, mortally wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

2d Lieutenant. THOS. S. WEST.

First Orderly Sergeant. WM. C. MINNIS, died in the service.

1st Sergeant, JNO. M. LOWRY, killed at Nance's Shop.

Sergeant, ROBT. H. JETER, captured at Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.

Sergeant, THOS. J. ALDERSON, captured near Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.

Sergeant, Jos. A. JONES, captured near Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.

Sergeant, JAS. H. HOPKINS.

Sergeant, A. J. WOOLFOLK, killed at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.

Sergeant, JNO. FULKS, promoted to Sergeant-Major for gallantry; wounded at second Manassas; permanently disabled at Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863, and honorably discharged.

Sergeant, BEN. A. FERRELL, wounded near Front Royal, September 21, 1864.

PRIVATES.

ARRINGTON, J. H., wounded.

ARRINGTON, WM.

BALLARD, C. J. BELL, F. H.

BOWER, C. A., promoted.

BOWER, JAS. R.

BRIDGES, HARDAGO, killed near Berryville, August 20, 1864.

BROWN, SAUL E., wounded, July 9, 1863, at Brandy Station.

BUFORD, J. B., detailed by special orders, Hdqrs. A. N. Va.

CADDLE, JOHN, wounded at Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864.

CAMEFIX, WM. A., killed at Mount Jackson, November 22, 1864.

CLAY, CALHOUN G., killed May 8, 1864, Spottsylvania.

CLAY, CHAS. E., captured near Mt. Jackson.

CLAY, CLINTON, wounded at Hawes' Shop.

CLAY, J.P., wounded slightly.

CLEMENS, CHAS. R., wounded.

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CLEMENS, JNO. W.

CLENKENBEARD, JNO.

COFER, JNO. C.

COFER, RICHARD.

COLEMAN, NICHOLAS killed at Stevensburg, October 11, 1863.

COLEMAN, WM. C.

CREASY, CHAS. H.

DAVIS, THOS. E., promoted A.D. C., staff of Gen. Floyd.

DICKENSON, JNO. Q., captured at Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.

DOOLEY, C. B., wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863; honorably discharged.

DOWNEY, G. B.

ELLIOTT, MILTON.

EVERITT, Z. W., wounded August 26, 1863, Bristoe Station.

EWING, MITCHELL A.

FALLS, GEO. W., killed at Stevensburg, October 11, 1863.

FERRELL, JNO. E., wounded May 8, 1864, Spottsylvania.

FRANKLIN, JNO. E., wounded May, 8, 1864, Spottsylvania.

FREEMAN, STEPHEN, died in 1861.

FUQUE, GEO. W., killed at first Manassas.

FUQUA, MARTIN L.

GILL, ASA.

GOODE, HEBERT, M.D., promoted to Asst. Surgeon in infantry.

GOODE, JNO., Jr., elected M. C. Confederate States.

HARRIS FRANK, wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 22., 1864.

HARRIS, JAS. W., put in a substitute.

HARRIS, THOS. E., wounded at Stevensburg, October 11, 1863.

HATCHES, JAMES W.

HATCHER, JNO. A., died in 1861.

HODGERS, BENJ.

HOPKINS, JAS.

HOPKINS, JNO. A.

HOWARD, THOS. H., captured near Stanardsville.

HUDDLESTON, P. L.

HUDDLESTON, WM. C., discharged as unfit for service.

HURT, DAVID L., wounded.

HURT, JNO.

HURT, ROBT., died in 1862.

JONES, ROBT. A.

JOPLIN, BENJ., wounded at Warrenton Springs, 1862.

JOPLIN, Jos. B., wounded.

JOPLIN, JOS. C.

KEARNS, M.

LAX, JNO. W., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

LITTLE, JNO. H.

LOWRY, CHAS. B., discharged.
LOWRY, C.V.
LUCAS, CALVIN, transferred to infantry.
LUCAS, CREED, transferred to infantry.
LUCK, EDWARD.
LUCK, JULIUS.
McGEEHEE, WM. G., wounded at Yellow Tavern.
MEAD, JNO. W., killed at Fort Kennon, called also Fort Powhatan.
MEAD, O. G., wounded at second Manassas.
MEAD, ROBERT.
MEAD, WM.
MITCHELL, CHAS. E., discharged.
MITCHELL, R. D., captured near Stanardaville, February 29, 1864.
MOSELEY, H. W., wounded.
MOSELEY, WM. H., wounded at Spottsylvania, May 6, 1864.
NANCE, WM. P.
NELMS, DANDRIDGE, captured at Stanardsville.
NELMS, SAUL P., detailed as Brigade Ordnance Sergeant.
NELMS, THOS. P., captured near Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.
NICHOLAS, WM. S., killed at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864.
NOELL, C. F.
NOELL, JAS. M.
NOELL, J. R.
NOELL, JNO. C., discharged.
NOELL, M. B., died in 1862.
NOELL, THOS. B., captured at Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.
NOELL, THOS. E., killed at second Manassas.
NOELL, THOS. E. (the second), captured at Stanardsville.
NOELL, WM. L.
OTEY, WM. D., died.
OVERSTREET, RICHD.
OWEN, NICHOLAS, died in 1861.
PAGE, THOS. MANN, M.D., died in 1861.
POINDEXTER, J. W.
POLLARD, JAS. H., died.

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POLLARD, JAS. H., butcher of the regiment.
POLLARD, JNO, M., butcher of the regiment.
POWELL, JNO. E., wounded at High Bridge, April, 1865.
RICHARDSON, CLINTON C., wounded.
RUSHER, BURNETT, killed at Warrenton Springs, 1862.
SAUNDERS, LOWNES, wounded at Bristoe Station, August 26, 1863; and killed at Namegine Creek, April, 1865.
SHREWSBURY, WM., detailed.
SMITH, ROST., transferred.
SMITH, WM. H., died.

THOMAS, RUFUS, wounded at Oak Shade.
 THOMAS, S. M.
 TURPIN, CASWELL, wounded at first Manassas.
 TURPIN, WM. L.
 WATSON, BENJ., killed at second Manassas; buried in the same grave with Thos. E. Noell.
 WATSON, BENNET O.
 WATSON, B. R.
 WATSON, JAS. A.
 WATSON, OWEN B., wounded.
 WATSON, WM. L., wounded at second Manassas.
 WATSON, WYATT, J., wounded at second
 WEST, ROBT. M., captured at New Town, May, 1862.
 WEST, VAN BUREN, killed at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
 WHEAT, F. L.
 WHEAT, L. C., killed at Mr. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
 WILKENSON, H. C.
 WILKENSON, WM. O.
 WILLIAMSON, WM. CALLAHILL, wounded at second Manassas, and at Catlett's Station.
 WILSON, JNO.
 WILSON, WM. L.
 WINGFIELD, WM. H., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
 WOOD, LEWIS H.
 WOOLFORK, A. G., killed.
 WRIGHT, JAS. E.
 WRIGHT, JNO. M.
 WRIGHT, JNO. W.
 WRIGHT, S.C., died in service at Berryville.
 WRIGHT, WM. M., severely wounded at Front Royal, August 21, 1864.
 WATTS, R. T., promoted Adjutant, Major White's battalion.

ROLL OF COMPANY B. WISE TROOP, LYNCHBURG CITY.

Detailed for a long time for service with Lieutenant-General James Longstreet. Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, served in the 2d Regiment during its absence.

First Captain, JOHN S. LANGHORN; promoted to Major; resigned.

Second Captain, CHARLES M. BLACKFORD; re-elected at reorganization; promoted to Judge Advocate of Longstreet's corps, A. N. Va.

Third Captain, GEORGE B. HORNER; killed at Hartwood Church, February 26, 1863.

Fourth Captain, WM. STEPTOE; promoted from Sergeant-Major for distinguished gallantry; wounded at Yellow Tavern.

Acting Captain, GILMER BRECKENRIDGE; assigned as Captain in absence of all commissioned officers, who were wounded; promoted from Color-Sergeant for distinguished gallantry; killed at Fort Kennon.

1st Lieutenant, CHARLES M. BLACKFORD; acting Adjutant at Lynchburg; promoted to Captain.

2d Lieutenant, VAN. K. OTEY; retired from field service; promoted to provost duty; in command at Lynchburg; died in service.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, WM. H. STRATTON; retired at reorganization, returned to the ranks, and was killed as a private soldier in Spottsylvania Co., May 5, 1864.

2d Lieutenant, A. D. WARWICK; resigned; joined battery.

2d Lieutenant, JNO. ALEXANDER; captured and remained in prison.

2d Lieutenant, JNO. O. THORNHILL; shot through the body at Aldie, June 17, 1863; wounded at Todd's Tavern, July 7, 1864.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, J. P. ROBERTSON; lost an arm at Aldie, June 17, 1863; wounded at Buckland.

Lieutenant, R. B. ISBELL; wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 9, 1863; and at Spottsylvania Court House, July, 1864.

First Orderly Sergeant, WM. LANGHORNE; discharged.

1st Sergeant, ROBT. W. LACY.

2d Sergeant, E.G. SCOTT.

2d Sergeant, JNO. S. MASSIE; wounded at Shepherdstown.

3d Sergeant, A. S. WATSON.

4th Sergeant, WM. B. CROSS; killed near Berryville, August 21, 1864.

Sergeant, M. B. LANGHORNE; transferred and promoted.

Sergeant, C. CHRISTIAN; discharged.

Sergeant, JAMES CHALMERS; killed near Annandale, September 30, 1861.

Sergeant, JNO. T. LUCKET; discharged in 1862; recommended for promotion.

Corporal, S. M. ALEXANDER; captured at Shepherdstown; when exchanged, joined Mosby

Corporal, C. V. DANOHOE.

Corporal, F. M. STONE.

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PRIVATES

ABBOTT, J.P., killed at Buckettsville, Md., September 14, 1862.

AKERS, E. A., captured at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864.

ALEXANDER, E. A., killed at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864.
ALLEN, T.W., wounded at Fort Powhatan, sometimes called Fort Kennon, on
James River, Charles City County, Va., May 14, 1864.
BARNES, A. J., assigned as courier to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart; very efficient.
BARNES, E. F. BAYS, JNO. R.
BERKLEY, JOSEPH.
BIBB, JNO. R., wounded April 6, 1865, at High Bridge on retreat from
Petersburg.
BOLLING, W. R., discharged in 1862, since died.
BOWMAN, N. B.
BOYD, ANDREW, wounded at Spottsylvania Court House, May 8, 1864.
BOYD, JAMES, discharged in 1864.
BRADLEY, WM., killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 7, 1864.
BROOK, St. GEORGE T., wounded at Fort Powhatan, May 14, 1864;
permanently disabled at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864. The bravest of the brave.
BROWNING, C. P., discharged July 14, 1863.
BROWNING, JNO., killed at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
CALLAHAN, J. E., captured at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
CARNEFIX, E. M.
CARUTHERS, JAS., courier; discharged.
CLAY, D.C., transferred to Co. A.
COLES, JNO.
COX, JNO. C.
COX, P. S., detailed as forage-master.
COX, SAML., discharged.
COX, THAD.
CRUMPTON, ROST.
DAMERON, C. D., discharged on account of bad health.
DOBYNS, JOSEPH, died in service at Spottsylvania Court House, 1863.
DUNNINGTON, V. G., discharged in 1862 to fill office of City Treasurer,
Lynchburg, Va.
EARLY, S. H., promoted to A.D. C., Gen Early's staff.
EDWARDS, J. E.
EDWARDS, J. T., detailed.
EDWARDS, W. P. M.
EUBANK, W. E. J.
EVERETT, H. B., discharged.
FARISS, J.
FLEMMING, F. W.
FLOOD, THOS. W., died in service, 1861.
FLOYD, CHAS. A., killed in 1864.
GODSEY, F. M.
GREEN, CHAS., transferred to battery.
GREEN, JNO. L., discharged in 1862.
HAMMERLING, C. D., discharged in 1862.
HOLLEY, W. E., discharged in 1862.

HUNT, H. C., discharged in 1862.
INGRAM, J. R., discharged in 1862.
IRVINE, W. A., discharged in 1862.
JONES, JNO. W., discharged in 1862.
KASEY, J. B., discharged in 1862.
KEFAUVER, WM.
KEMPER HUGH, killed in 1862.
KINNIER, GEO. A., wounded at Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864. Splendid soldier.
KINNIER, JNO. A., wounded at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864, in arm and foot.
KINNIER, WM.
LANGHORNE, J. KENT, killed near Brandy Station, June 9, 1863; his first fight.
LAWSON, Jos., captured at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864.
LAWSON, S. M., Color-Sergeant; state flag.
LEAKE, F. M.
LEMAN, A. H., deserted while on picket-post, March, 1865.
LEWIS, JNO. C., courier.
LOCK, DANIEL.
LOVE, A.D., wounded at Cold Harbor.
LOVE, S. A.
LOVE, T. H.
LUCADO, WM. F.
LUCK, HENRY, killed at Spottsylvania Court House, May 17, 1864.
MAYS, C. J., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
MAYS, C RICHD., wounded at Stanardsville, February 29, 1864.
MAYS, H. H., died in 1863.
McCORKLE, S. M., discharged.
MERRIWEATHER, C. J., put in a substitute who deserted the same day.
MITCHELL, J. E.
MOORE, SAMPSON, wounded near Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864.

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MORGAN, J. H.
NORVILL, CHAS., promoted to Captain in another command.
OFTENDINGER, HERMAN, left at the end of his enlistment.
PALMER, C. F., transferred; died in prison.
PERCEVAL, GEO., discharged.
PERRIGO, GEO., deserted from the enemy; afterward captured.
PERRIMAN, WM. P., deserted.
PETTYJOHN S. W., deserted while on picket-post at Mechanicsville, March, 1865.
PHELPS, J. C. W , enlisted from Albemarle Co., Va.
PURVIS, W. C., enlisted from Albemarle Co., Ya.
READ, JNO. A.
ROBERTS, H. T., captured March 1, 1863.
RUCKER, JAMES G., deserted while on picket-post at Mechanicsville, March, 1865.
SALE, J. E., discharged in 1862.

SEABURY, E. C.
SEABURRY, R. M., wounded at first Manassas.
SEABURRY, W. J., wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
SHERRAR, JNO. C., mortally wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
SMITH, JNO. THOS., discharged; recommended for promotion.
SMITH, WM. N.
SNEED, S. EMMITT.
SPENCER, W. R.
STONE, FRANK.
SULLIVAN, DENNIS, discharged as over age.
SUMTER, S. R., wounded at Falls Church, September, 1861
TAYLOR, JNO. O., discharged in 1862.
TAYLOR, O. P., wounded at first Manassas.
TAYLOR, TAOS. P., captured at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.
THURMAN, ALEXANDER.
THURMAN, POWHATAN.
TOLER, W. D.
TUCKER, WILLIS, captured at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
TYREE, RICHD., accidentally killed at Fredericksburg, 1863.
WALL, THOMAS, died in service, 1862.
WATSON, W. H., deserted while on picket-post, March, 1865.
WHITLOW, W. H.
WITT, J. C.
WOODRUFF, A.M., put in a substitute (Jno. A. Keef), who deserted.
WRIGHT, J. L.

ROLL OF COMPANY C. BOTETOURT COUNTY.

First Captain, ANDREW L. PITZER; retired at reorganization.

Second Captain, CARY BRECKINRIDGE; promoted Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel; wounded at second Manassas by sabre-cut in face; captured when leading a charge at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; wounded at Raccoon Ford; wounded at Opequon, September 20, 1864.

Third Captain, JAMES BRECKINRIDGE; commanded the sharpshooters of the regiment; his gallantry and dash were universally recognized as second to no officer in the command; killed at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.

1st Lieutenant, RICHD. H. BARKS; promoted Adjutant of regiment; after the reorganization was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of 12th Virginia Cavalry, upon recommendation of Col. T. T. Munford, by order of Gen. T. J. Jackson.

1st Lieutenant, CARY BRECKINRIDGE; promoted to captaincy.

1st Lieutenant, EDWARD BRAUGH; wounded at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863; shot through the body at Spottsylvania, May 7, 1864; returned to his command and served with great credit to the end of the war.

1st Lieutenant, SAML. MEREDITH, M.D.; promoted Assistant Surgeon; died in service.

2d Lieutenant, WM. R. PRICE, retired after reorganization.

2d Lieutenant, WM. WALTON, wounded with three sabre-cuts at second Manassas:

2d Lieutenant, EDW. P. HAYTHE; wounded twice.

First Orderly Sergeant, ALBERT B. PITZER; detailed Sheriff of Botetourt County.

Acting Orderly Sergeant, ROBT. W. REILY; served two years with credit; then deserted to the enemy.

Third Orderly Sergeant, JAMES W. BIGGS; wounded at Sugar Loaf Mountain, Md., September 8, 1862; and at Shepherdstown, July 15, 1864; an efficient, good soldier.

2d Sergeant, JNO. A. BIGGS; captured at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.

3d Sergeant, J. H. STEPHENS.

4th Sergeant, M.P. LINKENHOGGER; wounded at Bridgewater, October 18, 1864; especially distinguished at Leesburg, Va., leading a charge with Lieut. Davis of company E, who was killed.

5th Sergeant, C. W. GIVENS.

1st Corporal, J. W. BROWNLEE; a faithful soldier.

2d Corporal, W. M. WALTON: captured.

3d Corporal, JAS. W. DENTON; wounded severely at Beverly's Ford.

3d Corporal, OLIVER P. GRAY; discharged.

3d Corporal, WM. A. McCLEWER; put in a substitute.

3d Corporal, WM. H. GARRETT; died in service.

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PRIVATES.

ALEXANDER, JAMES.

AMMAN, MARCUS, wounded severely at second Manassas by four sabre-cuts; transferred.

BARKS, JNO. T., discharged.

BELL, J. B.

BISHOP, M. E., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

BISHOP, N. W., captured at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863: wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 7, 1844.

BONDURANT, R. K., discharged as unfit for service.

BOWYER, GEORGE S.

BOWYER, WM B., blacksmith; a most efficient and faithful soldier, always at his post.

BRECKINRIDGE, P. GILMER, Captain in 28th Virginia Infantry until

reorganization; joined his younger brother's company a private; promoted to Color Bearer; for gallantry assigned to command Co. B; killed at Fort Kennon on May 24, 1864, having mounted the parapet when he fell.

BRUGH, BENJ., discharged.

CAHOON, C. C., wounded severely at Gaines' Cross Roads, May, 1863.

CAMPER, G. B., wounded at Jack's Shop, 1864.

CARPER, HERCEY E., Bugler.

CARPER, T. S. CARROLL, E. L.

COOKE, W. H.

CRADDOCK, W. D., killed at Berryville, August 19, 1864.

CRADDOCK, W. J.

DASHIER, JNO. L., killed at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863.

DENTON, JAMES, wounded at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.

DOLMAN, M. P., wounded at Beverly's Ford, June 9; wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

DRISCOLL, JNO., captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

FIGGATT, J. H. H., promoted to Sergeant-Major, and captaincy in 12th Virginia Cavalry, transferred.

FRAZIER, CHARLES.

GARRETT, J. C., captured on scout near Fairfax C. H., took the oath, and was dismissed from Confederate service; his exchange was effected and he returned to his regiment.

GILBERT, J. O., wounded in face at second Manassas, badly hurt; honorably discharged.

GILMER, G. W., twice severely wounded; lost an eye at Gettysburg; gallant fellow.

GILMER, WALKER, transferred to Walker's Artillery.

GIVENS, W. C., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 8, 1864.

GODWIN, JAMES, wounded at Spottsylvania, April 9, 1864.

GODWIN, ROBINSON, M.D., wounded; promoted Assistant Surgeon.

GRIFFIN, SAML. "TIP," wounded at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863; wounded in face at Warrenton: promoted Sergeant-Major and Adjutant for distinguished gallantry.

GRIFFIN (RAFF), WINGFIELD.

GUGGENHEIMER, MAURICE, detailed as Adjutant's Clerk; promoted Ordnance Officer for efficiency and general good conduct; horse killed at Spottsylvania Court House.

HALL, WILLIAM.

HARDWICK, T. G.

HARVEY, W. M., put in a substitute who deserted.

HAYLTRE, GEO. A., killed at Boonsboro', Md., July 8, 1863.

HAYTHE, A.M.

HAZLEWOOD, JNO. A., captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

HENDERSON, WM., transferred to Salem Artillery.

HENKLE, J. M.

HINES, JAMES C.

HINES, MIKL. S., wounded at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863; deserted in May, 1864.
HINES, WM. S.
HOFFMAN, FRANK, deserted, May, 1864.
HOOVER, JACOB.
HOUSEMAN, J. T.
HUMES, H. J., wounded in foot; deserted, May, 1864.
KALE, E. C., captured at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863: wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
KNODE, G. W., captured at Hawes' Shop; died in prison.
KYLE, EDWARD, captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
KYLE, HAZLETT, wounded at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.
KYLE, RUFUS P. LAMB, DAVID.
LAMB, MOSES, deserted to the enemy. LANTZ, C.m transferred to Salem Artillery. LEMMON, W. H., wounded at second Manassas.
LINKENHOGGER, JNO.
LOOP, JACOB, captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
LUSTER, E. B., Bugler; detailed.
MALLOW, WM. M., captured near Flint Hill, July 17, 1861.
MARKS, WM. P., wounded on picket; permanently disabled,
MAYS, JOSEPHUS.
MAYS, J. T., captured near Flint Hill, July 9, 1861.
McCHESNEY, WM., died at Mt. Jackson, January, 1864.

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McCLANGHERTY, B. S.
McCLEWER, JNO. R., discharged.
McCLEWER, SAMUEL, killed at Crampton's Gap, Md., September 14, 1862.
McCLEWER, THOMAS, put in a substitute who deserted.
McCOY, J. M., lost a leg at Mr. Mandian, 1864.
McCREASY, J. W.
McCUE, WM., detailed with General Longstreet; promoted.
MOODY, ABE.
MULLEN, J. D., wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863: wounded severely at Boonsboro', Md., July 8, 1863.
NININGER, G. W., discharged.
OBENCHAIN, M. V. B.
OLIVER, GELVERTON N., killed at Tom's Brook, September 20, 1864.
PAXTON, RUFUS, detailed as courier with General Longstreet.
PAYNE, H. O., detailed at Camp Cripple.
PECK, BENJ. J., Corporal; killed at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863.
PECK, GEO. H., died in service, May 23, 1864.
PECK, RUFUS H., captured at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; was struck in face by Yankee officer while a prisoner.
PECK, WM. A.
PETERS, E.G., detailed as teamster at brigade headquarters.
PETERS, JNO. W., captured at Gettysburg; died in prison at Fort Delaware.

PETTIGREW, L. B., detailed,
PITZER, D. S.
PITZER, F. T., killed January 14, 1864.
PITZER, J. A.
PITZER, J. B.
PITZER, J. F.
PITZER, M. P., transferred to Salem Artillery--Johnson's battery.
PRICE, C. T., wounded at Louisa Court House, June 10, 1864.
PRICE, GEO. A., killed at Hartwood Church, April 6, 1863.
RADER, W. R., captured at High Bridge, April 6, 1865, on retreat to Appomattox.
RIELY, LEWIS, deserted to the enemy during Hunter's Raid, May, 1864.
RIELY, SAMUEL, killed at Funkstown, Md., June 10, 1863; a gallant fellow.
RINEHEART, W. R., wounded at Boonsboro', Md., July 8, 1863; a gallant fellow.
ROBINSON, ALLEN, captured on picket at Fairfax C. H. in 1861; took the oath
and was dismiss from Confederate service; an exchange was afterwards
effected and he returned to his company.
ROBINSON, JNO. W., captured and died in prison at Point Lookout, 1864.
ROBINSON, JOSEPH, died.
SAUNDERS, JNO. M., deserted to enemy on Hunter's Raid, 1864.
SEARS, JNO. H., wounded twice.
SHARER, J M.
SHAFER, PETER.
SHANKS, JAMES L.
SHAVER, GEO.
SHAVER, JNO. N., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 7, 1864.
SNODGRASS, EDWARD N., wounded at Millwood, October 20, 1864.
SNYDER, CHARLES.
SPANGLER, C. D., wounded severely at Boonsboro', Md., July 8, 1863.
SPEARS, C. C., killed at Leesburg, Va., September 2, 1862; full of dash.
STALEY, D. R., captured at Raccoon Ford; a good soldier.
STANLEY, J. M., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 8, 1864.
STEVENS, T. A.
STONER, K. B., transferred to artillery (Douthat's)
SWITZER, C. P., wounded at Fort Kennan, May 24, 1864.
THRASHER, J. Q. A.
WHITE, ALEX., killed at Tom's Brook, September 20, 1864.
WHITE, SAML., captured at Fort Kennan, May 24, 1864.
WHITTLE, BEV. KENNON, wounded at Tom's Brook, 9th September, and at
Millwood, October 22, 1864; a splendid soldier.
WILLIAMS, W. W.
WOOD, P. W., discharged.
YOUNG, J. P., captured at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1862.
YOUNG, J. R., discharged.
YOUNG, L. C.
ZIMMERMAN, GEORGE P., captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

ROLL OF COMPANY D. FRANKLIN COUNTY.

First Captain, G. W. B. HALE; after reorganization on General Early's staff.
Second Captain, T. B. HOLLAND; wounded at Kelly's Ford March 17, 1863;
May 12, 1864.
Third Captain, MARSHALL WAID; wounded, June, 1864.
1st Lieutenant, WM. A. PARKER; wounded at second Manassas; killed, March
29, 1863, at Jack's Shop, Orange County.
1st Lieutenant, MOSES S. BOOTHE; killed at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
Acting Lieutenant, THOS. B. DAVIS; mortally wounded at Tom's Brook, October
9, 1864.

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1st Lieutenant, S. H. EARLY.
1st Lieutenant, J. R. CLAIBORNE, until reorganization; promoted to Major of
Sweeney's battalion.
2d Lieutenant, THOS. W. CREIGHEAD; killed near Winchester, August 20, 1864.
2d Lieutenant, M. D. HOLLAND, until reorganization; entered the ranks as a
private.
2d Lieutenant, C. H. BUSH; died in service.
2d Lieutenant, LITTLETON T. MEADOW.
Brev. 2d Lieutenant, CALLOWHILL M. ENGLISH.
1st Sergeant, BENJ. G. GARRETT.
2d Sergeant, K. CLENKENEEL.
2d Sergeant, M. F. CUNNINGHAM; died in 1862.
3d Sergeant, JAS. H. MEADOW; wounded at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
WM. G. WILKINSON.
Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, ROBT. B. MEADOW.
2d Corporal, GEO. N. PARKER.
3d Corporal, JNO. C. HARPER; wounded at Meadow Bridge, October 12, 1864.
4th Corporal, BENJ. P. HANCOCK; wounded at Raccoon Ford, October 11,
1863.

PRIVATES.

ABSHIRE, JAMES.
ARRINGTON, G. P., killed at Opequan, September 20, 1864.
ATKERSON, JOSHUA, disabled by disease after 1862.
BASHAM, DANIEL W., wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863.
BASHAM, Jos. H., died December 25, 1861.

BASHAM, P. B., discharged for disease, 1862.
BASHAM, THOS. T., mortally wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
BASHAM, WM. W., discharged for disease, 1862.
BAYS, DANIEL M.
BAYS, WM. O., died in 1862.
BENCHELEW, JNO R., substitute for W. T. Meadow, wounded at Kelly's Ford,
March 17, 1863.
BIRD, EDW. T., transferred to artillery, 1864.
BIRD, JAMES L.
BIRD, Jos. A., sick from January, 1862.
BIRD, PETER L., killed at Boonsboro', Md., 1862.
BIRD, WILEY A., retired from ill health.
BIRD, W. S. O.
BOARD, BENJ. F., wounded at Beverly, Rosser's Raid.
BOARD, SAML. H.
BOARD, SAML. M., died in August, 1863.
BOARD, W. P.
BOOTH, S. T., captured in Pennsylvania in July, 1863; died in prison.
BOROUGHES, J. W. killed at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
BOROUGHES, J. B., wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
BROWN, J. W. H., died in October, 1861.
BROWN, THOMAS H.
BURRELL, WM. A., wounded at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
BURROUGHES, C. F., discharged August, 1862; reenlisted, captured, and died in
prison.
BURROUGHES, EDWD. P., transferred to 11th Virginia Infantry, 1864.
BURROUGHES, E. N., wounded at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
BURROUGHES, THOS. R.
BUSH, CHAS. Y., killed at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
BUSH, THOS. P.
CALLOWAY, A. WALTER.
CALLOWAY, CHAS. H., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
CHAPMAN, H. C., transferred from infantry, November, 1864.
CHETWOOD, H. C., transferred from infantry, November, 1864.
CUNNINGHAM, GEO. E.
CUNNINGHAM, GEO. L., wounded near the Opequan, September 20, 1864.
DEWEY, WM. B.
DILLOM, WM. H., wounded May 11, 1864.
DILLOW, JACOB.
DIVERS, C. M.
DIVERS, THOS. C., wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
DIVERS, T. J.
DOWDY, WM. B.
DUDLEY, OTEY.
DYILEE, CHAS. S., wounded.
EANES, THOS. A.

EDWARDS, J. S., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863,
FERGUSON, D. S., discharged for disease.
FERGUSON, D. W.
FERGUSON, THOS. B., discharged by substitute.
HAMNER, WM. W.
HANCOCK, J. C.
HANCOCK, J. H.
HANCOCK, W. D., transferred to artillery.
HEPSTENSTALL, WM. B.

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HOLLAND, MARCELLAS, discharged by substitute, February, 1863.
HOLLAND, M.D., reenlisted March, 1864.
HOLLY, HARRISON, discharged by substitute, February, 1863.
HOLLY, H. C.
HUDSON, WM. M., captured at Flint Hill, May, 1862; returned to command and
was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
HUNNABASS, D. N.
HUNNABASS, JNO., discharged in 1862.
HURT, JNO. G.
HURT, WM. H.
HURT, WM. M., discharged, June, 1862.
JAMMESON, MARSHALL, discharged by substitute, May, 1862.
JONES, THOS. T.
KIMPLETON, J. W.
LORD, JNO., substitute for Ferguson, deserted the same day he enlisted.
MANAFEE, WM. A., killed at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864.
MARTIN, JNO. H., died, March, 1863.
MARTIN, SAML.
MARTIN, SILAS.
MATTHEWS, JAS. L., captured at Flint Hill, 1862; returned to command; was
wounded at Bottom Bridge, June 3, 1864, permanently disabled and honorably
retired.
MAYS, WM. P., captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1864; died in prison.
McGUIRE, E. T.
McNEAL, J. E., blacksmith.
MEADOR, E. J., wounded at Sharpsburg, transferred to artillery, 1864.
MEADOR, J. A.
MEADOR, W. T., discharged by substitute.
MOORE, S. P.
MORGAN, H. G., Corporal, killed at Beverly, W. Va., February, 1865, Rosser's
Raid.
MORGAN, THOS. W., wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
PARKER, D. W.
PASLEY, A.D., discharged by substitute, 1862.
PASLEY, C. T.
PASLEY, J. W., transferred to artillery, 1865.

PANLEY, JEROME, wounded at Front Royal, September 20, 1864.
 PASLEY LILBURN, wounded at Front Royal, September 20, 1864.
 PASLEY, R. D., transferred from infantry, December, 1862.
 PASLEY, S.S., killed at Funkstown, Md., 1862.
 PERDUE, WYTHE H., disabled by disease.
 PERSINGER, H. S., transferred from artillery, 1864.
 PILCHER, JNO, substituted for J. S. Taylor, deserted, 1863.
 POINDEXTER, JNO.
 POINDEXTER, JNO. W., shot himself, July, 1861, discharged.
 POINDEXTER, S. H.
 POWELL, JNO. R.
 POWELL, WM. T., diseased and absent from 1863.
 ROBERTSON, THOS. BIRD, substitute for E. T. McGuire, 1863.
 RUCKER, Jos. R., transferred to infantry, December, 1862.
 SAUNDERSON, JNO. A.
 SIMMONS, CHAS.
 SIMMONS, F.
 SMITH, JNO. H., courier at headquarters. A most reliable soldier.
 SMITH, JNO. P.
 SOWERS, JNO. O.
 STARKEY, EDW., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; honorably retired.
 STARKEY, JNO., died, March, 1863.
 ST. CLAIR, W. W., wounded in four parts of his body, at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
 STEGAR, THOS. H., released by age in 1862; teamster.
 TAYLOR, JAS. B., transferred from infantry, November, 1864.
 TORNEY, WM. J., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
 WAID, CHAS. W., killed hoar the Opequan, September 20, 1864.
 WAID, EDW., killed.
 WAID, GEO. W.
 WILLARD, JNO. W., died from disease, 1863.
 WILLIAMS, ABRAM.
 WILLIAMS, PLEASANT B., transferred from Infantry and deserted. 1864.
 WOOD, H. C., wounded at Beverly (Rosser's Raid), February, 1865.
 WOOD, SILAS.
 WOOD, WM. M. A.
 WRAY, JAS. A.
 WRAY, WM. H.
 WRIGHT, A. S., transferred to Infantry, 1864.
 WRIGHT, JNO. M., substitute for M. Holland, deserted.
 WRIGHT, O. P., substitute for A. D. Pasley, killed, October 11, 1863.
 WRIGHT, WM. R.
 ZELL, WM., transferred to artillery, 1864.
 Some of the best men in this company were unable to keep themselves mounted and had to be transferred.

ROLL OF COMPANY E. AMHERST COUNTY.

First Captain, EDGAR WHITEHEAD, retired at the reorganization.

Second Captain, THOS. WHITEHEAD, promoted to Major, severely wounded at Trevillian's Station. *1st Lieutenant*, W. VALENTINE RUCKER, retired at the reorganization. *1st Lieutenant*, WM. P. BLANKS, permanently disabled at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; lost an arm.

1st Lieutenant, THOS. M. WALLER, drowned at the bridge at Port Republic in the retreat from Cross Keys, Jackson's campaign.

2d Lieutenant, J. O. DAVIES, killed at Leesburg, September 2, 1862, in leading a charge.

2d Lieutenant, H. B. CHRISTIAN, retired; killed in artillery.

2d Lieutenant, JAMES L. JONES, wounded at Winchester, September 19, 1864.

2d Lieutenant, SAML. KIRKPATRICK, horse killed at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

1st Sergeant, WM. R. CLAIBURNE, wounded at second Manassas and at Trevillian's Station.

1st Sergeant, WM. B. DAVIES, promoted to Assistant-Surgeon, killed at Hartwood Church

2d Sergeant, J. S. FIGGATT, wounded at Cedar Creek.

3d Sergeant, D. N. FOSTER.

4th Sergeant, JNO. THOMPSON BROWN.

1st Corporal, A. McDONALD, transferred; promoted.

2d Corporal, CHAS. E WATTS, wounded at Stevensburg and at Todd's Tavern.

3d Corporal and Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, R. B. STRATTON.

4th Corporal, R. D. BARRETT.

PRIVATES.

AKERS, J. H., wounded and captured at Cedar Creek; died in prison.

ARMSTRONG, WM., wounded at Todd's Tavern.

BACK, WM., killed by F. Moss in Rappahannock County, Va.

BALEY, J. A., wounded April 9, 1865, in the last charge.

BATES, JNO. W., died, May 9, 1864.

BEBLER, A. R., wounded at Trevillian's Station; captured at Jack's Shop.

BLANKS, J. A., captured at Kelly's Ford.

BLUNT, W. H.

BRESTNER, RICHD., captured

BROOKING, JAMES, wounded at Beaver Dam, October 11, 1863.

BROOKING, JNO., killed at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.

BROWN, HENRY L.

BROWN, JNo. W., killed at Beaver Dam; a gallant lad.

BROWN, R. M., wounded in the head, at Berryville.
CABELL, L. B., wounded at second Manassas; transferred.
CABELL, PAUL C., transferred.
CABELL, W. H.
CASH, RICHARD, drowned near Fredericksburg.
CHEATWOOD, L. M.
CHEWNING, WM. R., transferred.
CHILES, W. H., wounded at Todd'e Tavern, May 6, 1863.
CLAIBORNE, S. B., wounded at Beaver Dam, May 9, 1863.
COLEMAN, WM. A.
DAVIES, R. H., wounded at Warrenton Springs, August 24, 1863.
DAVIES, R. L., wounded at Spottsylvania, May 7, 1863, and died from the wound.
DAVIS, WM., died of measles.
DEVINE, B. F.
DILLARD, JOE.
DOUGLAS, hospital steward.
DUVALL, WILLIAM WALLER, transferred.
EISMAN, DANIEL, teamster.
EISMAN, GEORGE, killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1863.
EUBANK, JNO. N., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 9, 1863.
EUBANK, RICHD.
EUBANK, THOS.
FALLS, J., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
FARRER, B. J., detailed.
FARRER, M. S., detailed.
FOWLE, J. ROLLINS.
FUQUA, J. W., wounded at Stevensburg, October 11, 1863.
GARLAND, B.C., transferred.
GARLAND, M. H., detailed.
GIBSON, P. B.
GILBERT, E. L., killed at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
GILBERT, J. T.
GOODRICK, A.M., captured in Custer's Raid.
HARRISON, JAMES, captured in Custer's Raid.
HARRISON, LEWIS.
HARRISON, W., transferred.
HAWKINS, WM., killed at Trevillian's Station, June 11, 1863.
HENDERSON, WM., wounded accidentally at first Manassas, and in a charge during Custer's Raid.
HICKS, M., detailed in hospital.
HIGGENBOTHAM, HENRY H.
HIGGENBOTHAM, PITT, killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

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HIGGENBOTHAM, THOS;, wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
HOPKINS, R. P. HUDSON, R. M. JORDAN, JAS. T.

JORDAN, ZACK, died in service.
KING, JAMES, put in as a substitute and deserted.
KNIGHT, M. H., wounded at Fort Kennon.
KNIGHT, P. M., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 3, 1864.
LANDRUM, B. W., wounded at Beaver Dam, May 9, 1864.
LANDRUM, J. W., lost an arm at Cold Harbor; promoted for gallantry.
LITCHFORD, CHAS.
LOVING, HENRY.
McGINNIS, T. W., killed at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
MOSS, FAYETTE, wounded at Blackburn's Ford; killed W. Buck, a member of his company, and deserted.
MYERS, W. H, captured at Woodstock; transferred.
PARR, J. H., wounded.
PETTICOLAS, P. A.
PETTIT, E. H.
PETTIT, JAMES, wounded at second Manassas, End again on Hunter's Raid; captured at Woodstock.
PETTIT, W. H., killed near Spottsylvania C. H., May 5, 1863.
QUINN, W. H. RHODES, W. F.
ROBERTSON, J. M., wounded at Front Royal.
RUCKER, BOOKER, killed at Yellow Tavern.
RUCKER, G. T., wounded at second Manassas.
RUCKER, I. H., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
RUCKER, MARCELLUS, drowned in Robertson's River.
RUCKER, PAUL, wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
RUCKER, W. R., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, and at Fort Kennon.
SALES, ALEXANDER, wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May, 8, 1864.
SHELTON, J. L., wounded at second Manassas.
SHEPHERD, W. H., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
SHOTWELL, E. L., wounded near Stanardsville, in Custer's Raid.
SMITH, AMBROSE, teamster.
SMITH, GEORGE (of Campbell County), killed at Fort Kennon.
STAPLES, J. B., wounded near Stanardsville in Custer's Raid.
TALLIAFERRO, CHAS., wounded at Mr. Zion Church; captured and died.
TALLIAFERRO, J. M.
TALLIAFERRO, R. M., transferred.
TAYLOR, Jos.
TAYLOR, PETER.
THOMAS, R. L., wounded at Dumfries and captured.
THOMPSON, J. B.
THOMPSON, JNO. J.
THOMPSON, THOMAS.
TINSLEY, CLIFFORD N.
TINSLEY, GEORGE T.
TUCKER, THOMAS J., wounded at Beaver Dam, May 9, 1864.
TURNER, DANIEL.

WALLER, S. M., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
WARE, J. J.
WATTS, CHAS., wounded badly at Todd's Tavern, and slightly disabled at
Stevensburg.
WATTS, HUGH.
WATTS, JAMES, wounded at Trevillian's Station.
WATTS, RICHD., died of measles.
WATTS, PITT.
WATTS, SAML., wounded, May 28, 1864, at Hawes' Shop.
WATTS, T. B., killed at Hunter's Mills, October, 1861.
WHITE, A. A., wounded.
WHITE, CHAS., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
WHITE, C. W.
WHITE, HANDY.
WILLIAMS, E. J., wounded at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
WILLIAMS, HAZLE.
WILLS, W. P.
WINGFIELD, R. E., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
WOOD, F., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
WRIGHT, CHAS. E.
WRIGHT, HENRY, wounded at second Manassas.
WRIGHT, W. D., captured.
YANCY, HENRY, volunteer color-bearer for the fight, May 9, 1864, at
Spottsylvania; killed.

ROLL OF COMPANY F. BEDFORD COUNTY.

First Captain, JAMES WILSON; resigned.

Second Captain, WM. F. GRAVES; promoted to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel;
wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.

Third Captain, WADDY BURTON.

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1st Lieutenant, JOHN W. JOHNSON.

2d Lieutenant, JAMES E. HUGHES; wounded in the head at Ashland, and at
Cedar Creek, September 21, 1864.

THORP, NANCE; resigned.

2d Lieutenant, R. D. BOARD; resigned.

2d Lieutenant, H. C. BOND.

2d Lieutenant, JAMES I. LEE; promoted from Sergeant; a steady soldier.

1st Sergeant, JAMES M. JONES; captured at Chancellorsville, May 4, 1863.

2d Sergeant, JAMES I. LEE; promoted to 2d Lieutenant.

3d Sergeant, SAML L. MURRELL; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7,

1864.

4th Sergeant, JAS. P. McCABE; lost a leg at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.

4th Sergeant, R. W. PARKER; killed in the last charge on the morning of the surrender of the army, April 9, 1865.

4th Sergeant, JESSE W. POLLARD.

Corporal, JNO. A. WILSON.

Corporal, JNO. M. GARRETT.

Corporal, M. P. RUCKER.

Corporal, WM. R. JOHNSON.

PRIVATES.

ADAMS, R. E.

AYRES, JNO. J.

AYRES, RICHD., captured at Gettysburg; died in prison.

BALLARD, H. C.

BERNARD, T. W., wounded severely.

BOARD, JESSE L., wounded May 8, 1864.

BOND, HENRY C., killed at Five Forks.

BOWLES, HENRY C., minister.

BURNETT, A. W.

BURNETT, E. B., deserted.

BURROUGHS, JOS., died in hospital.

CARTER, W. H.

CLINGIMPEEL, JACOB, discharged.

CREASY, ALFRED L., discharged.

DEARING, R. J., wounded at Leesburg, September 21, 1862; on May 8, 1864; and at Mt. Jackson, November 21, 1864.

DINWIDDIE, LESSLIE T., died in hospital.

DINWIDDIE, R. B.

DINWIDDIE, S. S., wounded on picket.

DINWIDDIE, W. M. DOWDY, P. H., wounded.

FARISS, T. A.

FIELDS, W. D., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.

FRANKLIN, JAS. E., died in hospital.

FUQUA, BENJ., killed at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

GARRETT, E. G.

GARRETT, JNO., wounded at second Manassas.

GARRETT, R. M. GARRETT, WOODY.

GILL, ASA, captured October 22, 1864.

GOGGIN, STEPHEN, died in hospital.

GRAVES, J. P. HANCOCK, W. E.

HARMS, F. P., captured and died in prison.

HARRISON, J. A.

HOGAN, SAML.
HOLLAND, C. M., wounded.
HOPKINS, P. W.
HUBBARD, CREED T., killed May 7, at Spottsylvania C. H.
HUBBARD, STEPHEN.
HUBBARD, W. P., captured October 22, 1864.
HURT, JNO. F., wounded at Warrenton Springs.
HURT, L. D., wounded at Buckland; captured in Kilpatrick's Raid.
JETER, J. A., wounded. JOHNSON, G. F.
JOHNSON, GEO. M., wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 21, 1864.
JOHNSON, JOS. M., wounded at Bridgewater.
JOHNSON, LEILBURN, killed at Todd's Tavern, May 7, 1864.
JOHNSON, T. J., wounded at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
JONES, JNO. E., wounded at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
JONES, W. B., transferred to artillery, 1864.
KIDWELL, CHAS., came to our army; was a good soldier.
KRAUTZ, J. W., wounded May 7, 1863.
LEE, GARNETT, wounded.
LEFTWICH, GRANDERSON, wounded at Front Royal, August, 1864.
LEWIS, BENJ., murderer at Verdiersville, by James Hunter, of company I, who
deserted.
LIPSCOMB, GEO. D., discharged in 1861.
LIPSCOMB, J. J.

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LIPSCOMB, J. T., wounded at Cross Keys.
LYNCH, D. T.
LYNCH, JNO. T., discharged in 1862.
MARSHALL, JNO. R., killed near Mechanicsville.
MARTIN, JOSHUA, died in Nelson Co.
MARTIN, LEWIS, died in hospital.
MARTIN, T. T., wounded severely in the arm.
MATTOX, R. P., wounded.
MORGAN, D. M.
MORGAN, J. J.
MORGAN, J. K. P.
MORGAN, J. T., Jr., color-bearer for two years; wounded.
MORGAN, JNO. W.
MORGAN, T. C.
NANCE, ARCHIBALD, discharged.
NANCE, E. D., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 7, 1864.
NANCE, J. F., captured at Kelly's Ford, wounded at Cross Keys.
NANCE, T. W., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., and at Yellow Tavern.
NEWSAM, N.
NICHOLS, A. G.
NICHOLS, S. T., killed at Meadow Bridge.
NICHOLS, T. T., died at Fairfax C. H.

ORE, JAS. A., discharged.
PARKER, D. M.
PARKER, JNO. M., wounded and captured at Boonesboro', Md., July 8, 1863.
PAYNE, CLARENCE H., transferred to the Navy in 1864.
PHELPHS, THOS. J., discharged.
POLLARD, A., wounded.
POLLARD, R. A., wounded at Front Royal, May 21, 1861.
POINDEXTER, J. W.
POINDEXTER, S. T.
PRESTON, JOEL, severely wounded at Aldie.
PRESTON, JOS. K. P., killed at Brandy Station, June 9, 1863.
PULLIAM, THOS., killed April 8, 1865.
ROBERTS, GEO. R.
ROBERTS, JAS. E.
ROBERTS, J. W.
ROBERTSON, R. W.
ROBERTSON, T. J.
RUCKER, MOSES.
SAUNDERS, THOS. T., wounded.
SCOTT, T. D., captured at Lovettsville, Loudon Co., September, 1861.
TANNER, B. D., wounded at Cold Harbor.
THAXTON, WM. W., wounded at second Manassas.
TURNER, B. R., wounded at Brandy Station.
WADE, JAS. A., wounded at Aldie on June 17, 1863; and at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864; at Amelia C. H., on retreat from Richmond.
WALKER, A. S.
WALKER, A. T.
WALKER, CHAS. P., wounded.
WALKER, C. P., wounded.
WARE, S. J., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
WILLS, A. C.
WILSON, WM. J., bugler, wounded at second Manassas.
WRIGHT, J. K. P., wounded.
WRIGHT, MARSHALL, killed at Nance's Shop, May 31, 1864.
WRIGHT, POLK, severely wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 21, 1864.
ZIMMERMAN, JNO., discharged.

ROLL OF COMPANY G. BEDFORD COUNTY.

First Captain, R. C. W. RADFORD; promoted to Colonel of the regiment.
Second Captain, WINSTON RADFORD; killed at first Manassas, a splendid type of the original volunteer.
Third Captain, N. C. HARRIS; retired at the reorganization.
Fourth Captain, JESSE IRVINE; twice wounded; lost a leg at Stevensburg.
Fifth Captain, N. C. HARRIS; reappointed on recommendation of the Colonel.
1st Lieutenant, T. T. MUNFORD; promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the

regiment.

1st Lieutenant, DON-P. HALSEY; retired at the reorganization; promoted to A. D. C. to Gen. Saml. Garland.

2d Lieutenant, W. R. BEALE; retired at the reorganization.

2d Lieutenant, HIRAM C. BURKE; wounded at Kearnsstown; captured near Westminster, Md., and in prison until the close of the war.

JNO. A. DOUGLASS, severely wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., September 5, 1863.

2d Lieutenant, J. C. HATCHER; promoted for gallantry. A. M. WHITTEN; sick, absent in hospital; minister.

2d Lieutenant, CHAS. H. ALMOND; promoted from Commissary Sergeant for gallantry at Cedar Run, for capturing twenty-six armed men belonging to a New York regiment, commanded by a lieutenant.

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First Orderly Sergeant, THOS. W. NELSON; promoted to Assistant Surgeon.

Second Orderly Sergeant, JNO. C. HATCHER; wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, and on Custer's Raid.

1st Sergeant, WM. MAJORS; killed at Cedar Creek, February 16, 1864.

2d Sergeant, ROBT. C. BUCKNER; transferred.

3d Sergeant, EMMET HUNTER; put in a substitute.

4th Sergeant, CHAS. E. ADAMS.

4th Sergeant, ALEX. L. STIFF; retired.

Sergeant, C. E. ADAMS; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 3, 1864.

1st Corporal, ALEXANDER IRVINE; killed at first Manassas.

1st Corporal, GEO. E. CAPERTON; promoted A.D. C., Gen. Echols' staff.

2d Corporal, THOS. HOLLAND

Corporal, E. A. TALBOTT.

4th Corporal, JNO. B. ELLIOT.

PRIVATES.

ALMOND, ANDREW J., promoted to Assistant Surgeon, transferred.

ANDREWS, ALEX., captured in Maryland.

AUSTEN, ALEX., captured.

BIGBEE, JNO. A., wounded at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864.

BOWLES, BUSHROD,

BOWYER, Jas. A., detailed.

BRANNON, JAMES, deserted.

BRUCE, JNO. T.

BURTON, AUGUSTUS, killed near Massaponox Church, May 9, 1864.
CAMPBELL, JAS. A.
CHILDS, JNO., wounded at Todd's Tavern; killed at Five Forks.
CLAY, CYRUS B., discharged.
COBBS, THOMAS, killed at Columbia Furnace, October 9, 1864.
COCKE, RICHARD.
COCKE, W. A., twice wounded; killed at Mr. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
COUCH, CHARLES.
CRADDOCK, R. A., wounded at Hartwood Church, February 26, 1864.
CUNDIFF, J. MAC.
DAWSON, HENRY, discharged and died.
DAWSON, J.P., wounded.
DILLON, HALE.
DOOLEY, ROBERT, captured at Westminster, Md., July, 1863, and died in prison.
ECHOLDS, JNO., discharged.
ELLIOTT, HENRY.
ELLIOTT, JNO. H.
ELLIOTT, WM. P.
GADDY, BARTHOLOMEW, teamster.
GIBBS, CHAS. MINNIS, wounded.
GOLDEN, ZACK, transferred to infantry.
GOODMAN, THOS.
HALSEY, ALEX., promoted to captaincy in 21st Regt., killed at Leestown, W. Va.
HALSEY, STEPHEN P., promoted to Major of 21st Cavalry.
HATCHER, JNO. E., Corporal.
HATCHER, WHITFIELD.
HILDEBRAN, H., captured at Dranesville.
HILL, HUGH W., discharged as over age.
HORSELY, EDW. W., slightly wounded.
HUNTER, C. P.
HUNTER, JEROME, discharged.
HUNTER, ROBERT, wounded in head.
HURT, SAML.
IRVINE, EDW., wounded.
IRVINE, JNO., wounded in foot.
IRVINE, WM. C., tranferred.
JINKINS, DAVID L.
JINKS, JAMES.
JOHNSON, BEVERLY.
JONES, BINSFORD W.
JONES, ELIJAH C., killed at first Manassas.
JONES, WINGFIELD, wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
KASEY, JNO., bugler; gallant fellow.
LANSDOWN, W., blacksmith, captured.
LEE, THOS. N.
LEMMON, GEORGE, died from camp disease.

MARTIN, JAMES, died in service.
McCARDLE, OWEN.
McFALL, THOMAS, wounded slightly.
MERRIWEATHER, FRANK, acting Qr. M. Sergt.
MERRIWEATHER, G. DOUGLASS.
MILOW, W. S, discharged.
MOORE, ALFRED.
NELSON, JNO., promoted to Assistant Surgeon; killed October 11, in a charge at
Raccoon Ford.

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OGDEN, CHAS.
OGEN, SILAS.
OGLEBY, LOCKWOOD, put in a substitute.
PADGET, WM., died.
PAGE, JNO., transferred.
PERROW, D. ALEX., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
PERROW, FLETCHER.
PERROW, SETH.
PERROW, THOS. B.
POINDEXTER, SAML., transferred.
REID, JESSE, substituted.
REID, JNO. W.
ROBERTS, WM. T.
ROY, WILLIAM.
RUCKER, WM. P., discharged.
SAUNDERS, ABE, captured at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
SAUNDERS, DANIEL.
SAUNDERS, JNO., wounded.
SCOTT, FRANK, substituted.
STEPHENS, MONROE W.
STEPTOE, JNO.
STEPTOE, WM., twice wounded; promoted to Sergt. Major for gallantry, and
again promoted to captaincy of Co. B.
STEPTOE, W. B.
TASKSLEY, RICHD., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H.
TAYLOE, LOMAX, promoted to Color-bearer; and for distinguished gallantry
made Adjutant; wounded at Bristoe Station, and at Shepherdstown, May 16;
killed at Raccoon Ford, October 11, 1863.
TEAS, JACK.
TEAS, JAMES.
THOMPSON, HENRY G.
THOMPSON, SPOTTSWOOD, wounded at Shepherdstown, July 16, 1863.
THOMPSON, WM., deserted.
THURMAN, WALKER G.
TINSLEY, SPOTTSWOOD, wounded.
TUCKER, WM.

TURPIN, GEORGE, captured at Westminster, Md.; died in prison.
TURPIN, LUCIAN.
TURPIN, R.G., wounded at Hawes' Shop.
URQUHEART, KENNETH D., the largest man in the regiment, weighing 255 lbs.
WHITTEN, A.M., wounded; captured at Dranesville; elected Lieutenant.
WILKES, CORBIN.
WILKES, JAMES, died in service.
WILLIAMSON, EDWD., wounded at second Manassas.
WINGFIELD, SAML.
WITT, BOOKER, wounded at first Manassas.
WOOD, JAMES, died in service.
WRIGHT, W. A., Corporal.
YUELLI, THOMAS, transferred.

ROLL OF COMPANY H. APPOMATTOX COUNTY.

First Captain, JOEL W. FLOOD; retired at the reorganization; promoted A.D. C., Kemper's staff.

Second Captain, CHAS. E. WEBB; died in hospital at Richmond.

Third Captain, JOSEPH W. CARSON; wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.

1st Lieutenant, R. B. POORE; retired at the reorganization; promoted to Lieutenant on Deering's staff.

1st Lieutenant, R. T. SAUNDERS; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864; killed near High Bridge on the retreat from Richmond.

2d Lieutenant, W. H. TRENT; promoted as A. Q. M. of the regiment.

THOS. A. TIBB, wounded at Buckettsville, Md., dismissed from the regiment; enlisted in Preston's battery; promoted for gallantry to First Lieutenant; after the war joined 7th U.S. Cavalry; was killed in battle with the Indians at Washeta, Indian Territory. A dashing, handsome youth.

2d Lieutenant, THOS. E. LeGRAND; wounded at Farmville, April 5, 1865.

2d Lieutenant, C. V. WEBB; transferred to Battery No. 9.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, CHAS. E. WEBB; promoted to Captain.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, DANIEL W. McKINNEY.

1st Sergeant, HENRY B. SHERRAR; put in a substitute.

1st Sergeant, GEO. W. SNAPP; killed at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.

2d Sergeant, SIMEON B. HARVEY; wounded.

3d Sergeant, JNO. W. DAVIDSON; sabre wound at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

4th Sergeant, DANIEL GILLS; wounded May 9, 1864, Spottsylvania.

1st Corporal, GEO. W. CARTER; killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

2d Corporal, A. S. SWANN; captured at Front Royal, September 20, 1864.

3d Corporal, T. E. MORRISS.

4th Corporal, CHAS. H. COLEMAN; wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

4th Corporal, FLETCHER B. MOORE.

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PRIVATES

ABBITT, GEO. DALLAS.

ALVIS, EDWD., died in hospital at Mt. Jackson, 1862.

ALVIS, WM. M., wounded.

BAGBY, LUKE, discharged.

BANTON, JAMES.

BELL, WYATT H.

BINGHAM, JNO. S., discharged.

BOCOCK, JNO. T., deserted in December, 1863.

BRAGG, JNO. J., transferred.

BRANHAM, GEORGE W., from Albemarle County.

BROWN, C. C.

CARSON, JNO. J.

CARSON, M. J.

CARSON, M. W.

CAWTHON, HUDSON.

CHEATAM, R. A., wounded at second Manassas, September 22, 1862.

CHICK, E. A.

CHICK, J. J., captured; wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

CLACK, COTTON.

CLACK, WILLIAM.

CLARKE, HENRY.

CLARKE, WM.

COLEMAN, C. H.

COLEMAN, DREWRY.

COLEMAN, HENRY, died in hospital.

COLEMAN, J. A., captured at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

COLEMAN, MADISON.

COLEMAN, SCHUYLER, died at home, 1862, in service.

CONNELLY, WARNER, GEO.

CONNER, ALLEN, discharged as over age.

CRAWLEY, RICHD., transferred.

CRENSHAW, JNO. J., captured at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

CRUMBY, FRANK, died in hospital in Richmond, 1862.

DAVIDSON, Jos. H., died.

DIGGS, JOHN.

DOSS, JOS. E.

DUNN, put in a substitute.

ELLIOTT, JNO. W., died at home, in service.
ELLIOTT, THOS., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
FEATHERSTON, JAMES H., detailed with A. P. Hill, Signal Corps.
FERBUSH, HENRY, discharged.
FERBUSH, J. D., killed at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.
FERGUSON, ALBERT. died in hospital.
FERGUSON, GEO. L., wounded at Spottsylvania, May 9, transferred.
GILHAM, ROBT.
GLOVER, CHAS.
GLOVER, ROBT.
GLOVES, S. A.
GLOVER, W. H., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
GORDON, A. V., killed at Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864.
GOULDEN, JNO.
HAMNER, JOSEPH B.
HANCOCK.
HARRISON, P. G., transferred to Co. K.
HARVEY, G. W., captured in Pennsylvania, June, 1863; teamster.
HARVEY, SIMEON B.
HAYCOCK W. H., wounded at Stevensburg, October, 1863; courier; gallant
follow.
HILL, C. P.
HILL, ROBT. A., wounded at Berryville, August 19, 1864.
HIX, E.G., a lad of 16 years.
HOCKER, WM. J, from Buckingham County, Va.
HUNTER, NATHAN H., detailed on special duty; Horne Master; Fairfax County,
Va.
INGE, J. E.
INGE, TURNER P., captured in Pennsylvania, July, 1863, at Gettysburg.
ISBELL, T. E.
ISBELL, T. H., from Tennessee.
JENKINS, ADOLPHUS, wounded at Cold Harbor.
JONES, W. A., put in a substitute.
KELLEY, CHAS. O.
LEE, JAs. P., killed at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
LUCKADO, ELISHA.
MACCOMICK, J. D.
MANN, WM., killed at second Manassas, September 22, 1862.
MARTIN, W. A.
McDEARMAN, S. W.
McDEARMAN, WILLIAM J.
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MEEKS, LAFAYETTE died at Flint Hill, 1861.
MEGGENSON, W. B.
MILLSTEAD, A. J., deserted.
MILLSTEAD, R. F., deserted.

MOORE, JNO., Campbell County, Va.
MORGAN, W. A., wounded; captured at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
MORRIS, E. THOMAS.
NICHOLS, A.
NORTH, WM. L. E., captured at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
NOWLING, GEO. W., transferred.
PANKEY, JAMES, deserted.
PANKEY, PETER, captured and died at Point Lookout, 1864.
PHELPS, CHAS.
PHELPS, JNO.
PHELPS, LEE, died in hospital.
PHELPS, LUCAS, wounded at Dumfries, died December 25, 1862.
PHELPHS, OSCAR L., transferred to Hatgrave's battery, 1864.
PHELPS, THOS.
PHELPS, W. F., killed at Trevillian's Station, June, 1864.
RICHARDSON, JAS. M., from Louisa County, Va.
ROGERS, DAVID C.
RULE, B. B., captured near Gettysburg, 1863.
RULE, C. C., wounded and captured at Chancellorsville; died in prison.
SCRUGGS, JNO. D.
SMITH, WM. J.
SNAPP, J. WARWICK.
STEPHENS, SAMUEL C., Nelson County, Va.
STRATTON, JAS. M., wounded near Farmville, April 5, 1865.
SWEENEY, CHAS. H.
SWEENEY, ROBT. M.
SWEENEY, SAMUEL D., died of small-pox at Hanover C. H.; greet banjo player.
THORNHILL, SAML. A., discharged from disability for field service.
THORNHILL, W. A., wounded at Mt. Jackson, November 22, 1864.
TORRENCE, HENRY, wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
TORRENCE, P. A., wounded in hand.
TORRENCE, SAML.
VIA, SAMUEL.
WALKER, Jos., deserted in September, 1863
WALTON, JNO. W.
WATSON, JAMES.
WEBB, JAS. M.
WEBB, JNO. W.
WEBB, WM. A., severely wounded at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
WHITE, A. A., wounded at Nance's Shop, June, 1864.
WILLIAMS, L. T., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
WOOD, JAMES.
WOODSON, J. H., wounded at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.
WRIGHT, C. A.
WRIGHT, FOUNTAIN C.
WRIGHT, J. P., died in service.

WRIGHT, S.C., died in hospital.

ROLL OF COMPANY I. CAMPBELL COUNTY.

First Captain, J. D. ALEXANDER; wounded at first Manassas; resigned.

Second Captain, W. P. GRAHAM; wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863, and resigned.

Third Captain, TURPIN DuPRIEST; wounded at Orange C. H., July 17, 1862; at Aldie, June 17, 1863; at Brandy Station; and at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

1st Lieutenant, E. R. PAGE; resigned.

1st Lieutenant, J. R. BROWN; died in service.

2d Lieutenant, FRANCIS COMER; wounded at Trevillian's Station, and at Hawes' Shop.

2d Lieutenant, WM. WALLER; promoted to Commissary Department.

JNO. J. CALLOWAY; slightly wounded.

2d Lieutenant, BENJ. F. TARDY; retired at the reorganization.

2d Lieutenant, W. W. WILLIAMSON; discharged.

1st Sergeant, W. H. LEE.

2d Sergeant, J. B. SMITH.

3d Sergeant, A. D. VANDERGRAFT; wounded twice, at Five Forks, and Louisa C. H.

4th Sergeant, LORENZO D. DOWDY; killed at Trevillian's Station.

4th Sergeant, CHAS. CHICK.

4th Sergeant, J. APPERSON; discharged.

1st Corporal, J. M. DROMMON; wounded at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.

2d Corporal, E. LEVI BLANKENSHIP.

3d Corporal, DANIEL T. WALTER.

4th Corporal, JNO. M. SCOTT.

PRIVATES.

ALEXANDER, SAML. P., captured at Woodstock; joined Mosby's command.

BASS, THOS. M., wounded at Bridgewater.

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BOOKER, R. H., promoted to Lieutenant in Army of Tennessee.

BRADSHAW, J. WILLIAM

BROWN, JNO. R.

BROWN, T. J., captured at Kelly's Ford, Math 17, 1863.

CALLAHAN, E., discharged.

CALLAHAN, J., captured at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

CARDWELL, R. D.

CARDWELL, ROBERT H., wounded.
CLARK, PATRICK, from Halifax County; died in service.
CONNERLY, SIMEON W.
COVINGTON, MARTIN M., transferred.
DAVIS, FLETCHER T., transferred.
DePRIEST, W. H., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
DONOLD, JNO., killed at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864.
DOWDY, WM. B., captured.
EARLY, L. S., horse killed at Raccoon Ford.
EPPERSON, M., died in service.
FARRIS, JOSHUA, discharged.
FLAGG, LUCIAN C.
FOSTER, JNO. H., captured at Hawes' Shop, 1864.
FRANKLIN, THOS. C., wounded at Todd's Tavern.
FRANKLIN, WM. E., died in service.
FRINK, T. W., of Mississippi; went to Mosby.
GEORGE, J. J., retired in March, 1864.
GLASS, JAMES W.
GLENN, C. C.
GLENN, JAS. E., wounded, lost his fingers.
HAMILTON, JAMES.
HENDERSON, WM.
HUGHES, BARNEY, blacksmith.
HUGHS, EDWD.
HUNLEY, JNO. W., discharged.
HUNTER, JAS. R., deserted after killing Benj. Lewis; resided in AlexandrA&
JACOBS, AARON L.
JACOBS, WM. H., wounded at Jack's Shop.
JONES, J. M., discharged.
JORDAN, EDWD. V.
KANE, D. THADDEUS, wounded at Trevillian's Station.
KING, JAMES A., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., 1864.
KING, R. H., transferred.
KING, THOMAS.
LAYNE, DAVID P.
LEE, C. PRICE, died in service, July, 1864.
LEE, J. JAMES.
LEE, E. A.
LEFTWICH, JAMES C., killed at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
LEFTWICH, WILLIAM A.
LINDSEY, EDWD. L.
LINDSEY, L. C.
LINDSEY, WILLIAM F.
LIPSCOMB, GEO. W., wounded slightly at second Manassas, sabre cut.
LIPSCOMB, JAMES D., killed near Spottsylvania C. H.
LIPSCOMB, J. W., wounded at Kelly's Ford, seven sabre cuts; and at Trevillian's

Station shot in thigh, November, 1864; a gallant fellow.
LITTLE, FIELDING, wounded, May 9, 1864.
MAGANN, W. H.
MARSRALL, JNO., transferred.
MARTIN, JNO. D.
MARTIN, THOS.
MASON, JNO. F.
MASON, JNO. T.
MASON, T. F., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., and died from wound.
MAXEY, E. H., wounded at second Manassas.,
MAYS, ROBT. H.
McIVORr, JNO., transferred to the navy.
McIVOR, THOMAS F., wounded at Upperville.
MERRIMAN, JNO. G., wounded at Leesburg, September 2, 1862, and at Mt.
Jackson; died of wound.
MERRIMAN, ROBT. M., wounded at Hawes' Shop, June 24, 1864.
MOON, EDWD., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 11, 1864.
MOON, JNO., Color-Sergeant, wounded at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864.
MOORE, ALEX., captured at Hawes' Shop, find died in prison, July, 1864.
MOORE, CHAS. L.
MOORE, J. J., killed at Front Royal, August 16, 1864.
MOORMAN, J. F., wounded three times: at Hawes' Shop, Spottsylvania C. H.,
and Brandy Station.
MOORMAN, RICHARD,
MOORMAN, THOS., wounded.
MORRISS, J.P.
MORRISS, J. WESTLY.

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NASH, GRANVILLE.
PAYNE, JNO. S.
PAYNE, LEWIS W., transferred.
PAYNE, T. SCOTT, transferred to the navy.
PRICE, ANDREW C.
PUCKET, J. T., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 6, 1864.
PUGH, ANDREW J., wounded at first Manassas, and promoted in Western Army.
PUGH, THOS. J., horse killed at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
PURREAR, GEO., wounded, transferred to battery.
REID, F. C., wounded at Williamsport, Md.
REID, R. W., wounded at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
ROSSER, CHARLES H.
SINGLETON, B. L., captured, and has never been heard from since.
SINGLETON, JNO. A., gallant boy; killed at Tom's Brook.
SMITH, L. L., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
SNOW, C. B., wounded.
SNOW, R. A.
STEPHENS, ROBT. H.

STRONG, JNO. A., teamster.
THOMAS, JAMES E., killed at Beverly, W. Va., December 26, 1864.
TUCKER, JNO. W.
TWEEDY, R. E., wounded.
WADE, BENJ. F.
WADE, JOHN, wounded at Cold Harbor.
WALKER, E. R. J. S.C.
WALLER, J. L. L.
WALKER, JACK P., courier of General J. E. B. Stuart.
WALKER, JNO. C.
WALKER, W. A.
WALLER, W. W., killed at Hanover town, May 27, 1864.
WARD, EDWARD, killed at Nance's Shop, May 11, 1864.
WEST, CHAS.
WEST, GEORGE, teamster.
WEST, J. A., deserted.
WEST, JNO. A.
WILBURN, F. L.
WILBURN, ROBT., died in service.
WILBURN, WILLIAM W.
WILLIAMS, FAYETTE, farrier.
WILLIAMS, J. M., wounded at Hawes' Shop.
WILLIAMS, L. E., wounded at Luray, September 21, 1863.
WILLIAMS, N. T., wounded at Williamsport, Md.
WILEY, FLEMMING, wounded at Hawes' Shop.
WOOD, E. W., killed at Cold Harbor, May 30, 1864.
WOOD, ROBT. J., wounded at Yellow Tavern.
WOODALL, JNO. J.
YOUNGER, R. B., wounded at Buckettsville, Md., September 14, 1862.

ROLL OF COMPANY K. ALBEMARLE COUNTY.

1st Captain, EUGENE DAVIS; retired at the reorganization.
2d Captain, W. W. TEBBS; killed at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
3d Captain, JOHN O. LASSLEY; wounded at Leesburg, September 21, 1862;
killed at Front Royal, September 21, 1864.
4th Captain, J. H. BALLARD; wounded at Leesburg, September 21, 1864, and at
Five Forks, March 31, 1865.
1st Lieutenant, F. E. G. CARR; retired at the reorganization.
1st Lieutenant, J. W. MAGRUDER; killed at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
1st Lieutenant, GEO. H. GEIGER; wounded; promoted to A. D. C.; killed at
Gettysburg.
2d Lieutenant, T. J. RANDOLPH; promoted to Major and Quartermaster.
2d Lieutenant, Q. L. WILLIAMS; wounded twice: at Yellow Tavern, May 11,

1864; September
24, near Berryville.
2d Lieutenant, J. W. GOOCH; wounded at Williamsport, August 26, 1864, and at Berryville, September 24, 1864.
First Orderly Sergeant, CHAS. FORD; promoted and transferred.
Second Orderly Sergeant, J. J. WOOD.
Sergeant, A. J. TAYLOR; wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1864.
3d Sergeant, ROBIN DOLIN; captured by Averell in 1863.
3d Sergeant, JESSE L. FRY: first two years of the war.
3d Sergeant, P. G. HARRISON.
4th Sergeant, F. H. NELSON; killed at Fort Kennan, May 24, 1864.
Corporal, J. W. GENTRY; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864; at Aldie, June 17, 1863; and at Raccoon Ford.
Corporal, JAS. G. CARR: captured at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864, and never heard from after leaving Fortress Monroe.

PRIVATES.

ALLEGRE, JOHN.
ANDERSON, DAVID, transferred.

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ANDERSON, M. L., killed at Tom's Brook, October 8, 1864.
BAILY, J. A.
BALLARD, T. T., wounded, July 27, 1864.
BARNLEY, W. H., wounded, May 13, 1861.
BAXTER, THORNTON, wounded mortally at Trevillian's Station; gallant boy.
BISHOP, W. H., wounded at Cold Harbor, May 29, 1864.
BRAGG, JAS. M.
BRAGG, JOSEPH.
BRAGG, V. R.
BROWN, E. M.
BYERS, EDWARD.
CARR, R. H.
CARTER, JOHN P., wounded at Cold Harbor, May 21, 1864; honorably retired.
CAVE, BENJ., wounded at Beaver Dam, May 10, 1864.
CLARK, C., killed, August 21, 1864, near Berryville.
CLARK, W. H.
CLARKSON, Jos.
CLEAVLAND, JAMES T., wounded at Waynesborough, September 28, 1864.
COLSTON, EDWARD, lost an arm near High Bridge; full of dash; often detailed as courier.
COSBY, T. M., wounded near Newtown, November 11, 186-

CREEL, B. T.
DANIEL, JOHN M.
DANIEL, H. V., transferred.
DANIEL, MONTGOMERY.
DAY, JOHN.
DOLING, JAS. E.
DUNN, P.M., transferred to 5th Virginia Cavalry.
DUKE, G. W.
EASTMAN, JAMES, wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1863.
ENGLISH, W. O., promoted Lieutenant of Ordnance.
FERGUSON, R. P.
FIELDING, J. J. FITZ, JAMES.
FOUNTAIN, DAVIS.
GARTH, HUGH L., killed at Front Royal, September 24, 1864.
GARTH, JAS. P., captured, May 8, 1864.
GARTH, W. A., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
GENTRY, C. H.
GOOCH, O. M.
GOODWIN, P. C., wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 12, 1864.
GORDON, MASON, promoted to A.D. C., General B. H. Robertson's Staff.
GRAYSON, Jos., mortally wounded at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.
GROSS, CHAS.
HALL, JNO. E.
HANCOCK, DAVID E.
HARRIS, B. F., courier; killed at Chancellorsville.
HARRIS, JAMES.
HARRIS, R. M., slightly wounded at Leesburg, September 21, 1862.
HAYDEN, JOS.
HAYDEN, O. W.
HEAD, BUNK, transferred.
HEAD, MILSTUS.
HEAD, W. W., wounded at Fort Kennon, May 24, 1864.
HODGERS, JAMES M.
HOLCOMBE, WM. H., promoted 2d Lieutenant of Cavalry; A.D.C.
HOOE, H. H.
HOPKINS, JOHN, captured at Gettysburg.
HOWARD, T. D.
JACOBS, JNO.
JOHNSON, Jos., transferred to the navy; wounded at Aldie.
JONES, J.P.
KIDD, B. W.
KIRTLEY, W. F., wounded.
LEWIS, JAS. H.
LEWIS, R. W.
LEWIS, W S.
MAGEEHEE, FRANK, wounded at Leesburg, in the arm, September 21, 1862,

and at Nance's Shop, June 24, 1864.
MAGEEH, N. C., wounded at Five Forks; gallant, dashing fellow; detailed often as courier. MAHANES, M. B., transferred to horse artillery.
MARSHALL, G. W., wounded at Front Royal in 1864.
MARSHALL, PATRICK H., good fighter with rifle.
MARSHALL, W. H., killed at Newtown, November 11, 1864.
MAUPIN, W. B.
MICHIE, EUGENE, wounded.
MICHIE, H. C., transferred to infantry.
MICHIE, O. S., wounded mortally at Cold Harbor, May 31, 1864.
MINOR, F. H.
MINOR, G. R.

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MINOR, R. T.
MORTON,
MOSS, J. B. J., wounded at second Manassas.
MUNDY, E. C., discharged.
NELSON, HUGH. NEWMAN, N. W.
NEWMAN, THOS. H., killed at Aldie, June 17, 1863; no braver soldier nor truer gentleman.
NOEL, FLOYD.
NOLAND, LLOYD, transferred.
NORTON, J. W., wounded at Todd's Tavern, May 8, 1864.
NORVELL, P. B. PACE, M. H.
PERKINS, JOS., wounded at Trevillian's Station.
PEYTON, E.G., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864.
PORTER, W. D.
POWELL, H. H.
POWELL, P. P., transferred H. P.
PROFFIT, J. A.
REYNOLDS, H. F., died of typhoid fever at Centreville, 1861.
ROBINSON, C. H., transferred D.C. 5th Virginia Cavalry.
RODGERS, J. THORNTON, captured at Woodstock in the Valley.
RODGERS, WM., transferred.
ROGERS, J. A.
SCRUGGS, JAS. E., courier; most efficient, always well mounted.
SCRUGGS, SAMUEL, wounded at Berryville, August 20, 1864, and at Front Royal, September 21, 1864.
SCRUGGS, SCOTT, died at Guinea Station; good soldier.
SCRUGGS, W. G.
SHACKELFORD, W. O. (M.D.), detailed as hospital steward; promoted as Assistant-Surgeon.
SNEED, CHAS.
SNEED, EDWARD.
SNEED, HORACE.
SNEED, JNO. A.

SOLOMAN, JOHN.
 TAYLOR, A. J., company Q. M.
 TAYLOR, B W.
 TAYLOR, J. H.
 TEEL, LEWIS.
 THOMPSON, A. C.
 THOMPSON, JAS.
 THURMAN, D. T.
 THURMAN, T. L.
 TREVILLIAN, H. W.
 TUCKER, GEORGE.
 TUCKER, J. E., Color-Bearer, wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863, and at
 Spottsylvania C. H., May 7, 1864; a dashing lad of eighteen years; returned
 from Europe to join the army.
 VIA, WOODY.
 WALKER, JAMES M.
 WALKER, JAS. P.
 WATSON, JNO., wounded at Jack's Shop, and died from wound.
 WHEELER, W. D., wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 12, and at Williamsport,
 August 26, 1864; a splendid soldier.
 WHEELER, W. H., wounded at Meadow Bridge, May 11, 1864.
 WHITE, W. A., died at Centreville, 1861, of fever.
 WILLIAMS, E.G., wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.
 WILLIS, JNO.
 WILLS, F. M., 2d Sergeant, put in J. P. Carter as his substitute.
 WOOD, GEO. W.
 WOOD, Jos.
 WOOD, W. D.
 WOOD, W. H.
 WOODS, H. G.
 WOODS, J. H.
 WOODS, JAS. M., wounded at Bridgewater, October 3, 1864.
 WOODS, J. T., wounded at High Bridge, April 5, 1865.
 WOODS, M. T.
 WOODS, WILSON, wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
 WRIGHT, W. G.

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IN the month of May, 1861, I was commissioned by Governor John Letcher as
 Lieutenant-Colonel of the 30th regiment of Virginia Volunteers. This mounted regiment
 was mustered into the State service by Colonel Jubal A. Early, commanding at Lynchburg,
 and ordered to report to General Beauregard at Manassas. I served as a cavalry officer in
 the Army of Northern Virginia during its entire existence, and at the end of the war
 returned to my home in Bedford County. The return of peace after such a terrible struggle
 afforded ample opportunity to recall the splendid deeds performed by the gallant soldiers
 of my old command. No officer ever had a better regiment and brigade, and I feel sure
 that no one could have received a more faithful and generous support, under all

circumstances, than was accorded to myself. I determined to collect the annals of my old regiment, then so fresh in memory, and by constant correspondence, and with the assistance of men and officers so well known to me personally, I believe I have completed it. If I have omitted a single name or done injustice to any one, it will ever be a source of regret. If I have accomplished nothing else by this effort, the satisfaction I derive from it affords me ample compensation. It has been a labor of love in a worthy cause. Every feeling is gratified when I see reflected the scenes where precious drops of blood were shed on many well-fought fields. I deeply regret that I could not collect the names and deeds of all the other regiments I had the honor to command. Many are scattered and gone; but the glory of each regiment will ever be the pride of the others. I know that the old 2d Virginia Cavalry would rejoice to add, if they could, a single flower to the chaplet that adorns their brow. Its fragrance, even, could afford them the greatest satisfaction.

During Stonewall Jackson's memorable Valley Campaign and his battles with Pope, and our fight at Leesburg, company B, of my regiment, was detailed with General Longstreet's corps, as his body guard, and company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry (Captain Ridgley Brown commanding), served with my regiment in their absence, with great credit and distinction. A more chivalrous and gallant band of soldiers never flashed a blade or answered a bugle's call. It is with especial pride that I enroll them with my old regiment, since they add a lustre to its fame.

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Appendix.--Roll Of The Third Regiment Virginia Cavalry.

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COMPANY A. MECKLENBURG COUNTY. ROLL NOT OBTAINED.

COMPANY B. JAMES CITY COUNTY.

Captain, J. C. PHILLIPS; promoted to Major, and at close of the war was Colonel of the 13th Virginia Cavalry.

1st Lieutenant, WM. R. VAUGHAN; made Surgeon.

2d Lieutenant, GILL A. CARY; made Adjutant; died in Montgomery, Ala, 1880.

3d Lieutenant, GEO. BOOKER JONES; promoted to Captain, and resigned after the battle of Antietam.

1st Sergeant, R. H. VAUGHAN; promoted Quartermaster; died of pneumonia at Farmville, Va., 1864.

2d Sergeant, FAYETTE SINCLAIR; promoted 1st Sergeant; then promoted 3d Lieutenant; at the reorganization was not reelected.

3d Sergeant, WM. N. CAUSEY; detailed for special duty, and resigned his position; died in Warwick Co. Va., 1869.

4th Sergeant, GEORGE SMITH; promoted as 1st Sergeant; shot through the head at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864, and died in hospital at Richmond, June 17, 1864.

1st Corporal, SAML. W. PHILLIPS; captured at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

2d Corporal, JAMES B. WHITE; promoted as Quartermaster, November, 1861.

3d Corporal, JOSEPH B. HERBERT; wounded at Kelly's Ford in the breast, March 17, 1863; died of his wounds in Hampton, August 16, 1865.

4th Corporal, GILBERT PHILLIPS.

PRIVATES.

ALLEN, THOMAS, killed near Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 8, 1864.

ARMISTEAD, Ro. T.

AYRES, SAMUEL.

BAINES, JNO. I.

BATES, QUINEY JNO.

BLANKO, EDWARD.

CAUSEY, C. H., detailed and promoted as Captain in Signal service.

CAUSEY, JAMES C., detailed as orderly for General Robt. Toombs.

COOPER, CHARLES H., promoted as Lieutenant of Louisiana regiment; killed at Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.

CRANDEL, THOS. G., discharged for disability.

CROFTON, G. J. B., captured on picket on Hazel River, 1863.

CURTIS, R. K., wounded at New Boonsboro', 1863.
DAOUGHERTY, WM. T., captured at Front Royal, August 16, 1864.
DAVIS, BARLOW.
DAVIS, EDDIE.
DAVIS, LOUIS F., wounded, and died of his wounds, 1864.
DAVIS, P. P., captured at Strasburg, October 12, 1864.
DAVE, ROBT. A.
DOWNEY, J. W.
DREWRY, ROBT. W., captured at Front Royal, August 16, 1864.
EDDENS, WM. P.
ELLIOTT, H. H.
ELLIOTT, ROBT. F.
ETHERIDGE, LEONIDAS.
FITCHETT, WILLIAM.
GAMMEL, NATHAN, promoted as Lieutenant, June, 1862, and resigned after
battle of Antietam.
HALL, JOHN.
HAMM, JACOB, wounded near the White House, New Kent Co., Va., June 20,
1864, and died of wounds in Hampton, 1865.
HAWKINS, RICHD.
HEIGHT, WILEY, killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
HERBERT, THOS. S., captured in New Kent Co., in 1863.

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HUDGINS, ANDREW J.
HUDGINS, B. F.
HUDGINS, ROBT. S.
IVY, WILLIAM.
JOHNSON, DORDEN, killed by 44th Georgia regiment, June 18, 1864.
JONES, ANDREW MC.
JONES, BENJ. F., wounded at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864.
JONES, CHARLES.
JONES, JESSE S., promoted as Captain after the battle of Antietam.
JOYNES, JNO. L.
LAWS, WILLIAM, killed in Spottsylvania Co., May 6, 1864.
LEE, JOHN.
LEE, WILLIAM, captured at Aldie, Loudon Co., June 17, 1863.
MARROW, D. G.
McELEN, GEO. C., promoted as Lieutenant; wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17,
1863.
MEARS, EDWARD C., captured at Aldie, June 17, 1863.
MEARS, LEVIS, died in Richmond of fever, 1863.
MERRIAM, GEO.
MORELAND, ALPHONSO.
MURRAY, JNO., died in 1864.
PARHAM, WILLIAM.
PEDDICORD, ALEX.

PHILLIPS, BENJ., Jr., died in Richmond of fever, in 1863.
PHILLIPS, BENJ., Sr.
PHILLIPS, C. HENRY.
PHILLIPS, C. HOPKINS.
PHILLIPS, GEO. W., killed by negro soldiers in Matthews Co., Va., 1864.
PHILLIPS, JOSEPH, promoted as Colonel of infantry; killed in Texas.
PRESSON, JNO. M., detailed as courier for Gen. J. B. McGruder.
SEGER, JNO. F., promoted to Captain of infantry.
SELDEN, HENRY, killed in Luray Valley, September, 1864.
SELDEN, R.C.
SEWELL, JAMES M.
SHIELD, WM. P.
SINCLAIR, FAYETTE, promoted as Lieutenant, November, 1861.
SINCLAIR, GEO. K.
SINCLAIR, HENRY.
SINCLAIR, JNO.
SMITH, W. I., elected Lieutenant, September, 1862, and wounded at Aldie, June 17, 1863.
SOUTHALL, TRAVIS M.
THOMPSON, WILLIS.
TILFORD, JNO. C.
TOPPING, ROBT. N.
VAUGHAN, ALEX.
VAUGHAN, HOWARD.
VAUGHAN, JAMES M.
WAINWRIGHT, J. C.
WALLER, ISAAC.
WATTS, SAMUEL A., died in Williamsburg, in 1863.
WATTS, THOS.
WEST, ARTHUR W, wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863; and again in the Shenandoah Valley, September, 1864, and captured.
WEST, W. D.
WHITING, A. T.
WILLAMS, JNO., captured at Aldie, June 17, 1863.
WILSON, ROBERT.
WINDER, LEVIN G.
WORTHINGTON, JAMES.
WRAY, GEO.
WRAY, JNO., elected Lieutenant, November, 1861, and captured at Brandy Station, 1863.
YOUNG, WM. L.
YOUNG, W. W., killed at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.

ROLL OF CO. C. BLACK WALNUT TROOP. HALIFAX COUNTY.

First Captain, W. H. EASLY; died at home in 1861.

Second Captain, T. H. OWEN; wounded in Spottsylvania Co.; promoted as

Colonel of the regiment.

Third Captain, J. A. CHAPPELL; killed at Winchester in 1863.

1st Lieutenant, J. W. HALL; wounded, and permanently disabled at Kelly's Ford.

2d Lieutenant, W. S. TUCKER; discharged in 1861.

2d Lieutenant. THOS. HALL; in prison at Elmira, N.Y.; released after the close of the war.

3d Lieutenant S.H. RAGLAND; wounded at Boonsboro', and discharged.

3d Lieutenant, JNO. M. JORDAN ; wounded at the Yellow Tavern; in command of the company during the greater part of the last two years of the war.

3d Lieutenant, THOS. N. FOURQUIREAN; wounded at Mitchell's Shop; in prison at Johnson's Island; released after the close of the war.

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PRIVATES.

ADAMS, R. C., bugler; discharged as over age.

ADKINS, W. G., died since the war.

ANDERSON, ARCHER.

ANDERSON, I., died during the war.

BAILEY, ALBERT, died in hospital in Richmond, in the spring of 1862.

BARNETT, ABB, substituted. BASS, A. C.

BETTS, ELISHA, captured at Front Royal

BETTS, GEORGE, Sergeant; killed at Kelly's Ford.

BLANE JACOB, Jr., discharged.

BLANE W. E.

BROOKES, HUBBARD, wounded in Maryland.

BROOKES, Dr. J. V., detailed as Surgeon in hospital

BROOKES, S. H., substituted.

BRUOER, JNO. E., wounded at Massaponax Church.

BRUOER, W. H., Corporal; died since the war.

BUNTEN, JOCK, missing and never heard from; supposed to have been killed.

CABANESS, HENRY.

CARRINGTON, CLEMENT, Orderly Sergeant; promoted as Captain of Company H.

CARRINGTON, GEO.

CARTER, PHIL.

CHAPPELL, JNO.

COLE, H. F.

COLE, J. H.

COLEMAN, EMORY, wounded near Richmond, May, 1864.

COLEMAN, J. C., promoted Assistant Surgeon of the regiment.

COLES, DODRIDGE, taken prisoner at evacuation of Petersburg.

COVINGTON, JNO, teamster.

CRAWLEY, A. A.

CRAWLEY, A. B.
CROWDER, JNO., died on the Peninsula, in 1861.
EASLEY, ANDREW, wounded near Richmond.
EASLEY, C. B., substituted.
EASLEY, ISAAC, discharged.
EDMONSON, R. H.
ELLINGTON, HENRY, died in hospital at Charlotte
ELLINGTON, WM., wounded at Fort Kennon.
FAULKNER, A. F.
FAULKNER, BENJ., died since the war.
FAULKNER, J. B., Corporal; died since the war.
FAULKNER, THOS., substituted.
FAULKNER, WM., died since the war.
FORD, DAVID.
FORD, WM.
FOURQUIREAN, D. W., wounded at the Yellow Tavern; died since the war.
GLENN, A. C.
HOWARD, R. S.
HOWERTON, R. T., bugler.
HOWERTON, WM.
HUGHES, J. H., wagon-master.
JONES, JAMES.
JORDAN, HAMMET, killed at Boonsboro', Md.
JORDAN, Jos. E., wounded at Athens Station, and prisoner in Washington.
JORDAN, R. E.
JORDAN, W. I., wounded at Fort Kennon.
KING, MARCELLUS.
KING, WILLIAM,
LAMBETH, GEO.
MARABLE, W. B.
MILLER, W. B., died in Texas since the war.
MOORE, W. V. B.
MOSELEY, EDWARD.
OVERBY, JACKSONIAS.
OWEN, A. K.
OWEN, W. T., died since the war.
PALMER, J. A., promoted as Captain and A.Q.M.. of regiment, and as Major and
 Qr. Mr. of the brigade.
PALMER, J. J., Corporal
PETTY, HENRY.
POINDEXTER, WM., killed on the Peninsula. POINTER, JOS., substituted.
POOL, AMES, discharged.
POOL, MARCELLUS, discharged.
PRITCHET, IRA.
RAGLAND, J. E.

RAGLAND, J.P., discharged.
ROGERS, BYRD, substituted.
ROGERS, JNO. S., substituted.
ROGERS, WM., wounded at Trevillian's Station and permanently disabled.
SALMON, JNO, died in hospital.
SAUNDERS, ALMOND.
SEAT, WM.
SHIELDS, DOCK.
SHIELDS, JOHNSON.
SHIELDS, RICHARD.
SINGLETON, R. A., Orderly Sergeant; wounded at Aldie and near Richmond.
SPENCER, R. C.
TOOT, JNO. S., Corporal.
TORIAN, L. B.
TRAYNHAM, THOS. B., Sergeant; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H.
TUCKER, LORENZO, killed May 20, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H.
WHIT, SAMUEL.
WHIT, WILLIAM.
WHITE, J. W., died during the war.
WILBURNE, W. H.
WILES, JAMES.
WILKERSON, ALEX., died during the war.
WILKINS, THOMPSON, killed at Kelly's Ford, March, 1863.
WILKINS, W. P.
WILLIAMS, CHARLEY, substituted.
WILLIAMS, DETRION, substituted.
WOODING, J. M.
YANCEY, W. B., killed at Hawes' Shop.
YOUNG, B. F.
YOUNG, WIMBUSH.

COMPANY D. CHARLES CITY COUNTY.

ADAMS, JAMES E., wounded at Brandy Station in 1863.
ADAMS, JOSEPH E., Corporal.
ADAMS, ROBERT L.
ADAMS, WM. H.
ALLISON, J. W., died at home in 1863.
BARROW, ROBERT A,
BEIRNS, JOHN C.
BEIRNS, M. R.
BEIRNS, NORRIS, killed in Spottsylvania in 1863.
BOWRY, Francis A., transferred from 53d Virginia Infantry.
BOWRY, GEORGE W., died in hospital in 1862.
BOWRY, JOHN H., Sergeant; killed at Sharpsburg in 1863.
BROWN, JAMES.
CARROLL, PATRICK, wounded at Kelly's Ford in 1863.
CARTER, CHARLES.

CARTER, HILL, Lieutenant; wounded at Boonsboro' in 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.
CARTER, JOHH G., a good boy soldier.
CHRISTIAN, E. P.
CHRISTIAN, HEATH JONES, killed at Todd's Tavern in 1863.
CHRISTIAN, ISAAC H., wounded at Todd's Tavern in 1863; a Northern man who served faithfully in the C. S. A.
CHRISTIAN, J. C.
CHRISTIAN, RICHARD, Sergeant; wounded at second Manassas.
CHRISTIAN, R. W.
CHRISTIAN, W. ARMSTEAD, wounded at Meem's Hill in 1864.
CHRISTIAN, WILLIAM.
CLARKE, A. TRENT, wounded at Hawes' Shop in 1863.
CLARKE, JOHN D., Sergeant.
CLAY, HENRY C., wounded by accident; died at home in 1863.
CRENSHAW, A. P.
CRENSHAW, MILES K., discharged in 1862.
CRUMP, JAMES H, 1st Sergeant; promoted Lieutenant; then Captain and A.Q.M.
DEAN.
DOUTHAT, FIELDING L., in the naval service a short time.
DOUTHAT, ROBERT, Captain; promoted Major; resigned.
EASLEY, WILLIAM H.
EGGLESTON, ROBERT I.
EVANS, ARCHER H., detailed as sutler.
FOLKES, RICHARD S.
FUQUA, WILLIAM H., ambulance driver.
GILL, ANDREW N.
GORDON, ROBERT H., captured and died in 1864.
GORDON, WM. H.
GRAVES, JOHN E., transferred to 53d Virginia Infantry.

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GRAVES, JOHN F.
GRAVES, WM. C.
GUY, FRANK, promoted Captain; resigned.
GUY, LEWIS.
GUY, WARNER, placed on special duty or discharged.
HARRISON, B.C., promoted Surgeon.
HARRISON, B. H., Lieutenant; promoted Captain; killed at Malvern Hill.
HARRISON, THOS. P., Corporal.
HARRISON, WM A., discharged in 1862.
HARWOOD, B. F, wounded at Gettysburg.
HARWOOD, JOHN M., wounded.
HARWOOD, R E., wounded at second Manassas.
HARWOOD, WILLIAM, captured and died in prison in 1864.
HARWOOD, WM. H., promoted Lieutenant; killed near Farmville, April 8, 1865.
HAYNES, WM. E.

HOLT, WM. A.
HUBBARD, E. B., wounded at Buckland in 1863; discharged in 1864.
HUGHES, JOHN N.
JERDONE, FRANK.
LACY, ROBERT E.
LACY, WM. H
LAMB, JAMES A, wounded in 1862.
LAMB, JOHN, promoted Captain; wounded three times; captured and a prisoner
one week.
LIPSCOMB, EGBERT.
LIPSCOMB, MATTHEW, killed at Hawes' Shop in 1864.
MAJOR, EDWARD.
MANLY, WM. H., captured.
MARSTON, E.G.
MARSTON, JOHN H.
MARSTON, LITTLEBURY A., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17,
MARSTON, O. D., captured.
MOUNTCASTLE, FREEMAN.
MOUNTCASTLE, R. B.
MOUNTCASTLE, V. J.
MUNFORD, R. W. C., died in 1863.
NELSON, HEBER.
NELSON, PHILIP, wounded in Maryland in 1864.
NEWSTEP.
PARSONS, killed at Malvern Hill.
POLLARD, THOS. F., promoted Lieutenant in 1864.
POLLARD, WM. L.
PRYOR, SAMUEL, killed in 1861; the first man, save Jackson at Alexandria,
killed on our side.
ROANE, JUNIUS, promoted Surgeon.
ROYAL, JOHN P., discharged in 1862.
SAUNDERS, E. A., transferred to Q M. Dept.
SELDEN, JOHN, promoted Captain and A. C. S.
SLATER, SELDEN.
SOUTHALL, JAMES B.
TAYLOR, CHAS W, promoted 1st Sergeant
UPSHUR, WM. J, promoted Assistant Surgeon.
WADDILL, L. A.
WALKER, CHARLES.
WALKER, CLAYTON.
WALKER, JOHN L.
WALKER, R. C.
WALKER, THOS L, wounded at Kelly's Ford and at Todd's Tavern; captured in
1864.
WALKER, VALENTINE. Sergeant; promoted to Lieutenant; resigned.
WALKER, WYATT B., discharged in 1861.

WARE, JAMES H., discharged in 1864; lost an arm in the service.
WARE, WILLIAM H.
WARRINER, WM. A., captured in Maryland, and died in prison in 1864.
WHITEHURT, SETH.
WILLCOX, JAMES W., Sergeant; killed at Trevillian's Station, 1864.
WILLCOX, Jo. LAMB, killed in 1862 on his farm by negro soldiers.
WILLCOX, ROBERT W.
WILLCOX, THOS. W., Lieutenant; resigned and served as enrolling officer.
WINSTON, WM. A., served on General Rosser's staff the last year of the war.
YOUNG, THOMAS.

ROLL OF COMPANY E. NOTTOWAY COUNTY.

Captain J. E. JONES; resigned in 1861.

1st Lieutenant, F. C WILLIAMS; resigned in 1861.

2d Lieutenant, G. W. IRBY.

3d Lieutenant, C. A JONES; elected Captain in the fall of 1861; died in January, 1862.

1st Sergeant, P. A. FOWLKES; discharged as over age.

2d Sergeant, W. B MOTLY; transferred to the artillery.

3d Sergeant, J. S. FOWLKES; discharged from bad health in 1861.

4th Sergeant, R. B. OSBORN; put in a substitute.

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1st Corporal, T. H. VAUGHAN; promoted to Orderly Sergeant in June, 1863.

2d Corporal, T. E. EPES; elected Lieutenant, and resigned in 1861.

3d Corporal, A. B. JONES; elected Lieutenant in 1862.

4th Corporal, R. A. ALLEN; put in a substitute in 1862.

PRIVATES.

ALLEN, P. H.

BEVERLY, R. H., discharged as over age.

BOOTH, A. J., killed at Mount Jackson in 1864.

BOOTH, E. G., promoted Assistant Surgeon in C. S. Navy.

BURK, J. S., transferred to infantry in 1863. CARTER, A. O.

CARTER, W. R., elected Captain in 1862; promoted as Major and Lieutenant-

Colonel of the regiment; wounded at Trevillian's Station, June, 1864, and died of the wound

COX, J., died in 1851.

CRALLE, G. A.

CRALLE, G. T.

DEANE, E. S., wounded at Yellow Tavern in 1864.

DUPUY, W. A.

DYSON, R., wounded at Warrenton Springs, 1863.
DYSON, T. B., discharged at Yorktown, 1861.
EPES, A. J., transferred to artillery in 1864.
EPES, F.
EPES, J. F.
EPES, P. B., wounded at Mitchell's Shop, May 9, 1864.
EPES, T. G.
EPES, T. W., discharged in 1861.
FANNING, J.
FARLEY, J. E.
FITZGERALD, A. J.
FITZGERALD F., wounded at Five Forks, April, 1865.
FITZGERALD H. A., killed in Hanover, 1864.
FITZGERALD, J. W., wounded and captured at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
 FITZGERALD, P. H., wounded 1861; elected Lieutenant in 1862.
FITZGERALD, T. F.
FITZGERALD, W., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
FITZGERALD, W. T.
FOSTER, J. R., wounded at Kelly's Ford, 1863.
FOSTER, T., killed at Funkstown, Md., in 1863.
FOSTER, W. B., wounded at Trevillian's Station, June, 1864, and died of the
 wound. FOWLKES, H. B., discharged at Yorktown in 1861.
FOWLKES, W., discharged as over age.
FOWLKES, W. N., wounded at Trevillian's Station in 1864.
GARNET, promoted to Surgeon.
GOULDER, J. E. W., transferred to artillery in 1863.
GUY, F. W., killed at Hanover in 1864.
GUY, W. S., elected Lieutenant in 1863; wounded at Shepherdstown in 1863.
 HARDAWAY, D. H. promoted as Assistant-Surgeon in Richmond.
HARDAWAY, J. S., wounded at Trevillian's Station, June, 1864.
HARDY, G. M., wounded in 1863.
HASKINS, A. B.
HASKINS, E.
HAWKES, A. E., wounded at Trevillian's Station, June, 1864.
HAWKES, G. H., wounded at Hanover in 1864.
HAWKES, R. A.
HAWKES, W. J.
HAYS, L. H.
HOUSEN, E. H.
HYDE, R. H., killed in Charles City, 1864.
INGRAM, J. F., died June, 1861.
INGRAM, R. H.
INGRAM, W. M.
IRBY, J. L., wounded at Mitchell's Shop, May 9, 1864.
IRBY, W. M.
JACKSON, L., taken prisoner April, 1865, died in prison.

JETER, R. T., wounded at Warrenton Springs, 1863.
JONES, G. W., put in a substitute in 1862.
JORDEN, W. L., wounded at Mt. Jackson, 1864.
KING.
LEE, J., transferred to infantry in 1863.
LOCKET, J.
MANN, W. F., detailed in Commissary Department, 1863.
McCULLOCK, E.
McCUNE, T. W., detailed teamster.
MILLER, A. C., died of consumption, 1864.
OLIVER, J. T., wounded at Buckland, 1863.
OLIVER, M. J., wounded at Raccoon Ford, 1863.
PETTUS, T. F.

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PETTUS, W. H., wounded at Mitchell's Shop, May 9, 1864.
PHOENIX, E., detailed teamster, 1862.
POLLARD, J. W.
PRYOR, R. A., taken prisoner near Petersburg, 1864.
PURYEAR, R. A.
SCOTT, E., transferred to artillery in 1862.
SCOTT, J. A.
SLAUGHTER, A. W.
SLAUGHTER, E. F., detailed blacksmith.
SLAUGHTER, P. C.
SMITH, J. F., detailed in Signal Corps in 1862.
STITH, J. W. detailed Color-Bearer.
TUCKER, J. M., killed near Strausburg, 1863.
TUGGLE, W. R., wounded three times.
VAUGHAN, J. D., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
VAUGHAN, J. H., killed at Yellow Tavern, May, 1864.
VAUGHAN, TRIVES, elected 1st Lieutenant in 1861; died, August, 1862.
VAUGHAN, W. B., discharged.
VAUGHAN, W. T.
WARREN, R. E.
WATSON, J. S.
WATSON, M.
WEBSTER, F. A., died in Richmond Hospital, July, 1862.

ROLL OF COMPANY F. NEW KENT COUNTY.

Captain, MELVILLE VAIDEN, died December, 1861.

1st Lieutenant, GEORGE T. BROMLEY, resigned August, 1861.

2d Lieutenant, TELEMACHUS TAYLOR, promoted as Captain, May, 1862;
resigned July, 1862.

Brevet 2d Lieutenant, WM. E. CLOPTON, resigned September, 1862.

1st Sergeant, O. M. CHANDLER, promoted 2d Lieutenant, September, 1861; resigned May, 1862.

SOUTHEY L. SAVAGE, promoted 2d Lieutenant, December, 1861; resigned May, 1862.

Sergeant J. C. WILLIAMS.

Sergeant W. N. F. JONES,

Sergeant C. M. JONES, died in 1862.

Corporal, JAMES S. CHRISTIAN, promoted as 2d Lieutenant, May, 1862; killed at Sharpsburg, 1862.

Corporal, GEORGE W. TYREE, promoted Sergeant.

Corporal, W. H. VAUGHAN, died in 1862.

Corporal, W A. HICKS.

Corporal, W. MILLS, captured in 1864.

CUMBER, WM. M., bugler.

Quartermaster, WM. L. WILKINSON, retired from service in 1861.

PRIVATES.

APPERSON, JOHN C.

APPERSON, RICHARD C., promoted to Captain in 531 regiment Virginia Infantry, 1863.

APPERSON, ROBERT C., promoted to Sergeant; captured in 1864.

APPERSON, SAMUEL H., promoted to Sergeant; wounded at Kelly's Ford, 1863.

APPERSON, W. A.

ATKINSON, H. A., captured in May, 1864.

ATKINSON, W. E.

ATKINSON, W. F.

BALDWIN, G. I.

BLAYTON, JOHN.

BLAYTON, WM. N.

BOSWELL J. W.

BOYD, GEORGE G.

BRADENHAM, JOHN R., promoted as 1st Corporal; died in 1862.

BRADLEY, PLEASANT.

BRADLEY, ROBERT.

BURNETT, W. W.

BURR, H. D.

CLARKE, R. A.

CLARKE, W. A.

CLARKE, W. R.

CHANDLER, T. L.

CHRISTIAN, A.

CHRISTIAN. J. D.

CHRISTIAN, JONES R., promoted as Captain in 1862; captured in 1864.
CHRISTIAN, R. O.
CHRISTIAN, W. promoted as Sergeant.
CHRISTIAN, W. C., wounded at Kelly's Ford, in 1863.
COOKE, W. A.
CRUMP, D. S.
CRUMP, E. M., promoted as 2d Lieutenant in 1862; wounded and captured near
Luray in 1864.
CRUMP, H. C.
CRUMP, H. F., wounded at Hawes' Shop in 1864.
CRUMP, J. W., Commissary.

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CRUMP, Z. T.
DANDRIDGE, B. C.
DAVIS, J. A. DAVIS, W. B.
DICKSON, R. L.
ELLIOTT, W. A.
ELLYSON, A. B., captured in May, 1864.
ELLYSON, J. D., killed at Funkstown, Md., in 1864.
ELLYSON, L. G., promoted Sergeant.
ELLYSON, S. W.
ESTES, J. M., captured in May, 1864.
ESTES, J. W.
FRAYSER, R. E., promoted as Captain of Signal Corps on the staff of Major-
General J. E. B. Stuart, August 30, 1862.
GILLIAM, T. Q.
GILLIAM, W. O., died in 1862 in Military Hospital
GOODIN, JOHN T.
GREGORY, W. T., promoted as Surgeon in 1862.
GUNN, J. M., captured in May, 1864.
HARMAN, BEN C.
HILL, B. W.
HILL, GEO. W.
HILL, J. A.
HUBBARD, BEN C.
HUBBARD, BOLAR S.
HUBBARD, JOHN.
HUBBARD, WM. N.
JOHNSON, S. L.
JONES, CHARLES R.
JONES, W. W.
LACY, B. W., promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Dec., 1862; wounded at Kelly's Ford in
1863, and at Nance's Shop in 1864.
LACY, R. T., wounded at Brandy Station in 1862, and at the Yellow Tavern in
1864; retired from service disabled.
LACY, T. S.

LARUS, THOS. P.
LIPSCOMBE, W. I. , captured in 1864.
MARSTON, W. W., promoted as Surgeon in 1862.
McKENZIE, JAS., wounded at Kelly's Ford in 1863.
MEANLY, J. P.
MILLS, J. W.
MILLS, W. P.
MINOR, E. C., promoted as 1st Sergeant; lost an arm near Luray in 1864;
disabled, and retired from service.
MOSELY, B. W.
MOSELY, R. D.
ODELL, J. D.
PARISH, BERTRAM.
PARKINSON, JNO. F., wounded at Nance's Shop in 1864.
PARKINSON, J. W., wounded near Upperville in 1862.
PARR, J. L.
PIERCE, Z.
POE, JOHN. Jr.
POLLARD, W. A., promoted as Second Corporal, and Sergeant; wounded at
Nance's Shop in 1864; disabled, and retired from service.
POMFREY, G. M.
POMFREY, W. A.
PORTER, J. H.
RABINEAU, W., captured in 1864.
RATCLIFFE, W. T., captured in 1864.
RICHARDSON, JNO. A.
ROYSTER, JUNIUS C., captured in 1864.
ROYSTER, L.
SLATER, JOHN S.
SLATER, L. A., promoted as Surgeon in 1862.
SPENCER, J. D., shot through the body, near Tunstall's Station, in 1864; disabled
and retired.
STAMPER, H. W., promoted as 2d Lieutenant in 1862.
TALBOTT, CHAS. H.
TALLEY, R. W.
TAYLOR, R. S., wounded at New Market in 1862.
TERRELL, W. A.
TIMBERLAKE, J. P.
TURNER, E. P., promoted as Major on the staff of General J. B. Magruder;
transferred to trans-Mississippi department in 1862.
TURNER, GEORGE W.
TURNER, HEZEKIAH.
VAIDEN, G.
VAIDEN, J. B.
VAIDEN, MICAJAH.

VAIDEN, V., captured in 1864.
WARING, T. B., wounded and captured at Boonsboro', Md., in 1862.
WARING, W. H.
WHITE, W. F., captured in 1864.
WHITLOCK, R. H., promoted as Sergeant; wounded at Nance's Shop in 1864;
disabled and retired.
WILKES, C. T.
WILKINSON, L.
WILLIAMS, R. L.
WOODWARD, W., captured in 1864.
WRIGHT, G. T.
YOUNG, H., captured in 1864.

ROLL OF COMPANY G. CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Captain, HENRY R. JOHNSON; resigned in 1861.
1st Lieutenant, T. F. WILSON; resigned; promoted Major Confederate States
Army.
2d Lieutenant, B. J. ALLEN; resigned.
Brev. 2d Lieutenant, WM. A. PERKINS; promoted Captain, and resigned.
1st Sergeant, H. L. BLANTON; detailed in Quartermaster's Department.
Sergeant, V. B. JEFFRIES; detailed in hospital.
Sergeant, G. M. RYALS; promoted Major, and Provost-Marshal on Stuart's staff.
Sergeant, J. W. GARRET; wounded.

PRIVATES.

ADAMS, H. K.
ADAMS, T. H., captured at Mitchell's Shop in 1864.
AGEE, JOHN.
ALLEN, CAREY A., wounded in 1862.
ALLEN, E. J.
ALLEN, JNO. A., captured in Culpeper County.
ALLEN, JOSEPH L., discharged.
ALLEN, R. B., wounded at Hawes' Shop in 1864.
AMOS, L. C.
ANDERSON, JAMES A.
ANDERSON, P E., discharged.
ANDERSON, RED, died in Richmond.
ARMISTEAD, JAMES M., discharged.
AYRES, POWHATAN, wounded at Mitchell's Shop in 1864.
BALDWIN, B. B., captured at Mitchell's Shop.
BANKS, J. L., promoted 2d Lieutenant; wounded at Boonsboro' in 1862;
captured at Five Forks in 1865.
BERRYMAN, BRADUS.
BLANTON, A. H.

BLANTON, B. W. L., wounded near Hampton.
BLANTON, D. A., wounded and captured at Front Royal.
BLANTON, F. B., discharged.
BLANTON, J. M., discharged.
BLANTON, M. D., wounded near Hampton.
BOLLING, JOHN, promoted Sergeant-Major of the 3d Virginia Cavalry.
BOOKER, F. H., discharged.
BOOKER, SAMUEL F., discharged.
BRANTON, RICHARD A.
BRANTON, W. A., wounded.
BROWN, BENTLEY, died in Farmville.
BROWN, D. H.
BROWN, P. A.
BRYANT, JAMES.
BRYANT, SILAS S., killed at Nance's Shop.
CABELL, FRED, captured at Mitchell's Shop.
CLARKE, CHARLEY, killed at Trevillian's Station.
CLARKE, FRANK.
CLARKE, JAMES E., captured at Five Forks.
CLARKE, THOMAS.
CLOPTON, W. D., discharged.
COCKE, PRESTON, wounded near Bridgewater.
COCKE, T. L. P.
COLEMAN, JOSIAH.
COLEMAN, SAMUEL F., wounded and captured at Mitchell's Shop.
CORSON, W. C.
COX, JOHN B, discharged.
CROWDER, WM. R., discharged.
CRUMP, GEO. G.
DANIEL, JNO. CHESLEY.
DANIEL, JOHN S., discharged.
DANIEL, WILLIAM, discharged.
DOWDY, C. H., wounded at Buckland.
DOWDY, JAMES H.

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DOWDY, WILLIAM, captured, and died at Elmira, N.Y.
EXALL TURNER.
FLIPPEN, HARTWELL, wounded at Raccoon Ford.
FLIPPEN, M. A., captured.
FORD, BOAZ, wounded at Stevensburg.
FORD, S. A.
FOSTER, JNO. T.
FOSTER, P. B.
FOWLER, JOHN, killed at Kelly's Ford.
FOWLER, THOS. N., lost an arm at Trevillian's Station.
FRENCH, THOS. N.

FUQUA, JOS., discharged.
GARRETT, EDWARD, promoted 2d Lieutenant, and 1st Lieutenant; wounded at Hawes' Shop in 1864; killed at Five Forks, 1865.
GARRETT, J. A.
GOODMAN, C. T.
GOODMAN, H. F., wounded at Kelly's Ford.
GOODMAN, J. WESLEY, wounded and captured at Mitchell's Shop.
GOODMAN, R. B.
GOODMAN, Warren F., captured in Stafford County.
GRIGG, EDWARD, died at Burkeville in 1862.
GRIGG, E. H., captured near King's Wharf in 1862.
GRIGG, JAS. A.
GUTHRIE, WALTER L., wounded at Trevillian's Station.
HARRIS, HENRY.
HARRIS, J. E., discharged.
HAZLEGROVE, P. R. HENDRICK, JNO. E., captured at Mitchell's Shop and died in prison.
HUBARD, R. T., promoted 2d Lieutenant; promoted Adjutant of the 3d Virginia Cavalry.
HUBARD, T. H.
IRVING, JOSEPH K., discharged and died.
ISBELL, JAMES D., promoted 1st Lieutenant and Captain; died in service.
JEFFRIES, J. M., promoted Orderly Sergeant; wounded at Boonsboro' and at Kelly's Ford.
JETER, RODOPHIL, killed at Mitchell's Shop.
JOHNSON, HUGH, discharged.
JONES, JOE R.
JONES, JOHN H.
JONES, W. W., wounded at Kelly's Ford.
KING, JOHN.
MATTHEWS, GEO. H., promoted 1st Lieutenant and Captain; killed at Mitchell's Shop on May 9, 1864.
MAYO, FRANK, killed in Amelia County.
MAYO, GEO. B., wounded at the Yellow Tavern.
MAYO, JOSEPH, wounded at Mount Jackson.
McCLELLAN, H. B., promoted Adjutant of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, and Major, and A. A. G. on the staff of General Stuart.
McLAURIN, ARCHER, killed at Mitchell's Shop.
McLAURIN, LEIGH, died during the war.
McNAMEE, GRIGBY, transferred to artillery; lost a leg in battle and died from the wound. MILES, MARCUS, detailed in Commissary Dept.
MILLER, JNO. T., discharged in 1861.
MOSBY, W. G.
NICHOLAS, H. B., wounded.
NUCKOLS, FRANK, wounded.
OVERTON, BRANCH, killed at Mitchell's Shop.

OVERTON, WILLIAM, killed in the Valley, October 9, 1864.
PAGE, ROBERT, promoted Brev. 2d Lieutenant.
PALMORE, C. R., promoted 1st Lieutenant and Captain; wounded at Mitchell's Shop; captured at Front Royal.
PALMORE, JAMES, died near Yorktown.
PALMORE, S. S., wounded at Boonsboro'.
PARKER, JNO. J., wounded.
PARKER, W. J.
PERKINS, GEORGE.
PHILLIPS, J. B., captured in night fight near the Burnt Furnace.
POWERS, GEO. W.
POWERS, T. H., died during the war.
POWERS, W. J.
PRICE, DANIEL D.
PRICE, GEORGE.
PRICE, W. D., wounded at Raccoon Ford.
PRIDE, T. H., killed in Spottsylvania County.
RAINE, H. M.
RAINE, MICHAUX.
RANSOM, W. A.
RICHARDSON, DANIEL, transferred to infantry.
ROBINSON, J. J., captured at Mitchell's Shop.
ROBINSON, W. L., captured at Mitchell's Shop.
RUCKER, HOUSTON.

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RUTHERFORD, ROBERT, died during the war.
RYALS, JOHN V., wounded at Mitchell's Shop.
SCOTT, WELDEN, discharged.
SHEPARD, W. B., wounded.
SHORES, JNO. F.
SMITH, G. M.
SNODDY, ROBERT H.
SPENCER, JOHN.
SPENCER, J. A., discharged.
SPINDLE, WILLIAM.
STEPHENSON, J. W., missing.
SWANN, HENRY.
TALLEY, JACK W., wounded.
TAYLOR, J. R.
TONY, H. C., wounded.
TOWLES, THOS. O., discharged.
TRENT, JNO. A.
TRENT, PETER, F.
TRENT, R. B., died near Fredericksburg.
WALDEN, JNO. E.
WALKER, W. D.

WALTON, T. B. S., wagon master.
WATKINS, BEN., discharged.
WILSON, MAT, captured at Mitchell's Shop
WOMACK, NATHAN, discharged.
WOOD, LEROY.
WOOD, R. S.
WOODSON, BEVERLY,
WOODSON, Charley, discharged.
WOODSON, GALITINE, discharged and died during the war.
WOODSON, JNO. P., discharged.
WOODSON, MILLER.

ROLL OF COMPANY H. HALIFAX CATAWBA, HALIFAX COUNTY.

Captain, WILLIAM COLLINS; died of disease in service, November, 1864.
1st Lieutenant, HENRY CARRINGTON; captured at Aldie, June 17, 1862;
promoted as Captain of company and Major of 3d Virginia Cavalry.
2d Lieutenant, WILLIAM MILNER: died of disease after leaving army.
Brev. 2d Lieutenant, THOS. C. RICE; died of disease in service in June or July,
1862.
1st Sergeant, WM. T. GREEN.
2d Sergeant, JAMES W. GREEN.
3d Sergeant, WILLIS JOHNSON.
4th Sergeant, JAMES V. GARNER.
1st Corporal, FRANK J. CLARKE.
2d Corporal, JOHN C. LAPRADE.
3d Corporal, JOSEPH G. DAVIS.
4th Corporal, AARON J. HODGES.

PRIVATES.

ADAMS, EDWARD L.
ADAMS, JOHN M.
ADAMS, RIBAN M., discharged as a tanner.
ALLEN, HENRY C.
BARKSDALE, ANTHONY S., discharged as over age.
BARLEY, EVAN S.
BERKLEY, PUBLIUS J.
BUSTER, JOHN G.
CAGE, ELAM.
CAGE, JESSE D.
CAGE, JOSEPH.
CANADA, SHEROD, discharged as over age in 1862.
COATES, WM. W.

CONNOR, BENJAMIN W., captured at Aldie, June 17, 1863.
DEJARNETT, DANIEL E., died of disease in service.
DEJARNETT, GEORGE.
DEJARNETT, HOUSEN S., bugler.
FISHER, GEORGE.
FISHER, JOHN M.
GLASS, THOS. D., killed in battle June, 1864.
GREEN, JOHN A.
HILL, WILLIAM M., died of wounds, June, 1864.
HUBBARD, JOEL, Jr.
HUBBARD, SAMUEL C., wounded twice.
IRBY, JAMES R., killed in battle, July, 1864.
JENNINGS, JAMES R.
JENNINGS, WILLIAM R.
JONES, JAMES M., discharged for physical disability, 1861.

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McCULLOCH, HENRY T.
McCULLOCH, JEFFREY J.
McCULLOCH, JESSE F.
MOREFIELD, WILLIAM C.
MORGAN, HENRY A.
NEAL, THOMAS A., killed in battle, September, 1864.
NEWBILL, GEORGE J.
OWEN, JAMES H.
PARKER, WILLIAM T.
RAINE, ROBERT M.
ROARKE, GEORGE R.
STOWE, HENRY C.
THORNTON, FELIX F.
TUCKER, HINTON G., died of disease in service.
TYNES, ISAAC J.
WALLER, CHRISTOFER C.
WALLER, JOHN W.
WEST, MOSES E.

ROLL OF COMPANY I. DINWIDDIE COUNTY'.

Captain, WM. A. ADAMS; killed in a personal difficulty with some unknown soldiers.

1st Lieutenant, E. O. FITZGERALD; from beginning to end of war.

2d Lieutenant, WM. M. FIELD; promoted to Captain, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Virginia Cavalry; wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, HEDRIAN A. NEAVES; resigned.

1st Sergeant, BERRYMAN J. HILL; promoted *Brev. 2d Lieutenant*, and *2d Lieutenant*; killed at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864.

2d Sergeant, JAMES O. PERKINS; discharged in 1862.

3d Sergeant, JOSEPH H. BOURDON; promoted Brev. 2d Lieutenant; killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

4th Sergeant, THOMAS THWEATT; put in a substitute.

1st Corporal, F. FITZGERALD THWEATT.

2d Corporal, HENRY COUSINS; transferred; died 1884.

3d Corporal, WM. H. SPICELY; died June 4, 1862, in Dinwiddie.

4th Corporal, THOMAS W. ORGAIN; mortally wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.

PRIVATES.

ABERNATHY, I. H.

ALLEN, S. DUDLEY.

BARNER, JOHN R.

BARNER, THOMAS J., captured May 8, 1864.

BASS, WM. C., teamster.

BISHOP, B. EMMET, wounded.

BISHOP, J. W., promoted 4th Sergeant.

BISHOP, W. B.

BISHOP, WM. W.

BLANKENSHIP, E. J., enlisted as a substitute.

BLANKENSHIP, J. G. enlisted as a substitute.

BOISSEAU, BENJ. G., discharged.

BOISSEAU, RICHD. E., promoted 2d Sergeant; afterward elected 3d Lieutenant, 1864.

BOISSEAU, ROBERT G., detailed as enrolling officer; died at home, 1875.

BOOTHE, THOS. E., wounded May 9, 1862, on the Peninsula; detailed to hospital service.

BOURDON, THOS. C.

BROws, R. W., wounded May 9, 1862, and October 9, 1864.

CABANISS, J. S., died May 29, 1862.

CAIRNS, THOS. J.

CHAPPELL, GEORGE W.

CHAPPELL, JAMES M., enlisted as a substitute.

CHAPPELL, DR. OLIVER W., discharged.

CHAPPELL, RICHD.

CHAPPELL, THOMAS J., deserted.

CLAIBORNE, GEORGE, elected Corporal, 1864.

CLEATON, THOS. J.

CLEATON, WILLIAM.

COLEMAN, THOS. D.

CONNELLY, WM. D., transferred to Pickett's Division, 1862.

CRITTENTON, JNO. T., wounded by accident, May 23, 1862.

CROWDER, THOS. W.

CRUMP, JNO. L., discharged June 3, 1862; died.
CUNNINGHAM, J. E., enlisted as a substitute; wounded in Maryland.
DANCE, ALEX. A., promoted 3d Corporal; wounded March 17, 1863, at Kelly's
Ford; lost an eye.
DAVIS, WM. J.
DODD, ROBERT V.
DOYLE, DR. C. W., detailed March 29, 1862.
DOYLE, WM. F., transferred to Pickett's Division.
ELMORE, ROBERT A.
EPES, ANDREW J., transferred to Co. E, Nottoway troop.

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EPPES, ROBERT S., wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
EPPS, PETERSON H., put in a substitute.
FORD, BENJ. W., taken prisoner May 4, 1862.
FRASER, JOHN L., promoted 1st Corporal; mortally wounded May 24, 1864, in
Charles City Co.
GIBBON, CHARLES, put in a substitute.
GIBBS, SAMUEL, blacksmith.
GOODWIN, GEO. W., discharged.
GREENWAY, JAMES, died May 22, 1862.
GRISWOLD, RICHD. W., put in a substitute.
HARGRAVE, ISHAM E., transferred.
HARMON, JOHN W., discharged; injured by lightning.
HARRISON, T. LABAN, substitute; wounded June 12, 1864.
HAWKINS, WM. J., died.
HAYES, JUNIUS.
HILL, POWHATAN, substitute until old enough to volunteer; wounded at
Raccoon Ford, November 30, 1863.
HILL, ROWLAND, substitute until old enough to volunteer.
HITCHCOCK, J. F. A., captured May 15, 1862; died July 27, 1862, in prison.
HOBBS, ALBERT, died in hospital at Burkeville, 1864.
HOBBS, T. H.
HOWERTON, J. W. E.
HYLE, RICHARD H., transferred to Co. E; killed in 1864.
HYDEN, M. B., discharged May 24, 1862.
JACKSON, JOS. F., wounded May 8, 1864, at Buckland.
JACKSON, ROBERT G., wounded May 9, 1862, at Buckland.
JOHNSON BENJ. W., discharged May 10, and died May 16, 1862.
JOHNSON, T. B., promoted 4th Corporal, 1862.
JOLLY, BENJ. J., wounded, and died May 24, 1864.
JOLLY, C. P., wounded June 12, 1864.
JOLLY, WM. H.
JONES, CAIUS J., promoted 3d Sergeant; wounded June 24, 1864.
JONES, FRANCIS A., wounded June 3, 1863, and May 7, 1864.
KEECH, C. A., a refugee from Maryland; a substitute to enable himself to get a
horse; wounded June 24, and September 22, 1864.

MADDUX, THOS. C., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
MAJOR, ROBERT S., promoted to 3d Sergeant; discharged; injured by lightning.
MEADE, DAVID A., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
MEADE, OLIVER.
MEREDITH, JAS. A., promoted 2d Corporal, 1863.
MITCHELL, GREEN L.
MORRIS, WM. H., died at home, 187-.
NUNNALLY, ROBERT, wounded May 7, 1864; substitute for W. A. Nunnally.
NUNNALLY, W. A.
NUNNALLY, W. T., wounded..
ORGAIN, ALBERT M., wounded at Strausburg, in 1864.
ORGAIN, HENRY E.
PARHAM, DR. M. DIBBREL, detailed for hospital service, 1862.
PERCIVALL, Jos. J.
PERKINS, EDWD. L., promoted 1st Sergeant; wounded May 8, 1864, at Mount
 Jackson.
PERKINS, GEORGE.
PERKINS, RICHD. H., promoted 2d Corporal; transferred to 12th regiment
 infantry.
PERKINS, T. ARCHER, killed at Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864.
PERKINS, W. E., transferred to Pickett's Division, 1862.
PINCHBECK, WM. J., a substitute.
POOL, ADOLPHUS P., transferred.
POOL, E. T. P., transferred.
POWELL, A. T., wounded at Upperville, Va., November 3, 1862.
POWELL, EDWARD T., transferred.
POWELL, DR. EUGENE C., detailed as hospital steward.
RICHARDSON, WM. H., discharged May 24, 1862.
RIVES, THOS. F., Co. clerk; appointed October, 1862.
RIVES, VIRGIL A.
ROGERSON, WM. H., promoted 2d Lieutenant, 1862; resigned.
RONEY, J. N., discharged.
SCOTT, PETER H., detailed in Commissary Department.
SCOTT, WASHINGTON T., deserted.
SEAY, I. W.
SKINNER, GEO. W., wounded at Warrenton Springs, June 3, 1863.
SMITH, ELIJAH, wounded May 7, 1864.
SMITH, GEO. W.
SPENCER, DR. R. MUNFORD, detailed Assistant Surgeon, June 12, 1862;
SPIERS, BENJ. H.
STABLE, WM. H., detailed June 6, 186-; ward clerk in hospital.
STITH, JOHN A.
STONE, ROBERT T., detailed April 15, 186-,
STURDIVANT, J. W., detailed July 15, 1862.
SYDNOR, L. R.
TANNER, MELVILLE W.

TAYLOR, J. E.

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TAYLOR, T. J.

THOMAS, D. S., a prisoner in Fort Delaware for 11 months.

THOMPSON, E. W., wounded May 8, 1864.

THWEATT, ARCHIBALD, Jr., promoted 2d Lieutenant; captured May 8, 1864.

THWEATT, R. B., wounded at Mount Jackson, 1864.

TRAVIS, E. W.

TUCKER, DR. JOHN H., detailed June 10, 1862.

TUCKER, R. E.

WEBB, W. A.

WELLS, A. S., wounded May 9, 1862; died June 9, 1862.

WELLS, FLOURNOY W.

WELLS, MARVIN P., wounded June 3, 1863.

WELLS, ROBERT D., discharged.

WHITE, Jos. L., wounded at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864.

WILLIAMS, J. PRENTISS, wounded May 28, 1864.

WILLIAMS, THOS. D., bugler; discharged.

WILLIAMSON, EMMET R.

WILLIAMSON, R. W.

WORSHAM, PATRICK H., died June 5, 1862.

WYNNE, R. L., transferred.

WYNNE, WM. G., died May 20, 1862.

YOUNG, JAS. ANDREW.

YOUNG, JAMES B., killed at Warrenton, November, 5, 1863.

YOUNG, JOHN E., promoted 4th Corporal; wounded at Trevillian's Station, June 12, 1864; lost an arm.

ROLL OF COMPANY K. PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

Captain, JNO. T. THORNTON; elected Lieutenant-Colonel in 1862; killed at Antietam, September 17, 1862, while in command of the regiment.

1st Lieutenant, PEYTON R. BERKELEY; elected Captain in 1862; resigned in 1863.

2d Lieutenant, RICHARD STOKER; retired at the reorganization in 1862.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, F. D. REDD; retired at the reorganization in 1862.

1st Sergeant, E. N. PRICE.

2d Sergeant, JNO. H. KNIGHT; promoted to 2d Lieutenant, and 1st Lieutenant in 1863, and to Captain in 1864; wounded at the White House.

3d Sergeant, R. B. BERKELEY; transferred to infantry, 1863.

4th Sergeant, F. H. SCOTT.

Corporal, L. M. PENICK.

Corporal, R. W. DALBY.

Corporal, A. B. CRALLE.

Corporal, D. J. ALLEN.

PRIVATES.

ALLEN, H. A.

ANDERSON, C. B.

ANDERSON, C. T.

ANDERSON, F. C.

ANDERSON, H. T.

ARMISTEAD, D. L.

ARVIN, M. L.

BAKER, J. A., wounded at Front Royal in 1863; and at Spottsylvania in

BAKER, J. W.

BELL, JAS. A., elected Lieutenant in 1862, and resigned in 1863.

BONDURANT, C. A., wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.

BONDURANT, JNO. J.

BONDURANT, S. J.

BONDURANT, S. W.

BOOKER, GEORGE.

BOOKER, J. H.

BOOKER, W. D.

BRAGG, A. A.

BRUCE, S. A.

BRUCE, W. A.

CHAFFIN, JNO.

CRAFTON, W. T. CUNNINGHAM, JNO. R., badly wounded at Kelly's Ford,
March 17, 1863.

DANIEL, JNO. W.

DICKINSON, JNO. P.

DICKINSON, R. M.

DUPUY, W. P., wounded at Buckland in 1863, and at Tom's Brook in 1864.

EDMONDS, H. W., badly wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.

ELLIOTT, F. L.

ELLIOTT, R. C., wounded at Hawes' Shop in 1864.

EVANS, W. W., wounded at Front Royal in 1864.

EWING, J. J.

EWING, W. H.

FLOURNOY, CHAS.

FLOURNOY, JNO. J., wounded and discharged in 1863.

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FOSTER, ROLIN.

FOWLKES G. W.

FOWLKES, J. D.

GARRETT, LAFAYETTE.

GUTHRIE, J. H.

HARVY, W. T., good soldier.
HASKINS, A. A., promoted 2d Lieutenant in 1863.
HASKINS, T. E., promoted 1st Sergeant in 1862.
HOLLADAY, JNO. L.
HUNT, GEO.
HUNT, JNO. C., General Stuart's orderly, and was lost at Gettysburg.
JEFFREYS, E. T., disabled by disease and discharged.
JENKINS, BEN.
JOHNSON, HARVEY, discharged in 1862.
LOCKETT, E. S.
MARTIN, Chas., discharged in 1862.
MERIDITH, H. T., captured in 1862, and elected Lieutenant in 1863.
MILLER, R. A.
MORTON, W. H.
MOSLEY, C. R.
NICHOLAS, GEO., a substitute and deserted.
PENICK, F. J
PRICE, DANIEL.
RAGSDALE, R. H., substitute for A. B. Cralle.
REDD, C. E.
REDD, J. A.
REDD, JNO. H.
REDD, J. T.
REDD, J. W.
REDD, R. L.
RICHARDSON, W. M.
ROWETTE, JAS. C., wounded at Five Forks.
ROWLETT, J. C., lost a leg at Front Royal.
SCOTT, EDWIN, killed on picket near Newport News.
SCOTT, LAFAYETTE, wounded at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863.
SPENCER, J. C., killed in Charles City.
SPENCER, N. B.
STARLING, L. A.
SUBLETT, P. B.
THACKSTON, N., wounded at Louisa C. H.
TODD, A. H.
TRUEHEART, W. C.
VENABLE, A. R., transferred to Q. M. Department and promoted Captain.
WALTON J. F.
WALTON, L. D.
WALTON, R. H.
WATKINS, R. H., elected 1st Lieutenant in 1862, and Captain in 1863; wounded
in the Valley of Virginia, and retired in 1864.
WEST, M.
WILEY, OSCAR, transferred.
WILLIAMS, J. C.

WILSON, J. H., killed at Hawes' Shop.
WOMACK, A. C.
WOMACK, A. W.
WOMACK, D. G.
WOMACK, EUGENE, killed 1864.
WOMACK, W. W.
WOOTTON, S. T., wounded at Louisa C. H.

The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart
Appendix--Rolls Of Companies B, E, F, And K, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry.

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ROLL OF COMPANY B. BERKELEY COUNTY.

Captain, G. N. HAMMOND; killed at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.

1st Lieutenant, WM. K. LIGHT.

2d Lieutenant, WM. T. NOLL; promoted as first Lieutenant; wounded at Gettysburg, July 4, 1863.

1st Sergeant, JOHN B. SEIBERT; discharged.

2d Sergeant, CHARLES WELLER; discharged.

3d Sergeant, ROBT. H. STEWART; promoted as 2d Lieutenant; wounded at Mount Olivet, October 10, 1864.

1st Corporal, JAMES N. CUNNINGHAM; promoted as Captain; wounded at Front Royal, August 21, and at Rood's Hill, November 23, 1864.

2d Corporal, AQUILA JANNEY; detailed in Qr Mr. Dept.

3d Corporal, JAMES W. CUSHWA; promoted as 2d Sergeant.

PRIVATES.

ARMSTRONG, ARCHIBALD, wounded at Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864; killed at Martinsburg, July 1, 1864.

AULD, THOS. E.

BOLEY, BEN. F., wounded at Rood's Hill, November 23, 1864.

BOWERS, RICHARD H.

BOYD, JOHN E., promoted as 4th Sergeant.

BREATHED, JAMES W., transferred; promoted as Captain and Major of the Stuart Horse Artillery.

BRYARLY, ROBT. P., promoted as 3d Corporal; wounded at Tom's Brook, October 9, 1864.

BUCHANAN, J. C.

BURKHART, R. C.

CARPER, GEO W.

CATROW, JOHN W., wounded at Slatersville, May 9, 1862.

CHAPMAN, JACOB A., transferred.

COMBS, J. L. E., bugler; discharged.

COUCHMAN, DAVID, wounded at Slatersville, May 9, 1862.

CUNNINGHAM, CHARLES, killed at Winchester, September 19, 1864.

CUNNINGHAM, W. L., wounded at Gettysburg, July 4, 1863.

CUSHEN, R. D.

CUSHWA, DANIEL.

CUSHWA, DAVID, promoted as 1st Corporal; wounded at Rood's Hill, November 23, 1864.

CUSHWA, SEIBERT.
DICKINSON, ALBERT.
EVANS, JAMES W.
FRIEZE, A. J., wounded at Spottsylvania, May 9, 1864.
FRIEZE, GEORGE.
GAGEBY, JOHN N., promoted as 1st Sergeant.
GLADDEN, GEORGE.
HOUSE, THOMAS.
JANNEY, W. H. H.
JEFFERSON, WM. M.
KEARFOTT, JAMES, killed at Wolfstown, Va., March 2, 1864.
KEARFOTT, JOHN P., wounded at Kennon's Landing, June 5, 1864.
KILMER, B. S., wounded at Mount Olivet, October 10, 1864.
KILMER, DANIEL.
KILMER, DAVID, wounded at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
KILMER, H D., transferred.
KOONTZ, FRANK.
LEE, OTHO S.
LEMEN, W M.
LYLE, R. G., discharged.
MANNING, DENNIS, wounded at Raccoon Ford, October 13, 1863.
MARSHALL, GEO. W., promoted as 3d Sergeant; wounded at Spottsylvania,
May 9, 1864.

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MARSHALL, JOSEPH, died from disease.
MASON, JAMES A.
McCLARRY, GEO. W.
McKEE, MAYBERRY.
MILLER, DANIEL.
MONG, WENDEL, promoted as 4th Corporal.
MURPHY, JAMES B., killed at Rood's Hill, November 23, 1864.
MURPHY, RICHARD.
MYERS, W. H.
PAYNE, J. TRIP.
PAYNE, MARTIN L.
PAYNE, O. F., wounded at Mount Olivet, October 10, 1864.
RAINER, GEORGE.
ROBERTS, E. S.
ROBERTS, GEO. D.
ROBERTS, WM., wounded at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.
ROUSH, CHARLES. wounded at Winchester, August 28, 1864.
SEIBERT, ABRAHAM, wounded at Manassas, July 21, 1861; discharged.
SEIBERT, ELI.
SEIBERT, JOHN B., discharged.
SEIBERT, WENDEL, promoted as 2d Corporal; wounded at Spottsylvania, May
9, 1864. SHEPHERD, JAMES, transferred.

SHOWERS, GEORGE.
SILVER, FRANK, wounded at Rood's Hill, November 23, 1864.
SILVER, HENRY.
SMALL, DAVID.
SMALL, WILLIAM.
STRAYER, D. J. R., wounded at Manassas, July 21, 1861.
STRODE, P. H.
STUMP, JOHN H, wounded at Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
TABB, E. W., discharged.
THATCHER, DAVID, killed at Buckland Mills, October 19, 1863.
THOMAS, JACOB.
VAN DOREN, MEVEREL.
WEAVER, CHARLES.
WEAVER, GEORGE, killed at Slatersville, Va., May 9, 1862.

ROLL OF COMPANY E. AUGUSTA COUNTY.

First Captain, WILLIAM PATRICK; retired at the reorganization; promoted Major of the 17th battalion Virginia Cavalry; mortally wounded at second Manassas, August 31, 1862.
1st Lieutenant, THOMAS W. McCLUNG; elected Captain at the reorganization.
2d Lieutenant, JOHN M. HANGER; resigned on account of health.
Brevt. 2d Lieutenant, Wm. B. GALLAHER; resigned in July, 1861.
1st Sergeant, WILLIAM A. HANGER; elected 2d Lieutenant; promoted 1st Lieutenant; wounded at Catlett's Station, August 22, 1862, and permanently disabled.
2d Sergeant, JOHN S. MOORMAN; wounded May 9, 1864, and October 19, 1864.
3d Sergeant, JAMES C. McCLUNG.
4th Sergeant, CHARLES S. PATTERSON; put in a substitute in 1862.
1st Corporal, SILAS H. WALKER; promoted 1st Sergeant and 2d Lieutenant; wounded at the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.
2d Corporal, WILLIAM C. BERRY; killed at Catlett's Station, August 22, 1862.
3d Corporal, CYRUS MOWRY; put in a substitute.
4th Corporal, JOHN T. KENNERLY.
Ensign, VIRGINIUS R. GUY; died at home, November 13, 1864.
Surgeon, G. MOFFETT KING, M.D.
Musician, GEORGE W. FREED; detailed as orderly for General J. E. B. Stuart, and for General Fitz Lee.
Company Quartermaster, NORMAN H. HANGER; detailed at Cavalry Headquarters.

PRIVATES.

ALEXANDER, GEO. H.
ALEXANDER, SAML. H., wounded in the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.
ARNALL, JOHN BALDWIN, wounded near Columbia Furnace, October 8, and died October 9, 1864.
AUSTIN, W H. H , permanently disabled in August, 1861.

BARE, ARTEDORE, drowned in South River near Waynesboro'.
BARNES, Jos. F., captured in Hardy County, December 18, 1864; died in Camp Chase, January 15, 1865.
BATEMAN, GEO. W., captured near Appomattox Court House.
BATEMAN, JAMES B., captured in Hunter's Raid; exchanged and died in Chimborazo Hospital, March 21, 1865.
BATIS, N. WILLIS, blacksmith,
BAYNE, FRANK, wounded in May, 1864; on October 8, and November 22, 1864.
BEARD, SAMUEL.
BELL, DAVID P., wounded at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, and at High Bridge, April 6, 1865.
BELL, FRANK M., promoted 3d Corporal.
BELL, J. BROWNLEE, left as nurse with wounded at Gettysburg; died at Fort Delaware.

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BELL, ROBERT S., detailed in Qr. Mr. Dept.
BLACKWELL, C. EDWARD.
BOYD, WM. H.
BROOKS, ADDISON.
BROOKS, J. AUGUSTUS.
BROOKS, J. MILTON.
BROWN, ROBERT B.
BROWNLEE, JAMES M., killed near Littlestown, Pa., June, 1863.
BUMGARDNER, WM. L., wounded May 8, 1864.
CHRISTIAN CHAS. F., died June 13, 1862.
CHRISTIAN, JAMES S., died May 16, 1862.
CHRISTIAN, JOHN T., detailed in Commissary Department.
COCHRAN, B. F., discharged on account of ill health.
CRAIG, H. BROWN, promoted Adjutant of 26th battalion Virginia Infantry, and killed at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
CRAWFORD, C. EDWARD, captured at the Yellow Tavern, but escaped.
CRAWFORD, GEO. W., killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 8, 1864.
CRAWFORD, I. S., wounded at Todd's Tavern, 1864.
CRAWFORD, JAMES ALLEN, promoted 2d Corporal.
CRAWFORD, JAMES McP., captured at Cedar Creek, but recaptured the same day by Abe Tweed, Dave Bell, and Bumgardner.
CRAWFORD, STUART M., promoted Orderly Sergeant.
CRAWFORD, TOLIVER W., died July 24, 1861.
CRAWFORD, W. B., put in a substitute.
CRITZER, JAMES A., captured near Greencastle, Pa., July 4, 1863.
CULLEN, DANIEL C.
DALHOUSE, A. NATHANIEL, wounded at Kennon's Landing.
DALHOUSE, CHAS. GAMBRILL, wounded near Williamsport, June 27, 1861; died December 24, 1861.
DAVIS, JOHN J., put in a substitute, April, 1862.

DAVIS, L. W.
DONOHO, LUCIAN M., captured at Rich Mountain, July, 1861.
DRAKE, DAVID WILLIAM, promoted Sergeant-Major of 1st Virginia Cavalry;
brave among the bravest.
EAKLE, JAMES, killed at Kennon's Landing, May 24, 1864.
EDWARDS, G. B., substitute for W. B. Crawford; captured at Westminster, Md.,
June 29, 1863.
ESTILL, JOHN L., wounded once.
FINLEY, L. NEWTON, captured at Berryville, September 23, 1864.
FINLEY, W. W., died in camp, Fairfax County, February 13, 1862.
FISHBURNE, ELLIOT G., promoted 1st Corporal and 3d Sergeant; wounded at
Raccoon Ford, September, 1863, and in the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.
FITCH, ALEX. P., wounded at Meem's Bottom, 1864.
FREDD, GEORGE W., orderly for General J. E. B. Stuart.
FREED, WILLIAM ABE, promoted Corporal; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H.,
May 9, 1864.
FULTZ, FREDERICK L., put in a substitute in 1862.
FULTZ, JOHN HAMPDEN, wounded at High Bridge, 1865.
GALLAHUR, D. CLINTON, detailed as courier at Cavalry Headquarters.
GARDNER, W. B., killed May 7, 1864.
GILKESON, IRVIN W. GRAHAM, J. W. T.
GUY, VIRGINIUS R., died at home, November 13, 1864.
GUY, WILLIAM M., died in Richmond, July 17, 1862.
HAMILTON, JACOB P.
HANGER, J. DORSEY, detailed in the Commissary Department.
HANGER, JAS. M., detailed in the Commissary Department.
HANGER, JOHN H., discharged on account of ill health.
HARNER WILLIAM F., captured near Waynesboro', March 2, 1865.
HAYDEN, B. JERRY, promoted 4th Sergeant.
HAYDEN, O. D.
HAYDEN, SOC., wounded in May, 1864.
HILDEBRAND, GIDEON, killed April 1, 1865.
HISERMAN, HOMER C.
HOY, JAMES M., wounded five times, May 7, 1864; died at home, June, 1864.
HUNTER, ROBERT H., promoted 4th Corporal; wounded at Gettysburg.
HUNTER, WM. L., detailed with Mosby; promoted Lieutenant in company A, 43d
battalion Virginia Cavalry; captured at Aldie, April 28, 1864: put under fire at
Morris' Island, Charleston, but made his escape; wounded, February, 1863.
IRVINE, JAMES E., put in a substitute.
JOHNSON, JULIAN A., promoted 4th Corporal and Brev. 2d Lieutenant.
JOHNSON, ZACH., wounded near Falling Waters. Juno 5, 1861; died in 1862.
KEISER, J. N., wounded in the spring of 1863, and on November 22, 1864;
permanently disabled.
KEISER, WILLIAM A.
KENNEDY, HENRY, killed by a prisoner whom he was taking to the rear; this
prisoner was the Orderly Sergeant of a company of forty-two men captured by

Kennedy, McCausland, and Fishburne.
KENNEDY, ISAAC.
KENNERLY, JAS. W., wounded May 7, 1864.
KENNERLY, JNO. T.
KERR, D. M., disabled by a fall from his horse.
KERR, JAMES T., wounded at High Bridge, April, 1865, and permanently disabled.

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KERR, JOHN S., with Mosby on his first scout; captured at the Yellow Tavern, but escaped.
KERR, SAMUEL,
KERR, WILLIAM C.
KOINER, ALEX., wounded March 5, 1865.
KOINER, CASPAR M., killed at Kennon's Landing, May 24, 1864.
KOINER, CHARLES.
KOINER, CHRISTIAN H., wounded near Littlestown, Pa., June, 1863; died June 30, 1863.
KOINER, C. WILLIAM, captured in Hunter's Raid, 1864; died August 31, 1864, at Camp Morton, Ind., and buried there.
KOINER, ELIJAH, promoted Brev. 2d Lieutenant; wounded at Meem's Bottom, 1864.
KOINER, GEORGE M., transferred from 52d Virginia Infantry.
KOINER, J. WEBSTER, wounded at High Bridge, April, 1865.
KOINER, PHILIP D., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 26, 1864.
KOINER, W., transferred to infantry.
LAREU, JAMES, killed at Gettysburg.
LAVILLE, DAVID, captured in the retreat from Gettysburg, 1863.
LAYMAN, G. W., put in a substitute.
LEONARD, JACOB H.
LEONARD, JOHN F., wounded at Brandy Station.
LEONARD, LUTHER M., wounded in the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.
LONG, JAMES F., killed in the Valley, November, 1864.
MARSHALL, JACOB H., captured and recaptured at the Yellow Tavern.
McCAUSLAND, WM. D., one of the bravest; wounded when with Mosby in April, 1863; shot in the face at Cold Harbor, and in the ankle, in 1864; leg amputated below the knee; was one of the three who captured the company of forty-two men just after the second battle of Manassas.
McCLANAHAN, JNO. M., captured and retaken at Slatersville.
McCLUNG, C. WM.
McCLUNG, FRANK.
McCLUNG, JAMES A.
McCOMB, JAMES, wounded in April, 1865.
McCOMB, JAMES H.
McCOMB, JOSEPH HENDERSON, killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 9, 1864.
McCOMB, MOSES H.
McCOMB, W. A. B., detailed as courier at Cavalry Headquarters.

McCUE, SAML. H., wounded at Cedar Creek, October 9, 1864.
McCUE, W. CRAWFORD, died at home, August 26, 1861.
McCUE, W. WIRT, died at home, March 12, 1862.
MILLER, CRAWFORD, stunned by a shell at Luray.
MILLER, JOHN D., shot through the body, May 7, 1864.
MILLER, SAMUEL M., transferred from 52d Virginia Infantry; wounded at Seven Pines; wounded twice at Gettysburg; and killed near Berryville.
MOFFETT, MILTON M., transferred from Pegram's battalion of infantry; captured at Rich Mountain, July 18, 1861.
MOFFETT, ROBERT W., wounded December 1, 1864.
MONTGOMERY, THOS. A., blacksmith.
MONTGOMERY, WM. F., blacksmith.
MOORMAN, JAMES F., died at Madison Court House, May 1, 1862.
MOWRY, C.
MURRAY, DANIEL, teamster.
PALMER, MARTIN V., wounded at Failing Waters in 1861, and at Reams' Station; captured at Crab Bottom, December 18, 1864.
PATTERSON, CHARLES S., put in a substitute in 1862.
PATTERSON, WM. BROWN, put in a substitute in 1862, but afterward joined the 52d Virginia Infantry; twice wounded at Petersburg.
PATTERSON, WM. H., detailed as courier at Cavalry Headquarters; died at home, April 16, 1863.
PILSON, H. CLAY.
RADER, HENRY, detailed as blacksmith at home; put in a substitute, but afterward joined company H, 5th Virginia Infantry.
RADER, WM. H., wounded in arm, cheek, and head at Littlestown, Pa, in 1863; permanently disabled; prisoner for eight months at Fort Delaware.
REESE, SAMUEL.
ROLER, C. A., wounded May 7, 1864.
ROLER, C. S.
ROOT, J. F.
SHEETS, WM. E.
SHIELDS, J. T, detailed in Quartermaster's Department.
SMITH, JAMES B., left as nurse at Gettysburg; a prisoner at Fort Mifflin and Fort Delaware for fourteen months.
SMITH, JOHN B.
STUART, ROBERT, killed at Hawes' Shop, May 26, 1864.
SWINK, CALVIN L., wounded in Waynesboro', May, 1863, and in the Wilderness, May 7, 1864.
THACKER, G. M., wounded May 9, 1864.
TURK, DE WITT C., slightly wounded once or twice.
TURK, J. ALEX., wounded October 19, 1864, and at High Bridge, April 6, 1865.
WALKER, THOS. J., wounded at the Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864.
WALLACE, WM. T.
WEBB, JACOB.
WEEDE, JAMES W.

WELLER, BENJAMIN, detailed as courier at Cavalry Headquarters; wounded
May 7, 1864.

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WELLER, W. FRANK, detailed for a short time with Mosby.
WHITMORE, SAML. W., wounded at Waynesboro', May, 1863.
WINE, JAMES.
WOLFREY, J. W., killed at Todd's Tavern, May 7, 1864.
YOUNT, SAMUEL, wounded at Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864.
ZUMBROW, T. W.

ROLL OF COMPANY F. JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Captain, W. A. MORGAN; promoted Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel, 1st
Virginia Cavalry.

1st Lieutenant, M. J. BILLMYER; promoted Captain; wounded at Hawes' Shop,
June 28, 1864.

2d Lieutenant, J. S. TANNER; promoted Division Surgeon of infantry.

Brev. 2d Lieutenant, JOHN A. JONES; resigned, October, 1861.

1st Sergeant, J. M. BILLMYER; promoted Lieutenant.

2d Sergeant, W. H. LEMEN; promoted Lieutenant.

3d Sergeant, THORNTON KOONTZ.

4th Sergeant, JOHN T. BILLMYER; promoted Lieutenant; wounded at Five
Forks, April 1, 1865.

Corporal, F. W. LATIMER; wounded at Gettysburg, and at Hawes' Shop, June 28,
1864.

Corporal, J. S. STONEBRAKER; honorably discharged.

Corporal, WILLIAM HUNTER; wounded at Cold Harbor, July, 1864.

Corporal, HENRY HAGAN; promoted Lieutenant in command of General J. E.
B. Stuart's escort.

PRIVATES.

ANDREWS, GEORGE, wounded at Hawes' Shop, June 28, 1864.

BAKER, N. D., wounded.

BILLMYER, R. L., wounded at Fall's Cross Roads, September, 1864.

BURK, GEORGE, honorably discharged.

BURK, JOHN, captured.

BURK, POLK, captured.

BUTLER, WILLIAM, died in hospital in 1864.

CONLEY, JAMES.

DANIELS, W. B., transferred to 2d Virginia Infantry in 1864.

DAVIDSON, JOHN, wounded at Mount Jackson in 1864.

DECK, WILLIAM, blacksmith.

DRISCOLL, JOHN, wounded and captured at Munson's Hill.
EAKLE, JOHN, captured.
ELLIS, E.
ENGLE, WILLIAM.
EVANS, A. MASON, detailed in 1861 as scout for General Stuart; captured four times.
FORD, T.
FRYAT, J. W., wounded at Spottsylvania, May, 1864.
GALL, CHRISTIAN, detailed with Mosby; killed in Loudon County, 1864.
GROVE, FRANK, wounded at Spottsylvania, May, 1864.
GROVE, J. S., wounded at Kelly's Ford, 1862.
HAMIL, JAMES.
HARRIS, GEORGE, killed at Bunker's Hill in 1861.
HENSELL, EDWARD.
HENSELL, SCOTT, wounded.
HENSELL, WILLIAM, wounded and captured; died in prison in 1865.
HILL, JOHN P., captured in 1864.
HIPSLEY, THOMAS, transferred to the 12th Virginia Cavalry.
HITE, FRANK, killed at Beverly in 1865.
HITE, NEALY.
HOLLIDAY, JOHN.
JAMES, PEYTON.
JOHNSON, WILLIAM.
JONES, FRANK.
JONES, ISAAC, wounded at Mount Jackson in 1864.
JONES, REYNOLDS.
JONES, SAMUEL, captured.
JONES, THOMAS F., captured at Falmouth, February, 1863.
KEARNEY, A. W., died in March, 1862.
KEARNEY, BRISCOE died in October, 1863.
KEYES, WILLIAM, killed at Kennon's Landing, June 24, 1864.
KINES, GEORGE H.
KINES, NEWTON.
KNOTT, C. O., captured at Flint Hill, October, 1861; transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry.
LEAOPOLD, ANDREW, captured and hung in Federal prison in 1864 or 1865.
LEMEN, JOHN, captured in May, 1861.
LEMEN, THOMAS, killed in Loudon County, June, 1863.
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, deserted in 1864.
LUCAS, FRANK.
LUCAS, GEORGE, killed in November, 1864.
LUCAS, Louis.
LUCAS, R. R., captured in 1863.
LUCKAS, -----.

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MARSHALL, MASON, wounded at Trevillian's Station, July, 1864.

MARSHALL, P. P., promoted Lieutenant; wounded at Gettysburg;
McMULLEN, CHARLES, wounded.
McQUILKIN, W. H., died in 1862.
MILLER, WILLIAM, captured and died in prison at Point Lookout.
MORGAN, DANIEL, killed at High Bridge, April, 1865.
MORGAN, JACKLIN, wounded at Flint Hill, in 1861.
MORRISON, WID.
MUGLER, D., deserted in October, 1864.
MYERS, DAVID, deserted in October, 1864.
MYERS, JOHN, promoted Lieutenant; killed at Tom's Brook, 1864.
O'BRIEN, W., deserted in June, 1863.
OSBOURN, R. L., wounded; transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry.
PEYTON, THOMAS.
RANDALL, A. W., wounded at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864.
REINHART, JOSEPH, promoted Lieutenant; wounded at South Mountain and
retired.
REYNOLDS, HENRY.
ROBERTS, JOHN W., wounded; detailed as scout for General Stuart.
RONEMOUS, JOHN transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry.
RUSH, JACOB.
SEIBERT, JOHN, wounded; detailed with Mosby.
SEIBERT, O.
SHOWMAN, OLIVER.
SMALL, JAMES.
SMALL, M. B., drowned in the Potomac in 1863.
SMITH, ARCHIE, transferred to the 6th Virginia Cavalry.
SMITH, B. F., wounded at Kennon's Landing, June 24, 1864.
SMITH, JAMES.
SMITH, JOHN.
SPOTTS, GEORGE, deserted in 1863.
SPOTTS, JACOB, wounded at first Manassas; captured and died in prison in
1863.
SPOTTS, WILLIAM, killed at Orange Court House in 1863.
TAYLOR, DAVID, killed at Guard Hill in 1864.
TICE, JOHN.
TURNER, MAGILL.
VANMETER, J. B., wounded.
VANMETER, M. A.
WALTERS, JAMES, discharged in 1862.
WALTERS, JOHN, deserted in 1862.
WARNER, GEORGE.
WELSH, CLINTON, wounded in 1864.
WILLIAMSON, THOMAS.
WILLIAMSON, WHITE, wounded.
WILSON, E., wounded at Guard Hill in 1864.
WYSONG, R. L., transferred to 12th Virginia Cavalry.

YONTZ, GEORGE.
YOUNT, NATHAN.

ROLL OF COMPANY K. COMPOSED OF MARYLANDERS.

Captain, GEORGE R. GAITHER; resigned.

Lieutenant, GEORGE HOWARD; captured at Lewinsville.

Lieutenant, SAMUEL DORSEY.

Lieutenant, THOMAS GRIFFITH.

PRIVATES.

ALBAUGH, JOHN, killed.

ARCHER, ROBERT, promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of 55th Virginia regiment.

ARNETT, WILLIAM.

BARNES, WILLIAM, killed at Kelly's Ford.

BARRY, DANIEL.

BEATTY, EDWARD, killed.

BETTS, WILLIAM, wounded at Jarald's Mill.

BOND, FRANK.

BOULDIN, CONSTANTINE, wounded at Falmouth.

BOWIE, ALBERT.

BRADY, EUGENE, wounded and captured in Spottsylvania.

BRAND, ALEX. J.

BROWN, CHARLES, wounded.

BROWN, J. WESLEY.

BROWN, LOUIS, wounded at Charlottesville.

BROWN, --, killed at Earlysville.

BRUCE, ROBERT, killed at Bunker's Hill.

BUCKINGHAM, GEORGE, wounded.

BUMP, GEORGE.

BURGESS, WILLIAM, wounded at Bunker's Hill

CAMPBELL, WILLIAM, captured.

CARROLL, HARPER.

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CECIL, RUDOLPHUS, promoted Lieutenant; killed at James City Landing.

CHILDS, WILLIAM, killed.

CLARK, RODDY, wounded three times.

CLEMENTS, FRANK.

CLINTON, DEWITT, wounded.

CONRAD, EPHRAIM.

COOK, RUDOLPHUS.

DALL, RASH.

DAVIES, WILLIAM, killed at Falmouth.

DITTY, IRVING C.

DORSEY, CHARLES

DORSRY, CHARLES H.

DORSEY, GUSTAVUS W., promoted as Captain; wounded at Bunker's Hill.
DORSEY, HAMMOND, wounded.
DORSEY, JOHN.
DORSEY, PUE.
DORSEY, WILLIAM, killed at Spottsylvania C. H.
EDWARDS, DR. -----.
FITZGERALD, BOLTON, captured three times at Leesburg.
FLOYD, ROBERT, killed at Kelly's Ford.
FORRESTT, PITT.
GAITHER, WASHINGTON.
GIBSON, -----.
GILL, GEORGE M., killed in the Valley of Virginia.
GITTINGS, HARRY, killed at Winchester.
GRIFFITH, Frank.
GRIFFITH, GEORGE.
HARDING, JOHN, killed at Beaver Dam Station.
HARTMIER, RICHARD.
HAYDEN, HORACE.
HAYDEN, WILLIAM, wounded and captured.
HEWES, WARNER.
HOBBS, CHEW, promoted Lieutenant.
HOBBS, TOWNLEY, captured and took the oath.
HOLLAND, John, killed.
HOLLAND, JOSHUA, captured and died at Point Lookout.
HOLLAND, PETER.
HURLEY, OTHO S.
ISAACS, WILLIAM.
JACKENS, WILLIAM.
JAMISON, JAMES.
JENKINS, HENRY, wounded and captured.
JOHNSON, JOHN.
KEENE, ROBERT.
KELBAUGH, WILLIAM, killed at Rockfish Ford.
KENLY, RICHARD.
LAMBERT, WILLIAM.
LANGLEY, THOS.
LEE, OTHO S., detailed at General Fitzhugh Lee's Headquarters.
LE MAITS, JAMES.
LOGAN, ALEX, killed at Martinsburg.
MAXWELL, JOHN, deserted.
MAYNADIER, JNO S. captured and sentenced as a spy; pardoned by President
Lincoln.
MAYNADIER, MURRAY, detailed on Signal Corps; wounded at Fairfax C. H.
McCLOUD, HENRY.
McGINNESS, FRANK.
McMULTY, JAMES.

McSHERRY, RICHARD.
MERCER, WASHINGTON.
MERRITT, SAMUEL.
MORTON, THOS.
MURDOCK, CAMPBELL.
OFFUTT, JOHN, captured and took the oath.
OFFUTT, WILLIAM, captured and took the oath.
OLIVER, JAMES, wounded and captured.
O'NEIL JOHN H.
OWENS, JOHN, detailed at General Fitzhugh Lee's Headquarters.
PITTS, FRED., captured and escaped from Fort McHenry.
PITTS, JACK.
PUE, EDWARD H. D., promoted as Lieutenant; held No. 1, right of the line of 1st
Virginia Cavalry for three years; wounded at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania,
Ream's Station, and in the Valley of Virginia.
PUE FERDINAND. PUE, VENTRES8.
PURNELL, WM. S., captured and escaped from Fort McHenry.
RIDER, WILLIAM, killed at Gettysburg.
RIDGLEY, SAMUEL.
RIGGS, JOSHUA.
ROBY, TOWNLEY. <468>
SCAGGS, GEORGE.
SCHULL, JOHN.
SEIGNOR, THOS.
SELLMAN, JOHN.
SHERVIN, THOS
SHRIVER, MARK.
SLATER, GEORGE.
SMITH, THOS., killed.
SMOOT, THOS.
STEWART, ROBERT, killed at Slatersville.
TREAKLE, ALBERT.
TURNER, THOS., detailed with Mosby; killed at Harper's Ferry.
WATERS, JOHN, killed.
WATERS, THOS.
WEBSTER, WM. S.
WHEATLEY, CHARLES.
WHEATLEY, FRANK, killed at Raccoon Ford.
WHEATLEY, WALTER.
WICKS, HARRY.
WILLS, LEO.
WILSON, ABRAM, captured.
WILSON, CHARLES.
WITZLEVEN, -----, captured.
WRENCH, JOHN, wounded.
WRIGHT, WILLIAM.

General J. A. Early gives a complete list of these distinguished men *in the Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol iii. p. 142 *et seq*

Official Records, vol. II, p. 187.

Official Records, vol. ii. pp. 185, 186.

Official Records, vol. ii. p. 172.

Official Records, vol. ii. pp. 475, 476. (3) *Official Records*, vol. ii. p. 481.

Official Records, vol. ii. p. 167 et seq.

Official Records, vol. v. p. 777.

These figures are obtained from the records of the Adjutant-General's Office, Washington.

Authority for this and subsequent statements will be found in the *Official Records*, vol. v, pp. 474-494.

The official reports, upon which many of the statements contained in this chapter are based, can be found in the Official *Records*, vol. xi. part i. p. 1004 *et seq.*

It is but just to Captain Royall to say that he states that his force did not exceed one hundred men, Captain Harrison, his second in command, being absent on a flag of truce with a part of his company. It is also true that the force which attacked Royall--one squadron of the 9th Virginia Cavalry--was probably smaller than his own. This squadron was, however, backed by sufficient numbers to secure success had the first onset failed.

Dabney's *Life of Jackson*, p. 466.

Official Records, vol. xi. part iii. p. 288.

Official Records, vol. xi. part iii. pp. 287, 295.

See *The Army of Virginia from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria*, by Major-General George H. Gordon, p. 138
et seq.

The actual distance between the two stations is four and three quarters miles, but it may have been that Trimble's brigade was some distance from Bristoe Station at the time the order was given. Both General Jackson and General R. E. Lee state the distance at seven miles.

Decisive Battles of the War, p. 165.

Reports and correspondence, verifying most of the statements contained in this chapter, will be found in *Official Records*, vol. xix. part ii. p. 26 *et seq.*

This incident has been claimed by other Confederates; but it is original with a member of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, and on this raid.

The records of the A. and I. G. Office show that Colonel Rush had at Frederick the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, the 1st Maine Cavalry, Cole's Maryland battalion of Cavalry., the 5th Connecticut Infantry, the 29th Ohio Infantry, and Battery K, 1st New York Light Artillery.

McClellan's Report.

McClellan's Report.

I have followed General Pleasonton's statement as to the number of companies of infantry, although the report of Colonel E. Walker, commanding the 3d and 4th Maine Infantry, seems to show that both of these regiments were engaged at this point.

The map shows that Stuart's route from Chambersburg to White's Ford is seventy-seven miles in length. The details of the roads, which the map cannot show, may reasonably be estimated at three miles. Both McClellan and Pleasonton state the length of Stuart's march at ninety miles.

Report of CoL S. K. Zook, *Official Records*, vol xix. part ii. p. 94.

Quotations from reports and other statements made in this chapter may be verified by reference to the *Official Records*, vol. xix. part ii. p. 102 *et seq.*

Sabres and Spurs: the History of the 1st Regiment Rhode Island Cavalry. By Rev. F. Denison, Chaplain, p. 169.

Sabres and Spurs, p. 170.

Bayard's brigade consisted of the 1st New Jersey, 2d New York, 10th New York, and 1st Pennsylvania regiments of Cavalry, and Whiting's company, D.C. Cavalry. A battery from Sigel's corps was present. To this force add about one hundred fugitives from the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry.

Annals of 6th Penn. Cavalry. By Rev. S. L. Gracey, Chaplain, p. 119.

Colonel R. Butler Price's Report.

Sabres and Spurs, p. 208, Captain George N. Bliss, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, states that the attack was made about daylight. The diary of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Carter states that "boots and saddles" was sounded in the 3d Virginia Cavalry at seven o'clock, A. M., and that the regiment, moved out immediately, from its camp near Culpeper Court House, toward Kelly's Ford.

Sabres and Spurs, p. 210.

Ibid.

Sabres and Spurs, p. 210.

General Averell *says three* guns, but Lieutenant George Brown, Jr., commanding the battery, says four guns.

Sabres and Spurs, p. 211.

Preliminary print of Federal Reports, vol. xiv. p. 830.

General Fitzhugh Lee's Chancellorsville Address.

This incident was related to the author by Major Beckham.

Cooke's *Life of Jackson*, p. 430.

Captain J. E. Carpenter, of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, has described this charge in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, 29th of June, 1878. He says: "Five officers rode at the head of the column -- Major Huey, Major Keenan, Captain Arrowsmith, Adjutant Haddock, and the writer. Of these only two escaped with their lives, and Huey alone came out with horse and rider uninjured."

General Pleasonton's report says three hundred and eighty yards.

Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, p. 53.

Afterwards Major.

Major James F. Hart, in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, 26th June, 1880

Ibid.

The Federal reports fail to make the proper distinction between the Fleetwood Hill and that upon which stood the Barbour House. The latter is distant from the former as much as half a mile and in a northwest direction. As regards Gregg's advance, it stood on his left and on the Confederate right.

Captain Martin doubtless means that twenty-one men out of thirty were killed or wounded, and only nine missing or captured; but I have not ventured to change the wording of his report without his consent, which I have not been able to obtain.

The 6th regiment was with Hampton; the 7th, with W. H. F. Lee; and the 12th regiment and the 35th battalion were already at Fleetwood.

Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, who on this day commanded the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, and General Williams C. Wickham, then colonel of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, have given me many of the facts upon which the following narrative is based. To the Hon. James W. Moore, state senator from Hampton County, South Carolina, then adjutant of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, and to the Hon. John T. Rhett, mayor of Columbia, South Carolina, then a lieutenant in the same regiment, I am indebted for carefully written circumstantial narratives.

See Robertson's Reports, Appendix.

Conduct of the War, vol. i. p. 158 *et seq.*

Ibid.

Writers on the Federal side who have given narratives of this battle seem to have accepted as authority contemporary newspaper accounts, samples of which are preserved in Moore's *Rebellion Record*, volume VII. The official reports of Colonels Munford, Owen, Wickham, and Rosser, of Major Breckinridge, and of Captain Newton, on the Confederate side, are ignored. General A. Doubleday devotes pages 100 to 103 of his volume, *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, to this battle; and it would be difficult to find *in any other* work claiming historical accuracy, within the same number of pages, an equal number of errors.

For these facts I am indebted to Captain George N. Bliss, of Providence, R. I. There can be no doubt of their accuracy. I estimate the strength of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, from Colonel Duffié's report, at 300 officers and men. Colonel Duffié states his aggregate loss at 268. Four officers and twenty-seven men escaped with the colonel. This makes the strength of the regiment.

Records of the Adjutant-General's Office.

Ibid.

Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, July 20, 1878,

Stuart's Report.

Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, November 3, 1877.

General Early has shown in the *Southern Historical Society Paper*, vol. iv. p. 245, that Stuart's estimate of the strength of Jenkins' brigade was excessive, and that it did not contain more than 1,500 or 1,600 men. But my object is to present the facts as they appeared to Stuart's mind when called upon to decide between the alternatives laid before him by General Lee's orders; and, whether correct or not, he certainly at that time relied upon the information which caused him to estimate Jenkins' brigade at 3,800 men.

The reader will pardon this digression, the matter of which has seemed too important to occupy place in a foot-note.

See Stuart's Report.

Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. vii, p. 18.

Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee, by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., p. 156.

See Bates' *Gettysburg*, p. 111.

Stuart's Report.

Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, August 23, 1879.

Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, August 23, 1879.

Captain N. D. Preston, Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, November 23, 1878.

Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. vii. p. 561.

Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, August 23, 1879.

Records of the Adjutant-General's Office.

Kilpatrick's report.

Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. xi. p. 452.

Moore's *Rebellion Record*, vol. xi. p. 453.

Ibid.

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Reminiscences Of The Civil War
General John B. Gordon
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Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Introduction

FOR many years I have been urged to place on record my reminiscences of the war between the States. In undertaking the task now, it is not my purpose to attempt a comprehensive description of that great struggle, nor an elaborate analysis of the momentous interests and issues involved. The time may not have arrived for a full and fair history of that most interesting period in the Republic's life. The man capable of writing it with entire justice to both sides is perhaps yet unborn. He may appear, however, at a future day, fully equipped for the great work. If endowed with the requisite breadth and clearness of view, with inflexible mental integrity and absolute freedom from all bias, he will produce the most instructive and thrilling record in the world's deathless annals, and cannot fail to make a contribution of measureless value to the American people and to the cause of free government throughout the world.

Conscious of my own inability to meet the demands of so great an undertaking, I have not attempted it, but with an earnest desire to contribute something toward such future history these reminiscences have been written. I have endeavored to make my review of that most heroic era so condensed as to claim the attention of busy people, and so impartial as to command the confidence of the fair-minded in all sections. It has been my fixed purpose to make a brief but dispassionate and judicially fair analysis of the divergent opinions and ceaseless controversies which for half a century produced an ever-widening alienation between the sections, and which finally plunged into the fiercest and bloodiest of fratricidal wars a great and enlightened people who were of the same race, supporters of the same Constitution, and joint heirs of the same freedom. I have endeavored to demonstrate that the courage displayed and the ratio of losses sustained were unprecedented in modern warfare. I have also recorded in this volume a large number of those characteristic and thrilling incidents which illustrate a unique and hitherto unwritten phase of the war, the story of which should not be lost, because it is luminous with the noblest lessons. Many of these incidents came under my own observation. They marked every step of the war's progress, were often witnessed by both armies, and were of almost daily occurrence in the camps, on the marches, and between the lines; increasing in frequency and pathos as the war progressed, and illustrating the distinguishing magnanimity and lofty manhood of the American soldier.

It will be found, I trust, that no injustice has been done to either section, to any army, or to any of the great leaders, but that the substance and spirit of the following pages will tend rather to lift to a higher plane the estimate placed by victors and vanquished upon their countrymen of the opposing section, and thus strengthen the sentiment of intersectional fraternity which is essential to complete national unity.

J. B. GORDON.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter I--My First Command And The Outbreak Of The War

<jg_3>

A company of mountaineers--Joe Brown's pikes--The Raccoon Roughs --The first Rebel yell--A flag presented to the company--Arrival at Montgomery, Alabama--Analysis of the causes of the war-- Slavery's part in it--Liberty in the Union of the States, and liberty in the independence of the States.

THE outbreak of war found me in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama, engaged in the development of coal-mines. This does not mean that I was a citizen of three States; but it does mean that I lived so near the lines that my mines were in Georgia, my house in Alabama, and my post-office in Tennessee. The first company of soldiers, therefore, with which I entered the service was composed of stalwart mountaineers from the three States. I had been educated for the bar and for a time practised law in Atlanta. In September, 1854, I had married Miss Fanny Haralson, third daughter of General Hugh A. Haralson, of La Grange, Georgia. The wedding occurred on her seventeenth birthday and when I was but twenty-two. We had two children, both boys. The struggle between devotion to my family on the one hand and duty to my country on the other was most trying to my sensibilities. My spirit had been caught up by the flaming enthusiasm that swept like a prairie-fire through the land, and I hastened to unite with the brave men of the mountains in organizing a company of volunteers. But what <jg_4>was I to do with the girl-wife and the two little boys? The wife and mother was no less taxed in her effort to settle this momentous question. But finally yielding to the promptings of her own heart and to her unerring sense of duty, she ended doubt as to what disposition was to be made of her by announcing that she intended to accompany me to the war, leaving her children with my mother and faithful "Mammy Mary." I rejoiced at her decision then, and had still greater reasons for rejoicing at it afterward, when I felt through every fiery ordeal the inspiration of her near presence, and had, at need, the infinite comfort of her tender nursing.

The mountaineers did me the honor to elect me their captain. It was the first office I had ever held, and I verily believed it would be the last; for I expected to fight with these men till the war ended or until I should be killed. Our first decision was to mount and go as cavalry. We had not then learned, as we did later, the full meaning of that war-song, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry"; but like most Southerners we were inured to horseback, and all preferred that great arm of the service.

This company of mounted men was organized as soon as a conflict seemed probable and prior to any call for volunteers. They were doomed to a disappointment, "No cavalry now needed" was the laconic and stunning reply to the offer of our services. What was to be done, was the perplexing question. The proposition to wait until mounted men were needed was promptly negatived by the suggestion that we were so far from any point where a battle was likely to occur, and so hidden from view by the surrounding mountains, that we might be forgotten and the war might end before we had a chance.

"Let us dismount and go at once as infantry." This proposition was carried with a shout and by an almost unanimous vote. My own vote and whatever influence <jg_5>I possessed were given in favor of the suggestion, although my desire for cavalry service had grown to a passion. Accustomed to horseback on my father's plantation from my early

childhood, and with an untutored imagination picturing the wild sweep of my chargers upon belching batteries and broken lines of infantry, it was to me, as well as to my men, a sad descent from dashing cavalry to a commonplace company of slow, plodding foot-soldiers. Reluctantly, therefore, we abandoned our horses, and in order certainly to reach the point of action before the war was over, we resolved to go at once to the front as infantry, without waiting for orders, arms, or uniforms. Not a man in the company had the slightest military training, and the captain himself knew very little of military tactics.

The new government that was to be formed had no standing army as a nucleus around which the volunteers could be brought into compact order, with a centre of disciplined and thoroughly drilled soldiery; and the States which were to form it had but few arms, and no artisans or factories to supply them. The old-fashioned squirrel rifles and double-barrelled shot-guns were called into requisition. Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, put shops in the State to work, making what were called "Joe Brown's pikes." They were a sort of rude bayonet, or steel lance, fastened, not to guns, but to long poles or handles, and were to be given to men who had no other arms. Of course, few if any of these pikemen ever had occasion to use these warlike implements, which were worthy of the Middle Ages, but those who bore them were as gallant knights as ever levelled a lance in close quarters. I may say that very few bayonets of any kind were actually used in battle, so far as my observation extended. The one line or the other usually gave way under the galling fire of small arms, grape, and canister, before the bayonet could be brought into <jg_6>requisition. The bristling points and the glitter of the bayonets were fearful to look upon as they were levelled in front of a charging line; but they were rarely red-dened with blood. The day of the bayonet is passed except for use in hollow squares, or in resisting cavalry charges, or as an implement in constructing light and temporary fortifications. It may still serve a purpose in such emergencies or to impress the soldier's imagination, as the loud-sounding and ludicrous gongs are supposed to stiffen the backs and steady the nerves of the grotesque soldiers of China. Of course, Georgia's able war governor did not contemplate any very serious execution with these pikes; but the volunteers came in such numbers and were so eager for the fray that something had to be done; and this device served its purpose. It at least shows the desperate straits in securing arms to which the South was driven, even after seizing the United States arsenals within the Confederate territory.

The irrepressible humor and ready rustic wit which afterward relieved the tedium of the march and broke the monotony of the camp, and which, like a star in the darkness, seemed to grow more brilliant as the gloom of war grew denser, had already begun to sparkle in the intercourse of the volunteers. A woodsman who was noted as a "crack shot" among his hunting companions felt sure that he was going to win fame as a select rifleman in the army; for he said that in killing a squirrel he always put the bullet through the head, though the squirrel might be perched at the time on the topmost limb of the tallest tree. An Irishman who had seen service in the Mexican War, and was attentively listening to this young hunter's boast, fixed his twinkling eye upon the aspiring rifleman and said to him: "Yes; but Dan, me boy, ye must ricollict that the squirrel had no gon in his hand to shoot back at ye." The young huntsman had not thought about that; but he doubtless found <jg_7>later on, as the marksmen of both armies did, that it made a vast difference in the accuracy of aim when those in front not only had "gens" in their hands, but were firing them with distracting rapidity. This rude Irish philosopher had explained

in a sentence one cause of the wild and aimless firing which wasted more tons of lead in a battle than all its dead victims would weigh.

There was at the outbreak of the war and just preceding it a class of men both North and South over whose inconsistencies the thoughtful, self-poised, and determined men who did the fighting made many jokes, as the situation grew more serious. It was that class of men in both sections who were most resolute in words and most prudent in acts; who urged the sections to the conflict and then did little to help them out of it; who, like the impatient war-horse, snuffed the battle from afar--very far: but who, when real war began to roll its crimson tide nearer and nearer to them, came to the conclusion that it was better for the country, as well as for themselves, to labor in other spheres; and that it was their duty, as America's great humorist put it, to sacrifice not themselves but their wives' relations on patriotism's altar. One of these furious leaders at the South declared that if we would secede from the Union there would be no war, and if there should be a war, we could "whip the Yankees with children's pop-guns? When, after the war, this same gentleman was addressing an audience, he was asked by an old maimed soldier: "Say, Judge, ain't you the same man that told us before the war that we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"Yes," replied the witty speaker, "and we could, but, confound 'era, they wouldn't fight us that way."

My company, dismounted and ready for infantry service, did not wait for orders to move, but hastily bidding adieu to home and kindred, were off for Milledgeville, <jg_8>then capital of Georgia. At Atlanta a telegram from the governor met us, telling us to go back home, and stay there until our services were needed. Our discomfort can be better imagined than described. In fact, there broke out at once in my ranks a new rebellion. These rugged mountaineers resolved that they would not go home; that they had a right to go to the war, had started to the war, and were not going to be trifled with by the governor or any one else. Finally, after much persuasion, and by the cautious exercise of the authority vested in me by my office of captain, I prevailed on them to get on board the home-bound train. As the engine-bell rang and the whistle blew for the train to start, the rebellion broke loose again with double fury. The men rushed to the front of the train, uncoupled the cars from the engine, and gravely informed me that they had reconsidered and were not going back; that they intended to go to the war, and that if Governor Brown would not accept them, some other governor would. Prophetic of future dash as this wild impetuosity might be, it did not give much promise of soldierly discipline; but I knew my men and did not despair. I was satisfied that the metal in them was the best of steel and only needed careful tempering.

They disembarked and left the empty cars on the track, with the trainmen looking on in utter amazement. There was no course left me but to march them through the streets of Atlanta to a camp on the outskirts. The march, or rather straggle, through that city was a sight marvellous to behold and never to be forgotten. Totally undisciplined and undrilled, no two of these men marched abreast; no two kept the same step; no two wore the same colored coats or trousers. The only pretence at uniformity was the rough fur caps made of raccoon skins, with long, bushy, streaked raccoon tails hanging from behind them. The streets were packed with men, <jg_9>women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of this grotesque company. Naturally we were the observed of all observers. Curiosity was on tip-toe, and from the crowded sidewalks there came to me the inquiry, "Are you the

captain of that company, sir?" With a pride which I trust was pardonable, I indicated that I was. In a moment there came to me the second inquiry, "What company is that, sir?" Up to this time no name had been chosen--at least, none had been announced to the men. I had myself, however, selected a name which I considered both poetic and appropriate, and I replied to the question, "This company is the Mountain Rifles." Instantly a tall mountaineer said in a tone not intended for his captain, but easily overheard by his companions and the bystanders: "Mountain hell! we are no Mountain Rifles; we are the Raccoon Roughs." It is scarcely necessary to say that my selected name was never heard of again. This towering Ajax had killed it by a single blow. The name he gave us clung to the company during all of its long and faithful service.

Once in camp, we kept the wires hot with telegrams to governors of other States, imploring them to give us a chance. Governor Moore, of Alabama, finally responded, graciously consenting to incorporate the captain of the "Raccoon Roughs" and his coon-capped company into one of the regiments soon to be organized. The reading of this telegram evoked from my men the first wild Rebel yell it was my fortune to hear. Even then it was weird and thrilling. Through all the stages of my subsequent promotions, in all the battles in which I was engaged, this same exhilarating shout from these same trumpet-like throats rang in my ears, growing fainter and fainter as these heroic men became fewer and fewer at the end of each bloody day's work; and when the last hour of the war came, in the last desperate charge at Appomattox, the few and broken remnants of <jg_10>the Raccoon Roughs were still near their first captain's side, cheering him with the dying echoes of that first yell in the Atlanta camp.

Alabama's governor had given us the coveted "chance," and with bounding hearts we joined the host of volunteers then rushing to Montgomery. The line of our travel was one unbroken scene of enthusiasm. Bonfires blazed from the hills at night, and torch-light processions, with drums and fifes, paraded the streets of the towns. In the absence of real cannon, blacksmiths' anvils were made to thunder our welcome. Vast throngs gathered at the depots, filling the air with their shoutings, and bearing banners with all conceivable devices, proclaiming Southern independence, and pledging the last dollar and man for the success of the cause. Staid matrons and gayly bedecked maidens rushed upon the cars, pinned upon our lapels the blue cockades, and cheered us by chanting in thrilling chorus:

In Dixie-land I take my stand

To live and die in Dixie.

At other points they sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and the Raccoon Roughs, as they were thenceforward known, joined in the transporting chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah, for Southern rights hurrah!

Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, who had been Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and United States senator, and who afterward became the Confederate Secretary of State and one of the Hampton Roads commissioners to meet President Lincoln and the Federal representatives, was travelling upon the same train that carried my company to Montgomery. This famous and venerable statesman, on his way to Alabama's capital to aid in organizing the new Government, made, <jg_11>in answer to the popular demand, a number of speeches at the different stations. His remarks on these

occasions were usually explanatory of the South's attitude in the threatened conflict. They were concise, clear, and forcible. The people did not need argument; but they applauded his every utterance, as he carefully described the South's position as one not of aggression but purely of defence; discussed the doctrine promulgated in the Declaration of the Fathers, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; asserted the sovereignty of the States, and their right to peaceably assume that sovereignty, as evidenced by the declaration of New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia when they entered the Union; explained the protection given the South's peculiar property by the plain provisions of the Constitution and the laws; urged the necessity of separation both for Southern security and the permanent peace of the sections; and closed with the declaration that, while there was no trace of authority in the Constitution for the invasion and coercion of a sovereign State, yet it was the part of prudence and of patriotism to prepare for defence in case of necessity.

Although I was a young man, yet, as the only captain on board, it fell to my lot also to respond to frequent calls. In the midst of this wild excitement and boundless enthusiasm, I was induced to make some promises which I afterward found inconvenient and even impossible to fulfil. A flag was presented bearing a most embarrassing motto. That motto consisted of two words: "No Retreat." I was compelled to accept it. There was, indeed, no retreat for me then; and in my speech accepting the flag I assured the fair donors that those coon-capped boys would make that motto ring with their cracking rifles on every battle-field; and in the ardor and inexperience of my young manhood, I related to these ladies and to the crowds at the depot the story of <jg_12>the little drummer-boy of Switzerland who, when captured and ordered to beat upon his drum a retreat, proudly replied, "Switzerland knows no such music !" Gathering additional inspiration from the shouts and applause which the story evoked, I exclaimed, "And these brave mountaineers and the young Confederacy, like glorious little Switzerland, will never know a retreat!" My men applauded and sanctioned this outburst of inconsiderate enthusiasm, but we learned better after a while. A little sober experience vastly modified and assuaged our youthful impetuosity. War is a wonderful developer, as well as destroyer, of men; and our four years of tuition in it equalled in both these particulars at least forty years of ordinary schooling. The first battle carried us through the rudimentary course of a military education; and several months before the four years' course was ended, the thoughtful ones began to realize that though the expense account had been great, it had at least reasonably well prepared us for final graduation, and for receiving the brief little diploma handed to us at Appomattox.

If any apology be needed for my pledge to the patriotic women who presented the little flag with the big motto, "No Retreat," it must be found in the depth of the conviction that our cause was just. From great leaders and constitutional expounders, from schools and colleges, from debates in Congress, in the convention that adopted the Constitution, and from discussions on the bustings, we had learned the lesson of the sovereignty of the States. We had imbibed these political principles from our childhood. We were, therefore, prepared to defend them, ready to die for them, and it was impossible at the beginning for us to believe that they would be seriously and forcibly assailed.

But I must return to our trip to Montgomery. We reached that city at night to find it in a hubbub over <jg_13>the arrival of enthusiastic, shouting volunteers. The hotels and homes were crowded with visiting statesmen and private citizens, gathered by a common

impulse around the cradle of the new-born Confederacy. There was a determined look on every face, a fervid prayer on every lip, and a bounding hope in every heart. There was the rumbling of wagons distributing arms and ammunition at every camp, and the tramping of freshly enlisted men on every street. There was a roar of cannon on the hills and around the Capitol booming welcome to the incoming patriots; and all nature seemed palpitating in sympathy with the intensity of popular excitement. It fell to the lot of the Raccoon Roughs to be assigned to the Sixth Alabama Regiment, and, contrary to my wishes and most unexpectedly to me, I was unanimously elected major.

When my company of mountaineers reached Montgomery, the Provisional Government of the "Confederate States of America" had been organized. At first it was composed only of six States: South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The States of Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina were admitted into the Southern Union in the order, I believe, in which I have named them. Thus was launched the New Republic, with only eleven stars on its banner; but it took as its chart the same old American Constitution, or one so nearly like it that it contained the same limitations upon Federal power, the same guarantees of the rights of the States, the same muniments of public and personal liberty.

The historian of the future, who attempts to chronicle the events of this period and analyze the thoughts and purposes of the people, will find far greater unanimity at the South than at the North. This division at the North did not last long; but it existed in a marked degree for some time after the secession movement began <jg_14>and after twenty or more United States forts, arsenals, and barracks had been seized by State authorities, and even after the steamer *Star of the West* had been fired upon by State troops and driven back from the entrance of Charleston Harbor.

At the South, the action of each State in withdrawing from the Union was the end, practically, of all division within the borders of such State; and the roar of the opening battle at Fort Sumter in South Carolina was the signal for practical unanimity at the North.

Prior to actual secession there was even at the South more or less division of sentiment--not as to principle, but as to policy. Scarcely a man could be found in all the Southern States who doubted the constitutional *right* of a State to withdraw from the Union; but many of its foremost men thought that such movement was ill-advised or should be delayed. Among these were Robert E. Lee, who became the commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies; Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who became the Confederate Vice-President; Benjamin H. Hill, who was a Confederate senator and one of the Confederate administration's most ardent and perhaps its most eloquent supporter; and even Jefferson Davis himself is said to have shed tears when, at his seat in the United States Senate, he received the telegram announcing that Mississippi had actually passed the ordinance of secession. The speech of Mr. Davis on taking leave of the Senate shows his loyal devotion to the Republic's flag, for which he had shed his blood in Mexico. In profoundly sincere and pathetic words he thus alludes to his unfeigned sorrow at the thought of parting with the Stars and Stripes. He said: "I shall be pardoned if I here express the deep sorrow which always overwhelms me when I think of taking a last leave of that object of early affection and proud association, feeling that henceforth <jg_15>it is not to be the banner which by day and by night I am ready to follow, to hail with the rising and bless with the setting sun."

He agreed, however, with an overwhelming majority of the Southern people, in the opinion that both honor and security, as well as permanent peace, demanded separation. Referring to the denial of the right of Southerners to carry their property in slaves into the common Territories, he said: "*Your* votes refuse to recognize our domestic institutions, which preëxisted the formation of the Union--our property, which was guarded by the Constitution. You refuse us that equality without which we should be degraded if we remained in the Union

Is there a senator on the other side who, to-day, will agree that we shall have equal enjoyment of the Territories of the United States? Is there one who will deny that we have equally paid in their purchases and equally bled in their acquisition in war?... Whose is the fault, then, if the Union be dissolved?... If you desire, at this last moment, to avert civil war, so be it; it is better so. If you will but allow us to separate from you peaceably, since we cannot live peaceably together, to leave with the rights we had before we were united, since we cannot enjoy them in the Union, then there are many relations, drawn from the associations of our (common) struggles from the Revolutionary period to the present day, which may be beneficial to you as well as to us."

Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, the newly elected President, was deeply imbued with the conviction that the future welfare of the Republic demanded that slavery should be prohibited forever in all the Territories. Indeed, upon such platform he had been nominated and elected. He, therefore, urged his friends not to yield on this point. His language was: "On the territorial ques-tion--that is, the question of extending slavery under national auspices--I am inflexible. I am for no compromise <jg_16>which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the Nation."(*)

Thus these two great leaders of antagonistic sectional thought were pitted against each other before they had actually taken in hand the reins of hostile governments. The South in her marvellous fecundity had given birth to both these illustrious Americans. Both were of Southern lineage and born under Southern skies. Indeed, they were born within a few months and miles of each other, and nurtured by Kentucky as their common nether. But they were destined in God's mysterious providence to find homes in different sections, to grow up under different institutions, to imbibe in youth and early manhood opposing theories of constitutional construction, to become the most conspicuous representatives of conflicting civilizations, and the respective Presidents of contending republics.

After long, arduous, and distinguished services to their country and to liberty, both of these great sons of the South were doomed to end their brilliant careers in a manner shocking to the sentiment of enlightened Christendom. The one was to die disfranchised by the Government he had long and faithfully served and for the triumph of whose flag he had repeatedly pledged his life. The other was to meet his death by an assassin's bullet, at a period when his life, more than that of any other man, seemed essential to the speedy pacification of his country.

As stated, there was less division of sentiment in the South at this period than at the North. It is a great mistake to suppose, as was believed by Northern people, that Southern politicians were "dragooning the masses," or beguiling them into secession. The literal truth is that the people were leading the leaders. The rush of volunteers was so great when we reached Montgomery <jg_17>that my company, the Raccoon Roughs, felt that they were the favorites of fortune when they found the company enrolled among the "accepted." Hon. L. P. Walker, of Alabama, the first Secretary of War, was literally

overwhelmed by the vast numbers wishing to enlist. The applicants in companies and regiments fatigued and bewildered him. The pressure was so great during his office hours that comparatively few of those who sought places in the fighting line could reach him. With a military ardor and patriotic enthusiasm rarely equalled in any age, the volunteers actually waylaid the War Secretary on the streets to urge him to accept at once their services. He stated that he found it necessary, when leaving his office for his hotel, to go by some unfrequented way, to avoid the persistent appeals of those who had commands ready to take the field. Before the Confederate Government left Montgomery for Richmond, about 360,000 men and boys, representing the best of Southern manhood, had offered their services, and were ready to pledge their fortunes and their lives to the cause of Southern independence. What was the meaning of this unparalleled spontaneity that pervaded all classes of the Southern people? The only answer is that it was the impulse of self-defence. One case will illustrate this unsolicited outburst of martial enthusiasm; this excess of patriotism above the supposed exigencies of the hour; this vast surplus of volunteers, beyond the power of the new Government to arm. Mr. W. C. Heyward, of South Carolina, was a gentleman of fortune and a West Pointer, graduating in the same class with President Davis. As soon as the Confederate Government was organized, Mr. Heyward went to Montgomery in person to tender his services with an entire regiment. He was unable for some time to obtain even an interview on the subject, and utterly failed to secure an acceptance of himself or his regiment. Returning to his home disappointed, <jg_18> this wealthy, thoroughly educated, and trained military man joined the Home Guards, and died doing duty as a private in the ranks.

I know of nothing in all history that more brilliantly illustrates the lofty spirit, the high and holy impulse that sways a people aroused by the sentiment of self-defence, than this spontaneous uprising of Southern youth and manhood; than this readiness to stand for inherited convictions and constitutional rights, as they understood them; than the marvellous unanimity with which they rushed to the front with old flint and steel muskets, long-barrelled squirrel rifles, and double-barrelled shot-guns, in defence of their soil, their States, their homes, and, as they verily believed, in defence of imperilled liberty.

There is no book in existence, I believe, in which the ordinary reader can find an analysis of the issues between the two sections, which fairly represents both the North and the South. Although it would require volumes to contain the great arguments, I shall attempt here to give a brief summary of the causes of our sectional controversy, and it will be my purpose to state the cases of the two sections so impartially that just-minded people on both sides will admit the statement to be judicially fair.

The causes of the war will be found at the foundation of our political fabric, in our complex organism, in the fundamental law, in the Constitution itself, in the conflicting constructions which it invited, and in the institution of slavery which it recognized and was intended to protect. If asked what was the real issue involved in our unparalleled conflict, the average American citizen will reply, "The negro"; and it is fair to say that had there been no slavery there would have been no war. But there would have been no slavery if the South's protests could have availed when it was first introduced; and now that it is gone, although its sudden and violent <jg_19>abolition entailed upon the South directly and incidentally a series of woes which no pen can describe, yet it is true that in no section would its reestablishment be more strongly and universally resisted. The South steadfastly maintains that responsibility for the presence of this political Pandora's box in

this Western world cannot be laid at her door. When the Constitution was adopted and the Union formed, slavery existed in practically all the States; and it is claimed by the Southern people that its disappearance from the Northern and its development in the Southern States is due to climatic conditions and industrial exigencies rather than to the existence or absence of great moral ideas.

Slavery was undoubtedly the immediate fomenting cause of the woful American conflict. It was the great political factor around which the passions of the sections had long been gathered--the tallest pine in the political forest around whose top the fiercest lightnings were to blaze and whose trunk was destined to be shivered in the earthquake shocks of war. But slavery was far from being the sole cause of the prolonged conflict. Neither its destruction on the one hand, nor its defence on the other, was the energizing force that held the contending armies to four years of bloody work. I apprehend that if all living Union soldiers were summoned to the wit-ness-stand, every one of them would testify that it was the preservation of the American Union and not the destruction of Southern slavery that induced him to volunteer at the call of his country. As for the South, it is enough to say that perhaps eighty per cent. of her armies were neither slave-holders, nor had the remotest interest in the institution. No other proof, however, is needed than the undeniable fact that at any period of the war from its beginning to near its close the South could have saved slavery by simply laying down its arms and returning to the Union.<jg_20>

We must, therefore, look beyond the institution of slavery for the fundamental issues which dominated and inspired all classes of the contending sections. It is not difficult to find them. The "Old Man Eloquent," William E. Gladstone, who was perhaps England's foremost statesman of the century, believed that the Government formed by our fathers was the noblest political fabric ever devised by the brain of man. This undoubtedly is true; and yet before these inspired builders were dead, controversy arose as to the nature and powers of their free constitutional government. Indeed, in the very convention that framed the Constitution the clashing theories and bristling arguments of 1787 presaged the glistening bayonets of 1861. In the cabinet of the first President, the contests between Hamilton and Jefferson, representatives of conflicting constitutional constructions, were so persistent and fierce as to disturb the harmony of executive councils and tax the patience of Washington. The disciples of each of these political prophets numbered in their respective ranks the greatest statesmen and purest patriots. The followers of each continuously battled for these conflicting theories with a power and earnestness worthy of the founders of the Republic. Generation after generation, in Congress, on the hust-ings, and through the press, these irreconcilable doctrines were urged by constitutional expounders, until their arguments became ingrained into the very fibre of the brain and conscience of the sections. The long war of words between the leaders waxed at last into a war of guns between their followers.

During the entire life of the Republic the respective rights and powers of the States and general government had furnished a question for endless controversy. In process of time this controversy assumed a somewhat sectional phase. The dominating thought of the North and of the South may be summarized in a few sentences.<jg_21>

The South maintained with the depth of religious conviction that the Union formed under the Constitution was a Union of consent and not of force; that the original States were not the creatures but the creators of the Union; that these States had gained their

independence, their freedom, and their sovereignty from the mother country, and had not surrendered these on entering the Union; that by the express terms of the Constitution all rights and powers not delegated were reserved to the States; and the South challenged the North to find one trace of authority in that Constitution for invading and coercing a sovereign State.

The North, on the other hand, maintained with the utmost confidence in the correctness of her position that the Union formed under the Constitution was intended to be perpetual; that sovereignty was a unit and could not be divided; that whether or not there was any express power granted in the Constitution for invading a State, the right of self-preservation was inherent in all governments; that the life of the Union was essential to the life of liberty; or, in the words of Webster, "liberty and union are one and inseparable."

To the charge of the North that secession was rebellion and treason, the South replied that the epithets of rebel and traitor did not deter her from the assertion of her independence, since these same epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington and Hancock and Adams and Light Horse Harry Lee. In vindication of her right to secede, she appealed to the essential doctrine, "the right to govern rests on the consent of the governed," and to the right of independent action as among those reserved by the States. The South appealed to the acts and opinions of the Fathers and to the report of the Hartford Convention of New England States asserting the power of each State to decide as to the remedy for infraction of its rights; to the petitions<jg_22>presented and positions assumed by ex-President John Quincy Adams; to the contemporaneous declaration of the 8th of January assemblage in Ohio indicating that 200,000 Democrats in that State alone were ready to stand guard on the banks of the border river and resist invasion of Southern territory; and to the repeated declarations of Horace Greeley and the admission of President Lincoln himself that there was difficulty on the question of force, since ours ought to be a fraternal Government.

In answer to all these points, the North also cited the acts and opinions of the same Fathers, and urged that the purpose of those Fathers was to make a more perfect Union and a stronger government. The North offset the opinions of Greeley and others by the emphatic declaration of Stephen A. Douglas, the foremost of Western Democrats, and by the official opinion as to the power of the Government to collect revenues and enforce laws, given to President Buchanan by Jere Black, the able Democratic Attorney-General.

Thus the opposing arguments drawn from current opinions and from the actions and opinions of the Fathers were piled mountain high on both sides. Thus the mighty athletes of debate wrestled in the political arena, each profoundly convinced of the righteousness of his position; hurling at each other their ponderous arguments, which reverberated like angry thunderbolts through legislative halls, until the whole political atmosphere resounded with the tumult. Long before a single gun was fired public sentiment North and South had been lashed into a foaming sea of passion; and every timber in the framework of the Government was bending and ready to break from "the heaving ground-swell of the tremendous agitation." Gradually and naturally in this furnace of sectional debate, sectional ballots were crystallized into sectional bullets; and both sides came <jg_23>at last to the position formerly held by the great Troup of Georgia: "The argument is exhausted; we stand to our guns."

I submit that this brief and incomplete summary is sufficient to satisfy those who live after us that these great leaders of conflicting thought, and their followers who continued

the debate in battle and blood, while in some sense partisans, were in a far juster sense patriots.

The opinions of Lee and Grant, from each of whom I briefly quote, will illustrate in a measure the convictions of their armies. Every Confederate appreciates the magnanimity exhibited by General Grant at Appomattox; and it has been my pleasure for nearly forty years to speak in public and private of his great qualities. In his personal memoirs, General Grant has left on record his estimate of the Southern cause. This estimate represents a strong phase of Northern sentiment, but it is a sentiment which it is extremely difficult for a Southern man to comprehend. In speaking of his feelings as "sad and depressed," as he rode to meet General Lee and receive the surrender of the Southern armies at Appomattox, General Grant says: "I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and who had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, *one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse.*" He adds: "I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us."

The words above quoted, showing General Grant's opinion of the Southern cause, are italicized by me and not by him. My object in emphasizing them is to invite special attention to their marked contrast with the opinions of General Robert E. Lee as to that same Southern cause. This peerless Confederate soldier and representative American, than whom no age or country <jg_24>ever produced a loftier spirit or more clear-sighted, conscientious Christian gentleman, in referring, two days before the surrender, to the apparent hopelessness of our cause, used these immortal words: "*We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.*"

There were those, a few years ago, who were especially devoted to the somewhat stereotyped phrase that in our Civil War one side (meaning the North) "was wholly and eternally right," while the other side (meaning the South) "was wholly and eternally wrong." I might cite those on the Southern side of the great controversy, equally sincere and fully as able, who would have been glad to persuade posterity that the North was "wholly and eternally wrong"; that her people waged war upon sister States who sought peacefully to set up a homogeneous government, and meditated no wrong or warfare upon the remaining sister States. These Southern leaders steadfastly maintained that the Southern people, in the exercise of the freedom and sovereign rights purchased by Revolutionary blood, were asserting a second independence according to the teachings and example of their fathers.

But what good is to come to the country from partisan utterances on either side? My own well-considered and long-entertained opinion, my settled and profound conviction, the correctness of which the future will vindicate, is this: that the one thing which is "wholly and eternally wrong" is the effort of so-called statesmen to inject one-sided and jaundiced sentiments into the youth of the country in either section. Such sentiments are neither consistent with the truth of history, nor conducive to the future welfare and unity of the Republic. The assumption on either side of all the righteousness and all the truth would produce a belittling arrogance, <jg_25>and an offensive intolerance of the opposing section; or, if either section could be persuaded that it was "wholly and eternally wrong," it would inevitably destroy the self-respect and manhood of its people. A far broader, more truthful, and statesmanlike view was presented by the Hon. A. E.

Stevenson, of Illinois, then Vice-President of the United States, in his opening remarks as presiding officer at the dedication of the National Park at Chickamauga. In perfect accord with the sentiment of the occasion and the spirit which led to the establishment of this park as a bond of national brotherhood, Mr. Stevenson said: "Here, in the dread tribunal of last resort, valor contended against valor. Here brave men struggled and died for the right as God gave them to see the right."

Mr. Stevenson was right -- " wholly and eternally right." Truth, justice, and patriotism unite in proclaiming that both sides fought and suffered for liberty as bequeathed by the Fathers--the one for liberty in the union of the States, the other for liberty in the independence of the States.

While the object of these papers is to record my personal reminiscences and to perpetuate incidents illustrative of the character of the American soldier, whether he fought on the one side or the other, I am also moved to write by what I conceive to be a still higher aim; and that is to point out, if I can, the common ground on which all may stand; where justification of one section does not require or imply condemnation of the other--the broad, high, sunlit middle ground where fact meets fact, argument confronts argument, and truth is balanced against truth.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter II--The Trip From Corinth

<jg_26>

The Raccoon Roughs made a part of the Sixth Alabama--The journey to Virginia-- Families divided in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri --A father captured by a son in battle--The military spirit in Virginia--Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow Union leaders in Tennessee--Johnson's narrowness afterward exhibited as President.

THE Raccoon Roughs made an imposing twelfth part of the Sixth Alabama, which was one of the largest regiments in the Confederate army. Governor Moore, in order to comply with his promise to incorporate my company into one of the first regiments to be organized, consented that the Sixth should contain twelve instead of the regulation number of ten companies. A movement had been started in Atlanta to uniform my mountaineers: but when the message was received from Governor Moore, inviting us to come to Montgomery, all thought of uniformity in dress was lost in the enthusiasm evoked by the knowledge that our services were accepted; and even after the hastily prepared uniforms were issued by the new Government my company clung tenaciously to "coonskin" head-dress, which made a striking contrast to the gray caps worn by the other companies.

No regulation uniform had at this time been adopted for field officers, and in deference to the wishes and the somewhat quaint taste of Colonel Seibles, the regimental commander, the mounted officers of the Sixth wore double-breasted <jg_27>frocks made of green broadcloth, with the brass buttons of the United States army. These green coats--more suited to Irishmen than to Americans --were not discarded during the entire term of our first enlistment for twelve months, nor until we were enrolled as a part of the army that was to serve until Southern independence was won or lost. I do not know what became of my bottle-green coat, with the bullet-holes through it, which would now be an object of interest to my children. It is remarkable that during the war no care was taken of any of these battle-marked articles. All minds and hearts were absorbed in the one thought of defence. It was a long time before even the flags borne in battle became objects of special veneration, or gathered about them the sentiment which grew into a passion as the war neared its close. After one of the early battles one of my color-bearers had secured and fastened to the staff a beautiful new flag. When I asked him what he had done with the old one, he replied:

"I threw it away, sir. It was so badly shot that it was not worth keeping."

Our departure from Montgomery for Corinth, Mississippi, where we were to go into camp of instruction for an indefinite period, was amid the roar of cannon, the shouts of the multitude, the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and the prayers and tears of mothers, wives, and sisters. The encampment at Corinth was brief and uneventful; but our trip thence to Virginia was intensely interesting, because of the danger and threat of conflict between my troops and the citizens in certain localities. The line of our travel was through East Tennessee, where, even at that early period, there were evidences of the radical conflict of opinion between neighbors which was destined to eventuate in many bloody feuds. At the depots crowds of men were gathered, some cheering, some jeering, my troops as they passed. From the tops <jg_28>of houses on one side of the street

floated the Stars and Stripes; from those on the other were ensigns showing sympathy with the new-born Confederacy. The responsibility on my shoulders was not a light one, for it was my duty on every account to restrain the ardor of my own men and prevent the slightest imprudence of speech or action. No other locality approached East Tennessee in the extent of suffering from this peculiarly harassing sort of strife, unless possibly it was the State of Kentucky. In both public sentiment was divided. There was intense loyalty to the Union on the one hand, and to the Confederate cause on the other.

War's visage is grim enough at best; and to the people of those localities which were constantly subjected to raids, first by one side and then by the other, its frowning face was rarely relieved by one gleam of alleviating tenderness. These divided communities were the fated grist which the demon of border war seemed determined to grind to dust between his upper and nether millstones.

In East Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, neighbors who had been lifelong friends became extremely embittered. Families were divided, brother against brother, and father against son. In Kentucky, it will be remembered, many of the most prominent families of the State, among them the Breckinridges, the Clays, and the Crittendens, were represented in both the Confederate and Union armies. John C. Breckinridge, who had just left the seat of Vice-President of the United States, and who had been the candidate of one wing of the Democratic party for President, cast his fortunes with the South, and made a brilliant record as a soldier and as the last Confederate Secretary of War. Other members of this distinguished family filled honorable positions in the opposing armies, and the distinguished and somewhat eccentric divine, the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, <jg_29>was one of the most eloquent and fervid--not to say bitter--advocates of the Union cause. His trenchant pen and lashing tongue spared neither blood relatives nor ministers nor members of the church, not even those of the same faith with himself, provided he regarded them as untrue to the Union. The intensity of Dr. Breckinridge's antagonism showed itself even on his death-bed. He and the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Kentucky, were both eminent ministers of the same church, Dr. Robinson being as intense a sympathizer with the South as Dr. Breckinridge was with the North. From devoted friends they became fierce antagonists and uncompromising foes. When Dr. Breckinridge lay on his death-bed, his family and some of his church-members were gathered around him. They were most anxious that he should be reconciled to all men, and especially to Dr. Robinson, before he died, and they asked him, "Brother Breckinridge, have you forgiven all your enemies?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, certainly I have."

"Well, Brother Breckinridge, have you forgiven our brother Dr. Stuart Robinson?"

"Certainly I have. Didn't I just tell you that I had forgiven all my enemies?"

"But, Brother Breckinridge, when you meet Brother Stuart Robinson in heaven, do you feel that you can greet him as all the redeemed ought to greet one another?"

"Don't bother me with such questions. Stuart Robinson will never get there!"

During the year 1895 I was honored with an invitation to address an audience in Maysville, Kentucky. I was deeply impressed by the fact conveyed to me that a large number of those who sat before me had the harmony and happiness of their homes destroyed for the four years of war by the inexpressibly horrid <jg_30>thought that sons of the same parents were pitted against each other in battle. I was personally presented to a number of these formerly divided brothers who had bravely fought from the beginning

to the end in opposing lines, but were now reunited under the old family roof and in the common Republic. It was a Kentucky father, I believe, both of whose sons had been killed in battle, the one in the Confederate, the other in the Union army, who erected to the memory of both over their common grave the monument on which he had inscribed these five monosyllables: "God knows which was right."

So much has been said and written of the peculiar trials and horrors experienced by the divided communities in Missouri, East Tennessee, and Kentucky that it is a privilege to record one of the incidents which at rare intervals sent rays of light through those Unhappy localities. Major Edwards, of the Confederate army, who afterward became an editor of distinction in Missouri, had, at the beginning of the war, a neighbor and friend who was as intense a Unionist as the major was an enthusiastic Confederate. Each felt it his duty to go into the service, and when the war came they parted to take their places in opposing battle lines. Later on, Major Edwards captured this former neighbor and friend behind the Southern lines, and near their Missouri home. In reply to the question as to why he had taken such risk of being captured and sent to a Southern prison, the Union soldier explained that his wife was behind those lines and extremely ill--probably dying; that he had taken the risk of slipping at night between the Confederate picket posts in order to receive her last blessing and embrace. This statement was enough for the knightly man in gray. The Union soldier was at once made a prisoner, but only in the bonds of brotherly tenderness. His house was carefully guarded by Major Edwards himself until the sad parting with his <jg_31>wife was over, and then he was safely conducted through the Confederate lines and sent with a Confederate's sympathy to his post of duty in the Union camps.

At a recent reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, I was told of a thrilling incident which still further and more strikingly illustrates the tragedy of war in these divided States. At the beginning of the war Major M. H. Clift, of Tennessee, was a mere lad, and was attending school in another State. His father was an East Tennessean and was devoted to the cause of the Union. Young Clift, however, was carried away by the storm of Southern enthusiasm and joined the Confederate army. The father soon yielded to his own sense of patriotic duty, and enlisted in one of the Union regiments formed in the neighborhood. In the fortunes of war, the two, father and son, were soon called to confront each other under hostile banners and in battle array. Neither had the remotest thought that the other stood in his front. In a furious charge by the Southern lines this young Confederate forced a Union soldier to surrender to him. Looking into the captured soldier's face, the young man recognized his own father. No pen could adequately depict his consternation when he realized that he had been on the point of killing his father, nor the joy which filled his heart that this dire calamity had been averted. Steps were at once taken to render it certain that no such contingency should again occur.

But the horrors of family division were not confined to these States. There were conspicuous instances elsewhere of the disruption of the most sacred ties. The Virginia kindred of that able soldier General George H. Thomas, and of ex-President Harrison, were in the Confederate service, while those of Generals Lovell and Pemberton, who fought for the Southern cause, and of Mrs. General Longstreet, supported the flag of the Union.

In my own State the wife of a Confederate officer saw <jg_32>her husband retreat from Savannah under the Confederate commander, while her own dearly loved kindred

marched into the town under General W. T. Sherman. This wife was Nellie Kinsey, said to be the first white child born in Chicago. She grew to accomplished womanhood, and married William W. Gordon of Savannah, who made a brilliant record as a Confederate officer, and during our recent war with Spain was commissioned brigadier-general by President McKinley. Mrs. Gordon was intensely loyal to her husband and to the cause he loved, but her kindred--her only kindred--were in the Union army and conspicuous for their gallantry in almost every arm of the service. As she stood with her children watching the Federal troops march in triumphant array under the windows of her Southern home, a splendid brass band at the head of one of the divisions began playing that familiar old air, "When this Cruel War is Over." As soon as the notes struck the ears of her little daughter, this enthusiastic young Confederate exclaimed, "Mamma, just listen to the Yankees playing 'When this Cruel War is Over,' and they just doing it themselves !"

When we reached Virginia the military spirit was in full flood-tide. The State had just passed the ordinance of secession, and almost every young and middle-aged man was volunteering for service. Even the servants were becoming interested in the military positions to which the aspiring young men of the household might be assigned. I recall an incident so strikingly characteristic that it seems due to a proper appreciation of these old-time loyal and faithful slaves that I give it in this connection.

Old Simon was the trusted and devoted butler of a leading Virginia family, and was very proud of his young master, who had just enlisted as a private in the cavalry, and, dressed in his new uniform and mounted <jg_33>upon his blooded horse, was drilling every day with his company. He was, in old Simon's estimation, the equal, if not the superior, of any soldier that was ever booted and spurred. The time came for the company to start to the front, and one of them rode up and asked old Simon:

"Is Bob here, Simon, or has he gone to camp ?"

"Is you talking about my young marster, *Colonel Robert* ? "

"Yes; of course I am, Simon," replied the trooper. "But I should like to know how in the ---- Bob got to be a colonel ?"

"Lawd, sir, he's des born a colonel!" said Simon; and his genuine and unaffected pride in this belief flashed in his old eyes and rang in his tones.

No account of East Tennessee's condition and experiences at this period would be complete without a few words in reference to those impetuous East Tennessee Union leaders, Andrew Johnson, who afterward became President, and the redoubtable Parson Brownlow, whose fiery denunciations of the Southern cause filled the columns of his paper, "Brownlow's Whig." Lifelong political antagonists, the one a Democrat, the other a Whig, and both aggressive and unrelenting, they nevertheless, when civil war approached, buried the partisan tomahawk and wielded the Union battle-axe side by side. They became coadjutors and the most powerful civil supporters of the Union cause in the State, if not in the South. Andrew Johnson, as is well known, was a tailor when a young man, and, it is said, was taught to read by his faithful wife. He deserved and received immense credit for the laborious study and untiring perseverance which converted the scissors of his shop into the sceptre of Chief Executive of the world's greatest Republic; but he did not broaden in sentiment in proportion to the elevation he attained and the gravity of the responsibilities <jg_34>imposed. He was strong but narrow. He could not be a statesman in the highest sense of that term, because he was swayed by prejudice more than by lofty convictions. That he was impelled by motives intensely patriotic in adhering to the Union

there can be no reasonable doubt; but his utter failure to rise to a full conception of the situation in which he found himself after President Lincoln's unfortunate death was painfully apparent to every thoughtful observer. His intolerant bigotry, and his failure to appreciate the obligations imposed upon him by General Grant's magnanimous and solemn compact with the Southern army at Appomattox, were manifested by his desire to arrest General Lee and other prominent prisoners of war who had protecting paroles. His blind prejudice against our best people was shown in his selection of classes for amnesty; and the low plane on which he planted his administration was evidenced by his inconsistencies, his vacillations, and his reversal of the wise, generous, and statesmanly policy of his great predecessor. But the narrowness of the man and the amazing absurdity of his prejudice are sufficiently exhibited in a circumstance trivial in itself, but which, perhaps on that account, more clearly indicates his calibre. A few months after the war was over, I was passing through Washington, and called to pay my respects to General Grant, who had shown me personally, at the close of hostilities, marked consideration and kindness, of which I shall make mention in another chapter. General Grant offered to introduce me to President Johnson, whom I had never met. We walked across to the Executive Mansion, and General Grant gave the usher a card on which was written, "General Grant, with General Gordon of Georgia," with instructions to the usher to hand it to the President. We were at once admitted to his presence, and I was introduced by General Grant as "General Gordon," with <jg_35>some complimentary reference to my rank and service in General Lee's army. The President met this introduction by these words, pronounced with peculiar emphasis, "How are you, Mr. Gordon?" especially accentuating the word Mister. I was neither angry nor indignant, but my contempt was sincere for the ineffable littleness of the man whose untimely ascendancy to power at that critical period I can but regard as the ver-lest mockery of fate.

Contrast this foolish and abortive effort at insult with the conduct of President Grant, who succeeded him, or of General Grant as soldier, or with that of any other prominent soldier or high-minded citizen of the country. The conduct of General Hancock at General Grant's funeral in New York is perhaps in still greater contrast with that of President Johnson. Although the incident I am about to relate is chronologically out of place here, it is emphatically in place as illustrating the point I am making in reference to President Johnson.

It will be remembered that General Hancock was commander of the Department of the East (United States army) at the time of General Grant's death, and was, by reason of his military rank, the chief marshal of that stupendous and most impressive pageant witnessed in New York at General Grant's obsequies. I was included among those ex-Confederate officers who had been specially invited to participate in the honors to be paid to the dead soldier and former President. General Hancock had requested that I should ride with him at the head of the mighty procession, and he had playfully said to the staff that each of us should take his place according to rank. Of course I had no thought of claiming any rank, and I took my place in the rear of the regular staff. General Hancock sent one after another of his immediate staff to request me to ride up to the front, with the message that I must obey orders and <jg_36>report to him at once at the head of the column. When I reached the head of the column, General Hancock directed the staff to compare dates and ascertain the ranking officer who should ride on his right. My rank as a Confederate general was higher than that of any other member of his staff, and he ordered

that I should take the place of honor. As I could not gracefully resist this assignment any longer, I accepted it, saying to the Union generals, who also served on General Hancock's staff, that they had overwhelmed me some twenty-odd years before, but that I had them down now. General Fitzhugh Lee was similarly honored.

In closing this chapter, it is not necessary, I trust, for me to say that I would do no injustice to the memory of President Johnson, but it seems to me that the future manhood of our country can be ennobled by the contemplation of the marked and notable contrasts here presented, and by a realization of the truth that no station in life, however conspicuous, can conceal from view the weakness of its possessor. Certainly it can inflict no damage upon the character of our youth to let them understand that the gulf is both broad and deep which separates the highest type of courage from petty and ignoble spite, and that the line which divides true nobility of soul from narrowness of spirit was drawn by God's hand, and will become clearer to human apprehension as we approach nearer to Him in thought and action.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter III--Bull Run Or Manassas

<jg_37>

The first great battle of the war--A series of surprises--Mishaps and mistakes of the Confederates--Beauregard's lost order--General Ewell's rage--The most eccentric officer in the Confederate army--Anecdotes of his career--The wild panic of the Union troops--Senseless frights that cannot be explained--Illustrated at Cedar Creek.

THE battle of Bull Run or Manassas was the first, and in many respects the most remarkable, battle of our Civil War. It was a series of surprises--the unexpected happening at almost every moment of its progress. Planned by the Union chieftain with consummate skill, executed for the most part with unquestioned ability, and fought by the Union troops for a time with magnificent courage, it ended at last in their disastrous rout and the official decapitation of their able commander. On the Confederate side it was a chapter of mishaps, miscarriages, and of some mistakes. It was also a chapter of superb fighting by the Southern army, and of final complete and overwhelming victory. The breaking down of the train bearing General Joseph E. Johnston's troops was an accident which almost defeated the consummation of that splendid piece of strategy by which he had eluded General Patterson in the Valley, and which had enabled him to hurry almost his entire force to the support of General Beauregard at Manassas. The mistakes are represented by the fact that the feint of General McDowell on the Confederate front was believed <jg_38>to be the real attack, until the Union general was hurling his army on Beauregard's flank. Finally, the most serious miscarriage was that the order from Beauregard to Ewell directing an assault on the Union left failed to reach that officer. This strange miscarriage prevented General Ewell from making a movement which it then seemed probable and now appears certain would have added materially to McDowell's disaster. I had already been instructed by him to make a reconnaissance in the direction of the anticipated assault, but I had been suddenly recalled just as my skirmishers were opening fire. I was recalled because General Ewell had not received the promised order. For me it was perhaps a most fortunate recall, for in my isolated position I should probably have been surrounded and my little command cut to pieces. On my return I found General Ewell in an agony of suspense. He was chafing like a caged lion, infuriated by the scent of blood. He would mount his horse one moment and dismount the next. He would walk rapidly to and fro, muttering to himself, "No orders, no orders." General Ewell, who afterward became a corps commander, had in many respects the most unique personality I have ever known. He was a compound of anomalies, the oddest, most eccentric genius in the Confederate army. He was my friend, and I was sincerely and deeply attached to him. No man had a better heart nor a worse manner of showing it. He was in truth as tender and sympathetic as a woman, but, even under slight provocation, he became externally as rough as a polar bear, and the needles with which he pricked sensibilities were more numerous and keener than porcupines' quills. His written orders were full, accurate, and lucid; but his verbal orders or directions, especially when under intense excitement, no man could comprehend. At such times his eyes would flash with a peculiar brilliancy, and his brain far outran his tongue. <jg_39>

His thoughts would leap across great gaps which his words never touched, but which he

expected his listener to fill up by intuition, and woe to the dull subordinate who failed to understand him!

When he was first assigned to command at the beginning of the war, he had recently returned from fighting Indians on the Western frontier. He had been dealing only with the enlisted men of the standing army. His experience in that wild border life, away from churches, civilization, and the refining influences of woman's society, were not particularly conducive to the development of the softer and better side of his nature. He became a very pious man in his later years, but at this time he was not choice in the manner of expressing himself. He asked me to take a hasty breakfast with him just before he expected the order from Beauregard to ford Bull Run and rush upon McDowell's left. His verbal invitation was in these words: "Come and eat a cracker with me; we will breakfast together here and dine together in hell." To a young officer like myself, who had never been under fire except at long range, on scouting excursions, or on the skirmish-line, such an invitation was not inspiring or appetizing; but Ewell's spirits seemed to be in a flutter of exultation.

An hour later, after I had been recalled from my perilous movement to "feel of the enemy," I found General Ewell, as I have said, almost frenzied with anxiety over the non-arrival of the anticipated order to move to the attack. He directed me to send to him at once a mounted man "with sense enough to go and find out what was the matter." I ordered a member of the governor's Horse Guard to report immediately to General Ewell. This troop represented some of the best blood of Virginia. Its privates were refined and accomplished gentlemen, many of them University graduates, who, at the first tocsin of war, had sprung into their saddles as volunteers. <jg_40>

The intelligent young trooper who was selected to ride upon this most important mission under the verbal direction of General Ewell himself, mounted his high-spirited horse, and, with high-top boots, polished spurs, and clanking sabre, galloped away to where the general was impatiently waiting at his temporary headquarters on the hill. Before this inexperienced but promising young soldier had time to lift his hat in respectful salutation, the general was slashing away with tongue and finger, delivering his directions with such rapidity and incompleteness that the young man's thoughts were dancing through his brain in inextricable confusion. The general, having thus delivered himself, quickly asked, "Do you understand, sir?" Of course the young man did not understand, and he began timidly to ask for a little more explicit information. The fiery old soldier cut short the interview with "Go away from here and send me a man who has some sense !"

Later in the war, when I was commanding a division in Stonewall Jackson's old corps, then commanded by General Ewell, I had a very similar experience with this eccentric officer. It was in the midst of one of the battles between Lee and Grant in the Wilderness. As already explained, General Ewell's spirits, like the eagle's wings gathering additional power in the storm, seemed to mount higher and higher as the fury of the battle increased. My division of his corps was advancing under a galling fire. General Ewell rode at full speed to the point where I was intensely engaged directing the charge, and asked me to lend him one of my staff, his own all having been despatched with orders to different portions of the field. I indicated a staff-officer whom he might command, and he began, in his characteristic style under excitement, to tell this officer what to do. My staff-officer had learned to interpret the general fairly well, but <jg_41>to catch his meaning at one point stopped him and said: "Let me see if I understand you, sir ?" General Ewell was so

incensed at this insinuation of lack of perspicuity that he turned away abruptly, without a word of explanation, simply throwing up his hand and blowing away the young officer with a sort of "who-oo-oot." There is no way to spell out this indignant and resounding puff; but even in the fierce battle that was raging there was a roar of laughter from the other members of my staff as the droll and doughty warrior rushed away to another part of the field.

I cannot conclude this imperfect portrayal of the peculiarities of this splendid soldier and eccentric genius without placing upon record one more incident connected with the first battle of Bull Run. While he waited for the order from Beauregard (which never came), I sat on my horse near him as he was directing the location of a battery to cover the ford, and fire upon a Union battery and its supports on the opposite hills. As our guns were unlimbered, a young lady, who had been caught between the lines of the two armies, galloped up to where the general and I were sitting on our horses, and began to tell the story of what she had seen. She had mounted her horse just in front of General McDowell's troops, who it was expected would attempt to force a crossing at this point. This Virginia girl, who appeared to be seventeen or eighteen years of age, was in a flutter of martial excitement. She was profoundly impressed with the belief that she really had something of importance to tell. The information which she was trying to convey to General Ewell she was sure would be of vast import to the Confederate cause, and she was bound to deliver it. General Ewell listened to her for a few minutes, and then called her attention to the Union batteries that were rushing into position and getting ready to open fire upon the Confederate lines. He said to her, in <jg_42>his quick, quaint manner: "Look there, look there, miss ! Don't you see those men with blue clothes on, in the edge of the woods? Look at those men loading those big guns. They are going to fire, and fire quick, and fire right here. You'll get killed. You'll be a *dead damsel* in less than a minute. *Get away from here!*" *Get away!*" The young woman looked over at the blue coats and the big guns, but paid not the slightest attention to either. Nor did she make any reply to his urgent injunction, "Get away from here!" but continued the story of what she had seen. General Ewell, who was a crusty old bachelor at that time, and knew far less about women than he did about wild Indians, was astounded at this exhibition of feminine courage. He gazed at her in mute wonder for a few minutes, and then turned to me suddenly, and, with a sort of jerk in his words, said: "Women--I tell you, sir, women would make a grand brigade--if it was not for snakes and spiders !" He then added much more thoughtfully: "They don't mind bullets--women are not afraid of bullets; but one big black-snake would put a whole army to flight." And he had not fired very wide of the mark. It requires the direst dangers, especially where those dangers threaten some cause or object around which their affections are entwined, to call out the marvellous courage of women. Under such conditions they will brave death itself without a quiver. I have seen one of them tested. I saw Mrs. Gordon on the streets of Winchester, under fire, her soul aflame with patriotic ardor, appealing to retreating Confederates to halt and form a new line to resist the Union advance. She was so transported by her patriotic passion that she took no notice of the whizzing shot and shell, and seemed wholly unconscious of her great peril. And yet she will precipitately fly from a bat, and a big black bug would fill her with panic. <jg_43>

Those who are inclined to investigate the mysteries of that strange compound which makes up our mental, moral, and physical natures will find abundant material in the wild

panic which seized and shook to pieces the Union army at Bull Run, scattering it in disorganized fragments through woods and fields and by-ways, and filling the roads with broken wagons and knapsacks, and small arms--an astounding experience which was the prototype of similar scenes to be enacted in both armies in the later stages of the war. No better troops were ever marshalled than those who filled the Union and Confederate ranks. Indeed, taking them all in all, I doubt whether they have been equalled. How courage of the noblest type, such as these American soldiers possessed, could be converted in an instant into apparent--even apparent--cowardice is one of the secrets, unsolvable perhaps, of our being. What was the special, sufficient, and justifiable ground for such uncontrollable apprehensions in men who enlisted to meet death, and did meet it, or were ready to meet it, bravely and grandly on a hundred fields? The panic at Bull Run seized McDowell's whole army; and yet a large portion of it at the moment the panic occurred was perhaps not under fire--certainly in no danger of annihilation or of serious harm. Yet they fled, all or practically all--fled with uncontrollable terror. Of course there were times when it was necessary to retreat. Occasions came, I presume, to every command that did much fighting during those four years, when the most sensible thing to do was to go, and without much thought as to the order of the going--the faster the better. It is not that class of retreats that I am considering. These were not panics; nor did they bear any special resemblance to panics, except that in both cases it was flight--even disorganized flight. There was, however, this radical difference between the two: in one <jg_44>case the men were ready to halt, reform their lines, and fight again; in the other case these same men were as heedless of an officer's orders (supposing the officer to have retained his senses) as a herd of wild buffaloes.

The soldiers on both sides who may read this book will recall many instances of both kinds of flight. One of the good-natured gibes with which the infantry poked the ribs of the cavalry was that they had too many feet and legs under them to stand and be shot at; but what old soldier of either arm of the service will refuse to bear testimony to the fact that the Confederate cavalry on many occasions charged batteries and solid lines, and, after being repulsed, would retreat, reform, and charge again and again--a constant alternation of charges and rapid retreats without the slightest indication of panic? I saw Sheridan's cavalry in the Valley of Virginia form in my front, charge across the open fields and almost over my lines, which were posted behind stone fences. They rode at a furious rate, driving spurs into their horses' sides as they rushed like a mountain torrent against the rock wall. Some of them went over it, only to be captured or shot. They discharged carbines in our faces, and then retreated in fairly good order, under a furious fire, with apparently no more of panic than if they had been fighting a sham battle.

But those sudden and sometimes senseless frights which deprived brave men of all self-control for the time, were so unexpected, so strange and terrible, so inconsistent with the conduct of the same men at other times and under circumstances equally and perhaps even more trying, that they justify a few additional illustrations.

The battle of Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley, on October 19, 1864, about which I shall have more to say in its chronological order, furnishes cases in <jg_45>point by both armies and on the same day. Neither the panic which struck with such resistless terror, Sheridan's two corps as they were assaulted at dawn, and which sent them, as the sun rose over the adjacent mountains, flying in wildest rout from the fields and for miles to the rear, with no enemy in pursuit; nor the panic which seized and sent General Early's

army, as that same sun was setting behind the opposite mountains, rushing across the bridges, or into the chilly waters, and through the dense cedars of the limestone cliffs--neither of these was the necessary, logical, or even natural sequence of the conditions which preceded them. There is no logic in a panic. It is true that in both cases the armies had been assailed in front and flank; and the cry, "We are flanked!" not infrequently produced upon the steadiest battalions an effect similar to that caused among passengers at sea by the alarm of fire. But the point is that while it might not have been possible to prevent the opposing forces from achieving a victory after the flank movement was under full headway, yet the retreat in each case could have been accomplished with far lighter losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners. If the armies had not allowed the unnecessary panic to deprive them of their reason and thus of all control of will power, they would have had a better chance for life in a somewhat orderly retreat, distracting and confusing the aim of the advancing lines by returning fire for fire, than by permitting the pursuers deliberately to shoot them in the back.

The strangest fact of all is that many of these men in both armies had often exhibited before, as they did on many succeeding fields and under just as trying conditions, a heroism rarely equalled and never excelled in military annals--a heroism that defied danger and was impervious to panic. Sheridan's men, who threw away everything that could impede their flight in the morning <jg_46>at Cedar Creek, fought with splendid courage before and afterward. Indeed, they returned that same afternoon and made most honorable amends for the mistakes of the morning. Some of these same Confederates had been flanked and almost surrounded by McDowell's army in the early hours at Bull Run and yet felt no symptoms of panic. Some of them had been with me at South Mountain in '62, detached for the moment from the main army, at times nearly surrounded, attacked first in front, then upon the right, and then upon the left flank, changing front under fire, retreating now slowly, now rapidly, but in every case halting at the command and forming a new line to repeat the manoeuvres, and without a semblance of panic. I verily believe they would have died, almost to a man, on the rocks of that rugged mountain-side, but for the gracious dropping of night's curtain on the scene. They did die, nearly or quite half of them, the next day at Antietam or Sharpsburg. Still more striking the contrast--large numbers of these Confederates who were overwhelmed with panic at Cedar Creek fought upon the last dreadful retreat from Petersburg with marvellous intrepidity, while flanked and forced to move rapidly from one position to another. And on that last morning at Appomattox these same Confederates were fighting in almost every direction, surrounded on all sides except one, with a column plainly in view and advancing to complete the circle of fire around them; and they continued to fight bravely and grandly until the flag of truce heralded the announcement that the war was over.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter IV--The Spring Of 1862--Battle Of Seven Pines Or Fair Oaks

<jg_47>

Indomitable Americanism, North and South--Rally of the North after Bull Run--
Severity of winter quarters in Virginia-- McClellan's army landed at
Yorktown--Retreat of the Confederates--On the Chicka-hominy- Terrible
slaughter at Seven Pines-- A brigade commander.

THE North had lost, the South had won, in the first bloody battle of the war, and all chances for compromise were obliterated, if indeed they had ever existed. The Northern army had been defeated and driven back beyond the Potomac, but the defeat simply served to arouse the patriotic people of that section to more determined effort. Party passion was buried, party lines were almost entirely erased, and party organizations were merged into the one compact body of a united people, led by the all-pervading purpose to crush out the Southern movement and save the Union. With that tenacity of will, that unyielding Anglo-Saxon perseverance--or, I prefer to say, that indomitable Americanism--for which the people of the United States are so justly famed, the North rose superior to the disaster, and resolved, as did old Andrew Jackson, that "the Union should be preserved."

The South, on the other hand, greatly encouraged by the victory, bowed at its altars and thanked Heaven for this indication of ultimate triumph. Her whole people, with an equally tenacious Americanism, and fully persuaded <jg_48> that the independent States, now united under another and similar Constitution, had a right to set up their own homogeneous government, resolved that, if sacrifices and fighting could secure it, the South should become an independent republic. With a deeper consecration than ever, if possible, they pledged anew to that cause their honor, their wealth, their faith, their prayers, their lofty manhood and glorious womanhood, resolving never to yield as long as hope or life endured. And they did not yield until their whole section, "with its resources all exhausted, lay prostrate and powerless, bleeding at every pore."

The North soon rallied after the defeat at Bull Run. Her armies were placed under the immediate command of that brilliant young chieftain, George B. McClellan, whose genius as organizer, ability as disciplinarian, and magnetism in contact with his men, rapidly advanced his heavily reënforced army to a high plane of efficiency. The pride felt in him was manifested by the title "Young Napoleon," bestowed upon him by his admiring countrymen. No advance, however, was made by his army until the following spring. The Confederate army, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was occupied during the remaining months of summer and fall, mainly in drilling, recruiting its ranks, doing picket duty, and, as winter approached, in gathering supplies and preparing, as far as possible, for protection against Virginia freezes and snows.

My men were winter-quartered in the dense pine thickets on the rough hills that border the Occoquan. Christmas came, and was to be made as joyous as our surroundings would permit, by a genuine Southern egg-nog with our friends. The country was scoured far and near for eggs, which were exceedingly scarce. Of sugar we still had at that time a reasonable supply, but our small store of eggs and the other ingredients could not <jg_49>be increased in all the country round about. Mrs. Gordon superintended the

preparation of this favorite Christmas beverage, and at last the delicious potion was ready. All stood anxiously waiting with camp cups in hand. The servant started toward the company with full and foaming bowl, holding it out before him with almost painful care. He had taken but a few steps when he struck his toe against the uneven floor of the rude quarters and stumbled. The scattered fragments of crockery and the aroma of the wasted nectar marked the melancholy wreck of our Christmas cheer.

The winter was a severe one and the men suffered greatly--not only for want of sufficient preparation, but because those from farther South were unaccustomed to so cold a climate. There was much sickness in camp. It was amazing to see the large number of country boys who had never had the measles. Indeed, it seemed to me that they ran through the whole catalogue of complaints to which boyhood and even babyhood are subjected. They had everything almost except teething, nettle-rash, and whooping-cough. I rather think some of them were afflicted with this latter disease. Those who are disposed to wonder that Southern troops should suffer so much from a Virginia winter will better appreciate the occasional severity of that climate when told of the incident which I now relate. General R. A. Alger, of the Union army, ex-Governor of Michigan and ex-Secretary of War, states that he was himself on picket duty in winter and at night in this same section of Virginia. It was his duty as officer in charge to visit during the night the different picket posts and see that the men were on the alert, so as to avoid surprises. It was an intensely cold night, and on one of his rounds, a few hours before daylight, he approached a post where a solitary picket stood on guard. As he neared the post he was greatly surprised to find that the soldier did not <jg_50>halt him and force him to give the countersign. He could plainly see the soldier standing on his post, leaning against a tree, and was indignant because he supposed he had found one of his men asleep on duty, when to remain awake and watchful was essential to the army's safety. Walking up to his man, he took him by the arm to arouse him from sleep and place him under immediate arrest. He was horrified to find that the sentinel was dead. Frozen, literally frozen, was this faithful picket, but still standing at the post of duty where his commander had placed him, his form erect and rigid--dead on his post!

Even at that early period the Southern men were scantily clad, though we had not then reached the straits to which we came as the war progressed, and of which a simple-hearted countrywoman gave an approximate conception when she naively explained that her son's only pair of socks did not wear out, because "when the feet of the socks got full of holes I just knitted new feet to the tops, and when the tops wore out I just knitted new tops to the feet."

This remarkable deficiency in heavy clothing among the Southern troops even at the beginning of the war is easily explained. We were an agricultural people. Farming or planting was fairly remunerative and brought comfort, with not only financial but personal independence, which induced a large majority of our population to cling to rural life and its delightful occupations. Little attention, comparatively, was paid to mining or manufacturing. The railroads were constructed through cotton belts rather than through coal-and iron-fields. There were some factories for the manufacture of cloth, but these were mainly engaged upon cotton fabrics, and those which produced wollens or heavy goods were few and of limited capacity. It will be seen that in this situation, with small milling facilities, with great armies on <jg_51>our hands, and our ports closed against foreign importations, we were reduced to the dangerous extremity of blockade-running,

and to the still more hazardous contingency of capturing now and then overcoats and trousers from the Union forces.

Perhaps the utter lack of preparation for the war on the part of the South is proof that its wisest statesmen anticipated no such stupendous struggle as ensued. After the inauguration of the government at Montgomery, the Confederacy could have purchased the entire cotton crop--practically every bale left in the Southern States at that season--with Confederate bonds or with Confederate currency. The people, as a rule, had absolute faith in the success and stability of the government. Thoughtful business men took the bonds as an investment. Careful and conscientious guardians sold the property of minors and invested the proceeds in Confederate bonds. If, therefore, Southern statesmen had believed that the Northern people would with practical unanimity back the United States Government in a vigorous and determined war to prevent the withdrawal of the Southern States, those able men who led the South would undoubtedly have sought to place the Confederacy in control of the cotton then on hand, and of succeeding crops. It will be readily seen what an enormous financial strength would have been thus acquired, and what a basis for negotiations abroad would have been furnished. When the price of cotton rose to twenty-five, forty, fifty cents per pound (it was worth, I think, over ninety cents per pound at one time), a navy for the Confederate Government could have been purchased strong enough to have broken, by concentrated effort, the blockade of almost any port on the Southern coast, thus admitting arms, ammunition, clothing, tents, and medicine, which would have largely increased the efficiency of the Confederate armies.

<jg_52>

At last after the winter months, each one of which seemed to us almost a year, the snows on the Occoquan melted. The buds began to swell, the dogwood to blossom, and the wild onions, which the men gathered by the bushel and ate, began to shed their pungent odor on the soft warm air. With the spring came also the marching and the fighting. General McClellan landed his splendid army at Yorktown, and threatened Richmond from the Virginia peninsula. The rush then came to relieve from capture the small force of General Magruder and to confront General McClellan's army at his new base of operations. Striking camp and moving to the nearest depot, we were soon on the way to Yorktown. The long trains packed with their living Confederate freight were hurried along with the utmost possible speed. As the crowded train upon which I sat rushed under full head of steam down grade on this single track, it was met by another train of empty cars flying with great speed in the opposite direction. The crash of the fearful collision and its harrowing results are indescribable. Nearly every car on the densely packed train was telescoped and torn in pieces; and men, knapsacks, arms, and shivered seats were hurled to the front and piled in horrid mass against the crushed timbers and ironwork. Many were killed, many maimed for life, and the marvel is that any escaped unhurt. Mrs. Gordon, who was with me on this ill-fated train, was saved, by a merciful Providence, without the slightest injury. Her hands were busied with the wounded, while I superintended the cutting away of débris to rescue the maimed and remove the dead.

From Yorktown it was the Confederates' time to retreat, and it was a retreat to the very gates of Richmond. General Johnston, however, like a lion pursued to his den, turned upon McClellan, when there, with a tremendous bound. <jg_53>

On that memorable retreat it was my fortune for a time to bring up the rear. The roads

were in horrible condition. In the mud and slush and deep ruts cut by the wagon-trains and artillery of the retreating army, a number of heavy guns became bogged and the horses were unable to drag them. My men, weary with the march and belonging to a different arm of the service, of course felt that it was a trying position to be compelled to halt and attempt to move this artillery, with the Union advance pressing so closely upon them. But they were tugging with good grace when I rode up from the extreme rear. An extraordinary effort, however, was required to save the guns. As I dismounted from my horse and waded into the deep mud and called on them to save the artillery, they raised a shout and crowded around the wheels. Not a gun or caisson was lost, and there was never again among those brave men a moment's hesitation about leaping into the mud and water whenever it became necessary on any account.

At another time on this march I found one of my youngest soldiers--he was a mere lad--lying on the roadside, weeping bitterly. I asked him what was the matter. He explained that his feet were so sore that he could not walk any farther and that he knew he would be captured. His feet were in a dreadful condition. I said to him, "You shall not be captured," and ordered him to mount my horse and ride forward until he could get into an ambulance or wagon, and to tell the quartermaster to send my horse back to me as soon as possible. He wiped his eyes, got into my saddle, and rode a few rods to where the company of which he was a member had halted to rest. He stopped his horse in front of his comrades, who were sitting for the moment on the roadside, and straightening himself up, he lifted his old slouch-hat with all the dignity of a commander-in-chief and called out: "Attention, men! I'm about to bid <jg_54>you farewell, and I want to tell you before I go that I am very sorry for you. I was poor once myself!" Having thus delivered himself, he galloped away, bowing and waving his hat to his comrades in acknowledgment of the cheers with which they greeted him.

After a few hours' pause and a brief but sharp engagement at Williamsburg, General Johnston continued his retreat to his new lines near the city of Richmond. On the banks of the Chickahominy, if the Chickahominy can be said to have banks, both armies prepared for the desperate struggles which were soon to follow and decide the fate of the Confederate capital. "On the Chicka-hominy !" Whatever emotions these words may awaken in others, they bring to me some of the saddest memories of those four years, in which were crowded the experiences of an ordinary lifetime. Standing on picket posts in the dreary darkness and sickening dampness of its mias-matic swamps, hurrying to the front through the slush and bogs that bordered it, fighting hip-deep in its turbid waters, I can see now the faces of those brave men who never faltered at a command, whatever fate obedience to it might involve.

During the weary days and nights preceding these battles, the Southern troops, as they returned from outpost duty, kept the camp in roars of laughter with soldier "yarns" about their experiences at night at the front: how one man, relieved temporarily from guard duty by his comrade of the next relief, lay down on a log to catch a brief nap, and dreaming that he was at home in his little bed, turned himself over and fell off the log into the water at its side; how another, whose imagination had been impressed by his surroundings, made the outpost hideous with his frog-like croaking or snoring; and so on in almost endless variety. I recall one private who had a genius for drawing, and whose imaginative, clever caricatures afforded much amusement <jg_55>in camp. He would represent this or that comrade with a frog-like face and the body and legs of a frog, standing in the deep

water, with knapsack high up on his back, his gun in one hand and a "johnny-cake" in the other--the title below it being Bill or Bob or Jake "on picket in the Chickahominy." A characteristic story is told of a mess that was formed, with the most remarkable regulations or by-laws. The men were to draw straws to ascertain who should be the cook. The bylaws further provided that the party thus designated should continue to cook for the mess until some one complained of his cooking, whereupon the man who made the first complaint should at once be initiated into the office and the former incumbent relieved. Of course, with this chance of escape before him, a cook had no great incentive to perfect himself in the culinary art. The first cook Was not long in forcing a complaint. Calling his mess to supper spread on an oil-cloth in the little tent, he confidently awaited the result. One after another tasted and quickly withdrew from the repast. One member, who was very hungry and outraged at the character of the food, asked: "Joe, what do you call this stuff, anyhow?"

"That? Why, that's pie," said Joe. "Well," replied the hungry member, "if you call that pie, all I've got to say is, it's the ---est pie that I ever tasted."

Then, suddenly remembering that the penalty for complaining was to take Joe's place, he quickly added, "But it's all right, Joe; I like it, but I am not hungry tonight." This afterthought came too late, however. The by-laws were inflexible, and Joe's supper had won his freedom. The poor complainant whose indignant stomach had slaughtered his prudence was quietly but promptly inducted into the position of chef for the mess.

Whatever rank may be assigned in history to the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, as the Union men <jg_56>call it, it was to my regiment one of the bloodiest of my war experience. Hurling, in the early morning, against the breastworks which protected that portion of McClellan's lines, my troops swept over and captured them, but at heavy cost. As I spurred my horse over the works with my men, my adjutant, who rode at my side, fell heavily with his horse down the embankment, and both were killed. Reforming my men under a galling fire, and ordering them forward in another charge upon the supporting lines, which fought with the most stubborn resistance, disputing every foot of ground, I soon found that Lieutenant-Colonel Willingham, as gallant a soldier as ever rode through fire and who was my helper on the right, had also been killed and his horse with him. Major Nesmith, whose towering form I could still see on the left, was riding abreast of the men and shouting in trumpet tones: "Forward, men, forward!" but a ball soon silenced his voice forever. Lieutenant-colonel, major, adjutant, with their horses, were all dead, and I was left alone on horseback, with my men dropping rapidly around me. My soldiers declared that they distinctly heard the command from the Union lines, "Shoot that man on horseback." In both armies it was thought that the surest way to demoralize troops was to shoot down the officers. Nearly or quite half the line officers of the twelve companies had by this time fallen, dead or wounded. General Rodes, the superb brigade-commander, had been disabled. Still I had marvellously escaped, with only my clothing pierced. As I rode up and down my line, encouraging the men forward, I passed my young brother, only nineteen years old, but captain of one of the companies. He was lying with a number of dead companions near him. He had been shot through the lungs and was bleeding profusely. I did not stop; I could not stop, nor would he permit me to stop. There was no time for that--no time for anything <jg_57>except to move on and fire on. At this time my own horse, the only one left, was killed. He could, however, have been of little service to me any longer, for in the edge of this flooded swamp heavy timber

had been felled, making an abatis quite impassable on horseback, and I should have been compelled to dismount. McClellan's men were slowly being pressed back into and through the Chickahominy swamp, which was filled with water; but at almost every step they were pouring terrific vol-lies into my lines. My regiment had been in some way separated from the brigade, and at this juncture seemed to reach the climax of extremities. My field officers and adjutant were all dead. Every horse ridden into the fight, my own among them, was dead. Fully one half of my line officers and half my men were dead or wounded. A furious fire still poured from the front, and reënforcements were nowhere in sight. The brigade-commander was disabled, and there was no horse or means at hand of communication with his headquarters or any other headquarters, except by one of my soldiers on foot, and the chances ten to one against his living to bear my message. In water from knee- to hip- deep, the men were fighting and falling, while a detail propped up the wounded against stumps or trees to prevent their drowning. Fresh troops in blue were moving to my right flank and pouring a raking fire down my line, and compelling me to change front with my companies there. In ordering Captain Bell, whom I had placed in command of that portion of my line, I directed that he should beat back that flanking force at any cost. This faithful officer took in at a glance the whole situation, and, with a courage that never was and never will be surpassed, he and his Spartan band fought until he and nearly all his men were killed; and the small remnant, less than one fifth of the number carried into the battle, were fighting still when the order came at last for me to withdraw. Even in the <jg_58>withdrawal there was no confusion, no precipitancy. Slowly moving back, carrying their wounded comrades with them, and firing as they moved, these shattered remnants of probably the largest regiment in the army took their place in line with the brigade.

The losses were appalling. All the field officers except myself had been killed. Of forty-four officers of the line, but thirteen were left for duty. Nearly two thirds of the entire command were killed or wounded. My young brother, Captain Augustus Gordon, who had been shot through the lungs, was carried back with the wounded. He recovered, and won rapid promotion by his high soldierly qualities, but fell at the head of his regiment in the Wilderness with his face to the front, a grape-shot having penetrated his breast at almost the same spot where he had been formerly struck.

The disabling of General Rodes left the brigade temporarily without a commander; but movement was succeeding movement and battle following battle so rapidly that some one had to be placed in command at once. This position fell to my lot. It was not only unexpected, but unwelcome and extremely embarrassing; for, of all the regimental commanders in the brigade, I was the junior in commission and far the youngest in years. My hesitation became known to my brother officers. With entire unanimity and a generosity rarely witnessed in any sphere of life, they did everything in their power to lessen my embarrassment and uphold my hands. No young man with grave responsibilities suddenly placed upon him ever had more constant or more efficient support than was given to me by these noble men.

I close this chapter by quoting a few sentences penned after the battle by Major John Sutherland Lewis in reference to the terrific strain upon Mrs. Gordon's sensibilities as she sat in sound of that battle's roar. Major Lewis was Mrs. Gordon's uncle, an elderly gentleman of <jg_59>rare accomplishments. As he was without a family of his own, and was devoted to his niece, he naturally watched over her with the tender solicitude of a

father, when it was possible for him to be near her during the war. He died in very old age some years after the close of hostilities, but he left behind him touching tributes to his cherished niece, with whose remarkable adventures he was familiar, and whose fortitude had amazed and thrilled him. I quote only a few sentences from his pen in this connection:

The battle in which Mrs. Gordon's husband was then engaged was raging near the city with great fury. The cannonade was rolling around the horizon like some vast earthquake on huge crashing wheels. Whether the threads of wedded sympathy were twisted more closely as the tremendous perils gathered around him, it was evident that her anxiety became more and more intense with each passing moment. She asked me to accompany her to a hill a short distance away. There she listened in silence. Pale and quiet, with clasped hands, she sat statue-like, with her face toward the field of battle. Her self-control was wonderful; only the quick-drawn sigh from the bottom of the heart revealed the depth of emotion that was struggling there. The news of her husband's safety afterward and the joy of meeting him later produced the inevitable reaction. The intensity of mental strain to which she had been subjected had overtaken her strength, and when the excessive tension was relaxed she was well-nigh prostrated; but a brief repose enabled her to bear up with a sublime fortitude through the protracted and trying experiences which followed the seven days' battles around Richmond.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter V--Presentiments And Fatalism Among Soldiers

<jg_60>

Wonderful instances of prophetic foresight--Colonel Lomax predicts his death--
The vision of a son dying two days before it happened--General Ramseur's
furlough--Colonel Augustus Gordon's calm announcement of his death--
Instances of misplaced fatalism--General D. H. Hill's indifference to danger.

AT the time of this battle I had brought to my immediate knowledge, for the first time, one of those strange presentiments or revelations, whatever they may be called, which so often came to soldiers of both armies. Colonel Tennant Lomax, of Alabama, was one of the leading citizens of that State. He was a man of recognized ability and the most exalted character. With a classic face and superb form, tall, erect, and commanding, he would have been selected among a thousand men as the ideal soldier. His very presence commanded respect and inspired confidence. None who knew him doubted his certain promotion to high command if his life were spared. The very embodiment of chivalry, he was among the first to respond to the call to arms, and, alas! he was among the earliest martyrs to the cause he so promptly espoused. As he rode into the storm of lead, he turned to me and said: "Give me your hand, Gordon, and let me bid you good-by. I am going to be killed in this battle. I shall be dead in half an hour." I endeavored to remove this impression from his mind, but nothing I could say changed or appeared to modify <jg_61>it in any degree. I was grieved to have him go into the fight with such a burden upon him, but there was no tremor in his voice, no hesitation in his words, no doubt on his mind. The genial smile that made his face so attractive was still upon it, but he insisted that he would be dead in half an hour, and that it was "all right." The half-hour had scarcely passed when the fatal bullet had numbered him with the dead.

Doubtless there were many of these presentiments which were misleading, but I am inclined to believe that those which were never realized were not such clear perceptions of coming fate as in this case. They were probably the natural and strong apprehensions which any man is liable to feel, indeed must feel if he is a reasonable being, as he goes into a consuming fire. There were many cases, however, which seemed veritable visions into futurity.

General J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield, Ohio, a prominent Union officer in the war between the States and Major-General of Volunteers in the recent war with Spain, gave me in a letter of January 18, 1898, an account of the accurate predictions made by two of his officers as to approaching death. The first case was that of Colonel Aaron W. Ebright, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio Regiment, who was killed at Opequan, Virginia, September 19, 1864. General Keifer encloses me his memorandum, written at some previous date:

Colonel Ebright had a premonition of his death. A few moments before 12 M. he sought me, and coolly told me he would be killed before the battle ended. He insisted upon telling me that he wanted his remains and effects sent to his home in Lancaster, Ohio, and I was asked to write his wife as to some property in the West which he feared she did not know about. He was impatient when I tried to remove the thought of imminent death from his mind. A few moments later the time for another advance came and the interview with Colonel Ebright closed. <jg_62>

In less than ten minutes, while he was riding near me, he fell dead from his horse, pierced in the breast by a rifle-ball. His apprehension of death was not prompted by fear. He had been through the

slaughters of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, had fought his regiment in the *dead-angle* of Spottsylvania, and led it at Monocacy. It is needless to say I complied with his request.

Another remarkable presentiment to which General Keifer has called my attention was that of Captain William A. Hathaway, who served on General Keifer's staff as assistant adjutant-general. At Monocacy, Maryland, July 9, 1864, where my division did the bulk of the fighting for the Confederates, Captain Hathaway assured his brother officers of the certainty of his early death. Turning a deaf ear to their efforts to drive the presentiment from his mind, he rode bravely into the storm, and fell at almost the first deadly volley.

Colonel Warren Akin was one of Georgia's leading lawyers before the war. He was a Whig and a Union man and opposed to secession, but followed his State when she left the Union. Although he was neither by profession nor practice a politician, his recognized ability, and the universal confidence of the people in his integrity as well as in his fidelity to every trust, caused his power to be felt in the State, and led a great political party to nominate him before the war as candidate for governor. Few men of his day were better known or more loved and respected. He was a Christian without cant, and his courage, while conspicuous, had in it none of the elements of wanton recklessness. He was a thoughtful, brave, and balanced man. In 1861 and 1863 he was Speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives. During the remainder of the war he was a member from Georgia of the Confederate House of Representatives, where he was an ardent and faithful champion of President Davis and his administration. <jg_63>

A revelation or soul-sight so strange and true came to him shortly before Lee's surrender that it seems necessary to accompany its insertion here by this hasty analysis of his exalted mental and moral characteristics. Just before day on the morning of February 8, 1865, while in Richmond, he had a vision--whether an actual dream or some inexplicable manifestation akin thereto he never knew. In this vision he saw his eldest son lying on his back at the foot of a chinaberry-tree on the sidewalk in front of the home he then occupied in Elberton, Georgia, his head in a pool of blood. He ran to him, found him not dead but speechless and unconscious, raised him up by his left hand, and the blood ran out of his right ear. With a start, Colonel Akin came to full consciousness, inexpressibly disturbed. He immediately decided to leave for home, telegraphic communication being cut off. But in a few minutes he received a cheerful letter from his wife, stating that all were well, and this reassured him. On the afternoon of the second day after, this son was thrown from a horse against this same chinaberry-tree, at the foot of which he lay, unconscious and speechless; and a neighbor, seeing him fall, ran up to him, grasped him by his left hand, and lifted him from the pool of blood which ran from his right ear. On the third day after the boy died, unconscious to the end. Colonel Akin knew nothing of his death until about three weeks later, no intelligence of the sad event reaching him sooner because of interrupted mails. Thus happened, two days after he foresaw it, a tragedy which from its nature was wholly unexpected, and which occurred in minutest detail exactly as Colonel Akin had seen it in his vision of the night.

Major-General Ramseur, of North Carolina, was an officer whose record was equalled by few in the Confederate army. He had won his major-general's stars and wreath by his notable efficiency on the march and in the <jg_64>camp, as well as in battle. Of the men of high rank in the army with whom I was intimately associated, none were further removed from superstition or vain and unreal fancies. He had been married since the war began, and there had been born to him, at his home in North Carolina, a son whom he had

never seen. On the night preceding the great battle of Cedar Creek, the corps which I commanded, and in which he commanded a division, was filing slowly and cautiously in the darkness along the dim and almost impassable trail around the point, and just over the dangerous precipices of Mas-sanatten Mountain. General Ramseur and I sat on the bluff overlooking the field on which he was soon to lay down his life. He talked most tenderly and beautifully of his wife and baby boy, whom he so longed to see. Finally, a little before dawn, the last soldier of the last division had passed the narrow defile, and the hour for the advance upon the Union forces had arrived. As General Ramseur was ready to ride into battle at the head of his splendid division, he said to me, "Well, general, I shall get my furlough to-day." I did not know what he meant. I did not ask what he meant. It was not a time for questions. But speedily the message came, and his furlough was granted. It came not by mail or wire from the War Department at Richmond, but from the blue lines in his front, flying on the bullet's wing. The chivalric soldier, the noble-hearted gentleman, the loving husband, had been furloughed--forever furloughed from earth's battles and cares.

My younger brother, Augustus Gordon, captain and later lieutenant-colonel, furnished another illustration of this remarkable foresight of approaching death. Brave and lovable, a modest though brilliant young soldier, he was rapidly winning his way to distinction. A youth of scarcely twenty-one years, he was in command of the Sixth Regiment of Alabama. Before going into the fight <jg_65>in the Wilderness, he quietly said: "My hour has come." I joked and chided him. I told him that he must not permit such impressions to affect or take hold upon his imagination. He quickly and firmly replied: "You need not doubt me. I will be at my post. But this is our last meeting." Riding at the head of his regiment, with his sword above him, the fire of battle in his eye and words of cheer for his men on his lips, the fatal grape-shot plunged through his manly heart, and the noble youth slept his last sleep in that woful Wilderness.

It would require a volume simply to record without comment the hundreds of such presentiments in both the Union and Confederate armies during the war. The few here noted will suffice, however, to raise the inquiry as to what they meant. Who shall furnish a satisfactory solution? What were these wonderful presentiments? They were not the outpourings of a disordered brain. They came from minds thoroughly balanced, clear and strong--minds which worked with the precision of perfect machinery, even amid the excitement and fury of battle. They were not the promptings of an unmanly fear of danger or apprehension of death; for no men ever faced both danger and death with more absolute self-poise, sublimer courage, or profounder consecration. Nor were these presentiments mere speculations as to chances. They were perceptions. There was about them no element of speculation. Their conspicuous characteristic was certainty. The knowledge seemed so firmly fixed that no argument as to possible mistake, no persuasion, could shake it. Where did that knowledge come from? It seems to me there can be but one answer, and that answer is another argument for immortality. It was the whispering of the Infinite beyond us to the Infinite within us--a whispering inaudible to the natural ear, but louder than the roar of battle to the spirit that heard it. <jg_66>

There was another class of soldiers who had a sort of blind faith in their own invulnerability; but it differed wholly, radically, from the presentiments which I am considering. Several of these cases came also under my immediate observation. In one case, this blind faith, as I term it, was the result of long army experience of the man

whose remarkable escape from wounds in several wars had left upon his mind its natural effect. In another case it was a highly developed belief in the doctrine of predestination, which gave great comfort to its possessor, adding to the courage that was inherent in him another element which rendered him indifferent, apparently, to exposure to fire or protection from it.

The first illustration was that of a soldier under my command--Vickers of the Sixth Alabama Regiment. There was no better soldier in either army than Vickers. He had passed unscathed through two previous wars, in Mexico, I believe, and in Nicaragua. He was in every battle with his regiment in our Civil War until his death, and always at the front. The greater the danger, the higher his spirits seemed to soar. The time came, however, when his luck, or fate, in whose fickle favor he so implicitly trusted, deserted him. At Antietam-- Sharpsburg--I called for some one who was willing to take the desperate chances of carrying a message from me to the commander on my right. Vickers promptly volunteered, with some characteristic remark which indicated his conviction that he was not born to be killed in battle. There was a cross-fire from two directions through which he had to pass and of which he had been advised; but he bounded away with the message almost joyously. He had not gone many steps from my side when a ball through his head, the first and last that ever struck him, had placed this brave soldier beyond the possibility of realizing, in this world at least, the treachery of that fate on which he depended. <jg_67>

The other case was that of Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, and the particular occasion which I select, and which aptly illustrates his remarkable faith, was the battle of Malvern Hill. At that time he was major-gen-eral of the division in which I commanded Rodes's brigade. He was my friend. The personal and official relations between us, considering the disparity in our ages, were most cordial and even intimate. He was closely allied to Stonewall Jackson, and in many respects his counterpart. His brilliant career as a soldier is so well known that any historical account of it, in such a book as I am writing, would be wholly unnecessary. I introduce him here as a most conspicuous illustration of a faith in Providence which, in its steadiness and strength and in its sustaining influence under great peril, certainly touched the margin of the sublime. At Malvern Hill, where General McClellan made his superb and last stand against General Lee's forces, General Hill took his seat at the root of a large tree and began to write his orders. At this point McClellan's batteries from the crest of a high ridge, and his gunboats from the James River, were ploughing up the ground in every direction around us. The long shells from the gunboats, which our men called "McClellan's gate-posts," and the solid shot from his heavy guns on land, were knocking the Confederate batteries to pieces almost as fast as they could be placed in position. The Confederate artillerists fell so rapidly that I was compelled to detail untrained infantry to take their places. And yet there sat that intrepid officer, General D. H. Hill, in the midst of it all, coolly writing his orders. He did not place the large tree between himself and the destructive batteries, but sat facing them. I urged him to get on the other side of the tree and avoid such needless and reckless exposure. He replied, "Don't worry about me; look after the men. I am not going to be killed until my time comes." He had <jg_68>scarcely uttered these words when a shell exploded in our immediate presence, severely shocking me for the moment, a portion of it tearing through the breast of his coat and rolling him over in the newly ploughed ground. This seemed to convert him to a more rational faith; for he rose from the ground, and, shaking the dirt

from his uniform, quietly took his seat on the other side of the tree.

As for myself, I was never in a battle without realizing that every moment might be my last; but I never had a presentiment of certain death at a given time or in a particular battle. There did come to me, on one occasion, a feeling that was akin to a presentiment. It was, however, the result of no supposed perception of certain coming fate, but an unbidden, unwelcome calculation of chances--suggested by the peculiar circumstances in which I found myself at the time. It was at Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia. My command was lying almost in the shadow of a frowning fortress in front, in which General Milroy, of the Union army, was strongly intrenched with forces which we had been fighting during the afternoon. In the dim twilight, with the glimmer of his bayonets and brass howitzers still discernible, I received an order to storm the fortress at daylight the next morning. To say that I was astounded at the order would feebly express the sensation which its reading produced; for on either side of the fort was an open country, miles in width, through which Confederate troops could easily pass around and to the rear of the fort, cutting off General Milroy from the base of his supplies, and thus forcing him to retire and meet us in the open field. There was nothing for me to do, however, but to obey the order. As in the night I planned the assault and thought of the dreadful slaughter that awaited my men, there came to me, as I have stated, a calculation as to chances, which resulted in the conclusion that I <jg_69>had not one chance in a thousand to live through it. The weary hours of the night had nearly passed, and by the dim light of my bivouac fire I wrote, with pencil, what I supposed was my last letter to Mrs. Gordon, who, as usual, was near me. I summoned my quartermaster, whose duties did not call him into the fight, and gave him the letter, with directions to deliver it to Mrs. Gordon after I was dead. Mounting my horse, my men now ready, I spoke to them briefly and encouraged them to go with me into the fort. Before the dawn we were moving, and soon ascending the long slope. At every moment I expected the storm of shell and ball that would end many a life, my own among them; but on we swept, and into the fort, to find not a soldier there! It had been evacuated during the night.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter VI--Battle Of Malvern Hill

<jg_70>

Continuous fighting between McClellan's and Lee's armies--Hurried burial of the dead--How "Stonewall" Jackson got his name--The secret of his wonderful power--The predicament of my command at Malvern Hill--A fruitless wait for reënforcements--Character the basis of true courage--Anecdote of General Polk.

AFTER the bloody encounter at Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, the dead of both armies were gathered, under a flag of truce, for burial. An inspection of the field revealed a scene sickening and shocking to those whose sensibilities were not yet blunted by almost constant contact with such sights. It would not require a very vivid imagination to write of Chickahominy's flooded swamps as "incarnadined waters," in which floated side by side the dead bodies clad in blue and in gray. All over the field near the swamp were scattered in indiscriminate confusion the motionless forms and ghastly faces of fellow-countrymen who had fallen bravely fighting each other in a battle for principles--enemies the day before, but brothers then in the cold embrace of an honorable death. Dying at each other's hands in support of profoundly cherished convictions, their released spirits had ascended together on the battle's flame to receive the reward of the unerring tribunal of last appeal.

The fighting between the armies of McClellan and Lee was so nearly continuous, and engagement succeeded engagement so rapidly, that at some points the killed <jg_71>were hurriedly and imperfectly buried. I myself had a most disagreeable reminder of this fact. The losses in Rodes's brigade, which I was then commanding, had been so heavy that it was held with other troops as a reserved corps. Our experiences, however, on the particular day of which I now speak had been most trying, and after nightfall I was directed to move to a portion of the field where the fighting had been desperate on the preceding day, and to halt for the night in a woodland. Overcome with excessive fatigue, as soon as the designated point was reached I delivered my horse to a courier and dropped down on the ground for a much-needed rest. In a few moments I was sound asleep. A slightly elevated mound of earth served for a pillow. Frequently during the night I attempted to brush away from my head what I thought in my slumber was a twig or limb of the underbrush in which I was lying. My horror can be imagined when I discovered, the next morning, that it was the hand of a dead soldier sticking out above the shallow grave which had been my pillow and in which he had been only partly covered.

Up to this period my association with General Jackson (Stonewall) had not been sufficiently close for me clearly to comprehend the secret of his wonderful success, but I learned it a few days later at Malvern Hill. The sobriquet "Stonewall" was applied to him during the first great engagement of the war at Manassas, or Bull Run. His brigade was making a superb stand against General McDowell's column, which had been thrown with such momentum upon the Southern flank as to threaten the destruction of the whole army. General Bee, of South Carolina, whose blood was almost the earliest sprinkled on the Southern altar, determined to lead his own brigade to another charge, and looking across the field, he saw Jackson's men firmly, stubbornly resisting the Federal advance. General Bee, in order to <jg_72>kindle in the breasts of his men the ardor that glowed in his own, pointed to Jackson's line and exclaimed: "See, there stands Jackson like a stone wall !"

Bee himself fell in the charge, but he had christened Jackson and his brigade by attaching to them a peculiar and distinctive name which will live while the history of our Civil War lives.

I have said that at Malvern Hill I learned the secret of Jackson's wonderful power and success as a soldier. It was due not only to his keen and quick perception of the situation in which he found himself at each moment in the rapidly changing scenes as the battle progressed or before it began, but notably to an implicit faith in his own judgment when once made up. He would formulate that judgment., risk his last man upon its correctness, and deliver the stunning blow, while others less gifted were hesitating and debating as to its wisdom and safety. Whatever this peculiar power may be called, this mental or moral gift, whether inspiration or intuition, it was in him a profound conviction that he was not mistaken, that the result would demonstrate that the means he employed must necessarily attain the end which he thought to accomplish. The incident to which I refer was trivial in itself, but it threw a flood of light upon his marvellous endowment. I sat on my horse, facing him and receiving instructions from him, when Major-General Whiting, himself an officer of high capacity, rode up in great haste and interrupted Jackson as he was giving to me a message to General Hill. With some agitation, Whiting said: "General Jackson, I find, sir, that I cannot accomplish what you have directed unless you send me some additional infantry and another battery"; and he then proceeded to give the reasons why the order could not be executed with the forces at his disposal. All this time, while Whiting explained and argued, Jackson sat on his horse like a stone <jg_73>statue. He looked neither to the right nor the left. He made no comment and asked no questions; but when Whiting had finished, Jackson turned his flashing eyes upon him and used these words, and only these: "I have told you what I wanted done, General Whiting"; and planting his spurs in his horse's sides, he dashed away at a furious speed to another part of the field. Whiting gazed at Jackson's disappearing figure in amazement, if not in anger, and then rode back to his command. The result indicated the accuracy of Jackson's judgment and the infallibility of his genius, for Whiting did accomplish precisely what Jackson intended, and he did it with the force which Jackson had placed in his hands.

Returning, after my interview with Jackson, to my position on the extreme right, I found General Hill in a fever of impatience for the advance upon McClellan's troops, who were massed, with their batteries, on the heights in our front. The hour for the general assault which was to be made in the afternoon by the whole Confederate army had come and passed. There had been, however, the delays usual in all such concerted movements. Some of the divisions had not arrived upon the field; others, from presumably unavoidable causes, had not taken their places in line: and the few remaining hours of daylight were passing. Finally a characteristic Confederate yell was heard far down the line. It was supposed to be the beginning of the proposed general assault. General Hill ordered me to lead the movement on the right, stating that he would hurry in the supports to take their places on both my flanks and in rear of my brigade. I made the advance, but the supports did not come. Indeed, with the exception of one other brigade, which was knocked to pieces in a few minutes, no troops came in view. Isolated from the rest of the army and alone, my brigade moved across this shell-ploughed plain toward the heights, which were perhaps <jg_74>more than half a mile away. Within fifteen or twenty minutes the centre regiment (Third Alabama), with which I moved, had left more than half of its number dead and wounded along its track, and the other regiments had suffered almost as

severely. One shell had killed six or seven men in my immediate presence. My pistol, on one side, had the handle torn off; my canteen, on the other, was pierced, emptying its contents--water merely--on my trousers; and my coat was ruined by having a portion of the front torn away: but, with the exception of this damage, I was still unhurt. At the foot of the last steep ascent, near the batteries, I found that McClellan's guns were firing over us, and as any further advance by this unsupported brigade would have been not only futile but foolhardy, I halted my men and ordered them to lie down and fire upon McClellan's standing lines of infantry. I stood upon slightly elevated ground in order to watch for the reinforcements, or for any advance from the heights upon my command. In vain I looked behind us for the promised support. Anxiously I looked forward, fearing an assault upon my exposed position. No reinforcements came until it was too late. As a retreat in daylight promised to be almost or quite as deadly as had been the charge, my desire for the relief which nothing but darkness could now bring can well be imagined. In this state of extreme anxiety a darkness which was unexpected and terrible came to me alone. A great shell fell, buried itself in the ground, and exploded near where I stood. It heaved the dirt over me, filling my face and ears and eyes with sand. I was literally blinded. Not an inch before my face could I see; but I could think, and thoughts never ran more swiftly through a perplexed mortal brain. Blind! Blind in battle! Was this to be permanent! Suppose reinforcements now came, what was I to do? Suppose there should be an assault upon my command from the front ? <jg_75>Such were the unspoken but agonizing questions which throbbed in my brain with terrible swiftness and intensity. The blindness, however, was of short duration. The delicate and perfect machinery of the eye soon did its work. At last came, also, the darkness for which I longed, and under its thick veil this splendid brigade was safely withdrawn.

Large bodies of troops had been sent forward, or rather led forward, by that intrepid commander, General Hill; but the unavoidable delay in reaching the locality, and other intervening difficulties, prevented them from ever reaching the advanced position from which my men withdrew. In the hurry and bustle of trying to get them forward, coming as they did from different directions, there was necessarily much confusion, and they were subjected to the same destructive fire through which my troops had previously passed. In the darkness, even after the firing had ceased, there occurred, in the confusion, among these mixed up bodies of men, many amusing mistakes as to identity, and some altercations between officers which were not so amusing and not altogether complimentary. One of my men ran to me and asked, "*Did you hear----say to-----that he and his men,*" etc.--I forbear to quote the remaining part of the question. I replied that I had not heard it, but if it had occurred as reported to me we would probably hear of it again--and we did. Early the next morning a challenge was sent, but the officer who had given the offence was in a playful mood when the challenge reached him; so, instead of accepting it, or answering it in the formal style required by the duelling code, he replied in about these words:

MY DEAR----: I did not volunteer to fight you or any other Confederate, but if you and your men will do better in the next battle I will take back all I said to you last night. In the meantime, I am, Very truly yours, ----- <jg_76>

These officers are both dead now, and I give this incomplete account of the incident to show how easy it was to get up a fight along in the sixties, if one were so disposed, either in a general mêlée with the blue-coated lines, or single-handed with a gray-clad comrade.

I believe it was in this battle that was first perpetrated that rustic witticism which afterward became so famous in the army. Through one of the wide gaps made in the Confederate lines by McClellan's big guns as they sent their death-dealing missiles from hill and river, there ran a panic-stricken rabbit, flying in terror to the rear. A stalwart mountaineer noticed the speed and the direction which the rabbit took to escape from his disagreeable surroundings. He was impressed by the rabbit's prudence, and shouted, so that his voice was heard above the din of the battle: "Go it, Molly Cottontail! I wish I could go with you !" One of his comrades near by caught up the refrain, and answered: "Yes, and, 'y golly, *Jim*, I'd go with Molly, too, if it wasn't for my character."

"Character." What a centre shot this rough soldier had fired in that short sentence! He had analyzed unconsciously but completely the loftiest type of courage. He felt like flying to the rear, as "Molly" was flying, but his character carried him forward. His sense of the awful dangers, the ominous hissing of the deadly Minié balls, and the whizzing of the whirling shells tearing through the ranks and scattering the severed limbs of his falling comrades around him, all conspired to bid him fly to the rear; but his character, that noblest of human endowments, commanded, "Forward !" and forward he went.

In this connection I am reminded of the commonplace but important truth that the aggregate character of a people of any country depends upon the personal character of its individual citizens; and that the stability of <jg_77>popular government depends far more upon the character, the individual personal character of its people, than it does upon any constitution that could be adopted or statutes that could be enacted. What would safeguards be worth if the character of the people did not sustain and enforce them? The constitution would be broken, the laws defied; riot and anarchy would destroy both, and with them the government itself. I am not assuming or suggesting that this country is in any present danger of such an experience; but of all the countries on earth this one, with its universal suffrage, its divergent and conflicting interests, its immense expanse of territory, and its large population, made up from every class and clime, and still to be increased in the coming years, is far more dependent than any other upon the character of its people. It is a great support to our hope for the future and to our confidence in the stability of this government to recall now and then some illustration of the combination of virtues which make up character, as they gleam with peculiar lustre through the darkest hours of our Civil War period. That war not only gave the occasion for its exhibition, but furnished the food upon which character fed and grew strong. There were many thousands of men in both armies who did not say in words, but said by deeds, that "character" would not let them consult their fears or obey the impulse of their heels. I could fill this book with such cases, and yet confine myself to either one of the armies.

I received the particulars of another incident illustrating this truth from a Union officer who was present when the desperate and successful effort was made to hold the little fort at Altoona, Georgia, against the assault by the Confederates. They had surrounded it and demanded its surrender. The demand was refused, whereupon an awful and consuming fire was opened upon the small force locked up in the little fortress. <jg_78>

Steadily and rapidly the men fell in the fort. No place could be found within its dirt walls where even the wounded could be laid, so as to protect them from the galling Confederate fire; but still they fought and refused to surrender. Finally, in utter despair, some one proposed to raise the white flag. Instantly there rang around the fort a chorus of indignant protest: "Who says surrender? Shoot the man who proposes it !" In the face of

the fact that at every moment the men were dying, and that apparently certain destruction awaited all, what was it that inspired that protest against surrender? There is but one answer. It was character. Those men had been ordered there to hold that fort. A grave responsibility had been imposed; a trust of most serious nature had been committed to them; and although their commander had been shot down, all the officers killed or wounded, and the ammunition nearly exhausted, yet their manhood, their fidelity, their character bade them fight on. They had no "Molly," with its white cotton-tail, bidding them fly to the rear, but they did have the suggestion of the white flag. Around them, as around the high-spirited Confederate at Malvern Hill, the storm of death in wildest fury was raging; and in both cases, as in ten thousand other cases, they turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of personal danger. The answer to such suggestions, though differing in phraseology, was the same in both cases--character.

While the heroic men at Altoona were rapidly falling but still fighting, with chances of successful resistance diminishing as each dreadful moment passed, the signal-flag from a spur of Kennesaw Mountain sent them that famous message from General Sherman: "Hold the fort. I am coming."

During a visit to northern Pennsylvania, in recent years, an officer of that signal corps stated incidentally that they had succeeded in interpreting the Confederate <jg_79>signals, and that while General Johnston's army was at Kennesaw this Union corps caught the signal message announcing that Lieutenant-General Polk had just been killed, and that the fact was announced in the Northern papers as soon, or perhaps before, it was announced to the Southern troops. It is probable that the signal corps of the Southern armies were at times able to interpret the signals of the other side. In one way or another, the high secrets of the two sides generally leaked out and became the property of the opponents by right of capture.

The reference to General's Polk's death recalls an anecdote told of him in the army, which aptly illustrates the great enthusiasm with which he fought, and which he never failed to impart to his splendid corps. General Leonidas Polk was a prince among men and an officer of marked ability. He was a bishop of the Episcopal Church. His character was beautiful in its simplicity and its strength. He was an ardent admirer of General Cheatham, who was one of the most furious fighters of Johnston's army. Cheatham, when the furor of battle was on him, was in the habit of using four monosyllables which were more expressive than polished, but in his case they expressed with tremendous emphasis the "*gloria certaminis*." These four monosyllables, which became notable in the army as "Cheatham's expression," were: "Give 'em hell, boys !" General Polk, as I have said, was an ardent admirer of General Cheatham as a soldier, and on one occasion, as the bishop-general rode along his lines, when they were charging the works in front, and as the rebel yell rang out his natural enthusiasm carried him, for the moment, off his balance. In the exhilaration of the charge the bishop was lost in the soldier, and he shouted: "Give it to 'em, boys ! Give 'em what General Cheatham says!"

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter VII--Antietam

<jg_80>

Restoration of McClellan to command of the Federals--My command at General Lee's centre--Remarkable series of bayonet charges by the Union troops--How the centre was held--Bravery of the Union commander--A long struggle for life.

THE war had now assumed proportions altogether vaster than had been anticipated by either the North or the South. No man at the North, perhaps no man on either side, had at its beginning a clearer perception of the probable magnitude of the struggle than General W. T. Sherman. Although he was regarded even then by his people as an officer of unusual promise, and a typical representative of the courage and constancy of the stalwart sons of the great West, yet he called upon himself and his prophecy the criticism of those whose views did not accord with his predictions. However uncomfortable these criticisms may have been to his friends, they did not seem to disturb his equanimity or force him to modify his opinion that it would require a vastly larger army than was generally supposed necessary to penetrate the heart of the South. He seemed to have, at that early period, a well-defined idea of the desperate resistance to be made by the Southern people. Possibly this ability to look into the future may have been in some measure due to a superior knowledge of the characteristics of the Southern people acquired during his former residence among them; but whatever the <jg_81>source of his information, General Sherman lived to see the correctness of his opinions abundantly verified. Some years after the war, when General Sherman visited Atlanta, the brilliant and witty Henry W. Grady, in a speech made to him on his arrival, playfully referred to the former visit of the general, and to the condition in which that visit had left the city. Grady said: "And they do say, general, that you are a little careless about fire." General Sherman must have felt compensated for any allusions to the marks he had left when "marching through Georgia" by the courtesies shown him while in Atlanta, as well as by the people's appreciation of the remarkably generous terms offered by him to General Johnston's army at the surrender in North Carolina. Those terms were rejected in Washington because of their liberality.

Like two mighty giants preparing for a test of strength, the Union and Confederate armies now arrayed themselves for still bloodier encounters. In this encounter the one went down, and in that the other; but each rose from its fall, if not with renewed strength, at least with increased resolve. In the Southwest, as well as in Virginia, the blows between the mighty contestants came fast and hard. Both were in the field for two and a half years more of the most herculean struggle the world has ever witnessed.

At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as the Confederates call it, on the soil of Maryland, occurred one of the most desperate though indecisive battles of modern times. The Union forces numbered about 60,000, the Confederates about 35,000. This battle left its lasting impress upon my body as well as upon my memory.

General George B. McClellan, after his displacement, had been again assigned to the command of the Union forces. The restoration of this brilliant soldier seemed to have imparted new life to that army. Vigorously <jg_82>following up the success achieved at South Mountain, McClellan, on the 16th day of September, 1862, marshalled his veteran legions on the eastern hills bordering the Antietam. On the opposite slopes, near the

picturesque village of Sharpsburg, stood the embattled lines of Lee. As these vast American armies, the one clad in blue and the other in gray, stood contemplating each other from the adjacent hills, flaunting their defiant banners, they presented an array of martial splendor that was not equalled, perhaps, on any other field. It was in marked contrast with other battle-grounds. On the open plain, where stood these hostile hosts in long lines, listening in silence for the signal summoning them to battle, there were no breastworks, no abatis, no intervening woodlands, nor abrupt hills, nor hiding-places, nor impassable streams. The space over which the assaulting columns were to march, and on which was soon to occur the tremendous struggle, consisted of smooth and gentle undulations and a narrow valley covered with green grass and growing corn. From the position assigned me near the centre of Lee's lines, both armies and the entire field were in view. The scene was not only magnificent to look upon, but the realization of what it meant was deeply impressive. Even in times of peace our sensibilities are stirred by the sight of a great army passing in review. How infinitely more thrilling in the dread moments before the battle to look upon two mighty armies upon the same plain, "beneath spread ensigns and bristling bayonets," waiting for the impending crash and sickening carnage !

Behind McClellan's army the country was open and traversed by broad macadamized roads leading to Washington and Baltimore. The defeat, therefore, or even the total rout of Union forces, meant not necessarily the destruction of that army, but, more probably, its temporary disorganization and rapid retreat through a country <jg_83>abounding in supplies, and toward cities rich in men and means. Behind Lee's Confederates, on the other hand, was the Potomac River, too deep to be forded by his infantry, except at certain points. Defeat and total rout of his army meant, therefore, not only its temporary disorganization, but its possible destruction. And yet that bold leader did not hesitate to give battle. Such was his confidence in the steadfast courage and oft-tested prowess of his troops that he threw his lines across McClellan's front with their backs against the river. Doubtless General Lee would have preferred, as all prudent commanders would, to have the river in his front instead of his rear; but he wisely, as the sequel proved, elected to order Jackson from Harper's Ferry, and, with his entire army, to meet McClellan on the eastern shore rather than risk the chances of having the Union commander assail him while engaged in crossing the Potomac.

On the elevated points beyond the narrow valley the Union batteries were rolled into position, and the Confederate heavy guns unlimbered to answer them. For one or more seconds, and before the first sounds reached us, we saw the great volumes of white smoke rolling from the mouths of McClellan's artillery. The next second brought the roar of the heavy discharges and the loud explosions of hostile shells in the midst of our lines, inaugurating the great battle. The Confederate batteries promptly responded; and while the artillery of both armies thundered, McClellan's compact columns of infantry fell upon the left of Lee's lines with the crushing weight of a land-slide. The Confederate battle line was too weak to withstand the momentum of such a charge. Pressed back, but neither hopelessly broken nor dismayed, the Southern troops, enthused by Lee's presence, reformed their lines, and, with a shout as piercing as the blast of a thousand bugles, rushed in counter-charge upon the exulting Federals, hurled them back in confusion, <jg_84>and recovered all the ground that had been lost. Again and again, hour after hour, by charges and counter-charges, this portion of the field was lost and recovered, until the

green corn that grew upon it looked as if it had been struck by a storm of bloody hail.

Up to this hour not a shot had been fired in my front. There was an ominous lull on the left. From sheer exhaustion, both sides, like battered and bleeding athletes, seemed willing to rest. General Lee took advantage of the respite and rode along his lines on the right and centre. He was accompanied by Division Commander General D. H. Hill. With that wonderful power which he possessed of divining the plans and purposes of his antagonist, General Lee had decided that the Union commander's next heavy blow would fall upon our centre, and those of us who held that important position were notified of this conclusion. We were cautioned to be prepared for a determined assault and urged to hold that centre at any sacrifice, as a break at that point would endanger his entire army. My troops held the most advanced position on this part of the field, and there was no supporting line behind us. It was evident, therefore, that my small force was to receive the first impact of the expected charge and to be subjected to the deadliest fire. To comfort General Lee and General Hill, and especially to make, if possible, my men still more resolute of purpose, I called aloud to these officers as they rode away: "*These men are going to stay here, General, till the sun goes down or victory is won.*" Alas! many of the brave fellows are there now.

General Lee had scarcely reached his left before the predicted assault came. The day was clear and beautiful, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. The men in blue filed down the opposite slope, crossed the little stream (Antietam), and formed in my front, an assaulting column four lines deep. The front line came to a "charge <jg_85>bayonets," the other lines to a "right shoulder shift." The brave Union commander, superbly mounted, placed himself in front, while his band in rear cheered them with martial music. It was a thrilling spectacle. The entire force, I concluded, was composed of fresh troops from Washington or some camp of instruction. So far as I could see, every soldier wore white gaiters around his ankles. The banners above them had apparently never been discolored by the smoke and dust of battle. Their gleaming bayonets flashed like burnished silver in the sunlight. With the precision of step and perfect alignment of a holiday parade, this magnificent array moved to the charge, every step keeping time to the tap of the deep-sounding drum. As we stood looking upon that brilliant pageant, I thought, if I did not say, "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty!" But there was nothing else to do. Mars is not an aesthetic god; and he was directing every part of this game in which giants were the contestants. On every preceding field where I had been engaged it had been my fortune to lead or direct charges, and not to receive them; or else to move as the tides of battle swayed in the one direction or the other. Now my duty was to move neither to the front nor to the rear, but to stand fast, holding that centre under whatever pressure and against any odds.

Every act and movement of the Union commander in my front clearly indicated his purpose to discard bullets and depend upon bayonets. He essayed to break through Lee's centre by the crushing weight and momentum of his solid column. It was my business to prevent this; and how to do it with my single line was the tremendous problem which had to be solved, and solved quickly; for the column was coming. As I saw this solid mass of men moving upon me with determined step and front of steel, every conceivable plan of meeting <jg_86>and repelling it was rapidly considered. To oppose man against man and strength against strength was impossible; for there were four lines of blue to my one of gray. My first impulse was to open fire upon the compact mass as soon as it came within

reach of my rifles, and to pour into its front an incessant hail-storm of bullets during its entire advance across the broad, open plain; but after a moment's reflection that plan was also discarded. It was rejected because, during the few minutes required for the column to reach my line, I could not hope to kill and disable a sufficient number of the enemy to reduce his strength to an equality with mine. The only remaining plan was one which I had never tried but in the efficacy of which I had the utmost faith. It was to hold my fire until the advancing Federals were almost upon my lines, and then turn loose a sheet of flame and lead into their faces. I did not believe that any troops on earth, with empty guns in their hands, could withstand so sudden a shock and withering a fire. The programme was fixed in my own mind, all horses were sent to the rear, and my men were at once directed to lie down upon the grass and clover. They were quickly made to understand, through my aides and line officers, that the Federals were coming upon them with unloaded guns; that not a shot would be fired at them, and that not one of our rifles was to be discharged until my voice should be heard from the centre commanding "Fire!" They were carefully instructed in the details. They were notified that I would stand at the centre, watching the advance, while they were lying upon their breasts with rifles pressed to their shoulders, and that they were not to expect my order to fire until the Federals were so close upon us that every Confederate bullet would take effect.

There was no artillery at this point upon either side, and not a rifle was discharged. The stillness was literally <jg_87>oppressive, as in close order, with the commander still riding in front, this column of Union infantry moved majestically in the charge. In a few minutes they were within easy range of our rifles, and some of my impatient men asked permission to fire. "Not yet," I replied. "Wait for the order." Soon they were so close that we might have seen the eagles on their buttons; but my brave and eager boys still waited for the order. Now the front rank was within a few rods of where I stood. It would not do to wait another second, and with all my lung power I shouted " Fire !"

My rifles flamed and roared in the Federals' faces like a blinding blaze of lightning accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. The effect was appalling. The entire front line, with few exceptions, went down in the consuming blast. The gallant commander and his horse fell in a heap near where I stood--the horse dead, the rider unhurt. Before his rear lines could recover from the terrific shock, my exultant men were on their feet, devouring them with successive volleys. Even then these stubborn blue lines retreated in fairly good order. My front had been cleared; Lee's centre had been saved; and yet not a drop of blood had been lost by my men. The result, however, of this first effort to penetrate the Confederate centre did not satisfy the intrepid Union commander. Beyond the range of my rifles he reformed his men into three lines, and on foot led them to the second charge, still with unloaded guns. This advance was also repulsed; but again and again did he advance in four successive charges in the fruitless effort to break through my lines with the bayonets. Finally his troops were ordered to load. He drew up in close rank and easy range, and opened a galling fire upon my line.

I must turn aside from my story at this point to express my regret that I have never been able to ascertain the name of this lion-hearted Union officer. His indomitable <jg_88>will and great courage have been equalled on other fields and in both armies; but I do not believe they have ever been surpassed. Just before I fell and was borne unconscious from the field, I saw this undaunted commander attempting to lead his men in another charge.

The fire from these hostile American lines at close quarters now became furious and

deadly. The list of the slain was lengthened with each passing moment. I was not at the front when, near nightfall, the awful carnage ceased; but one of my officers long afterward assured me that he could have walked on the dead bodies of my men from one end of the line to the other. This, perhaps, was not literally true; but the statement did not greatly exaggerate the shocking slaughter. Before I was wholly disabled and carried to the rear, I walked along my line and found an old man and his son lying side by side. The son was dead, the father mortally wounded. The gray-haired hero called me and said: "Here we are. My boy is dead, and I shall go soon; but it is all right." Of such were the early volunteers.

My extraordinary escapes from wounds in all the previous battles had made a deep impression upon my comrades as well as upon my own mind. So many had fallen at my side, so often had balls and shells pierced and torn my clothing, grazing my body without drawing a drop of blood, that a sort of blind faith possessed my men that I was not to be killed in battle. This belief was evidenced by their constantly repeated expressions: "They can't hurt him." "He's as safe one place as another." "He's got a charmed life."

If I had allowed these expressions of my men to have any effect upon my mind the impression was quickly dissipated when the Sharpsburg storm came and the whizzing Miniés, one after another, began to pierce my body. <jg_89>

The first volley from the Union lines in my front sent a ball through the brain of the chivalric Colonel Tew, of North Carolina, to whom I was talking, and another ball through the calf of my right leg. On the right and the left my men were falling under the death-dealing crossfire like trees in a hurricane. The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses, seemed now determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even. Both sides stood in the open at short range and without the semblance of breastworks, and the firing was doing a deadly work. Higher up in the same leg I was again shot; but still no bone was broken. I was able to walk along the line and give encouragement to my resolute riflemen, who were firing with the coolness and steadiness of peace soldiers in target practice. When later in the day the third ball pierced my left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh, they caught sight of the blood running down my fingers, and these devoted and big-hearted men, while still loading their guns, pleaded with me to leave them and go to the rear, pledging me that they would stay there and fight to the last. I could not consent to leave them in such a crisis. The surgeons were all busy at the field-hospitals in the rear, and there was no way, therefore, of stanching the blood, but I had a vigorous constitution, and this was doing me good service.

A fourth ball ripped through my shoulder, leaving its base and a wad of clothing in its track. I could still stand and walk, although the shocks and loss of blood had left but little of my normal strength. I remembered the pledge to the commander that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. I thought I saw some wavering in my line, near the extreme right, and Private Vickers, of Alabama, volunteered <jg_90>to carry any orders I might wish to send. I directed him to go quickly and remind the men of the pledge to General Lee, and to say to them that I was still on the field and intended to stay there. He bounded away like an Olympic racer; but he had gone less than fifty yards when he fell, instantly killed by a ball through his head. I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot

down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood running into my cap from this last wound but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle, shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out.

I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered. My faithful surgeon, Dr. Weatherly, who was my devoted friend, was at my side, with his fingers on my pulse. As I revived, his face was so expressive of distress that I asked him: "What do you think of my case, Weatherly?" He made a manly effort to say that he was hopeful. I knew better, and said: "You are not honest with me. You think I am going to die; but I am going to get well." Long afterward, when the danger was past, he admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

General George B. Anderson, of North Carolina, whose troops were on my right, was wounded in the foot, but, it was thought, not severely. That superb man and soldier was dead in a few weeks, though his wound was supposed to be slight, while I was mercifully sustained <jg_91>through a long battle with wounds the combined effect of which was supposed to be fatal. Such are the mysterious concomitants of cruel war.

Mrs. Gordon was soon with me. When it was known that the battle was on, she had at once started toward the front. The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to my room; but I told them to let her come. I was more apprehensive of the effect of the meeting upon her nerves than upon mine. My face was black and shapeless--so swollen that one eye was entirely hidden and the other nearly so. My right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows. I knew she would be greatly shocked. As she reached the door and looked, I saw at once that I must reassure her. Summoning all my strength, I said: "Here's your handsome (?) husband; been to an Irish wedding." Her answer was a suppressed scream, whether of anguish or relief at finding me able to speak, I do not know. Thenceforward, for the period in which my life hung in the balance, she sat at my bedside, trying to supply concentrated nourishment to sustain me against the constant drainage. With my jaw immovably set, this was exceedingly difficult and discouraging. My own confidence in ultimate recovery, however, was never shaken until erysipelas, that deadly foe of the wounded, attacked my left arm. The doctors told Mrs. Gordon to paint my arm above the wound three or four times a day with iodine. She obeyed the doctors by painting it, I think, three or four hundred times a day. Under God's providence, I owe my life to her incessant watchfulness night and day, and to her tender nursing through weary weeks and anxious months.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter VIII--Chancellorsville

<jg_92>

A long convalescence--Enlivened by the author of "Georgia Scenes" --The movement upon Hooker's army at Chancellorsville--Remark-able interview between Lee and Stonewall Jackson--The secret of Jackson's character--The storming of Marye's Heights--Some famous war-horses.

IT was nearly seven months after the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, before I was able to return to my duties at the front. Even then the wound through my face had not healed; but Nature, at last, did her perfect work, and thus deprived the army surgeons of a proposed operation. Although my enforced absence from the army was prolonged and tedious, it was not without its incidents and interest. Some of the simple-hearted people who lived in remote districts had quaint conceptions of the size of an army. One of these, a matron about fifty years of age, came a considerable distance to see me and to inquire about her son. She opened the conversation by asking: "Do you know William?"

"What William, madam?"

"My son William."

I replied: "Really, I do not know whether I have ever met your son William or not. Can you tell me what regiment or brigade or division or corps he belongs to?"

She answered: "No, I can't, but I know he belongs to Gin'al Lee's company."

I think the dear old soul left with the impression that <jg_93>I was something of a fraud because I did not know every man in "Gin'al Lee's company"--especially William.

After I had begun to convalesce, it was my privilege to be thrown with the author of "Georgia Scenes," Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, who was widely known in the Southern States as an able jurist, a distinguished educator, and an eminent Methodist divine, as well as a great humorist and wit. His book, "Georgia Scenes," is now rarely seen, and it may be interesting to those who have never known of Judge Longstreet or his famous stories to give an instance here of the inimitable fun of this many-sided genius, who aided me in whiling away the time of my enforced absence from the army. Judge Longstreet was at that time an old man, but still full of the fire of earlier years, and of that irresistible humor with which his conversation sparkled. On one occasion, when a number of gentlemen were present, I asked the judge to give us the facts which led him to write that remarkable story called "*The Debating Society*." He said that Mr. McDuffie, who afterward became one of the South's great statesmen, was his classmate and roommate at school. Both were disposed to stir into the monotony of school days a little seasoning of innocent fun. During one of the school terms, they were appointed a committee to select and propose to the society a suitable subject for debate. As they left the hall, Longstreet said to his friend, "Now, McDuffie, is our chance. If we could induce the society to adopt for debate some subject which sounds well, but in which there is no sense at all, wouldn't it be a great joke?" McDuffie's reply was a roar of laughter. They hastened to their room to begin the selection of the great subject for debate. They agreed that each should write all the high-sounding phrases he could think of, and then by comparing notes, and combining the best of both, they <jg_94>could make up their report. They sat up late, conferring and laughing at the suggestions, and at last concocted the question, "Whether at public elections should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions, or the

bias of jurisprudence ?" With boyish glee they pronounced their work well done, and laughed themselves to sleep. On the next morning their report was to be submitted, and the society was to vote as to its adoption. They arose early, full of confidence in their ability to palm off this wonderful subject on the society; for they reasoned thus: no boy will be willing to admit that he is less intelligent or less able to comprehend great public questions or metaphysical subjects than the committee, and therefore each one of them will at once pretend to be delighted at the selection, and depend upon reading and investigation to prepare himself for the following week's debate upon it. They had not miscalculated the chances of success, nor underestimated the boyish pride of their schoolmates. The question was unanimously adopted.

It is impossible to give any conception of Judge Longstreet's description of the debate upon the question; of how he and McDuffie led off with thoroughly prepared speeches full of resounding rhetoric and rounded periods, but as devoid of sense as the subject itself, the one arguing the affirmative, the other the negative of the proposition. Nor shall I attempt any description of Judge Longstreet's wonderful mimicry of the boys, many of whom became men of distinction in after years; of how they stammered and struggled and agonized in the effort to rise to the height of the great argument; and finally, of the effort of the president of the society, who was, of course, one of the schoolboys, to sum up the points made and determine on which side were the weightiest and most cogent arguments. Suffice it to say that I recall with grateful pleasure the hours spent during my convalescence <jg_95>in the presence of this remarkable man. His inimitable and delicate humor was the sunshine of his useful and laborious life, and will remain a bright spot in my recollections of the sixties.

On my return to the army, I was assigned to the command of perhaps the largest brigade in the Confederate army, composed of six regiments from my own State, Georgia. No more superb material ever filled the ranks of any command in any army. It was, of course, a most trying moment to my sensibilities when the time came for my parting from the old command with which I had passed through so many scenes of bitter trial; but these men were destined to come back to me again. It is trite, but worth the repetition, to say that there are few ties stronger and more sacred than those which bind together in immortal fellowship men who with unfaltering faith in each other have passed through such scenes of terror and blood.

Years afterward, my daughter met a small son of one of these brave comrades, and asked him his name.

"Gordon Wright," was his prompt reply.

"And for whom are you named, Gordon ?"

"I don't know, miss," he answered, "but I believe my mamma said I was named for General Lee."

I had been with my new command but a short time when the great battle of Chancellorsville occurred. It was just before this bloody engagement that my young brother had so accurately and firmly predicted his own death, and it was here the immortal Jackson fell. I never write or pronounce this name without an impulse to pause in veneration for that American phenomenon. The young men of this country cannot study the character of General Jackson without benefit to their manhood, and for those who are not familiar with his characteristics I make this descriptive allusion to him.

As to whether he fell by the fire of his own men, or <jg_96>from that of the Union men

in his front, will perhaps never be definitely determined. The general, the almost universal, belief at the South is that he was killed by a volley from the Confederate lines; but I have had grave doubts of this raised in my own mind by conversations with thoughtful Union officers who were at the time in his front and near the point where he was killed. It seems to me quite possible that the fatal ball might have come from either army. This much-mooted question as to the manner of his death is, however, of less consequence than the manner of his life. Any life of such nobility and strength must always be a matter of vital import and interest.

At the inception of the movement upon General Hooker's army at Chancellorsville, a remarkable interview occurred between General Lee and General Jackson, which is of peculiar interest because it illustrates, in a measure, the characteristics of both these great soldiers.

It was repeated to me soon after its occurrence, by the Rev. Dr. Lacey, who was with them at the time Jackson rode up to the Commander-in-Chief, and said to him: "General Lee, this is not the best way to move on Hooker."

"Well, General Jackson, you must remember that I am compelled to depend to some extent upon information furnished me by others, especially by the engineers, as to the topography, the obstructions, etc., and these engineers are of the opinion that this is a very good way of approach."

"Your engineers are mistaken, sir."

"What do you know about it, General Jackson? You have not had time to examine the situation."

"But I have, sir; I have ridden over the whole field."

And he had. Riding with the swiftness of the wind and looking with the eye of an eagle, he had caught the strong and weak points of the entire situation, and was back on his panting steed at the great commander's side to assure him that there was a better route.

"Then what is to be done, General Jackson?"

"Take the route you yourself at first suggested. Move on the flank--move on the flank."

"Then you will at once make the movement, sir." Immediately and swiftly, Jackson's "foot cavalry," as they were called, were rushing along a byway through the dense woodland. Soon the wild shout of his charge was heard on the flank and his red cross of battle was floating over General Hooker's breastworks.

General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," as he was proudly called by his devoted followers, and whom it was my pleasure to meet and to know well after the war, was one of the brilliant soldiers of the Union army. He was afterward hailed as the hero of the "Battle of the Clouds" at Lookout Mountain, and whatever may be said of the small force which he met in the fight upon that mountain's sides and top, the conception was a bold one. It is most improbable that General Hooker was informed as to the number of Confederates he was to meet in the effort to capture the high and rugged Point Lookout, which commanded a perfect view of the city of Chattanooga and the entire field of operations around it. His movement through the dense underbrush, up the rocky steeps, and over the limestone cliffs was executed with a celerity and dash which reflected high credit upon both the commander and his men. Among these men, by the way, was one of those merry-makers--those dispensers of good cheer--found in both the Confederate and Union armies, who were veritable fountains of good-humor, whose spirits glowed and sparkled in all situations, whether in the camp, on the march, or under fire. The special rôle of this one

was to entertain his comrades with song, and as Hooker's men were struggling <jg_98>up the sides of Lookout Mountain, climbing over the huge rocks, and being picked off them by the Confederate sharpshooters, this frolicsome soldier amused and amazed his comrades by singing, in stentorian tones, his droll camp-song, the refrain of which was "Big pig, little pig, root hog or die." The singer was H. S. Cooper, now a prominent physician of Colorado.

But to return to the consideration of General Jackson's character. Every right-minded citizen, as well as every knightly soldier, whatever the color of his uniform, will appreciate the beauty of the tribute paid by General Lee to General Jackson, when he received the latter's message announcing the loss of his left arm. "Go tell General Jackson," said Lee, "that his loss is small compared to mine; for while he loses his left arm, I lose the right arm of my army." No prouder or juster tribute was ever paid by a great commander to a soldier under him.

But a truth of more importance than anything I have yet said of Jackson may be compassed, I think, in the observation that he added to a marvellous genius for war a character as man and Christian which was absolutely without blemish. His childlike trust and faith, the simplicity, sincerity, and constancy of his unostentatious piety, did not come with the war, nor was it changed by the trials and dangers of war. If the war affected him at all in this particular, it only intensified his religious devotion, because of the tremendous responsibilities which it imposed; but long before, his religious thought and word and example were leading to the higher life young men intrusted to his care, at the Virginia Military Institute. In the army nothing deterred or diverted him from the discharge of his religious duties, nor deprived him of the solace resulting from his unaffected trust. A deep-rooted belief in God, in His word and His providence, was under him and over him and through him, permeating every fibre of his being, <jg_99>dominating his every thought, controlling his every action. Wherever he went and whatever he did, whether he was dispensing light and joy in the family circle; imparting lessons of lofty thought to his pupils in the schoolroom at Lexington; planning masterful strategy in his tent; praying in the woods for Heaven's guidance; or riding like the incarnate spirit of war through the storm of battle, as his resistless legions swept the field of carnage with the fury of a tornado--Stonewall Jackson was the faithful disciple of his Divine Master. He died as he had lived, with his ever-active and then fevered brain working out the problems to which his duty called him, and, even with the chill of death upon him, his loving heart prompted the message to his weary soldiers, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." That his own spirit will eternally rest in the shade of the Tree of Life, none who knew him can for one moment doubt.

An incident during this battle illustrates the bounding spirits of that great cavalry leader, General "Jeb" Stuart. After Jackson's fall, Stuart was designated to lead Jackson's troops in the final charge. The soul of this brilliant cavalry commander was as full of sentiment as it was of the spirit of self-sacrifice. He was as musical as he was brave. He sang as he fought. Placing himself at the head of Jackson's advancing lines and shouting to them "Forward," he at once led off in that song, "Won't you come out of the wilderness?" He changed the words to suit the occasion. Through the dense woodland, blending in strange harmony with the rattle of rifles, could be distinctly heard that song and words, "Now, Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?" This dashing Confederate lost his life later in battle near Richmond.

While the battle was progressing at Chancellorsville, near which point Lee's left rested, his right extended to <jg_100>or near Fredericksburg. Early's division held this position, and my brigade the right of that division; and it was determined that General Early should attempt, near sunrise, to retake the fort on Marye's Heights, from which the Confederates had been driven the day before. I was ordered to move with this new brigade, with which I had never been in battle, and to lead in that assault; at least, such was my interpretation of the order as it reached me. Whether it was my fault or the fault of the wording of the order itself, I am not able to say; but there was a serious misunderstanding about it. My brigade was intended, as it afterward appeared, to be only a portion of the attacking force, whereas I had understood the order to direct me to proceed at once to the assault upon the fort; and I proceeded. As I was officially a comparative stranger to the men of this brigade, I said in a few sentences to them that we should know each other better when the battle of the day was over; that I trusted we should go together into that fort, and that if there were a man in the brigade who did not wish to go with us, I would excuse him if he would step to the front and make himself known. Of course, there was no man found who desired to be excused, and I then announced that every man in that splendid brigade of Georgians had thus declared his purpose to go into the fortress. They answered this announcement by a prolonged and thrilling shout, and moved briskly to the attack. When we were under full headway and under fire from the heights, I received an order to halt, with the explanation that the other troops were to unite in the assault; but the order had come too late. My men were already under heavy fire and were nearing the fort. They were rushing upon it with tremendous impetuosity. I replied to the order that it was too late to halt then, and that a few minutes more would decide the result of the charge. General Early playfully but earnestly remarked, <jg_101>after the fort was taken, that success had saved me from being court-martialed for disobedience to orders.

During this charge I came into possession of a most remarkable horse, whose fine spirit convinced me that horses now and then, in the furor of fight, were almost as sentient as their riders. This was especially true of the high-strung thoroughbreds. At least, such was my experience with a number of the noble animals I rode, some of which it was my painful fortune to leave on the field as silent witnesses of the storm which had passed over it. At Marye's Heights, the horse which I had ridden into the fight was exhausted in my effort to personally watch every portion of my line as it swept forward, and he had been in some way partially disabled, so that his movements became most unsatisfactory. At this juncture the beautiful animal to which I have referred, and from which a Union officer had just been shot, galloped into our lines. I was quickly upon her back, and she proved to be the most superb battle-horse that it was my fortune to mount during the war. For ordinary uses she was by no means remarkable--merely a good saddle animal, which Mrs. Gordon often rode in camp, and which I called "Marye," from the name of the hill where she was captured. Indeed, she was ordinarily rather sluggish, and required free use of the spur. But when the battle opened she was absolutely transformed. She seemed at once to catch the ardor and enthusiasm of the men around her. The bones of her legs were converted into steel springs and her sinews into india-rubber. With head up and nostrils distended, her whole frame seemed to thrill with a delight akin to that of foxhounds when the hunter's horn summons them to the chase. With the ease of an antelope, she would bound across ditches and over fences which no amount of coaxing or spurring could induce her to undertake when not under the excitement of <jg_102>battle. Her courage

was equal to her other high qualities. She was afraid of nothing. Neither the shouting of troops, nor the rattle of rifles, nor the roar of artillery, nor their bursting shells, intimidated her in the slightest degree. In addition to all this, she seemed to have a charmed life, for she bore me through the hottest fires and was never wounded.

I recall another animal of different temperament, turned over to me by the quartermaster, after capture, in exchange, as usual, for one of my own horses. In the Valley of Virginia, during the retreat of the Union General, Milroy, my men captured a horse of magnificent appearance and handsomely caparisoned. He was solid black in color and dangerously treacherous in disposition. He was brought to me by his captors with the statement that he was General Milroy's horse, and he was at once christened "Milroy" by my men. I have no idea that he belonged to the general, for that officer was too true a soldier to have ridden such a beast in battle--certainly not after one test of his cowardice. His fear of Minié balls was absolutely uncontrollable. He came near disgracing me in the first and only fight in which I attempted to ride him. Indeed, if it had chanced to be my first appearance under fire with my men, they would probably have followed my example as they saw me flying to the rear on this elephantine brute. He was an immense horse of unusually fine proportions, and had behaved very well under the cannonading; but as we drew nearer the blue lines in front, and their musketry sent the bullets whistling around his ears, he wheeled and fled at such a rate of speed that I was powerless to check him until he had carried me more than a hundred yards to the rear. Fortunately, some of the artillerymen aided me in dismounting, and promptly gave me a more reliable steed, on whose back I rapidly returned in time to redeem my reputation. My obligations <jg_103>to General Milroy were very great for having evacuated at night the fort at Winchester (near which this horse was captured), and for permitting us to move over its deserted and silent ramparts in perfect security; but if this huge black horse were really his, General Milroy, in leaving him for me, had cancelled all the obligations under which he had placed me.

This Georgia brigade, with its six splendid regiments, whose war acquaintance I had made at Marye's Heights, contributed afterward from their pittance of monthly pay, and bought, without my knowledge, at a fabulous price, a magnificent horse, and presented him to me. These brave and self-denying men realized that such a horse would cost more than I could pay. He gave me great comfort, and I hoped that, like "Marye," he might go unscathed through successive battles; but at Monocacy, in Maryland, he paid the forfeit of his life by coming in collision with a whizzing missile, as he was proudly galloping along my lines, then advancing upon General Lew Wallace's forces. I deeply regretted this splendid animal's death, not only because of his great value at the time, but far more because he was the gift of my gallant men.

In one of the battles in the Wilderness, in 1864, and during a flank movement, a thoroughbred bay stallion was captured--a magnificent creature, said to have been the favorite war-horse of General Shaler, whom we also captured. As was customary, the horse was named for his former master, and was known by no other title than "General Shaler." My obligations to this horse are twofold and memorable: he saved me from capture, when I had ridden, by mistake, into Sedgwick's corps by night; and at Appomattox he brought me enough greenbacks to save me from walking back to Georgia. He was so handsome that a Union officer, who was a judge of horses, asked me if I wished to sell him. I at once assured <jg_104>this officer that I would be delighted to sell

the horse or anything else I possessed, as I had not a dollar except Confederate money, which, at that period of its history, was somewhat below par. The officer, General Curtin, of Pennsylvania, generously paid me in greenbacks more than I asked for the horse. I met this gentleman in 1894, nearly thirty years afterward, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He gratified me again by informing me that he had sold "General Shaler" for a much higher price than he paid me for him.⁽¹⁾

If there is a hereafter for horses, as there is a heaven for the redeemed among men, I fear that the old black traitor that ran away with me from the fight will never reach it, but the brave and trusty steeds that so gallantly bore their riders through our American Civil War will not fail of admittance.

Job wrote of the war-horse that "smelleth the battle from afar off." Alexander the Great had his "Bucephalus," that dashed away as if on wings as his daring master mounted him. Zachary Taylor had his "Old Whitey," from whose mane and tail the American patriots pulled for souvenirs nearly all the hairs, as he grazed on the green at the White House. Lee had his "Traveller," whose memory is perpetuated in enduring bronze. Stonewall Jackson had his high-mettled "Old Sorrel," whose life was nursed with tenderest care long after the death of his immortal rider; but if I were a poet I would ignore them all and embalm in song my own glorious "Marye," whose spirit I would know was that of Joan of Arc, if the transmigration of souls were true.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter IX--War By The Brave Against The Brave

<jg_105>

The spirit of good-fellowship between Union and Confederate soldiers--
Disappearance of personal hatred as the war progressed--The Union officer
who attended a Confederate dance--American chivalry at Vicksburg--Trading
between pickets on the Rappahannock--Incidents of the bravery of color-
bearers on both sides--General Curtis's kindness--A dash for life cheered by
the enemy.

THAT inimitable story-teller, Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, delights his hearers by telling in charming style of a faithful colored man, Allen, a slave of his father's. Both Allen and his owner were preachers, and Allen was in the habit each Saturday afternoon of going to his master and learning from him what his text for the following day's sermon would be. On this occasion the Rev. Dr. Taylor informed the Rev. Allen that his text for the morrow would be the words, "And he healed them of divers diseases." "Yes, sir," said Allen; dat's a mighty good tex', and hit will be mine for my Sunday sarmon." Sunday came and Allen was ready. He announced his "tex'" in these words: "And he healed 'em of all sorts of diseases, and even of dat wust of complaints called de divers." Proceeding to an elucidation of his text, he described with much particularity the different kinds of diseases that earthly doctors could cure, and then, with deepest unction, said: "But, my congregation, if de divers ever gits one of you, jest make up your mind you's a gone nigger, 'cep'in' de Lord save you." <jg_106>

In 1861 a disorder had taken possession of the minds of the people in every section of the country. Internecine war, contagious, infectious, confluent, was spreading, and destined to continue spreading until nearly every home in the land was affected and hurt by it. This dreadful disease had about it some wonderful compensations. No one went through it from a high sense of duty without coming out of it a braver, a better, and a more consecrated man. It is a great mistake to suppose that war necessarily demoralizes and makes obdurate those who wage it. Doubtless wars of conquest, for the sake of conquest, for the purpose of despoiling the vanquished and enriching the victors, and all wars inaugurated from unhallowed motives, do demoralize every man engaged in them, from the commanding general to the privates. But such was not the character of our Civil War. On the contrary, it became a training-school for the development of an unselfish and exalted manhood, which increased in efficiency from its opening to its close. At the beginning there was personal antagonism and even bitterness felt by individual soldiers of the two armies toward each other. The very sight of the uniform of an opponent aroused some trace of anger. But this was all gone long before the conflict had ceased. It was supplanted by a brotherly sympathy. The spirit of Christianity swayed the hearts of many, and its benign influence was perhaps felt by the great majority of both armies. The Rev. Charles Lane, recently a member of the faculty of the Georgia Technological Institute, told me of a soldier who could easily have captured or shot his antagonist at night; but the religious devotion in which that foe at the moment was engaged shielded him from molestation, and he was left alone in communion with his God. That knightly soldier of the Confederacy, whose heart so promptly sympathized with his devout antagonist, was also a "soldier of the cross." <jg_107>

The same spirit was shown in the case of a Pennsylvania soldier who was attracted by the songs in a Confederate prayer-meeting, and, without the slightest fear of being detained or held as prisoner, attempted in broad daylight to cross over and join the Confederates in their worship. He was ordered back by his own pickets; but his officers appreciated his impulse and he was not subjected to the slightest punishment. In a European army he most likely would have been shot for attempted desertion, although he had made no effort whatever to conceal his movements or his purposes.

The broadening of this Christian fellowship was plainly seen as the war progressed. The best illustration of this fact which I now recall is the contrast between the impulses which moved the two soldiers just mentioned, and that which inspired the quaint prayer of a devout Confederate at the beginning of the war and at the grave of his dead comrade. He concluded his prayer in about these words: "And now, Lord, we commit the body of our comrade to the grave, with the hope of meeting him again, with all the redeemed, in that great day and in the home prepared for thy children. For we are taught to believe that thy true followers shall come from the East and West as well as from the South; and we cannot help hoping, Lord, that a few will come even from the *North*."

It was not alone in the religious life of the army that these evidences of expanding brotherhood were exhibited. I should, perhaps, not exaggerate the number or importance of these evidences if I said that there were thousands of them which are perhaps the brightest illustrations and truest indices of the American soldier's character.

In 1896 an officer of the Union army told me the following story, which is but a counterpart of many which came under my own observation. A lieutenant of a Delaware regiment was officer of the picket-line on the <jg_108>banks of the Rappahannock. The pickets of the two armies were, as was usual at that time, very near each other and in almost constant communication. It was in midwinter and no movements of the armies were expected. The Confederate officer of pickets who was on duty on the opposite bank of the narrow stream asked the Union lieutenant if he would not come over after dark and go with him to a farm-house near the lines, where certain Confederates had invited the country girls to a dance. The Union officer hesitated, but the Confederate insisted, and promised to call for him in a boat after dark, and to lend him a suit of citizen's clothes, and pledged his honor as a soldier to see him safely back to his own side before daylight the next morning. The invitation was accepted, and at the appointed hour the Confederate's boat glided silently to the place of meeting on the opposite bank. The citizen's suit was a ludicrous fit, but it served its purpose. The Union soldier was introduced to the country girls as a new recruit just arrived in camp. He enjoyed the dance, and, returning with his Confederate escort, was safely landed in his own lines before daylight. Had the long roll of the kettledrum summoned the armies to battle on that same morning, both these officers would have been found in the lines under hostile ensigns, fighting each other in deadly conflict.

In Kansas City recently an ex-Confederate recorded his name upon the hotel register. Mr. James Locke, of Company E, One Hundredth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was in the same hotel, and observed the name on the register. Locke had lost a leg at the second Manassas, and a Confederate had carried him out of the railroad cut in which he lay suffering, and had ministered to his wants as best he could. Locke had asked this soldier in gray before leaving him to write his name in his (Locke's) war diary. The Confederate did so, <jg_109>and was then compelled to hurry forward with his command. He had,

however, in the spirit of a true soldier, provided the suffering Pennsylvanian with a canteen of water before he left him. There was nothing unmanly in the moistened eyes of these brave men when they so unexpectedly and after so many years met in Kansas City for the first time since they parted at the railroad cut on a Virginia battle-field.

This spirit of American chivalry was exhibited almost everywhere on the wonderful retreat of Joseph E. Johnston before General Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta. At Resaca, at Kennesaw, along the banks of Peachtree Creek, and around Atlanta, between the lines that encircled the doomed city, the same friendly greetings were heard between the pickets, and the same evidences of comradeship shown before the battles began and after they had ended. In the trenches around Vicksburg, and during its long and terrible bombardment, the men in the outer lines would call to each other to stop firing for a while, that they "wanted to get out into fresh air!" The call was always heeded, and both sides poured out of their bomb-proofs like rats from their holes when the cats are away. And whenever an order came to open fire, or the time had expired, they would call: "Hello, there, Johnnie," or "Hello, there, Yank," as the case might be. "Get into your holes now; we are going to shoot."

What could have been more touchingly beautiful than that scene on the Rapidan when, in the April twilight, a great band in the Union army suddenly broke the stillness with the loved strains of "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," calling from the Union camps huzzas that rolled like reverberating thunders on the evening air. Then from the opposite hills and from Confederate bands the answer came in the thrilling strains of "Dixie." As it always does and perhaps always will, "Dixie" brought <jg_110>from Southern throats an impassioned response. Then, as if inspired from above, came the union of both in that immortal anthem, "Home, Sweet Home." The solemn and swelling cadence of these old familiar notes was caught by both armies, and their joint and loud acclamations made the climax of one of the most inspiring scenes ever witnessed in war.

The talking and joking, the trading and "swapping," between the pickets and between the lines became so prevalent before the war closed as to cause no comment and attract no special attention, except when the intercourse led the commanding officers to apprehend that important information might be unwittingly imparted to the foe. On the Rapidan and Rappahannock, into which the former emptied, this rollicking sort of intercourse would have been alarming in its intimacy but for the perfect confidence which the officers of both sides had in their men. Even officers on the opposite banks of this narrow stream would now and then declare a truce among themselves, in order that they might bathe in the little river. Where the water was shallow they would wade in and meet each other in the center and shake hands, and "swap" newspapers and barter Southern tobacco for Yankee coffee. Where the water was deep, so that they could not wade in and "swap," they sent the articles of traffic across in miniature boats, laden on the Southern shore with tobacco and sailed across to the Union side. These little boats were unloaded by the Union soldiers, reloaded, and sent back with Yankee coffee for the Confederates. This extraordinary international commerce was carried on to such an extent that the commanders of both armies concluded it was best to stop it. General Lee sent for me on one occasion and instructed me to break up the traffic. Riding along the lines, as I came suddenly and unexpectedly around the point of a hill upon one of the Confederate posts, I discovered an <jg_111>unusual commotion and confusion. I asked: "What's the matter here? What is all this confusion about?"

"Nothing at all, sir. It's all right here, general."

I expressed some doubt about its being all right, when the spokesman for the squad attempted to concoct some absurd explanation as to their effort to get ready to "present arms" to me as I came up. Of course I was satisfied that this was not true; but I could see no evidence of serious irregularity. As I started, however, I looked back and discovered the high weeds on the bank shaking, and wheeling my horse, I asked:

"What's the matter with those weeds?"

"Nothing at all, sir," he declared; but I ordered him to break the weeds down. There I found a soldier almost naked. I asked:

"Where do you belong?"

"Over yonder," he replied, pointing to the Union army on the other side.

"And what are you doing here, sir?"

"Well, general," he said, "I didn't think it was any harm to come over and see the boys just a little while."

"What boys?" I asked.

"These Johnnies," he said.

"Don't you know, sir, that there is war going on in this country?" I asked.

"Yes, general," he replied; "but we are not fighting now."

The fact that a battle was not then in progress given as an excuse for social visiting between opposing lines was so absurd that it overturned my equilibrium for the moment. If my men could have known my thoughts they would have been as much amused at my discomforture as I was at the Union visitor's reasoning. An almost irresistible impulse to laugh outright was overcome, however, by the necessity for maintaining my official dignity. My instructions from General Lee had been to <jg_112> break up that traffic and intercourse; and the slightest lowering of my official crest would have been fatal to my mission. I therefore assumed the sternest aspect possible under the circumstances, and ordered the Union soldier to stand up; and I said to him: "I am going to teach you, sir, that we are at war. You have no rights here except as prisoner of war, and I am going to have you marched to Richmond, and put you in prison."

This terrible threat brought my own men quickly and vigorously to his defense, and they exclaimed: "Wait a minute, general. Don't send this man to prison. We invited him over here, and we promised to protect him, and if you send him away it will just ruin our honor."

The object of my threat had been accomplished. I had badly frightened the Northern guest and his Southern hosts. Turning to the scantily clad visitor, I said:

"Now, sir, if I permit you to go back to your own side, will you solemnly promise me, on the honor of a soldier, that--" But without waiting for me to finish my sentence, and with an emphatic "Yes, sir," he leaped like a bullfrog into the river and swam back.

I recall several incidents which do not illustrate precisely the same elements of character, but which show the heroism found on both sides, of which I know few, if any, parallels in history. After the battle of Sharpsburg, there was sent to me as an aide on my staff a very young soldier, a mere stripling. He was at that awkward, gawky age through which all boys seem to pass. He bore a letter, however, from the Hon. Thomas Watts, of Alabama, who was the Attorney-General of the Confederate States, and who assured me that this lad had in him all the essentials of a true soldier. It was not long before I found that Mr. Watts had not mistaken the mettle of his young friend, Thomas G. Jones. Late

one evening, near sunset, I directed Jones to carry a message from me to General Lee or to my immediate <jg_113>superior. The route was through pine thickets and along dim roads or paths not easily followed. The Union pickets were posted at certain points in these dense woods; but Jones felt sure that he could go through safely. Alone on horseback he started on his hazardous ride. Darkness overtook him before he had emerged from the pine thicket, and he rode into a body of Union pickets, supposing them to be Confederates. There were six men on that post. They seized the bridle of Jones's horse, levelled their rifles at him, and ordered him to dismount. As there was no alternative, one can imagine that Jones was not slow in obeying the order. His captors were evidently new recruits, for they neglected to deprive him of the six-shooter at his belt. Jones even then had in him the oratorical power which afterward won for him distinction at the bar and helped to make him governor of the great State of Alabama. He soon engaged his captors in the liveliest conversation, telling them anecdotes and deeply enlisting their interest in his stories. The night was cold, and before daylight Jones adroitly proposed to the "boys" that they should make a fire, as there was no reason for shivering in the cold with plenty of pine sticks around them. The suggestion was at once accepted, and Jones began to gather sticks. The men, unwilling for him to do all the work, laid down their guns and began to share in this labor. Jones saw his opportunity, and burning with mortification at his failure to carry through my message, he leaped to the pile of guns, drew his revolver, and said to the men: "I can kill every one of you before you can get to me. Fall into line. I will put a bullet through the first man who moves toward me!" He delivered those six prisoners at my headquarters.

I do not now recall the name of the Confederate who was selected, on account of his conspicuous courage, as the color-bearer of his regiment, and who vowed as he <jg_114>received the flag that he would never surrender it. At Gaines's Mill he fell in the forefront of the fight with a mortal wound through his body. Raising himself on his elbow, he quietly tore his battle-flag from the staff, folded it under him, and died upon it.

At Big Falls, North Carolina, there lived in 1897 a one-armed soldier whose heroism will be cited by orators and poets as long as heroism is cherished by men. He was a color-bearer of his regiment, the Thirteenth North Carolina. In a charge during the first day's battle at Gettysburg, his right arm, with which he bore the colors, was shattered and almost torn from its socket. Without halting or hesitating, he seized the falling flag in his left hand, and, with his blood spouting from the severed arteries and his right arm dangling in shreds at his side, he still rushed to the front, shouting to his comrades: "Forward, forward!" The name of that modest and gallant soldier is W. F. Fauette.

At Gettysburg a Union color-bearer of one of General Barlow's regiments, which were guarding the right flank of General Meade's army, exhibited a similar dauntless devotion in defence of his colors. As my command charged across the ravine and up its steep declivity, along which were posted the Union troops, the fight became on portions of the line a hand-to-hand struggle. This lion-hearted color-bearer of a Union regiment stood firmly in his place, refusing to fly, to yield his ground, or to surrender his flag. As the Confederates crowded around him and around the stalwart men who still stood firmly by him, he became engaged in personal combat with the color-bearer of one of my Georgia regiments. What his fate was I do not now recall, but I trust and believe that his life was spared.

I sincerely pity the man who calls himself an American and who does not find in these

exhibitions of American manhood on either side, a stimulant to his pride as an American citizen and a support to his confidence in the American Republic. The true patriot must necessarily feel a glow of sincere pride in the record of the Republic's great and heroic sons from every section. There is no inconsistency, however, between a special affection for one's birthplace and a general love for one's entire country. There is nothing truer than that the love of the home is the unit, and that the sum of these units is aggregated patriotism. What would be thought of the patriotism of a son of New England or of the Old Dominion whose heart did not warm at the mention of Plymouth Rock or of Jamestown ?

An incident in the war experience of General Newton M. Curtis, a leading and influential Republican member of Congress from New York, is worthy of record. A finer specimen of physical manhood it would be difficult to find. Six feet six inches in height, erect as the typical Indian, he weighs two hundred and thirty-two pounds; but if he were six feet twelve and weighed twice as much his body would not be big enough to contain the great soul which inhabits it. He had one eye shot out by a Confederate bullet, but if he had lost both his lofty spirit would have seen as clearly as now that the war was fought in defence of inherited belief, and that when it ended the Union was more closely cemented than ever.

Near Fairfax Court-House, during the war in that portion of Virginia which had been devastated by both armies, biting want necessarily came to many families near the border, particularly to those whose circumstances made it impossible for them to remove to a distant part of the State. From within the Union lines there came into the Union camps, one chilly day, a Virginia lady. She was weak and pale and thinly clad, and rode an inferior horse, with a faithful old negro as her only escort. She had come to solicit from the commissary department of the Union army supplies with which to feed her household. The orders to the commissary department in the field were necessarily stringent. The supplies did not belong to the officer in charge, but were the property of the government. That officer, therefore, had no right to donate anything even to the most deserving case of charity, except according to the orders; and the orders required all applicants for supplies to take the oath of allegiance to the United States before such supplies could be furnished. This hungry and wan woman was informed that she could have the necessaries for which she asked upon subscribing to that oath. What was she to do! Her kindred, her husband and son, were soldiers in the Confederate army. If she refused to take the oath, what would become of her and those dependent upon her? If she took the oath, what was to become of her own convictions and her loyalty to the cause of those she loved? It is not necessary to say that her sense of duty and her fidelity to the Southern cause triumphed. Sad and hungry, she turned away, resolved to suffer on. But General Curtis was in that camp. He had no power to change the orders, and no disposition to change them, and he would have scorned to violate a trust; for there was no braver or more loyal officer in the Union army. He had, however, in his private purse some of the money which he had earned as a soldier, and he illustrated in his character that native knighthood which ennobles its possessor while protecting, befriending, and blessing the weak or unfortunate. It is enough to add that this brave and suffering Virginia woman did not leave the Union camp empty-handed. I venture the opinion that General Curtis would not exchange the pleasure which that act gave him at the time, and has given him for the thirty years since, for the amount of money expended multiplied many times

over.

In 1863, when General Longstreet's forces were investing <jg_117>the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, there occurred an incident equally honorable to the sentiment and spirit of Confederate and Federal. During a recent visit to that city, a party representing both sides in that engagement accompanied me to the great fort which General Longstreet's forces assailed but were unable to capture. These representatives of both armies united in giving me the details of the incident. The Southern troops had made a bold assault upon the fort. They succeeded in reaching it through a galling fire, and attempted to rush up its sides, but were beaten back by the Union men, who held it. Then in the deep ditch surrounding the fortress and at its immediate base, the Confederates took their position. They were, in a measure, protected from the Union fire; but they could neither climb into the fort nor retreat, except at great sacrifice of life. The sun poured its withering rays upon them and they were famishing with thirst. A bold and self-sacrificing young soldier offered to take his life in his hands and canteens on his back and attempt to bring water to his fainting comrades. He made the dash for life and for water, and was unhurt; but the return--how was that to be accomplished! Laden with the filled and heavy canteens, he approached within range of the rifles in the fort and looked anxiously across the intervening space. He was fully alive to the fact that the chances were all against him; but, determined to relieve his suffering comrades or die in the effort, he started on his perilous run for the ditch at the fort. The brave Union soldiers stood upon the parapet with their rifles in hand. As they saw this daring American youth coming, with his life easily at their disposal, they stood silently contemplating him for a moment. Then, realizing the situation, they fired at him a tremendous volley--not of deadly bullets from their guns, but of enthusiastic shouts from their throats. If the annals of war record any incident between hostile <jg_118>armies which embodies a more beautiful and touching tribute by the brave to the brave, I have never seen it.

And now what is to be said of these incidents? How much are the few recorded in this chapter worth! To the generations that are to follow, what is their value and the value of the tens of thousands which ought to be chronicled? Do they truly indicate that the war did lift the spirit of the people to better things? Was it really fought in defense of cherished convictions, and did it bury in its progress the causes of sectional dissensions? Did it develop a higher manhood in the men, and did it reveal in glorious light the latent but ever-living heroism of our women? The heroines of Sparta who gave their hair for bow-strings have been immortalized by the muse of history; but what tongue can speak or pen indite a tribute worthy of that Mississippi woman who with her own hands applied the torch to more than half a million dollars' worth of cotton, reducing herself to poverty, rather than have that cotton utilized against her people? The day will come, and I hope and believe it is rapidly approaching, when in all the sections will be seen evidences of appreciation of these inspiring incidents; when all lips will unite in expressing gratitude to God that they belong to such a race of men and women; when no man who loves his country will be found grovelling among the embers and ignoble passions of the past, but will aid in developing a still nobler national life, by inviting the youth of our country to a contemplation of the true glories of this memorable war.

In my boyhood I witnessed a scene in nature which it now seems to me fitly symbolizes that mighty struggle, and the view of it which I seek to present. Standing on a mountain-top, I saw two storm-clouds lowering in the opposite horizon. They were heavily charged

with electric fires. As they rose and approached each other they <jg_119>extended their length and gathered additional blackness and fury. Higher and higher they rose, their puffing wind-caps rolling like hostile banners above them; and when nearing each other the flashing lightning blazed along their front and their red bolts were hurled into each other's bosoms. Finally in mid-heavens they met, and the blinding flashes and fearful shocks filled my boyish spirit with awe and terror. But God's hand was in that storm, and from the furious conflict copious showers were poured upon the parched and thirsty earth, which refreshed and enriched it.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter X--Retrospective View Of Leaders And Events

<jg_120>

Confederate victories up to the winter of 1863--Southern confidence in ultimate independence--Progress of Union armies in the West--Fight for the control of the Mississippi--General Butler in possession of New Orleans--The new era in naval construction--Significance of the battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*--Great leaders who had come into prominence in both armies--The death of Albert Sidney Johnston--General Lee the most unassuming of great commanders.

THE next promontories on the war's highway which come into view are Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Chickamauga; and these suggest a retrospective view of the entire field over which the armies had been marching, and of the men who had been leading them.

The battles of 1861-62 and of the winter of 1863 had left the South still confident of success in securing her independence and the North still fully resolved on maintaining the integrity of the Union. In Virginia the Confederates had won important victories at Bull Run, in the seven days' battles around Richmond, at Harper's Ferry, with the surrender of the Union forces to Jackson, at second Manassas, at Fredericksburg, in the Valley, and at Chancellorsville, and had claimed a drawn battle at Sharpsburg--Antietam. Kirby Smith had marched nearly across Kentucky, threatening Cincinnati, and success of more or less importance had attended Southern arms in other localities.

In the West the Union arms had won at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and in the battle for the possession of <jg_121>eastern Kentucky, where the Confederate commander Zollicoffer was killed, and the Union commander, George H. Thomas, won his first great victory. The Confederates had suffered severely at Pea Ridge in Arkansas, although no material advantage was gained on either side. McCulloch, the noted Texas ranger, fell, and the picturesque Albert Pike, with his two thousand Indians, lent additional interest to the scene. On both sides of the Mississippi the Union forces were advancing. Kentucky and all northern Tennessee and Missouri and northern Arkansas had been abandoned to Union occupation. The possession of the Mississippi River from its source to its mouth, and the cutting in twain of the Confederate territory, became for the Southwest the dominating policy of the Union authorities--the logical sequence of which would be to cut off Confederate food-supplies from Texas and the trans-Mississippi. The success of this policy was becoming assured by rapidly recurring and decisive blows. Island Number Ten, above Memphis, fell, forcing the evacuation of Fort Pillow and of Memphis, thus breaking Confederate control of this great waterway at every point north of Vicksburg. Farragut, the brilliant admiral, had battered his way through Confederate gunboats and forts from the Mississippi's mouth to New Orleans. This foremost genius of the Union navy, whose father was a friend of Andrew Jackson's, and whose mother was a North Carolina woman, had learned his first lesson in heroism from this Southern mother as she stood with uplifted axe in the door of their cabin home, defending her children from the red savages of the mountains.

General Benjamin F. Butler, who had advocated the nomination of Jefferson Davis for President in the Charleston Convention (1860), had marched his troops into New Orleans and taken possession of the city. Along the Atlantic coast, point after point held by

Confederates <jg_122>was falling before the mighty naval armament of the United States. No Confederate navy existed to dispute its progress. General Burnside, in his expedition to North Carolina, had captured Fort Macon and New-bern. The cities of Fernandina and Jacksonville, Florida, were unable to stand against the fire from the fleet of Commodore Dupont. In Hampton Roads, Virginia, had occurred the first battle of perfected ironclads in the world's history, and one of the most furious in the annals of naval engagements. The Confederate *Virginia* and the United States *Monitor* in a few days had revolutionized the theories of scientific seamen, and made the ironclad the future monarch of the water. The United States frigate *Merrimac*, which had been scuttled and sunk by its former crew, was raised from its deep grave by the Confederates and remodelled under the direction of Captain J. M. Brooke, of Virginia. It was covered with a sloping roof of railroad iron, plastered over with plumbago and tallow, and rechristened *Virginia*. From this roof of greased iron the heaviest solid shot of the most powerful guns glanced like india-rubber balls from a mound of granite and whizzed harmlessly into the air. With its steel-pointed prow the *Virginia* crashed into the side of the United States warship *Cumberland*, tearing a huge hole through which the rushing waters poured into her hull, carrying her to the bottom with the gallant Federals who had manned her. Under the belching fires of this floating volcano, with its crater near the water's surface and its base-line three feet below it, the United States frigate *Congress* was forced to surrender. The most thrilling scene, however, in this great struggle of naval monsters, was that witnessed when the Union ironclad *Monitor*, designed by Captain John Ericsson, engaged the ironclad *Virginia* at close quarters. The pointed beak of the *Virginia* could make no impression upon the armor of the *Monitor*. The heaviest shots <jg_123>of each bounded off from the sides of the other, doing no practical damage even when at closest range. These two heralds of the new era in naval construction and naval battles were buried at last in that element the warfare upon which they had completely revolutionized --the *Virginia* in the James River, the *Monitor* in the Atlantic off Hatteras.

The great military leaders on the two sides were just beginning to attract the attention of their countrymen and to fix the gaze of Christendom. George H. Thomas, who was regarded by Confederate officers as one of the ablest of the Union commanders, was steadily building that solid reputation the general recognition of which found at last popular expression in the sobriquet, "Rock of Chickamauga"--a title resembling that conferred upon Jackson at Bull Run, and for a similar service. Sheridan, who afterward became the most famous cavalryman of the North, was beginning to win the confidence of his commanders and of his Northern countrymen. McDowell, who was the classmate and friend at West Point of his opponent Beauregard, and whose ability as a soldier was recognized by Confederate leaders, had been defeated at Bull Run, the first great battle of the war, and had been supplanted by McClellan. It was my privilege to confer with General McClellan during the exciting and momentous period preceding the inauguration of President Hayes, and he impressed me then, as he had impressed his people in 1862, as a man of great personal magnetism and vivacious intellect. After the seven days' battles around Richmond, McClellan was replaced by General John Pope. That officer, who had ingloriously failed to make good his prophecy that his army would henceforth look only upon the backs of the enemy, and who, contrary to his prediction, found that even he must consider "lines of retreat" at second Manassas, had been sent to another field of service when General McClellan <jg_124>was reinstated in command. President Lincoln,

however, is said to have soon desired greater activity, and to have wittily suggested that if General McClellan had no special use for the army he would like to borrow it. Whether this characteristic suggestion was ever made by the President or not, it is certain that the army was later intrusted to General Burnside, with whom I served afterward in the Senate, and who was respected by all in that chamber for his stainless record as legislator and exalted character as man and patriot. General Burnside, after his defeat by Lee at Fredericksburg, had at his own request been relieved of the command of the army. General Hooker, his successor, who as long as the war lasted fought with heroism and devotion, and after it ended entertained his Southern friends with the lavish hand of a prince, had lost the great battle of Chancellorsville. Although this admirable officer, by his devotion to his duties as commander, had so enhanced the efficiency of his army in numbers and discipline that he felt justified in pronouncing it " the finest army on the planet," he also had asked to be relieved of chief command because of some conflict of authority. His successor was General George Gordon Meade, of whom I shall have more to say in another connection.

The reputations of Sherman and of Grant were now eclipsing those of other commanders. General Sherman, with Memphis as his base, was threatening to overrun the Confederate States on the east bank of the Mississippi, while Stephen D. Lee, a brilliant campaigner, pronounced by competent authority one of the most effective commanders on the Confederate side, was throwing his little army across General Sherman's lines of advance and retarding his progress. Sherman, however, was advancing and laying the foundations upon which he was to build the imposing structure of his future fame.

<jg_125>Grant was piling victory upon victory and steadily mounting to the heights to which destiny and his country were calling him.

On the Confederate side, a great light had gone out when Albert Sidney Johnston fell. In comparative youth he had rendered signal service to Texas in her struggle for independence. In the war with Mexico he had evoked from "Old Rough and Ready"--Zachary Taylor--the commanding general, praises that were neither few nor meagre. In Utah he had been the government's faithful friend and strong right arm. A Kentuckian by birth, he had in his veins some of the best of American blood. Like Washington and Lee, he combined those singularly attractive qualities which inspired and held the love and confidence of his soldiers, while commanding the respect and admiration of the sages of West Point. In him more than in any other man at that period were centred the hopes of the Southern people. He fell in the morning of his career, leading his steady lines through the woods at Shiloh, and in the very hour of apparently assured victory. As the rich life-current ebbed through the severed artery, he closed his eyes on this scene of his last conflict, confident of his army's triumph and with the exultant shouts of his advancing legions sounding a requiem in his ears.

The immediate successor of Albert Sidney Johnston was Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, who was an officer of ability and sincerely patriotic. Had circumstances favored it, he would have found the broadest field for usefulness at some point where his great skill as an engineer could have been utilized. During the initiative period of the war, prior to the first great battle of Bull Run, it was my privilege to serve under General Beauregard and to learn something of those cheery, debonair characteristics which helped to make him the idol of the vivacious creoles of Louisiana. After the war a Virginian, <jg_126> an ardent admirer of General Lee, was extolling the great commander-in-chief

in a conversation with one of Beauregard's devoted creole adherents. The Louisianian listened for a moment to the Virginian's praise of Lee, and then replied:

"Lee--Lee! Yes, seems to me I did hear Beauregard speak very well of Lee."

Louisiana furnished another successor to the lamented Albert Sidney Johnston in the person of General Braxton Bragg. This officer, who was one of President Davis's special favorites, becoming late in the war a military adviser of the Confederate President, was a noted artilleryman, and would possibly have done greater execution in directing the movements of field batteries, which was a specialty, than in directing the movements of an army or handling it in battle. General Bragg was undoubtedly a man of ability, but his health was bad, and unfortunately his temper was no better. His reference, though in semi-private conversation, to one of his most prominent officers as "an old woman," and his declaration that he had few men under him capable of command, were in strange contrast to the confidence felt by the country in those officers, and were especially in contrast with the spirit of Lee in assuming for himself the responsibility for defeat, while giving the honors of success to his juniors. When General Bragg was indulging in these criticisms of his officers he had under him those brilliant soldiers, the accomplished, alert, and dashing E. C. Walthall, late United States senator from Mississippi; Patrick Cleburne, whose warm Irish blood and quick Irish intellect made him conspicuous in every fight, and who in the desperate charge at Franklin, Tennessee, was killed on the defences behind which the Union army had been posted; and W. H. T. Walker, who as a boy had won his spurs fighting Indians at Okeechobee, and who was afterward desperately wounded in <jg_127> Mexico, recovering, as he said, "to spite the doctors." He lost his life at last in battle at Atlanta, and left a reputation for courage equal to that of Ney. There was also in Bragg's army at that time the accomplished and brave Bate, of Tennessee, who was repeatedly wounded, and finally maimed for life, and whose old war-horse, shot at the same time, followed his wounded owner to the hospital tent and died at its door, moaning his farewell to that gallant master. There were also Cheatham and Polk (of whom I have spoken in a former chapter), and a galaxy of able men of whom I would gladly write. There were also with Bragg the knightly cavalryman Joseph Wheeler, and N. B. Forrest, the "wizard of the saddle," who was one of the unique figures of the war, and who, in my estimation, exhibited more native untutored genius as a cavalry leader than any man of modern times. Like the great German emperor who thought the rules of grammar were not made for his Majesty, Forrest did not care whether his orders were written according to Murray or any other grammarian, so they meant to his troops "fight on, men, and keep fighting till I come."

Lieutenant-General Hardee was also one of Bragg's corps commanders. This officer, who was an accomplished tactician, had made a record which many thought indicated abilities of a high order, fitting him for chief command of the Western Army. Another of his corps commanders was the chivalrous John B. Hood, who, at Atlanta, in 1864, was named by President Davis to succeed General Joseph E. Johnston, who was removed from chief command. In commenting on the picturesque and high-spirited Hood a whole chapter might be consumed; but I shall confine myself to a few observations in regard to him. As division or corps commander, there were very few men in either army who were superior to Hood; but his most intimate associates and <jg_128>ardent admirers in the army never regarded him as endowed with those rare mental gifts essential in the man who was to displace General Joseph E. Johnston. To say that he was as brave and dashing

as any officer of any age would be the merest commonplace tribute to such a man; but courage and dash are not the sole or even the prime requisites of the commander of a great army. There are crises, it is true, in battle, like that which called Napoleon to the front at Lodi, and caused Lee to attempt to lead his men on May 6 in the Wilderness, and again at Spottsylvania (May 12, 1864), when the fate of the army may demand the most daring exposure of the commander-in-chief himself. It is nevertheless true that care and caution in handling an army, the forethought which thoroughly weighs the advantages and disadvantages of instant and aggressive action, are as essential in a commander as courage in his men. In these high qualities his battles at Atlanta and later at Franklin would indicate that Hood was lacking. I am persuaded and have reason to believe that General Lee thought Joseph E. Johnston's tactics wiser, although they involved repeated retreats in husbanding the strength and morale of his army. Bosquet said of some brilliant episode in battle: "It is beautiful, but it is not war." Hood, like Jackson, thought battle a delightful excitement; but Jackson, with all his daring and apparent relish for the fray, was one of the most cautious of men. His terrible marches were inspired largely by his caution. Instead of hurling his troops on breastworks in front, which might have been "beautiful," he preferred to wage war by heavy marching in order to deliver his blow upon the flank. His declaration that it is better to lose one hundred men in marching than a thousand in fighting is proof positive of the correctness of the estimate I place on his caution. Ewell once said that he never saw one of Jackson's staff approaching without "expecting an order to storm the north pole "; but if Jackson had determined to take the north pole he would have first considered whether it could be more easily carried by assaulting in front or by turning its flank.

Hood had lost a leg in battle, and when the amputation was completed an attempt was made to console him by the announcement that a civil appointment was ready for him. With characteristic impetuosity, he replied: "No, sir; no bomb-proof place for me. I propose to see this fight out in the field." This undiminished ardor for military service calls to mind the many other soldiers of the Civil War, and of all history, whose loss of bodily activity in no way impaired their mental capacity. Ewell, with his one leg, not only rode in battle like a cow-boy on the plains, but in the whirlwind of the strife his brain acted with the precision and rapidity of a Gatling gun.

General Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, who was an able representative in Congress, continued his active and conspicuous service in the field long after he lost the leg which was shivered by a Confederate ball as the brave men in gray rushed up the steep of Little Round Top at Gettysburg. The United States Senate, since the war, has been a conspicuous arena for one-legged Confederates. The former illustrious senators of South Carolina, Hampton and Butler, and the combative and forceful Berry of Arkansas, each stood upon his single leg, an able and aggressive champion of Democratic faith; and it is certain that the brilliant oratory of Daniel, of Virginia, is none the less Websterian because the missile in the Wilderness mangled his leg and maimed him for life. Marshal Saxe, who ran away from home and joined the army at the age of twelve, and who became one of the most famous soldiers of his day, gathered for France and his own brow the glories of Fontenoy while he was carried amidst his troops on a litter. The most illustrious patrician in the Republic of Venice, the sightless hero whom Lord Byron called "the blind old Dan-dolo," achieved for his country its most brilliant naval victories. No account, however, of the mental vigor which has distinguished many maimed soldiers

would be complete without reference to a Union soldier who lost both legs. My first meeting with "Corporal" Tanner, to whom I allude, was many years ago, on the cars between Washington and Richmond. He was on his way to the former capital of the fallen Confederacy. The exuberance of his spirits, the cordiality of his greeting, and the catholicity of his sentiments arrested my attention and won my friendship at this first meeting. In the course of the conversation I jocularly asked him if he were not afraid to go to Richmond without a bodyguard? "Well," he said, "I left both my legs buried in Virginia soil, and I think a man ought to be allowed peaceably to visit his own graveyard." A few years later I sat on a platform with Tanner before a great audience in Cooper Institute, New York. This audience had assembled for the purpose of considering ways and means to aid in the erection of a Confederate Soldiers' Home in Richmond. I had in my pocket a liberal contribution from General Grant, and after announcing this fact, with a few additional words, I called for Tanner as the speaker of the evening. He stood tremblingly on the two wooden pins that served him as legs, and began by saying: "My whole being is enlisted in this cause, from the crown of my head down to the--as far as I go." Those who were present at the great gathering of Confederates in the vast assembly-hall at Richmond during the last days of June, 1895, will not soon forget his speech on that occasion. This maimed Union veteran, surrounded by Confederates, was pressed to the front of the platform amidst the wildest acclamations of his <jg_131>former foes. Every fibre of his body quivering with emotion, Tanner poured into the ears and hearts of his auditors a torrent of patriotic eloquence that evoked a demonstration such as rarely greets any man. In his case the loss of his legs seems to have added vigor to his brain and breadth to his heart.

The brief comments I have made upon General Hood's career as commander of an army are in no degree disparaging to his clear title to the gratitude of the Southern people. They are penned by as loyal a friend as he had in the Confederate army. No devoted Theban ever stood at the tomb of Epaminondas with keener appreciation of his great virtues than is mine of the high qualities of the great-hearted and heroic Hood. These views were not withheld from General Lee when the selection of a new commander for the Confederate army at Atlanta was in contemplation. When President Davis asked General Lee for an opinion as to the wisdom of removing General Johnston from the command of that army, General Lee did me the honor, as I presume he honored other corps commanders, to counsel with me as to the policy of such an act. I had served under General Johnston while he commanded the Army of Northern Virginia. I had learned by experience and observation how he could retreat day after day and yet retain the absolute confidence of his officers and men, who were ready at any moment to about face, and, with an enthusiasm born of that confidence, assume the offensive at his command. I therefore expressed the opinion that there was no one except General Lee himself who could take General Johnston's place without a shock to the morale of his troops that would greatly decrease the chances of checking General Sherman. Hood and others were discussed, and I ventured the suggestion that if the time should ever come for the removal of General Johnston, it would be after he had lost and not while he still <jg_132>retained, as he clearly did, the enthusiastic confidence of his army, from the commanders of corps to the privates in the ranks. I may here remark that General Lee was perhaps the most unassuming of great commanders. Responsibilities that clearly belonged to him as a soldier he met promptly and to the fullest extent; but he was the last man holding a

commission in the Confederate army to assume authority about which there could be any question. Especially was this true when such authority was placed by the Constitution or laws in the hands of the President. Nothing could tempt him to cross the line separating his powers from those of the civil authorities. That line might be dim to others, but it was clear to him. This delicacy was exhibited again and again even during the desperate throes in the last death-struggle of his army. I cannot be mistaken, however, as to his opinion of the suggested removal of General Johnston and the promotion of General Hood or any one else to the chief command. While he avoided any direct reply to my suggestions, he said enough to indicate his opinions. I could not forget his expressions, and I give, I believe, the exact words he used. He said: "General Johnston is a patriot and an able soldier. He is upon the ground, and knows his army and its surroundings and how to use it better than any of us." This was the extent of his comment and ended the interview. He never again alluded to the subject. General Lee was influenced in this case, as always, by a possibly too extreme reluctance to assume powers vested in the head of the government. While there was more or less complaint and criticism of Mr. Davis's management (it could not be otherwise during the progress of so stupendous an enterprise), the confidence reposed in his ability and consecration was unshaken; and General Lee heartily shared in this confidence. The threadbare adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," found <jg_133>a fit illustration of its truth in the experience of Jefferson Davis, as it did in that of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln. In the case of Washington criticism ceased when he retired to Mount Vernon. In the case of Abraham Lincoln all carpings and all divisions were lost in the universal sorrow of the whole American people when he became the victim of the murderous bullet of an insane assassin. So Jefferson Davis when imprisoned became the representative martyr of his whole people. Every one of them was ready to share with him all responsibility for the struggle, to the chief conduct of which they had called him by their votes. I feel sure that so long as this vicarious suffering of Mr. Davis lasted, General Johnston himself would have been unwilling to publish any statements as to the controversy between them, though he might have deemed such statements necessary for his own vindication.

The strained relations between them originated in an honest difference of opinion as to the relative rank to which General Johnston was entitled among the five full generals. It is wholly immaterial to my present purpose to inquire which was right. The position of either could be sustained by forceful arguments. From my knowledge of both President Davis and General Johnston, I feel justified in saying that the spirit which prompted them differed essentially from that which impelled the Duke of Wellington and Talleyrand each to desire the first place in the picture in which the allied sovereigns were to appear. Personal ambition played a very small part in the conduct of the serious enterprise in which the South was embarked. I could not fail to be deeply concerned, as all Southerners were, as to the effect of this alienation between the President and one of the South's ablest commanders. Honored with the close personal friendship of both after the war, I had abundant opportunity for learning the peculiarities of each. That <jg_134>trenchant truism of Plato: "No man governs well who wants to govern," finds no illustration in the lives of these patriotic men. The high positions and responsibilities of both came to them unsought. Their characteristics were cast in similar moulds and were of the most inflexible metal. While courteous in intercourse, each was tenacious in holding and emphatic in expressing convictions. The breach, therefore, once made was never healed.

President Davis wished General Johnston to assume the offensive, with Dalton as a base of operations. General Johnston felt that his army, which had been beaten back from Missionary Ridge in great confusion, could not safely inaugurate the movement. The President felt that it was his right as constitutional head of the Confederate Government to know when and where his general intended to make a stand. That general, who had made a retreat from Dalton to Atlanta in which he had lost no wagons, no material of any description except four pieces of artillery, and none of the enthusiastic confidence of his officers or men, with but few killed or wounded in the almost daily skirmishes and combats, failed to give to the government at Richmond such information of his plans and such assurances of his hopes of success as were expected. A man of great caution, but of towering capabilities, General Johnston had hus-banded his army's strength and resources in this long retrograde movement so as to make it one of the most memorable in military annals; but I think he should have frankly and confidently stated where he intended to make a final stand, from which he expected most satisfactory results. Failing to do this, he will probably be judged by history as failing to meet in the fullest measure his duty to the President. On the other hand, President Davis, having placed in command this officer, who had few if any superiors in any age or in any army, should probably have imitated the example of Louis XV, <jg_135>who said to the great marshal in command of his forces that he expected all to obey, "and I will be the first to set the example."

In the meantime, while these repeated changes in commanders were occurring in the Confederate Army of the West and in the Union Army of the East, Robert E. Lee was intrusted with supreme military control in Virginia. Once in command, he was destined to remain to the end. Supported by Jackson, by the two Hills and Hampton, by Longstreet and Stuart and the junior Lees, by Ewell and Early, by Breckenridge, Heth, Mahone, Hoke, Rodes, and Pickett; by Field and Wilcox, by Johnson, Cobb, Evans, Kershaw, and Ramseur; by Pendleton, Alexander, Jones, Long and Carter of the artillery, and by a long line of officers who have left their impress upon history, this great chieftain was concentrating largely in himself the hopes of the Southern people.

This cursory and necessarily imperfect review of some of the noted leaders on both sides would be still less satisfactory without some reference to the men of the ranks who stood behind them--or, rather, in front of them.

During the fall of 1896, on my tour in Ohio, a gallant officer of the Union army, after hearing some reference by me to the great debt of gratitude due the private soldiers, gave me an amusing account of a meeting held by privates and junior officers of the line in the Union camps. Brevet titles were being conferred upon many officers for meritorious conduct. A series of resolutions were passed at this meeting, with the usual *whereases*, by which it was declared, as the sense of the meeting, that every private who had bravely fought and uncomplainingly suffered was entitled to be brevetted as corporal, every corporal as sergeant, and every sergeant as captain. In that droll gathering some wag proposed an additional resolution, which, with solemn dignity, was <jg_136>unanimously adopted: "*Whereas*, the faithful mules of the army have worked hard without any complaint, each one of said mules should be promoted to the rank of horse."

General Lee evidenced his appreciation of the privates when he said to one of them who was standing near his tent, "Come in, captain, and take a seat."

"I'm no captain, general; I'm nothing but a private," said this modest soldier.

"Come in, sir," said Lee; "come in and take a seat. You ought to be a captain."

Although playfully uttered, these simple words reflected the real sentiment of the great chieftain. It is almost literally true that the intelligent privates in both the Confederate and Union armies were all competent to hold minor commissions after one year's service. They acquired well-defined opinions as to the wisdom and object of great movements.

No language would be too strong or eulogy too high to pronounce upon the privates who did their duty during that long and dreadful war, who manfully braved its dangers, patiently endured its trials, cheerfully obeyed the orders; who were ready to march and to suffer, to fight and to die, without once calling in question the wisdom of the orders or the necessity for the sacrifice.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XI--Gettysburg

<jg_137>

Why General Lee crossed the Potomac--The movement into Penn-sylvania--
Incidents of the march to the Susquehanna--The first day at Gettysburg--Union
forces driven back--The key of the posi-tion--Why the Confederates did not
seize Cemetery Ridge--A defence of General Lee's strategy--The fight at Little
Round Top--The immortal charge of Pickett's men-- General Meade's
deliberate pursuit--Lee's request to be relieved.

FROM Gettysburg to Appomattox; from the zenith of assurance to the nadir of despair; from the compact ranks, boundless confidence, and exultant hopes of as proud and puissant an army as was ever marshalled--to the shattered remnants, withered hopes, and final surrender of that army--such is the track to be followed describing the Confederacy's declining fortunes and ultimate death. No picture can be drawn by human hand vivid enough to portray the varying hues, the spasmodic changes, the rapidly gathering shadows of the scenes embraced in the culminating period of the great struggle.

A brief analysis of the reasons for General Lee's crossing of the Potomac is now in order. In the logistics of defensive war, offensive movements are often the wisest strategy. Voltaire has somewhere remarked that "to subsist one's army at the expense of the enemy, to advance on their own ground and force them to retrace their steps--thus rendering strength useless by skill--is regarded as one of the masterpieces of military art."

It would be difficult to group together words more <jg_138>concisely and clearly descriptive of General Lee's purposes in crossing the Potomac, both in '62 and '63. It must be added, however, that while the movement into Maryland in 1862, and into Pennsylvania in 1863, were each defensive in design, they differed in some particulars as to the immediate object which General Lee hoped to accomplish. Each sought to force the Union army to retrace its steps; "each sought to render strength useless by skill"; but in 1862 there was not so grave a necessity for subsisting his army on Union soil as in 1863. The movement into Maryland was of course a more direct threat upon Washington. Besides, at that period there was still a prevalent belief among Southern leaders that Southern sentiment was strong in Maryland, and that an important victory within her borders might convert the Confederate camps into recruiting-stations, and add materially to the strength of Lee's army. But the Confederate graves which were dug in Maryland's soil vastly outnumbered the Confederate soldiers recruited from her citizens. It would be idle to speculate as to what might have been the effect of a decisive victory by Lee's forces at South Mountain, or Boonsboro, or Antietam (Sharpsburg). The poignancy of disappointment at the small number recruited for our army was intensified by the recognition of the splendid fighting qualities of Maryland soldiers who had previously joined us.

The movement into Pennsylvania in 1863 was also, in part at least, a recruiting expedition. We did not expect, it is true, to gather soldiers for our ranks, but beeves for our commissary. For more than two years the effort to fill the ranks of the Southern armies had alarmingly reduced the ranks of Southern producers, with no appreciable diminution in the number of consumers. Indeed, the consumers had materially increased; for while we were not then seeking to encourage Northern immigration, we had a large

number of visitors from <jg_139>that and other sections, who were exploring the country under such efficient guides as McClellan, Hooker, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, and others. We had, therefore, much need of borrowing supplies from our neighbors beyond the Potomac. The bill of fare of some commands was already very short and by no means appetizing. General Ewell, having exhausted the contents of his larder, thought to replenish it from the surrounding country by a personal raid, and returned after a long and dusty hunt with a venerable ox, which would not have made a morsel, on division, for one per cent. of his command. Ewell's ox had on him, however, that peculiar quality of flesh which is essential in feeding an army on short rations. It was durable--irreducible.

The whole country in the Wilderness and around Chan-cellorsville, where both Hooker's and Lee's armies had done some foraging, and thence to the Potomac, was well-nigh exhausted. This was true, also, of a large portion of the Piedmont region and of the Valley of Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains; while the lower valley, along the Shenandoah, had long been the beaten track and alternate camping-ground of both Confederate and Union armies. It had contributed to the support of both armies until it could contribute no more. How to subsist, therefore, was becoming a serious question. The hungry hosts of Israel did not look across Jordan to the vine-clad hills of Canaan with more longing eyes than did Lee's braves contemplate the yellow grain-fields of Pennsylvania beyond the Potomac.

Again, to defend Richmond by threatening Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia was perhaps the most promising purpose of the Confederate invasion. Incidentally, it was hoped that a defeat of the Union army in territory so contiguous to these great cities would send gold to such a premium as to cause financial panic in the commercial centres, and induce the great <jg_140>business interests to demand that the war should cease. But the hoped-for victory, with its persuasive influence, did not materialize. Indeed, the presence of Lee's army in Pennsylvania seemed to arouse the North to still greater efforts, as the presence of the Union armies in the South had intensified, if possible, the decision of her people to resist to the last extremity.

The appearance of my troops on the flank of General Meade's army during the battle of Gettysburg was not our first approach into that little city which was to become the turning-point in the Confederacy's fortunes. Having been detached from General Lee's army, my brigade had, some days prior to the great battle, passed through Gettysburg on our march to the Susquehanna. Upon those now historic hills I had met a small force of Union soldiers, and had there fought a diminutive battle when the armies of both Meade and Lee were many miles away. When, therefore, my command--which penetrated farther, I believe, than any other Confederate infantry into the heart of Pennsylvania--was recalled from the banks of the Susquehanna to take part in the prolonged and stupendous struggle, I expressed to my staff the opinion that if the battle should be fought at Gettysburg, the army which held the heights would probably be the victor. The insignificant encounter I had had on those hills impressed their commanding importance upon me as nothing else could have done.

The Valley of Pennsylvania, through which my command marched from Gettysburg to Wrightsville on the Susquehanna, awakened the most conflicting emotions. It was delightful to look upon such a scene of universal thrift and plenty. Its broad grain-fields, clad in golden garb, were waving their welcome to the reapers and binders. Some fields were already dotted over with harvested shocks. The huge barns on the highest grounds

meant to my sore-footed marchers a mount, a <jg_141>ride, and a rest on broad-backed horses. On every side, as far as our alert vision could reach, all aspects and conditions conspired to make this fertile and carefully tilled region a panorama both interesting and enchanting. It was a type of the fair and fertile Valley of Virginia at its best, before it became the highway of armies and the ravages of war had left it wasted and bare. This melancholy contrast between these charming districts, so similar in other respects, brought to our Southern sensibilities a touch of sadness. In both these lovely valleys were the big red barns, representing in their silent dignity the independence of their owners. In both were the old-fashioned brick or stone mansions, differing in style of architecture and surroundings as Teutonic manners and tastes differ from those of the Cavalier. In both were the broad green meadows with luxuriant grasses and crystal springs.

One of these springs impressed itself on my memory by its great beauty and the unique uses to which its owner had put it. He was a staid and laborious farmer of German descent. With an eye to utility, as well as to the health and convenience of his household, he had built his dining-room immediately over this fountain gushing from a cleft in an underlying rock. My camp for the night was near by, and I accepted his invitation to breakfast with him. As I entered the quaint room, one half floored with smooth limestone, and the other half covered with limpid water bubbling clear and pure from the bosom of Mother Earth, my amazement at the singular design was perhaps less pronounced than the sensation of rest which it produced. For many days we had been marching on the dusty turnpikes, under a broiling sun, and it is easier to imagine than to describe the feeling of relief and repose which came over me as we sat in that cool room, with a hot breakfast served from one side, while from the other the frugal housewife <jg_142>dipped cold milk and cream from immense jars standing neck-deep in water.

We entered the city of York on Sunday morning. A committee, composed of the mayor and prominent citizens, met my command on the main pike before we reached the corporate limits, their object being to make a peaceable surrender and ask for protection to life and property. They returned, I think, with a feeling of assured safety. The church bells were ringing, and the streets were filled with well-dressed people. The appearance of these church-going men, women, and children, in their Sunday attire, strangely contrasted with that of my marching soldiers. Begrimed as we were from head to foot with the impalpable gray powder which rose in dense columns from the macadamized pikes and settled in sheets on men, horses, and wagons, it is no wonder that many of York's inhabitants were terror-stricken as they looked upon us. We had been compelled on these forced marches to leave baggage-wagons behind us, and there was no possibility of a change of clothing, and no time for brushing uniforms or washing the disfiguring dust from faces, hair, or beard. All these were of the same hideous hue. The grotesque aspect of my troops was accentuated here and there, too, by barefooted men mounted double upon huge horses with shaggy manes and long fetlocks. Confederate pride, to say nothing of Southern gallantry, was subjected to the sorest trial by the consternation produced among the ladies of York. In my eagerness to relieve the citizens from all apprehension, I lost sight of the fact that this turnpike powder was no respecter of persons, but that it enveloped all alike--officers as well as privates. Had I realized the wish of Burns, that some power would "the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us," I might have avoided the slight panic created by my effort to allay a larger one. Halting on the main street, where the sidewalks <jg_143>were densely packed, I rode a few rods in advance of my

troops, in order to speak to the people from my horse. As I checked him and turned my full dust-begrimed face upon a bevy of young ladies very near me, a cry of alarm came from their midst; but after a few words of assurance from me, quiet and apparent confidence were restored. I assured these ladies that the troops behind me, though ill-clad and travel-stained, were good men and brave; that beneath their rough exteriors were hearts as loyal to women as ever beat in the breasts of honorable men; that their own experience and the experience of their mothers, wives, and sisters at home had taught them how painful must be the sight of a hostile army in their town; that under the orders of the Confederate commander-in-chief both private property and non-combatants were safe; that the spirit of vengeance and of rapine had no place in the bosoms of these dust-covered but knightly men; and I closed by pledging to York the head of any soldier under my command who destroyed private property, disturbed the repose of a single home, or insulted a woman.

As we moved along the street after this episode, a little girl, probably twelve years of age, ran up to my horse and handed me a large bouquet of flowers, in the centre of which was a note, in delicate handwriting, purporting to give the numbers and describe the position of the Union forces of Wrightsville, toward which I was advancing. I carefully read and reread this strange note. It bore no signature, and contained no assurance of sympathy for the Southern cause, but it was so terse and explicit in its terms as to compel my confidence. The second day we were in front of Wrightsville, and from the high ridge on which this note suggested that I halt and examine the position of the Union troops, I eagerly scanned the prospect with my field-glasses, in order to verify the truth of the mysterious <jg_144>communication or detect its misrepresentations. There, in full view before us, was the town, just as described, nestling on the banks of the Susquehanna. There was the blue line of soldiers guarding the approach, drawn up, as indicated, along an intervening ridge and across the pike. There was the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna and connecting the town with Columbia on the other bank. Most important of all, there was the deep gorge or ravine running off to the right and extending around the left flank of the Federal line and to the river below the bridge. Not an inaccurate detail in that note could be discovered. I did not hesitate, therefore, to adopt its suggestion of moving down the gorge in order to throw my command on the flank, or possibly in the rear, of the Union troops and force them to a rapid retreat or surrender. The result of this movement vindicated the strategic wisdom of my unknown and--judging by the handwriting--woman correspondent, whose note was none the less martial because embedded in roses, and whose evident genius for war, had occasion offered, might have made her a captain equal to Catherine.

As I have intimated, the orders from General Lee for the protection of private property and persons were of the most stringent character. Guided by these instructions and by my own impulses, I resolved to leave no ruins along the line of my march through Pennsylvania; no marks of a more enduring character than the tracks of my soldiers along its superb pikes. I cannot be mistaken in the opinion that the citizens who then lived and still live on these highways will bear me out in the assertion that we marched into that delightful region, and then marched out of it, without leaving any scars to mar its beauty or lessen its value. Perhaps I ought to record two insignificant exceptions.

Going into camp in an open country and after dark, <jg_145>it was ascertained that there was no wood to be had for even the limited amount of necessary cooking, and I was

appealed to by the men for permission to use a few rails from an old-fashioned fence near the camp. I agreed that they might take the top layer of rails, as the fence would still be high enough to answer the farmer's purpose. When morning came the fence had nearly all disappeared, and each man declared that he had taken only the top rail! The authorized (?) destruction of that fence is not difficult to understand! It was a case of adherence to the letter and neglect of the spirit; but there was no alternative except good-naturedly to admit that my men had gotten the better of me that time.

The other case of insignificant damage inflicted by our presence in the Valley of Pennsylvania was the application of the Confederate "conscript law" in drafting Pennsylvania horses into service. That law was passed by the Confederate Congress in order to call into our ranks able-bodied men at the South, but my soldiers seemed to think that it might be equally serviceable for the ingathering of able-bodied horses at the North. The trouble was that most of these horses had fled the country or were in hiding, and the owners of the few that were left were not submissive to Southern authority. One of these owners, who, I believe, had not many years before left his fatherland and was not an expert in the use of English, attempted to save his favorite animal by a verbal combat with my quartermaster. That officer, however, failing to understand him, sent him to me. The "Pennsylvania Dutchman," as his class was known in the Valley, was soon firing at me his broken English, and opened his argument with the announcement: "You be's got my mare." I replied, "It is not at all improbable, my friend, that I have your mare, but the game we are now playing is what was called in my boyhood 'tit for tat'"; and I endeavored to explain to him that the <jg_146>country was at war, that at the South horses were being taken by the Union soldiers, and that I was trying on a small scale to balance accounts. I flattered myself that this statement of the situation would settle the matter; but the explanation was far more satisfactory to myself than to him. He insisted that I had not paid for his mare. I at once offered to pay him--in Confederate money; I had no other. This he indignantly refused. Finally I offered to give him a written order for the price of his mare on the President of the United States. This offer set him to thinking. He was quite disposed to accept it, but, like a dim ray of starlight through a rift in the clouds at night, there gradually dawned on him the thought that there might possibly be some question as to my authority for drawing on the President. The suggestion of this doubt exhausted his patience, and in his righteous exasperation, like his great countryman hurling the inkstand at the devil, he pounded me with expletives in so furious a style that, although I could not interpret them into English, there was no difficulty in comprehending their meaning. The words which I did catch and understand showed that he was making a comparison of values between his mare and his "t'ree vifes." The climax of his argument was in these words: "I've been married, sir, t'ree times, and I rood not geef dot mare for all dose voomans."

With so sincere an admirer of woman as myself such an argument could scarcely be recognized as forcible; but I was also a great lover of fine horses, and this poor fellow's distress at the loss of his favorite mare was so genuine and acute that I finally yielded to his entreaties and had her delivered to him.

When General Early reached York a few days later, he entered into some business negotiations with the officials and prominent citizens of that city. I was not advised as to the exact character of those negotiations, but <jg_147>it was rumored through that portion of the army at the time that General Early wanted to borrow, or secure in some

other way, for the use of his troops, a certain amount of greenbacks, and that he succeeded in making the arrangement. I learned afterward that the only promise to repay, like that of the Confederate notes, was at some date subsequent to the establishment of Southern independence.

It will be remembered that the note concealed in the flowers handed me at York had indicated a ravine down which I could move, reaching the river not far from the bridge. As my orders were not restricted, except to direct me to cross the Susquehanna, if possible, my immediate object was to move rapidly down that ravine to the river, then along its right bank to the bridge, seize it, and cross to the Columbia side. Once across, I intended to mount my men, if practicable, so as to pass rapidly through Lancaster in the direction of Philadelphia, and thus compel General Meade to send a portion of his army to the defence of that city. This programme was defeated, first, by the burning of the bridge, and second, by the imminent prospect of battle near Gettysburg. The Union troops stationed at Wrightsville had, after their retreat across it, fired the bridge which I had hoped to secure, and had then stood in battle line on the opposite shore. With great energy my men labored to save the bridge. I called on the citizens of Wrightsville for buckets and pails, but none were to be found. There was, however, no lack of buckets and pails a little later, when the town was on fire. The bridge might burn, for that incommode, at the time, only the impatient Confederates, and these Pennsylvanians were not in sympathy with my expedition, nor anxious to facilitate the movement of such unwelcome visitors. But when the burning bridge fired the lumber-yards on the river's banks, and the burning lumber fired the town, buckets <jg_148>and tubs and pails and pans innumerable came from their hiding-places, until it seemed that, had the whole of Lee's army been present, I could have armed them with these implements to fight the rapidly spreading flames. My men labored as earnestly and bravely to save the town as they did to save the bridge. In the absence of fire-engines or other appliances, the only chance to arrest the progress of the flames was to form my men around the burning district, with the flank resting on the river's edge, and pass rapidly from hand to hand the pails of water. Thus, and thus only, was the advancing, raging fire met, and at a late hour of the night checked and conquered. There was one point especially at which my soldiers combated the fire's progress with immense energy, and with great difficulty saved an attractive home from burning. It chanced to be the home of one of the most superb women it was my fortune to meet during the four years of war. She was Mrs. L. L. Rewalt, to whom I refer in my lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," as the heroine of the Susquehanna. I met Mrs. Rewalt the morning after the fire had been checked. She had witnessed the furious combat with the flames around her home, and was unwilling that those men should depart without receiving some token of appreciation from her. She was not wealthy, and could not entertain my whole command, but she was blessed with an abundance of those far nobler riches of brain and heart which are the essential glories of exalted womanhood. Accompanied by an attendant, and at a late hour of the night, she sought me, in the confusion which followed the destructive fire, to express her gratitude to the soldiers of my command and to inquire how long we would remain in Wrightsville. On learning that the village would be relieved of our presence at an early hour the following morning, she insisted that I should bring with me to breakfast at her house as many as could find places <jg_149>in her dining-room. She would take no excuse, not even the nervous condition in which the excitement of the previous hours had left her. At a bountifully supplied table

in the early morning sat this modest, cultured woman, surrounded by soldiers in their worn, gray uniforms. The welcome she gave us was so gracious, she was so self-possessed, so calm and kind, that I found myself in an inquiring state of mind as to whether her sympathies were with the Northern or Southern side in the pending war. Cautiously, but with sufficient clearness to indicate to her my object, I ventured some remarks which she could not well ignore and which she instantly saw were intended to evoke some declaration upon the subject. She was too brave to evade it, too self-poised to be confused by it, and too firmly fixed in her convictions to hesitate as to the answer. With no one present except Confederate soldiers who were her guests, she replied, without a quiver in her voice, but with womanly gentleness: "General Gordon, I fully comprehend you, and it is due to myself that I candidly tell you that I am a Union woman. I cannot afford to be misunderstood, nor to have you misinterpret this simple courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I was unwilling that you should go away without receiving some token of my appreciation. I must tell you, however, that, with my assent and approval, my husband is a soldier in the Union army, and my constant prayer to Heaven is that our cause may triumph and the Union be saved."

No Confederate left that room without a feeling of profound respect, of unqualified admiration, for that brave and worthy woman. No Southern soldier, no true Southern man, who reads this account will fail to render to her a like tribute of appreciation. The spirit of every high-souled Southerner was made to thrill over and over again at the evidence around him of the more <jg_150>than Spartan courage, the self-sacrifices and devotion, of Southern women, at every stage and through every trial of the war, as from first to last, they hurried to the front, their brothers and fathers, their husbands and sons. No Southern man can ever forget the words of cheer that came from these heroic women's lips, and their encouragement to hope and fight on in the midst of despair. When I met Mrs. Rewalt in Wrightsville, the parting with my own mother was still fresh in my memory. Nothing short of death's hand can ever obliterate from my heart the impression of that parting. Holding me in her arms, her heart almost bursting with anguish, and the tears running down her cheeks, she asked God to take care of me, and then said: "Go, my son; I shall perhaps never see you again, but I commit you freely to the service of your country." I had witnessed, as all Southern soldiers had witnessed, the ever-increasing consecration of those women to their cause. No language can fitly describe their saintly spirit of martyrdom, which grew stronger and rose higher when all other eyes could see the inevitable end of the terrific struggle slowly but surely approaching.

Returning from the banks of the Susquehanna, and meeting at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, the advance of Lee's forces, my command was thrown quickly and squarely on the right flank of the Union army. A more timely arrival never occurred. The battle had been raging for four or five hours. The Confederate General Archer, with a large portion of his brigade, had been captured. Heth and Scales, Confederate generals, had been wounded. The ranking Union commander on the field, General Reynolds, had been killed, and Hancock was assigned to command. The battle, upon the issue of which hung, perhaps, the fate of the Confederacy, was in full blast. The Union forces, at first driven <jg_151>back, now reënforced, were again advancing and pressing back Lee's left and threatening to envelop it. The Confederates were stubbornly contesting every foot of ground, but the Southern left was slowly yielding. A few moments more and the day's battle might have been ended by the complete turning of Lee's flank. I was ordered to

move at once to the aid of the heavily pressed Confederates. With a ringing yell, my command rushed upon the line posted to protect the Union right. Here occurred a hand-to-hand struggle. That protecting Union line once broken left my command not only on the right flank, but obliquely in rear of it. Any troops that were ever marshalled would, under like conditions, have been as surely and swiftly shattered. There was no alternative for Howard's men except to break and fly, or to throw down their arms and surrender. Under the concentrated fire from front and flank, the marvel is that any escaped. In the midst of the wild disorder in his ranks, and through a storm of bullets, a Union officer was seeking to rally his men for a final stand. He, too, went down, pierced by a Minié ball. Riding forward with my rapidly advancing lines, I discovered that brave officer lying upon his back, with the July sun pouring its rays into his pale face. He was surrounded by the Union dead, and his own life seemed to be rapidly ebbing out. Quickly dismounting and lifting his head, I gave him water from my canteen, asked his name and the character of his wounds. He was Major-General Francis C. Barlow, of New York, and of Howard's corps. The ball had entered his body in front and passed out near the spinal cord, paralyzing him in legs and arms. Neither of us had the remotest thought that he could possibly survive many hours. I summoned several soldiers who were looking after the wounded, and directed them to place him upon a litter and carry him to the shade in the rear. Before parting, <jg_152>he asked me to take from his pocket a package of letters and destroy them. They were from his wife. He had but one request to make of me. That request was that if I should live to the end of the war and should ever meet Mrs. Barlow, I would tell her of our meeting on the field of Gettysburg and of his thoughts of her in his last moments. He wished me to assure her that he died doing his duty at the front, that he was willing to give his life for his country, and that his deepest regret was that he must die without looking upon her face again. I learned that Mrs. Barlow was with the Union army, and near the battle-field. When it is remembered how closely Mrs. Gordon followed me, it will not be difficult to realize that my sympathies were especially stirred by the announcement that his wife was so near him. Passing through the day's battle unhurt, I despatched at its close, under flag of truce, the promised message to Mrs. Barlow. I assured her that if she wished to come through the lines she should have safe escort to her husband's side. In the desperate encounters of the two succeeding days, and the retreat of Lee's army, I thought no more of Barlow, except to number him with the noble dead of the two armies who had so gloriously met their fate. The ball, however, had struck no vital point, and Barlow slowly recovered, though this fact was wholly unknown to me. The following summer, in battle near Richmond, my kinsman with the same initials, General J. B. Gordon of North Carolina, was killed. Barlow, who had recovered, saw the announcement of his death, and entertained no doubt that he was the Gordon whom he had met on the field of Gettysburg. To me, therefore, Barlow was dead; to Barlow, I was dead. Nearly fifteen years passed before either of us was undeceived. During my second term in the United States Senate, the Hon. Clarkson Potter, of New York, was a member of the House of Representatives. <jg_153>He invited me to dinner in Washington to meet a General Barlow who had served in the Union army. Potter knew nothing of the Gettysburg incident. I had heard that there was another Barlow in the Union army, and supposed, of course, that it was this Barlow with whom I was to dine. Barlow had a similar reflection as to the Gordon he was to meet. Seated at Clarkson Potter's table, I asked Barlow: "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He

replied: "Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to the Gordon who killed me?" "I am the man, sir," I responded. No words of mine can convey any conception of the emotions awakened by those startling announcements. Nothing short of an actual resurrection from the dead could have amazed either of us more. Thenceforward, until his untimely death in 1896, the friendship between us which was born amidst the thunders of Gettysburg was greatly cherished by both.

No battle of our Civil War--no battle of any war--more forcibly illustrates the truth that officers at a distance from the field cannot, with any wisdom, attempt to control the movements of troops actively engaged. On the first day neither General Early nor General Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt. The whole of that portion of the Union army in my front was in inextricable confusion and in flight. They were necessarily in flight, for my troops were upon the flank and rapidly sweeping down the lines. The firing upon my men had almost ceased. Large bodies of the Union troops were throwing down their arms and surrendering, because in disorganized and confused masses they were wholly powerless either to check the movement or return the fire. As far down the lines as my eye could reach the Union troops were in retreat. Those at a distance were <jg_154>still resisting, but giving ground, and it was only necessary for me to press forward in order to insure the same results .which invariably follow such flank movements. In less than half an hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that General Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on the highest authority that General Lee said, sometime before his death, that if Jackson had been there he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory.

The Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., writing of this statement of General Lee's, uses these words: "General Lee made that remark to Professor James J. White and myself in his office in Lexington one day when we chanced to go in as he was reading a letter making some inquiries of him about Gettysburg. He said, with an emphasis that I cannot forget, and bringing his hand down on the table with a force that made things rattle: 'If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I would have won that fight, and a complete victory there would have given us Washington and Baltimore, if not Philadelphia, and would have established the independence of the Confederacy.'"

No soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson when I was ordered to halt. Had he been there, his quick eye would have caught at a glance the entire situation, and instead of halting me he would have urged <jg_155>me forward and have pressed the advantage to the utmost, simply notifying General Lee that the battle was on and he had decided to occupy the heights. Had General Lee himself been present this would undoubtedly have been done. General Lee, as he came in sight of the battle-field that afternoon, sent Colonel Walter H. Taylor, of the staff (he makes this statement clearly in his book, "Four Years with Lee "), with an order to General Ewell to "advance and occupy the heights." General Ewell replied that he would do so, and afterward explained in his official report that he did not do so

because of the report from General William Smith that the enemy was advancing on his flank and rear, the supposed enemy turning out to be General Edward Johnson's Confederate division. Absent as General Lee necessarily was, and intending to meet General Meade at another point and in defensive battle, he would still have applauded, when the facts were made known, the most aggressive movements, though in conflict with his general plan. From the situation plainly to be seen on the first afternoon, and from facts that afterward came to light as to the position of the different corps of General Meade's army, it seems certain that if the Confederates had simply moved forward, following up the advantages gained and striking the separated Union commands in succession, the victory would have been Lee's instead of Meade's.(1)

I should state here that General Meade's army at that hour was stretched out along the line of his march for

(1) I give here the numbers engaged. The figures are taken from the highest authorities:

FEDERAL.--Return, June 30, 1863, effective infantry and artillery (cavalry not reported), Army of the Potomac, 84,158 (Official Records, Vol. XXVII, Part I, p. 151). To which add cavalry (given by "Battles and Leaders" as 13,144), making a total of 97,302.

Estimates, at the battle: "Battles and Leaders," 93,500 (Vol. III, p. 440). Doubleday, 82,000 (he accepts estimate of the Count of Paris). Boynton, 87,000. Meade, in testifying before Commission on Conduct of War, gives 95,000 (Second Series, Vol. I: p. 337). Livermore's "*Numbers and Losses in Civil War*," 83,000 pp. 102, 103).

CONFEDERATE.--Confederate returns, May 31, 1863, effective force, 68,352 (Official Records, Vol. XXV, Part I, pp. 845, 846).

Estimates, at the battle: "Battles and Leaders," 70,000 (Vol. IV, p. 440). Doubleday, 73,500 (he accepts estimate of the Count of Paris). Boynton, 80,000. Taylor's "Four Years with Lee," 62,000 (p. 113). Livermore's "*Numbers and Losses*," 75,054 (pp. 102, 103).

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nearly thirty miles. General Lee's was much more concentrated. General Hancock's statement of the situation is true and pertinent: "The rear of our troops were hurrying through the town, pursued by Confederates. There had been an attempt to reform some of the Eleventh Corps as they passed over Cemetery Hill, but it had not been very successful." And yet I was halted!

My thoughts were so harrowed and my heart so burdened by the fatal mistake of the afternoon that I was unable to sleep at night. Mounting my horse at two o'clock in the morning, I rode with one or two staff officers to the red barn in which General Ewell and General Early then had their headquarters. Much of my time after nightfall had been spent on the front picket-line, listening to the busy strokes of Union picks and shovels on tile hills, to the rumble of artillery wheels and the tramp of fresh troops as they were hurried forward by Union commanders and placed in position. There was, therefore, no difficulty in divining the scene that would break on our view with the coming dawn. I did not hesitate to say to both Ewell and Early that a line of heavy earthworks, with heavy guns and ranks of infantry behind them, would frown upon us at daylight. I expressed the opinion that, even at that hour, two o'clock, by a concentrated and vigorous night assault we could carry those heights, and that if we waited till morning it would cost us 10,000 men to take them. There was a disposition to yield to my suggestions, but <jg_157>other counsels finally prevailed. Those works were never carried, but the cost of the assault upon them, the appalling carnage resulting from the effort to take them, far exceeded that which I had ventured to predict.

Late in the afternoon of this first day's battle, when the firing had greatly decreased along most of the lines, General Ewell and I were riding through the streets of Gettysburg. In a previous battle he had lost one of his legs, but prided himself on the efficiency of the wooden one which he used in its place. As we rode together, a body of Union soldiers, posted behind some buildings and fences on the outskirts of the town, suddenly opened a brisk fire. A number of Confederates were killed or wounded, and I heard the ominous thud of a Minié ball as it struck General Ewell at my side. I quickly asked: "Are you hurt, sir?" "No, no," he replied; "I'm not hurt. But suppose that ball had struck you: we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better fixed for a fight I am than you are. It don't hurt a bit to be shot in a wooden leg."

Ewell was one of the most eccentric characters, and, taking him all in all, one of the most interesting that I have ever known. It is said that in his early manhood he had been disappointed in a love affair, and had never fully recovered from its effects. The fair young woman to whom he had given his affections had married another man; but Ewell, like the truest of knights, carried her image in his heart through long years. When he was promoted to the rank of brigadier or major-general, he evidenced the constancy of his affections by placing upon his staff the son of the woman whom he had loved in his youth. The meddling Fates, who seem to revel in the romances of lovers, had decreed that Ewell should be shot in battle and become the object of solicitude and tender nursing by this lady, who had been for many years a widow--Mrs. Brown. Her gentle ministrations <jg_158>soothed his weary weeks of suffering, a marriage ensued, and with it came the realization of Ewell's long-deferred hope. It was most interesting to note the change that came over the spirit of this formerly irascible old bachelor. He no longer sympathized with General Early, who, like himself, was known to be more intolerant of soldiers' wives than the crusty French marshal who pronounced them the most inconvenient sort of baggage for a soldier to own. Ewell had become a husband, and was sincerely devoted to Mrs. Ewell. He never seemed to realize, however, that her marriage to him had changed her name, for he proudly presented her to his friends as "My wife, Mrs. Brown, sir."

Whatever differences of opinion may now or hereafter exist as to the results which might have followed a defeat of the Union arms at Gettysburg, there is universal concurrence in the judgment that this battle was the turning-point in the South's fortunes. The point where Pickett's Virginians, under Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead, in their immortal charge, swept over the rock wall, has been appropriately designated by the Government as "the high-water mark of the Rebellion." To the Union commander, General George Gordon Meade, history will accord the honor of having handled his army at Gettysburg with unquestioned ability. The record and the results of the battle entitle him to a high place among Union leaders. To him and to his able subordinates and heroic men is due the credit of having successfully met and repelled the Army of Northern Virginia in the meridian of its hope and confidence and power. This much seems secure to him, whether his failure vigorously to follow General Lee and force him to another battle is justified or condemned by the military critics of the future. General Meade's army halted, it is true, after having achieved a victory. The victory, however, was not of <jg_159>so decisive a character as to demoralize Lee's forces. The great Bonaparte said that bad as might be the condition of a victorious army after battle, it was invariably true that the condition of the defeated army was still worse. If, however, any successful

commander was ever justified in disregarding this truism of Bonaparte's, General Meade was that commander; for a considerable portion of Lee's army, probably one third of it, was still in excellent fighting trim, and nearly every man in it would have responded with alacrity to Lee's call to form a defensive line and deliver battle.

It was my pleasure to know General Meade well after the war, when he was the Department Commander or Military Governor of Georgia. An incident at a banquet in the city of Atlanta illustrates his high personal and soldierly characteristics. The first toast of the evening was to General Meade as the honored guest. When this toast had been drunk, my health was proposed. Thereupon, objection was made upon the ground that it was "too soon after the war to be drinking the health of a man who had been fighting for four years in the Rebel army." It is scarcely necessary to say that this remark came from one who did no fighting in either army. He belonged to that curious class of soldiers who were as valiant in peace as they were docile in war; whose defiance of danger became dazzling after the danger was past. General Meade belonged to the other class of soldiers, who fought as long as fighting was in order, and was ready for peace when there was no longer any foe in the field. This chivalric chieftain of the Union forces at Gettysburg was far more indignant at the speech of the bomb-proof warrior than I was myself. The moment the objection to drinking my health was suggested, General Meade sprang to his feet, and with a compliment to myself which I shall not be expected to repeat, and a rebuke to the objector, he held high his <jg_160>glass and said, with significant emphasis: "I propose to drink, and drink now, to my former foe, but now my friend, General Gordon, of Georgia."

It will not be expected that any considerable space be devoted to the unseemly controversy over those brilliant but disastrous Confederate charges which lost the day at Gettysburg. I could scarcely throw upon the subject any additional light nor bring to its elucidation any material testimony not already adduced by those who have written on the one side or the other. A sense of justice, however, to say nothing of loyalty to Lee's memory, impels me to submit one observation; and I confidently affirm that nearly every soldier who fought under him will sympathize with the suggestion. It is this: that nothing that occurred at Gettysburg, nor anything that has been written since of that battle, has lessened the conviction that, had Lee's orders been promptly and cordially executed, Meade's centre on the third day would have been penetrated and the Union army overwhelmingly defeated. Lee's hold upon the confidence of his army was absolute. The repulse at Gettysburg did not shake it. I recall no instance in history where a defeated army retained in its retreating commander a faith so complete, and gave to him subsequent support so enthusiastic and universal.

General Longstreet is undoubtedly among the great American soldiers who attained distinction in our Civil War; and to myself, and, I am sure, to a large majority of the Southern people, it is a source of profound regret that he and his friends should have been brought into such unprofitable and ill-tempered controversy with the friends of his immortal chieftain.(1)

(1) It now seems certain that impartial military critics, after thorough investigation, will consider the following as established:

1. That General Lee distinctly ordered Longstreet to attack early the morning of the second day, and if he had done so, two of the largest corps of Meade's army would not have been in the fight; but Longstreet delayed the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon, and thus lost his opportunity of occupying Little Round Top,

- the key to the position, which he might have done in the morning without firing a shot or losing a man.
2. That General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack at daybreak on the morning of the third day, and that he did not attack until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the artillery opening at one.
 3. That General Lee, according to the testimony of Colonel Walter Taylor, Colonel C. S. Venable, and General A. L. Long, who were present when the order was given, ordered Longstreet to make the attack on the last day, with the three divisions of his corps, and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, and that instead of doing so he sent fourteen thousand men to assail Meade's army in his strong position, and heavily intrenched.
 4. That the great mistake of the halt on the first day would have been repaired on the second, and even on the third day, if Lee's orders had been vigorously executed, and that General Lee died believing (the testimony on this point is overwhelming) that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders.

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A third of a century has passed since, with Lee's stricken but still puissant army, I turned my back upon the field of Gettysburg, on which nearly 40,000 Americans went down, dead or wounded, at the hands of fellow-Americans. The commanders-in-chief and nearly all the great actors upon it are dead. Of the heroes who fought there and survived the conflict, a large portion have since joined the ranks of those who fell. A new generation has taken their places since the battle's roar was hushed, but its thunders are still reverberating through my memory. No tongue, nor pen, can adequately portray its vacillating fortunes at each dreadful moment. As I write of it now, a myriad thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder, resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing, as he dies: "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills, Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and <jg_162>with glasses in hand, are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in countercharge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the riddled peach orchard; while farther to the Union left on the gory wheat-field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field in alternate waves rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by is Devil's Den. Around it and over it the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing pandemonium. Farther to the Union left, Hood, with his stalwart Texans, is climbing the Round Tops. For a moment he halts to shelter them behind the great boulders. A brief pause for rest, and to his command, "*Forward!*" they mount the huge rocks reddened with blood--and Hood's own blood is soon added. He falls seriously wounded; but his intrepid Alabamians under Law press forward. The fiery brigades of McLaws move to his aid. The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practised eye, he sees at a glance that, quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly <jg_163>bear his messages to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its

base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Wilcox's Alabamians and Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphreys break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphreys and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles with thigh-bone shattered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant Brigadiers Willard, Zook, Cross, and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in command. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines--an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.

The third day's struggle was the bloody postscript to the battle of the first and second. There was a pause. Night had intervened. It was only a pause for breath. Of sleep there was little for the soldiers, perhaps none for the throbbing brains of the great chieftains. Victory to Lee meant Southern independence. Victory to <jg_164>Meade meant an inseparable Union. The life of the Confederacy, the unity of the Republic--these were the stakes of July 3. Meade decided to defend; Lee resolved to assault. The decisive blow at Meade's left centre was planned for the early morning. The morning came and the morning passed. The Union right, impatient at the Confederate delay, opens fire on Lee's left. The challenge is answered by a Confederate charge under Edward Johnson. The Union trenches are carried. Ruger's Union lines sweep down from the heights on Johnson's left and recover these trenches. High noon is reached, but the assault on the left centre is still undelivered. With every moment of delay, Lee's chances are diminishing with geometrical progression. At last the heavy signal-guns break the fatal silence and summon the gray lines of infantry to the charge. Pickett's Virginians are leading. The tired veterans of Heth and Wilcox and Pettigrew move with them. Down the long slope and up the next the majestic column sweeps. With Napoleonic skill, Meade's artillerists turn the converging, galling fire of all adjacent batteries upon the advancing Confederates. The heavy Southern guns hurl their solid shot and shell above the Southern lines and into the Union ranks on the summit. The air quivers and the hills tremble. Onward, still onward, the Southern legions press. Through a tempest of indescribable fury they rush toward the crest held by the compact Union lines. The Confederate leaders, Garnett, Trimble, and Kemper, fall in the storm --the first dead, the others down and disabled. On the Union side, Hancock and Gibbon are borne bleeding to the rear. Still onward press the men in gray, their ranks growing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither. Above the battle's <jg_165>roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope, but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and the galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederate shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate

lines from fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position, and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphur-ous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. Will they go over? Look! They are over and in the Union lines. The left centre is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general flight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol-shots, as the officers draw their side arms. The awful din and confusion of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian, Lieutenant Cushing, <jg_166>shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left; it is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders "Forward !" on the second line, and falls mortally wounded amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires.

The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion which ages before had heaved these hills above the surrounding plain.

It is a great loss to history and to posterity that General Lee did not write his own recollections as General Grant did. It was his fixed purpose to do so for some years after the war ended. From correspondence and personal interviews with him, I know that he was profoundly impressed with the belief that it was his duty to write, and he expended much time and labor in getting the material for such a work. From his reports, which are models of official papers, were necessarily excluded the free and full comments upon plans, movements, men, failures, and the reasons for such failures, as they appeared to him, and of which he was the most competent witness. To those who knew General Lee well, and who added to this knowledge a just appreciation of his generous nature, the assumption by him of entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg means nothing except an additional and overwhelming proof of his almost marvellous magnanimity. He was commander-in-chief, and as such and in that sense he was responsible; but in that sense he was also responsible for every act of every officer and every soldier in his army. This, however, is not the kind of responsibility <jg_167>under discussion. This is not the standard which history will erect and by which he will be judged. If by reason of repeated mistakes or blunders he had lost the confidence and respect of his army, and for this cause could no longer command its cordial and enthusiastic support, this fact would fix his responsibility for the failure. But no such conditions appertained. As already stated, the confidence in him before and after the battle was boundless. Napoleon Bonaparte never

more firmly held the faith of Frenchmen, when thrones were trembling before him, than did Lee hold the faith of his devoted followers, amidst the gloom of his heaviest disasters.

If his plan of battle was faulty, then for this he is responsible; but if his general plan promised success, and if there was a lack of cheerful, prompt, and intelligent coöperation in its execution, or if there were delays that General Lee could not foresee nor provide against, and which delays or lack of coöperation enabled General Meade to concentrate his reserves behind the point of contemplated attack, then the responsibility is shifted to other shoulders.

There was nothing new or especially remarkable in General Lee's plans. Novelties in warfare are confined rather to its implements than to the methods of delivering battle. To Hannibal and Caesar, to Frederick and Napoleon, to Grant and Lee, to all great soldiers, the plan was familiar. It was to assault along the entire line and hold the enemy to hard work on the wings, while the artillery and heaviest impact of infantry penetrated the left centre. Coöperation by every part of his army was expected and essential. However well trained and strong may be the individual horses in a team, they will never move the stalled wagon when one pulls forward while the other holds back. They must all pull together, or the heavily loaded wagon will never be carried <jg_168> to the top of the hill. Such coöperation at Gettysburg was only partial, and limited to comparatively small forces. Pressure--hard, general, and constant pressure--upon Meade's right would have called him to its defence and weakened his centre. That pressure was only spasmodic and of short duration. Lee and his plan could only promise success on the proviso that the movement was both general and prompt. It was neither. Moments in battle are pregnant with the fate of armies. When the opportune moment to strike arrives, the blow must fall; for the next instant it may be futile. Not only moments, but hours, of delay occurred. I am criticising officers for the lack of complete coöperation, not for unavoidable delays. I am simply stating facts which must necessarily affect the verdict of history. Had all the commands designated by General Lee coöperated by a simultaneous assault, thus preventing Meade from grouping his troops around his centre, and had the onset upon that centre occurred in the early morning, as intended by Lee, it requires no partiality to see that this great commander's object would have been assuredly achieved. That the plan involved hazard is undoubtedly true. All battles between such troops as confronted each other at Gettysburg are hazardous and uncertain. If the commanders of the Confederate and Union armies had waited for opportunities free of hazard and uncertainty, no great battle would have been fought and the war never would have ended. The question which history will ask is this: Was General Lee justified in expecting success? The answer will be that, with his experience in meeting the same Union army at Fredericksburg, at the second Manassas, in the seven-days' battles around Richmond, and at Chancellorsville; with an army behind him which he believed well-nigh invincible, and which army believed its commander well-nigh infallible; with a victory for his troops on the first day at Gettysburg, the completeness <jg_169>of which had been spoiled only by an untimely and fatal halt; with the second day's battle ending with alternate successes and indecisive results; and with the expectation of prompt action and vigorous united coöperation, he was abundantly justified in confidently expecting success.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg, each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont-Saint-Jean, and Meade on Cemetery Ridge, had the bird's-eye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union

batteries on Cemetery Heights commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont-Saint-Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eye, were the woodlands of Soignies. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field-glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg, held the weaker position. In both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger lines. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decreed the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.

There were points of vast divergence. The armies which met at Waterloo were practically equal. This was not true of the armies that met at Gettysburg.(1) Napoleon's artillery far exceeded that of Wellington. Lee's was far inferior to Meade's, in the metal from which the

(1) General Lee's army at Gettysburg, according to most reliable estimates [see note, pp. 155 and 156], was about 60,000 or 62,000; General Meade's is placed by different authorities at figures ranging from 82,000 to 105,000. Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* places the numbers of Lee at 69,000 and Meade's between 82,000 and 84,000.

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guns were moulded, as well as in number. Waterloo was a rout, Gettysburg a repulse. Napoleon, in the ensuing panic, was a deserted fugitive. Lee rode amidst his broken lines calmly majestic, the idol of his followers. With no trace of sympathy for Napoleon's selfish aims, with righteous condemnation of his vaulting ambition, one cannot fail to realize the profound pathos of his position on that dismal night of wildest panic and lonely flight. Abandoned by fortune, deserted by his army, discrowned and doomed, he is described by Hugo as having not an organized company to comfort him, not even his faithful Old Guard to rally around him. In Lee's army there was neither panic nor precipitate retreat. There was no desertion of the great commander. Around him still stood his heroic legions, with confidence in him unshaken, love for him unabated, ready to follow his lead and to fight under his orders to the last extremity.

General Meade evidently, perhaps naturally, expected far greater confusion and disorganization in Lee's army, from the terrific repulse to which it had been subjected. He wisely threw his cavalry upon Lee's flank in order to sweep down upon the rear and cut to pieces or capture the fragments of Southern infantry, in case of general retreat or demoralization. As the Union bugles sounded the charge, however, for the gallant horsemen under Farnsworth, Lee's right was ready to receive them. Proudly they rode, but promptly were they repulsed. Many saddles were emptied by Confederate bullets. The intrepid commander, General Farnsworth himself, lost his life in the charge. On the other flank, and with similar design, Lee had placed Stuart with his dashing Confederate riders. Stuart was to attack when Lee's infantry had pierced Meade's centre, and when the Union army was cut in twain and in rapid retreat. This occasion never came to Stuart, but he found all the opportunity he could reasonably desire for the exercise of his men <jg_171>and horses in a furious combat with Gregg's five thousand Union troopers.

The introduction of gunpowder and bullets and of long-range repeating rifles has, in modern warfare, greatly lessened the effectiveness of cavalry in general battle with

infantry, and deprived that great arm of the service of the terror which its charges once inspired. In wars of the early centuries, the swift horsemen rode down the comparatively helpless infantry and trampled its ranks under the horses' feet. For ages after the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, it was the vast bodies of cavalry that checked and changed the currents of battles and settled the fate of armies and empires. This is not true now --- can never be true again; but a cavalry charge, met by a countercharge of cavalry, is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below, where five thousand horses are marshalled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders, armed, booted and spurred, and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet these in countercharge. Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the <jg_172>sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and, as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward !" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears, sabres flash and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces, breaking arms, and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived but terrible.

Ewell's Corps, of which my command was a part, was the last to leave Gettysburg, and the only corps of either army, I believe, that forded the Potomac. Reaching this river, we found it for the time an impassable barrier against our further progress southward. The pontoons had been destroyed. The river was deep and muddy, swollen and swift. We were leaving Pennsylvania and the full granaries that had fed us. Pennsylvania was our Egypt whither we had "*gone to buy corn.*" We regretted leaving, although we had found far less favor with the authorities of this modern Egypt than had Joseph and his brethren with the rulers of the ancient land of abundance.

The fording of the Potomac in the dim starlight of that 13th of July night, and early morning of the 14th, was a spectacular phase of war so quaint and impressive as to leave itself lastingly daguerreotyped on the <jg_173>memory. To the giants in the army the passage was comparatively easy, but the short-legged soldiers were a source of anxiety to the officers and of constant amusement to their long-legged comrades. With their knapsacks high up on their shoulders, their cartridge-boxes above the knapsacks, and their guns lifted still higher to keep them dry, these little heroes of the army battled with the current from shore to shore. Borne clown below the line of march by the swiftly rolling

water, slipping and sliding in the mud and slime, and stumbling over the boulders at the bottom, the marvel is that none were drowned. The irrepressible spirit for fun-making, for jests and good-natured gibes, was not wanting to add to the grotesque character of the passage. Let the reader imagine himself, if he can, struggling to hold his feet under him, with the water up to his armpits, and some tall, stalwart man just behind him shouting, "Pull ahead, Johnny; General Meade will help you along directly by turning loose a battery of Parrott guns on you." Or another, in his front, calling to him: "Run here, little boy, and get on my back, and I'll carry you over safely." Or still another, with mock solemnity, proposing to change the name of the corps to "Lee's Waders," and this answered by a counter-proposition to petition the Secretary of War to imitate old Frederick the Great and organize a corps of "Six-footers" to do this sort of work for the whole army. Or still another offering congratulations on this opportunity for being washed, "The first we have had, boys, for weeks, and General Lee knows we need it."

Most of our wounded and our blue-coated comrades who accompanied us as prisoners were shown greater consideration--they were ferried across in boats. The only serious casualty connected with this dangerous crossing occurred at the point least expected. From the pontoon-bridge, which had been repaired, and which <jg_174>was regarded as not only the most comfortable but by far the safest method of transit, the horses and a wagon loaded with sick and wounded were plunged into the river. By well-directed effort they were rescued, not one of the men, I believe, being lost.

General Meade was deliberate in his pursuit, if not considerate in his treatment of us. He had induced us to change our minds. Instead of visiting Philadelphia on this trip, he had persuaded us to return toward Richmond. He doubtless thought that the last day's fight at Gettysburg was fairly good work for one campaign, and that if he attempted to drive us more rapidly from Pennsylvania, the experiment might prove expensive. As previously intimated, he was probably correct in this opinion. Had he left his strong position while Lee stood waiting for him to come out on the Fourth of July at Gettysburg and to assume the offensive, the chances are at least even that his assault would have been repelled and might have led to a Union disaster. One of the wisest adages in war is to avoid doing what your antagonist desires, and it is beyond dispute that, from General Lee down through all the grades, even to the heroic privates in the ranks, there was a readiness if not a desire to meet General Meade should he advance upon us. Meade's policy after the Confederate repulse at Gettysburg did not differ materially from that of Lee after the Union repulse at Fredericksburg. General Halleck, as he surveyed the situation from Washington, did not like General Meade's deliberation and pelted him with telegrams extremely nettling to that proud soldier's sensibilities. In the citadel of the War Office at Washington, General Halleck could scarcely catch so clear a view of the situation as could General Meade from the bloody and shivered rocks of the Round Tops. No one doubts General Halleck's ability or verbal impetuosity. To Southern apprehension, however, there was far more serious work <jg_175>to be expected from the silent Grant and the undemon-strative Meade than from the explosive Halleck or ful-minating Pope.

It is one of the curious coincidences of the war that the results at Gettysburg furnished the occasion for the tender of resignation by each of the commanders-in-chief. Lee offered to resign because he had not satisfied himself; Meade because he had not satisfied his Government. Lee feared discontent among his people; Meade found it with General Halleck. Relief from command was denied to Lee; it was granted at last to Meade.

It would have been a fatal mistake, a blunder, to have accepted General Lee's resignation. There was no other man who could have filled his place in the confidence, veneration, and love of his army. His relief from command in Virginia would have brought greater dissatisfaction, if not greater disaster, than did the removal from command of General Joseph E. Johnston in Georgia. The Continental Congress might as safely have dispensed with the services of Washington as could the Confederacy with those of Lee. Looking back now over the records of that Titanic sectional struggle in the light of Lee's repeated successes prior to the Gettysburg battle and of his prolonged resistance in 1864-65, with depleted ranks and exhausted resources, how strangely sounds the story of his self-abnegation and desire to turn over his army to some "*younger and abler man*"! How beautiful and deeply sincere the words, coming from his saddened heart, in which he characterized his devoted followers in that official letter tendering his resignation! Speaking of the new commander, whose selection he was anxious should at once be made, he said: "I know he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it will be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader--one who can accomplish <jg_176>more than I can hope to perform, and all that I have wished." He urged with characteristic earnestness as his reason for asking the selection of another commander, "the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause." He had no grievances to ventilate; no scapegoat to bear the burden of his responsibilities; no puerile repinings at the fickleness of Fortune; no complaints to lodge against the authorities above him for the paucity of the resources they were able to provide. Of himself, and of himself only, did he complain; and he was the only man in his army who would have made such complaint. General Lee might criticise himself, but criticisms of him by any other officer would have been answered by an indignant and crushing rebuke from the whole Confederate army. The nearest approach he made to fault-finding was his statement that his own sight was not perfect, and that he was so dull that, in attempting to use the eyes of others, he found himself often misled.

To General Lee's request to be relieved, and to have an abler man placed in his position, Mr. Davis very pointedly and truthfully replied that to request him to find some one "more fit for command, or who possessed more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility."

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XII--Vicksburg And Helena

<jg_177>

The four most crowded and decisive days of the war--Vicksburg the culmination of Confederate disaster- Frequent change of commanders in the Trans-Mississippi Department--General Grant's tunnel at Fort Hill--Courage of Pemberton's soldiers--Explosion of the mine--Hand-to-hand conflict--The surrender.

IF called upon to select in the four years of war, from April, 1861, to April, 1865, four consecutive days into which were crowded events more momentous and decisive than occurred in any other like period, I should name the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, 1863. During the first three we were engaged at Gettysburg in a struggle which might decide the fate of the Federal capital, of Baltimore, and possibly of Philadelphia, if not of the Union itself. On the 4th General Grant received the surrender at Vicksburg of 35,000 Confederates under General Pemberton.

There were other days which will always be conspicuous in the records of that war; but I do not believe that any other four days, consecutive or isolated, so directly and decidedly dashed the hopes of the Southern people. The double disaster to our arms--the Gettysburg failure and the fall of Vicksburg--occurring at distant points and almost simultaneously, was a blow heavy enough to have effectually dispirited any army that was ever marshalled. It is, however, a remarkable fact that the morale of the Confederate army was not affected--at <jg_178>least, was not perceptibly lowered by it. The men endured increasing privations with the same cheerfulness and fought with the same constancy and courage after those events as they did before. In proof, I need only summon as witnesses the fields of Chickamauga, Resaca, Atlanta, and Jonesboro in Georgia; Franklin in Tennessee; Monocacy in Maryland; and the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Bermuda Hundred, and Petersburg in Virginia. To Southern thought this wonderfully persistent courage of the Southern troops is easily understood on the theory that the independence of the South was as consecrated a cause as any for which freemen ever fought; but it is probably true that such steadfastness and constancy under such appalling conditions will remain to analytical writers of later times one of the un-solved mysteries of that marvellous era of internecine strife.

The capture by General Grant of Pemberton and his men at Vicksburg was preceded by no great victories in the West for either side. The Confederates, however, had been successful in their efforts to hold some points on the Mississippi River, thus preventing its entire control by the Union army and the complete isolation of the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department. On the very day (Fourth of July, 1863) when General Grant was receiving the surrender of Vicksburg and its starving army, the Confederates on the other side of the Mississippi were fighting for the possession of the river at Helena, Arkansas. General Sterling Price (" Old Pap," as he was affectionately called by his men, who felt for him the devotion of children for a father) had captured one of the leading forts which crowned the hill at Helena, and was halting in the fort for Generals Joe Shelby and Walker, under Marmaduke, to capture the most northern fort and then sweep down upon the Union lines held by Colonel Clayton. Shelby was wounded, and Walker did <jg_179>not assail the Union lines because he was waiting under orders until the fort was

captured by Shelby. Out of this affair grew that unfortunate quarrel between Generals Walker and Marmaduke which ended in a challenge to a duel, and the killing of Walker by Marmaduke.

While Price was thus waiting for the movement under Marmaduke, General Holmes, who was the commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, rode to the captured fort. He ordered General Price at once to assault an infinitely stronger fort, one heavily manned and practically impregnable. The forces which Price could bring against it were utterly inadequate, and the assault failed, disastrously failed, adding to the discomfiture of the Confederacy.

As illustrating the trials which beset both the Confederate and United States governments in their efforts to select able and efficient chiefs for their armies, I may note the fact that the Trans-Mississippi Department changed commanders about as often as the Union army in Virginia changed leaders in its repeated marches upon Richmond. General Holmes was not successful in his effort to command the support or the good-will of his officers and men. Disagreements with his officers were not rare, and arrests were not infrequent. On a notable occasion General Joe Shelby, of Missouri, one of the noted cavalry officers of the Civil War, was placed under arrest and ordered to report to the Commanding General. Shelby, in his cavalry operations, was compelled to depend largely upon his own efforts among the people to furnish supplies for his men and horses. Necessarily, under such circumstances, there were occasional collisions between his appointed foragers and the suffering citizens. Such disagreements could not be avoided, although the citizens were patriotic and generous, and the large body of Shelby's men were of the law-abiding and leading classes of northern Missouri. When these disagreements occurred between the soldiers and the citizens, complaints were made to General Holmes. Without waiting to investigate the charges, he at once ordered Shelby under arrest. When the dashing cavalryman appeared before his commanding general to learn the reason for his arrest, the irascible General Holmes opened upon him a battery of invective. His first discharge was: "General Shelby, you are charged with being a robber, sir, and your men with being thieves."

"Who made these charges, General Holmes?"

"Everybody, sir; everybody!"

"And you believe them, do you, General Holmes?"

"Certainly I do, sir. How can I help believing them?"

Joe Shelby, justly proud of his splendid command, was deeply indignant at the wrong done both to himself and his high-spirited men. He was also not a little amused by this remarkable procedure and by the fiery invectives of the aged commander. He quietly replied:

"Well, General Holmes, I will be more just to you than you have been to me and my men. Everybody says that you are a damned old fool; but I do not believe it."

This ended the interview, and in the ensuing battles nothing more was heard of the arrest or the charges. General Shelby died recently while holding the office of United States Marshal for his State and the position of Commander of the United Confederate Veterans of Missouri.

Among these Missouri Confederates was Dick Lloyd, a private in Price's command who deserves a place among American heroes. In a furious battle Dick Lloyd had both arms shot off below the elbow. He recovered, however, and refused to be retired from service.

Without hands he still did his duty as a soldier to the end of the war, acting as courier, and guiding and successfully managing his horse by tying the bridle-reins around the crook in his elbow. He lives now in <jg_181>Helena, and has supported his family for years by riding horseback, carrying mail through country districts.

The commander of the Union forces at Helena on this fourth day of July, 1863, was the gallant General Prentiss, who made so enviable a record at Shiloh, where he was captured. In that battle the position which for hours was held by his men was raked by so deadly a fire that it was called by the Federals "The Hornet's Nest" and he "The Hero of the Hornet's Nest." At Helena, July, 1863, he repulsed Shelby at the flanking fort, Feagin at Fort Hindman, and Price at Fort Curtis, after that brave old Missourian had captured the fortress upon Graveyard Hill. Prentiss was, therefore, enabled to join General Grant in celebrating the Fourth of July over another victory for the Union armies. The roaring guns on the opposite banks of the Mississippi proclaimed the opening of the river from the source to its mouth--news as depressing to the Confederates as it was inspiring to the Union armies. To the Southern heart and hope this final capture and complete control of the great waterway severing the Confederate territory and isolating the great storehouse beyond the Mississippi, while recognized as a great calamity, was perhaps less depressing and galling than the surrender at Vicksburg of Pemberton's splendid army of 35,000 men. The imperial Roman, Caesar Augustus, after the crushing defeat of his vicegerent Varus in Germany, which involved the destruction of his army and the dragging of his proud Eagles in the dust, lamented more the loss of that valiant body of Roman soldiery than he did the breaking of his dominion over German territory. In his grief over this irreparable disaster, Augustus is said to have murmured to himself as he gazed into vacancy, "Vaurus, Varus, give me back my legions." It is no exaggeration to say that if General Pemberton could have saved his army, could have <jg_182>given back to the Confederacy those splendid "legions" which had so long and so bravely fought and starved in the trenches around Vicksburg, the fall of that Mississippi city would have been stripped of more than half its depressing effects. General Grant knew this. He knew that the Confederate government could not replace those soldiers, who were among its best; and he decided, therefore, to circumvent, if possible, all efforts at escape and every movement to rescue them.

General Johnston, then chief in command of the Army of the West, had anticipated the siege of Vicksburg and had persistently endeavored to prevent General Pemberton being hemmed in. But there was no other avenue open to General Pemberton, as General Grant had closed all other lines of retreat.

The shock of Vicksburg's fall was felt from one end of the Confederacy to the other. Following so closely on the repulse of the Confederates at Gettysburg, it called from the press and people thoughtless and unfair criticisms. In a peculiarly sensitive mood, the public sought some other explanation than the real one, and great injustice was done General Pemberton. But this brave officer's loyalty and devotion were tested--thoroughly tested. At a sacrifice almost measureless, he had separated from his own kindred, and in obedience to his profound convictions had drawn his sword for Southern independence. He did not cut his way out of Vicksburg because his army was not strong enough; he did not hold the city longer because his troops and the population could not live without food. That great soldier, General Joseph E. Johnston, with all his skill in manoeuvre and as strategist, failed to afford the needed relief. At Raymond, on May 12, General Johnston

had been forced back upon Jackson, Mississippi. On the 14th he fought the heavy battle of Jackson. On the 16th, <jg_183>Pemberton moved out and fought, grandly fought, at Champion Hill. Three days later he made another stand against Grant's advance at Black River; holding the weaker lines and with inferior forces, he was driven into the trenches at Vicksburg. On the 22d of May, three days later, General Grant invested the fated city. Thenceforward to July 4th Pemberton and his men held those works against the combined fire of small arms, artillery, and gunboats, sinking a Union monitor on the river, making sorties to the front, resisting efforts to scale the works, rallying around the breach made by the explosion at Fort Hill, rushing upon and crushing the Union columns as they pressed into that breach, and holding the city against every assault, save that of starvation.

Scarcely had General Grant settled in his lines around the city when his intrepid men were standing in the dim starlight on the margin of the ditches which bordered the Confederate earthworks. With scaling-ladders on their shoulders, they made ready to mount the parapets and fight hand to hand with the devoted Confederate defenders. These great ditches were deep and wide; the scaling-ladders were too short. Upon the top of the earthworks stood Pemberton's men, pouring a galling fire down on the Union heads below. Under that fire the Union ranks melted, some falling dead upon the bank, others tumbling headlong into the ditches, still others leaping voluntarily sixteen feet downward to its bottom to escape the consuming blast, and the remainder abandoning the futile effort in precipitate retreat.

The commanding position along the line of defensive works was the fortress on the lofty eminence called Fort Hill. Toward this fortress, with the purpose of undermining it and blowing it skyward, General Grant began early in June to drive his zigzag tunnel. The <jg_184>task was not herculean in the amount of labor required to accomplish it, but was a most tedious one, as but few men could be employed at the work, and every pound of earth had to be carried out at the tunnel's mouth. Day and night the work was pressed. Nearer and nearer the tunnel approached the point where mother earth was to receive into her innocent bosom the explosives that would hurl the fort high into the air and bury in the ruins the brave men who defended it. While such explosions failed to accomplish important results during this war, the knowledge that they were to occur, and the uncertainty as to when or where, filled the minds of soldiers with an indescribable apprehension. The high-spirited volunteers of both armies could meet without a tremor the most furious storms and agony of battle in the open field, where they could see the foe and meet fire with fire; if need be, they could face the pelting hail of bullets without returning a shot, and meet death as Napoleon's great marshal proposed to meet it when, in the endeavor to hold his troops in a withering fire without returning it, he stepped to their front and, folding his arms, said to them, "Soldiers of France, see how a marshal can die in discharge of his duty!" But to walk the silent parapets in the gloom of night, above the magazine of death which they knew was beneath them, to stand in line along the threatened battlements, with only the dull tread of the sentinel sounding in the darkness, while the imagination pictured the terrors of the explosion which was coming perhaps that night, perhaps that hour or that moment, or the next: this was a phase of war which taxed the nerve of any soldier, even the most phlegmatic.

Pemberton's soldiers, faint with hunger and in full knowledge that they were standing above a deathdealing magazine, endured such harrowing suspense night after night for weeks. As each regiment was <jg_185>successively assigned to the awful duty, they

wondered whether the tunnel was yet complete, whether the barrels of powder had been placed beneath them, whether it was to be their fate or the fate of the next regiment to be whirled upward with tons of earth and torn limb from limb. Bravely, grandly, they took their posts without a murmur. No hyperbole can exaggerate the loftiness of spirit that could calmly await the moment and manner of such a martyrdom. Every one of those emaciated Southern soldiers who trod that fated ground should have his name recorded in history. Beside them in American war annals should be placed the names of those Union soldiers who, amidst the explosions and conflagration at Yorktown, Virginia, in December, 1863, won the gratitude of their people. During those trying scenes, in the effort to prevent the escape of the Confederate prisoners, Private Michael Ryan of the Sixteenth New York, his leg shivered by a shell, remained on his knees at his post with his musket in hand. Private Healey, One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, stood at the gate, almost parched by the flames, until the explosion hurled the gate and his own body high into the air.

On the night of June 26, 1863, the long-dreaded hour came to Pemberton's faithful and fated watchers. General Grant had finished his tunnel. Under the fortress at Fort Hill he had piled the tons of powder, and had run through this powder electric wires whose sparks of fire were to wake the black Hercules to the work of death. As Pemberton's Confederates stood around the silent battlements, the moments were lengthened into hours by the intensity of their apprehension; and as Grant's veterans crept and formed in the darkness behind the adjacent hills, waiting for the earthquake shock to summon them to the breach, the clock in the sleeping city struck the hour of ten. The electric messengers <jg_186>flew along the wires. The loaded magazines responded with the convulsive roar of a thousand unchained thunderbolts. The hills quivered, shaking from roof to foundation-stone every Vicksburg home. High above its highest turret flew the trampled floor of the fortress, with the bodies of its gray-clad defenders. Into its powder-blackened and smoking ruins quickly rushed the charging columns of Grant, led by the Thirty-second Regiment of Illinois; Pemberton's Confederates from the right and left and rear of the demolished fort piled into the breach at the same instant. Hand to hand over the upheaved and rugged earth they grappled with the invaders in the darkness. This Illinois regiment, after desperately fighting and holding the breach for two hours, was overpowered. Again and again in rapid succession came the Union charges. Pemberton's veterans, from the broken rim of the fortress, poured upon them an incessant fire from small arms, and, carrying loaded shells with burning fuses in their hands, rolled them down the crater's banks to explode among the densely packed attacking forces. For six hours this furious combat raged in the darkness. From ten at night till four in the morning the resolute Federals held the breach, but could make no headway against the determined Confederate resistance. The tunnel had been driven, the magazine exploded, and the fort demolished. The long agony of Confederate suspense was over. The desperate effort of the Union commander to force his column through the breach had failed. The heaps of his dead and wounded, more than a thousand in number, piled in that narrow space, had given to this spot among his surviving men the name of "Logan's Slaughter Pen." In the terrific explosion a Confederate negro, who chanced to be in the fort at the time, was thrown a considerable distance toward the Union line without being fatally hurt. Picking himself up half dead, half <jg_187>alive, he found around him the Union soldiers moving on the smoking crater.

"How did you get here !" he was asked.

"Don't know, boss. Yestidy I was in de Confed'acy; but, bless do Lawd, last night somethin' busted and blowed me plum' into de Union."

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XIII--From Vicksburg And Gettysburg To Chickamauga

<jg_188>

Lee's army again headed toward Washington--He decides not to cross the Potomac at the opening of winter--Meade's counter-attack--Capture of a redoubt on the Rappahannock--A criticism of Secretary Stanton--General Bragg's strategy--How Rosecrans compelled the evacuation of Chattanooga.

IN the autumn of 1863 both Lee's and Meade's armies had returned from Pennsylvania and were again camping or tramping on the soil of Virginia. The Union forces were in complete and easy communication with the great storehouses and granaries of the North and West. The Confederates were already in a struggle for meagre subsistence. Meade began another march on Richmond. Lee patched up his army as best he could, threw it across Meade's path, and halted him at the Rapidan. Thenceforward for weeks and months, these two commanders were watching each other from opposite sides of the Rapidan, moving up and down the river and the roads, seeking an opportunity for a blow and never finding it. Lee made the first move. On October 9, 1863, he headed his army again toward Washington and the Potomac, passing Meade's right, and threatening to throw the Confederates between the Union forces and the national capital. Lee at one time was nearer to Washington than Meade, but as there was no longer any green corn in the fields for the Southern soldiers to subsist upon, the difficulty of feeding them checked Lee's march <jg_189>and put Meade ahead of him and nearer to the defences around Washington. Lee then debated whether he should assail Meade on or near the old field of Bull Run or recross the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania. He decided not to attack, because he found Meade's position too strong and too well intrenched. He declined to cross again the Potomac at the opening of winter, because, as he said, "Thousands of our men are barefooted, thousands with fragments of shoes, all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I cannot bear to expose them to certain suffering on an uncertain issue." We were not able then, as formerly, to furnish to each soldier strips of rawhide, which he might tie on, with the hair side next his feet, and thus make rude sandals; and these picturesque foot-coverings, if obtainable, would scarcely have been sufficient for long marches in the coming freezes. So Lee returned to his camps behind the Rapidan and Rappahannock.

Some spirited engagements of minor importance occurred between detached portions of the two armies, in which the honors were about equally divided between the two sides. Stuart's Southern horsemen had the better of the fight at Buckland, and the Confederates were successful on the Rapidan; but Warren's Union forces captured five pieces of artillery and between four and five hundred prisoners from A. P. Hill.

As Lee moved back, Meade followed, and the programme of marching after each other across the river was resumed. Just one month, lacking two days, after Lee's move toward Washington, Meade turned his columns toward Richmond. His first dash, made at a redoubt which stood in his way on the north bank of the Rappahannock, was a brilliant success. The redoubt was occupied by a portion of Early's troops, and was carried just before nightfall by a sudden rush. I sat on my horse, with a number of officers, on the opposite side of the little <jg_190>river, almost within a stone's throw of the spot. General Early did not seem to consider it seriously threatened, nor did any one else,

although the Union artillery was throwing some shells, one of which lowered the perch of a visiting civilian at my side by shortening the legs of his horse. The dash upon the redoubt was made by Maine and Wisconsin regiments--troops of Russell and Upton, under Sedgwick, who was regarded by the Confederates as one of the best officers in the Union army. Personally I had great reason to respect Sedgwick, for it was my fortune in the ensuing campaign to be pitted against him on several occasions. Though nothing like so serious to the Confederates in its results, this brilliant little episode on the Rappahannock resembled in character the subsequent great charge of Hancock over the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864. Both assaults were so unexpected and made with such a rush that the defending troops had no time to fire. Only a few shots were discharged at Hancock's men at Spottsylvania, and in the capture of this redoubt by Russell and Upton only six Union men were killed. It was justly considered by General Meade as most creditable to his troops; and he sent General Russell himself to bear the eight captured Confederate flags to Washington. Mr. Stanton may have been a great Secretary of War, and I must suppose him such; but if he treated General Russell as he is reported to have treated him, he had as little appreciation of the keen sensibilities of a high-strung soldier as old Boreas has for the green summer glories of the great oak. The Secretary, it is said, was "*too busy*" to see General Russell. The proposition will scarcely be questioned, I think, that a Secretary of War, who is not called upon to endure the hardships of the field and meet the dangers of battle, should never be "*too busy*" to meet a gallant soldier who is defending his flag at the front, and who calls to lay before him the <jg_191>trophies of victory. Perhaps the Secretary thought that General Russell and his men had only done their duty. So they had; but "Light Horse Harry" Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee, only did his duty when he planned and executed the brilliant dash upon Paulus Hook and captured it. The Continental Congress, however, thought it worth its while to turn from its regular business and make recognition of the handsome work done by voting the young officer a gold medal. All the wreaths ever conferred at the Olympic games, all the decorations of honor ever bestowed upon the brave, all the swords and the thanks ever voted to a soldier, were designed to make the same impress upon their recipients which three minutes of the busy Secretary's time and a few gracious words would have produced on the mind and spirit of General Russell and his comrades.

General Meade crossed the Rappahannock and then recrossed it. He found Lee strongly posted behind Mine Run, and suddenly returned to his winter quarters. General Lee moved back to his encampment on the border of the Wilderness and along the historic banks of the Rapidan.

Meantime, in the months intervening between the Gettysburg campaign and the hibernation of the two armies in 1863-64, a portion of Lee's forces had been sent under Longstreet to aid Bragg in his effort to check the further advance of the Union army under Rosecrans at Chickamauga. My troops were not among those sent to Georgia, and therefore took no part in that great battle which saturated with blood the soil of my native State.

A chapter full of interest to the military critic and to the student of strategy might be written of the two armies commanded respectively by Rosecrans and Bragg, and of their movements prior to the clash in the woodlands at Chickamauga. <jg_192>

The antecedent campaign runs back in a connected chain to the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in the preceding December. Under General Bragg, at Mur-freesboro, as one of

his division commanders, was an ex-Vice-President of the United States, who had also been a prominent candidate for the Presidency in the campaign of 1860, and had presided over the joint session of the two houses of Congress when Abraham Lincoln was declared duly elected. This illustrious statesman, who was fast winning his way to distinction in his new rôle of Confederate soldier, was John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. Tall, erect, and commanding in physique, he would have been selected in any martial group as a typical leader. In the campaign in the Valley of Virginia, where I afterward saw much of him, he exhibited in a marked degree the characteristics of a great commander. He was fertile in resource, and enlisted and held the confidence and affection of his men, while he inspired them with enthusiasm and ardor. Under fire and in extreme peril he was strikingly courageous, alert, and self-poised. No man in the Confederate army had surrendered a brighter political future, sacrificed more completely his personal ambition, or suffered more keenly from the perplexing conditions in his own State. With all his other trials, and before he had fairly begun his career as a soldier, General Breckinridge had been strongly tempted to challenge to personal combat his superior officer, General Bragg, who at the time was commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in the Department of Tennessee and the West. At the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee (December, 1862), this brilliant soldier from the blue-grass region had led his gallant Kentuckians through a consuming fire on both flanks, losing about thirty-six per cent. of his men in less than half an hour. General Bragg, who, it seems, was not present at the point where this movement <jg_193>was made, had in some way been misinformed as to the conduct of General Breckinridge's troops, and sent to Richmond a disparaging despatch.

These high-bred sons of Kentucky who had left home and kindred behind them had already made a record of devotion and daring, which grew in lustre to the end of the war, and which any troops of any army might envy. At this battle of Murfreesboro they had waded the river in chilly December, had charged and captured the first heights and doubled back one wing of their stubbornly fighting antagonists. They had, however, been repelled with terrific slaughter in the impossible effort to capture the still more commanding hill. In this fearful assault they had marched between converging lines of fire drawn up in the shape of the letter V, the apex of those lines formed by hills crowned with batteries. Among their killed was the dashing General Hanson, one of the foremost soldiers of Bragg's army. No troops that were ever marshalled could have succeeded under such conditions and against such odds. Had they persisted in the effort, they would simply have invited annihilation. Smarting under a sense of the injustice done themselves and their dead comrades by the commanding general's despatch to Richmond, and realizing their own inability to have the wrong righted, they appealed to General Breckinridge, their own commander, to resent the insult. Resolutions and protests were powerless to soothe their smarting sensibilities or to assuage their burning wrath. They urged General Breckinridge to resign his position in the army and call General Bragg to personal account--to challenge him to single-handed combat. General Breckinridge must have felt as keenly as they the wrong inflicted, but he was more self-contained. He sought to appease them by reminding them of the exalted motives which had impelled them to enlist in the army as volunteers, of the <jg_194>self-sacrifice which they had exhibited, and of their duty as soldiers to endure any personal wrong for the sake of the common cause. His appeal was not in vain; and when he added that if both he and General Bragg should live to the end of the war, he would not forget their request to call the commanding

general to account, they gladly went forward, enduring and fighting to the end.

The Fabian policy of General Bragg, adopted after the bloody encounter at Murfreesboro, his retreat to Chattanooga and beyond it, called from press and people fewer and milder protests than those afterward made against General Joseph E. Johnston for a like policy. It would seem that the persistent criticisms of General Johnston for not meeting General Sherman between Dalton and Atlanta in determined battle, might have been applied with equal force to General Bragg for surrendering the strong positions in the gaps of the Cumberland Mountains and the line of the Tennessee River to General Rosecrans, without more resolute resistance. It is much easier, however, to criticise a commander than to command an army. In both these cases the strong positions alluded to could have been successfully flanked and the Confederate commanders forced to retire, as the Union troops moved around toward the rear and threatened the Southern lines of communication and supplies. General Rosecrans was too able a soldier and too wise a strategist to assail General Bragg in his selected stronghold when the country was open to him on either flank. His policy, therefore, was to cross the Tennessee River, not in front of Chattanooga, where Bragg was ready to meet him, but at a distance either above or below it. Both were practicable; and he set his army in motion toward points both above and below the city, thus leaving General Bragg in doubt as to his real purpose. He sent a force to the hills just opposite Chattanooga, and opened heavy fire with his batteries upon Bragg's position. He sent

<jg_195>still larger forces up the right bank of the Tennessee to a point more than forty miles above Chattanooga. Campfires were built along the brows of the mountains and on hillsides, in order to attract Bragg's attention and create the belief that the great body of the Union army was above the city. Troops were marched across open spaces exposed to view, then countermarched behind the hills, and passed again and again through the same open spaces, thus deepening the impression that large forces were marching up the river. To still further strengthen this impression upon the Confederate commander, Union drums were beat and bugles sounded for great distances along the mountain-ranges. Union axes, saws, and hammers were loud in their demonstrations of boat-building; but they were only demonstrations. The real work, the real preparation, was going forward fully fifty miles south of this noisy point. The apparent movement above Chattanooga, and the real preparation for crossing far below, were admirably planned and consummately executed by General Rosecrans, and showed a strategic ability perhaps not surpassed by any officer during the war. Behind the woods and hills men were drilled in the work of laying bridges. Trains of cars loaded with bridges and boats were unloaded at a point entirely protected from the view of the Confederate cavalry on the opposite banks of the river. Fifty of these boats, each with a capacity of fifty men, were hurried in the early morning to the river-bank and launched upon the water. This formidable fleet, carrying 2500 armed men, pulled for the other shore, which was guarded only by Confederate cavalry pickets. With this strong force of Union infantry landed on the southern bank, the pontoon-bridge soon spanned the stream. Across it were hurried all the Union infantry and artillery that could be crowded upon it. At other points canoes of enormous size were hewn out of tall poplars that grew in the lowlands. Logs were <jg_196>rolled into the stream and fastened together, and as these improvised flotillas, loaded with soldiers, were pushed from the shore, athletic swimmers, left behind, caught the enthusiasm, and piling their clothing, arms, and accoutrements upon rails lashed together, leaped into the stream and swam

across, pushing the loaded rails before them. At still another point the Union cavalry rode into the river and spurred their hesitating horses into the deep water for a long swim to the other shore. As thousands of struggling, snorting horses bore these human forms sitting upright upon their backs, nothing seen above the water's surface except the erect upper portions of the riders' bodies and the puffing nostrils of the horses with their bushy tails spread out behind them, the scene must have presented the appearance of a mass of moving centaurs rather than an army of mounted soldiers. Such scenes, however, were not infrequent during the war--especially with the noted Confederate raiders of John Morgan, Jeb Stuart, Bedford Forrest, and Mosby. With his army safely across the river, General Rosecrans pushed heavy columns across Raccoon and Lookout mountains and the intervening valley, completely turned General Bragg's position, and compelled the evacuation of Chattanooga without a skirmish.

It would be the grossest injustice to General Bragg to hold him responsible for the failure to prevent General Rosecrans crossing the Tennessee. An army double the size of the one he commanded would have been wholly insufficient to cover the stretch of more than one hundred miles of river-frontage. The Union commander could have laid his pontoons and forced a passage at almost any point against so attenuated a line of resistance. General Bragg was not only one of the boldest fighters in the Confederate army, but he was an able commander. Retreat from Chattanooga was his only resource. This movement was made not <jg_197>an hour too soon. Rosecrans's columns were sweeping down from the eastern Lookout Bluffs, and would speedily have grasped Bragg's only line of railroad and held his only avenues of escape. As the Union officers Thomas and McCook came down the eastern slopes of the mountain and Crittenden came around its point and into Chattanooga, Bragg placed his army in position for either resisting, retreating, or advancing. He decided to assume the offensive and to attack the Union forces in their isolated positions, and crush them, if possible, in detail. Longstreet had not yet arrived; but had Bragg's plan of assault been vigorously executed, it now seems certain that he would have won a great triumph before the Union army could have been concentrated along the western bank of the Chickamauga. General Rosecrans himself and his corps commanders were fully alive to the hazardous position of his army. Bragg's aggressive front changed the policy of the Union commander from one of segregation for pursuit to one of concentration for defence. Rapidly and skil-fully was that concentration effected. Boldly and promptly did the Confederates advance. The next scene on which the curtain rose was the collision, the crash, the slaughter at Chickamauga.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XIV--Chickamauga

<jg_198>

One of the bloodiest battles of modern times--Comparison with other great battles of the world--Movements of both armies before the collision--A bird's-eye view--The night after the battle--General Thomas's brave stand--How the assault of Longstreet's wing was made--Both sides claim a victory.

REARED from childhood to maturity in North Georgia, I have been for fifty years familiar with that historic locality traversed by the little river Chickamauga, which has given its name to one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. Not many years after the Cherokee Indians had been transferred to their new Western home from what was known as Cherokee Georgia, my father removed to that portion of the State. Here were still the fresh relics of the redskin warriors, who had fished in Chickamauga's waters and shot the deer as they browsed in herds along its banks. Every locality now made memorable by that stupendous struggle between the Confederate and Union armies was impressed upon my boyish memory by the legends which associated them with deeds of Indian braves. One of the most prominent features of the field was the old Ross House, built of hewn logs, and formerly the home of Ross, a noted and fairly well-educated Cherokee chief. In this old building I had often slept at night on my youthful journeyings with my father through that sparsely settled region. Snodgrass Hill, <jg_199>Gordon's and Lee's Mills, around which the battle raged, the La Fayette road, across which the contending lines so often swayed, and the crystal Crawfish Spring, at which were gathered thousands of the wounded, have all been so long familiar to me that I am encouraged to attempt a brief description of the awful and inspiring events of those bloody September days in 1863. Words, however, cannot convey an adequate picture of such scenes; of the countless costly, daring assaults; of the disciplined or undisciplined but always dauntless courage; of the grim, deadly grapple in hand-to-hand collisions; of the almost unparalleled slaughter and agony.

An American battle which surpassed in its ratio of carnage the bloodiest conflicts in history outside of this country ought to be better understood by the American people. Sharpsburg, or Antietam, I believe, had a larger proportion of killed and wounded than any other single day's battle of our war; and that means larger than any in the world's wars. Chickamauga, however, in its two days of heavy fighting, brought the ratio of losses to the high-water mark. Judged by percentage in killed and wounded, Chickamauga nearly doubled the sanguinary records of Marengo and Austerlitz; was two and a half times heavier than that sustained by the Duke of Marlborough at Malplaquet; more than double that suffered by the army under Henry of Navarre in the terrific slaughter at Coutras; nearly three times as heavy as the percentage of loss at Sol-ferino and Magenta; five times greater than that of Napoleon at Wagram, and about ten times as heavy as that of Marshal Saxe at Bloody Raucoux. Or if we take the average percentage of loss in a number of the world's great battles--Waterloo, Wagram, Valmy, Magenta, Soferino, Zurich, and Lodi--we shall find by comparison that Chickamauga's record of blood surpassed them nearly three for one. It will not do to say <jg_200>that this horrible slaughter in our Civil War was due to the longer range of our rifles nor to the more destructive character of any of our implements of warfare; for at Chickamauga as well as

in the Wilderness and at Shiloh, where these Americans fell at so fearful a rate, the woodlands prevented the hostile lines from seeing each other at great distances and rendered the improved arms no more effective than would have been rifles of short range. Some other and more reasonable explanation must be found for this great disparity of losses in American and European wars. There is but one possible explanation--the personal character and the consecrated courage of American soldiers. At Chickamauga thousands fell on both sides fighting at close quarters, their faces at times burnt by the blazing powder at the very muzzles of the guns.

The Federal army under Rosecrans constituted the center of the Union battle line, which, in broadest military sense, stretched from Washington City to New Orleans. The fall of Vicksburg had at last established Federal control of the Mississippi along its entire length. The purpose of Rosecrans's movement was to penetrate the South's centre by driving the Confederates through Georgia to the sea. Bragg, to whom was intrusted for the time the task of resisting this movement, had retired before the Union advance from Chattanooga to a point some miles south of the Chickamauga, and the Union forces were pressing closely upon his rear. Bragg had, however, halted and turned upon Rosecrans and compelled him to retrace his steps to the north bank of the Chickamauga, which, like the Chickahominy in Virginia, was to become forever memorable in the Republic's annals.

In order to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of the ever-shifting scenes during the prolonged battle, to secure a mental survey of the whole field as the marshalled forces swayed to and fro, charging and countercharging, assaulting, breaking, retreating, reforming, and again rushing forward in still more desperate assault, let the reader imagine himself on some great elevation from which he could look down upon that wooded, undulating, and rugged region.

For forty-eight hours or more the marching columns of Bragg were moving toward Chattanooga and along the south bank of the Chickamauga in order to cross the river and strike the Union forces on the left flank. At the same time Rosecrans summoned his corps from different directions and concentrated them north of the river. Having passed, as was supposed, far below the point where the Union left rested, Bragg's columns, in the early hours of the 19th of September, crossed the fords and bridges, and prepared to sweep by left wheel on the Union flank. During the night, however, George H. Thomas had moved his Union corps from the right to this left flank. Neither army knew of the presence of the other in this portion of the woodland. As Bragg prepared to assail the Union left, Thomas, feeling his way through the woods to ascertain what was in his front, unexpectedly struck the Southern right, held by Forrest's cavalry, and thus inaugurated the battle. Forrest was forced back; but he quickly dismounted his men, sent the horses to the rear, and on foot stubbornly resisted the advance of the Union infantry. Quickly the Confederates moved to Forrest's support. The roar of small arms on this extreme flank in the early morning admonished both commanders to hurry thither their forces. Bragg was forced to check his proposed assault upon another portion of the Union lines and move to the defence of the Confederate right. Rapidly the forces of the two sides were thrown into this unexpected collision, and rapidly swelled the surging current of battle. The divisions of the Union army before whom Forrest's cavalry had yielded were now driven back; but other Federals suddenly rushed upon Forrest's front. The Southern troops, under Cheatham and Stewart, Polk, Buckner, and Cleburne, hurried forward in a united assault upon Thomas. Walthall's Mississippians at this moment were hurled upon King's flank,

and drove his brigade in confusion through the Union lines; and as Govan's gray-clad veterans simultaneously assailed the Union forces under Scribner, that command also yielded. The Federal battery was captured, and the tide of success seemed at the moment to be with the Confederates. Fortune, however, always fickle, was especially capricious in this battle. The Union forces farther to westward held their ground with desperate tenacity. General Rosecrans, the Federal commander-in-chief, rode amidst his troops as they hurried in converging columns to the point of heaviest fire, and in person hurled them fiercely against the steadfast Confederate front. The shouts and yells and the roll of musketry swelled the din of battle to a deafening roar. The fighting was terrific. Walthall's Mississippians at this point contended desperately with attacks in front and on their flank. The Ninth Ohio, at double quick and with mighty shout, rushed upon the captured Union battery and recovered it. The Confederate gunners were killed by bayonets as they bravely stood at their posts. Hour after hour the battle raged, extending the area of its fire and the volume of its tremendous roar. Here and there along the lines a shattered command, its leading officers dead or wounded, was withdrawn, reorganized, and quickly returned to its bloody work. Still farther toward the Confederate right, Forrest again essayed to turn the Union left. Charging as infantry, he pressed forward through a tempest of shot and neared the Union flank, when the Federal batteries poured upon his entire line rapid discharges of grape, canister, and shell. Round after round on flank and <jg_203>front, these deadly volleys came until Forrest's dissolving lines disappeared, leaving heaps of dead near the mouths of the Union guns. Reforming his broken ranks, Forrest, with Cheatham's support, again rushed upon the Union left, the impetuous onset bringing portions of the hostile lines to a hand-to-hand struggle. Still there was no decisive break in the stubborn Union ranks. Coming through woods and fields from the other wings, the flapping ensigns marked the rapid concentration of both armies around this vortex of battle. As the converging columns met, bayonet clashed with bayonet and the trampled earth was saturated with blood. Here and there the Union line was broken by the charges of Cheatham, Stewart, and Johnson, but was quickly reformed and re-established by the troops under Reynolds. The Union commands of Carlin and Heg were swept back before the fire at short range from the Southern muskets; but as the Confederate lines again advanced and leaped into the Union trenches, they were met and checked by a headlong countercharge.

The La Fayette road along or near which the broken lines of each army were rallied and reformed, and across which the surging currents of fire had repeatedly rolled, became the "bloody lane" of Chickamauga.

The remorseless war-god at this hour relaxed his hold on the two armies whose life-blood had been flowing since early morning. Gradually the mighty wrestlers grew weary and faint, and silence reigned again in the shell-shivered forest. It was, however, only a lull in the storm. On the extreme Union left the restless Confederates were again moving into line for a last and tremendous effort. The curtain of night slowly descended, and the powder-blackened bayonets and flags over the hostile lines were but dimly seen in the dusky twilight. Wearily the battered ranks in gray moved again through the bullet-scarred woods, over the dead bodies of their <jg_204>brothers who fell in the early hours and whose pale faces told the living of coming fate. Nature mercifully refused to lend her light to guide the unyielding armies to further slaughter. But the blazing muzzles of the rifles now became their guides, and the first hour of darkness was made hideous by

resounding small arms and their lurid flashes. Here might follow a whole chapter of profoundly interesting personal incidents. The escape of officers of high rank, who on both sides rode with their troops through the consuming blasts, was most remarkable; but here and there the missiles found them. General Preston Smith, of Tennessee, my friend in boyhood, was among the victims. A Minié ball in search of his heart struck the gold watch which covered it. The watch was shattered, but it only diverted the messenger of death to another vital point. The inverted casing, whirled for a great distance through the air, fell at the feet of a Texan, who afterward sent it to the bereaved family. Near by was found the Union General Baldwin, his blue uniform reddened with his own blood and the blood of his dead comrades around him. The carnage was appalling and sickening. "Enough of blood and death for one day!" was the language of the bravest hearts which throbbed with anguish at the slaughter of the 19th and with anxiety as to the morrow's work.

Night after the battle! None but a soldier can realize the import of those four words. To have experienced it, felt it, endured it, is to have witnessed a phase of war almost as trying to a sensitive nature as the battle itself. The night after a battle is dreary and doleful enough to a victorious army cheered by triumph. To the two armies, whose blood was still flowing long after the sun went down on the 19th, neither of them victorious, but each so near the other as to hear the groans of the wounded and dying in the opposing ranks, the scene was indescribably <jg_205>oppressive. Cleburne's Confederates had waded the river with the water to their arm-pits. Their clothing was drenched and their bodies shivering in the chill north wind through the weary hours of the night. The noise of axe-blows and falling trees along the Union lines in front plainly foretold that the Confederate assault upon the Union breastworks at the coming dawn was to be over an abatis of felled timber, tangled brush, and obstructing tree-tops. The faint moonlight, almost wholly shut out by dense foliage, added to the weird spell of the sombre scene. In every direction were dimly burning tapers, carried by nurses and relief corps searching for the wounded. All over the field lay the unburied dead, their pale faces made ghastlier by streaks of blood and clotted hair, and black stains of powder left upon their lips when they tore off with their teeth the ends of deadly cartridges. Such was the night between the battles of the 19th and 20th of September at Chickamauga.

At nine o'clock on that Sabbath morning, September 20, as the church bells of Chattanooga summoned its children to Sunday-school, the signal-guns sounding through the forests at Chickamauga called the bleeding armies again to battle. The troops of Longstreet had arrived, and he was assigned to the command of the Confederate left, D. H. Hill to the Confederate right. On this latter wing of Bragg's army were the troops of John C. Breckinridge, W. H. T. Walker, Patrick Cleburne, and A. P. Stewart, with Cheatham in reserve. Confronting them and forming the Union left were the blue-clad veterans under Baird, Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds, with Gordon Granger in reserve. Beginning on the other end of the line forming the left wing of Bragg's battle array were Preston, Hindman, and Bush-rod Johnson, with Law and Kershaw in reserve. Confronting these, beginning on the extreme Union right and forming the right wing of Rosecrans's army, were <jg_206>Sheridan, Davis, Wood, Negley, and Brannan, with Wilder and Van Cleve in reserve.

The bloody work was inaugurated by Breckinridge's assault upon the Union left. The Confederates, with a ringing yell, broke through the Federal line. The Confederate General Helm, with his gallant Kentuckians, rushed upon the Union breastworks and was

hurled back, his command shattered. He was killed and his colonels shot down. Again rallying, again assaulting, again recoiling, this decimated command temporarily yielded its place in line. The Federals, in furious countercharge, drove back the Confederates under Adams, and his body was also left upon the field.

The Chickamauga River was behind the Confederates; Missionary Ridge behind the Federals. On its slopes were Union batteries pouring a storm of shell into the forests through which Bragg's forces were bravely charging. As the Confederates under Adams and Helm were borne back, the clear ring of Pat Cleburne's "Forward !" was heard; and forward they moved, their alignment broken by tree-tops and tangled brush and burning shells. His superb troops pressed through the storm, only to recoil under the concentrated fire of artillery and the blazing muzzles of small arms from the Federals behind their breastworks. The whole Confederate right, brigade after brigade, in successive and repeated charges, now furiously assailed the Union breastworks, only to recoil broken and decimated. Walthall, with his fiery Mississippians, was repulsed, with all his field officers dead or wounded and his command torn into shreds. The gallant Georgians at once rushed into the consuming blasts, and their brilliant leader, Peyton Colquitt, fell, with many of his brave boys around him, close to the Union breastworks. The Confederates under Walker, Cleburne, and Stewart with wild shouts charged the works held by the determined forces of Reynolds, Brannan, <jg_207>and Baird. Bravely these Union troops stood to their posts, but the Southern forces at one point broke through their front as Breckinridge swept down upon flank and rear. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," with full appreciation of the crisis, called for help to hold this pivotal position of the Union left. Van Derveer's moving banners indicated the quick step of his troops responding to Thomas's call; and raked by flanking fire, this dashing officer drove Breckinridge back and relieved the Union flank. At double quick and with ringing shout, the double Union lines pressed forward until, face to face and muzzle to muzzle, the fighting became fierce and desperate. Charging columns of blue and gray at this moment rushed against each other, and both were shivered in the fearful impact. The superb Southern leader, Deshler, fell at the head of his decimated command. Govan's Mississippians and Brown's Tennesseans were forced back, when Bate, also of Tennessee, pressed furiously forward, captured the Union artillery, and drove the Federals to their breastworks. Again and quickly the scene was changed. Fresh Union batteries and supporting infantry with desperate determination overwhelmed and drove back temporarily the Confederates led by the knightly Stewart. Still farther westward, Longstreet drove his column like a wedge into the Union right center, ripping asunder the steady line of the Federal divisions. In this whirlwind of battle, amidst its thunders and blinding flashes, the heroic Hood rode, encouraging his men, and fell desperately wounded. His leading line was shattered into fragments, but his stalwart supports pressed on over his own and the Union dead, capturing the first Union line. Halting only to reform under fearful fire, they started for the second Union position. Swaying, reeling, almost breaking, they nevertheless captured that second line, and drove up the ridge and over it the Federal fighters, who <jg_208>bravely resisted at every step. Whizzing shells from opposing batteries crossed each other as they tore through the forest, rending saplings and tumbling severed limbs and tree-tops amidst the surging ranks. Wilder's mounted Union brigade in furious charge swept down upon Manigault's Confederates, flank and rear, and drove them in wild confusion; but the Union horsemen were in turn quickly driven from the field and beyond

the ridge. Battery after battery of Union artillery was captured by the advancing Confederates. The roaring tide of battle, with alternate waves of success for both sides, surged around Shodgrass House and Horseshoe Ridge. Before a furious and costly Confederate charge the whole extreme Union right was broken and driven from the field. Negley's shattered lines of blue abandoned the position and retreated to Rossville with the heavy batteries. Davis, with decimated Union lines under Carlin and Heg, moved into Negley's position; but these were driven to the right and rear. Onward, still onward, swept the Confederate columns; checked here, broken there, they closed the gaps and pressed forward, scattering Van Cleve's veterans in wild disorder. Amidst the shouting Confederates rode their leaders, Stewart, Buckner, Preston, Kershaw, and Johnson. The gallant McCook led in person a portion of Sheridan's troops with headlong fury against the Southern front; and Sheridan himself rode among his troops, rallying his broken lines and endeavoring to check the resistless Southern advance. The brave and brilliant Lytle of the Union army, soldier and poet, at this point paid to valor and duty the tribute of his heart's blood. The Confederate momentum, however, scattered these decimated Union lines and compelled them to join the retreating columns, filling the roads in the rear.

Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden rode to Chattanooga to select another line for defence. In the furious <jg_209>tempest there now came one of those strange, unexpected lulls; but the storm was only gathering fresh fury. In the comparative stillness which pervaded the field its mutterings could still be heard. Its lightnings were next to flash and its thunders to roll around Horseshoe summit. Along that crest and around Snodgrass House the remaining troops of Rosecrans's left wing planted themselves for stubborn resistance--one of the most stubborn recorded in history. To meet the assault of Longstreet's wing, the brave Union General Brannan, standing upon this now historic crest, rallied the remnants of Croxton, Wood, Harker, Beatty, Stanley, Van Cleve, and Buell; but up the long slopes the exulting Confederate ranks moved in majestic march. As they neared the summit a sheet of flame from Union rifles and heavy guns blazed into their faces. Before the blast the charging Confederates staggered, bent and broke; reforming at the foot of the slope, these dauntless men in gray moved again to still more determined assault upon the no less dauntless Union lines firmly planted on the crest. Through the blinding fires they rushed to a hand-to-hand conflict, breaking here, pushing forward there, in terrible struggle. Through clouds of smoke around the summit the banners and bayonets of Hindman's Confederates were discovered upon the crest; when Gordon Granger and Steedman, with fresh troops, hurried from the Union left and, joining Van Derveer, hurled Hindman and his men from this citadel of strength and held it till the final Union retreat. With bayonets and clubbed muskets the resolute Federals pierced and beat back the charging Confederates, covering the slopes of Shodgrass Hill with Confederate dead. Roaring like a cyclone through the forest, the battle-storm raged. Battery answered battery, deepening the unearthly din and belching from their heated throats the consuming iron hail. The woods caught fire from the <jg_210> flaming shells and scorched the bodies of dead and dying. At the close of the day the Union forces had been driven from every portion of the field except Snodgrass Hill, and as the sun sank behind the cliffs of Lookout Mountain, hiding his face from one of the bloodiest scenes enacted by human hands, this heroic remnant of Rosecrans's army withdrew to the rear and then to the works around Chattanooga, leaving the entire field of Chickamauga to the battered but triumphant and shouting Confederates.

It is not my purpose to enter the controversy as to numbers brought into action by Bragg and Rosecrans respectively. General Longstreet makes the strength of the two armies practically equal; General Boynton's figures give to Bragg superiority in numbers. It is sufficient for my purpose to show that the courage displayed by both sides was never surpassed in civilized or barbaric warfare; that there is glory enough to satisfy both; that the fighting from first to last was furious; that there was enough precious blood spilt by those charging and recoiling columns in the deadly hand-to-hand collisions on the 19th and 20th of September to immortalize the prowess of American soldiery and make Chickamauga a Mecca through all the ages.(1)

The fact that both sides claim a victory is somewhat remarkable. General H. V. Boynton, who fought under General Rosecrans, to whose vigorous pen and wise labors much credit is due for the success of the great battle park at Chickamauga, and who is one of the ablest and fairest of the commentators upon this memorable struggle, has devoted much time and labor to prove that the victory was with the Union arms. With sincere <jg_211>friendship for General Boynton as a man and a soldier, and with full appreciation of his ability and sense of justice, I must be permitted to suggest that his reasoning will scarcely stand the test of unbiassed historical criticism. His theory is that although General Rosecrans abandoned the field after two days of determined and desperate fighting in the effort to hold it, yet his retirement was not a retreat, but an advance. "At nightfall," says General Boynton, "the army advanced to Chattanooga. The Army of the Cumberland was on its way to Chattanooga, the city it set out to capture. Every foot of it [the march] was a march in advance and not retreat." History will surely ask how this retrograde movement into the trenches at Chattanooga can fairly be considered an advance, the object of which was "to capture" the city, when that city had been evacuated by Bragg and occupied by Rosecrans ten days before; when it was held by the Union forces already; and when that city was then, and had been for many days, the base of Union supplies and operations. General Boynton ignores the dominating fact that before the battle the faces of the Union army were toward Atlanta and their backs were upon Chattanooga. The battle induced Rosecrans to "about face" and go in the opposite direction. The same reasoning as that employed by General Boynton would give to McClellan the victory in the seven days' battles around Richmond; for he, too, had beaten back the Confederates at certain points, and had escaped with his army to the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing. From like premises the Confederates might claim a victory for Lee at Gettysburg, and that his movement to the rear was an advance. General Pope might in like manner claim that the rout at second Manassas was a victory, and his retreat to Washington an advance which saved the Capitol. To my thought, such victories are similar to that achieved by <jg_212>the doctor who was asked: "Well, doctor, how is the mother and the new baby?" "They are both dead," replied the doctor; "but I have saved the old man." The advance on Atlanta was checked; Chickamauga was lost; but, like the doctor's old man, Chattanooga was saved. General Boynton is too sensitive in this matter. All great commanders in modern times, the most consummate and successful, have had their reverses. General Rosecrans had unfortunate opposition at Washington, and his record as commander under such conditions is brilliant enough to take the sting out of his defeat at Chickamauga. His ability as strategist, his skill in manoeuvre, and his vigor in delivering battle are universally recognized. The high court of history will render its verdict in accordance with the facts. These facts are simple and indisputable. First, Bragg

threw his army across Rosecrans's front, checked his advance, and forced him to take position on the north bank of the Chickamauga. Second, Bragg assailed Rosecrans in his chosen stronghold, drove him from the entire field, and held it in unchallenged possession. Third, at the end of the two days' battle, which in courage and carnage has scarcely a parallel, as the two wings of the Confederate army met on the field, their battle-flags waved triumphantly above every gory acre of it; and their ringing shouts rolled through Chickamauga's forests and rose to heaven, a mighty anthem of praise and gratitude to God for the victory.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XV--Missionary Ridge--Triune Disaster

<jg_213>

Why General Bragg did not pursue Rosecrans after Chickamauga--Comparison of the Confederates at Missionary Ridge with the Greeks at Marathon--The Battle above the Clouds--Heroic advance by Walthall's Mississippians--General Grant's timely arrival with reënforcements--The way opened to Atlanta.

GENERAL LEE was not a believer in the infallibility of newspapers as arbiters of military movements. With full appreciation of their enormous power and vital agency in arousing, guiding, and ennobling public sentiment, his experience with them as military critics of his early campaigns in the West Virginia mountains had led him to question the wisdom of some of their suggestions. In a letter to Mrs. Lee he once wrote, in half-serious, half-jocular strain, that he had been reading the papers, and that he would be glad if they had entire control and could fix matters to suit themselves, adding, "General Floyd has three editors on his staff, and I hope something may be done to please them."

General Bragg had been subjected to a somewhat similar fire from the rear for not following General Rosecrans, after the battle of Chickamauga, and driving him into the river or across it. That he did not do so, and thus make the battle of Missionary Ridge impossible and save his army from its crushing defeat there, was a disappointment not only to the watchful and expectant <jg_214>press, but to the Southern people, and to some of the leaders who fought under him at Chickamauga. A calm review of the situation, and the facts as they existed at the time, will demonstrate, I think, that his failure to follow and assault General Rosecrans in his strong works at Chattanooga was not only pardonable, but prudent and wise. The Confederate victory at Chickamauga, which was the most conspicuous antecedent of Missionary Ridge, was achieved after two days of desperate fighting and at tremendous cost. While the Confederates had inflicted heavy losses upon the Union army, they had also suffered heavy losses. Of the thirty-three thousand dead and wounded, practically one half wore gray uniforms. For every Union regiment broken and driven in disorder from the field, there was a Confederate regiment decimated and shattered in front of the breastworks. The final retreat of the Union army was immediately preceded by successful repulses and countercharges, and by the most determined stand against the desperate and repeated Confederate assaults on Snodgrass Hill. General Bragg's right wing had been partially shattered in front of the Union field works in the woods at Chickamauga, and his left wing held in check till near nightfall at Snodgrass Hill. It seems to me, therefore, that these facts constitute almost a mathematical demonstration--at least a moral assurance--that his army must have failed in an immediate march across the open plain through the network of wire spread for Confederate feet, in the face of wide-sweeping Union artillery, and against the infinitely stronger works at Chattanooga. In whatever other respects General Bragg may be regarded by his critics as worthy of blame, it seems manifestly unfair to charge that he blundered in not pursuing Rosecrans after Chickamauga. Far more just would be criticisms of General McClellan for his refusal to renew the attack in the <jg_215>open after Sharpsburg (Antietam), or of General Meade for not accepting the gauge of battle tendered him by Lee after the repulse of Gettysburg; or of General Lee himself for not

pressing Burnside after Fredericksburg, Hooker after Chancellorsville, and Pope after the rout at second Manassas.

These reflections are submitted in the interest of truth and in justice to General Bragg's memory. They are submitted after the most patient and painstaking investigation, and I must confess that they are in direct conflict with the impressions I had myself received and the opinions which I entertained before investigation.

One other remark as to General Bragg's halt after the Confederate victory at Chickamauga. His beleaguering of the Union army for a whole month in its stronghold at Chattanooga is by no means conclusive evidence that he blundered in his failure to immediately assault General Rosecrans in his intrenchments. While admitting that, however shattered the ranks of the victor, the ranks of the beaten army are always in still worse condition, it must be remembered that assaults against breastworks, as a rule, are most expensive operations. Pemberton had been beaten in a series of engagements before he was driven into his works at Vicksburg; yet with his small force he successfully repelled for months every assault made upon those breastworks by General Grant. General Lee's hitherto victorious veterans recoiled before the natural battlements of the Round Tops and Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. On June 27, 1864, General Sherman assaulted with tremendous power the strong position held by General Joseph E. Johnston's retreating army; but General Sherman's loss was nearly ten for every Confederate killed or wounded. The experience of General Nathaniel P. Banks in his assault upon the Confederate forces behind their breastworks at Port Hudson furnishes possibly a still more convincing proof <jg_216>of this truth. Page after page of similar illustrations might be taken from the records of our Civil War. It may be true that Chickamauga had brought temporary demoralization to portions of Rosecrans's army; it may be true that General Grant did say to General Sherman at Chattanooga, "The men of Thomas's army have been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that I fear they cannot be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive." But when he witnessed their superb assault upon Missionary Ridge he must have changed his opinion. It may be true -- it is true--that had General Bragg assailed the Union army after Chickamauga, he would have had the advantage of the momentum and ardor imparted to a column in a charge; but he would also have been compelled to overcome the feeling of security imparted to troops protected by heavy breastworks and the increased effectiveness of their fire. General Longstreet assailed the breastworks at Knoxville after the Chickamauga battle; but his superb battalions were powerless before them.

General Bragg's mistake, therefore, it seems to me, was not his decision to besiege rather than assault the Union army in Chattanooga, but it was the weakening of his lines by detaching for other service such large bodies as to reduce his army to a mere skeleton of its former strength. While Bragg was reducing his troops to an estimated force of about 25,000 men by sending off Longstreet and Buckner and the Confederate cavalry, General Grant, who had displaced Rosecrans and assumed command at Chattanooga, was increasing his army in and around that city to 100,000 or more. By his official report it seems that after the arrival of his two corps from the East and General Sherman's army from the West, he had on the 25th of November, when the advance was ordered, about 86,000 men, armed and equipped, ready for the assault. I recall no instance in <jg_217>the history of our war, and few in any other war, where, on so contracted a field, was marshalled for battle so gigantic and puissant an army.

More than two thousand years ago occurred a scene which Missionary Ridge recalls. On the plains of Marathon, Datis, under the orders of King Darius, assembled his army of Persian warriors, whose number did not differ widely from those commanded at Chattanooga by General Grant. Confronting Datis was the little army of the Greeks under Miltiades, the great Athenian, in whose veins ran the blood of Hercules. Posted along the Attican range of mountains, this little army of Athenians looked down upon the vast hosts assembled against them on the Marathon plain below as Bragg's small force of Confederates stood on Missionary Ridge and the slopes of Lookout Mountain, contemplating the magnificent but appalling panorama of Grant's overwhelming legions moving from their works and wheeling into lines of battle. The two scenes -- the one at Marathon, the other at Chattanooga--present other strikingly similar features. The ground on which the respective armies under Datis and Grant were assembled bore a close resemblance the one to the other. Crescent-shaped Marathon, washed by the winding bay, had its counterpart in that crescent formed at Chattanooga by the Tennessee as it flows around the city.

The Greeks at Marathon and the Confederates at Missionary Ridge were each moved by a kindred impulse of self-defence. The Athenian Republicans under Miltiades, as they stood upon the bordering hills around Marathon, realized that the spirits of departed Grecian heroes were hovering above them, and resolved not to survive the loss of Athenian freedom or the enslavement of their people. They were the foremost men of their time. The mountain on which they stood was sacred ground; every stone and scene was an inspiration. <jg_218>

The American Republicans of Southern birth and training who stood with Bragg on Missionary Ridge were imbued with an ardor none the less strong and sacred. At this point, however, appear vast contrasts. The Grecian commander was to fight Persians: the Southern leader was to meet Americans. The hireling hordes which swarmed on the plains of Marathon served not from choice but from compulsion. The Persian array was a vast conglomeration of incohesive elements, imposing in aspect but weak in determined battle: the army which Bragg was to meet was composed of patriotic volunteers, every man impelled by a thorough belief in the righteousness of his cause. At Marathon it was the resolute, compact, and self-sacrificing Grecian phalanxes against the uncertain, disjointed, and self-seeking hordes of Persian plunderers. It was heroes against hirelings, the glorious sons of Athenian freedom against the submissive serfs of triumphant wrong and of kingly power. At Missionary Ridge it was patriot against patriot, inherited beliefs against inherited beliefs, liberty as embodied in the sovereignty of the States against liberty as embodied in the perpetuity of the Union. The Persians represented organized vindictiveness. The haughty monarch Darius had resolved to wreak his vengeance on the free people of Athens. In his besotted pride and blasphemy, he implored the gods to give him strength to punish these freemen of Greece. His servants were instructed constantly to repeat to him as he gorged himself with costly viands, "Sire, remember the Athenians!" The army and commanders whom he sent to Marathon were fit agents for the execution of so diabolical a purpose. Numbers, therefore, did not count for much in the conflict with such men as Miltiades led against them. The Federals and Confederates, however, who met each other at Missionary Ridge, were of the same race and of kindred <jg_219>impulse. They gathered' their strength and ardor from the memories and example of the same rebelling fathers. In such a contest numbers did tell, and gave to

General Grant the moral assurance of victory even before the battle was joined.

The Union assault on Missionary Ridge was heralded by the "Battle above the Clouds," as the fight on Lookout Mountain is called. Important events had transpired which precipitated that conflict amidst the heavy vapors around Lookout Mountain. These events rendered the capture of that citadel of strength possible, if not easy. Nearly 10,000 Federals under General Hooker had forced a passage of the Tennessee below Lookout Point, driving back the two Confederate regiments, numbering about 1000 men, commanded by the gallant Colonel Oates, of Alabama, who fell severely wounded while making a most stubborn resistance. The night battle at Wauhatchie had also been fought and the small Confederate force had been defeated. It was in this fire in the darkness that the brave little Billy Bethune of Georgia made his début as a soldier and his exit on an Irishman's shoulder. The Irishman who was carrying Billy off the field was asked by his major, "Who is that you are carrying to the rear?" "Billy Bethune, sir." "Is he wounded?" "Yis, sir; he's shot in the back, sir." This was more than Billy could endure, and he shouted his indignant answer to the Irishman, "Major, he's an infernal liar; I am shot across the back, sir."

The Hon. John Russell Young, in his book "Around the World with General Grant," states that this great Union general once said: "The battle of Lookout Mountain (the 'Battle above the Clouds') is one of the romances of the war. There was no such battle, and no action worthy to be called a battle, on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry." <jg_220>

I shall not enter into the controversy as to the rank which should be assigned to that brief but noted conflict. Whatever may be its proper designation, it was a most creditable affair to both sides. Reared among the mountains, I can readily appreciate the peculiar atmospheric conditions and the impressive character of the scenes which met those contending forces on the rugged mountain-side. Many times in my boyhood I have stood upon those mountain-tops in the clear sunlight, while below were gathered dense fogs and mists, sometimes following the winding courses of the streams, often covering the valleys like a vast sea and obscuring them from view. As stated in another chapter, General Hooker was probably not apprised of the fact that there confronted him in the forenoon only Walthall's Missis-sippians,--less than 1500 men against 10,000,--and in the afternoon only the shattered remnants of this brave little brigade, joined by three regiments of Pettus and the small brigade of Moore, in all probably not more than 2500 men. The conception of moving upon an unknown force located in such a stronghold was bold and most creditable to the high soldierly qualities of General Hooker and the gallant men who moved at his command through the fogs and up the steepes, where gorges and boulders and jutting cliffs made almost as formidable barriers as those which opposed the American soldiers at Chapultepec. General Walthall, who commanded the little band of resisting Confederates, was compelled to stretch them out along the base and up the sides of the mountain until his command covered a front so long as to reduce it practically to a line of skirmishers. Far beyond the west flank of this attenuated line, Hooker's plan of battle for this unique field had placed a heavy force under enterprising and daring leaders. Up the mountain-side the troops worked their way, clutching bushes and the branches of trees in order to lift themselves <jg_221>over the rugged ledges, firing as they rose, capturing small bodies here and there, and driving back the stubborn little band of Confederates. The Union lines in front and on Walthall's right threatened to make prisoners of his men, who retreated from ledge to ledge, pouring their fire into Hooker's troops and directing

their aim only at the flashes of the Union rifles as they gleamed through the dense fog.

The resistance of Walthall's Mississippians was pronounced by the distinguished Union leader, General George H. Thomas, "*obstinate*"; by General Bragg, the Confederate commander-in-chief, as "desperate," and by the brave Steedman, of the Union army, as "sublimely heroic." More emphatic than all of these well-merited tributes was the eloquent fact that but 600 were left of the 1500 carried into the fight.

General Grant's arrival at Chattanooga with his reënforcements was as timely a relief for Thomas and his troops as the coming of Buell's forces had previously been for the succor of General Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh.

The interchange of courtesies which became so common during the war at no time interfered with the stern demands of duty. As General Manderson, one of the most gallant officers of the Union army, rode near the Confederate picket-lines in front of Chattanooga, he received a salutation almost as courteous as they would have given to one of their Confederate generals; yet they were ready to empty their deadly rifles into the bosoms of his troops when they moved in battle array against them. General Manderson himself in these words gives account of the Confederate courtesy shown him: "A feeling of amity, almost fraternization, had existed between the picket-lines in front of Wood's division for many days. In the early morning of that day, being in charge of the left of our picket-line <jg_222>[Union], I received a turnout and salute from the Confederate reserve as I rode the line." This was on the very day of the great battle. On the river below, the Confederates would gladly have divided their own meagre rations with any individual soldier in Thomas's army, yet they were attempting to shoot down every team and sink every boat which sought to bring the needed supplies to the beleaguered and hungry commands suffering in the city.

Major Nelson of Indiana, who, like all truly brave soldiers, has exhibited in peace the same high qualities which distinguished him in war, gave me the following incident, which occurred at another point, and admirably illustrates the spirit of the best men in the two armies. Major Nelson was himself in command of the Union picket-lines. The Confederate officer who stood at night in the opposing lines near him called out:

"Hello there, Yank! Have you got any coffee over there?"

"Yes," replied Major Nelson. "Come over and get some."

"We would like to come, but there are fourteen of us on this post."

"All right, Johnny; bring them all along. We'll divide with you. Come over, boys, and get your coffee."

The Johnnies accepted. At two o'clock in the morning they sat down in the trenches with the boys in blue, and told war jokes on each other while drinking their coffee together. Looking at his watch, the major said:

"It's time for you Johnnies to get away from here. The inspector will be along soon, and he will put every one of you in prison, and me, too, if he catches us at this business."

The Confederates at once sprang to their feet and left with this salutation: <jg_223>

"Good night, Yanks; we are greatly obliged to you. We have had a nice visit and enjoyed your coffee very much. We hope you will get a good rest to-night; we are going to give you hell to-morrow."

When General Grant arrived at Chattanooga and had surveyed the field, he sent an order to General Sherman, who was rebuilding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, to stop this work and move his army rapidly eastward toward Chattanooga. This order, it is said,

was carried in a canoe down the Tennessee River, over Muscle Shoals, and for a distance of probably two hundred miles. The daring soldier who bore it was Corporal Pike, a noted scout. On the very day of Sherman's crossing the Tennessee at Chattanooga, Grant ordered the advance upon Missionary Ridge. To this ridge the Confederates had been withdrawn from their eyry on Point Lookout, and the forces of Hooker swept down upon Bragg's left flank. Against Bragg's other flank General Sherman's army was concentrated. In General Grant's admirable plan of the battle, the movement by Hooker against the Confederate left, and the attack by Thomas upon its centre, were intended as mere demonstrations, while the heavy columns of Sherman were to turn its right flank and completely envelop it, thus making the capture of the bulk of Bragg's small army probable, or rendering his retreat extremely hazardous. But, as is often the case in battle, the unexpected transpired. Across the line of Sherman's advance, from which the greatest results were expected, was a railroad cut and tunnel from which the Confederates suddenly rushed upon the head of the Union column, checking, breaking, and routing it. In the meanwhile, Grant, who stood on Orchard Knob opposite the Confederate centre, had ordered Thomas to move at a given signal and seize the Confederate rifle-pits at the base of the ridge. As the six shots from Orchard Knob sounded the signal for the <jg_224>advance, the blue line of Thomas swept across the plain and into the rifle-pits, making prisoners of many of the advanced Confederate skirmishers. This movement, as above stated, like Hooker's upon Lookout Mountain on the previous day, was intended by General Grant only as a "demonstration," the purpose being only to take the rifle-pits as a diversion to aid Sherman in his attack upon Bragg's right. The seasoned veterans of Thomas, however, were wiser in this instance, or at least bolder, than the generals. Was it a misapprehension of orders, was it recklessness, or was it the habit acquired in battle of never halting when ordered forward under fire until their lines were broken against the solid fronts of opposing forces? General Grant was amazed when he saw those lines pass the rifle-pits in furious charge toward the crest of Missionary Ridge. Both Thomas and Granger denied having given the order for such a movement. It was, however, too late to halt the troops; and most fortunate was it for the Union army that the movement could not be recalled. Those brave men, without orders, mounted to the summit of Missionary Ridge, leaped into Bragg's intrenchments, piercing his lines in the centre, doubling them to the right and left, and forcing the front in confusion to the rear. The capture of 6000 Southern prisoners, several pieces of artillery, and many thousand stands of small arms was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy. In its exhausted condition these could not be replaced by new levies and new guns. Infinitely greater, however, was the loss of the prestige which Bragg's army had gained by the brilliant victory at Chickamauga just two months and five days before. Still greater was the loss which Missionary Ridge inflicted upon the Southern cause by opening the way to Atlanta. The bold and successful stand made after Missionary Ridge by Bragg's forces at Ringgold was but a temporary check to the advance of the Union forces. <jg_225>

As Hooker's forces moved from the mountain-top up Bragg's left, a Confederate officer, on his Kentucky thoroughbred, galloped into this portion of the Union line. It was young Breckinridge, looking for his father, General John C. Breckinridge, who was commanding a division of Confederates. Instead of his father, he found General James A. Williamson commanding Union troops. He lost his Kentucky racer and exchanged his staff position for that of prisoner of war.

General Bragg, with patriotic purpose, and with the hope that some other commander might serve the cause more efficiently, asked to be relieved from the command of the army, and his request was granted. General Rosecrans had perhaps a still more pathetic fate. He had inaugurated and conducted against General Bragg during the summer a strategic campaign, pronounced by General Meigs "the greatest operation in our war." During the progress of this campaign General George H. Thomas and the corps commanders of the Union army seemed unanimous and enthusiastic in the commendation and support of it. Yet after its culmination General Rosecrans was removed from the command of his army. From the standpoint of unbiassed criticism the future historian will probably have some trouble in finding sufficient reasons for this removal. It is not my province to participate in the discussion of this interesting question. As a soldier, however, who fought on the Southern side, and who has studied with much interest this campaign of General Rosecrans, I wish to leave upon record two or three inquiries which it seems to me history must necessarily make.

First, how was it possible for the transfer of Longstreet's troops from Lee to Bragg to have escaped the attention of Secretary Stanton or General Halleck ? This movement was reported to General Rosecrans by General Peck of the Union army stationed in North Carolina. <jg_226>It was suggested as probable by the Hon. Murat Halstead in the columns of his paper. General H. V. Boynton states in the most positive terms that Colonel Jacques, of the Seventy-third Illinois, tried in vain for ten days to gain admittance in Washington to communicate the fact of Longstreet's movements to Halleck and Stanton, and then, without accomplishing it, returned in time to fight with his regiment at Chickamauga.

Another question which history will probably ask is why no reënforcements were sent to the Union army while Rosecrans was in command and when Longstreet was moving to strengthen General Bragg, and yet after Rosecrans's removal immense reënforcements were sent, although both Longstreet and Buckner had then been detached from that immediate vicinity.

The heavy concentration of Union forces at Chattanooga, and the consequent defeat of Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge, was a master stroke; but justice to General Rosecrans seems to demand the above reflections. In the light of his previous strategic campaign and of his fight at Chickamauga, where, without reënforcements, he so stubbornly resisted Bragg's assaults while both Longstreet and Buckner were present, history will surely ask: "What would General Rosecrans probably have accomplished with his own army heavily reënforced, while Bragg's was reduced by the absence of both Longstreet's and Buckner's commands ?"

Missionary Ridge had added its quota of cloud to the Confederate firmament, and intensified the gloom of the succeeding winter. It had laid bare the Confederacy's heart to the glistening points of Union bayonets, and vastly increased the sufferings of the Confederate armies. Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge! Distinct defeats to different armies in distant sections, they nevertheless constituted a common, a triune disaster <jg_227>to the Confederate cause. The great crevasses in the Mississippi's levees constitute one agency of ruin when they unite their floods and deluge the delta. So these breaks in the gray lines of defence constituted, I repeat, one common defeat to Southern arms. There is, however, this noteworthy defect in the completeness of the simile: The Mississippi levees could be rebuilt; the material for reconstructing them was

inexhaustible; and the waters would soon disappear without any human effort to drive them back. The Confederacy's lines, on the contrary, could not be rebuilt. The material for reconstructing them was exhausted. The blue-crested flood which had broken those lines was not disappearing. The fountains which supplied it were exhaustless. It was still coming with an ever-increasing current, swelling higher and growing more resistless. This triune disaster was especially depressing to the people because it came like a blight upon their hopes which had been awakened by recent Confederate victories. The recoil of Lee's army from its furious impact against the blue barrier of Meade's lines at Gettysburg was the first break in the tide of its successes. Beginning with the marvellous panic and rout of McDowell's troops at Bull Run in 1861, there followed in almost unbroken succession wave after wave of Confederate triumph. The victory of Joseph E. Johnston over General McClellan at Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks; the rapidly recurring victories of Lee in the seven days' battles around Richmond over the same brilliant commander; the rout of General Pope's army at second Manassas, or second Bull Run; the bloody disaster inflicted by Lee upon Burnside's forces at Fredericksburg and upon Hooker's splendid army at Chancellorsville, together with Stonewall Jackson's Napoleonic campaign in the Valley of Virginia, had constituted a chain of Confederate successes with <jg_228>scarcely a broken link. Even at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, in 1862, the result was of so indecisive a character as to leave that battle among those that are in dispute. The Federals claim it as a Union victory on the ground that Lee finally abandoned the field to McClellan. The Confederates place it among the drawn battles of the war, and base their claim on these facts: that McClellan was the aggressor, and declined to renew his efforts, although the Confederates invited him to do so by flying their flags in his front during the whole of the following day; that although the battle-tide swayed to and fro, with alternate onsets and recoils on the different hotly contested portions of the field, yet in the main the Federal assaults were successfully repelled; that McClellan failed to drive Lee from his general line, and that whatever advance he made against Lee was more than counterbalanced by Jackson's capture of the entire Union forces which held the left of the Union army at Harper's Ferry.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XVI--Winter On The Rapidan

<jg_229>

In camp near Clark's Mountain--Religious awakening--Revival services throughout the camps--General Lee's interest in the movement--Southern women at work--Extracts from General Lee's letters to his wife--Influence of religion on the soldiers' character.

THE winter of 1863-64 on the banks of the Rapidan was passed in preparation by both armies for that wrestle of giants which was to begin in May in the Wilderness and end at Appomattox in the following April.

My camp and quarters were near Clark's Mountain, from the top of which General Lee so often surveyed with his glasses the white-tented city of the Union army spread out before us on the undulating plain below. A more peaceful scene could scarcely be conceived than that which broke upon our view day after day as the rays of the morning sun fell upon the quiet, wide-spread-ing Union camp, with its thousands of smoke columns rising like miniature geysers, its fluttering flags marking, at regular intervals, the different divisions, its stillness unbroken save by an occasional drum-beat and the clear ringing notes of bugles sounding the familiar calls.

On the southern side of the Rapidan the scenes were, if possible, still less warlike. In every Confederate camp chaplains and visiting ministers erected religious altars, around which the ragged soldiers knelt and worshipped the Heavenly Father into whose keeping they committed <jg_230>themselves and their cause, and through whose all-wise guidance they expected ultimate victory. The religious revivals that ensued form a most remarkable and impressive chapter of war history. Not only on the Sabbath day, but during the week, night after night for long periods, these services continued, increasing in attendance and interest until they brought under religious influence the great body of the army. Along the moun-tain-sides and in the forests, where the Southern camps were pitched, the rocks and woods rang with appeals for holiness and consecration, with praises for past mercies and earnest prayers for future protection and deliverance. Thousands of these brave followers of Southern banners became consistent and devoted soldiers of the cross. General Lee, who was a deeply pious man, manifested a constant and profound interest in the progress of this religious work among his soldiers. He usually attended his own church when services were held there, but his interest was confined to no particular denomination. He encouraged all and helped all.

Back of the army on the farms, in the towns and cities, the fingers of Southern women were busy knitting socks and sewing seams of coarse trousers and gray jackets for the soldiers at the front. From Mrs. Lee and her daughters to the humblest country matrons and maidens, their busy needles were stitching, stitching, stitching, day and night. The anxious commander thanked them for their efforts to bring greater comfort to the cold feet and shivering limbs of his half-clad men. He wrote letters expressing appreciation of the bags of socks and shirts as they came in. He said that he could almost hear, in the stillness of the night, the needles click as they flew through the meshes. Every click was a prayer, every stitch a tear. His tributes were tender and constant to these glorious women for their labor and sacrifices for Southern independence. His unselfish solicitude <jg_231>for his men was marked and unvarying. He sent to the suffering privates in the hospitals the

delicacies contributed for his personal use from the meagre stores of those who were anxious about his health. If a handful of real coffee came to him, it went in the same direction, while he cheerfully drank from his tin cup the wretched substitute made from parched corn or beans. He was the idolized commander of his army and at the same time the sympathizing brother of his men.

General Fitzhugh Lee, the brilliant nephew of the great chieftain, gives extracts from his private letters, some of which I insert in this connection because they illustrate the character of Robert E. Lee as a man. These excerpts are of greater value because they are taken from letters addressed to Mrs. Lee and meant for her eyes alone.

In 1861, from West Virginia, General Lee concluded a letter to Mrs. Lee in these words:

I travelled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road I traveled over in the summer of 1840 on my return from St. Louis after bringing you home. If any one had told me that the next time I travelled that road would have been on my present errand I should have supposed him insane. I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The valleys are peaceful, the scenery beautiful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us ! How thankless and ungrateful we are !

Denied the privilege of being with his family at the Christmas reunion, he wrote:

I shall pray the great God to shower His blessings upon you and unite you all in His courts above Oh, that I were more worthy and more thankful for all that he has done and continues to do for me!

From the southern coast in February, 1862, he wrote Mrs. Lee: <jg_232>

My constant prayer is to the Giver of all victory The contest must be long and the whole country has to go through much suffering. It is necessary we should be more humble, less boastful, less selfish, and more devoted to right and justice to all the world.... God, I hope, will shield us and give us success.

After his brilliant victory over McClellan in the seven days' battles around Richmond, he wrote Mrs. Lee:

I am filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies he has extended to us. Our success has not been as complete as we could desire, but God knows what is best for us.

If Wellington, the Iron Duke, ever said, as is reported: "A man of fine Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the position of a soldier," he must have had in contemplation the mere soldier of fortune--the professional soldier, and not the class of men who fight only because duty compels them to fight. The lofty Christian character, the simple, earnest Christian faith, the consistent, unostentatious Christian life and humility of spirit of both Lee and Jackson, furnish an eloquent and crushing rebuke to Wellington's suggestions. Jackson fought while praying and prayed while planning. Lee's heart was full of supplication in battle, while his lips were silent. In sunshine and in storm, in victory and in defeat, his heart turned to God. Chapter after chapter might be filled with these extracts from his private letters and with accounts of acts consistent with his letters, illustrating the fact that great soldiers may be the tenderest men and the truest Christian believers. The self-denial, the stainless manhood, the unfaltering faith in the saving truths of the Bible, the enormous will power, submissive as a child to God's will, -- the roundness and completeness of such a life, should be a model and an inspiration to the young men of our whole country. <jg_233>

Christian men and women, indeed all who truly love this country and realize how essential to its permanence and freedom is the character of its citizenship, must find no

little comfort in the facts recorded in the last few paragraphs. The reward promised by mythology to the brave who fell in battle was a heaven, not of purity and peace, but of continued combat with their foes and a life of eternal revelry. Such a religion could only degrade the soldiers who fought and increase the depravity of the people. It was a religion of hate, of vindictiveness, of debauchery. The religious revivals which occurred in the Southern camps, on the contrary, while banishing from the heart all unworthy passions, prepared the soldiers for more heroic endurance; lifted them, in a measure, above their sufferings; nerved them for the coming battles; exalted them to a higher conception of duty; imbued them with a spirit of more cheerful submission to the decrees of Providence; sustained them with a calmer and nobler courage; and rendered them not insensible to danger, but superior to it. The life we now live is not the only life; what we call death is not an eternal sleep; the soldier's grave is not an everlasting prison, but the gateway to an endless life beyond: and this belief in immortality should be cultivated in armies, because of the potent influence it must exert in developing the best characteristics of the soldier. Aside from any regard for the purely spiritual welfare of the men, the most enlightened nations of Europe have shown a commendable worldly wisdom in making religious literature an important part of an army's equipment.

No one, who calmly and fairly considers the conditions which surrounded the soldiers of the Confederate armies when they were disbanded and the manner in which these men met those conditions, can doubt that their profound religious convictions, which were deepened <jg_234>in the camps, had a potent influence upon their conduct in the trying years which followed the war. Reared under a government of their own choosing, born and bred under laws, State and federal, enacted by their own representatives, habituated for four years to the watchful eyes and guarding bayonets of army sentinels, accustomed to the restraints of the most rigid regulations, they found themselves at the close of the war suddenly confronted by conditions radically, totally changed. Their State governments were overthrown; State laws were in abeyance; of chosen representatives they had none. Sheriffs, other officers of the court, and the courts themselves were gone. Penniless and homeless as thousands of them were, with the whole financial system in their States obliterated, the whole system of labor revolutionized, without a dollar or the possibility of borrowing, they went bravely and uncomplainingly to work. They did not rob, they did not steal, they did not beg, they did not murmur at their fate. With all the restraints to which they had been subjected, both as citizens and soldiers, not only relaxed but entirely removed, they kept the peace, lived soberly and circum-spectly, each ready to lend a helping hand to maimed and helpless comrades or to fight again for the enforcement of law or in defence of the restored Republic. Who will deny that these facts, which are in no particular and in no degree over-stated, but fall far short of the reality, demonstrate the power of religious convictions over the conduct of these disbanded soldiers transformed into citizens under conditions so changed, so trying, so desperate!

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XVII--The Wilderness--Battle Of May 5

<jg_235>

Beginning of the long fight between Grant and Lee--Grant crosses the Rapidan--
First contact of the two armies--Ewell's repulse--A rapid countercharge--A
strange predicament--The Union centre broken--Unprecedented movement
which saved the Confederate troops.

LEE and Grant, the foremost leaders of the opposing armies, were now to begin a campaign which was to be practically a continuous battle for eleven months. Grant had come from his campaigns in the Southwest with the laurels of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge on his brow. Lee stood before him with a record as military executioner unrivalled by that of any warrior of modern times. He had, at astoundingly short intervals and with unvarying regularity, decapitated or caused the official "taking off" of the five previously selected commanders-in-chief of the great army which confronted him.

A more beautiful day never dawned on Clark's Moun-rain and the valley of the Rapidan than May 5, 1864. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the broad expanse of meadowlands on the north side of the little river and the steep wooded hills on the other seemed "*apparelled* in celestial light" as the sun rose upon them. At an early hour, however, the enchantment of the scene was rudely broken by bugles and kettledrums calling Lee's veterans to strike tents and "fall into line." The advent <jg_236>of spring brought intense relief to the thinly clad and poorly fed Confederates. The Army of Northern Virginia had suffered so much during the preceding winter that there was general rejoicing at its close, although every man in that army knew that it meant the opening of another campaign and the coming of Grant's thoroughly equipped and stalwart corps. The reports of General Lee's scouts were scarcely necessary to our appreciation of the fact that the odds against us were constantly and rapidly increasing: for from the highland which bordered the southern banks of the Rapidan one could almost estimate the numbers that were being added to Grant's ranks by the growth of the city of tents spreading out in full view below. The Confederates were profoundly impressed by the situation, but they rejected as utterly unworthy of a Christian soldiery the doctrine that Providence was on the side of the heaviest guns and most numerous battalions. To an unshaken confidence in their great leader and in each other there had been added during the remarkable religious revivals to which I have referred a spiritual vitality which greatly increased among Lee's soldiers the spirit of self-sacrifice and of consecration. Committing themselves and their cause to God, with honest and fervent prayers for His protection and guidance, they hopefully and calmly awaited the results of the coming battle.

On the morning of May 4, 1864, shortly after midnight, General Grant began the movement which was soon to break the long silence of that vast and dense woodland by the roaring tumult of battle. This advance by General Grant inaugurated the seventh act in the "On to Richmond" drama played by the armies of the Union. The first advance, led by General McDowell, had been repelled by Beauregard and Johnston at Bull Run; the next five, under the leadership respectively of <jg_237>McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, had been repelled by Lee. He had not only defeated these noted leaders, but caused their removal from command of the Union army.

Crossing the Rapidan with but little resistance, General Grant spent the 4th of May in placing his army in position. Pushing toward Richmond the head of his column, which was to form the left of his battle line, in order to throw himself, if possible, between Lee and the Confederate capital, General Grant promptly faced his army in the direction from which Lee must necessarily approach and moved to the front as rapidly as the tangled wilderness would permit. Lee, in the meantime, was hurrying his columns along the narrow roads and throwing out skirmish-lines, backed by such troops as he could bring forward quickly in order to check Grant's advance and to ascertain whether the heaviest assault was to be made upon the Confederate centre or upon the right or left flank. Field-glasses and scouts and cavalry were equally and almost wholly useless in that dense woodland. The tangle of underbrush and curtain of green leaves enabled General Grant to concentrate his forces at any point, while their movements were entirely concealed. Overlapping the Confederate lines on both flanks, he lost no time in pushing to the front with characteristic vigor.

My command brought up the rear of the extreme left of Lee's line, which was led by Ewell's corps. Long before I reached the point of collision, the steady roll of small arms left no doubt as to the character of the conflict in our front. Despatching staff officers to the rear to close up the ranks in compact column, so as to be ready for any emergency, we hurried with quickened step toward the point of heaviest fighting. Alternate confidence and apprehension were awakened as the shouts of one army or the other reached our ears. So distinct in character were these shouts that they were easily discernible. At one point the weird Confederate "yell" told us plainly that Ewell's men were advancing. At another the huzzas, in mighty concert, of the Union troops warned us that they had repelled the Confederate charge; and as these ominous huzzas grew in volume we knew that Grant's lines were moving forward. Just as the head of my column came within range of the whizzing Miniés, the Confederate yells grew fainter, and at last ceased; and the Union shout rose above the din of battle. I was already prepared by this infallible admonition for the sight of Ewell's shattered forces retreating in disorder. The oft-repeated but spasmodic efforts of first one army and then the other to break through the opposing ranks had at last been ended by the sudden rush of Grant's compact veterans from the dense covert in such numbers that Ewell's attenuated lines were driven in confusion to the rear. These retreating divisions, like broken and receding waves, rolled back against the head of my column while we were still rapidly advancing along the narrow road. The repulse had been so sudden and the confusion so great that practically no resistance was now being made to the Union advance; and the elated Federals were so near me that little time was left to bring my men from column into line in order to resist the movement or repel it by countercharge. At this moment of dire extremity I saw General Ewell, who was still a superb horseman, notwithstanding the loss of his leg, riding in furious gallop toward me, his thoroughbred charger bounding like a deer through the dense underbrush. With a quick jerk of his bridle-rein just as his wooden leg was about to come into unwelcome collision with my knee, he checked his horse and rapped out his few words with characteristic impetuosity. He did not stop to explain the situation; there was no need of explanation. The disalignment, the confusion, the rapid retreat of our troops, and the raining of Union bullets as they whizzed and rattled through the scrub-oaks and pines, rendered explanations superfluous, even had there been time to make them. The rapid words he did utter were electric and charged with tremendous significance. "General

Gordon, the fate of the day depends on you, sir," he said. "These men will save it, sir," I replied, more with the purpose of arousing the enthusiasm of my men than with any well-defined idea as to how we were to save it. Quickly wheeling a single regiment into line, I ordered it forward in a countercharge, while I hurried the other troops into position. The sheer audacity and dash of that regimental charge checked, as I had hoped it would, the Union advance for a few moments, giving me the essential time to throw the other troops across the Union front. Swiftly riding to the centre of my line, I gave in person the order: "Forward !" With a deafening yell which must have been heard miles away, that glorious brigade rushed upon the hitherto advancing enemy, and by the shock of their furious onset shattered into fragments all that portion of the compact Union line which confronted my troops.

At that moment was presented one of the strangest conditions ever witnessed upon a battle-field. My command covered only a small portion of the long lines in blue, and not a single regiment of those stalwart Federals yielded except those which had been struck by the Southern advance. On both sides of the swath cut by this sweep of the Confederate scythe, the steady veterans of Grant were unshaken and still poured their incessant volleys into the retreating Confederate ranks. My command had cut its way through the Union centre, and at that moment it was in the remarkably strange position of being on identically the same general line with the enemy, the Confederates facing in one direction, the Federals in the other. Looking down that line from <jg_240>Grant's right toward his left, there would first have been seen a long stretch of blue uniforms, then a short stretch of gray, then another still longer of blue, in one continuous line. The situation was both unique and alarming. I know of no case like it in military history; nor has there come to my knowledge from military text-books or the accounts of the world's battles any precedent for the movement which extricated my command from its perilous environment and changed the threatened capture or annihilation of my troops into victory. The solid and dotted portions of the line, here given, correctly represent the position of my troops in relation to the Federals at this particular juncture: the Union forces are indicated by a solid line, the Confederates (my command) by a dotted line, and the arrows indicate the direction in which the forces were facing. \\graphic

It will be seen that further movement to Grant's rear was not to be considered; for his unbroken lines on each side of me would promptly close up the gap which my men had cut through his centre, thus rendering the capture of my entire command inevitable. To attempt to retire by the route by which we had advanced was almost, if not equally, as hazardous; for those same unbroken and now unopposed ranks on each side of me, as soon as such retrograde movement began, would instantly rush from both directions upon my retreating command and quickly crush it. In such a crisis, when moments count for hours, when the fate of a command hangs upon instantaneous decision, the responsibility of the commander is almost overwhelming; but the very extremity of the <jg_241>danger electrifies his brain to abnormal activity. In such peril he does more thinking in one second than he would ordinarily do in a day. No man ever realized more fully than I did at that dreadful moment the truth of the adage: "Necessity is the mother of invention." As soon as my troops had broken through the Union ranks, I directed my staff to halt the command; and before the Union veterans could recover from the shock, my regiments were moving at double-quick from the centre into file right and left, thus placing them in two parallel lines, back to back, in a position at a right angle to the one held a moment

before. This quickly executed manoeuvre placed one half of my command squarely upon the right flank of one portion of the enemy's unbroken line, and the other half facing in exactly the opposite direction, squarely upon the left flank of the enemy's line. This position is correctly represented by the solid (Federal) and dotted (Confederate) lines here shown. \\graphic

This done, both these wings were ordered forward, and, with another piercing yell, they rushed in opposite directions upon the right and left flanks of the astounded Federals, shattering them as any troops that were ever marshalled would have been shattered, capturing large numbers, and checking any further effort by General Grant on that portion of the field.

Meantime, while this unprecedented movement was being executed, the Confederates who had been previously driven back, rallied and moved in spirited charge to the front and recovered the lost ground. Both armies rested for the night near the points where the first collisions of <jg_242>the day had occurred. It would be more accurate to say they *remained* for the night; for there was little rest to the weary men of either army. Both sides labored all night in the dark and dense woodland, throwing up such breastworks as were possible--a most timely preparation for the next day's conflicts. My own command was ordered during the night to the extreme left of Lee's lines, under the apprehension that Grant's right overlapped and endangered our left flank.

Thus ended the 5th of May, which had witnessed the first desperate encounter between Grant and Lee. The fighting had not involved the whole of either army, but it was fierce and bloody. It would be unjust to claim that either of the famous leaders had achieved a signal victory. Both sides had left their dead scattered through the bullet-riddled underbrush. The Confederates drew comfort from the fact that in the shifting fortunes of the day theirs was the last advance, that the battle had ended near where it had begun, and that the Union advance had been successfully repulsed.

It was impossible to know what changes in the disposition of his forces General Grant would make during the night. It was useless to speculate as to whether he would mass his troops for still heavier assault upon the positions we then held or would concentrate against Lee's right or left flank. All that could be done was to prepare as best we could for any contingency, and await the developments which the morrow would bring.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XVIII--The Wilderness--Battle Of May 6

<jg_243>

The men ordered to sleep on their arms -- Report of scouts -- Sedgwick's exposed position -- A plan proposed to flank and crush him --General Early's objections to it-- Unfounded belief that Burnside protected Sedgwick -- General Lee orders a movement in the late afternoon -- Its success until interrupted by darkness -- The Government official records prove that Early was mistaken.

THE night of the 5th of May was far spent when my command reached its destination on the extreme Confederate left. The men were directed to sleep on their arms during the remaining hours of darkness. Scouts were at once sent to the front to feel their way through the thickets and ascertain, if possible, where the extreme right of Grant's line rested. At early dawn these trusted men reported that they had found it: that it rested in the woods only a short distance in our front, that it was wholly unprotected, and that the Confederate lines stretched a considerable distance beyond the Union right, overlapping it. I was so impressed with the importance of this report and with the necessity of verifying its accuracy that I sent others to make the examination, with additional instructions to proceed to the rear of Grant's right and ascertain if the exposed flank were supported by troops held in reserve behind it. The former report was not only confirmed as to the exposed position of that flank, but the astounding information was brought that there was not a supporting force within several miles of it. <jg_244>

Much of this scouting had been done in the late hours of the night and before sunrise on the morning of the 6th. Meantime, as this information came my brain was throbbing with the tremendous possibilities to which such a situation invited us, provided the conditions were really as reported. Mounting my horse in the early morning and guided by some of these explorers, I rode into the unoccupied woodland to see for myself. It is enough to say that I found the reports correct in every particular. Riding back toward my line, I was guided by the scouts to the point near which they had located the right of the Union army. Dismounting and creeping slowly and cautiously through the dense woods, we were soon in ear-shot of an unsuppressed and merry clatter of voices. A few feet nearer, and through a narrow vista, I was shown the end of General Grant's temporary breastworks. There was no line guarding this flank. As far as my eye could reach, the Union soldiers were seated on the margin of the rifle-pits, taking their breakfast. Small fires were burning over which they were boiling their coffee, while their guns leaned against the works in their immediate front.

No more time was consumed in scouting. The revelations had amazed me and filled me with confident anticipations of unprecedented victory. It was evident that General Grant had decided to make his heaviest assaults upon the Confederate right, and for this purpose had ordered his reserves to that flank. By some inconceivable oversight on the part of his subordinates, his own right flank had been left in the extremely exposed condition in which my scouts had found it. Undoubtedly the officer who located that battle line for General Grant or for General Sedgwick was under the impression that there were no Confederates in front of that portion of it; and this was probably true at the time the location was made. That fact, however, did not justify the officer in <jg_245>leaving his flank (which is the most vulnerable part of an army) thus unguarded for a whole night

after the battle.

If it be true that in peace "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," it is no less true that in war, especially war in a wilderness, eternal vigilance is the price of an army's safety. Yet, in a woodland so dense that an enemy could scarcely be seen at a distance of one hundred yards, that Union officer had left the right flank of General Grant's army without even a picket-line to protect it or a vedette to give the alarm in case of unexpected assault. During the night, while the over-confident Union officer and his men slept in fancied security, my men stole silently through the thickets and planted a hostile line not only in his immediate front, but overlapping it by more than the full length of my command. All intelligent military critics will certainly agree that such an opportunity as was here presented for the overthrow of a great army has rarely occurred in the conduct of a war. The failure to take advantage of it was even a greater blunder than the "untimely discretion" which checked the sweep of the Confederate lines upon the Union right on that first afternoon at Gettysburg, or the still more fatal delay on the third day which robbed Lee of assured victory.

As soon as all the facts in regard to the situation were fully confirmed, I formed and submitted the plan which, if promptly adopted and vigorously followed, I then believed and still believe would have resulted in the crushing defeat of General Grant's army. Indeed, the plan of battle may almost be said to have formed itself, so naturally, so promptly and powerfully did it take hold of my thoughts. That plan and the situation which suggested it may be described simply and briefly:

First, there was Grant's battle line stretching for miles through the Wilderness, with Sedgwick's corps on the <jg_246>right and Warren's next, while far away on the left was Hancock's, supported by the great body of the Union reserves.

Second, in close proximity to this long stretch of Union troops, and as nearly parallel to it as circumstances would permit, was Lee's line of Confederates.

Third, both of these lines were behind small breastworks which had been thrown up by the respective armies during the night of the 5th. On Lee's left and confronting Sedgwick was Ewell's corps, of which my command was a part. In my immediate front, as above stated, there was no Union force whatever. It was perfectly practicable, therefore, for me to move out my command and form at right angles to the general line, close to Sedgwick's unprotected flank and squarely across it.

Fourth, when this movement should be accomplished there would still remain a brigade of Confederates confronting each brigade of Federals along the established battle line. Thus the Union troops could be held to their work along the rifle-pits, while my command would sweep down upon the flank and obliquely upon their rear.

As latex developments proved, one brigade on the flank was all that was needed for the inauguration of the plan and the demonstration of its possibilities. The details of the plan were as follows: While the unsuspecting Federals were drinking their coffee, my troops were to move quickly and quietly behind the screen of thick underbrush and form squarely on Sedgwick's strangely exposed flank, reaching a point far beyond that flank and lapping around his rear, so as to capture his routed men as they broke to the rear. While my command rushed from this ambush a simultaneous demonstration was to be made along his front. As each of Sedgwick's brigades gave way in confusion, the <jg_247>corresponding Confederate brigade, whose front was thus cleared on the general line, was to swing into the column of attack on the flank, thus swelling at each step of our

advance the numbers, power, and momentum of the Confederate forces as they swept down the line of works and extended another brigade's length to the unprotected Union rear. As each of the Union brigades, divisions, and corps were struck by such an absolutely resistless charge upon the flank and rear, they must fly or be captured. The effective force of Grant's army would be thus constantly diminished, and in the same proportion the column of attack would be steadily augmented.

Add to this inestimable Confederate advantage the panic and general demoralization that was inevitable on the one side, and the corresponding and ever-increasing enthusiasm that would be aroused upon the other, and it will be admitted that I do not overestimate the opportunity when I say that it has been rarely equalled in any war.

As far as could be anticipated, the plan was devised to meet every contingency. For example, as Sedgwick had no reserves in support behind him, all having been sent to the Union left, his only chance of meeting the sudden assault on his right and rear was to withdraw from his intrenchments under the fire of this flanking force and attempt to form a new line at right angle to his works, and thus perhaps arrest the headlong Confederate charge.

But it will be seen that his situation would then be rendered still more hopeless, because as he changed front and attempted to form a new line the Confederates in front of his works were to leap from their rifle-pits and rush upon his newly exposed flank. He would thus be inevitably crushed between the two Confederate forces. <jg_248>

When Sedgwick's corps should thus be destroyed, the fate of the next Union corps (Warren's) would surely be sealed, for in its front would be the Confederate corps, led by that brilliant soldier, A. P. Hill, ready to assault from that direction, while upon its flank would be not only my two brigades, as in the case of Sedgwick, but Ewell's entire corps, adding to the column of attack. In practically unobstructed march around Warren's flank Ewell would speedily envelop it, and thus the second Union corps in the battle line would be forced to precipitate flight; or if it attempted, however bravely, to stand its ground, it would be inevitably crushed or captured as Ewell assailed it in rear while Hill assaulted in front.

And so of the next corps and the next. Had no part of this plan ever been tested, the vast results which must have attended its execution could scarcely be doubted by any experienced soldier. Fortunately, however, for the removal of all doubt in the premises, it was tested--tested at an hour most unfavorable to its success and after almost the entire day had been wasted; tested on General Lee's approval and by his personal order and almost in his immediate presence. The test, unfair as it was, furnished the plainest and most convincing proof that had it been made at an early hour in the day instead of at sundown, the 6th of May would have ended in the crushing defeat of General Grant's army.

Here is the test and here the results. With my own Georgia brigade and General Robert Johnson's North Carolinians moving by the left flank, so that we should have nothing to do, when the proper point was reached, except to close up, to front face and forward, we pressed through the woods as rapidly and noiselessly as possible and halted at the point immediately opposite Sedgwick's flank.

The solid and dotted lines here given sufficiently <jg_249>indicate the approximate positions occupied by the respective armies at the beginning of my flank attack.

\\graphic

The Georgia brigade (Gordon's) was directed to make the assault, and the North Carolina brigade (Johnson's) was ordered to move farther to the Union rear and to keep as nearly as possible in touch with the attacking force and to gather up Sedgwick's men as they broke to the rear. As the sun went down these troops were ordered forward. In less than ten minutes they struck the Union flank and with thrilling yells rushed upon it and along the Union works, shattering regiments and brigades, and throwing them into wildest confusion and panic. There was practically no resistance. There could be none. The Georgians, commanded by that intrepid leader, Clement A. Evans, were on the flank, and the North Carolinians, led by a brilliant young officer, Robert Johnson, were sweeping around to the rear, without a shot in their front. There was nothing for the brave Federals to do but to fly. There was no time given them to file out from their works and form a new line of resistance. This was attempted again and again; but in every instance the swiftly moving Confederates were upon them, pouring a consuming fire into their half-formed ranks and shivering one command after another in quick succession. The gallant Union leaders, Generals Seymour and Shaler, rode among their panic-stricken troops in the heroic endeavor to form them into a new line. Their brave efforts were worse than unavailing, <jg_250> for both of these superb officers, with large numbers of their brigades, were quickly gathered as prisoners of war in the Confederate net; and nearly the whole of Sedgwick's corps was disorganized.

It is due to both General Ewell and General Early to say that they did all in their power to help forward the movement when once begun. There was, however, little need for help, for the North Carolina brigade, which was in the movement, had not found an opportunity to fire or to receive a shot; and the Georgia brigade as a whole had not been checked for a single moment nor suffered any serious loss. These men were literally revelling in the chase, when the unwelcome darkness put an end to it. They were so enthused by the pursuit, which they declared to me, as I rode among them, was the "*finest frolic*" they had ever been engaged in, that it was difficult to halt them even when it became too dark to distinguish friend from foe. With less than sixty casualties, this brigade almost single-handed had achieved these great results during the brief twilight of the 6th of May. And possibly one half of the small loss that occurred was inflicted after nightfall by Confederates who enthusiastically charged from the front upon the Union breastworks, firing as they came, and not realizing that my command in its swift movement down the flank had reached that point on Sedgwick's line. The brave and brilliant John W. Daniel, now United States senator from Virginia, was then serving on the staff of General Early. As he rode with me in the darkness, he fell, desperately wounded, with his thigh-bone shattered. He narrowly escaped death from this wound, which has maimed him for life.

It will be seen that my troops were compelled to halt at last, not by the enemy's resistance, but solely by the darkness and the cross-fire from Confederates. Had daylight lasted one half-hour longer, there would not <jg_251>have been left an organized company in Sedgwick's corps. Even as it was, all accounts agree that his whole command was shaken. As I rode abreast of the Georgians, who were moving swiftly and with slight resistance, the last scene which met my eye as the curtain of night shut off the view was the crumbling of the Union lines as they bravely but vainly endeavored to file out of their works and form a new line under the furious onset and withering fire of the Confederates.

General Horace Porter, who served with distinction on General Grant's staff, speaking in his book of this twilight flank attack on the 6th of May, says: "It was now about sundown;

the storm of battle which had raged with unabated fury from early dawn had been succeeded by a calm Just then the stillness was broken by heavy volleys of musketry on our extreme right, which told that Sedgwick had been assaulted and was actually engaged with the enemy. The attack against which the general-in-chief during the day had ordered every precaution to be taken had now been made. . . . Generals Grant and Meade, accompanied by me and one or two other staff officers, walked rapidly over to Meade's tent, and found that the reports still coming in were bringing news of increasing disaster. It was soon reported that General Shaler and part of his brigade had been captured; then that General Seymour and several hundred of his men had fallen into the hands of the enemy; afterward that our right had been turned, and Ferrero's division cut off and forced back upon the Rapidan Aides came galloping in from the right, laboring under intense excitement, talking wildly and giving the most exaggerated reports of the engagement. Some declared that a large force had broken and scattered Sedgwick's entire corps. Others insisted that the enemy had turned our right completely and captured the wagon-train A general <jg_252>officer came in from his command at this juncture and said to the general-in-chief, speaking rapidly and laboring under considerable excitement: 'General Grant, this is a crisis that cannot be looked upon too seriously; I know Lee's methods well by past experience; he will throw his whole army between us and the Rapidan and cut us off completely from our communications.'

This extract from General Porter's book is given merely to show what consternation had been carried into the Union ranks by this flank attack, which had been delayed from early morning to sundown. The question is pertinent: What would have been the result of that flank movement had the plan of battle suggested been promptly accepted in the early morning and vigorously executed, as was urged ?

If we carefully and impartially consider all the facts and circumstances, there cannot be much disagreement as to the answer. If that one Georgia brigade, supported by the North Carolinians, could accomplish such results in such brief space of time, it is beyond question that the Confederate column of attack, constantly augmented during an entire day of battle, would have swept the Union forces from the field. Indeed, had not darkness intervened, the Georgia and North Carolina brigades alone would have shattered Sedgwick's entire corps; and the brigades and divisions of Ewell, which confronted those of Sedgwick on the general line, would have marched steadily across to join the Georgians and North Carolinians, instead of rushing across in the darkness, firing as they came, and inflicting more damage upon my men than upon the enemy.

General Porter, speaking of General Grant's promptness after dark in "relieving the situation," says: "Re-enforcements were hurried to the point attacked, and preparations made for Sedgwick's corps to take up a <jg_253>new line with the front and right thrown back." These movements were such as were to be expected from so able a commander as General Grant. But it will be seen that neither of them could have been accomplished had this flank assault been made at an early hour of the day. General Grant's army on the other flank was so pressed that he could not have safely weakened his force there to aid Sedgwick. Both armies on that flank were strained to the utmost, and Lee and Grant were both there in person, superintending the operations of their respective forces. When night came and put an end to the fighting on his left flank, then, and not till then, was General Grant in position to send reënforcements to Sedgwick. Moreover, had the plan of battle proposed to Early and Ewell been accepted, Lee, of course, would have been fully

advised of it, and of every stage of its progress. He would, therefore, have made all his arrangements auxiliary to this prime movement upon General Grant's exposed right. The simple announcement to Lee of the fact that this right flank of the Union army was entirely unprotected, and that it was in close proximity to his unemployed troops, would have been to that great Southern soldier the herald of victory. He would have anticipated at once every material and commanding event which must necessarily have followed the embracing of so unexampled an opportunity. As soon as he had learned that his troops were placed secretly and squarely across Sedgwick's right, Lee could have written in advance a complete description of the resistless Confederate charge--of the necessary flight or capture in quick succession of the hopelessly flanked Union commands, of the cumulative power of the Confederate column at every step of its progress, compelling General Grant to send large bodies of men to his right, thus weakening his left. In front of that left was Lee in person. With a full knowledge of the progress made by <jg_254>his own flanking columns, and appreciating the extremity in which such a movement would place the Union commander, Lee would have lost no time in availing himself of all the advantages of the anomalous situation. Knowing that General Grant would be compelled to send a large part of his army to meet the Confederate column, which had completely turned his flank and was pressing his rear, Lee would either have driven back the forces left in his front, thus bringing confusion to that wing also, or he would have detached a portion of the troops under his immediate command and sent them to Ewell to swell the column of Confederates already in Grant's rear, forcing him to change front and reform his whole battle line under the most perilous conditions.

After weighing the unparalleled advantage which such a situation would have given to such a commander as Lee, can any impartial military critic suggest a *ma-noeuvre* which could possibly have saved General Grant's army from crushing defeat? If so, he will have solved the embarrassing problem which a completely flanked and crumbling army must always meet.

The simple truth is that an army which is expending all its strength, or even the major part of it, in repelling attacks along its front, and permits itself to be completely flanked, is in the utmost extremity of peril. Among the highest military authorities there will be no dispute, I think, as to the correctness of the proposition that when opposing battle lines are held by forces of even approximate strength and of equal fighting qualities, and are commanded by officers of equal ability, the one or the other is in a practically hopeless condition if, while met at every point on its front, it is suddenly startled by a carefully planned and vigorous assault upon either its flank or rear. Its situation is still more desperate if assaulted both in flank and rear. This is especially true when the plan of attack is based upon <jg_255>the certainty of rapidly accumulating strength in the assaulting column. It is not too much to say that the position of an army so flanked is absolutely hopeless unless, as in this case, the coming of darkness intervenes to save it.

Another inquiry to which I feel compelled, in the interest of history, to give a full and frank answer is this: Who was responsible for the delay of nine hours or more while that exposed Union flank was inviting our attack ?

When the plan for assault was fully matured, it was presented, with all its tremendous possibilities and with the full information which had been acquired by scouts and by my own personal and exhaustive examination. With all the earnestness that comes from deep conviction, the prompt adoption and vigorous execution of the plan were asked and urged.

General Early at once opposed it. He said that Burnside's corps was immediately behind Sedgwick's right to protect it from any such flank attack; that if I should attempt such movement, Burnside would assail my flank and rout or capture all my men. He was so firmly fixed in his belief that Burnside's corps was where he declared it to be that he was not perceptibly affected by the repeated reports of scouts, nor my own statement that I myself had ridden for miles in rear of Sedgwick's right, and that neither Burnside's corps nor any other troops were there. General Ewell, whose province it was to decide the controversy, hesitated. He was naturally reluctant to take issue with my superior officer in a matter about which he could have no personal knowledge, because of the fact that his headquarters as corps-commander were located at considerable distance from this immediate locality. In view of General Early's protest, he was unwilling to order the attack or to grant me permission to make it, even upon my proposing <jg_256>to assume all responsibility of disaster, should any occur.

Meantime the roaring battle to our right was punctuating with tremendous emphasis the folly of our delay. A. P. Hill, in impetuous assault, had broken and hurled back almost upon General Grant's headquarters a portion of Warren's corps. The zone of the most furious fighting was, however, still farther off and on the extreme right of our line, where the heaviest forces of both armies were gathered. The almost incessant roll of musketry indicated that the fighting was tremendous. From 4:30 o'clock in the morning, through the entire forenoon, and until late in the day, there had been at different points along the lines to our right alternate and desperate assaults by the two armies, with varying success; but not a shot was being fired near us. My troops and the other portions of Ewell's corps were comparatively idle during the greater part of the day, while the bloody scenes to our right were being enacted. It is most remarkable that the desperate struggle on that far-off flank, coupled with the stillness on ours, failed to impress my superior officers as significant. In the early hours of the day Hancock had pressed back the Confederate right, doubling it up and driving it, as was asserted, for a mile or more. Meantime Longstreet arrived with his superb corps. Hancock was checked, and General Grant's forces, in turn, were hurled back by the Confederate assaults. Like an oscillating pendulum, victory was vibrating between the two armies through all of that eventful day, while at any hour of it the proposed movement on Sedgwick's flank by Ewell's idle Confederates was not only perfectly feasible, but full of promise to the Confederate army.

After Jenkins was killed and Longstreet had been carried back on a litter, seriously wounded, General Lee's attention was necessarily confined to that portion <jg_257>of the field where General Grant was superintending his own aggressive operations. This was one of the crises when General Lee took personal command of his troops; and as Gregg's superb brigade of Texans pressed to the front, the commander-in-chief spurred his horse through a gap in the trenches and attempted to go with them. As these brave men recognized General Lee, a ringing protest ran down the line, and they at last compelled him to yield to their entreaties: "Go back, General Lee; go back !"

General Grant during that day was full of apprehension that Ewell would attempt some offensive tactics against Sedgwick, while Lee was wondering why it was not done. Lee knew that it ought to be done, as will appear later, if for no other object than to divert Grant's attention from his prime purpose and thus bring incidental relief to Longstreet and the other heavily pressed Confederates far off to our right. General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," more than once refers to General Grant's uneasiness about

Sedgwick. He says: "The general-in-chief was devoting a good deal of thought to our right, which had been weakened." Well might General Grant be apprehensive. Had he been fully apprised of that strangely exposed flank of his army, he would have been impelled to send troops to protect Sedgwick's right. On the other hand, had Lee been advised, as he should have been, of the reports of my scouts and of myself, he would not have delayed the proposed movement against Sedgwick's flank a moment longer than was necessary to give an order for its execution. The correctness of this opinion as to what Lee would have done is based not merely upon the knowledge which every officer in his army possessed of his mental characteristics, but upon his prompt action when at last he was informed of the conditions as they had existed for more than nine hours. <jg_258>

Both General Early and I were at Ewell's headquarters when, at about 5:30 in the afternoon, General Lee rode up and asked: "Cannot something be done on this flank to relieve the pressure upon our right?" After listening for some time to the conference which followed this pointed inquiry, I felt it my duty to acquaint General Lee with the facts as to Sedgwick's exposed flank, and with the plan of battle which had been submitted and urged in the early hours of the morning and during the day. General Early again promptly and vigorously protested as he had previously done. He still steadfastly maintained that Burnside's corps was in the woods behind Sedgwick's right; that the movement was too hazardous and must result in disaster to us. With as much earnestness as was consistent with the position of junior officer, I recounted the facts to General Lee, and assured him that General Early was mistaken; that I had ridden for several miles in Sedgwick's rear, and that neither Burnside's corps nor any other Union troops were concealed in those woods. The details of the whole plan were laid before him. There was no doubt with him as to its feasibility. His words were few, but his silence and grim looks while the reasons for that long delay were being given, and his prompt order to me to move at once to the attack, revealed his thoughts almost as plainly as words could have done. Late as it was, he agreed in the opinion that we could bring havoc to as much of the Union line as we could reach before darkness should check us. It was near sunset, and too late to reap more than a pittance of the harvest which had so long been inviting the Confederate sickle.

Where was General Burnside on the morning of the 6th? Where was he during the entire day!

General Early never yielded his convictions that had I been permitted to attack Sedgwick's exposed right flank in the morning, the movement would have led to Confederate <jg_259>disaster, because of the presence of Burnside behind that flank. He was so thoroughly satisfied of this that in his book, written and published since the war, he insists: "Burnside's corps was in rear of the enemy's flank on which the attack was suggested." In the years that have passed I have made no effort to controvert General Early's opinions in this matter. Now, however, the time has come when the publication of my own reminiscences makes it necessary for me to speak. The recent printing by the Government of the War Records makes public the official reports of the Federal officers who fought in the Wilderness on that 6th of May. I shall quote only from Federal officers or Northern history.

In his report General Hancock says: "I am not aware what movements were made by General Burnside near Parker's store on the morning of the 6th, but I experienced no relief from the attack I was informed he would make across my front--a movement long and

anxiously waited for During the night of the 5th I received orders to move on the enemy again at 5 A.M. on the 6th." He adds that his orders informed him that his right would be relieved by an attack of other troops, among them "two divisions . . . under General Burnside." It will be remembered that Hancock held the extreme left of Grant's army. Burnside was there with Hancock. This officer describes the places and times where and when Burnside was to move, and adds: "The same despatch directed me to attack simultaneously with General Burnside."

This was during the morning hours. Later in the day General Meade locates him thus: "Soon after Hancock fell back, about 2 P.M., Burnside attacked toward the Orange plank road to the right and in advance of Hancock's position."

General Grant himself (speaking of Burnside's movements) says in his official report: "By six o'clock of the <jg_260>morning of the 6th he was leading his corps into action near Wilderness Tavern," etc.

Swinton, in his history of "The Army of the Potomac," says: "The Union line as formed by dawn of the 6th was therefore in the order of Sedgwick on the right, next Warren, and Burnside and Hancock on the left."

General Porter says: "At four o'clock the next morning, May 6, we were awakened in our camp by the sound of Burnside's men moving along the Germanna road. They had been marching since 1 A.M., hurrying on to reach *the left of Warren*." He adds: "The general now instructed me to ride out to Hancock's front, inform him of the progress of Burnside's movement," etc. This was early on the morning of the 6th, and Hancock and Burnside were on the extreme left. It is established, therefore, beyond question that Burnside was not in rear of Sedgwick when I insisted upon attacking that exposed right flank in the early morning. He was not there at all during the entire day. He was on the other flank of Grant's army morning, noon, and evening. The Federal reports so locate him, and there can be no longer any dispute as to Burnside's locality, upon which the entire controversy rests.

General Early, in his book, states that General Ewell agreed with him as to the impolicy of making the morning flank attack which I so earnestly urged. Alas! he did; and in the light of revelations subsequently made by Union officers, no intelligent military critic, I think, will fail to sympathize with my lament, which was even more bitter than at Gettysburg, over the irreparable loss of Jackson. But for my firm faith in God's Providence, and in His control of the destinies of this Republic, I should be tempted to imitate the confident exclamation made to the Master by Mary and Martha when they met Him after the death of Lazarus: "Hadst thou been here, our brother had not died." Calmly reviewing the indisputable facts which made the situation at Gettysburg <jg_261>and in the Wilderness strikingly similar, and considering them from a purely military and worldly standpoint, I should utter my profoundest convictions were I to say: "Had Jackson been there, the Confederacy had not died." Had he been at Gettysburg when a part of that Second Corps which his genius had made famous had already broken through the protecting forces and was squarely on the Union right, which was melting away like a sand-bank struck by a mountain torrent; when the whole Union battle line that was in view was breaking to the rear; when those flanking Confederates in their unobstructed rush were embarrassed only by the number of prisoners--had Jackson been there then, instead of commanding a halt, his only order would have been, "Forward, men, forward!" as he majestically rode in their midst, intensifying their flaming enthusiasm at every step

of the advance.

Or had he been in the Wilderness on that fateful 6th of May, when that same right flank of the Union army was so strangely exposed and was inviting the assault of that same portion of his old corps, words descriptive of the situation and of the plan of attack could not have been uttered fast enough for his impatient spirit. Jackson's genius was keener-scented in its hunt for an enemy's flank than the most royally bred setter's nose in search of the hiding covey. The fleetest tongue could not have narrated the facts connected with Sedgwick's position before Jackson's unerring judgment would have grasped the whole situation. His dilating eye would have flashed, and his laconic order, "Move at once, sir," would have been given with an emphasis prophetic of the energy with which he would have seized upon every advantage offered by the situation. But Providence had willed otherwise. Jackson was dead, and Gettysburg was lost. He was not now in the Wilderness, and the greatest opportunity ever presented to Lee's army was permitted to pass.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XIX--Results Of The Drawn Battles

<jg_262>

General Grant the aggressor--Failure to dislodge Lee--An exciting night ride--
Surrounded by Federal troops--A narrow escape in the darkness--General Lee's
comments on the assault upon Sedgwick--A remarkable prediction as to
General Grant's next movement.

IN the thirty hours, more or less, which elapsed from the beginning of the struggle on the 5th of May to its close after dark on the 6th, there was, during the night which intervened, a period of about eleven hours in which the fighting was suspended. In addition to this, the intervals between the successive assaults and the skirmishing consumed, perhaps, in all, some eight or nine hours, leaving in round numbers about ten hours of uninterrupted, continuous battle. When it is remembered that the aggregate losses on the two sides amounted in killed and wounded to twenty thousand, it will be seen that these Americans were shooting each other down at the rate of two thousand per hour; and yet at no time or place during these hours was one half of the two lines in actual strenuous battle.

As at Gettysburg, so in this prolonged struggle of the 5th and 6th of May, there was a series of desperate battles; but, unlike Gettysburg, this engagement brought to neither army any decided advantage. Both had successes, both corresponding reverses.

The critical student, however, who wishes to make a <jg_263>more complete analysis of the two days' happenings on those battle lines, and to consider the resulting situation on the night of the 6th, will, in order to determine on which side was the weight of victory, take into account the following facts: namely, that General Grant was the aggressor; that his purpose was to drive Lee before him; that this was not accomplished; that both armies camped on the field; that Lee only left it when Grant moved to another field; and that both days ended with a Confederate victory won by the same Confederate troops.

His gifted staff officer states that General Grant, during this last day of alternate successes and reverses, smoked twenty large, strong Havana cigars. In after years, when it was my privilege to know General Grant well, he was still a great smoker; but if the nervous strain under which he labored is to be measured by the number of cigars consumed, it must have been greater on the 6th of May than at any period of his life, for he is said never to have equalled that record. As General Lee did not smoke, we have no such standard by which to test the tension upon him. I apprehend, however, that his pulses also were beating at an accelerated pace, for he and General Grant were for the first time testing each other's mettle.

The night of the 6th passed without alarms on the picket-lines or startling reports from scouts; but a short time after darkness had brought an end to my attack on Sedgwick's corps, I myself had an exceptionally exciting experience- a cautious ride to the front and a madcap ride to the rear. I had ordered a force to move a short distance nearer to the enemy and deploy a protecting line of pickets across my front. This movement was so difficult in that dense thicket at night that the task was both dangerous and slow. The officer in charge was to notify me when the line was in position. <jg_264>I waited impatiently for this notification, and as it did not reach me as soon as expected, I decided to ride slowly to the front and in person superintend the deployment.

Taking with me but one courier, William Beasley of Lagrange, Georgia, who had been in his boyhood the constant companion of his father, Dr. Beasley, in the fox chase, and who had thus become an experienced woodsman, I rode cautiously in the general direction taken by my picket force. There was no moonlight, but the night was cloudless and the stars furnished enough light for us to ride without serious difficulty through the woods. It was, however, too dark for us readily to distinguish the color of uniforms. Before we had proceeded far we rode into a body of men supposed to be the troops whom I had sent out on picket. There was no sort of deployment or alignment, and I was considerably annoyed by this appearance of carelessness on the part of the officer, to whom I had given special instructions. But before I had time to ascertain what this indifference to orders meant, my trusted courier, whose sight was clearer than mine at night, said to me in a whisper, "General, these are not our men; they are Yankees." I replied, "Nonsense, Beasley," and rode on, still hoping to ascertain the reason for this inexcusable huddling of my pickets. Beasley, however, was persistent, and, taking hold of my arm, asserted in the most emphatic manner, "I tell you, General, these men are Yankees, and we had better get away from here." His earnestness impressed me, especially as he strengthened his assertion by calling my attention to the fact that even in the dim starlight the dark blue of the uniforms around us presented a contrast with those we were wearing. I cautioned him to be quiet and keep close to me as I began to turn my horse in the opposite direction. Meantime, and at the moment we discovered <jg_265>our alarming position, we heard the startling calls from Union officers close by us, who were endeavoring to disentangle the confused mass of men." Rally here, --New York." "Let all the men of the- Regiment of Pennsylvania form here." Up to this moment not the slightest suspicion seemed to have been entertained by these men that Beasley and I were Confederates; and, apparently for the sole purpose of ascertaining to what Union command we belonged, an officer with his sword in his hand asked in the most courteous manner to what brigade we were attached, evidently hoping to aid us in finding it. Both Beasley and I were, of course, deaf to his inquiry, and continued to move on without making any reply, turning our horses' heads toward the gray lines in which we would feel more at home. Either our strange silence or our poorly concealed purpose to get away from that portion of the Wilderness aroused his suspicions, and the officer called to his comrades as we rode away from him, "Halt those men!" His orders were scarcely uttered when the "boys in blue" rushed around us, shouting, "Halt, halt!" But the company in which we found ourselves was not congenial and the locality was not at that moment a good place for us to halt. We had to go, and go instantly, back to our own lines or to a Northern prison. I instantly resolved to take the risk of escape, though we might be shot into mincemeat by the hundreds of rifles around us. Beasley was well mounted, and I was riding a thoroughbred stallion, the horse General Shaler rode when he was made prisoner a few hours previous. Both Beasley and I were fairly good riders. Instantly throwing my body as far down on my horse's side as possible, my right foot firmly fixed in the stirrup, my left leg gripping the saddle like an iron elbow, I seized the bridle-rein under my horse's neck, planted my spur in his flank, and called, "Follow <jg_266>me, Beasley!" This courier had intuitively followed the motion of my body, and was clinging like an experienced cowboy to the side of his horse. As the superb animal which I rode felt the keen barb of the spur, he sprang with a tremendous bound through the dense underbrush and the mass of startled soldiers. It seems probable that the Union men were in almost as

much danger from the hoofs of our horses as we were from the Union rifles.

Strange as our escape may seem, it will be readily understood when it is remembered that the whole affair, like a sudden flash in the darkness, was so unexpected and so startling as completely to bewilder these men, and that they were crowded so closely together that it was difficult to shoot at us without shooting each other. In our flight we seemed to outstrip the bullets sent after us; for neither Beasley nor myself nor our horses were hit, although the roll of musketry was like that from a skirmish line. With the exception of bruises to shins and scalps, the only serious damage done was that inflicted upon our clothing by the bristling chinquapins and pines, through which we plunged at so furious a rate.

The impressive feature of that memorable night was the silence that succeeded the din of battle. The awe inspired by the darkness and density of the woods, in which two great armies rested within hailing distance of each other, was deepened by the low moans of the wounded, and their calls for help, as the ambulance corps ministered to blue and gray alike. And yet these harrowing conditions, which can never be forgotten, did not compare in impressiveness with those at the other end of the lines. As already explained, the battle's storm-centre was on our right flank. The diameter of its circling and destructive currents did not exceed, perhaps, one and a half miles; but the amount of blood spilt has not often been equalled in so circumscribed <jg_267>an area. The conditions were not favorable for the use of artillery; but the few batteries used left their impress on the forest and the imaginations of the men. The solid shot slashed the timber, and the severed treetops or branches dropped upon the surging lines, here and there covering, as they fell, the wounded and the dead. The smaller underbrush in that zone of fire was everywhere cut and scarred, and in some places swept down by the terrific hail from small arms. Bloody strips from soldiers' shirts hung upon the bushes, while, to add to the accumulation of horrors, the woods caught fire, as at Chickamauga, and the flames rapidly spread before a brisk wind, terrifying the disabled wounded and scorching the bodies of the slain.

On the morning of May 7, I was invited by the commanding general to ride with him through that portion of the sombre woodland where the movement of my troops upon the Union right had occurred on the previous evening. It will be remembered that the plan of that battle was entirely my own, and that its execution had been delayed until my statement of the facts to General Lee, in the presence of Generals Ewell and Early, secured from the commander-in-chief the order for the movement. The reasons which impel me to refrain from giving General Lee's comments in this connection will therefore be appreciated. I shall be pardoned, however, and, I think, justified by all fair-minded men if I say that although nothing could compensate the Confederate cause for that lost opportunity, yet his indorsement of the plan was to me personally all that I could desire.

It would be a matter of profound interest if all that General Lee said on this ride could be placed upon record. This I could not venture to undertake; but I may state, without fear of misleading, that his comments upon the situation were full and free. He discussed the dominant characteristics of his great antagonist: his indomitable <jg_268>will and untiring persistency; his direct method of waging war by delivering constant and heavy blows upon the enemy's front rather than by seeking advantage through strategical manoeuvre. General Lee also said that General Grant held so completely and firmly the confidence of the Government that he could command to any extent its limitless resources

in men and materials, while the Confederacy was already practically exhausted in both. He, however, hoped--perhaps I may say he was almost convinced--that if we could keep the Confederate army between General Grant and Richmond, checking him for a few months longer, as we had in the past two days, some crisis in public affairs or change in public opinion at the North might induce the authorities at Washington to let the Southern States go, rather than force their retention in the Union at so heavy a cost.

I endeavored to learn from General Lee what movements he had in contemplation, or what he next expected from General Grant. It was then, in reply to my inquiry, that I learned for the first time of his intention to move at once to Spottsylvania. Reports had reached me to the effect that General Grant's army was retreating or preparing to retreat; and I called General Lee's attention to these rumors. He had heard them, but they had not made the slightest impression upon his mind. He admitted that his own scouts had made to him some such statement, but said that such rumors had no foundation, except in the moving to the rear of General Grant's ambulances and wagon-trains, with the necessary forces for protection. Indeed, he said in so many words: "General Grant is not going to retreat. He will move his army to Spottsylvania."

I asked him if he had information of such contemplated change by General Grant, or if there were special evidences of such purpose. "Not at all," said Lee, "not at <jg_269>all; but that is the next point at which the armies will meet. Spottsylvania is now General Grant's best strategic point. I am so sure of his next move that I have already made arrangements to march by the shortest practicable route, that we may meet him there." If these are not his exact words, they change in no sense the import of what he did say. These unhesitating and emphatic statements as to Grant's purposes were made by Lee as if based on positive knowledge and not upon mere speculation; and the reasons given by him for his conclusions as to Grant's next move illustrate the Confederate chieftain's wonderful foresight as well as his high estimate of the Union commander as a soldier.

General Horace Porter, of General Grant's staff, says: "At 6:30 the general issued his orders to prepare for a night march of the entire army toward Spottsylvania Court-house?"

Let it be remembered that this announcement by General Grant of his purpose was made at 6:30 A.M. on the 7th, and that General Lee's prediction was uttered on the same morning and at nearly the same hour, when there was no possibility of his having gained any direct knowledge of his antagonist's intentions. It was uttered many hours before General Stuart, the Confederate cavalry commander, had informed General Lee of the movement of Union wagon-trains southward, which movement served only to verify the accuracy with which he had divined General Grant's purposes and predicted his next manoeuvre.

This notable prophecy of General Lee and its fulfilment by General Grant show that the brains of these two foemen had been working at the same problem. The known quantities in that problem were the aims of Grant to crush Lee and capture Richmond, to which had been added the results of the last two days' fighting. The unknown quantity which both were endeavoring to find <jg_270>was the next movement which the aggressor would probably make. Grant stood in his own place and calculated from his own standpoint; Lee put himself in Grant's place and calculated from the same standpoint: and both found the same answer--Spottsylvania.

Having reached the same conclusion, both acted upon it with characteristic promptness; and then there was a race between them. Leaving their respective pioneer corps to bury

the dead, and the surgeons and nurses to care for the wounded, they pressed toward the goal which their own convictions had set before them.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XX--Spottsylvania

<jg_271>

General Lee's prophecy fulfilled--Hancock's assault on May 12--One of his greatest achievements--General Lee to the head of the column --Turned back by his own men--Hancock repulsed--The most remarkable battle of the war--Heroism on both sides.

THE first battles in the Wilderness were the grim heralds of those that were to follow, and both armies knew it. These experienced soldiers were too intelligent not to understand that a campaign was now inaugurated which was to end in the practical destruction of one army or the other. The conditions around them were not greatly changed by the change of locality. They were still in the woods, but these were less dense and were broken by fields and open spaces in which there was room for manoeuvre and the more effective handling of artillery.

The meeting of the advance-guards at Spottsylvania was the fulfilment to the letter of Lee's remarkable prophecy. As the heads of the columns collided, the armies quickly spread into zigzag formation as each brigade, division, or corps struck its counterpart in the opposing lines. These haphazard collisions, however, rapidly developed a more orderly alignment and systematic battle, which culminated in that unparalleled struggle for the possession of a short line of Lee's breastworks. I say unparalleled, because the character of the <jg_272>fighting, its duration, and the individual heroism exhibited have no precedent, so far as my knowledge extends, in our Civil War, or in any other war.

During these preliminary and somewhat random engagements, General Lee, in order to secure the most advantageous locality offered by the peculiar topography of the country, had placed his battle line so that it should conform in large measure to the undulations of the field. Along the brow of these slopes earthworks were speedily constructed. On one portion of the line, which embraced what was afterward known as the "Bloody Angle," there was a long stretch of breastworks forming almost a complete semicircle. Its most advanced or outer salient was the point against which Hancock made his famous charge.

My command had been withdrawn from position in the regular line, and a rôle was assigned me which no officer could covet if he had the least conception of the responsibilities involved. I was ordered to take position in rear of that salient, and as nearly equidistant as practicable from every point of the wide and threatened semicircle, to watch every part of it, to move quickly, without waiting for orders, to the support of any point that might be assaulted, and to restore, if possible, any breach that might be made. We were reserves to no one command, but to all commands occupying that entire stretch of works. It will be seen that, with no possibility of knowing when or where General Grant would make his next effort to penetrate our lines, the task to be performed by my troops was not an easy one, and that the tension upon the brain and nerves of one upon whom rested the responsibility was not light nor conducive to sleep. No serious breach of the lines occurred until the 10th, when a heavy column of Federals swept over the Confederate breastworks and penetrated some distance in their rear. <jg_273>

Burnside was at this time operating on Lee's right wing, while Warren, Hancock, and Mott concentrated upon our centre and assaulted with immense vigor. Warren and Mott were both driven back with heavy loss, but the gallant Union commander, Upton, broke

over the Confederate breastworks, capturing artillery and prisoners, and was sweeping in column to our rear. It was a critical moment, but my troops in reserve, being quickly joined by those of Daniel and Stuart, were thrown across Upton's front, and at the command "Fire !" the Confederates poured consuming volleys into the Union ranks, wounding General Upton, shattering his forces, retaking the captured artillery, and reestablishing Lee's lines. General Daniel was killed while leading his men with characteristic impetuosity. The fighting on the 10th of May at Spottsylvania ended with this charge by the Federals and their bloody repulse, in which more than 5000 dead and wounded were left in front of the Confederate works. On the same day, but on a different field, the South sustained a great loss in the death of General J. E. B. Stuart, who was killed in a cavalry fight with Sheridan's command at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, within a few miles of the Confederate capital. Stuart had few equals as a commander of cavalry on either side or in any war, and his fall was a serious blow to that branch of Lee's army. Stuart's temperament, his exuberance of spirit, his relish for adventure, and his readiness of resource in extremity, added to a striking personality and charm of manner which greatly enhanced his influence over his men, combined to make him an ideal leader for that dashing arm of the service. General Lee and his whole army, as well as the authorities at Richmond, were profoundly grieved at his fall. As soon as his death was reported, General Lee at once withdrew to his tent, saying: "I can scarcely think of him without weeping." <jg_274>

Night and day my troops were on watch or moving. At one point or another, there was almost continuous fighting; but in comparison with what followed, this was only the muttering of a storm that was to break with almost inconceivable fury on the morning of the 12th of May.

During the night preceding May 12, 1864, the report brought by scouts of some unusual movements in General Grant's army left little doubt that a heavy blow was soon to fall on some portion of the Confederate lines; but it was impossible to obtain reliable information as to whether it was to descend upon some part of that wide and long crescent or upon one of the wings. It came at last where it was perhaps least expected--at a point on the salient from which a large portion of the artillery had been withdrawn for use elsewhere.

Before daylight on May 12th the assault was made by Hancock, who during the night had massed his corps close to that extreme point of the semicircle which was held by the command of General Edward Johnson of Virginia. For several hours after sunrise dense clouds obscured the sun, and a heavy mist, which almost amounted to a rain, intensified the gloom.

At about 4:30 or 5 A.M. a soldier, one of the vedettes stationed during the night at different points to listen for any unusual sounds, came hurriedly in from the front and said to me: "General, I think there's something wrong down in the woods near where General Edward Johnson's men are."

"Why do you think so? There's been no unusual amount of firing."

"No, sir; there's been very little firing. But I tell you, sir, there are some mighty strange sounds down there -- something like officers giving commands, and a jumble of voices."

In the next few minutes, before saddles could be <jg_275>strapped on the officers' horses and cartridge-boxes on the men, report after report in quick succession reached me, each adding its quota of information; and finally there came the positive statement that the enemy had carried the outer angle on General Edward Johnson's front and seemed to

be moving in rear of our works. There had been, and still were, so few discharges of small arms (not a heavy gun had been fired) that it was difficult to believe the reports true. But they were accurate.

During the night Hancock had massed a large portion of General Grant's army in front of that salient, and so near to it that, with a quick rush, his column had gone over the breastworks, capturing General Edward Johnson and General George Steuart and the great body of their men before these alert officers or their trained soldiers were aware of the movement. The surprise was complete and the assault practically unresisted. In all its details--its planning, its execution, and its fearful import to Lee's army--this charge of Hancock was one of that great soldier's most brilliant achievements.

Meantime my command was rapidly moving by the flank through the woods and underbrush toward the captured salient. The mist and fog were so heavy that it was impossible to see farther than a few rods. Throwing out in front a small force to apprise us of our near approach to the enemy, I rode at the head of the main column, and by my side rode General Robert Johnson, who commanded a brigade of North Carolinians. So rapidly and silently had the enemy moved inside of our works--indeed, so much longer time had he been on the inside than the reports indicated--that before we had moved one half the distance to the salient the head of my column butted squarely against Hancock's line of battle. The men who had been placed in our front to give warning were against that battle line before they knew it. They were shot down or made <jg_276>prisoners. The sudden and unexpected blaze from Hancock's rifles made the dark woodland strangely lurid. General Johnson, who rode immediately at my side, was shot from his horse, severely but not, as I supposed, fatally wounded in the head. His brigade was thrown inevitably into great confusion, but did not break to the rear. As quickly as possible, I had the next ranking officer in that brigade notified of General Johnson's fall and directed him at once to assume command. He proved equal to the emergency. With great coolness and courage he promptly executed my orders. The Federals were still advancing, and every movement of the North Carolina brigade had to be made under heavy fire. The officer in charge was directed to hastily withdraw his brigade a short distance, to change front so as to face Hancock's lines, and to deploy his whole force in close order as skirmishers, so as to stretch, if possible, across the entire front of Hancock. This done, he was ordered to charge with his line of skirmishers the solid battle lines before him. His looks indicated some amazement at the purpose to make an attack which appeared so utterly hopeless, and which would have been the very essence of rashness but for the extremity of the situation. He was, however, full of the fire of battle and too good a soldier not to yield prompt and cheerful obedience. That order was given in the hope and belief that in the fog and mists which concealed our numbers the sheer audacity of the movement would confuse and check the Union advance long enough for me to change front and form line of battle with the other brigades. The result was not disappointing except in the fact that Johnson's brigade, even when so deployed, was still too short to reach across Hancock's entire front. This fact was soon developed: not by sight, but by the direction from which the Union bullets began to come. <jg_277>

When the daring charge of the North Carolina brigade had temporarily checked that portion of the Federal forces struck by it, and while my brigades in the rear were being placed in position, I rode with Thomas G. Jones, the youngest member of my staff, into the intervening woods, in order, if possible, to locate Hancock more definitely. Sitting on

my horse near the line of the North Carolina brigade, I was endeavoring to get a view of the Union lines, through the woods and through the gradually lifting mists. It was impossible, however, to see those lines; but, as stated, the direction from which they sent their bullets soon informed us that they were still moving and had already gone beyond our right. One of those bullets passed through my coat from side to side, just grazing my back. Jones, who was close to me, and sitting on his horse in a not very erect posture, anxiously inquired: "General, didn't that ball hit you?"

"No," I said; "but suppose my back had been in a bow like yours? Don't you see that the bullet would have gone straight through my spine? Sit up or you'll be killed."

The sudden jerk with which he straightened himself, and the duration of the impression made, showed that this ocular demonstration of the necessity for a soldier to sit upright on his horse had been more effective than all the ordinary lessons that could have been given. It is but simple justice to say of this immature boy that even then his courage, his coolness in the presence of danger, and his strong moral and mental characteristics gave promise of his brilliant future.

The bullets from Hancock's rifles furnished the information which I was seeking as to the progress he had made within and along our earthworks. I then took advantage of this brief check given to the Union advance, and placed my troops in line for a countercharge, <jg_278>upon the success or failure of which the fate of the Confederate army seemed to hang. General Lee evidently thought so. His army had been cut in twain by Hancock's brilliant *coup de main*. Through that wide breach in the Confederate lines, which was becoming wider with every step, the Union forces were rushing like a swollen torrent through a broken mill-dam. General Lee knew, as did every one else who realized the momentous import of the situation, that the bulk of the Confederate army was in such imminent peril that nothing could rescue it except a counter-movement, quick, impetuous, and decisive. Lee resolved to save it, and, if need be, to save it at the sacrifice of his own life. With perfect self-poise, he rode to the margin of that breach, and appeared upon the scene just as I had completed the alignment of my troops and was in the act of moving in that crucial countercharge upon which so much depended. As he rode majestically in front of my line of battle, with uncovered head and mounted on Old Traveller, Lee looked a very god of war. Calmly and grandly, he rode to a point near the centre of my line and turned his horse's head to the front, evidently resolved to lead in person the desperate charge and drive Hancock back or perish in the effort. I knew what he meant; and although the passing moments were of priceless value, I resolved to arrest him in his effort, and thus save to the Confederacy the life of its great leader. I was at the centre of that line when General Lee rode to it. With uncovered head, he turned his face toward Hancock's advancing column. Instantly I spurred my horse across Old Traveller's front, and grasping his bridle in my hand, I checked him. Then, in a voice which I hoped might reach the ears of my men and command their attention, I called out, "General Lee, you shall not lead my men in a charge. No man can do that, sir. Another is here for that purpose. These men behind you are <jg_279>Georgians, Virginians, and Carolinians. They have never failed you on any field. They will not fail you here. Will you, boys?" The response came like a mighty anthem that must have stirred his emotions as no other music could have done. Although the answer to those three words, "Will you, boys?" came in the monosyllables, "No, no, no; we'll not fail him," yet they were doubtless to him more eloquent because of their simplicity and momentous meaning. But his great heart was

destined to be quickly cheered by a still sub-limer testimony of their deathless devotion. As this first thrilling response died away, I uttered the words for which they were now fully prepared. I shouted to General Lee, "You must go to rear." The echo, "General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear !" rolled back with tremendous emphasis from the throats of my men; and they gathered around him, turned his horse in the opposite direction, some clutching his bridle, some his stirrups, while others pressed close to Old Traveller's hips, ready to shove him by main force to the rear. I verily believe that, had it been necessary or possible, they would have carried on their shoulders both horse and rider to a place of safety.

This entire scene, with all its details of wonderful pathos and deep meaning, had lasted but a few minutes, and yet it was a powerful factor in the rescue of Lee's army. It had lifted these soldiers to the very highest plane of martial enthusiasm. The presence of their idolized commander-in-chief, his purpose to lead them in person, his magnetic and majestic presence, and the spontaneous pledges which they had just made to him, all conspired to fill them with an ardor and intensity of emotion such as have rarely possessed a body of troops in any war. The most commonplace soldier was uplifted and transformed into a veritable Ajax. To say that every man in those brigades was prepared for the most heroic work or <jg_280>to meet a heroic death would be but a lame description of the impulse which seemed to bear them forward in wildest transport. Fully realizing the value of such inspiration for the accomplishment of the bloody task assigned them, I turned to my men as Lee was forced to the rear, and reminding them of their pledges to him, and of the fact that the eyes of their great leader were still upon them, I ordered, "Forward !" With the fury of a cyclone, and almost with its resistless power, they rushed upon Hancock's advancing column. With their first terrific onset, the impetuosity of which was indescribable, his leading lines were shattered and hurled back upon their stalwart supports. In the inextricable confusion that followed, and before Hancock's lines could be reformed, every officer on horseback in my division, the brigade and regimental commanders, and my own superb staff, were riding among the troops, shouting in unison: "Forward, men, forward !" But the brave line officers on foot and the enthused privates needed no additional spur to their already rapt spirits. Onward they swept, pouring their rapid volleys into Hancock's confused ranks, and swelling the deafening din of battle with their piercing shouts. Like the débris in the track of a storm, the dead and dying of both armies were left in the wake of this Confederate charge. In the meantime the magnificent troops of Ramseur and Rodes were rushing upon Hancock's dissolving corps from another point, and Long's artillery and other batteries were pouring a deadly fire into the broken Federal ranks. Hancock was repulsed and driven out. Every foot of the lost salient and earthworks was retaken, except that small stretch which the Confederate line was too short to cover.

These glorious troops had redeemed the pledge which they had sent ringing through the air, thrilling the spirit of Lee: "No, we will not fail him." Grandly had they <jg_281>redeemed it, and at fearful cost; but the living were happy, and I verily believe that if the dead could have spoken, they, too, would have assured him of their compensation in the rescue of his army. Among the gallant men who gave up their lives here was the accomplished and knightly Major Daniel Hale of Maryland, who served upon General Early's staff. He was so wrought up by the enthusiasm which fired the troops that he insisted on accompanying me through the battle. Riding at my side, and joining in

the exultant shouts of the men over the wild pursuit, he had passed unscathed through the heaviest fire; but at the very climax of the victory he fell dead upon the recaptured breastworks as we spurred our horses across them.(1)

If speculation be desired as to what would have been the result of failure in that fearful assault upon Hancock, some other pen must be invoked for the task. It is enough for me to repeat in this connection that the two wings of Lee's army had been completely and widely severed; that Hancock, who was justly called "the Superb," and who was one of the boldest of fighters and most accomplished of soldiers, was in that breach and literally revelling in his victory, as evidenced by his

(1) General A. L. Long, who served for a time on General Lee's staff as military secretary, describes, in his *"Memoirs of Lee,"* p. 338, the effort of the commander-in-chief to lead my troops in the desperate charge, and says: "During the hottest portion of this engagement, when the Federals were pouring through the broken Confederate lines and disaster seemed imminent, General Lee rode forward and took his position at the head of General Gordon's column, then preparing charge. Perceiving that it was his intention to lead the charge, Gordon spurred hastily to his side, seized the reins of his horse, and excitedly cried: 'General Lee, this is no place for you These are Virginians and Georgians--men who have never failed, and they will not fail now. Will you, boys?'" Then, giving the thrilling reply of the men, and describing my order and appeal to them, General Long adds: "The charge that followed was fierce and telling, and the Federals, who had entered the lines, were hurled back before the resolute advance of Gordon's gallant men. The works were retaken, the Confederate line again established, and an impending disaster converted into a brilliant victory"

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characteristic field despatch to General Grant: "I have used up Johnson and am going into Early"; that through this fearful breach Grant could quickly hurl the bulk of his army upon the right and left flanks of Lee's wings, which were now cleft asunder; and that Lee himself thought that the time had come, as such times do come in the experience of all truly great leaders, when the crisis demanded that the commander-in-chief should in person lead the "forlorn hope."

Long afterward, when the last bitter trial at Appomattox came, Lee's overburdened spirit recurred to that momentous hour at Spottsylvania, and he lamented that he had not been permitted to fall in that furious charge or in some subsequent battle.

As above stated, there was a short stretch of the Confederate works still left in dispute. All that portion to the right of the salient, the salient itself over which Hancock had charged, and where General Edward Johnson and his troops were captured, and a portion of our works to the left of the salient, had been retaken. There was not one Union soldier left with arms in his hands inside of that great crescent. All had been repulsed and driven out; but these daring men in blue still stood against the outer slope of the short line of intrenchment which had not been struck by the Confederate hurricane.

There on that short stretch of breastworks occurred the unparalleled fighting of which I have made brief mention. The questions have often been asked: Why did the commanders of the two armies put forth such herculean efforts over so short a line? In what respect was this small space of earthworks so essential to either army as to justify the expenditure of tons of lead and barrels of blood? I will endeavor to make clear the answer to these very natural inquiries. That short reach of works was an integral part of Lee's battle line. The Confederates held the inside of it, the Federals the <jg_283>outside. These high-spirited American foemen were standing against the opposite slopes of the same works,

and so close together that they could almost thrust their bayonets into one another's breasts. If Lee could drive Grant's men from the outer slope his entire line would be completely reestablished. If Grant could drive the Confederates from the inner slope he would hold a breach in their lines, narrow it is true, but still a breach, through which he might again force his way, riving Lee's army a second time, as the rail-splitter's wedge rives the timber as it is driven into the narrow crack. Therefore, the complete possession by the Federals of that disputed section meant to Grant a coveted opportunity. To Lee it meant a serious menace. Neither could afford to surrender so important a point without a desperate struggle; and the followers of both seemed intuitively to comprehend the situation, and to be prepared for any exaction of blood or life which it might make upon them.

Of that struggle at Spottsylvania I write as an eye-witness and not from hearsay. It was a drama of three great acts. The first act was Hancock's charge. The second was the Confederate countercharge. The third and last was the night-and-day wrestle of the giants on the same breastworks. The whole of that long and gory drama upon which the curtain rose in the morning mists of the 12th, and did not fall for more than twenty hours, is as vivid and real to me now as it was the day after it was enacted. Each act of it differed from the preceding act in no respect except in shifting the scene from one bloody phase to another still more bloody, from its beginning with Hancock's charge in the darkness to its ending twenty hours later in the succeeding night, amidst the incessant flashes of the battle-storm. Its second act had been played under Lee's eye, and largely by that splendid soldiery whom it was my fortune and pride to command; but even that did not end their share of the <jg_284>performance. As soon as it was ascertained that the Confederate lines had been too short to stretch across the whole of the wide-spreading crescent, and that the outer slope of a portion of Lee's works was still held by Grant's stalwart fighters, the third and last act of that memorable performance was opened. Under my orders, and under cover of the intrenchment, my men began to slip to the left a few feet at a time, in order to occupy, unobserved if possible, that still open space. The ditch along which they slowly glided, and from which the earth had been thrown to form the embankment, favored them; but immediately opposite to them and within a few feet of them on the outer side stood their keen-eyed, alert foemen, holding to their positions with a relentless grip. This noiseless sliding process had not proceeded far before it was discovered by the watchful men in blue. The discovery was made at the moment when Lee and Grant began to hurl their columns against that portion of the works held by both. Thus was inaugurated that roll of musketry which is likely to remain without a parallel, at least in the length of time it lasted.

Mounting to the crest of the embankment, the Union men poured upon the Confederates a galling fire. To the support of the latter other Confederate commands quickly came, crowding into the ditches, clambering up the embankment's side, and returning volley for volley. Then followed the mighty rush from both armies, filling the entire disputed space. Firing into one another's faces, beating one another down with clubbed muskets, the front ranks fought across the embankment's crest almost within an arm's reach, the men behind passing up to them freshly loaded rifles as their own were emptied. As those in front fell, others quickly sprang forward to take their places. On both sides the dead were piled in heaps. As Confederates fell their bodies rolled into the ditch, and upon their bleeding forms their living comrades <jg_285>stood, beating back Grant's furiously charging

columns. The bullets seemed to fly in sheets. Before the pelting hail and withering blast the standing timber fell. The breastworks were literally drenched in blood. The coming of the darkness failed to check the raging battle. It only served to increase the awful terror of the scene.

As I now recall that scene, looking back to it over the intervening years and with the calmer thought and clearer perceptions that come in more advanced age, I am still more deeply impressed with the conviction that, considered in all its phases, this battle between Americans on the 12th of May and the succeeding night at Spottsylvania has no parallel in the annals of war. Considered merely in their sanguinary character,--the number of lives lost, the area over which they extended, and the panorama presented by vast armies manoeuvring, charging, repelling, retreating, and reforming,--many of the battles of our Civil War surpassed it. Among these were Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, the battles around Atlanta, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and perhaps Shiloh and Franklin, Tennessee. But to Spottsylvania history will accord the palm, I am sure, for having furnished an unexampled muzzle-to-muzzle fire; the longest roll of incessant, unbroken musketry; the most splendid exhibition of individual heroism and personal daring by large numbers, who, standing in the freshly spilt blood of their fellows, faced for so long a period and at so short a range the flaming rifles as they heralded the decrees of death.

This heroism was confined to neither side. It was exhibited by both armies, and in that hand-to-hand struggle for the possession of the breastworks it seemed almost universal. It would be a commonplace truism to say that such examples will not be lost to the Republic. <jg_286>

The thought has found its expression in a thousand memorial addresses in every section of the Union; but in the spectacle then, as in the contemplation now, there was much that was harrowing as well as inspiring. The gifted Father Ryan, Southern patriot and poet, writing of the South's sacrifices in war, of her sufferings in final defeat, and of the record made by her sons, said:

There's a glory in gloom,
And a grandeur in graves.

And he wrote truly. The pathos of this wail, like that of the Roman adage, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," or of those still nobler words, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," will impress every one who reads it and who appreciates the grandeur of a man who is ready to die for his convictions.(1)

(1) As proof that the description I have given of the horrible scenes of the 12th of May is not overdrawn, and that no language could exaggerate either the heroism or the horrors of that battle, I give two extracts from Northern writers. Swinton, in his "History of the Army of the Potomac," says: "Of all the struggles of the war, this was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly." He then describes the charges, and states that the fearful slaughter continued "till the ground was literally covered with piles of the dead and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha."

General Horace Porter, of General Grant's staff, says: "The battle near the 'Angle' was probably the most desperate engagement in modern warfare Rank after rank was riddled by shot and shell and bayonet thrusts, and finally sank, a mass of torn and mutilated corpses Trees over a foot and a half in diameter were cut completely in two by the incessant musketry fire We had not only shot down an army, but also a forest Skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets, and men were stabbed to death with swords and bayonets thrust between the logs of the parapet which separated the

combatants Even the darkness . . . failed to stop the fierce contest, and the deadly strife did not cease till after midnight." General Porter then describes the scene which met him on his visit to that Angle the next day, and says that the dead "were piled upon each other in some places four layers deep Below the mass of fast-decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs and the writhing of bodies showed that there were wounded men still alive and struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid entombment."

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XXI--Movements After Spottsylvania

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A surprising capture--Kind treatment received by prisoners--Five rainy days of inaction--Fighting resumed on May 18--Hancock's corps ordered to the assault--General Grant's order to Meade: "Where Lee goes, there you will go also"--How Lee turned the tables--Fighting it out on this line all summer--Lee's men still resolute after the Wilderness.

AS Hancock's troops were driven out of our lines on the morning of the 12th, the commander of one of my regiments, Colonel Davant of the Thirty-eighth Georgia, became so enthused that he ran in pursuit ahead of his men, and passed some distance beyond the breastworks. A squad of Hancock's retreating men at once halted, and, in the quaint phraseology of the army, "quietly took him in." Davant, surprised to find himself in the hands of Hancock's bluecoats instead of in the company of his Confederate comrades, attempted to give notice to his men in the rear that he was captured. His adjutant, John Gordon Law, my first cousin, heard the colonel's call, and sprang forward through the thicket to aid him. Law was likewise captured, and was kept in prison to the end of the war. He is now a prominent minister of the Presbyterian Church, and delights to tell of the great kindness shown him by the guard to whose care he was assigned. The soldier in blue who guarded Law was a private, and had no possible use for a sword-belt; but he wanted it, nevertheless. Instead of taking it forcibly, he paid <jg_288>for it, in greenbacks, the full price named by Law. In answer to Law's lament that he was going to prison without a change of clothing or any blankets, this generous Union boy offered to sell him his own blankets. Law replied to the suggestion:

"I have no money to pay you for your blankets, except Confederate bills and the greenbacks which you have just paid me for the sword-belt."

"Oh, well," said the Federal private, "you can pay me for the blankets in Confederate money, and if I should be captured it will answer my purpose. If I should not be captured I will not need the money. Give me your 'graybacks' and you keep my 'greenbacks' to help you along during your stay in Fort Warren."

The gallant General Edward Johnson of Virginia, who was captured at the salient in Hancock's charge, heartily reciprocated the cordial greetings of his West Point comrades into whose hands he came as prisoner of war, and received from them great consideration and soldierly courtesy. Such courtesy and kind treatment were frequently shown by the Confederates to captured Union officers and men, and it is a special pleasure, therefore, to record these instances of the same kindly spirit among the Federals.

The appalling night scenes of the 12th did not mark the end of bloodshed at Spottsylvania, but only compelled a pause in the sickening slaughter long enough to give the armies time to take breath.

General Lee had failed to drive the Federals from the outer slope of that short and disputed section of breastworks. General Grant had failed to drive the Confederates from the inner slope or to extend his possession of the works either to the right or to the left. Another test, therefore, of the mettle of the two armies was to be made on the same field. Five days passed, however, <jg_289>before the Union chief clearly indicated to his antagonist his next move.

The weather was doubtless largely responsible for the delay. The continued rain had soaked the ground as well as the jackets and blankets of the men. It was impracticable to move artillery or wagon-trains; and while infantry could march and fight without bogging in the soft earth, there was naturally less of the fighting tendency under such conditions. Soldiers, in a certain sense, are machines; but they are impressible, sentient machines. With clothing drenched, gun-barrels wet, fingers benumbed, and bodies cold, the flaming enthusiasm requisite for the charge was somewhat dormant.

May 17th was a brighter day. The rain had ceased and the sun and brisk winds had dried the clothing of the men, and their spirits responded to the aspect of the bright spring morning.

General Grant decided to make another desperate attempt to drive Lee from his position at Spottsylvania. On the morning of the 18th he sent Hancock's corps, reënforced by fully 8000 fresh troops, with Wright's corps to aid him, back to the point where the assault of May 12th had been made. Hancock had already twice passed over this "Bloody Angle," once in his successful advance and again upon his repulse by the Confederate countercharge. He was now to pass the third time over "Hell's Half Acre," another name by which this gory angle was known. In this last effort he was, however, to have the coöperation of that excellent corps commander, General Wright. The attack was to be made by daylight, and not in the darkness or under cloudy cover, as on the morning of the 12th, and not upon the same breastworks, but upon new Confederate intrenchments which had been constructed behind them. General Grant was to superintend the daring movement in person. <jg_290>

In superb style and evidently with high hopes, the Union army moved to the assault. The Confederates, although their numbers had been materially decreased by the casualties of battle and withdrawals from this left wing to strengthen our right, were ready for them; and as Hancock's and Wright's brave men climbed over the old abandoned works and debouched from the intervening bushes, a consuming fire of grape, canister, and Minié balls was poured in incessant volleys upon them. Such a fire was too much for any troops. They first halted before it, and staggered. Then they rallied, moved forward, halted again, wavered, bent into irregular zigzag lines, and at last broke in confusion and precipitate retreat. Again and again they renewed the charge, but each assault ended, as the first, in repulse and heavy slaughter.

Thus ended the second series of battles in which the Union commander had failed to drive the Confederate forces from the field. In both Lee had successfully repelled Grant's assaults--first in the Wilderness and now at Spottsylvania--and compelled him to seek other points at which to repeat his efforts.

In speaking of the plans marked out by his chief before the opening of the campaign of 1864, General Porter says: "It was the understanding that Lee's army was to be the objective point of the Army of the Potomac, and it was to move against Richmond only in case Lee went there." General Porter further adds that General Grant's own words to Meade were, "Where Lee goes, there you will go also." And yet on the failure of these last desperate assaults upon Lee at Spottsylvania, General Porter represents his chief as writing "an order providing for a general movement by the left flank toward Richmond, to begin the next night."

With a soldier's admiration for General Grant, I submit <jg_291>that this order of May 18th is hardly consistent with his previously announced plans of looking for Lee's army,

and for nothing else, nor with his instructions to Meade: "Where Lee goes, there you will go also." Lee was not going toward Richmond except as Grant went toward Richmond. He was not going in any direction. He was standing still at Spottsylvania and awaiting the pleasure of General Grant. He had been there for about ten days, and was showing no disposition whatever to run away. There was no difficulty in finding him, and it was not necessary for General Meade to go to the North Anna or toward Richmond to find Lee in order to obey intelligently the instructions, "there you will go also."

General Lee first went into the Wilderness because General Grant had gone there, and Lee did not "get out of the Wilderness" until his antagonist had gone out and moved to another place. Lee moved to Sport-sylvania because the Union commander was moving there; and any movement of General Meade away from Spottsylvania would be going where Lee was not. He was not on the Rappahannock, where the Union commander proposed to make his base; he was not retreating, he was not hiding. He was close by on the field which had been selected by his able antagonist, and was ready for a renewal of the struggle.

Verily it would seem that Grant's martial shibboleth, "Where Lee goes, there you will go also," had been reversed; for, in literal truth, Meade was not going where Lee went, but Lee was going where Meade went. It was General Grant's intention that General Lee should learn from every Union cannon's brazen throat, from every hot muzzle of every Union rifle, that nothing could prevent the Army of the Potomac from following him until the Confederate hosts were swept from the overland highways to Richmond. The impartial verdict of <jg_292>history, however, and the testimony of every bloody field on which these great American armies met in this overland campaign, from the Wilderness to the water route and to the south side of the James, must necessarily be that the going where the other goes was more literally the work of Lee than of Grant.

On May 11, 1864, at Spottsylvania, that remarkable letter was written to General Halleck by General Grant in which he used those words which became at once famous: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." This declaration by the illustrious commander of the Union army evidenced that wonderful tenacity of purpose upon which General Lee had commented previously on the morning of the 7th in the Wilderness.

General Grant was not quite explicit as to what he meant by "this line." If he meant the overland route to Richmond which McDowell and Pope and Burnside and Hooker had each essayed and on which each had failed, as distinguished from the water route by the James River, which McClellan had attempted, General Grant found reasons to change his mind before the summer was ended. He did not "fight it out on this line"; for, long before the "all summer" limit which he had set was reached, the Union army found itself on an entirely different line--the James River or McClellan line. It will be noted that this celebrated letter of General Grant was written prior to the twenty hours of death-struggle on the 12th of May. Had he waited forty-eight hours, that letter probably never would have been penned.

Martin Luther once said: "Great soldiers make not many words, but when they speak the deed is done." General Grant measured up to Martin Luther's standard. He was a soldier of prompt and resolute action and of few words; but the few words he did speak in <jg_293>that letter to General Halleck would now seem to indicate that he overestimated the value of numbers and underestimated the steadfastness of the small army that opposed

him. He was led to say to General Halleck in that same letter: "I am satisfied that the enemy are very shaky, and are only kept up to the mark by the greatest exertion on the part of their officers." This opinion of the morale of Lee's army General Grant had abundant reasons to change, as he did to change his determination to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The simple truth is, as General Grant afterward must have learned, there was no period of the war, since the day on which Lee assumed the command, when his army as a whole was less "shaky," more steadfast, more self-reliant, more devoted to its great leader and to the Southern cause. There was no period when that army more constantly exhibited "a spirit yet unquelled and high" than during the fearful experiences of 1864.

Fragments of broken iron are welded closest and strongest in the hottest fires. So the shattered corps of Lee's army seemed to be welded together by Grant's hammering--by the blood and the sweat and the fury of the flames that swept over and around them. In the tangled jungles of the Wilderness; through the incessant uproar by day and night at Spottsylvania; on the reddened banks of the North Anna; amidst the sickening slaughter of Cold Harbor,--everywhere, and on every field where the American armies met in deadly grapple, whether behind breastworks or in the open, whether assaulting or repelling, whether broken by the resistless impact or beating back with clubbed muskets the headlong charges of Grant,--these worn and battered soldiers of Lee seemed determined to compensate him for his paucity of numbers by a self-immolation and a steadfast valor never surpassed, if ever equalled. <jg_294>

This estimate of the marvellous courage displayed by Lee's men will not be regarded as too partial when the salient facts of this campaign are recalled.

I might safely rest the overwhelming vindication of these Southern soldiers against the statement of General Grant that they were "shaky" on the single and signal fact that, from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor inclusive, in the brief space of twenty-eight days, they had placed *hats du combat* about as many men as Lee commanded, killing, wounding, or capturing one of Grant's men for every Confederate in Lee's army. Or, to state the fact in different form, had General Grant inflicted equal damage upon Lee's troops, the last Confederate of that army would have been killed, wounded, or captured, still leaving General Grant with an army very much larger than any force that had been under Lee's command at any period of the campaign.

Of course this wonderful disparity of relative losses is due in a measure to the fact that the Confederate army acted generally upon the defensive, on shorter lines, and behind intrenchments. This, however, was not always true. In the two days of terrific combat in the Wilderness, neither side was protected by breastworks, except those hastily constructed by both sides as the men were halted in line of battle. Both sides were engaged in assaulting and repelling. The lines of both were repeatedly broken by furious charges and counter-charges. But Lee's army remained upon the field until its great antagonist had selected another field of conflict.

At Spottsylvania also the armies at first met and wrestled upon exactly equal footing, as far as breastworks were concerned; and when, finally, Lee's rude intrenchments were hastily thrown up, they were thrice carried by Grant's determined assault, by the resistless momentum of his concentrated columns, and carried under such conditions as would have imperilled the <jg_295>safety, if not the very existence, of an ordinary army--conditions which would assuredly have filled Lee's soldiers with panic, had they been in any sense

"shaky," as General Grant supposed them to be.

At the very moment when the Union commander was penning that letter to General Halleck, there must have been sounding in his ears the ominous notes of Hancock's preparations for the momentous movement to occur the next morning, before the dawn of the 12th of May. I repeat that had General Grant waited a few hours he would have found a word of exactly opposite import to convey to General Halleck his impression as to the morale of Lee's army. He would have found the attenuated line of my troops thrown quickly and defiantly across Hancock's formidable front. He would have found these Confederates standing calmly in the open field, waiting the command to rush upon Hancock's advancing legions, and filled with more anxiety for Lee's safety than for their own, thus exhibiting that true intrepidity which is begotten only in bravest breasts amid greatest perils. He would have seen these Confederates in the next moment, uplifted and inspired by Lee's presence, rushing upon Hancock's advancing column, and hurling it back in the wildest confusion. General Grant was too thoughtful, too great a soldier, to misinterpret this sudden transition of his army from exultant victory to depressing defeat. He was too experienced a warrior to call an army "shaky" when one of its thin lines of battle with no supports could hurl itself without hesitation, without a tremor, in a whirlwind of enthusiasm, against tenfold its number. Had that letter to General Halleck been delayed until he decided to withdraw from Spottsylvania, from the Pamunkey, from the North Anna, and from Cold Harbor, where many thousands of his brave men lay breathless and cold, he would more probably have told General Halleck that he would not "fight it out on <jg_296>this line," because the enemy seemed to gather additional hope and confidence and courage on every field of conflict.

Bourrienne, who served with Napoleon as private secretary, represents the Austrian general, who had been hammered and baffled at every turn by the great Frenchman, as supremely disgusted with the Napoleonic style of fighting. He regarded the little Corsican as an untrained boy, a mere tyro in the art of war, violating all its recognized rules, turning up with his army at the oddest places, now on the Austrian flank, now in the rear and then in front, observing none of the established laws of tactics or strategy, but unceremoniously knocking the Austrians to pieces in a manner that was truly shocking to all scientific ideas of campaigning.

I do not pretend to give Bourrienne's words, but the above is a fair though somewhat liberal interpretation of his statement. It is not possible to rely upon any representations made by Bourrienne, for his character did not command the confidence and respect of honorable men. If he had lived in the Southern States of America after the war and during the period of reconstruction, he would have been designated, in the picturesque slang of the period, as a "scalawag"; for he not only deserted Napoleon in his final defeat and deepest woe, but joined his enemies, took office from the victors, perverted his public trust to private gain, and ended his career dishonored in the estimation of all true men. But, whatever may be said of Bourrienne's statement, it is certain that Napoleon's methods furnished frequent surprises to the commanders of opposing armies. And the unbiassed historian, in reviewing and analyzing the moves made by Grant on the vast chess-board reaching from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and the partial checkmates made by Lee in every game, will be forced to the conclusion that Lee's ubiquity must have been as <jg_297>great a marvel to Grant as Napoleon's was to the astounded Austrian. On May 5th Grant hurried his magnificent army, unmolested by even a picket shot, across the

Rapidan to turn Lee's right; but the great leader of the Union forces found his wily antagonist not only checking him in the Wilderness, but on the next day (the 6th) turning the Union right flank and sweeping with the destructive energy of a whirlwind to the Union rear.

Protected from observation by the density of the forest, Grant withdrew his bleeding army, and, under the cover of night, pressed with all possible speed to Spottsylvania; but there again he found Lee's vanguard across the line of his march, disputing his further advance. Again, after more than ten days of fighting and manoeuvring, of alternate successes and reverses, of desperate charges and deadly repulses, capturing breastworks only to see them recaptured, General Grant inaugurated the third and fourth and subsequent swiftly recurring movements, seeking by forced marches to plant his army in advantageous fields on Lee's right, only to find the Southern leader in possession of the coveted stronghold and successfully resisting all efforts to dislodge him. As Lee divined Grant's movement to Spottsylvania almost at the very instant the movement was taking shape in Grant's brain, so on each succeeding field he read the mind of the Union commander, and developed his own plans accordingly. There was no mental telepathy in all this. Lee's native and tutored genius enabled him to place himself in Grant's position, to reason out his antagonist's mental processes, to trace with accuracy the lines of his marches, and to mark on the map the points of future conflict which were to become the blood-lettered mile-posts marking Grant's compulsory halts and turnings in his zigzag route to Richmond. Finally, at Cold Harbor, where a supreme <jg_298>effort was made to rip open Lee's lines by driving through them the stiff and compact Union columns, and where the slaughtered Federals presented the ghastliest scene ever witnessed on any field of the war, General Grant decided promptly and wisely to abandon further efforts on the north side and cross to the south side of the James River.

After this sanguinary repulse of the Union forces at Cold Harbor, a report gained circulation, and was generally credited, that General Grant's troops refused to obey the orders of their officers to advance in another assault. This statement, which it was difficult for me to believe at the time, has found a place in several books, written by both Northern and Southern authors. I am glad to find this grave injustice to the brave men of the Union army corrected by General Porter in his "Campaigning with Grant." Shocking as had been the slaughter of Union troops in their last charges, costly and hopeless as succeeding assaults must have appeared to the practised eye and sharpened comprehension of Grant's veterans, they still seemed ready for the sacrifice if demanded by necessity or ordered by the commanding general. As a Confederate who had occasion to observe the conduct of these men on many fields, I am glad that General Porter has given to posterity his own witness of a pathetic scene which eloquently refutes the slander of these brave men in blue. With the "appalling revelry" of the last futile onsets still ringing in their ears, with the unburied bodies of their dead comrades lying in full view on the blood-stained stretch of wooded swamp and plain at Cold Harbor, these self-immolating men were calmly and courageously preparing for the next charge and sacrifice. According to General Porter, who was in a position to know whereof he affirms, there was not the slightest indication of rebellion or defiance of orders, not a trace <jg_299>of stubbornness or sullenness in the bearing of these battered Federals; but they were quietly sewing to their jackets strips of cloth marked with their names, in order that their dead bodies might be identified the next day amidst the prospective débris of the coming storm. It gives me genuine pleasure

to aid as far as I can in correcting the wrong which this ill-founded report has done to these high-spirited Americans.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XXII--Hunter's Raid And Early's Chase

<jg_300>

The movement upon Lynchburg--Hunter's sudden panic--Devastation in the Valley--Burning of private homes--Lee's orders against destruction of private property--Washington threatened--The battle of Monocacy--A brave charge--The defeat of General Lew Wallace.

AS the Union army prepared to cross the James, with the purpose of surprising the small Confederate force at Petersburg and capturing the city, my command under General Early began, on June 13, 1864, the movement to check Hunter's raid upon Lynchburg. By rapid marching, and by seizing all railroad trains, passenger and freight, and loading the men into box and stock cars, Early's little army reached Lynchburg very soon after General Hunter's Union forces occupied the adjacent hills. There was no fighting of consequence at Lynchburg; and it was then and still is incomprehensible to me that the small force under Early seemed to have filled Hunter with sudden panic. His hurried exit from Lynchburg was in marked contrast with his confident advance upon it, and suggests an improvement in the adage:

He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day;

for he ran away without any fight at all--at least, without any demonstration that could be called a fight. He <jg_301>not only fled without a test of relative strength, but fled precipitately, and did not stop until he had found a safe retreat beyond the mountains toward the Ohio.

If I were asked for an opinion as to this utterly causeless fright and flight, I should be tempted to say that conscience, the inward monitor which "makes cowards of us all," was harrowing General Hunter, and causing him to see an avenger wrapped in every gray jacket before him. He was not a Virginian; but his Virginia kinsmen almost to a man were enlisted in the struggle for Southern independence. One of his relatives, Major Robert W. Hunter, was a member of my staff. Another, the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, was Confederate Secretary of State. In the Valley of Virginia dwelt many of his kindred, who were often made to feel the sting of his military power. Had he been a Virginian, however, his support of the Union cause would have engendered no bitterness toward him if he had worn his uniform worthily, remembering that he was an American soldier, bearing a high commission from the foremost and freest Republic of earth. General Lee's own sister was a Union woman, the wife of a Union officer; but that fact did not deprive her of the affectionate interest of her family, nor of the chivalric regard of Southern soldiers. It did not obliterate or apparently lessen in any degree her devotion to her brother, Robert E. Lee, nor her appreciation of him as a great soldier. In expressing her loyalty to her husband and the Union cause, and her hope for the triumph of the Federal armies, she would usually add a doubt as to their ability to "whip Robert." General Thomas, one of the ablest commanders of the Union forces, was a Virginian, but he did not apply the torch to private homes or order the burning of his kindred's barns. Hence the esteem with which he will always be regarded by the Southern people. General Hunter must have

possessed some high qualities, <jg_302>or he would not have been intrusted with the grave responsibilities which attach to the commander of a department; but it is hard to trace any evidences of knighthood in the wreck and ravage which marked the lines of his marches. He ordered the destruction of the Virginia Military Institute, one of the most important educational institutions in the State. It will be difficult to find any rule of civilized warfare or any plea of necessity which could justify General Hunter in the burning of these buildings. He could scarcely plead as an excuse the fact that the boys of this school had marched down the Valley in a body, joined General Breckinridge, and aided materially in the brilliant victory at New Market over his predecessor, General Sigel. Upon any such ground the destruction of every university, college, and common school in the South could have been justified; for all of them were converting their pupils into soldiers. My youngest brother ran away from school before he was fifteen years old as captain of a company of schoolboys of his own age and younger, who reported in a body to General Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton for service. They were too young for soldiers, and General Johnston declined to accept them for any service except that of guarding a bridge across the Chattahoochee River, which they defended in gallant style. The Southern armies contained a very much larger proportion of boys under proper age than the Union armies, but there were notable instances of young Northern boys who demanded places in the fighting-line. General Grant's own son, now Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant of the United States army, whose courtesy and consideration have won for him the esteem and friendship of the Southern people, wore a blue uniform and was under fire before he was fifteen.

General Hunter's campaign of destruction did not end with the burning of the Virginia Military Institute. <jg_303>The homes of Governor Letcher, of the Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charles James Faulkner, whose wife was Hunter's relative; of Edmund Lee (a first cousin of General Lee), and of Alexander B. Boteler, were burned, with their entire contents; and only time enough was given the women and children to escape with their lives. Many other peaceful homes were burned under orders. Had General Hunter been captured at this time it would doubtless have been difficult to save him from the vengeance of the troops.

General Edward Johnson, who was captured by Hancock in his brilliant charge at Spottsylvania (May 12th), and who knew General Hunter well in other days, described him as a noted duelist in early life, who had killed two of his brother officers in such combats. It was said that Jefferson Davis, who was at West Point with Hunter, consented to act as second in one of these duels. When the war was over, General Hunter made repeated but unavailing advances for reconciliation with his Southern relatives, among whom were some of the best families in Virginia.

There was so much that was commendable, so much that was truly chivalrous, in both Union and Confederate armies, that I would gladly fill this book only with incidents illustrative of that phase of the war. It is impossible, however, to write truthfully of the campaigns of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia without some allusion to those officers who left behind them the wide stretch of desolation through which we were called to pass.

The official announcement of General Philip Sheridan, who was regarded, I believe, as the ablest cavalry leader of the Union army, that he had "destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat," etc., and that "the destruction embraces Luray valley, Little Fort valley,

as well as the main valley," <jg_304>will give some conception of the indescribable suffering which the women and children of that beautiful region were made to endure. General Sheridan, as far as could be ascertained, did not imitate the example of General Hunter in burning private homes; but homes without the means of support were no longer homes. With barns and mills and implements for tilling the soil all gone, with cattle, sheep, and every animal that furnished food to the helpless inmates carried off, they were dismal abodes of hunger, of hopelessness, and of almost measureless woe.

It is to be hoped that official records will show that this mode of warfare was not ordered by the authorities at Washington. It is impossible to believe that it could have been approved by President Lincoln, whose entire life, whose every characteristic, was a protest against needless oppression and cruelty.

If General Sheridan was acting at that time under the orders of the Union commander-in-chief, I am constrained to believe that he interpreted his instructions with great laxity. I recall no act of General Grant in the immediate conduct of his campaigns that would indicate his disposition to bring upon any people such sweeping desolation. Nor can I recall any speech of his that can fairly be interpreted as expressing sympathy with General Sherman in his declaration, "War is hell," or with Sherman's purpose to make it hell. General Grant's fame as a commander of armies in an enemy's country will, in the sober estimation of posterity, be the more lasting because of the fact that his blows fell upon armed soldiery, and not upon defenceless private citizens. Unless his instructions to Sheridan were specific, he cannot be held responsible for the torch that was applied to almost every kind of private property in the Virginia valleys. It would be almost as just to charge General Lee with responsibility for the burning of Chambersburg in <jg_305>the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania. This act of his subordinate was a great shock to General Lee's sensibilities. Although the destruction of Chambersburg was wholly in the nature of reprisal for the wholesale destruction of the Virginia valleys and the burning of Southern cities, yet it was so directly in contravention of General Lee's orders, and so abhorrent to the ideas and maxims with which he imbued his army, that a high-spirited Virginia soldier flatly refused to obey the order when directed by his superior officer to apply the torch to the city. That soldier, whose disobedience was prompted by the highest dictates of humanity, deserves a place of honor in history. He was not only a man of iron resolution and imperturbable courage, who fought from April, 1861, to April, 1865, and was repeatedly wounded in battle, but he was a fit representative of that noblest type of soldier who will inflict every legitimate damage on the enemy in arms against his people, but who scorns, even as a retaliatory measure, to wage war upon defenceless citizens and upon women and children. This knightly Southern soldier was Colonel William E. Peters of the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry, who has for forty-six years been a professor in the University of Virginia and at Emory and Henry College. He obeyed the order to move into Chambersburg with his troops and occupy the town, as he was not apprised of the purpose of its occupancy; but when the next order reached him to move his men to the court-house, arm them with torches, and fire the town, his spirit rose in righteous revolt. He calmly but resolutely refused obedience, preferring to risk any consequences that disobedience might involve, rather than be instrumental in devoting defenceless inhabitants to so dire a fate. If all the officers who commanded troops in that war, in which Americans fought one another so fiercely and yet so grandly, had possessed the chivalry of Colonel Peters, the history of the conflict <jg_306>would not have been

blurred and blackened by such ugly records of widespread and pitiless desolation. Colonel Peters was promptly placed under arrest for disobedience to orders; but, prudently and wisely, he was never brought to trial.

A number of Federal generals led armies through different portions of the South without leaving behind them any lasting marks of reckless waste. In all of General Grant's triumphant marches I do not believe he ever directly ordered or willingly permitted the burning of a single home. And of his illustrious opponent, General Robert E. Lee, I am impelled to say in this connection that of the world's great chieftains who have led armies into an enemy's territory, not one has left a nobler example to posterity in his dealings with noncombatants and in the protection which he afforded to private property. When the Confederates crossed the Potomac into Maryland in 1862, he issued the most stringent orders against all plundering and all straggling through the country. On one of his rides in rear of his lines he chanced to find one of Jackson's men with a stolen pig. This evidence of disregard of the explicit orders against pilfering so enraged General Lee that he ordered the soldier to be delivered to General Jackson and executed; but as Jackson was at the moment advancing in an attack, he directed that the soldier be placed in the front rank of his column, in order that he might be despatched by a Union rather than a Confederate bullet. The culprit went through the fire, however, unscathed, and purchased redemption from the death penalty by his conspicuous courage. The representatives of foreign governments who visited General Lee and accompanied him for a time on his campaigns were impressed by the manifestations of his solicitude for the protection of private citizens and private property in the enemy's territory; and Colonel Freemantle <jg_307>of the English army, who accompanied General Lee in his invasion of Pennsylvania, has given to the world his testimony to the effect that there was no straggling into private homes, "nor were the inhabitants disturbed or annoyed by the soldiers." He adds that, in view of the ravages which he saw in the Valley of Virginia," this forbearance was most commendable and surprising."

"This forbearance," which I think posterity will unite in pronouncing "most commendable," was also a worthy response by the Confederate army to the wishes and explicit orders of its idolized commander. No comment that can be made, no eulogy that can ever be pronounced upon General Lee, can equal the force and earnestness of his own words embodied in his general order, issued at Chambersburg as his hitherto victorious army was just beginning its invasion of Pennsylvania. The order is here given in full. It was a source of special and poignant pain to General Lee that the very town in which this order was penned and issued should become, at a later period, the scene of retaliatory action. In the interest of civilized and Christian warfare, and as an inspiration to American soldiers in all the future, these words of Lee ought to be printed and preserved in letters of gold:

*HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.*

General Order No. 73.

The commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has,

with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the <jg_308>part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, General.

Among the great warriors who gave special lustre to Roman arms, no one of them left a reputation more to be coveted by the true soldier than Scipio Africanus. In native gifts and brilliancy of achievements, he was perhaps the equal of Julius Caesar; while in the nobler attributes of manly courtesy to womanhood, of magnanimity to the defenceless who became subjects of his military power, in self-abnegation and faithful adherence to constitution and laws, he surpasses, I think, any warrior of his time.

Lee exhibited everywhere all those lofty characteristics which have made the name of Scipio immortal. He not only possessed true genius,--the "gift that <jg_309>Heaven gives and which buys a place next to a king," --but he had what was better than genius -- a heart whose every throb was in harmony with the teachings of the Great Captain whom he served. He had a spirit naturally robust and aggressive, but he made it loyally obedient to the precepts of the Divine Master. In the combination of great qualities, he will be adjudged in history as measuring up as few commanders have ever done to Scipio's lofty conception of the noblest soldier: the commander who could win victories, but who found more pleasure in the protection afforded defenceless citizens than in the disasters inflicted upon armed enemies.

As the last of Hunter's men, who were worthy of a nobler leader, filed through the mountain passes in their westward flight, and the Southern troops in tattered gray were seen coming down the valley pikes, the relief felt by that suffering people was apparent on every hand. From every home on the pike along which Hunter had marched came a fervid welcome.

With the hope of creating some apprehension for the safety of the national capital and thus inducing General Grant to slacken his hold on the Confederacy's throat, it was decided that we should again cross the Potomac and threaten Washington. The Federal authorities sent the dashing soldier, General Lew Wallace,--who afterward became

famous as the author of "Ben Hur,"--to meet us with his army at Monocacy River, near Frederick City, Maryland. His business was to cheek the rash Southern invaders, and, if possible, to drive them back across the Potomac.

The battle of Monocacy which ensued was short, decisive, and bloody. While the two armies, under the command respectively of Lew Wallace and Jubal Early, were contemplating each other from the opposite banks, my division was selected, not to prevent Wallace from <jg_310>driving us out of Maryland, but to drive him from our front and thus reopen the highway for our march upon the capital. My movement was down the right bank of the Monocacy to a fording-place below, the object being to cross the river and then turn upon the Federal stronghold. My hope and effort were to conceal the movement from Wallace's watchful eye until my troops were over, and then apprise him of my presence on his side of the river by a sudden rush upon his left flank; but General McCausland's brigade of Confederate cavalry had already gallantly attacked a portion of his troops, and he discovered the manoeuvre of my division before it could drag itself through the water and up the Monocacy's muddy and slippery banks. He at once changed front and drew up his lines in strong position to meet the assault.

This movement presented new difficulties. Instead of realizing my hope of finding the Union forces still facing Early's other divisions beyond the river, giving my isolated command the immense advantage of the proposed flank attack, I found myself separated from all other Confederate infantry, with the bristling front of Wallace's army before me. In addition to this trouble, I found difficulties before unknown which strongly militated against the probable success of my movement. Across the intervening fields through which we were to advance there were strong farm fences, which my men must climb while under fire. Worse still, those fields were thickly studded with huge grain-stacks which the harvesters had recently piled. They were so broad and high and close together that no line of battle could possibly be maintained while advancing through them. Every intelligent private in my command, as he looked over the field, must have known before we started that my battle-line would become tangled and confused in the attempt to charge through these obstructions. <jg_311>

With an able commander in my front, and his compact ranks so placed as to rake every foot of the field with their fire, with the certainty of having my lines broken and tangled by fences and grain-stacks at every rod of advance, it is not difficult to understand the responsibility of hazarding battle without supporting Confederate infantry in reach. The nerve of the best-trained and bravest troops is sorely taxed, even under most favorable conditions, when assaulting an enemy well posted, and pouring an incessant well-directed fire into their advancing ranks. To how much severer test of nerve were my troops to be subjected in this attempt to charge where the conditions forced them while under fire to break into column, halt and reform, and make another start, only to be broken again by the immovable stacks all over the field ! I knew, however, that if any troops in the world could win victory against such adverse conditions, those high-mettled Southern boys would achieve it there.

En échelon by brigades from the right the movement began. As we reached the first line of strong and high fencing, and my men began to climb over it, they were met by a tempest of bullets, and many of the brave fellows fell at the first volley. But over they climbed or tumbled, and rushed forward, some of them halting to break down gaps in the fence, so that the mounted officers might ride through. Then came the grain-stacks.

Around them and between them they pressed on, with no possibility of maintaining orderly alignment or of returning any effective fire. Deadly missiles from Wallace's ranks were cutting down the line and company officers with their words of cheer to the men but half spoken. It was one of those fights where success depends largely upon the prowess of the individual soldier. The men were deprived of that support and strength imparted by a compact line, where the elbow touch of <jg_312>comrade with comrade gives confidence to each and sends the electric thrill of enthusiasm through all. But nothing could deter them. Neither the obstructions nor the leaden blast in their front could check them. The supreme test of their marvellous nerve and self-control now came. They had passed the forest of malign wheat-stacks; they had climbed the second fence and were in close proximity to Wallace's first line of battle, which stood firmly and was little hurt. The remaining officers, on horseback and on foot, rapidly adjusted their commands, and I ordered "Forward!" and forward they went. I recall no charge of the war, except that of the 12th of May against Hancock, in which my brave fellows seemed so swayed by an enthusiasm which amounted almost to a martial delirium; and the swell of the Southern yell rose high above the din of battle as they rushed upon the resolute Federals and hurled them back upon the second line.

The Union lines stood firmly in this second position, bravely defending the railroad and the highway to Washington. Between the two hostile lines there was a narrow ravine down which ran a small stream of limpid water. In this ravine the fighting was desperate and at close quarters. To and fro the battle swayed across the little stream, the dead and wounded of both sides mingling their blood in its waters; and when the struggle was ended a crimsoned current ran toward the river. Nearly one half of my men and large numbers of the Federals fell there. Many of my officers went down, and General Clement A. Evans, the trusted leader of my largest brigade, was severely wounded. A Minié ball struck him in his left side, passing through a pocket of his coat, and carrying with it a number of pins, which were so deeply embedded that they were not all extracted for a number of years. But the execution of his orders was superintended by his staff officer, <jg_313>Major Eugene C. Gordon, who was himself severely wounded.

In that vortex of fire my favorite battle-horse, presented to me by my generous comrades, which had never hitherto been wounded, was struck by a Minié ball, and plunged and fell in the midst of my men, carrying me down with him. Ordinarily the killing of a horse in battle, though ridden by the commander, would scarcely be worth noting; but in this case it was serious. By his death I had been unhorsed in the very crisis of the battle. Many of my leading officers were killed or disabled. The chances for victory or defeat were at the moment so evenly balanced that a temporary halt or slight blunder might turn the scales. My staff were bearing orders to different portions of the field. But some thoughtful officer sent me a horse and I was again mounted.

Wallace's army, after the most stubborn resistance and heavy loss, was driven from railroad and pike in the direction of Baltimore. The Confederate victory was won at fearful cost and by practically a single division, but it was complete, and the way to Washington was opened for General Early's march.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XXIII--Winchester And Preceding Events

<jg_314>

The Confederate army within sight of Washington--The city could have been taken--Reasons for the retreat--Abandonment of plan to release Confederate prisoners--The Winchester campaign--Assault on Sheridan's front--Sudden rally--Retreat of Early's army--The battle of Fisher's Hill.

ON July 11, 1864, the second day after the battle of Monocacy, we were at the defences of Washington. We were nearer to the national capital than any armed Confederates had ever been, and nearer to it than any Federal army had ever approached to Richmond. It has been claimed that at the time we reached these outer works they were fully manned by troops. This is a mistake. I myself rode to a point on those breastworks at which there was no force whatever. The unprotected space was broad enough for the easy passage of Early's army without resistance. It is true that, as we approached, Rodes's division had driven in some skirmishers, and during the day (July 11th) another small affair had occurred on the Seventh Street road; but all the Federals encountered on this approach could not have manned any considerable portion of the defences. Undoubtedly we could have marched into Washington; but in the council of war called by General Early there was not a dissenting opinion as to the impolicy of entering the city. While General Early and his division commanders were considering in jocular vein the propriety <jg_315>of putting General John C. Breckinridge at the head of the column and of escorting him to the Senate chamber and seating him again in the Vice-President's chair, the sore-footed men in gray were lazily lounging about the cool waters of Silver Spring, picking blackberries in the orchards of Postmaster-General Blair, and merrily estimating the amount of gold and greenbacks that would come into our possession when we should seize the vaults of the United States Treasury. The privates also had opinions about the wisdom or unwisdom of going into the city. One of them who supposed we were going in asked another:

"I say, Mac, what do you suppose we are going to do with the city of Washington when we take it?"

"That question reminds me," replied Mac, "of old Simon's answer to Tony Towns when he asked Simon if he were not afraid he would lose his dog that was running after every train that came by. The old darky replied that he was not thinking about losing his dog, but was just 'wonderin' what dat dorg was gwine do wid dem kyars when he kotched 'em.'" It is evident that neither of these soldiers believed in the wisdom of any serious effort to capture Washington at that time.

While we debated, the Federal troops were arriving from Grant's army and entering the city on the opposite side.

The two objects of our approach to the national capital were, first and mainly, to compel General Grant to detach a portion of his army from Lee's front at Petersburg; and, second and incidentally, to release, if possible, the Confederates held as prisoners of war at Point Lookout. We had succeeded in accomplishing only the first of these. We had, by the signal victory over Lew Wallace's protecting army at Monocacy and by the ring of our rifles in ear-shot of President Lincoln's cabinet, created enough consternation to induce <jg_316>the Federal authorities to debate the contingencies of our entrance and to hurry

Grant's troops across the Potomac.

The second object (the release of our prisoners confined at Point Lookout) had to be abandoned at a somewhat earlier date because of the inability to perfect needful antecedent arrangements. Some days prior to our crossing the Potomac into Maryland, General Lee wrote twice to President Davis (June 26th and 29th) touching the possibility of effecting this release. It was General Lee's opinion that it would not require a large force to accomplish this object. He said to the President: "I have understood that most of the garrison at Point Lookout is composed of negroes A stubborn resistance, therefore, may not reasonably be expected." He was ready to devote to the enterprise the courage and dash of all Marylanders in his army. The greatest difficulty, he thought, was to find a suitable leader, as success in such a venture depended largely on the brains and pluck of the man who guided it. He asked the President if such a leader could be found; his own opinion was that General Bradley T. Johnson of Maryland was the best man in his acquaintance for this special work. Our march, however, toward Washington was so rapid, and our retreat from it so necessary to avoid being captured ourselves by the heavy forces just arriving from Grant's army, cooperating with those forming in our rear, that the recruiting of our ranks by releasing our expectant boys at Point Lookout had to be abandoned. There was not time enough for the delicate and difficult task of communicating secretly with our prisoners so as to have them ready for prompt cooperation in overpowering the negro guards, nor time for procuring the flotillas necessary silently to transport across the Potomac the forces who were to assault the fortress. <jg_317>

General Bradley Johnson captured at this time Major General Franklin of the Union army, and the railroad train between Washington and Philadelphia on which this distinguished passenger was travelling. However, in the hurry of the Confederates to get away from that point, General Franklin made his escape.

Thenceforward to the end of July, through the entire month of August, and during more than half of September, 1864, Early's little army was marching and countermarching toward every point of the compass in the Shenandoah Valley, with scarcely a day of rest, skirmishing, fighting, rushing hither and thither to meet and drive back cavalry raids, while General Sheridan gathered his army of more than double our numbers for his general advance up the valley.

General Jubal A. Early, who commanded the Confederate forces in the Valley of Virginia in the autumn of 1864, was an able strategist and one of the coolest and most imperturbable of men under fire and in extremity. He had, however, certain characteristics which militated against his achieving the greatest successes. Like the brilliant George B. McClellan (whom I knew personally and greatly admired), and like many other noted soldiers who might be named in all armies, he lacked what I shall term official courage, or what is known as the courage of one's convictions--that courage which I think both Lee and Grant possessed in an eminent degree, and which in Stonewall Jackson was one of the prime sources of his marvellous achievements. This peculiar courage must not be confounded with rashness, although there is a certain similarity between them. They both strike boldly, fiercely, and with all possible energy. They are, however, as widely separated as the poles in other and essential qualities. The rash officer's boldness is blind. He strikes in the dark, madly, wildly, and often impotently. The possessor of the <jg_318>courage which I am trying to describe is equally bold, but sees with quick, clear,

keen vision the weak and strong points in the adversary, measures with unerring judgment his own strength and resources, and then, with utmost faith in the result, devotes his all to its attainment -- and wins. Thus thought and thus fought Jackson and many of the world's greatest leaders. Thus Lee's faultless eye saw at Gettysburg, and thus he intended to strike the last decisive blow on the morning of the third day; and if his orders had been obeyed-- if, as he directed, every unemployed soldier of his army had been hurled at dawn against Meade's centre, and with the impetuosity which his assurance of victory should have imparted to General Longstreet--there is not a reasonable doubt that the whole Union centre would have been shattered, the two wings hopelessly separated, and the great army in blue, like a mill-dam broken by the rushing current, would have been swept away.

General Early possessed other characteristics peculiarly his own, which were the parents of more or less trouble to him and to those under him: namely, his indisposition to act upon suggestions submitted by subordinates and his distrust of the accuracy of reports by scouts, than whom there were no more intelligent, reliable, and trustworthy men in the army. Incidentally I alluded to this marked characteristic of General Early's mind in speaking of his refusal to permit me to assail General Grant's right flank on the 6th of May in the Wilderness until the day was nearly gone and until General Lee himself ordered the attack.

General Early was a bachelor, with a pungent style of commenting on things he did not like; but he had a kind heart and was always courteous to women. As might be expected, however, of a man who had passed the meridian of life without marrying, he had little or no <jg_319>patience with wives who insisted on following the army in order to be near their husbands. There were numbers of women -- wives and mothers -- who would gladly have accompanied their husbands and sons had it been possible for them to do so. Mrs. Gordon was one of the few who were able to consult their wishes in this regard. General Early, hearing of her constant presence, is said to have exclaimed, "I wish the Yankees would capture Mrs. Gordon and hold her till the war is over!" Near Winchester, as the wagon-trains were being parked at night, he discovered a conveyance unlike any of the others that were going into camp. He immediately called out to his quartermaster in excited tones: "What's that?" "That is Mrs. Gordon's carriage, sir," replied the officer. "Well, I'll be --! If my men would keep up as she does, I'd never issue another order against straggling."

Mrs. Gordon was fully aware of the general's sentiments, and had heard of his wishing for her capture; and during a camp dinner given in honor of General Ewell, she sat near General Early and good-naturedly rallied him about it. He was momentarily embarrassed, but rose to the occasion and replied: "Mrs. Gordon, General Gordon is a better soldier when you are close by him than when you are away, and so hereafter, when I issue orders that officers' wives must go to the rear, you may know that you are excepted." This gallant reply called forth a round of applause from the officers at table.

Faithful and enterprising scouts, those keen-eyed, acute-eared, and nimble-footed heralds of an army who, "light-armed, scour each quarter to descry the distant foe," and who had been hovering around the Union army for some days after it crossed the Potomac, reported that General Sheridan was in command and was approaching Winchester with a force greatly superior to that commanded by General Early. The four divisions <jg_320>of Early's little army were commanded at this time respectively by General John C. Breckinridge, the "Kentucky Game-cock," by General Rodes of

Alabama, who had few equals in either army, by General Ramseur of North Carolina, who was a most valiant and skillful leader of men, and by myself. These divisions were widely separated from one another. They had been posted by General Early in position for guarding the different approaches to Winchester, and for easy concentration when the exigencies of the campaign should require it. The reports of the Federal approach, however, did not seem to impress General Early, and he delayed the order for concentration until Sheridan was upon him, ready to devour him piecemeal, a division at a time. When at last the order came to me, on the Martinsburg pike, to move with utmost speed to Winchester, the far-off reverberant artillery was already giving painful notice that Ramseur was fighting practically alone, while the increasingly violent concussions were passionate appeals to the other divisions for help.

As the fighting was near Winchester, through which Mrs. Gordon was compelled to pass in going to the rear, she drove rapidly down the pike in that direction. Her light conveyance was drawn by two horses driven by a faithful negro boy, who was as anxious to escape capture as she. As she overtook the troops of General Rodes's division, marching to the aid of Ramseur, and drove into their midst, a cloud of dust loomed up in the rear, and a wild clatter of hoofs announced, "Cavalry in pursuit!" General Rodes halted a body of his men, and threw them in line across the pike, just behind Mrs. Gordon's carriage, as she hurried on, urged by the solicitude of the "boys in gray" around her. In crossing a wide stream, which they were compelled to ford, the tongue of the carriage broke loose from the axle. The horses went on, but Mrs. Gordon, the driver, and carriage <jg_321>were left in the middle of the stream. She barely escaped; for the detachment of Union cavalry were still in pursuit as a number of Confederate soldiers rushed into the stream, dragged the carriage out, and by some temporary makeshift attached the tongue and started her again on her flight.

Ramseur's division was nearly overwhelmed and Rodes was heavily pressed as the head of my column reached the crest from which we could dimly discern the steady advance of the blue lines through the murky clouds of mingled smoke and dust that rose above the contending hosts.

Breckinridge's troops were also furiously fighting on another part of the field, and they, too, were soon doubled up by charges in front and on the flank.

This left practically only Rodes's division and mine, with parts of Ramseur's bleeding brigades, not more than 6000 men in all, to contend with Sheridan's whole army of about 30,000 men, reaching in both directions far beyond our exposed right and left. In the absence of specific orders from the commander-in-chief, I rode up to Rodes for hasty conference. A moment's interchange of views brought both of us to the conclusion that the only chance to save our commands was to make an impetuous and simultaneous charge with both divisions, in the hope of creating confusion in Sheridan's lines, so that we might withdraw in good order. As the last words between us were spoken, Rodes fell, mortally wounded, near my horse's feet, and was borne bleeding and almost lifeless to the rear.

There are times in battle--and they come often--when the strain and the quick shifting of events compel the commander to stifle sensibilities and silence the natural promptings of his heart as cherished friends fall around him. This was one of those occasions. General Rodes was not only a comrade whom I greatly admired, but a <jg_322>friend whom I loved. To ride away without even expressing to him my deep grief was sorely trying to my feelings; but I had to go. His fall had left both divisions to my immediate control for

the moment, and under the most perplexing and desperate conditions.

The proposed assault on Sheridan's front was made with an impetuosity that caused his advancing lines to halt, bend, and finally to break at different points; but his steadfast battalions, which my divisions could not reach and which overlapped me in both directions, quickly doubled around the unprotected right and left, throwing the Confederate ranks into inextricable confusion and making orderly retreat impossible. Meantime, that superb fighter, General Wharton of Virginia, had repelled from my rear and left flank a number of charges by Sheridan's cavalry; but finally the overpowered Confederate cavalry was broken and Wharton's infantry forced back, leaving the vast plain to our left open for the almost unobstructed sweep of the Federal horsemen.

General Breckinridge, who had scarcely a corporal's guard of his magnificent division around him, rode to my side. His Apollo-like face was begrimed with sweat and smoke. He was desperately reckless--the impersonation of despair. He literally seemed to court death. Indeed, to my protest against his unnecessary exposure by riding at my side, he said: "Well, general, there is little left for me if our cause is to fail." Later, when the cause had failed, he acted upon this belief and left the country, and only returned after long absence, to end his brilliant career in coveted privacy among his Kentucky friends.

To my horror, as I rode among my disorganized troops through Winchester I found Mrs. Gordon on the street, where shells from Sheridan's batteries were falling and Minié balls flying around her. She was apparently unconscious <jg_323>of the danger. I had supposed that, in accordance with instructions, she had gone to the rear at the opening of the battle, and was many miles away. But she was stopping at the house of her friend Mrs. Hugh Lee, and as the first Confederates began to pass to the rear, she stood upon the veranda, appealing to them to return to the front. Many yielded to her entreaties and turned back--one waggish fellow shouting aloud to his comrades: "Come, boys, let's go back. We might not obey the general, but we can't resist Mrs. Gordon." The fact is, it was the first time in all her army experience that she had ever seen the Confederate lines broken. As the different squads passed, she inquired to what command they belonged. When, finally, to her question the answer came, "*We* are Gordon's men," she lost her self-control, and rushed into the street, urging them to go back and meet the enemy. She was thus engaged when I found her. I insisted that she go immediately into the house, where she would be at least partially protected. She obeyed; but she did not for a moment accept my statement that there was nothing left for her except capture by Sheridan's army. I learned afterward that her negro driver had been frightened by the shells bursting about the stable, and had not brought out her carriage and horses. She acquainted some of my men with these facts. With the assurance, "*We'll* get it for you, Mrs. Gordon," they broke down the fences and brought the carriage to her a few moments after I had passed on. She sprang into it, and, taking her six-year-old son Frank and one or two wounded officers with her, she was driven rapidly away amidst the flying missiles from Sheridan's advancing troops and with the prayers of my brave men for her safety.

The pursuit was pressed far into the twilight, and only ended when night came and dropped her protecting curtains around us. <jg_324>

Drearily and silently, with burdened brains and aching hearts, leaving our dead and many of the wounded behind us, we rode hour after hour, with our sore-footed, suffering men doing their best to keep up, anxiously inquiring for their commands and eagerly listening for orders to halt and sleep.

Lucky was the Confederate private who on that mournful retreat knew his own captain, and most lucky was the commander who knew where to find the main body of his own troops. The only lamps to guide us were the benignant stars, dimly lighting the gray surface of the broad limestone turnpike. It was, however, a merciful darkness. It came too slowly for our comfort; but it came at last, and screened our weary and confused infantry from further annoyance by Sheridan's horsemen. Little was said by any officer. Each was left to his own thoughts and the contemplation of the shadows that were thickening around us. What was the morrow to bring, or the next month, or the next year? There was no limit to lofty courage, to loyal devotion, and the spirit of self-sacrifice; but where were the men to come from to take the places of the maimed and the dead? Where were the arsenals from which to replace the diminishing materials of war so essential to our future defence? It was evident that these thoughts were running through the brains of rank and file; for now and then there came a cheering flash of rustic wit or grim humor from the privates: "Cheer up, boys; don't be worried. We'll lick them Yankees the first fair chance, and get more grub and guns and things than our poor old quartermaster mules can pull." Distinct in my memory now (they will be there till I die) are those startling manifestations of a spirit which nothing could break, that strange commingling of deep-drawn sighs and merry songs, the marvellous blending of an hour of despair with an hour of bounding hope, inspired <jg_325>by the most resolute manhood ever exhibited in any age or country.

At a late hour of the night on that doleful retreat, the depressing silence was again broken by a characteristic shot at General Breckinridge from Early's battery of good-natured sarcasm, which was always surcharged and ready to go off at the slightest touch. These two soldiers became very good friends after the war began, but previously they had held antagonistic political views. Early was an uncompromising Unionist until Virginia passed the ordinance of secession. Breckinridge, on the other hand, had long been a distinguished champion of what was called "the rights of the South in the Territories," and in 1860 he was nominated for President by the "Southern Rights" wing of the Democratic party. The prospect of establishing Southern rights by arms was not encouraging on that dismal retreat from Winchester. General Early could not resist the temptation presented by the conditions around us; and, at a time when the oppressive stillness was disturbed only by the dull sound of tramping feet and tinkling canteens, his shrill tones rang out:

"General Breckinridge, what do you think of the 'rights of the South in the Territories' now?"

Breckinridge made no reply. He was in no humor for badinage, or for reminiscences of the period of his political power when he was Kentucky's most eloquent representative in the halls of Congress, or pleaded for Southern rights on the floor of the Senate, or made parliamentary rulings as Vice-President of the United States, or carried the flag of a great party as its selected candidate for the still higher office of President.

When the night was far spent and a sufficient distance between the Confederate rear and Union front had been reached, there came the order to halt- more grateful than sweetest music to the weary soldiers' ears; and down <jg_326>they dropped upon their beds of grass or earth, their heads pillowed on dust-covered knapsacks, their rifles at their sides, and their often shoeless feet bruised and aching.

But they slept. Priceless boon--sleep and rest for tired frame and heart and brain!

General Sheridan graciously granted us two days and a part of the third to sleep and rest

and pull ourselves together for the struggle of September 22. The battle, or, to speak more accurately, the bout at Fisher's Hill, was so quickly ended that it may be described in a few words. Indeed, to all experienced soldiers the whole story is told in one word -- "flanked."

We had again halted and spread our banners on the ramparts which nature built along the Shenandoah's banks. Our stay was short, however, and our leaving was hurried, without ceremony or concert. It is the old story of failure to protect flanks. Although the Union forces more than doubled Early's army, our position was such that in our stronghold we could have whipped General Sheridan had the weak point on our left been sufficiently protected. Sheridan demonstrated in front while he slipped his infantry around our left and completely enveloped that flank. An effort was made to move Battle and Wharton to the enveloped flank in order to protect it, but the effort was made too late. The Federals saw their advantage, and seized and pressed it. The Confederates saw the hopelessness of their situation, and realized that they had only the option of retreat or capture. They were not long in deciding. The retreat (it is always so) was at first stubborn and slow, then rapid, then- a rout.

It is not just to blame the troops. There are conditions in war when courage, firmness, steadiness of nerve, and self-reliance are of small avail. Such were the conditions at Fisher's Hill.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)
Chapter XXIV--Cedar Creek--A Victory And A Defeat

<jg_327>

Sheridan's dallying for twenty-six days--Arrival of General Kershaw--Position of Early's army with reference to Sheridan's--The outlook from Massanutten Mountain--Weakness of Sheridan's left revealed--The plan of battle--A midnight march--Complete surprise and rout of Sheridan's army--Early's decision not to follow up the victory--Why Sheridan's ride succeeded--Victory changed into defeat.

NEARLY a month--twenty-six days, to be exact--of comparative rest and recuperation ensued after Fisher's Hill. General Sheridan followed our retreat very languidly. The record of one day did not differ widely from the record of every other day of the twenty-six. His cavalry manoeuvred before ours, and ours manoeuvred before his. His artillery saluted, and ours answered. His infantry made demonstrations, and ours responded by forming lines. This was all very fine for Early's battered little army; and it seemed that Sheridan's victories of the 19th and 22d had been so costly, notwithstanding his great preponderance in numbers, that he sympathized with our desire for a few weeks of dallying. He appeared to be anxious to do just enough to keep us reminded that he was still there. So he decided upon a season of burning, instead of battling; of assaults with matches and torches upon barns and haystacks, instead of upon armed men who were lined up in front of him.

The province of uncomplimentary criticism is a most <jg_328>distasteful one to me. It would be far more agreeable to applaud and eulogize every officer in both armies of whom it is necessary for me to speak. But if I write at all, I must write as I think. I must be honest with myself, and honest with those who may do me the honor to read what I write. In a former chapter I have already spoken of General Sheridan as probably the most brilliant cavalry officer who fought on the Union side. I shall not be misunderstood, therefore, when I say that his twenty-six days of apparent indecision, of feeble pursuit, of discursive and disjointed fighting after his two crushing victories, are to me a military mystery. Why did he halt or hesitate, why turn to the torch in the hope of starving his enemy, instead of beating him in resolute battle? Would Grant have thus hesitated for a month or a day under such conditions--with a broken army in his front, and his own greatly superior in numbers and inspired by victory? How long would it require any intelligent soldier who fought under Grant, or against him, to answer that question ?

General Meade was criticised for the delay of a single day at Gettysburg--for not assailing the Confederate army the next morning after the last Southern assault--after the brilliant charge and bloody repulse of Pickett's command. From the standpoint of a Confederate who participated in the conflicts both at Gettysburg and in the Valley, I feel impelled to say, and with absolute impartiality, that the Union archers who from sheltered positions in Washington hurled their sharpened arrows at Union generals in the field for not gathering the fruits of victory must have emptied their quivers into Meade, or have broken their bows prior to that month of Sheridan's campaigning after the 19th and 22d of September.

From my point of view, it is easy to see why Meade halted after the Confederate repulse of the last day at <jg_329>Gettysburg. In his front was Robert E. Lee, still resolute and

defiant. The Confederate commander had not been driven one foot from his original position. He was supported by an army still complete in organization, with faith in its great leader and its own prowess undiminished, eagerly waiting for the Union troops to leave the trenches, and ready at Lee's command to retrieve in open field and at any sacrifice the loss of the victory which it had been impossible to wrench from Meade's splendid army intrenched on the heights and flanked by the Round Tops. It is not so easy, however, to furnish an explanation for Sheridan's indecision after Winchester and Fisher's Hill. There was no Robert E. Lee in his front, inspiring unfaltering faith. The men before whom Sheridan hesitated were not complete in organization, as were the men at Gettysburg, who still held their original lines and were still confident of victory in open field. On the contrary, the army before him, although not demoralized, was vastly inferior to his own in numbers and equipment--of which fact every officer and private was cognizant. It had been shattered and driven in precipitate flight from every portion of both fields. Why did General Sheridan hesitate to hurl his inspirited and overwhelming army upon us? Why retreat and intrench and wait to be assaulted? Was it because of commanding necessity, or from what George Washington would have termed "untimely discretion"?

Taking advantage of Sheridan's tardiness, Early withdrew from the main pike to Brown's Gap in order to refresh his little army. Brown's Gap was the same grand amphitheatre in the Blue Ridge Mountains in which General Jackson had rested two years before, during that wonderful campaign so graphically described by Colonel Henderson, of the British army, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson." In that campaign, Jackson had baffled and beaten four Union armies, under Milroy, <jg_330>Banks, Frémont, and Shields, each larger than his own; and having thus cleared the Valley of Federal troops, had promptly joined in the seven days' battles around Richmond, which drove McClellan to the protection of his gunboats, and prevented a long siege of the Confederate capital.

This reference to Early's encampment on the mountain-rimmed plateau, to which Jackson withdrew at intervals in his marvellous campaign, reminds me that unfair contrasts have been drawn between the results achieved by these two generals in the same Valley. It is only just to General Early to call attention to the fact that General Jackson was never, in any one of his great battles, there, so greatly outnumbered as was General Early at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. Early had in neither of these battles more than 10,000 men, including all arms of the service, while the Official Reports show that General Sheridan brought against him over 30,000 well-equipped troops. The marvel is that Early was not utterly routed and his army captured by the Union cavalry in the early morning at Winchester; for, at the opening of the battle, Early's divisions were separated by a greater distance than intervened between Sheridan and the Confederate command which he first struck. The magnificently mounted and equipped Union cavalry alone very nearly equalled in number Early's entire army. With an open country and fordable streams before him, with an immense preponderance in numbers, it seems incomprehensible that General Sheridan should have failed to destroy utterly General Early's army by promptly and vigorously following up the advantages resulting at Winchester and Fisher's Hill.

While we were resting on Jackson's "old campground," which kind nature seemed to have supplied as an inspiring and secure retreat for the defenders of the Valley, General Kershaw, who was one of the ablest <jg_331>division commanders in Lee's army, came with his dashing South Carolinians to reënforce and cheer Early's brave and weary men.

The most seasoned American troops, and especially volunteer forces, composed largely of immature boys, are under such conditions as subject to capricious humors as are volatile Frenchmen. This was true at least of the warm-hearted, impetuous Southern boys who filled our ranks. But no change of conditions or sudden caprice ever involved the slightest diminution of devotion to the Southern cause. Whether victorious or defeated, they were always resolved to fight it out to the last extremity. The arrival of Ker-shaw's division awakened the latent enthusiasm with which they had pommelled Sheridan at the beginning of the battle of Winchester, but which had been made dormant by the subsequent disastrous defeats on that field and at Fisher's Hill. The news of Kershaw's approach ran along the sleeping ranks, and aroused them as if an electric battery had been sending its stimulating current through their weary bodies. Cheer after cheer came from their husky throats and rolled along the mountain cliffs, the harbinger of a coming victory. "Hurrah for the Palmetto boys!" "Glad to see you, South Ca'liny !" "Whar did you come from !" "Did you bring any more guns for Phil Sheridan?" We had delivered a number of guns to that officer without taking any receipts for them; but the Confederate authorities at Richmond were still straining every nerve to supply us with more. Among the pieces of artillery sent us by the War Department was a long black rifle-cannon, on which some wag had printed in white letters words to this effect: "Respectfully consigned to General Sheridan through General Early"; and Sheridan got it. Some days later at Cedar Creek, or on some other field, Sheridan's men captured the gun which had been consigned to him "through General Early." <jg_332>

On the morning of the surrender at Appomattox, just prior to the meeting of Lee and Grant, General Sheridan referred, in our conversation, to this incident.

The arrival of reënforcements under Kershaw not only revived the hopes of our high-mettled men, but enabled General Early and his division commanders to await with confidence General Sheridan's advance, which was daily expected. He did not come, however. Our rations were nearly exhausted, and after holding a council of war, General Early decided to advance upon the Union forces strongly intrenched on the left bank of Cedar Creek.

No battle of the entire war, with the single exception of Gettysburg, has provoked such varied and conflicting comments and such prolonged controversy as this remarkable engagement between Sheridan and Early at Cedar Creek. No battle has been so greatly misunderstood in important particulars, nor have the accounts of any battle been so productive of injustice to certain actors in it, nor so strangely effective in converting misapprehensions into so-called history. Some of these misapprehensions I shall endeavor to correct in this and succeeding chapters; and, so far as I am able, I shall do justice to the men to whom it has been denied for so many years. I do not underestimate the nature of the task I now undertake; but every statement made by me bearing on controverted points will be supported by the Official Records which the Government has published in recent years, and by other incontrovertible proofs. It is enough to say, in explanation of this long-deferred effort on my part, that I had no access to official reports until they were made public; and until very recently I did not doubt that my own official report of Cedar Creek would be published with others, and stand beside the others, and that the facts stated in my report would vindicate the brave men who fought that marvellous <jg_333>battle. It seems, however, that my report never reached General Lee, or was lost when his official papers were captured at the fall of the Confederate capital.

On the right of the Confederate line, as drawn up at Fisher's Hill, was Massanutten Mountain, rising to a great height, and so rugged and steep as to make our position practically unassailable on that flank. It was also the generally accepted belief that this mountain was an absolute barrier against any movement by our army in that direction. The plan of battle, therefore, which had been adopted was to move upon Sheridan in the other direction or by our left. I was not entirely satisfied with the general plan of attack, and decided to go to the top of the mountain, where a Confederate Signal Corps had been placed, and from that lofty peak to survey and study Sheridan's position and the topography of the intervening country. I undertook the ascent of the rugged steep, accompanied by that superb officer, General Clement A. Evans of Georgia, in whose conservatism and sound judgment I had the most implicit confidence, and by Captain Hotchkiss(1) of General Early's staff, and my chief of staff, Major Robert W. Hunter. Through tangled underbrush and over giant boulders and jutting cliffs we finally reached the summit, from which the entire landscape was plainly visible. It was an inspiring panorama. With strong field-glasses, every road and habitation and hill and stream could be seen and noted. The abruptly curved and precipitous highlands bordering Cedar Creek, on which the army of Sheridan was strongly posted; the historic Shenandoah, into which Cedar Creek emptied at the foot of the towering peak on which we stood, and, most important and intensely interesting of all, the entire Union army--all <jg_334>seemed but a stone's throw away from us as we stood contemplating the scene through the magnifying lenses of our field-glasses. Not only the general outlines of Sheridan's breastworks, but every parapet where his heavy guns were mounted, and every piece of artillery, every wagon and tent and supporting line of troops, were in easy range of our vision. I could count, and did count, the number of his guns. I could see distinctly the three colors of trimmings on the jackets respectively of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and locate each, while the number of flags gave a basis for estimating approximately the forces with which we were to contend in the proposed attack. If, however, the plan of battle which at once suggested itself to my mind should be adopted, it mattered little how large a force General Sheridan had; for the movement which I intended to propose contemplated the turning of Sheridan's flank where he least expected it, a sudden irruption upon his left and rear, and the complete surprise of his entire army.

It was unmistakably evident that General Sheridan concurred in the universally accepted opinion that it was impracticable for the Confederates to pass or march along the rugged and almost perpendicular face of Mas-sanutten Mountain and assail his left. This fact was made manifest at the first sweep of the eye from that mountain-top. For he had left that end of his line with no protection save the natural barriers, and a very small detachment of cavalry on the left bank of the river, with vedettes on their horses in the middle of the stream. His entire force of superb cavalry was massed on his right, where he supposed, as all others had supposed, that General Early must come, if he came with any hope of success. The disposition of his divisions and available resources were all for defence of his right flank and front, or for aggressive movement from one or both <jg_335>of these points. As to his left flank--well, that needed no defence; the impassable Massanutten, with the Shenandoah River at its base, was the sufficient protecting fortress. Thus reasoned the commanders of each of the opposing armies. Both were of the same mind, and Early prepared to assail, and Sheridan to defend, his right and centre only. Captain Hotchkiss, who was an engineer, made a rough map of the positions in our view.

It required, therefore, no transcendent military genius to decide quickly and unequivocally upon the movement which the conditions invited. I was so deeply impressed by the situation revealed to us, so sure that it afforded an opportunity for an overwhelming Confederate victory, that I expressed to those around me the conviction that if General Early would adopt the plan of battle which I would submit, and would press it to its legitimate results, the destruction of Sheridan's army was inevitable. Indeed, there are those still living who remember my statement that if General Early would acquiesce, and the plan failed, I would assume the responsibility of failure.⁽¹⁾ Briefly, the plan was to abandon serious attack of Sheridan's forces where all things were in readiness, making only a demonstration upon that right flank by Rosser's cavalry dismounted, and upon the centre by a movement of infantry and artillery along the pike, while the heavy and decisive blow should be given upon the Union left, where no preparation was made to resist us. This movement on the left I myself proposed to make with the Second Army Corps, led by General Clement A. Evans's division, followed by Ramseur's and Pegram's.

"But how are you going to pass the precipice of Massanutten Mountain?" That was the one obstacle in the way of the successful execution of the plan I intended to submit, and I felt sure that this could be overcome. A dim and narrow pathway was found, along which but one man could pass at a time; but by beginning the movement at nightfall the entire corps could be passed before daylight.

This plan was finally adopted by General Early, and the movement was begun with the coming of the darkness. The men were stripped of canteens and of everything calculated to make noise and arouse Sheridan's pickets below us, and our watches were set so that at the same moment the right, the centre, and the left of Sheridan should be assaulted. With every man, from the commanders of divisions to the brave privates under them, impressed with the gravity of our enterprise, speaking only when necessary and then in whispers, and striving to suppress every sound, the long gray line like a great serpent glided noiselessly along the dim pathway above the precipice. Before the hour agreed upon for the simultaneous attack, my entire command had slowly and safely passed the narrow and difficult defile.

Some watchful and keen-eyed Confederate thought he discovered ahead of us two of the enemy's pickets. If they should fire their rifles it would give to Sheridan's vedettes the alarm and possibly seriously interfere with our success. I sent Jones of my staff, with a well-trained scout and one or two others, noiselessly to capture them. Concealing their movements behind a fence until near the point where the pickets stood, my men crawled on hands and knees, and were in the act of demanding surrender when they discovered that the two hostile figures were cedar-bushes in the corner of the rail fence.

Late in the afternoon I had directed that one of my couriers be stationed at every fork of the dim pathway after it left the mountain, to avoid the possibility of missing the way which I had selected to the ford of the river. At one fork, however, a small tree across the right-hand road was sufficient to guide us into the road on the left, which was the proper one. Late that afternoon, a farmer passed with his wagon and threw this sapling across the other road. But small things impress themselves very vividly at such momentous times, and when we reached that point in our night march I thought at once that the tree had been moved. To leave no doubt on so vital a point, a member of my staff inquired at a near-by cabin, and we had our impressions confirmed by the old man who had come so near being the innocent cause of our taking the road away from the ford. On

such small things sometimes hangs the fate of great battles.

For nearly an hour we waited for the appointed time, resting near the bank of the river in the middle of which the Union vedettes sat upon their horses, wholly unconscious of the presence of the gray-jacketed foe, who from the ambush of night, like crouching lions from the jungle, were ready to spring upon them. The whole situation was unspeakably impressive. Everything conspired to make the conditions both thrilling and weird. The men were resting, lying in long lines on the thickly matted grass or reclining in groups, their hearts thumping, their ears eagerly listening for the orders: "Attention, men!" "Fall in !" "Forward !" At brief intervals members of the staff withdrew to a point where they could safely strike a match and examine watches in order to keep me advised of the time. In the still starlit night, the only sounds heard were the gentle rustle of leaves by the October wind, the low murmur of the Shenandoah flowing swiftly along its rocky bed and dashing against the limestone cliffs that bordered it, the churning of the water by the feet of horses on which sat Sheridan's faithful pickets, and the subdued tones or half-whispers of my men as they thoughtfully com-muned with each other as to the fate which might befall each in the next hour. <jg_338>

It was during this weird time of waiting that my comrade and friend, General Ramseur, had that wonderful presentiment of his coming fate. Before the battle ended, his premonition had been proved a literal prophecy, and his voice was silenced forever.

His mantle fell upon one worthy to wear it. General Bryan Grimes of North Carolina had already distinguished himself among the illustrious sons of a State prolific in a soldiery unsurpassed in any war, and his record as chief of this stalwart command added to his high reputation.

The minute-hand of the watch admonished us that it was time to move in order to reach Sheridan's flank at the hour agreed upon. General Payne of Virginia, one of the ablest and most knightly soldiers in the Confederate army, plunged with his intrepid cavalry into the river, and firing as they went upon Sheridan's mounted pickets and supporting squadrons, the Virginians dashed in pursuit as if in steeplechase with the Union riders, the coveted goal for both being the rear of Sheridan's army. The Federals sought it for safety. Payne was seeking it to spread confusion and panic in the Federal ranks and camps; and magnificently did he accomplish his purpose.

In my survey of the field from the mountain-top I had located Sheridan's headquarters; and this daring Virginian enthusiastically agreed to ride into the Union camps on the heels of the flying body of Federal cavalry, and, by sudden dash at headquarters, attempt to capture the commander-in-chief and bring him back as a cavalry trophy.

As soon as Payne had cleared the ford for the infantry, Evans, with his Virginians, North Carolinians, and Georgians, the old Stonewall Brigade leading, rushed into the cold current of the Shenandoah, chilled as it was by <jg_339>the October nights and frosts. The brave fellows did not hesitate for a moment. Reaching the eastern bank drenched and cold, they were ready for the "double quick," which warmed them up and brought them speedily to the left flank of Sheridan's sleeping army. From that eyry on the mountain-top I had selected a country road which led to the flank, and had located a white farm-house which stood on this road at a point precisely opposite the end of Sheridan's intrenchments. I knew, therefore, that when the head of my column reached that house we would be on the Union flank and slightly in the rear. No time, therefore, was lost in scouting or in locating lines. There was no need for either. There was not a moment's delay. Nothing was

needed except to close up, front face, and forward. This was accomplished by Evans with remarkable celerity. His splendid division, with Ramseur's farther to the right and Pegram's in support, rushed upon the unprepared and unsuspecting Federals, great numbers of whom were still asleep in their tents. Even those who had been aroused by Payne's sudden irruption in the rear, and had sprung to the defence of the breastworks, were thrown into the wildest confusion and terror by Ker-shaw's simultaneous assault in front. That admirable officer had more than filled his part in this game of battle. He had not only demonstrated against the centre while Evans was assailing flank and rear, but his high-spirited South Carolinians, like a resistless sea driven by the tempest, poured a steady stream of gray-jackets over the works and into the Union camp. The intrepid Wharton was soon across with his superb division, adding momentum to the jubilant Confederate host.

The surprise was complete. The victory was won in a space of time inconceivably short, and with a loss to the Confederates incredibly small. Sheridan's brave men had lain down in their tents on the preceding night <jg_340>feeling absolutely protected by his intrenchments and his faithful riflemen who stood on guard. They were startled in their dreams and aroused from their slumbers by the rolls of musketry in nearly every direction around them, and terrified by the whizzing of Minié balls through their tents and the yelling of exultant foemen in their very midst. They sprang from their beds to find Confederate bayonets at their breasts. Large numbers were captured. Many hundreds were shot down as they attempted to escape. Two entire corps, the Eighth and Nineteenth, constituting more than two thirds of Sheridan's army, broke and fled, leaving the ground covered with arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, and the dead bodies of their comrades. Across the open fields they swarmed in utter disorganization, heedless of their officers' commands—heedless of all things save getting to the rear. There was nothing else for them to do; for Sheridan's magnificent cavalry was in full retreat before Rosser's bold troopers, who were in position to sweep down upon the other Union flank and rear.

At little after sunrise we had captured nearly all of the Union artillery; we had scattered in veriest rout two thirds of the Union army; while less than one third of the Confederate forces had been under fire, and that third intact and jubilant. Only the Sixth Corps of Sheridan's entire force held its ground. It was on the right rear and had been held in reserve. It stood like a granite breakwater, built to beat back the oncoming flood; but it was also doomed unless some marvellous intervention should check the Confederate concentration which was forming against it. That intervention did occur, as will be seen; and it was a truly marvellous intervention, because it came from the Confederate commander himself. Sheridan's Sixth Corps was so situated after the other corps were dispersed that nothing could have saved it if the arrangement for its destruction had been carried <jg_341>out. It was at that hour largely outnumbered, and I had directed every Confederate command then subject to my orders to assail it in front and upon both flanks simultaneously. At the same time I had directed the brilliant chief of artillery, Colonel Thomas H. Carter of Virginia, who had no superior in ability and fighting qualities in that arm of the service in either army, to gallop along the broad highway with all his batteries and with every piece of captured artillery available, and to pour an incessant stream of shot and shell upon this solitary remaining corps, explaining to him at the same time the movements I had ordered the infantry to make. As Colonel Carter surveyed the position of Sheridan's Sixth Corps (it could not have been better placed for our purposes), he

exclaimed: "General, you will need no infantry. With enfilade fire from my batteries I will destroy that corps in twenty minutes."

At this moment General Early came upon the field, and said:

"Well, Gordon, this is glory enough for one day. This is the 19th. Precisely one month ago to-day we were going in the opposite direction."

His allusion was to our flight from Winchester on the 19th of September. I replied: "It is very well so far, general; but we have one more blow to strike, and then there will not be left an organized company of infantry in Sheridan's army."

I pointed to the Sixth Corps and explained the movements I had ordered, which I felt sure would compass the capture of that corps--certainly its destruction. When I had finished, he said: "No use in that; they will all go directly."

"That is the Sixth Corps, general. It will not go unless we drive it from the field."

"Yes, it will go too, directly."

My heart went into my boots. Visions of the fatal <jg_342>halt on the first day at Gettysburg, and of the whole day's hesitation to permit an assault on Grant's exposed flank on the 6th of May in the Wilderness, rose before me. And so it came to pass that the fatal halting, the hesitation, the spasmodic firing, and the isolated movements in the face of the sullen, slow, and orderly retreat of this superb Federal corps, lost us the great opportunity, and converted the brilliant victory of the morning into disastrous defeat in the evening.

Congress thanked General Sheridan and his men for having "averted a great disaster." By order of the President, he was made a major-general, because, as stated in the order, "under the blessing of Providence his routed army was reorganized and a great national disaster averted," etc. Medical Director Ghiselin, in his official report, says: "At dawn on the 19th of October the enemy attacked and turned the left flank of the army. Their attack was so sudden and unexpected that our troops were thrown into confusion, and it was not until we had fallen back four miles that another line of battle was established and confidence restored." In the itinerary of the Second Brigade (p. 74), dated October 19, are these words: "For a time the foe was held in check, but soon they had completely routed the Eighth and Nineteenth corps, and the Sixth Corps fell back." General Sheridan says in his report that he met these flying troops at nine o'clock in the morning within half a mile of Winchester. "Until the middle of the day the game was completely in the enemy's hands," is the Federal record of another itinerary (p. 82, Vol. XLIII). Impartial history must declare that, under these conditions, if one more heavy blow had been delivered with unhesitating energy, with Jacksonian confidence and vigor, and with the combined power of every heavy gun and every exultant soldier of Early's army, the battle would have ended in one of the most complete and inexpensive victories <jg_343>ever won in war. The now established facts warrant this assertion. Although Sheridan's army at the beginning of the battle outnumbered Early's, according to official reports, nearly or quite three to one,(1) yet the complete surprise of our sudden attack at dawn upon flank and rear had placed the brave men in blue at such disadvantage that more than two thirds of them were compelled to fly or be captured. Thus before eight o'clock in the morning the Confederate infantry outnumbered the organized Federal forces in our front. At this hour the one army was aroused and electrified by victory, while all that remained of the other was necessarily dismayed by the most adverse conditions, especially by the panic that had seized and shaken to pieces the Eighth and Nineteenth corps.

The brave and steady Sixth Corps could not possibly have escaped had the proposed concentration upon it

(1) General Early's army was scarcely 12,000 strong. On October 25 General Sheridan telegraphed General Grant from Cedar Creek: "We are now reduced to effective force of not over 22,000 infantry." Add to this his heavy force of cavalry, his artillery, his killed and wounded at Cedar Creek, and the 1300 prisoners, and it becomes evident that his army at the beginning of the battle of the 19th was not less than 35,000.

The official returns regarding the Valley campaign are very meagre, and the computation of the strength of the respective armies made by writers on the war are indefinite and unsatisfactory.

Sheridan's official return of September 10, 1864, shows his effective force as 45,487 (Official Records, XLIII, Part I, p. 61); "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" states that of these about 43,000 were available for active field duty.

Estimates of Early's army at Winchester:

"Battles and Leaders" states that monthly returns for August 31 (exclusive of Kershaw's troops, who were not engaged) show an effective force of infantry and artillery of 10,646. To this are added 1200 cavalry under Fitz Lee and 1700 under Lomax, making a total of 13,288. The figures given for cavalry under Lee and Lomax were given the editors by General Early in a letter, so they may not be disputed. Early claims, however, that the figures for infantry and artillery are placed too high that between August 31 and September 19 his losses were considerable, and that at Winchester he had only 8500 muskets.

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and around it been permitted. Within twenty minutes that isolated command would have had Carter's thirty or forty guns hurling their whizzing shells and solid shot, like so many shivering lightning-bolts, through its entire lines. Within thirty minutes the yelling Confederate infantry would have been rushing resistlessly upon its flanks and front and rear. No troops on earth could have withstood such unprecedented disadvantages, such a combination of death-dealing agencies.

But the concentration was stopped; the blow was not delivered. We halted, we hesitated, we dallied, firing a few shots here, attacking with a brigade or a division there, and before such feeble assaults the superb Union corps retired at intervals and by short stages. We waited--for what? It is claimed by the Confederate commander that we were threatened with cavalry on our right, whereas General L. L. Lomax of the Confederate cavalry, who combined the high qualities of great courage and wise caution, was on that flank and had already advanced to a point within a few miles of Winchester. It is also true that the Federal reports show that Union cavalry was sent to that flank to prevent our turning Sheridan's left, and was sent back to Sheridan's right when it was discovered that there was no danger of serious assault by Early's army. We waited -- waited for weary hours; waited till those stirring, driving, and able Federal leaders, Wright, Crook, and Getty, could gather again their shattered fragments; waited till the routed men in blue found that no foe was pursuing them and until they had time to recover their normal composure and courage; waited till Confederate officers lost hope and the fires had gone out in the hearts of the privates, who for hours had been asking, "What is the matter ! Why don't we go forward ?"-waited for Sheridan to make his ride, rally and bring back his routed army, mass it upon our left flank in <jg_345>broad daylight and assail us, and thus rout our whole army just as, eight hours before, we had under cover of darkness massed upon and assailed his left flank and routed two thirds of his army.

General Sheridan had not slept on the field the preceding night. He was absent --had gone, I believe, to Washington; and if Payne had succeeded in capturing the commanding

Union general, as he came near doing, he would have discovered that he had not secured the man he wanted. Sheridan, however, was on his way back to the front. At Winchester he heard the distant thunder as it rolled down the Valley from Cedar Creek. The western wind brought to his ears what Patrick Henry called "the clash of resounding arms"; and he started in the direction from which came the roar of the storm. As he rode up the historic pike he met his broken and scattered corps, flying in dismay from an army which was not pursuing them, running pell-mell to the rear from the same foe which, just one month before, they had pursued in the opposite direction and over the same ground.

The Federal General Wright, to whom tardy justice --if justice at all--has been done (and who suffered the same defeat from our flank movement which would have overtaken General Sheridan had he been there), had done all that any officer could do to stem the resistless Confederate rush in the early morning. This gallant Union officer had already begun to rally his scattered forces to the support of the Sixth Corps, before whose front we had strangely dallied for six precious hours. In paying this altogether insufficient tribute to General Wright, whose valor and skill had been manifested in many battles, in no sense do I disparage the achievement of Philip Sheridan. He deserved much, and richly did his grateful countrymen reward him. His energy and dash were equal to the demands upon them. His was a <jg_346>clear case of *veni, vidi, vici*. He halted and rallied and enthused his panic-stricken men. While we waited he reorganized his dismembered regiments, brigades, and divisions, and turned them back toward the lines from which they had fled in veriest panic.

His movements were seen by the clear eyes of the vigilant Confederate Signal Corps from their lofty perch on Massanutten Mountain. Their flags at once waved left and right and front, signalling to us the news, "The Yankees are halting and reforming." Next, "They are moving back, some on the main pike and some on other roads." Next, "The enemy's cavalry has checked Ros-ser's pursuit and assumed the offensive."

Rosser was greatly outnumbered by Sheridan's cavalry, which, supported as it now was by two corps of rallied infantry, drove, in turn, these sturdy Confederate horsemen to the rear. They contested, however, every foot of advance, and joined our Signal Corps in sending information of the heavy column approaching.

The flag signals from the mountain and the messages from Rosser became more intense in their warning and more frequent as the hours passed. Sheridan's marchers were coming closer and massing in heavy column on the left, while his cavalry were gathering on our flank and rear; but the commander of the Confederate forces evidently did not share in the apprehension manifested by the warning signals as to the danger which immediately threatened us.

When the battle began in the morning my command was on the Confederate right; but at the end of the morning's fight, when the fatal halt was called, my immediate division was on the Confederate left. General Early in his report, now published, states that I had gotten on the left with my division. He did not seem to understand how we reached the left, when we were on the right at the opening of the morning fight. Had <jg_347>General Early been there when our ringing rifles were sounding a reveille to Sheridan's sleeping braves, had he seen Evans and Kershaw as I saw them, sweeping with the scattering fury of a whirlwind down the Union intrenchments, and following the flying Federals far beyond our extreme left, he would have known exactly how we got there. From the Confederate right to the Confederate left we had passed in swift pursuit of

the routed enemy. Across the whole length of the Confederate front these divisions had swept, trying to catch Sheridan's panic-stricken men, and they did catch a great many of them.

When the long hours of dallying with the Sixth [Union] Corps had passed, and our afternoon alignment was made, there was a long gap, with scarcely a vedette to guard it between my right and the main Confederate line. The flapping flags from the mountain and the messages from Rosser were burdened with warnings that the rallied Union infantry and heavy bodies of cavalry were already in front of the gap and threatening both flank and rear. With that fearful gap in the line, and the appalling conditions which our long delay had invited, every Confederate commander of our left wing foresaw the crash which speedily came. One after another of my staff was directed to ride with all speed to General Early and apprise him of the hazardous situation. Receiving no satisfactory answer, I myself finally rode to headquarters to urge that he reënforce the left and fill the gap, which would prove a veritable death-trap if left open many minutes longer; or else that he concentrate his entire force for desperate defence or immediate withdrawal. He instructed me to stretch out the already weak lines and take a battery of guns to the left. I rode back at a furious gallop to execute these most unpromising movements. It was too late. The last chance had passed of saving the army from the <jg_348>doom which had been threatened for hours. Major Kirkpatrick had started with his guns, rushing across the plain to the crumbling Confederate lines like fire-engines tearing through streets in the vain effort to save a building already wrapped in flames and tumbling to the ground. I reached my command only in time to find the unresisted columns of Sheridan rushing through this gap, and, worse still, to find Clement A. Evans, whom I left in command, almost completely surrounded by literally overwhelming numbers; but he was handling the men with great skill, and fighting in almost every direction with characteristic coolness. It required counter-charges of the most daring character to prevent the utter destruction of the command and effect its withdrawal. At the same instant additional Union forces, which had penetrated through the vacant space, were assailing our main line on the flank and rolling it up like a scroll. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, in rapid succession was crushed, and, like hard clods of clay under a pelting rain, the superb commands crumbled to pieces. The sun was sinking, but the spasmodic battle still raged. Wrapped in clouds of smoke and gathering darkness, the overpowered Confederates stubbornly yielded before the advancing Federals.

There was no yelling on the one side, nor huzzahs on the other. The gleaming blazes from hot muzzles made the murky twilight lurid. The line of light from Confederate guns grew shorter and resistance fainter. The steady roll of musketry, punctuated now and then by peals of thunder from retreating or advancing batteries, suddenly ceased; and resistance ended as the last organized regiment of Early's literally overwhelmed army broke and fled in the darkness. As the tumult of battle died away, there came from the north side of the plain a dull, heavy swelling sound like the roaring of a distant cyclone, the omen of additional disaster. It was <jg_349>unmistakable. Sheridan's horsemen were riding furiously across the open fields of grass to intercept the Confederates before they crossed Cedar Creek. Many were cut off and captured. As the sullen roar from horses' hoofs beating the soft turf of the plain told of the near approach of the cavalry, all effort at orderly retreat was abandoned. The only possibility of saving the rear regiments was in unrestrained flight--every man for himself. Mounted officers gathered here and there

squads of brave men who poured volleys into the advancing lines of blue; but it was too late to make effective resistance.

In the dim starlight, after crossing the creek, I gathered around me a small force representing nearly every command in Early's army, intending to check, if possible, the further pursuit, or at least to delay it long enough to enable the shattered and rapidly retreating fragments to escape. The brave fellows responded to my call and formed a line across the pike. The effort was utterly fruitless, however, and resulted only in hair-breadth escapes and unexampled experiences.

It has never been settled whether, in escaping from the British dragoons under Tryon, General Israel Putnam rode or rolled or slid down the precipice at Horse Neck in 1779; but whichever method of escape he adopted, I can "go him two better," as the sportsmen say, for I did all three at Cedar Creek, eighty-five years later, in escaping from American dragoons under Philip Sheridan. At the point where I attempted to make a stand at night, the pike ran immediately on the edge of one of those abrupt and rugged limestone cliffs down which it was supposed not even a rabbit could plunge without breaking his neck; and I proved it to be nearly true. One end of my short line of gray-jackets rested on the pike at this forbidding precipice. I had scarcely gotten my men in position when I discovered that Sheridan's dragoons <jg_350>had crossed the creek higher up, and that I was surrounded by them on three sides, while on the other was this breakneck escarpment. These enterprising horsemen in search of their game had located my little band, and at the sound of the bugle they came in headlong charge. Only one volley from my men and the Federal cavalry were upon them. Realizing that our capture was imminent, I shouted to my men to escape, if possible, in the darkness. One minute more and I should have had a Yankee carbine at my head, inviting my surrender. The alternatives were the precipice or Yankee prison. There was no time to debate the question, not a moment. Wheeling my horse to the dismal brink, I drove my spurs into his flanks, and he plunged downward and tumbled headlong in one direction, sending me in another. How I reached the bottom of that abyss I shall never know; for I was rendered temporarily unconscious. Strangely enough, I was only stunned, and in no way seriously hurt. My horse, too, though bruised, was not disabled. For a moment I thought he was dead, for he lay motionless and prone at full length. However, he promptly responded to my call and rose to his feet; and although the bare places on his head and hips showed that he had been hurt, he was ready without a groan to bear me again in any direction I might wish to go. The question was, which way to go. I was alone in that dark wooded glen--that is, my faithful horse was the only comrade and friend near enough to aid me. I was safe enough from discovery, although so near the pike that the rumble of wheels and even the orders of the Union officers were at times quite audible. It was, perhaps, an hour or more after nightfall, and yet the vanguard of Sheridan's army had not halted. Considerable numbers of them were now between me and the retreating Confederates. The greater part of the country on each side of the pike, however, was open, and I was <jg_351>fairly familiar with it all. There was no serious difficulty, therefore, in passing around the Union forces, who soon went into camp for the night. Lonely, thoughtful, and sad,--sadder and more thoughtful, if possible, on this nineteenth night of October than on the corresponding night of the previous month at Winchester,--I rode through open fields, now and then finding squads of Confederates avoiding the pike to escape capture, and occasionally a solitary soldier as lonely, if not as sad and thoughtful, as I.

Thus ended the day which had witnessed a most brilliant victory converted into one of the most complete and ruinous routs of the entire war. It makes one dizzy to think of such a headlong descent from the Elysium of triumph to the Erebus of complete collapse.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXV--The Fatal Halt At Cedar Creek

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Analysis of the great mistake--Marshalling of testimony--Documentary proof of the error-- Early's "glory enough for one day" theory --What eye-witnesses say--The defence of the Confederate soldier--A complete vindication.

THE sun in his circuit shines on few lovelier landscapes than that of Cedar Creek in the Valley of Virginia, which was the wrestling-ground of the two armies on October 19, 1864; and no day in the great war's calendar, nor in the chronicles of any other war, so far as my knowledge extends, was filled with such great surprises--so much of the unexpected to both armies. Other days during our war witnessed a brilliant triumph or a crushing defeat for the one army or the other; but no other single day saw each of the contending armies victorious and vanquished on the same field and between the rising and setting of the same sun. This nineteenth day of October, therefore, is, I believe, the most unique day in the annals of war. It was Derby day for fleet-footed racers on both sides; and the combined experiences of the two combatants during this single day constitute the very climax of battle-born antitheses.

Thomas G. Jones, since governor of Alabama and now judge of the United States Court, was then an aide on my staff, and sat on his horse at my side when General Early <jg_353>announced that we had had "glory enough for one day." Boy soldier as he was then, he felt and expressed serious forebodings of the disaster which was to follow in the wake of our great victory.

It was the anniversary of Yorktown and of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington, which virtually ended the struggle of our fathers for liberty. After General Early consented to adopt the plan which had been submitted and urged, members of my staff and others, reposing implicit faith in the fulfilment of my predictions of a crushing defeat to Sheridan's army, confidently anticipated that the next morning--October 19, 1864 -- would witness for the Confederates, who were fighting for Southern independence, a victory almost as signal as that won October 19, 1781, by the Rebels of the Revolution, who were fighting for American independence. It is true that the conditions surrounding the Confederate cause in the autumn of 1864 were far more desperate than those around the American Revolutionists in the autumn of 1781. There were, however, in our calculations, elements which still inspired hope. If General Sheridan's army could be crushed and large numbers captured, if it could be even disorganized and dispersed, new life and vigor would be given to the still defiant Confederacy. If the victory of the coming morning, which seemed assured, should be followed by incessant blows and pressing pursuit, it would open the way to Washington, expose Northern States to immediate invasion, magnify to Northern apprehension the numbers and effectiveness of Early's army, compel General Grant to send a larger force than Sheridan's to meet us, enable General Lee at Petersburg to assume the offensive and possibly arouse a strong peace sentiment among the Northern masses. The complete surprise of the Union army, and the resistless Confederate charges at dawn in flank, front, and rear, vindicated the confident <jg_354>predictions of victory. The disastrous Confederate defeat in the evening made clear the mistake of hesitating and halting which were a fatal abandonment of an essential part of the plan.

The story is short and simple, but sombre to the last degree. To briefly recapitulate, orders from headquarters put an end in the early morning to concentration and energetic pursuit, and, therefore, to all hope of completing the great victory by capturing or crushing the last intervening line in blue between us and the Potomac. General Cullen A. Battle of Alabama was severely wounded while leading his men with characteristic dash and enthusiasm; but his brigade, one of the smallest, and also one of the pluckiest, charged a battery supported by the Sixth Corps,-- the only one left,-- and captured in open field six additional pieces of artillery.⁽¹⁾ What would have been the inevitable result of the concentrated enfilade fire from all of Carter's guns tearing through the whole length of that line, while the entire army of Confederate infantry assailed it in front, flank, and rear ?

History (so called) does not always give a true diagnosis of the cases it deals with and attempts to analyze. It will be a long time, I fear, before all the records of the great fight between the States will tell, like sworn witnesses in the courts, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

I am writing reminiscences; but if they are to be of any value they must also stand the test applied to witnesses in courts of justice. The unexpected and unexplained absence of my official report of Cedar Creek from the list of those published with General Early's in the War Records makes clear my duty to record in these <jg_355>reminiscences some statements which appear to me essential to the truth of history.

Captain Jed Hotchkiss, of General Early's staff, has fortunately left a Journal in which he recorded events as they occurred day by day. In that Journal, which has been published by the Government among official papers in the records of the "War of the Rebellion" (First Series, Vol. XLIII, Part I, pp. 567-588), Captain Hotchkiss made at the time this memorandum: "Saturday, October 29th A contention between Generals Gordon and Early about the battle of Cedar Creek," etc.

There were a number of strongly controverted points between us; but the only one in which the whole country is concerned, involving as it does the character of Southern soldiery, the only one which I feel compelled to notice in this book, is the question as to the responsibility for the disaster at Cedar Creek after the signal victory had been won. Two reasons have been given for this revulsion, and both have evoked no little discussion. If General Sheridan and his friends had been consulted, they doubtless would have added a third, namely, his arrival on the field. This, however, was not considered by General Early and myself, and it did not disturb the harmony of our counsels. We had widely differing explanations for the disaster, but neither of us suggested General Sheridan's arrival as the cause. General Early insisted, and so stated in his now published report, that the "bad conduct" of his own men caused the astounding disaster; while I was convinced that it was due solely to the unfortunate halting and delay after the morning victory. I insisted then, and still insist, that our men deserved only unstinted praise. I believed then, and I believe now, that neither General Sheridan nor any other commander could have prevented the complete destruction of his infantry if in the early hours of the morning we had concentrated our fire <jg_356>and assaults upon his only remaining corps. The situation was this: two thirds of Sheridan's army had been shivered by blows delivered in flank and rear. If, therefore, Early's entire army, triumphant, unhurt, and exhilarated, had been instantly hurled against that solitary corps in accordance with the general plan of the battle, it is certain that there would not have been left in it an organized company; and

many hours before General Sheridan made his ride, the last nucleus around which he could possibly have rallied his shattered and flying forces would have been destroyed.

If my official report of the battle of Cedar Creek had been published with General Early's, it would perhaps not be necessary for me to speak of the "contention" mentioned by Captain Hotchkiss in his Journal, which I have recently seen for the first time. Justice to others, however, to the living and the dead, demands that I now make record in this book of some facts connected with that "contention," and that I send to posterity this record in connection with his report.

Thousands of living men and hundreds of thousands of their descendants, and of the descendants of those who fell heroically fighting under the Southern flag, have a profound, a measureless interest in the final settlement of that controverted point of which I am now to speak from personal knowledge, and from the testimony of scores of witnesses who participated in the battle and whose military acumen and experience give special weight to their words.

It is due to General Early to say that his physical strength was not sufficient to enable him to ascend Massanutten Mountain and survey the field from that lofty peak. He had not, therefore, the opportunity to take in the tremendous possibilities which that view revealed. He had not been permitted to stand upon that summit and trace with his own eye <jg_357>the inviting lines for the Confederate night march; to see for himself, in the conditions immediately before him, the sure prophecy of Confederate victory, and to have his brain set on fire by clearly perceiving that the movement, if adopted and executed with vigor and pressed to the end, must inevitably result in bringing to Sheridan's army, in quick succession, complete surprise, universal dismay, boundless panic, and finally rout, capture, or annihilation. Again, General Early was not on that portion of the field which was struck by the Confederate cyclone at dawn; nor did he witness its destructive sweep through Sheridan's camps and along his breastworks, leaving in its wide track not a Federal soldier with arms in his hands. Major Hunter, my chief of staff, rode back to meet General Early, with instructions to give him my compliments and inform him that two thirds of Sheridan's army were routed and nearly all his artillery captured, while our troops had suffered no serious loss. The Confederate commander was naturally elated, and felt that we had had "glory enough for one day." He, therefore, halted. The pressing question is, Was that halt fatal? Was it responsible for the afternoon disaster, or was the "bad conduct" of the men responsible? This question was the cause of the "contention" of which Captain Hotchkiss made record, and which, in view of the absence of my report from the published records, and under the inexorable demands of duty to living and dead comrades, I am bound to answer in perfect fairness but also with truth and candor.

General Sheridan, in his official report of Cedar Creek,⁽¹⁾ speaking of the "heavy turning column" (my command) which crossed the river at Bowman's Ford, describes the assault as "striking Crook, who held the left of our line in flank and rear, so unexpectedly and forcibly as <jg_358>to drive in his outposts, invade his camp, and turn his position This was followed by a direct attack upon our front [this was Kershaw's assault], and the result was that the whole army was driven back in confusion to a point about one mile and a half north of Middletown, a very large portion of the infantry not even preserving a company organization." He adds that about nine o'clock, "on reaching Mill Creek, half a mile south of Winchester, the head of the fugitives appeared in sight, trains and men coming to the rear with appalling rapidity." He left officers to do what they could "in

stemming the torrent of fugitives." This frank statement of General Sheridan makes plain the truth that the exultant Confederates were halted at the time when the "whole army [Union] had been driven back in confusion," when there was not left in a large portion of Union infantry "a company organization," and when "the torrent of fugitives" had gone to the rear with such "appalling rapidity" as to have reached Mill Creek, eight or ten miles away, by nine o'clock in the morning. I submit that I might rest the whole of my "contention" on these remarkable admissions of General Sheridan as to the condition of his army when the fatal Confederate halt was ordered.

General Sheridan also states that the attack in flank and rear, which was made by my troops, was followed by one in front. This latter was promptly and superbly made by Kershaw. General Sheridan's statement clearly shows that the assault of my command preceded, but was promptly followed by, Kershaw's. Captain Hotchkiss of General Early's staff records in his Journal, penned at the time, precisely the same facts (Vol. XLIII, p. 581). These Official Records from both sides render it unnecessary for me to make any reply whatever to General Early's intimation in his report that I was a little late in making my attack at Cedar Creek. A vast array of testimony <jg_359>(Federal and Confederate) is at hand showing conclusively that General Early was mistaken in supposing that my command was late on that October morning.

Colonel Thomas H. Carter, General Early's chief of artillery on this field, and now the honored proctor of the University of Virginia, writes me from the university: "I confirm with emphasis your opinion that General Early made a fatal mistake in stopping the pursuit of the enemy, with the Sixth Corps retiring before artillery alone and the other two corps in full and disorganized flight at nine o'clock in the morning. Captain Southall's letter will show plainly my views as expressed to General Early in his presence."

Captain S. V. Southall, now of Charlottesville, Virginia, in the letter to which Colonel Carter refers, in speaking of General Early at the moment he received the news of the morning victory, says: "His face became radiant with joy, and in his gladness he exclaimed, 'The sun of Middletown! The sun of Middletown!'" The last of Sheridan's army in its retreat had then reached the borders of Middletown. Captain Southall then reminds Colonel Carter of his suggesting to General Early the propriety of advancing, and says: "Your suggestion looking to the completion of our victory was ignored. Things remained in this way for hours, during which time Sheridan returned." Colonel Carter, in his own letter on that point, says: "At a later interview with General Early, I explained that the troops were eager to go ahead, and I had been questioned all along the line to know the cause of the delay Of course, Sheridan, finding his cavalry corps intact and equal in number to our army, and the Sixth Corps unbroken, though demoralized, was right to assume the offensive, and his ride on the black horse will go down in history and romance as a tribute to his military fame. Nevertheless, <jg_360>if we had done our proper part in pursuit, his arrival would have accomplished nothing. Every practical fighting man in our war knows that troops scattered and panic-stricken cannot be rallied in the face of hot and vigorous pursuit."

Major R. W. Hunter, who was all day actively participating in the battle, speaking of the destruction of two thirds of the Union army by that flank and rear attack, says in his written statement of facts: "Neither the famous Macedonian phalanx, nor Caesar's Tenth Legion, nor the Old Guard of Napoleon, nor Wellington's hollow squares, which saved him at Waterloo, nor any possible organization of troops, could have withstood the

combined assault of infantry, artillery, and cavalry that it was in our power to have made upon the Sixth Corps on that eventful morning after the complete rout of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps. Why was not that concentrated assault made !"

Shortly after the battle of Cedar Creek the newspapers were filled with descriptions of the morning victory and evening rout. That "contention" between General Early and myself was inaugurated by his intimation, in the presence of other officers, that I had inspired some of those accounts. Notwithstanding my appreciation of General Early's high qualities, and in spite of the official courtesy due him as my superior officer (which, I believe, was never ignored), I could not do less than indignantly resent the injustice of such an intimation. At the same time, my sense of duty to the army and regard for truth compelled me candidly to say, and I did say, that the facts had been truly stated as to our unfortunate halt and fatal delay.

General Clement A. Evans, whose superb record as a soldier and exalted character as a man and minister of the gospel entitle any statement from him to unquestioning belief, was a division commander in the moving <jg_361>attack which swept away Sheridan's two corps. General Evans is now at the head of the Board of Pardons of the State of Georgia, and, learning that I was writing of Cedar Creek, sent me a strong letter, from which I make a brief quotation. His statements fully corroborate those made at the time in the newspaper reports. For reasons which will be readily understood, I omit from the quotation the words used by General Evans as to the credit for the morning victory and the responsibility for the evening disaster, and give only this concluding clause: "And the Cedar Creek disaster was caused by the halt which you did not order and which I know you opposed."

General Thomas L. Rosser, who commanded the Confederate cavalry on the field, says: "The sun never rose on a more glorious victory and never set on a more inglorious defeat. Had . . . the fight continued . . . as it was so gloriously begun, Sheridan's ride of twenty miles away would never have been sung," etc.

General Gabriel C. Wharton, now of Radford, Virginia, who commanded a division of General Early's army at Cedar Creek, speaking of some movements by our troops just after the rout of Sheridan's two corps, says: "I supposed we were arranging for a general movement to the front, and expected every minute orders to advance; but no orders came, and there we stood--no enemy in our front for hours, except some troops moving about in the woodland on a hill nearly a mile in our front." He adds: "I have never been able to understand why General Early did not advance, or why he remained in line for four or five hours after the brilliant victory of the morning."

Captain Hotchkiss, in his contribution to the recently published "Confederate Military History" (Vol. III, p. 509), after paying to his old chief, General Early, the compliments which he richly deserved as an "able <jg_362>strategist, most skilful commander, and one of the bravest of the brave," nevertheless characterizes the fatal halt at Cedar Creek as "this inexcusable delay."

I also present another item of testimony, which was given under most interesting circumstances. During the winter which followed this battle there occurred, in connection with this Valley campaign, one of the most thrilling incidents of the entire war. It exhibited as much daring and dash as the famous scouting expedition of the brave Federal squad who came into Georgia and scouted in rear of our army, and then, seizing an engine on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, fled upon it back toward Chattanooga and the

Union lines. The daring adventure of which I now speak was, however, far more successful than this bold scouting in Georgia. While northern Virginia and Maryland were in the icy embrace of midwinter, a small squad of plucky Confederates from Captain McNeill's Partisan Rangers rode at night into Cumberland, Maryland, where 5000 armed men of the Union army were stationed. These audacious young Confederates eluded the Union guards, located the headquarters of Major-Generals Crook and Kelley, captured them in their beds, and brought them, as prisoners of war mounted on their own horses, safely into Confederate lines. General Crook was the distinguished commander of the Union troops whose flank and rear my command had struck at dawn on Cedar Creek. When he was brought to headquarters as prisoner, General Early interviewed him in reference to that battle. Captain Hotchkiss states that in the interview General Crook represented the Sixth Corps, on the morning of the 19th of October at Cedar Creek, as almost as "badly damaged" as the other corps, and in no condition to resist attack.(1)

It will not surprise the thoughtful student of this <jg_363>marvellous battle to know that General Early himself realized later the fatal mistake of the halt at Cedar Creek, and gave an indicative caution to his faithful staff officer, who was leaving with a sketch of Cedar Creek for General Lee. Captain Hotchkiss says: "General Early told me not to tell General Lee that we ought to have advanced in the morning at Middletown, for, said he, 'we ought to have done so.'"(1)

Anything more on this point would be superfluous. I should not have felt it necessary to produce these proofs as to the responsibility of the halting and delay but for the fact that they bear directly and cogently upon the other infinitely more important inquiry, "Was the 'bad conduct' of the troops wholly or partially, directly or remotely, responsible for that evening disaster?" Posterity may not trouble itself much about the halting and hesitation at Cedar Creek; but posterity--undoubt-edly Confederate posterity--will be profoundly interested in this inquiry: "Did Confederate officers and men abandon their posts of duty and danger to plunder the captured camps and thus convert one of the most brilliant of victories into a most disastrous defeat and utter rout?"

This charge so directly, so vitally concerns the reputation, the honor, the character of Southern soldiers (it concerns all American soldiers, for these men were Americans of purest blood) as to demand the most exhaustive examination. Let the fiercest search-light of historical scrutiny be turned upon those men. Let the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth go to posterity. With the purpose of contributing to this end, I shall incorporate, not in foot-notes but in the body of this chapter, all the important and trustworthy evidence at my command bearing upon this question, <jg_364>which is the gravest that has ever been asked or could be asked concerning Confederate soldiers. I shall give proofs which cannot be called in question, in extracts from the official reports and written statements of all the prominent Confederate actors in that battle, so far as I can possibly procure them.

To begin with, I quote fully and carefully from General Early's reports to General Lee, which I did not see until they were published by the Government in the records of the "War of the Rebellion." In his despatch, dated October 20, 1864, speaking of his troops, General Early says: "But for their bad conduct I should have defeated Sheridan's whole force."(1) In his more formal report of October 21st, speaking of an order said to have been sent to Kershaw and Gordon to advance, he says: "They stated in reply that . . . their ranks were so depleted by the number of men who had stopped in the camps to plunder

that they could not advance." (2) In the same report on the same page, he says: "So many of our men had stopped in camp to plunder (in which I am sorry to say that officers participated)," etc. Again, in another connection, he says: "We had within our grasp a glorious victory, and lost it by the uncontrollable propensity to plunder, in the first place, and the subsequent panic, . . . which was without sufficient cause," etc. In another connection, speaking of the efforts to guard against plundering, he says: "The truth is, we have few field and company officers worth anything," etc. Before closing his report he again says: "But the victory already gained was lost by the subsequent bad conduct of the troops."

Before introducing the array of witnesses and the incontrovertible facts which overwhelmingly vindicate these chivalrous and self-sacrificing men, I wish to say, <jg_365>as a matter of simple justice to General Early, that he was misled. His place was at the front, and after he came upon the field he was there- as he always was, when duty called him. No soldier or citizen was braver or more loyally devoted to our cause than Jubal A. Early; but, as General Lee once said of another, he was "very pertinacious of his opinions," and when once formed he rarely abandoned them. He fought against secession and for the Union until it was broken. He tied his faith to the Confederacy and fought for that while it lived, and he did not abandon its cause until both the Confederacy and himself were dead. He had been led to believe that his men at Cedar Creek had left their places in line to gather the tempting débris from the Federal wreck, and he steadfastly stood by this statement. Little wonder, then, that there should be the "contention" which Captain Hotchkiss has noted.

General Kershaw is dead, but were he living he would unite with me, as shown by the reports of his officers, in the statement that no such order ever reached us as the one which General Early sent. No reply was ever returned by General Kershaw or myself to the effect that we could not advance. The truth is we were not only urgently anxious to advance, but were astounded at any halt whatever. Our troops were not absent. They were there in line, eager to advance, as will appear from the unanswerable proofs submitted. General Evans, who commanded my division while I commanded the Second Corps in the morning victory, says: "When you congratulated me on the field immediately after our great victory . . . I was so impressed by your remarks as to be convinced that we would at once pursue our advantage I had small details sent over the ground we had traversed in order to bring up every man who had fallen out for any cause except for wounds

When the attack [afternoon] came from the enemy my <jg_366>command was not straggling and plundering I wish I could see my men fully vindicated as to their conduct in this battle."

General Cullen A. Battle says: "I saw no plundering at Cedar Creek, not even a straggler. My troops were in the best possible condition." In another statement he says: "I never saw troops behave better than ours did at Cedar Creek."

Major-General Wharton, who was in the best possible position to know if there was any straggling or plundering, uses these words: "The report of the soldiers straggling and pillaging the enemy's camps is not correct. . . . I had a pretty fair view of a large part of the field over which you had driven the enemy. It is true that there were parties passing over the field and perhaps pillaging, but most of them were citizens, teamsters and persons attached to the quartermaster's and other departments, and perhaps a few soldiers who had taken the wounded to the rear. No, general; the disaster was not due to the

soldiers leaving their commands and pillaging."

Of all the reports of Cedar Creek which have been published in the War Records, not one except General Early's alone remotely hints at plundering as the cause of that unprecedented revulsion after the morning victory. Only two of those reports refer to the matter in any way whatever, and in both the language completely exonerates these devoted men. General Bryan Grimes, who was promoted to command of Ramseur's division, says: "Up to the hour of 4 P.M. the troops of this division, both officers and men, with a few exceptions, behaved most admirably and were kept well in hand, but little plundering and only a few shirking duty." He adds: "Major Whiting, inspector, rendered signal service by preventing all straggling and plundering."(1) <jg_367>

John R. Winston, in his report (same vol., p. 608), says: "The men went through a camp just as it was deserted, with hats, boots, blankets, tents, and such things as tempt our soldiers scattered over it, and after diligent inquiry I heard of but one man who even stopped to pick up a thing. He got a hat, and has charges preferred against him." He refers with pride to the "splendid conduct of these troops," etc.

That gallant soldier J. M. Goggin, who commanded Conner's brigade of Kershaw's division, in his official report, says: "Up to this time" [the afternoon assault by Sheridan] "both men and officers had obeyed with commendable cheerfulness and alacrity all orders given them I cannot forbear giving both officers and men that praise which is so justly their due for the noble display of all the admirable and true qualities of the soldier up to the time the retreat was ordered; and no one who witnessed the advance of the brigade that day against different positions of the enemy will hesitate to bestow upon it their [his] unqualified admiration" (p. 594).

While almost any one of these pointed and just testimonials would be a sufficient vindication of these self-immolating veterans, yet I must introduce here the most comprehensive statement of all. It was written by the Rev. A. C. Hopkins, now pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Charlestown, West Virginia. He was, during the war, one of the leading Confederate chaplains. In the different battles he was present, mingling with the soldiers, caring for the wounded, and doing admirable service in encouraging the men who were on the fighting-line. No dangers deterred him; no sacrifices were too great for him to make. Dr. Hopkins was one of those sterling characters who esteemed honor and truth as of far greater value than life itself. In the carefully prepared statement which he wrote of Cedar Creek, <jg_368>he says: "The writer was a 'free-lance' that day, and all over the field from rear to front, from the time Gordon struck Crook's lines at daybreak till the afternoon. He was sometimes with our lines and sometimes with the wounded, over the field and through the Yankee camps It is true that many men straggled and plundered; but they were men who in large numbers had been wounded in the summer's campaign, who had come up to the army for medical examination, and who came like a division down the pike behind Wharton, and soon scattered over the field and camps and helped themselves. They were soldiers more or less disabled, and not on duty. This body I myself saw as they came on the battle-field and scattered. They were not men with guns. But there can be no doubt that General Early mistook them for men who had fallen out of ranks." In speaking of that "contention" between General Early and myself which was evoked by this serious misapprehension as to the "bad conduct" of our brave men, Dr. Hopkins says: "Nearly all the inspectors who sent reports for 19th October to General Gordon either gave the numbers of men carried up to the lines during the day or

vindicated their commands from General Early's imputation. And these inspectors' reports were consolidated at General Gordon's headquarters and the substance forwarded in his report to General Early. Unfortunately, no inspectors' reports appear among the published records, and they [the records] contain not one word from General Gordon on this battle."

It seems to me unnecessary to lengthen this chapter by additional evidence or by any argument. The proofs already adduced compass the irrefutable vindication of the winners of the morning victory at Cedar Creek. Many of the dead commanders left on record their testimony; and it is true, I think, that every living Confederate <jg_369>officer who commanded at Cedar Creek a corps, or division, or brigade, or regiment, or company, would testify that his men fought with unabated ardor, and did not abandon their places in line to plunder the captured camps. It is truly marvellous, therefore, that the statement that their "bad conduct" caused the disastrous reverse has gone into books and is treated as history in all sections of the country. Even ex-President Jefferson Davis, the last man on earth who would knowingly do Confederate soldiers an injustice, was totally misled by General Early's statement.

If my official report of the battle of Cedar Creek had been forwarded to General Lee and published in the War Records, I might be pardoned by my comrades and their children if I did not write as I am now writing in vindication of the men who fought so superbly and exhibited such marked self-denial in that most unique of battles. Not for my sake, but for theirs, I deeply regret the absence of my report from those records. It is only since this book was begun that my attention was called to this fact. It would seem that my report never reached General Lee. Otherwise it would have been among his papers, and assuredly have found its place in the volumes issued by the Government. General Lee, however, did not agree with his lieutenant commanding in the Valley as to the kind of metal these men were made of. On September 27th he wrote General Early: "I have such confidence in the men and officers that I am sure all will unite in defence of the country."⁽¹⁾ These men were not strangers to General Lee. He knew them. He had seen them in the past years of the war, performing deeds of valor and exercising a self-denial the simple record of which would rival the legends of the romantic era of chivalry. They had not changed, except to grow, if possible, into a more self-sacrificing manhood as the demands <jg_370>upon them became more exacting. Whatever they had been in the battles around Richmond, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, at Cold Harbor, in the Wilderness, and in the great counter-charge at Spottsylvania, they were the same at Cedar Creek. The men who were in the captured camps were not the soldiers who fought the morning battle and won the morning victory. The "plunderers," if such they may be called, were not the fiery South Carolinians who, under Kershaw, had so fearlessly and fiercely stormed and carried the Union breastworks at dawn. They were not the steadfast Virginians who, under Wharton, had rushed into the combat, adding fresh momentum to the resistless Confederate charge. They were not the men under my command, the Second Corps, which Jackson had immortalized and which had helped to immortalize him. They were not the men who, under Evans, and Ramseur, and Grimes, and Battle, and Pegram, had before daybreak plunged into the cold water to their waists or armpits, and with drenched bodies and water-soaked uniforms had warmed themselves in the hot furnace of battle. These men at Cedar Creek were heroes, descended from heroic sires, inspired by heroic women, trained to self-denial and self-sacrifice through four years of the most heroic of wars, and battling through cold and heat and hunger against

heroic Americans. Were these the men to abandon their places in front to plunder in the rear! Who, then, were the men in the captured camps who were reported to General Early? They were men without arms, the partially disabled, whom the army surgeons had pronounced scarcely strong enough for the long and rough night march and the strenuous work of the battle. These half-sick and disabled men had come along the smooth, open pike at their leisure, when they learned of the great victory. They came thinking it no robbery to supply themselves with shoes and trousers <jg_371>and overcoats and blankets and "grub" from the vast accumulations purchased that morning by the toil and blood of their able-bodied comrades--from the stores which the richly provided Federals, in their unceremonious departure, had neglected to take away.

Many years have passed since the Confederate commander at Cedar Creek was misled and induced to place on record his belief as to the bad conduct of his men --a belief, I repeat, fixed in his mind by misinformation and grounded on total misapprehension. But many years had also passed after the battle of Cold Harbor before the exculpation of the brave men of the Union army was effected by General Horace Porter in his book, "Campaigning with Grant." The refutation of that wrong, although long delayed, will be none the less appreciated by Union veterans and by all their descendants. It is not too late, I trust, for the truth, as now revealed, to vindicate these Confederates. Appeals, pathetic and earnest, have been made to me for years, the burden of which has been: "I want you, before you die, to do justice to the men who fought at Cedar Creek." The stoniest heart would be moved by such appeals. They would stir the sensibilities of any man who saw those dauntless veterans on that field or who fought and suffered with them in the Confederate army. I had a right, however, to suppose that the great War Records would include my report and the inspectors' reports, every one of which, I believe, without an exception, was a vindication of that little army whose valor and scrupulous, soldierly bearing has never been surpassed. I protested at the time against the injustice done them. Hence the "contention" recorded by Captain Hotchkiss. I left the substance of that protest in permanent form, but that is lost; and now I esteem it one of the most imperative duties devolving upon me to do all in my power to guide the future historian to a <jg_372>clear apprehension of the truth in regard to the chivalrous character and conduct of these loyal men. Although the unparalleled wrong which, through misapprehension, was done them may have already crystallized in war records and so-called histories, yet I shall live and die in the confident hope that the irrefutable proofs herein adduced, which have never before been grouped and marshalled, will stand as their complete though tardy vindication.

No man, I think, has a higher or more just appreciation than myself of our Confederate leaders; but the brilliant victories won by our arms will be found, in their last analyses, to be in a large measure due to the strong individuality, the deep-seated convictions, the moral stamina, the martial instinct, and the personal prowess of our private soldiers; and in no divisions of Lee's army were these characteristics more completely developed than in those which fought at Cedar Creek.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXVI--The Last Winter Of The War

<jg_373>

Frequent skirmishes follow Cedar Creek-- Neither commander anxious for a general engagement--Desolation in the Valley--A fated family --Transferred to Petersburg--A gloomy Christmas--All troops on reduced rations--Summoned to Lee's headquarters--Consideration of the dire straits of the army--Three possible courses.

THE Cedar Creek catastrophe did not wholly dispirit Early's army nor greatly increase the aggressive energy of Sheridan's. It was the last of the great conflicts in the historic Valley which for four years had been torn and blood-stained by almost incessant battle. Following on Cedar Creek were frequent skirmishes, some sharp tilts with Sheridan's cavalry, a number of captures and losses of guns and wagons by both sides, and an amount of marching--often twenty to twenty-five miles a day--that sorely taxed the bruised and poorly shod feet of the still cheerful Confederates. On November 16th Captain Hotchkiss made this memorandum in his Journal: "Sent a document to Colonel Boteler showing that to this date we had marched, since the opening of the campaign, sixteen hundred and seventy miles, and had seventy-five battles and skirmishes." All of the encounters which followed Cedar Creek, however, would not have equalled in casualties a second-rate battle; but they served to emphasize the fact that neither commander was disposed to bring the other to a general <jg_374>engagement. Evidently the grievous castigation which each received at Cedar Creek had left him in the sad plight of the Irishman who, recovering from an attack of grip, declared that it was the worst disease he ever had, for it kept him sick four months after he got well.

During this period of Union and Confederate convalescence I was transferred, by General Lee's orders, to the lines of defence around the beleaguered Confederate capital and its sympathizing sister city, Petersburg. My command, the Second Corps, consisted of the divisions of Evans, Grimes, and Pegram. Before dawn on December 8th the long trains were bearing two divisions of my command up the western slope of the Blue Ridge range which separated that hitherto enchanting Valley from the undulating Piedmont region, which Thomas Jefferson thought was some day to become the most populous portion of our country because so richly endowed by nature. As I stood on the back platform of the last car in the train and looked back upon that stricken Valley, I could but contrast the aspect of devastation and woe which it then presented, with the bounty and peace in all its homes at the beginning of the war. Prior to 1862 it was, if possible, more beautiful and prosperous than the famed blue-grass region of Kentucky. Before the blasting breath of war swept over its rich meadows and fields of clover, they had been filled with high-mettled horses, herds of fine cattle, and flocks of sheep that rivalled England's best. These were all gone. The great water-wheels which four years before had driven the busy machinery of the mills were motionless--standing and rotting, the silent vouchers of wholesale destruction. Heaps of ashes, of half-melted iron axles and bent tires, were the melancholy remains of burnt barns and farm-wagons and implements of husbandry. Stone and brick chimneys, standing alone in the midst of charred trees which once shaded the porches of luxurious <jg_375>and happy homes, told of hostile torches which had left these grim sentinels the only guards of those sacred spots. At the close of

this campaign of General Sheridan there was in that entire fertile valley--the former American Arcadia--scarcely a family that was not struggling for subsistence.

Among the excellent soldiers who participated in all that Valley campaign was a Virginian, who is now Dr. Charles H. Harris of Cedartown, Georgia. Dr. Harris's high character as a man and his familiarity with the facts justify me in giving his written account of the marvellous fatality which attended the representatives of a Virginia family which contributed perhaps a larger number of soldiers to the Confederate army than any other in the Southern States. Two companies of the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment were enlisted in and around Christiansburg, which seems to have received its name from the family which contributed eighteen of its members- brothers and cousins--to those two Confederate companies. These eighteen kinsmen had inherited their love of liberty from Revolutionary ancestors, and had imbibed from the history and traditions of the Old Dominion those lofty ideals of manhood of which her great people are so justly proud. When, therefore, Virginia passed the solemn ordinance of secession and cast her lot with that of her sister States, these high-spirited young men enlisted in the Confederate army. I recall nothing in history or even in romance which equals in uniqueness and pathos the fate that befell them. The decrees of that fate were uniform and inexorable. One by one, these kinsmen fell in succeeding engagements. In every fight in which the regiment was engaged one of this brave family was numbered among the dead. As battle succeeded battle, and each, with appalling regularity, claimed its victim, there ran through company and regiment the unvarying question, <jg_376>"Which one of the Christians was killed to-day, and which one will go next?" Yet among the survivors there was no wavering, no effort to escape the doom which seemed surely awaiting each in his turn. With a consecration truly sublime, each took his place in line, ready for the sacrifice which duty demanded. For seventeen successive engagements the gruesome record of death had not varied. Then came Cedar Creek. Only one of the gallant eighteen was left. His record for courage was unsurpassed. A number of times he had been wounded, and in the deadly hand-to-hand struggle at Cold Harbor he had been pierced by a bayonet. Faithful to every duty, he had never missed a fight. When the orders were issued for the night march and the assault at dawn upon Sheridan's army, a deep fraternal concern for this last survivor of the Christians was manifested by all of his comrades. He was privately importuned to stay out of the fight; or, if unwilling to remain in camp while his comrades fought, he was urged to go home. Whether he yielded to these warnings and entreaties will probably never be known. He was seen by his comrades no more after that night march to Cedar Creek. Many believe that he was loyal "even unto death," and that he lies with the heroic and "unknown dead" who fell upon that eventful field.

On reaching Petersburg it fell to my lot to hold the extreme right of Lee's infantry. In front of this exposed wing was a dense second growth of pines in which the daring scouts of both armies often passed each other at night and found hiding-places during their adventures. This forest also served to conceal the movements of troops and made artillery practically useless.

Behind my position was the South Side Railroad--the last of the long commercial arteries that had not been cut. General Grant saw that to cut it was to starve Lee's army, and this meant the death of the <jg_377>Confederacy. His constant aim, therefore, was to seize and sever it. My instructions were to prevent this at any cost. The winter rains and snows and boggy roads were my helpers, and no great battles ensued. There were,

however, occasional demonstrations of Grant's purpose, and he managed to keep us alert night and day. It was a very lame railroad, even when left without Federal interference. The iron rails were nearly worn out, and there were no new ones to replace them. If the old and badly maimed locomotives broke down, there were few or no facilities for repairing them. So that if the supplies had been in the far South this crippled road could not have brought them to us; but, like the woman who said that she had "but one tooth above and one below, but, thank God, they hit," we felicitated ourselves that the shackling engines did fit the old track and could help us somewhat. The commissary informed me, soon after my troops were in their new position, that it was impossible for the Government to supply us with more than half-rations, and that even these were by no means certain. My different commands, therefore, were at once instructed to send wagons into the back country and remote settlements and purchase everything obtainable that would sustain life.

"But suppose the teams and wagons are attacked and captured by raiding-parties?"

"That chance must not deter you. Men are worth more than mules and wagons, and we shall have no men unless we can feed them," I replied.

This haphazard method of feeding the corps proved to be the best then available; and later I had the satisfaction of receiving General Lee's congratulations.

In one of General Grant's efforts to break through my lines, General John Pegram, one of my most accomplished commanders, fell, his blood reddening the white snow that carpeted the field. He had just married Miss Carey <jg_378>of Baltimore, one of the South's most beautiful and accomplished women. Thus, within a few months, ravenous war had claimed as victims two distinguished officers of my command, almost immediately after their marriages. One of these was Pegram of Virginia; the other was Lamar of Georgia.

Christmas (December 25, 1864) came while we were fighting famine within and Grant without our lines. To meet either was a serious problem. The Southern people from their earliest history had observed Christmas as the great holiday season of the year. It was the time of times, the longed-for period of universal and innocent but almost boundless jollification among young and old. In towns and on the plantations, purse-strings were loosened and restraints relaxed--so relaxed that even the fun-loving negro slaves were permitted to take some liberties with' their masters, to perpetrate practical jokes upon them, and before daylight to storm "*de* white folks" houses with their merry calls: "*Christmas* gift, master!" "*Christmas* gift, everybody!" The holiday, however, on Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, was joyless enough for the most misanthropic. The one worn-out railroad running to the far South could not bring to us half enough necessary supplies; and even if it could have transported Christmas boxes of good things, the people at home were too depleted to send them. They had already impoverished themselves to help their struggling Government, and large areas of our territory had been made desolate by the ravages of marching armies. The brave fellows at the front, however, knew that their friends at home would gladly send them the last pound of sugar in the pantry, and the last turkey or chicken from the barnyard. So they facetiously wished each other "*Merry Christmas!*" as they dined on their wretched fare. There was no complaining, no repining, for they knew their exhausted country was doing all it could for them. <jg_379>

At my headquarters on that Christmas day there was unusual merrymaking. Mrs. Gordon, on leaving home four years before, had placed in her little army-trunk a small

package of excellent coffee, and had used it only on very special occasions--" to celebrate," as she said, "our victories in the first years, and to sustain us in defeat at the last." When I asked her, on the morning of December 25, 1864, what we could do for a Christmas celebration, she replied, "I can give you some of that coffee which I brought from home." She could scarcely have made an announcement more grateful to a hungry Confederate. Coffee--genuine coffee! The aroma of it filled my official family with epicurean enthusiasm before a cup was passed from the boiling pot. If every man of us was not intoxicated by that indulgence after long and enforced abstinence, the hilarity of the party was misleading.

The left of my line rested on the west bank of Hatcher's Run. A.P. Hill's corps was on the east side, with its right flank upon the same stream. The commanding general directed that I build a fort at the left of my line, and that A. P. Hill construct a similar one near it on the opposite side of the run. General Hill became ill after the order was received, and the construction of his fort was not pressed. Indeed, the weather was so severe and the roads so nearly impassable that there was no urgent necessity for haste. General Lee, however, who habitually interested himself in the smaller as well as the larger matters connected with his army, did not forget these forts. Riding up to my headquarters on a cold morning in January, 1865, he requested me to ride with him to see the forts. As I mounted he said: "We will go by General's quarters and ask him to accompany us, and we will examine both forts." When this officer joined us (he was temporarily in command of Hill's corps during the latter's absence on sick-leave), General Lee at <jg_380>once asked: "General Gordon, how are you getting along with your fort?"

"Very well, sir. It is nearly finished."

Turning to the other officer, he asked: "Well, General ----, how is the work upon your fort progressing?" This officer, who had felt no special responsibility for the fort, as he was only temporarily in charge, was considerably embarrassed by the general's pointed inquiry. He really had little or no knowledge of the amount of work done upon it, but ventured, after some hesitation, the reply: "I think the fort on my side of the run is also about finished, sir."

Passing by my work after a short halt, we rode to the point at which the A. P. Hill fort was to be located. No fort was there; the work was scarcely begun. General Lee reined up his horse, and looking first at the place where the fort was to be, and then at the officer, he said: "General, you say the fort is about finished?"

"I must have misunderstood my engineers, sir."

"But you did not speak of your engineers. You spoke of the fort as nearly completed."

This officer was riding a superb animal which General Lee knew had been presented to his wife. His extreme embarrassment made him unusually nervous, and his agitation was imparted to the high-mettled animal, which became restless and was not easily controlled. General Lee in the blandest manner asked: "General, doesn't Mrs. ----- ride that horse occasionally?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Well, general, you know that I am very much interested in Mrs. -----'s safety. I fear that horse is too nervous for her to ride without danger, and I suggest that, in order to make him more quiet, you ride him at least once every day to this fort."

This was his only reprimand; but no amount of severity on the part of the commander-in-chief could have <jg_381>been more trying to the sensibilities of the officer, who was

an admirable soldier, commanding General Lee's entire confidence. The officer's mortification was so overwhelming that, on our return, he rode considerably in the rear. General Lee observed this, and could not resist the impulse to mitigate, as far as possible, the pang caused by the rebuke that he had felt compelled to administer. Halting his horse for a moment and looking back at the officer in the rear, he called to him: "Ride up and join us, general. I want to ask you and General Gordon how long this war is to last." As we rode three abreast, he continued: "I am led to ask this question because it has been propounded to me. I received a letter this morning from my brother, Captain Lee of the Confederate navy"--and he stressed with peculiar emphasis the words "Confederate navy." We had no navy except our marvellously destructive ironclads and some wild rovers of the sea. He continued: "You know these sailors are great people for signs, and my brother says that the signs are conflicting: that the girls are all getting married, and that is a sure sign of war; but nearly all of the babies are girls, and that is a sign of peace. I want you gentlemen to tell me what reply I shall make to Captain Lee of the Confederate navy." I do not recall our answer; but the fort was speedily built.

The condition of our army was daily becoming more desperate. Starvation, literal starvation, was doing its deadly work. So depleted and poisoned was the blood of many of Lee's men from insufficient and unsound food that a slight wound which would probably not have been reported at the beginning of the war would often cause blood-poison, gangrene, and death. Yet the spirits of these brave men seemed to rise as their condition grew more desperate. The grim humor of the camp was waging incessant warfare against despondency. They would not permit one another to be disheartened at any trial, or to complain at the burden or the chafing of any yoke which duty imposed. It was a harrowing but not uncommon sight to see those hungry men gather the wasted corn from under the feet of half-fed horses, and wash and parch and eat it to satisfy in some measure their craving for food. It was marvellous that their spirits were not crushed, and still more marvellous that they would extract fun from every phase of destitution. If one was made sick at night by his supper of parched corn, his salutation the next morning would be: "Hello, general; I am all right this morning. I ate a lot of corn last night, and if you will have the commissary issue me a good mess of hay for my breakfast, I'll be ready for the next fight."

Another would advise his hungry companion to spend his month's pay of Confederate money for a bottle of strong astringent and draw in his stomach to the size of his ration.

It was during this doleful period that the suggestion to give freedom to Southern slaves and arm them for Southern defence became the pressing, vital problem at Richmond. It had been seriously considered for a long period by the civil authorities, and the opinions of certain officers in the field were at this time formally solicited. General Lee strongly favored it, and so did many members of Congress; but the bill as finally passed was absurdly deficient in the most important provisions. It did not make plain the fact that the slave's enlistment would at once secure his freedom. Public sentiment was widely divided as to the policy of such a step. In its favor was the stern fact, universally recognized, that it was no longer possible to fill our ranks except by converting slaves into soldiers; while the great Government at Washington could enlist men not only from the populous States of the Union, but from the teeming populations of foreign countries. Again, it was argued in favor of the proposition that the loyalty and proven devotion of the Southern negroes to their owners would make them serviceable and reliable as fighters,

while their inherited habits of obedience would make it easy to drill and discipline them. The fidelity of the race during the past years of the war, their refusal to strike for their freedom in any organized movement that would involve the peace and safety of the communities where they largely outnumbered the whites, and the innumerable instances of individual devotion to masters and their families, which have never *been* equalled in any servile race, were all considered as arguments for the enlistment of slaves as Confederate soldiers. Indeed, many of them who were with the army as body-servants repeatedly risked their lives in following their young masters and bringing them off the battle-field when wounded or dead. These faithful servants at that time boasted of being Confederates, and many of them meet now with the veterans in their reunions, and, pointing to their Confederate badges, relate with great satisfaction and pride their experiences and services during the war. One of them, who attends nearly all the reunions, can, after a lapse of nearly forty years, repeat from memory the roll-call of the company to which his master belonged. General Lee used to tell with decided relish of the old negro (a cook of one of his officers) who called to see him at his headquarters. He was shown into the general's presence, and, pulling off his hat, he said, "General Lee, I been wanting to see you a long time. I'm a soldier."

"Ah? To what army do you belong--to the Union army or to the Southern army?"

"Oh, general, I belong to your army."

"Well, have you been shot?"

"No, sir; I ain't been shot yet."

"How is that? Nearly all of our men get shot." <jg_384>

"Why, general, I ain't been shot 'cause I stays back whar de generals stay."

Against the enlistment of negroes were urged the facts that they were needed--were absolutely essential--on the plantations to produce supplies for the armies and the people; that even with their labor the country was exhausted, and without it neither the armies nor the people at home could survive; that the sentiment of the army itself was not prepared for it, and that our condition was too critical for radical experiments.

The meeting of the Southern commissioners--Mr. Stephens, Mr. Hunter, and Judge Campbell, with Mr. Lincoln, at Hampton Roads--had brought the warring sections no nearer to peace. All things seemed now prophetic of the Confederacy's certain and speedy death. And yet I must record in this connection a truth of which I had constant evidence--that our great commander, in the midst of all these depressing and overwhelming trials, never lost for an hour his faith in the devotion and unconquerable spirit of his army. And grandly did' that army vindicate the justice of his confidence. Although the thought of speedy surrender or ultimate failure must have occurred to officers and men, it did not find expression even in the most confidential interviews. At least, not the remotest suggestion of such possibility reached my ears from any source. An intense loyalty to the cause seemed to imbue every man with the conviction that nothing should be done or said which could discourage his comrades or in any degree impair their wonderful enthusiasm. The orders were necessarily stringent as to granting furloughs, but desertions were astonishingly rare, although there were no restrictions upon correspondence, and the mails were loaded with letters telling the soldiers of the sufferings of those at home whom they loved and who needed their support and care. No one, however gifted with the <jg_385>power of vigorous statement, could do justice to the manhood displayed under such conditions. The commander appreciated this exhibition of patience and endurance,

and never lost an opportunity to let his men know it.

In addition to the inspiration of devotion to him, every man of them was supported by that extraordinary consecration resulting from the conviction that he was fighting in defence of home and the rights of his State. Hence their unfaltering faith in the justice of the cause, their fortitude in extremest privations, their readiness to stand shoeless and shivering in the trenches at night, and to face any danger at their leader's call, while their astounding cheerfulness and never-failing humor were gilding with an ineffable radiance the darkness gathering around them in these last days.

The months of December, January, and February had passed, and only March was to intervene before the last desperate struggle of the two armies would be inaugurated. Intelligent scouts kept us advised of the immense preparations progressing in the Union lines for assaults upon our breastworks at an early date.

During the first week in March, 1865, General Lee sent a messenger, about two o'clock in the morning, to summon me to his headquarters. It was one of the bitterest nights of that trying winter, and it required a ride of several miles to reach the house on the outskirts of Petersburg where the commanding-general made his headquarters. As I entered, General Lee, who was entirely alone, was standing at the fireplace, his arm on the mantel and his head resting on his arm as he gazed into the coal fire burning in the grate. He had evidently been up all the previous part of the night. For the first time in all my intercourse with him, I saw a look of painful depression on his face. Of course he had experienced <jg_386>many hours of depression, but he had concealed from those around him all evidence of discouragement. He had carried the burden in his own soul--wrapping his doubts and apprehensions in an exterior of cheerfulness and apparent confidence. The hour had come, however, when he could no longer carry alone the burden, or entirely conceal his forebodings of impending disaster. General Longstreet and General Ewell were both twenty miles away on their lines in front of Richmond; A. P. Hill, who for weeks had been in delicate health, was absent on furlough; and I found myself alone with the evidently depressed commander. To me he had the appearance of one suffering from physical illness. In answer to my inquiry as to his health, he stated that he was well enough bodily, and had sent for me in order to counsel with me as to our prospects, etc. In his room was a long table covered with recent reports from every portion of his army. Some of these reports had just reached him. He motioned me to a chair on one side of the table, and seated himself opposite me. I had known before I came that our army was in desperate straits; but when I entered that room I realized at once, from the gravity of the commander's bearing, that I was to learn of a situation worse than I had anticipated. The interview was a long one, intensely absorbing, and in many respects harrowing. It led, as will be seen, to the last desperate assault upon Grant's lines at Petersburg which was made by my troops. The interview also produced in me a keen sense of responsibility; for I was then less than thirty-three years of age, much the youngest corps-commander in Lee's army, and I expected to be called upon to express opinions upon matters involving the fate of the army and of the Southern people.

I shall not attempt to quote General Lee literally, except where his words were so engraved on my mind that <jg_387>I cannot forget them while I remember anything. He opened the conference by directing me to read the reports from the different commands as he should hand them to me, and to carefully note every important fact contained in them.

The revelation was startling. Each report was bad enough, and all the distressing facts

combined were sufficient, it seemed to me, to destroy all cohesive power and lead to the inevitable disintegration of any other army that was ever marshalled. Of the great disparity of numbers between the two hostile forces I was already apprised. I had also learned much of the general suffering among the troops; but the condition of my own command, due to the special efforts of which I have spoken, was not a fair measure of the suffering in the army. I was not prepared for the picture presented by these reports of extreme destitution--of the lack of shoes, of hats, of overcoats, and of blankets, as well as of food. Some of the officers had gone outside the formal official statement as to numbers of the sick, to tell in plain, terse, and forceful words of depleted strength, emaciation, and decreased power of endurance among those who appeared on the rolls as fit for duty. Cases were given, and not a few, where good men, faithful, tried, and devoted, gave evidence of temporary insanity and indifference to orders or to the consequences of disobedience--the natural and inevitable effect of their mental and bodily sufferings. My recollection is that General Lee stated that, since the reports from A. P. Hill's corps had been sent in, he had learned that those men had just been rationed on one sixth of a pound of beef, whereas the army ration was a pound of beef per man per day, with the addition of other supplies; that is to say, 600 of A. P. Hill's men were compelled to subsist on less food than was issued to 100 men in General Grant's army. <jg_388>

When I had finished the inspection of this array of serious facts, and contemplated the bewildering woe which they presented, General Lee began his own analysis of the situation. He first considered the relative strength of his army and that of General Grant. The exact number of his own men was given in the reports before him--about 50,000, or 35,000 fit for duty. Against them he estimated that General Grant had in front of Richmond and Petersburg, or within his reach, about 150,000. Coming up from Knoxville was Thomas with an estimated force of 30,000 superb troops, to whose progress General Lee said we could offer practically no resistance--only a very small force of poorly equipped cavalry and detached bodies of infantry being available for that purpose.

"From the Valley," he said, "General Grant can and will bring upon us nearly 20,000, against whom I can oppose scarcely a vedette." This made an army of 200,000 well-fed, well-equipped men which General Grant could soon concentrate upon our force of 50,000, whose efficiency was greatly impaired by suffering. Sherman was approaching from North Carolina, and his force, when united with Schofield's, would reach 80,000. What force had we to confront that army? General Beauregard had telegraphed a few days before that, with the aid of Governor Vance's Home Guards, he could muster probably 20,000 to 25,000. But General Joseph E. Johnston had just sent a despatch saying in substance that General Beauregard had overestimated his strength, and that it would be nearer the truth to place the available Confederate force at from 13,000 to 15,000. So that the final summing up gave Grant the available crushing power of 280,000 men, while to resist this overwhelming force Lee had in round numbers only 65,000.

This estimate ended, the commander rose, and with one hand resting upon the depressing reports, he stood <jg_389>contemplating them for a moment, and then gravely walked to and fro across the room, leaving me to my thoughts. My emotions were stirred to their depths; and as I now recall him standing at the table at four o'clock on that March morning, silently contemplating those reports,--the irrefutable demonstration of his inability to satisfy the longings of the Southern people for independence,--it seems to me that no commander could ever have felt a greater burden than did Robert E. Lee at that

hour.

My sense of responsibility reached its climax when he again took his seat facing me at the table, and asked me to state frankly what I thought under those conditions it was best to do--or what duty to the army and our people required of us. Looking at me intently, he awaited my answer. I had opinions, and by this time they were fixed; but I hesitated to express them, not only because of the tremendous importance of the question he had propounded, but because I was uncertain of General Lee's views, and it is never agreeable to a junior officer to maintain opinions in conflict with those of the commander-in-chief, especially a commander whom he regards, as I did Lee, as almost infallible in such a crisis. But I replied:

"General, it seems to me there are but three courses, and I name them in the order in which I think they should be tried:

" First, make terms with the enemy, the best we can get.

"Second, if that is not practicable, the best thing to do is to retreat--abandon Richmond and Petersburg, unite by rapid marches with General Johnston in North Carolina, and strike Sherman before Grant can join him; or,

"Lastly, we must fight, and without delay."

Then again there was a period of silence, lasting, it is true, but a few moments; but they were moments of extreme anxiety to me. The question which he then <jg_390>asked only intensified my anxiety. "Is that your opinion?"

It may have been due to the tension of my nerves, but I thought there was a slight coloring of satire in his words and manner; and this wounded and nettled me. I mildly resented it by reminding him that I was there at his bidding, that I had answered his question thoughtfully and frankly, that no man was more concerned than I for the safety of the army and the welfare of our people, and that I felt, under the circumstances, that I also had the right to ask *his* opinion. I then discovered that General Lee's manner was a method of testing the strength of my convictions; for he replied in the kindest and most reassuring manner:

"Certainly, general, you have the right to ask my opinion. I agree with you fully."

I then asked him if he had made his views known to President Davis or to the Congress. He replied that he had not; that he scarcely felt authorized to suggest to the civil authorities the advisability of making terms with the Government of the United States. He said that he was a soldier, that it was his province to obey the orders of the Government, and to advise or counsel with the civil authorities only upon questions directly affecting his army and its defence of the capital and the country.

These remarks applied to the first course that had been suggested. He then came to the second, namely, the retreat and the uniting of his forces with those of Johnston in North Carolina. He said that while he felt sure that this was the next best thing to do, it would be attended with the gravest difficulties; that, in the first place, he doubted whether the authorities in Richmond would consent to the movement, and, in the next place, it would probably be still more difficult to get General Grant's consent; but that if both President Davis and <jg_391>General Grant should notify him that he could go, there would still be in his way the deplorable plight of his army. He dwelt at length upon it. Among other things, he mentioned the fact that, in addition to the starving condition of his men, his horses were dying from starvation, and that he could not move one half of his artillery and ammunition and supply trains. He added that the cavalry horses were in horrid condition,

and that he could not supply their places, as the country was exhausted; that when a cavalry horse died or was shot, it was equivalent to the loss of both horse and rider, so far as that arm of the service was concerned; whereas General Grant could mount ten thousand additional horsemen in a few days if he wished to do so, and could retard our retreat, vex our flanks, and cut off our supplies.

General Lee, like his private soldiers, had a vein of humor in him which was rarely exhibited except when it served some good purpose. It often appeared when least expected, but was always most opportune. While speaking of the vast superiority of Grant's numbers and resources and his own rapidly accumulating embarrassments, he relaxed the tension for a moment by saying:

"By the way, I received a verbal message from General Grant to-day."

"What was it?" I asked.

He explained that General Grant had sent, under flag of truce, a request to cease firing long enough for him to bury his dead between the picket-lines. The officer who bore the flag of truce asked to be conducted to army headquarters, as he had a message to deliver to General Lee in person. Arriving at headquarters, he received General Lee's courteous salutations, and, having explained the nature of his mission, said: "General, as I left General Grant's tent this morning he gave me these instructions: 'Give General Lee my personal <jg_392>compliments, and say to him that I keep in such close touch with him that I know what he eats for breakfast every morning.'" I asked General Lee what reply he made. He said: "I told the officer to tell General Grant that I thought there must be some mistake about the latter part of his message; for unless he [General Grant] had fallen from grace since I saw him last, he would not permit me to eat such breakfasts as mine without dividing his with me." He then added: "I also requested the officer to present my compliments to General Grant, and say to him that I knew perhaps as much about his dinners as he knew about my breakfasts."

This, of course, meant that each of the commanders, through scouts and spies, and through such statements as they could extract from prisoners or deserters, kept fairly well posted as to what was transpiring in the opponent's camp.

This little diversion ended, the commander returned to the discussion of the three courses which the serious situation presented. Without an explicit expression to that effect, the entire trend of his words led me to the conclusion that he thought immediate steps should be taken to secure peace, and I ventured to suggest that it was not only legitimate for him to see President Davis on the subject, but that the Southern people had placed their hopes largely in their commanding general. With characteristic modesty, he thought that the people expected of him only the best services he could give them at the head of the army. As nearly as I can recall my words, I said to him at this point: "General, if the newspapers correctly represent the thought and sentiment of the people, there can be no doubt that they are looking to you for deliverance more than to President Davis or the Congress, or both combined; and it seems to me that your responsibility is such as to entitle you <jg_393>to the aid of the civil authorities in finding the shortest way, consistent with honor, out of our troubles." I urged, with as much earnestness as my position would permit, the probability of securing more favorable terms while our army was still organized and resisting than would be accorded us after that army was scattered or captured. His long training as a soldier and his extreme delicacy were still in his way- a barrier against even apparent interference in any department not his own and against any

step not in accord with the strictest military and official ethics. He said as much, but then added: "I will go, and will send for you again on my return from Richmond."

It was near sunrise when I left him and rode back to my quarters. Although he had not slept during the night, he took the first train to Richmond, and spent two days, I believe, in conferences over the tremendous issue. Promptly on his return he again summoned me. He proceeded at once to state, concisely and clearly, the result of his interviews. He said nothing could be done at Richmond. The Congress did not seem to appreciate the situation. Of President Davis he spoke in terms of strong eulogy: of the strength of his convictions, of his devotedness, of his remarkable faith in the possibility of still winning our independence, and of his unconquerable will power. The nearest approach to complaint or criticism were the words which I can never forget: "You know that the President is very pertinacious in opinion and purpose." President Davis did not believe we could secure such terms as we could afford to accept, and was indisposed to make further effort after the failure of the Hampton Roads conference. Neither were the authorities ready to evacuate the capital and abandon our lines of defence, although every railroad except the South Side was already broken.

Paganini, the unrivalled violinist of Genoa, in one of <jg_394>his great exhibitions is said to have had the strings of his violin break, one after another, until he had but one left. Undismayed by these serious mishaps, and pointing to his dismantled instrument, he proudly exclaimed to the audience that he still had left, "*One string and Paganini!*" Jefferson Davis, holding to the Confederate capital, notwithstanding every line of railroad except one had been broken by the enemy, was yet confident, and felt in his heart that he still had enough left in the "one string and Lee's army."

Having heard the commander's report of his interviews in Richmond, I asked:

"What, then, is to be done, general?"

He replied that there seemed to be but one thing that we could do--fight. To stand still was death. It could only be death if we fought and failed.

This was the prelude to my assault upon Fort Sted-man on March 25, 1865 --the last Confederate attack on Grant's lines at Petersburg.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXVII--Capture Of Fort Stedman

<jg_395>

In the trenches at Petersburg--General Lee's instructions--A daring plan formed--Preparations for a night assault--An ingenious war ruse--The fort captured with small loss--Failure of reënforcements to arrive--Loss of guides--Necessary withdrawal from the fort--The last effort to break Grant's hold.

LIKE fires that consume the dross and make pure the metal, Confederate distress and extremity seemed to strengthen and ennoble rather than weaken Confederate manhood. My hungry and debilitated men welcomed with a readiness intensely pathetic the order to break camp and move into the trenches at Petersburg. Their buoyancy of spirit was in no degree due to a lack of appreciation of the meaning of that night march. They were not mere machine soldiers, moved by a superior intelligence to which they blindly yielded obedience. They were thoughtful men, with naturally keen perceptions sharpened by long experience in actual war. They well knew that the order meant more suffering, more fighting, more slaughter; yet, if their conduct and assurances are trustworthy witnesses, these men were prepared for any additional sacrifices. There was no shouting or yelling; but silently, quickly, and cheerfully they folded their little sheet tents, packed their frying-pans and tin cups, and were promptly in line, with their knapsacks on their backs, their lean and empty haversacks on one side and <jg_396>full cartridge-boxes on the other, ready for the rapid night march to Petersburg, where every bloody ditch and frowning fort was to them a herald of another deadly conflict.

As I now look back to that scene of busy preparation by the dim light of the camp-fires, and recall the fact that not only the officers but the intelligent privates in the ranks knew that this hasty preparation was the prelude to perhaps the last desperate effort of Lee's little army to break Grant's grip on the Confederate capital, the question presses itself upon me: How can we account for such self-command and steadfast fidelity in the presence of apparently inevitable and overwhelming disaster ! An English nobleman, while placing his head upon the block, is said to have indulged in jest at the executioner's axe; but there was no such vainglory in the wonderful serenity of these thoughtful men. To one who has experienced it, there is no difficulty in understanding what the Romans called the glory of battle; but that stimulant was entirely wanting in this case. It is easy enough to explain the mental intoxication of the young Earl of Essex, who, as he sailed in to a naval fight, threw his hat into the sea in a transport of martial ecstasy. This boundless joy of Essex was the presentiment of a coming triumph, and is no more mysterious than the instinct of the eagle bending to catch the roar of the rising tempest, conscious that its wildest blasts will bear him to higher and prouder flights. It is easy enough to comprehend the enthusiasm of these same Confederates during the long period when recurring battles meant recurring victories. Now, however, in the last days of the Confederacy, and especially during the dreary winter of 1864-65, these conditions were all changed. Practically every available man in the South was already at the front, and the inability to secure an exchange of prisoners made it impossible to fill the thinning <jg_397>ranks of our armies. The supplies were exhausted, and it was impracticable to give the men sufficient food. Everything was exhausted except devotion and valor. The very air we breathed was changed. There was no longer in it the exhilaration of victory

with which it had been so constantly surcharged in past years. Yet in the light of their camp-fires I could see in the faces of these men an expression of manly resolve almost equal to that which they had worn in the days of their brightest hopes. It is impossible to explain this unswerving purpose to fight to the last, except upon this one hypothesis. They felt that their struggle was a defence of State, of home, and of liberty; and for these they were ready to die. The world's most consecrated martyrs can lay no higher claim to immortality.

General Lee's instructions to me were substantially as follows: "Move your troops into the works around the city as I withdraw one of the other commands from them. Make your headquarters in the city. Study General Grant's works at all points, consider carefully all plans and possibilities, and then tell me what you can do, if anything, to help us in our dilemma."

The very narrow space between Lee's and Grant's lines, the vigilance of the pickets who stood within speaking range of each other, and the heavily loaded guns which commanded every foot of intrenchments, made the removal of one body of troops and the installing of another impracticable by daylight and quite hazardous even at night. We moved, however, cautiously through the city to the breastworks, and, as the other corps was secretly withdrawn, my command glided into the vacated trenches as softly and noiselessly as the smooth flow of a river.

More than a month prior to this change, General Lee wrote to the authorities at Richmond, after these men had stood in line for three days and nights in extremely <jg_398>cold weather: "Some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all of them are suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing while exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet." He also stated that the chief commissary reported that he had not a pound of meat at his disposal. General Lee added: "The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment." These were the men with whom I was soon to make a most daring assault, and these the conditions under which it must be made.

The breastworks behind which stood the brave army in blue appeared to be as impenetrable by any force which Lee could send against them as is a modern ironclad to the missiles from an ordinary field battery: but if there was a weak point in those defences, I was expected to find it. If such a point could be found, I was expected to submit to General Lee some plan by which it would be feasible, or at least possible, for his depleted army to assail it successfully.

Giving but few hours in the twenty-four to rest and sleep, I labored day and night at this exceedingly grave and discouraging problem, on the proper solution of which depended the commander's decision as to when and where he would deliver his last blow for the life of the Confederacy. My efficient staff--Majors Moore, Hunter, Dabney, and Pace, and Captains Markoe, Wilmer, and Jones--were constantly engaged gathering information from every possible source. The prisoners captured were closely questioned, and their answers noted and weighed. Deserters from the Federal army added valuable material to the information I was acquiring.

The fact that there were desertions from the Union to the Confederate army at this late period of the war is difficult to understand. Indeed, such desertions were among those mysterious occurrences which are inexplicable on any ordinary hypothesis. It was to be expected <jg_399>that some of the newly enlisted Confederates, some of those reluctant

recruits who were induced to join our ranks under the persuasive influence of the Confederate Conscript Law, should abandon us in our extremity; but when all the conditions pointed to certain and speedy Union success, where can we find impelling motives strong enough to induce General Grant's men to desert his overwhelming forces and seek shelter with the maimed and starving Confederate army? The bravest and most loyal sailors will abandon a sinking battle-ship and accept safety on the deck of the triumphant vessel of the enemy. In the case of General Grant's men, however, this natural impulse seemed to be reversed. They were not leaving a disabled ship. They were deserting a mighty and increasing fleet for a place on the deck of an isolated and badly crippled man-of-war--one that was fighting grandly, it is true, but fighting single-handed, almost hopelessly, with its ammunition and supplies nearly exhausted, its engines disabled, and its hull heavily leaking.

It required a *week* of laborious examination and intense thought to enable me to reach any definite conclusion. Every rod of the Federal *intrenchments*, every fort and parapet on the opposing line of breastworks and on the commanding hills in rear of them, every sunken path of the pickets and every supporting division of infantry behind the works, had to be noted and carefully scrutinized. The character of the obstructions in front of each portion of the Union works had to be critically examined and an estimate made as to the time it would require to cut them away so that my men could mount the breastworks or rush into the fort selected for our attack. The distance between the opposing works and the number of seconds or minutes it would require for my troops to rush across were important factors in estimating the chances of success or failure, and required the closest calculation. The decision as to the most vulnerable point for attack involved two additional questions of vital importance. The first was: From what point on my own intrenchments could my assaulting column rush forth on its desperate night sally, with the least probability of arousing the sleeping foe? The second was: How many intervening ditches were there, and of what width and depth, over which my men were to leap or into which they might fall in the perilous passage! All these points considered, I decided that Fort Stedman on Grant's lines was the most inviting point for attack and Colquitt's Salient on Lee's lines the proper place from which to sally. This point in our lines took its name from my lifelong friend, General Alfred Holt Colquitt of Georgia, whose memory will live in Southern hearts, as fresh and green as the fadeless verdure of the pines which now grow upon the salient's embankment, striking their roots deep into the earth which was reddened by the blood of his stalwart Georgians. These men stood and fought and suffered there, commanded by this superb officer, who won by his brilliant victory in Florida the proud title, "*Hero of Olustee*." General Colquitt lived long after the war closed, giving conservative counsel to his people, recognized as the friend of both races, and serving with distinction as governor of his State and as United States senator. He died at his post of duty in Washington in 1893.

The plan of the attack on Fort Stedman was fully developed in my own mind; and whether it was good or bad, the responsibility for it was upon me, not because there was any indisposition on General Lee's part to make a plan of his own and order its execution, but because he had called me from the extreme right to his centre at Petersburg for this purpose. With him was the final decision--approval or rejection.

As soon as he was notified that I was ready to report, he summoned me to his quarters. After such a lapse of time I cannot give General Lee's exact words in so prolonged a

conference, but the following questions and answers faithfully represent the substance of the interview.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"I can take Fort Stedman, sir."

"How, and from what point?"

"By a night assault from Colquitt's Salient, and a sudden, quick rush across ditches, where the enemy's pickets are on watch, running over the pickets and capturing them, or, if they resist, using the bayonet."

"But the chevaux-de-frise protecting your front is, I believe, fastened together at Colquitt's Salient with chains and spikes. This obstruction will have to be removed before your column of attack can pass out of our works. Do you think you can remove these obstructions without attracting the attention of Union pickets which are only a few rods away? You are aware that they are especially vigilant at night, and that any unusual noise on your lines would cause them to give the alarm, arousing their men in the fort, who would quickly turn loose upon you their heavy guns loaded with grape and canister."

"This is a serious difficulty; but I feel confident that it can be overcome. I propose to intrust the delicate task of getting our obstructions removed to a few select men, who will begin the work after dark, and, with the least possible noise, make a passageway for my troops by 4 A.M., at which hour the sally is to be made."

"But suppose you succeed in removing the obstructions in front of your own lines without attracting the attention of General Grant's pickets and get your column under full headway and succeed in capturing or killing the pickets before they can give the alarm; you will have <jg_402>a still more serious difficulty to overcome when you reach the strong and closely built obstructions in front of Fort Stedman and along the enemy's works. Have you ascertained how these obstructions are made and thought of any way to get over them or through them? You know that a delay of even a few minutes would insure a consuming fire upon your men, who, while halting, would be immediately in front of the heavy guns in the fort."

"I recognize fully, general, the force of all you say; but let me explain. Through prisoners and deserters I have learned during the past week all about the obstructions in front of General Grant's lines. They are exceedingly formidable. They are made of rails, with the lower ends deeply buried in the ground. The upper ends are sharpened and rest upon poles, to which they are fastened by strong wires. These sharp points are about breast-high, and my men could not possibly get over them. They are about six or eight inches apart; and we could not get through them. They are so securely fastened together and to the horizontal poles by the telegraph wires that we could not possibly shove them apart so as to pass them. There is but one thing to do. They must be chopped to pieces by heavy, quick blows with sharp axes. I propose to select fifty brave and especially robust and active men, who will be armed only with axes. These axemen will rush across, closely followed by my troops, and will slash down a passage for my men almost at a single blow. This stalwart force will rush into the fort with the head of my column, and, if necessary, use their axes instead of bayonets in any hand-to-hand conflict inside the fort. I think I can promise you, general, that we will go into that fort; but what we are going to do when we get in is the most serious problem of all."

At this point General Lee discussed and carefully <jg_403>considered every phase of the hazardous programme. He expressed neither approval nor disapproval; but he directed

me to explain fully the further details of the plan on the supposition that by possibility we could take Fort Stedman and the lines on each side of it.

The purpose of the movement was not simply the capture of Fort Stedman and the breastworks flanking it. The prisoners and guns we might thus capture would not justify the peril of the undertaking. The tremendous possibility was the disintegration of the whole left wing of the Federal army, or at least the dealing of such a staggering blow upon it as would disable it temporarily, enabling us to withdraw from Petersburg in safety and join Johnston in North Carolina. The capture of the fort was only the breasting of the first wave in the ocean of difficulties to be encountered. It was simply the opening of a road through the wilderness of hostile works nearest to us in order that my corps and the additional forces to be sent me could pass toward the rear of Grant's lines and then turn upon his flanks.

General Lee resumed his questions, saying in substance: "Well, suppose you capture the fort, what are you going to do with the strong line of infantry in the ravine behind the fort and the three other forts in the rear which command Fort Stedman? Do you think you can carry those three forts by assault after General Grant's army has been aroused by your movement?"

"Those forts, general, cannot be taken by direct assault when fully manned, except at great sacrifice to our troops. In front of them is a network of abatis which makes a direct advance upon them extremely difficult. There is, however, an open space in the rear of them, and if I can reach that space in the darkness with a sufficient number of men to overpower the guards, I can take those three forts also, without heavy loss. I suggest that we attempt their capture by a legitimate <jg_404>stratagem; if that fails, then at dawn to rush with all the troops available toward Grant's left, meeting emergencies as best we can. To accomplish much by such a movement, you would have to send me nearly or quite one half of your army. I greatly prefer to try the stratagem, the success of which depends on a number of contingencies."

He asked me to state fully each step in the programme, and I continued:

"During the week of investigation I have learned the name of every officer of rank in my front. I propose to select three officers from my corps, who are to command each a body of 100 men. These officers are to assume the names of three Union officers who are in and near Fort Stedman. When I have carried Fort Stedman, each of these selected officers is to rush in the darkness to the rear with his 100 men, shouting: 'The Rebels have carried Fort Stedman and our front lines!' They are to maintain no regular order, but each body of 100 is to keep close to its leader. As these three officers strike the line of infantry in rear of the fort and at different points, they will be halted; but each of them will at once represent himself as the Union officer whose name he bears, and is to repeat: 'The Rebels have captured our works, and I am ordered by General McLaughlin to rush back to the fort in rear and hold it at all hazards.'

"Each body of 100 men will thus pass the supporting line of Union infantry and go to the rear of the fort to which I will direct the leader. They are to enter, overpower the Union guards, and take possession of the fort. Thus the three forts will be captured."

General Lee asked if I thought my officers would each be able in the darkness to find the fort which he was seeking. I replied:

"That depends, general, upon my ability to get proper <jg_405>guides. The trees have been cut down, the houses have been burned, and the whole topography of that portion of

the field so changed that it will require men who are thoroughly familiar with the locality to act as guides. I have no such men in my corps; and without proper guides my three detachments will be sacrificed after taking Fort Stedman and passing the rear line of infantry."

Again there was a long discussion of the chances and the serious difficulties in this desperate adventure. These were fully recognized by General Lee, as they had been by myself when the successive steps in the undertaking were formulated in my own mind. He said in substance: "If you think, after careful consideration, that you can probably carry Fort Stedman, and then get your three companies of 100 through the line of supporting infantry, I will endeavor to find among the Virginia volunteers three men whose homes were on that part of the field where the rear forts stand, to act as guides to your three officers. I do not know of such men now, but will at once make search for them."

He directed me to proceed with the selection of my men for the different parts of the programme, but not to notify them until he had made search for the guides and had thought the whole plan over. Twenty-four hours later occurred the final conference before the attack. With the exception of the last council of war on the night before the surrender, I believe this conference on the night of March 23, 1865, was the most serious and impressive in my experience. General Lee had thought of all the chances: he had found three men, whom he did not know in person, but who were recommended for the three guides; he had selected different troops to send me from other corps, making, with mine, nearly one half of his army, and had decided that we should make one supreme effort to break the cordon tightening around us. These troops were to come from Longstreet's and <jg_406>A. P. Hill's corps. A body of cavalry was to be sent me, which, in case we succeeded in getting into the three rear forts, was to ride across the broken gap at Fort Stedman, and then gallop to the rear, destroy Grant's railroad and telegraph lines, and cut away his pontoons across the river, while the infantry swept down the rear of the Union intrenchments.

With full recognition by both the commander and myself of the hopelessness of our cause if we waited longer on General Grant's advance, and also of the great hazard in moving against him, the tremendous undertaking was ordered.

All night my troops were moving and concentrating behind Colquitt's Salient. For hours Mrs. Gordon sat in her room in Petersburg, tearing strips of white cloth to tie across the breasts of the leading detachments, that they might recognize each other in the darkness and in the hand-to-hand battle expected at the Federal breastworks and inside the fort.

The fifty heavy keen-edged axes were placed in the hands of the fifty brave and stalwart fellows who were to lead the column and hew down Grant's obstructions. The strips of white cloth were tied upon them, and they were ready for the desperate plunge.

The chosen 300, in three companies, under the three officers bearing names of Union officers, were also bedecked with the white cotton Confederate scarfs. To each of these companies was assigned one of the three selected guides. I explained to the 300 men the nature of their duties, and told them that, in addition to the joy it would give them to aid in giving victory to the army, I would see to it, if the three forts were captured, that each of them should have a thirty days' furlough and a silver medal. Although the rear forts were not captured, the failure was not the fault of the 300; and even to this day, nearly forty years afterward, I occasionally receive <jg_407>applications for the medal,

accompanied by the statement that I need not trouble myself to get the furlough, as they received that some days later at Appomattox.

The hour for the assault (4 A.M.) arrived. The column of attack was arranged in the following order: the 50 axemen in front, and immediately behind and close to them the selected 300. Next came the different commands of infantry who were to move in compact column close behind the 300, the cavalry being held in reserve until the way for them was cleared.

While my preparations were progressing I received from General Lee the following note, which is here given because it was written with his own hand, and because it expresses the earnest prayer for our success which came from his burdened heart, and which he could not suppress even in this short semi-official communication:

4:30 P.M. Hd Qr (24) March '65.

Genl: I have received yours of 2:30 P.M. and telegraphed for Pickett's Division, but I do not think it will reach here in time. Still we will try. If you need more troops one or both of Heth's brigades can be called to Colquitt's Salient and Wilcox's to the Baxter road. Dispose of the troops as needed. I pray that a merciful God may grant us success and deliver us from our enemies. Yours truly,

R. E. LEE,

Genl.

Genl. J. B. GORDON, etc.

P.S. The Cavalry is ordered to report to you at Halifax road and Norfolk R.R. Iron Bridge at 3 A.M. tomorrow. W.F. Lee to be in vicinity of Monk's corner Road at 6 A.M.

All things ready, at 4 A.M. I stood on the top of the breastworks, with no one at my side except a single private soldier with rifle in hand, who was to fire the signal shot for the headlong rush. This night charge on the fort was to be across the intervening space <jg_408>covered with ditches, in one of which stood the watchful Federal pickets. There still remained near my works some of the débris of our obstructions, which had not been completely removed and which I feared might retard the rapid exit of my men; and I ordered it cleared away. The noise made by this removal, though slight, attracted the attention of a Union picket who stood on guard only a few rods from me, and he called out:

"What are you doing over there, Johnny? What is that noise ? Answer quick or I'll shoot."

The pickets of the two armies were so close together at this point that there was an understanding between them, either expressed or implied, that they would not shoot each other down except when necessary. The call of this Union picket filled me with apprehension. I expected him to fire and start the entire picket-line to firing, thus giving the alarm to the fort, the capture of which depended largely upon the secrecy of my movement. The quick mother-wit of the private soldier at my side came to my relief. In an instant he replied:

"Never mind, Yank. Lie down and go to sleep. We are just gathering a little corn. You know rations are mighty short over here."

There was a narrow strip of corn which the bullets had not shot away still standing between the lines. The Union picket promptly answered: "All right, Johnny; go ahead and get your corn. I'll not shoot at you while you are drawing your rations."

Such soldierly courtesy was constantly illustrated between these generous foes, who

stood so close to one another in the hostile lines. The Rev. J. William Jones, D.D., now chaplain-general of the United Confederate Veterans, when standing near this same point had his hat carried away by a gust of wind, and it fell near the <jg_409>Union lines. The loss of a hat meant the loss to the chaplain of nearly a month's pay. He turned away sorrowfully, not knowing how he could get another. A heroic young private, George Haner of Virginia, said to him: "Chaplain, I will get your hat." Taking a pole in his hand, he crawled along the ditch which led to our picket-line, and began to drag the hat in with his pole. At this moment a Yankee bullet went through the sleeve of his jacket. He at once shouted to the Union picket: "Hello, Yank; quit your foolishness. I am doing no harm. I am just trying to get the chaplain's hat." Immediately the reply came: "All right, Johnny; I'll not shoot at you any more. But you'd better hurry up and get it before the next relief comes."

My troops stood in close column, ready for the hazardous rush upon Fort Stedman. While the fraternal dialogue in reference to drawing rations from the cornfield was progressing between the Union picket and the resourceful private at my side, the last of the obstructions in my front were removed, and I ordered the private to fire the signal for the assault. He pointed his rifle upward, with his finger on the trigger, but hesitated. His conscience seemed to get hold of him. He was going into the fearful charge, and he evidently did not feel disposed to go into eternity with the lie on his lips, although it might be a permissible war lie, by which he had thrown the Union picket off his guard. He evidently felt that it was hardly fair to take advantage of the generosity and soldierly sympathy of his foe, who had so magnanimously assured him that he would not be shot while drawing his rations from the little field of corn. His hesitation surprised me, and I again ordered: "Fire your gun, sir." He at once called to his kind-hearted foe and said: "Hello, Yank ! Wake up; we are going to shell the woods. Look out; we are coming." And with this effort to satisfy his conscience and even <jg_410>up accounts with the Yankee picket, he fired the shot and rushed forward in the darkness.

As the solitary signal shot rang out in the stillness, my alert pickets, who had crept close to the Union sentinels, sprang like sinewy Ajaxes upon them and prevented the discharge of a single alarm shot. Had these faithful Union sentinels been permitted to fire alarm guns, my dense columns, while rushing upon the fort, would have been torn into fragments by the heavy guns. Simultaneously with the seizing and silencing of the Federal sentinels, my stalwart axemen leaped over our breastworks, closely followed by the selected 300 and the packed column of infantry. Although it required but a few minutes to reach the Union works, those minutes were to me like hours of suspense and breathless anxiety; but soon was heard the thud of the heavy axes as my brave fellows slashed down the Federal obstructions. The next moment the infantry sprang upon the Union breastworks and into the fort, overpowering the gunners before their destructive charges could be emptied into the mass of Confederates. They turned this captured artillery upon the flanking lines on each side of the fort, clearing the Union breastworks of their defenders for some distance in both directions. Up to this point, the success had exceeded my most sanguine expectations. We had taken Fort Stedman and a long line of breastworks on either side. We had captured nine heavy cannon, eleven mortars, nearly 1000 prisoners, including General McLaughlin, with the loss of less than half a dozen men. One of these fell upon the works, pierced through the body by a Federal bayonet, one of the few men thus killed in the four years of war. I was in the fort myself, and

relieved General McLaughlin by assuming command of Fort Stedman.

From the fort I sent word to General Lee, who was on a hill in the rear, that we were in the works and that <jg_411>the 300 were on their way to the lines in the rear. Soon I received a message from one of these three officers, I believe General Lewis of North Carolina, that he had passed the line of Federal infantry without trouble by representing himself as Colonel -- of the Hundredth Pennsylvania, but that he could not find his fort, as the guide had been lost in the rush upon Stedman. I soon received a similar message from the other two, and so notified General Lee.

Daylight was coming. Through the failure of the three guides, we had failed to occupy the three forts in the rear, and they were now filled with Federals. Our wretched railroad trains had broken down, and the troops who were coming to my aid did not reach me. The full light of the morning revealed the gathering forces of Grant and the great preponderance of his numbers. It was impossible for me to make further headway with my isolated corps, and General Lee directed me to withdraw. This was not easily accomplished. Foiled by the failure of the guides, deprived of the great bodies of infantry which Lee ordered to my support, I had necessarily stretched out my corps to occupy the intrenchments which we had captured. The other troops were expected to arrive and join in the general advance. The breaking down of the trains and the non-arrival of these heavy supports left me to battle alone with Grant's gathering and overwhelming forces, and at the same time to draw in my own lines toward Fort Stedman. A consuming fire on both flanks and front during this withdrawal caused a heavy loss to my command. I myself was wounded, but not seriously, in re-crossing the space over which we had charged in the darkness. Among the disabled was the gallant Brigadier-General Philip Cook of Georgia, who after the war represented his people in the United States Congress.

When the retreat to our own works had ended, a <jg_412>report reached me that an entire Confederate regiment had not received the order to withdraw, and was still standing in the Union breastworks, bravely fighting. It was necessary to send them orders or leave them to their fate. I called my staff around me, and explained the situation and the extreme danger the officer would encounter in carrying that order. I stated to them that the pain I experienced in sending one of them on so perilous a mission was greater than I could express. Every one of them quickly volunteered to go; but Thomas G. Jones of Alabama insisted that as he was the youngest and had no special responsibilities, it should fall to his lot to incur the danger. I bade him good-by with earnest prayers that God would protect him, and without an apparent tremor he rode away. A portion of the trip was through a literal furnace of fire, but he passed through it, both going and returning, without a scratch.

This last supreme effort to break the hold of General Grant upon Petersburg and Richmond was the expiring struggle of the Confederate giant, whose strength was nearly exhausted and whose limbs were heavily shackled by the most onerous conditions. Lee knew, as we all did, that the chances against us were as a hundred is to one; but we remembered how George Washington, with his band of ragged rebels, had won American independence through trials and sufferings and difficulties, and although they were far less discouraging and insurmountable than those around us, they were nevertheless many and great. It seemed better, therefore, to take the one chance, though it might be one in a thousand, rather than to stand still while the little army was being depleted, its vitality lessening with each setting sun, and its life gradually ebbing, while the great army in its

front was growing and strengthening day by day. To wait was certain destruction: it could not be worse if we tried and failed. The accidents and mishaps which checked the <jg_413>brilliant assault made by my brave men, and which rendered their further advance impossible, could not have been anticipated. But for those adverse happenings, it would seem that we might have won on that single chance.

This spasm of Confederate aggressive vigor inaugurated the period of more than two weeks of almost incessant battle, beginning on the morning of March 25th with the charge of my troops at Petersburg, and ending with the last charge of Lee's army, made by these same men on the morning of April 9th at Appomattox.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXVIII--Evacuation Of Petersburg

<jg_414>

Religious spirit of the soldiers in extremity--Some amusing anecdotes --Fall of Five Forks--Death of General A. P. Hill--The line of defence stretched to breaking--General Lee's order to withdraw from Petersburg--Continuous fighting during the retreat--Stirring adventure of a Confederate scout--His retaliation--Lee directs the movement toward Appomattox.

PETERSBURG--the Cockade City--was scarcely less noted than Richmond itself for its high military spirit, its devotion to the Confederacy, and the extent of its sacrifices for the Southern cause. There was scarcely a home within its corporate limits that was not open to the sick and wounded of Lee's army. Its patriotic citizens denied themselves all luxuries and almost actual necessaries in order to feed and strengthen the hungry fighters in the trenches. Its women, who were noted for culture and refinement, became nurses, as consecrated as Florence Nightingale, as they soothed the sufferings and strengthened the hopes of the dying soldiers. Now and then, in the experiences of the young people, the subtle radiance of romance lighted up the gloom of the hospitals.

A beautiful Southern girl, on her daily mission of love and mercy, asked a badly wounded soldier boy what she could do for him. He replied: "I'm greatly obliged to you, but it is too late for you to do anything for me. I am so badly shot that I can't live long." <jg_415>

"Will you not let me pray for you? I hope that I am one of the Lord's daughters, and I would like to ask Him to help you."

Looking intently into her bewitching face, he replied: "Yes, pray at once, and ask the Lord to let me be His son-in-law."

The susceptible young soldier had evidently received, at this interview, another wound, which served to convert his apprehensions of death into a longing for domestic life.

During the two weeks following the sudden seizure of Fort Stedman and its equally sudden release, my legs were rarely out of my long boots. For eight days the shifting scenes and threatening demonstrations on my front, and in front of A. P. Hill on my right, kept me on horseback until my tired limbs and aching joints made a constant appeal for rest. The coming of night brought little or no cessation of the perplexing and fatiguing activities. Night after night troops were marching, heavy guns were roaring, picket-lines were driven in and had to be reestablished; and the great mortars from both Union and Confederate works were hurling high in the air their ponderous shells, which crossed each other's paths and, with burning fuses, like tails of flying comets, descended in meteoric showers on the opposing intrenchments. The breastworks protecting the battle-lines were so high and broad that the ordinary cannon-balls and shells could not penetrate them and reach the soldiers who stood behind them. In order, therefore, to throw shells into the ranks of the opposing army, these mortars were introduced. They were short, big-mouthed cannon, and were pointed upward, but leaning slightly toward the enemy's lines, and their great shells were hurled skyward, and then came whirling down, exploding with terrific force among the men who stood or slept behind the breastworks. <jg_416>

At a point near where the left of A. P. Hill's corps touched the right of mine, a threatened attack brought together for counsel a number of officers from each of these

commands. After this conference as to the proper disposition of troops for resisting the expected assault, we withdrew into a small log hut standing near, and united in prayer to Almighty God for His guidance. As we assembled, one of our generals was riding within hailing distance, and General Harry Heth of Hill's corps stepped to the door of the log cabin and called to him to come in and unite with us in prayer. The officer did not understand the nature of General Heth's invitation, and replied: "No, thank you, general; no more at present; I've just had some."

This amusing incident, while it convulsed the small assemblage with laughter, did not delay many moments the earnest petitions for deliverance. From the commander-in-chief to the privates in the ranks, there was a deep and sincere religious feeling in Lee's army. Whenever it was convenient or practicable, these hungry but unyielding men were holding prayer-meetings. Their supplications were fervent and often inspiring, but now and then there were irresistibly amusing touches. At one of these gatherings for prayer was a private who had lost one leg. Unable to kneel, he sat with bowed head, while one of his comrades, whom we shall call Brother Jones, led in prayer. Brother Jones was earnestly praying for more manhood, more strength, and more courage. The brave old one-legged Confederate did not like Brother Jones's prayer. At that period of the war, he felt that it was almost absurd to be asking God to give the Confederates more courage, of which virtue they already had an abundant supply. So he called out from his seat: "Hold on there, Brother Jones. Don't you know you are praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions? We've got more courage now than we have any use for!" <jg_417>

This did not occur in my immediate camp, but a similar incident did. In a meeting for prayer near my headquarters, there was more than the usual impressiveness -- more of that peculiar sadness which is significant of a brave despair. As in all the religious gatherings in the army, all denominations of Christians were represented. The chaplain who conducted the solemn services asked a number of officers and others to lead in prayer. Among them, he called upon a private who belonged to my sharpshooters, and who had not had the advantages of an early education. This consecrated soldier knelt close by my side, and with his heart all aglow with the spirit of the meeting, and his mind filled with strong convictions as to the justice of our cause, he said in a clear, ringing voice: "Oh, Lord, we are having a mighty big fight down here, and a sight of trouble; and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject, and give us the victory."

As for himself, he had no doubt as to what a "proper view" of the great conflict was. None of them had. While they fully comprehended the situation from an earthly or purely military point of view, they hoped to the last that by some miraculous intervention the "proper view of the subject" would ultimately prevail.

The general-in-chief and his corps commanders were kept fairly well advised by our scouts as to General Grant's preparations and movements; but, independent of this direct intelligence, there were other indications which could not be misunderstood. The roads were wet, and hence no clouds of dust rose above the the tree-tops to tell us during the day of Grant's progress; but at night his camp-fires in the pines painted a light on the horizon near us which admonished us that he was marching around our right to seize the South Side Railroad and force us out of our trenches. Sheridan's large bodies of cavalry, supported by infantry, soon appeared in the neighborhood of Five Forks--a point from which roads <jg_418>led in five directions. It was a strategic point of such importance to

Lee, for either the continued defence of Petersburg or the withdrawal of his army, that he determined to hold it until surrender was inevitable. He, therefore, adopted the same bold, aggressive policy which had so repeatedly thwarted the flank movements of his great antagonist on every battle-field from the Wilderness to Petersburg. Withdrawing all the troops that could be spared from the trenches, Lee hurled his depleted but still resolute little army against Grant's heavy lines of infantry on the march to Five Forks, and drove back in confusion that portion of the Federal army; but the small Confederate force there employed was utterly inadequate either to press the temporary advantage or to hold the position it had won. It was quickly swept from the front of the overpowering Federals, and the concentration upon Five Forks was accomplished. The small force of Confederates which defended it fought with characteristic courage. In the first encounter General Sheridan's forces were repelled from the breastworks. But soon the devoted little band of gray was torn by artillery, harried by cavalry, and assaulted by infantry on every side; and the Confederate flags went down, while their brave defenders were surrounded by a cordon of fire. Five Forks fell, with the loss of large numbers of Confederates in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Turning from Five Forks in the direction of Petersburg, the victorious Federals came upon the flank and rear of the defensive works around the city. Longstreet's corps had been ordered from the lines around Richmond, but came too late to prevent the disaster at Five Forks. It was not too late, however, to check the flanking force of Federals marching upon the city from that direction. A part of A. P. Hill's corps was formed at right angles to the trenches and shared in the furious fighting. That brilliant corps-commander and <jg_419>devoted patriot, whose name was the synonym of chivalry, gave his life to the cause he loved in these last dark hours of the expiring Confederacy.

As General Lee rode back toward Petersburg from Five Forks, near which he had led in person a brilliant and successful charge, he said to one of his aides: "This is a sad business, colonel." In a few minutes he added: "It has happened as I told them in Richmond it would happen. The line has been stretched until it is broken." On this melancholy ride the shattered and ragged remnants of his army, still proud, hopeful, and defiant, saluted him at every point with shouts of welcome, indicating their undiminished admiration and confidence.

This was the first day of April. Not one day of rest had been given these starving men to recover from the winter's trials and sufferings, which have been so truthfully described by the graphic pen of Dr. Henry Alexander White:

Winter poured down its snows and its sleets upon Lee's shelterless men in the trenches. Some of them burrowed into the earth. Most of them shivered over the feeble fires, kept burning along the lines. Scanty and thin were the garments of these heroes. Most of them were clad in mere rags. Gaunt famine oppressed them every hour. One quarter of a pound of rancid bacon and a little meal was the daily portion assigned to each man by the rules of the War Department. But even this allowance failed when the railroads broke down and left the bacon and the flour and the meal piled up beside the tracks in Georgia and the Carolinas. One sixth of this daily ration was the allotment for a considerable time, and very often the supply of bacon failed entirely With dauntless hearts these gaunt-faced men endured the almost ceaseless fire of Grant's mortar-batteries. The frozen fingers of Lee's army of sharpshooters clutched the musket barrel with an aim so steady that Grant's men scarcely ever lifted their heads from their bomb-proofs. <jg_420>

These men--less than 40,000 in number--had held for many months a battle-line forty miles long, stretching from the Chickahominy to Hatcher's Run. My own corps was

stretched until the men stood like a row of vedettes, fifteen feet apart, in the trenches. Portions of my line--it was not a line; it was the mere skeleton of a line--had been broken by assaults at daybreak on April 2. There were no troops--not a man--in reserve to help us; but no extremity appalled my grim and gaunt-visaged fighters. At the command they assembled at double quick in more compact lines around those points which had been seized and were still held by the Federals, densely packed in the captured intrenchments. By desperate charges, one after another of these breaches in my line was restored, until but one remained in possession of the enemy. I was in the act of concentrating for a supreme effort to restore this last breach, when Colonel Charles Marshall of General Lee's staff reached me with a message from the commander-in-chief. It was to admonish me of the dire disaster at Five Forks on the extreme right flank of our army, of the approach of the triumphant and overwhelming Union forces in rear of our defences, of the forced abandonment by A. P. Hill of his works, and of the death of that superb officer. In the face of this almost complete crushing of every command defending the entire length of our lines on my right, the restoration of the remaining breach in my front could contribute nothing toward the rescue of Lee's army. He, therefore, directed that I sacrifice no more men in the effort to recover entire control of my works, but that I maintain my compact line around this last breach, prevent, if possible, Grant's effort to send through it his forces into the city, and at any sacrifice hold my position until night, and until all the other commands could be withdrawn. When this withdrawal had been accomplished, my command was to silently evacuate <jg_421>Petersburg, and cover the retreat of Lee's brave but shattered little army.

The indomitable spirit of my men was never more strikingly shown than in their cheerful response to this command. I feel constrained at this point to place upon record the fact that these were the same men who scarcely one week before had made the daring plunge in the darkness which resulted in the capture of Fort Stedman and its flanking lines; the same men who on the first day at Gettysburg had turned the tide of battle; who at sunset on the 6th of May, in the Wilderness, had carried dismay to the right flank of the Federal army; who at Spottsylvania had made the furious counter-charge under the eye of Lee; who at Cedar Creek had rushed upon Sheridan's left with resistless momentum, and to whom I have endeavored to do but simple justice in my account of the oscillating fortunes of the two armies on that field. They were the men whose record will brighten for all time every page of the history of that immortal army which a knightly and able Federal soldier has pronounced "the best which has existed on this continent." In a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, General Charles A. Whittier of the Union army says:

The Army of Northern Virginia will deservedly rank as the best which has existed on this continent. Suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile. Without doubt, it was composed of the best men of the South, rushing to what they considered the defence of their country against a bitter invader; and they took the places assigned them, officer or private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field, and its patriotism was of easier character, etc.

In the same historical paper General Whittier says: <jg_422>

As a matter of comparison, we have lately read that from William and Mary College, Virginia, thirty-two out of thirty-five professors and instructors abandoned the college work and joined the army in the field. Harvard College sent one professor from its large corps of professors and

instructors.

In every Southern State the universities and colleges sent to the front their students and the flower of their alumni as volunteers. It is stated that nine tenths of the students of the University of Virginia enlisted for the war. In the Rockbridge battery there were seven masters of arts of the university, twenty-eight college graduates, and twenty-five theological students. Among these privates was R. E. Lee, Jr., son of the great commander.

On my staff as volunteer aide was Professor Basil A. Gildersleeve of the University of Virginia, now of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Gildersleeve has no superior in the country as a Greek scholar, and is one of the most distinguished of our classical writers. He was a most efficient officer, and exhibited in extreme peril a high order of courage and composure. While bearing an order in battle he was desperately wounded and maimed for life.

These and many similar facts which could be given demonstrate the justice of General Whittier's estimate.

General Grant, in this last movement upon our lines at Petersburg, hurled against us his army of 124,000 (1) brave and superbly equipped soldiers. To resist them General Lee could then bring into line about 35,000 worn and wan but consecrated fighters. Possibly one half of these had been, on the 1st and 2d of April, killed, wounded, and captured, or the commands to which they belonged had been so broken to pieces as to eliminate them from the effective forces. There was no hope for us except in retreat. <jg_423>

Under orders from the general-in-chief, the old corps of Stonewall Jackson, which it was my privilege to command, was the last of his army to abandon forever those mortar-battered lines of defence around Petersburg. After the hour of midnight, when all other troops were safely on the march to the rear, the Second Army Corps silently and sadly withdrew from the blood-stained trenches in which Lee's peerless army had exhibited for nine weary months a patience in suffering, a steadfastness under discouraging conditions, and a strength in resistance unexampled in war.

As the last broken file of that matchless army stepped from the bridge and my pioneer corps lighted the flames that consumed it, there came to me a vivid and depressing realization of the meaning of the appalling tragedy of the last two days. The breaking of Lee's power had shattered the last hope of Southern independence. But another burden--a personal woe--was weighing upon me. I had left behind me in that city of gloom the wife who had followed me during the entire war. She was ill. But as I rode away from Petersburg during the dismal hours of that night, I found comfort in the hope that some chivalric soldier of the Union army would learn of her presence and guard her home against all intruders. My confidence in American manhood was not misplaced.

To bring up the rear and adequately protect the retreating army was an impossible task. With characteristic vigor General Grant pressed the pursuit. Soon began the continuous and final battle. Fighting all day, marching all night, with exhaustion and hunger claiming their victims at every mile of the march, with charges of infantry in rear and of cavalry on the flanks, it seemed the war god had turned loose all his furies to revel in havoc. On and on, hour after hour, from hilltop to hilltop, the lines were alternately forming, fighting, and retreating, making one almost continuous shifting battle. <jg_424>

Here, in one direction, a battery of artillery became involved; there, in another, a blocked ammunition train required rescue: and thus came short but sharp little battles

which made up the side shows of the main performance, while the different divisions of Lee's lion-hearted army were being broken and scattered or captured. Out of one of these whirlwinds there came running at the top of his speed a boy soldier whose wit flashed out even in that dire extremity. When asked why he was running, he shouted back:

"Golly, captain, I'm running 'cause I can't fly !"

On the night of the 6th of April, three days before the final surrender, my superb scout, young George of Virginia, who recently died in Danville, greatly honored and loved by his people, brought to me under guard two soldiers dressed in full Confederate uniform, whom he had arrested on suspicion, believing that they belonged to the enemy. About two months prior to this arrest I had sent George out of Petersburg on a most perilous mission. All of his scouting was full of peril. I directed him to go in the rear of General Grant's lines, to get as close as he could to the general's headquarters, and, if possible, catch some one with despatches, or in some way bring me reliable information as to what was being done by the Union commander. George was remarkably conscientious, intelligent, and accurate in his reports. He always wore his Confederate gray jacket, which would protect him from the penalty of death as a spy if he should be captured. But he also wore, when on his scouting expeditions, a pale blue overcoat captured from the Union army. A great many of our soldiers wore these overcoats because they had no others.

On this particular expedition George was hiding in the woods not far from General Grant's headquarters, when he saw passing near him two men in Confederate uniform. It was late in the evening, nearly dark. He <jg_425>at once made himself known to them, supposing that they were scouting for some other corps in Lee's army. But they were Sheridan's men, belonging to his "Jessie scouts," and they instantly drew their revolvers upon George and marched him to General Grant's headquarters. He was closely questioned by the Union commander; but he was too intelligent to make any mistakes in his answers. He showed his gray jacket, which saved him from execution as a spy, and he was placed in the guard-house. His opportunity for escape came late one night, when he found a new recruit on guard at his prison door. This newly enlisted soldier was a foreigner, and had very little knowledge of the English language; but he knew what a twenty-dollar gold piece was. The Confederacy did not have much gold, but our scouts were kept supplied with it. George pulled out of the lining of his jacket the gold piece, placed it in the foreigner's hand, turned the fellow's back to the door, and walked quickly out of the guard-house. George would not have dared to attempt such a programme with an American on guard.

He reached our lines, and reported these details only a few days before our last retreat was begun. During that retreat on the night of April 6, 1865, as I rode among my men, he brought two soldiers under guard to me, and said: "General, here are two men who are wearing our uniforms and say they belong to Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry; but I believe they are Yankees. I had them placed under guard for you to examine."

I questioned the men closely, and could find no sufficient ground for George's suspicions. They seemed entirely self-possessed and at ease under my rigid examination. They gave me the names of Fitzhugh Lee's regimental and company commanders, said they belonged to a certain mess, and gave the names of the members, and, without a moment's hesitation, gave <jg_426>prompt answer to every question I asked. I said to George that they seemed to me all right; but he protested, saying: "No, general, they are not all right. I saw them by the starlight counting your files." One of them at once said:

"Yes; we were trying to get some idea of your force. We have been at home on sick-leave for a long time, and wanted to know if we had any army left." This struck me as a little suspicious, and I pounded them again with questions. "You say that you have been home on sick-leave !"

"Yes, sir; we have been at home several weeks, and fell in with your command to-night, hoping that you could tell us how to get to General Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry."

"If you have been at home sick, you ought to have your furloughs with you."

"We have, sir. We have our furlough papers here in our pockets, signed by our own officers, and approved by General R. E. Lee. If we had a light you could examine them and see that they are all right."

George, who was listening to this conversation, which occurred while we were riding, again insisted that it did not matter what these men said or what they had; they were Yankees. I directed that they be brought on under guard until I could examine their papers.

We soon came to a burning log heap on the roadside, which had been kindled by some of the troops who had passed at an earlier hour of the night. The moment the full light fell upon their faces, George exclaimed: "General, these are the two men who captured me nearly two months ago behind General Grant's headquarters."

They ridiculed the suggestion, and at once drew from their pockets the furloughs. These papers seemed to be correct, and the signatures of the officers, including that of General Lee, seemed to be genuine. This evidence did not yet satisfy George nor shake his convictions. <jg_427>He said that the signatures of our officers were forged, or these men had captured some of our men who had furloughs, and had taken the papers from them, and were now personating the real owners. He asked me to make them dismount, that he might "go through them," as he described his proposed search. He fingered every seam in their coats, took off their cavalry sabres, and searched their garments, but found nothing. At last he asked me to make them sit down and let him pull off their boots. One personated a Confederate private; the other wore the uniform of a lieutenant of cavalry. George drew the boots from the lieutenant's feet, and under the lining of one he found an order from General Grant to General Ord, directing the latter to move rapidly by certain roads and cut off Lee's retreat at Appomattox. As soon as this order was found, the young soldier admitted the truth of George's statement--that they were the two men who captured him behind Grant's lines. I said to them: "Well, you know your fate. Under the laws of war you have forfeited your lives by wearing this uniform, and I shall have you shot at sunrise to-morrow morning."

They received this announcement without the slightest appearance of nervousness. The elder could not have been more than nineteen or twenty years of age, while his companion was a beardless youth. One of them said with perfect composure: "General, we understand it all. We knew when we entered this kind of service, and put on these uniforms, that we were taking our lives in our hands, and that we should be executed if we were captured. You have the right to have us shot; but the war can't last much longer, and it would do you no good to have us killed."

I had no thought of having them executed, but I did not tell them so. I sent the captured order to General Lee, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 7th he <jg_428>wrote me in pencil a note which was preserved by my chief of staff, Major R. W. Hunter, now of Alexandria, Virginia. It was sent, a few years ago, to Mrs. Gordon, to be kept by her as a

memento of this most remarkable incident. Unhappily, it was lost in the fire which, in 1899, consumed my home. In that brief note, General Lee directed me to march by certain roads toward Appomattox as rapidly as the physical condition of my men would permit. Thus, by General Lee's direction, my command was thrown to the front, that we might thwart, if possible, the purpose of the Union commander to check at Appomattox our retrograde movement.

General Lee approved my suggestion to spare the lives of Sheridan's captured "Jessie scouts," and directed me to bring them along with my command. This incident closed with my delivery of the young soldiers to General Sheridan on the morning of Lee's surrender.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXIX--The Surrender

<jg_429>

The Army of Northern Virginia reduced to a skeleton--General Lee's calm bearing--The last Confederate council of war--Decision upon a final attempt to break Grant's lines--The last charge of the war--Union breastworks carried--A fruitless victory--Flag of truce sent to General Ord--Conference with General Sheridan--An armistice.

BEFORE reaching the end of our journey, which terminated abruptly at the little village of Appomattox, the Army of Northern Virginia had become the mere skeleton of its former self. At Sailor's Creek, Anderson's corps was broken and destroyed, and General Ewell, with almost his entire command, was captured, as was General Kershaw, General Custis Lee, son of the general-in-chief, and other prominent officers. I had discovered the movement threatening Ewell, and had sought to apprise him of his danger and to aid in his escape; but my own command was assailed at almost the same instant, and was precipitated into a short but strenuous battle for its own safety. The advance of Grant's army struck Ewell upon one road and my command upon another almost simultaneously. Rushing through the broad gap between Ewell and myself, the heavy Federal force soon surrounded the command of that brave old one-legged hero, and forced him to surrender. Another Union column struck my command while we were endeavoring to push the ponderous wagon-trains through the bog, out of which the starved teams were unable to <jg_430>drag them. Many of these wagons, loaded with ammunition, mired so deep in the mud that they had to be abandoned. It was necessary to charge and force back the Union lines in order to rescue my men from this perilous position. Indeed, not only was my command in almost incessant battle as we covered the retreat, but every portion of our marching column was being assailed by Grant's cavalry and infantry. The roads and fields and woods swarmed with eager pursuers, and Lee now and then was forced to halt his whole army, reduced to less than 10,000 fighters, in order to meet these simultaneous attacks. Various divisions along the line of march turned upon the Federals, and in each case checked them long enough for some other Confederate commands to move on. Mahone's infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry were engaged far in advance. The latter command captured General Gregg, who, with other prisoners, joined our retreat. I observed General Gregg marching on foot, and asked him to accept a mount, as he was not accustomed to travelling as an infantry soldier. He expressed appreciation of the offer, but declined, preferring to share the fate of his men.

General Lee was riding everywhere and watching everything, encouraging his brave men by his calm and cheerful bearing. He was often exposed to great danger from shells and bullets; but, in answer to protests, his reply was that he was obliged to see for himself what was going on. As he sat on his horse near Farmville during a sharp engagement, watching the effect of the fire from one of our batteries which was playing upon the enemy, a staff officer rode up to him with a message. The general noticed that this officer had exposed himself unnecessarily in approaching him, and he reprimanded the young soldier for not riding on the side of the hill where he would be protected from the enemy's fire. The young officer replied that he would be <jg_431>ashamed to seek protection while the commanding general was so exposing himself. General Lee sharply replied: "It

is my duty to be here. Go back the way I told you, sir."

Thus the great chieftain was teaching by example the lesson of devotion to duty at any risk, and teaching by precept that noblest of lessons, unselfish consideration for others.

This was no new phase of his soldier life. It was not an exhibition of attributes developed by the trying conditions around him. It was simply a natural expression of the spirit that made him great and good. Many incidents in his army career illustrate the same elements of character. At some point below Richmond, he was standing near a battery, when the men crowded around him, evidencing their admiration and affection. The group grew so large as to attract the enemy's attention, and drew a heavy fire; whereupon the general said to the privates around him: "Men, you had better go back to your places. They are firing at this point, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger." He remained there himself for some minutes, and then, as he walked quietly away, he picked up a small object and placed it on the limb of a tree. It was afterward ascertained that it was an unfledged sparrow that had fallen from its nest.

In the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, and along the lines at Petersburg, he exposed himself whenever and wherever his presence seemed needful. The protests of his officers and soldiers against this habit were so frequent that he said on one occasion, half humorously, half complainingly: "I do wish somebody would tell me where my place is on the field of battle; wherever I go to look after the fight, I am told, ' This is no place for you; you must go away.'"

General Benjamin Butterworth of Ohio ("Honest <jg_432>Ben," as he was familiarly called during his service as member of Congress from the Buckeye State) gave me, after the war, an account of an incident occurring on this final retreat which was both pathetic and amusing. It illustrates that remarkable and unique phase of the great struggle, the feeling of genuine comradeship, which existed between the soldiers of the hostile armies. On that doleful retreat of Lee's army, it was impossible for us to bury our dead or carry with us the disabled wounded. There was no longer any room in the crowded ambulances which had escaped capture and still accompanied our trains. We could do nothing for the unfortunate sufferers who were too severely wounded to march, except leave them on the roadside with canteens of water. A big-hearted soldier-boy in blue came across a desperately wounded Confederate shot through legs and body, lying in his bloody bed of leaves, groaning with pain and sighing for relief in death. The generous Federal was so moved by the harrowing spectacle that he stopped at the side of the Confederate and asked: "What can I do for you, Johnny? I want to help you if I can."

"Thank you for your sympathy," the sufferer replied, "but no one can help me now. It will not be long till death relieves me."

The Union soldier bade him good-by, and was in the act of leaving, when the wounded Southerner called to him: "Yes, Yank; there is something you might do for me. You might pray for me before you go."

This Union boy had probably never uttered aloud a word of prayer in all his life. But his emotions were deeply stirred, and through his tears he looked around for some one more accustomed to lead in prayer. Discovering some of his comrades passing, he called to them: "Come here, boys, and come quick. Here is a poor Johnny shot all to pieces, and he's dying. One <jg_433>of you must come and pray for him. He wants me to pray for him; but you know I can't pray worth a---."

Two days before the surrender, a number of officers held a council as to what was best

to be done. I was not present, but I learned through others that three propositions were discussed:

1. To disband and allow the troops to get away as best they could, and reform at some designated point.

This was abandoned because a dispersion over the country would be a dreadful infliction upon our impoverished people, and because it was most improbable that all the men would reach the rallying-point.

2. To abandon all trains, and concentrate the entire Confederate army in a compact body, and cut through Grant's lines.

This proposition was in turn discarded, because without ammunition trains we could not hope to continue the struggle many days.

3. To surrender at once.

It was decided that this last course would be wisest, and these devoted officers felt that they should do all in their power to relieve General Lee by giving him their moral support in taking the step. General Grant had not then written his first note to Lee, asking surrender. General Pendleton, who was the Confederate chief of artillery, and a close personal friend of the commander, was selected by the council to acquaint him with the result of its deliberations. General Pendleton gave a most graphic description of his interview with General Lee. He said that the general-in-chief instantly replied:

"Oh, no. I trust it has not come to that. We have too many bold men to think of laying down our arms."

General Pendleton related that the general referred to the beginning of the Southern struggle for independence, and said, in substance, that he had never believed that, with the vast power against us, we could win our independence <jg_434>unless we were aided by foreign powers. "But," added General Lee, "such considerations really made no difference with me." And then he uttered those memorable words: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

This great soldier understood the spirit which led the officers in that conference to recommend his surrender. He knew their devotion to the cause and their devotion to him, but he was not ready to consider the necessity for surrender. He doubtless had this conference in mind later, when he perpetrated upon General Wise the joke which General Long has recorded. General Wise, in the absence of either basin or towel, had washed his face in a pool of water impregnated with red clay. The water dried, leaving the red stains on his countenance. General Lee was much amused at the grotesque appearance of Wise, and saluted him as he approached:

"Good morning, General Wise. I perceive that you, at any rate, have not given up the contest, as you are in your war-paint this morning."

In his report written three days after the surrender, and addressed to "His Excellency, Jefferson Davis," General Lee states that when we reached Appomattox his army had been "reduced to two corps under Longstreet and Gordon." He also says in that report: "On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7892 organized infantry with arms."

On the evening of April 8th, this little army, with its ammunition nearly exhausted, was confronted by the forces of General Grant, which had been thrown across our line of retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called

by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods at his headquarters <jg_435>and by a low-burning bivouac-fire. There was no tent there, no table, no chairs, and no camp-stools. On blankets spread upon the ground or on saddles at the roots of the trees, we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen will ever be able to describe the unutterable anguish of Lee's commanders as they looked into the clouded face of their beloved leader and sought to draw from it some ray of hope.

There were present at this final council the general-in-chief, the commander of his artillery, General Pendleton; General Fitzhugh Lee, who in the absence of Wade Hampton commanded the cavalry, and General Longstreet and myself, commanding all that was left of his immortal infantry. These fragments of each arm of the service still represented the consecration and courage that had made Lee's army, at the meridian of its power, almost invincible.

The numbers and names of the staff officers who were present I cannot now recall; and it would be as impossible to give the words that were spoken or the suggestions that were made as it would to photograph the thoughts and emotions of that soldier group gathered at Lee's last bivouac. The letters of General Grant asking surrender, and the replies thereto, evoked a discussion as to the fate of the Southern people and the condition in which the failure of our cause would leave them. There was also some discussion as to the possibility of forcing a passage through Grant's lines and saving a small portion of the army, and continuing a desultory warfare until the government at Washington should grow weary and grant to our people peace, and the safeguards of local self-government. If all that was said and felt at that meeting could be given it would make a volume of measureless pathos. In no hour of the great war did <jg_436>General Lee's masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did in that last council. We knew by our own aching hearts that his was breaking. Yet he commanded himself, and stood calmly facing and discussing the long-dreaded inevitable.

It was finally determined that with Fitz Lee's cavalry, my infantry, and Long's artillery, under Colonel Thomas H. Carter, we should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut through Grant's lines. Longstreet was to follow in support of the movement.

The utmost that could be hoped for was that we might reach the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee with a remnant of the army, and ultimately join General Johnston. As we rode away from the meeting I directed a staff officer to return to General Lee and ask him if he had any specific directions as to where I should halt and camp for the night. He said: "Yes; tell General Gordon that I should be glad for him to halt just beyond the Tennessee line." That line was about two hundred miles away, and Grant's battle-lines and breastworks were in our immediate front, ready to check any movement in that direction; but General Lee knew that I would interpret his facetious message exactly as he intended it. His purpose was to let me infer that there was little hope of our escape and that it did not matter where I camped for the night; but if we should succeed in cutting our way out, he expected me to press toward the goal in the mountains.

The Federals had constructed a line of breastworks across our front during the night. The audacious movement of our troops was begun at dawn. The dashing cavalry leader, Fitzhugh Lee, swept around the Union left flank, while the infantry and artillery attacked the front. I take especial pride in recording the fact that this last charge of the war was made by the footsore and starving men of my command with a spirit worthy the

<jg_437>best days of Lee's army. The Union breastworks were carried. Two pieces of artillery were captured. The Federals were driven from all that portion of the field, and the brave boys in tattered gray cheered as their battle-flags waved in triumph on that last morning.

The Confederate battle-lines were still advancing when I discovered a heavy column of Union infantry coming from the right and upon my rear. I gathered around me my sharpshooters, who were now held for such emergencies, and directed Colonel Thomas H. Carter of the artillery to turn all his guns upon the advancing column. It was held at bay by his shrapnel, grape, and canister. While the Confederate infantry and cavalry were thus fighting at the front, and the artillery was checking the development of Federal forces around my right and rear, Longstreet was assailed by other portions of the Federal army. He was so hardly pressed that he could not join, as contemplated, in the effort to break the cordon of men and metal around us. At this critical juncture a column of Union cavalry appeared on the hills to my left, headed for the broad space between Longstreet's command and mine. In a few minutes that body of Federal cavalry would not only have seized the trains but cut off all communication between the two wings of Lee's army and rendered its capture inevitable. I therefore detached a brigade to double-quick and intercept this Federal force.

Such was the situation, its phases rapidly shifting and growing more intensely thrilling at each moment, when I received a significant inquiry from General Lee. It was borne by Colonel Charles S. Venable of his staff, afterward the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. The commander wished me to report at once as to the conditions on my portion of the field, what progress I was making, and what encouragement I could give. I said: "Tell General Lee that my command has <jg_438>been fought to a frazzle, and unless Longstreet can unite in the movement, or prevent these forces from coming upon my rear, I cannot long go forward." Colonel Venable has left on record this statement:

"At three o'clock on the morning of that fatal day, General Lee rode forward, still hoping that we might break through the countless hordes of the enemy who hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could cut through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the light of the morning, arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the Georgian) was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.'"

Colonel Venable adds that when General Lee received my message, he said: "There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths."

My troops were still fighting, furiously fighting in nearly every direction, when the final note from General Lee reached me. It notified me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I could communicate that fact to the commander of the Union forces in my front. There was no unnecessary delay in sending that message. I called Colonel Green Peyton of my staff, and directed him to take a flag of truce and bear the message to General Ord, who commanded, as I supposed, the Union infantry in my front. I ordered him to say to the Union commander this, and nothing more: "General Gordon has received notice from General Lee of a flag of truce, stopping the battle." Colonel Peyton soon informed me that we had no flag of truce. I

said: "Well, take your handkerchief and tie that on a stick, and go." <jg_439>

He felt in his pockets and said: "General, I have no handkerchief."

"Then tear your shirt, sir, and tie that to a stick."

He looked at his shirt, and then at mine, and said:

"General, I have on a flannel shirt, and I see you have. I don't believe there is a white shirt in the army."

"Get something, sir," I ordered. "Get something and go!"

He secured a rag of some sort, and rode rapidly away in search of General Ord. He did not find Ord, but he found Sheridan, and returned to me accompanied by an officer of strikingly picturesque appearance. This Union officer was slender and graceful, and a superb rider. He wore his hair very long, falling almost to his shoulders. Guided by my staff officer, he galloped to where I was sitting on my horse, and, with faultless grace and courtesy, saluted me with his sabre and said:

"I am General Custer, and bear a message to you from General Sheridan. The general desires me to present to you his compliments, and to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of all the troops under your command. I replied: "You will please, general, return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender my command."

"He directs me to say to you, general, if there is any hesitation about your surrender, that he has you surrounded and can annihilate your command in an hour."

To this I answered that I was probably as well aware of my situation as was General Sheridan; that I had nothing to add to my message informing him of the contents of the note from General Lee; that if General Sheridan decided to continue the fighting in the face of the flag of truce, the responsibility for the blood shed would be his and not mine.

In a short time thereafter a white flag was seen approaching. Under it was Philip Sheridan, accompanied <jg_440>by a mounted escort almost as large as one of Fitz Lee's regiments. Sheridan was mounted on an enormous horse, a very handsome animal. He rode in front of the escort, and an orderly carrying the flag rode beside him. Around me at the time were my faithful sharpshooters, and as General Sheridan and his escort came within easy range of the rifles, a half-witted fellow raised his gun as if to fire. I ordered him to lower his gun, and explained that he must not fire on a flag of truce. He did not obey my order cheerfully, but held his rifle in position to be quickly thrown to his shoulder. In fact, he was again in the act of raising his gun to fire at Sheridan, when I caught the gun and said to him, with emphasis, that he must not shoot men under flag of truce. He at once protested: "Well, general, let him stay on his own side."

I did not tell General Sheridan of his narrow escape. Had he known the facts,--that this weak-minded but strong-hearted Confederate private was one of the deadliest of marksmen,--he probably would have realized that I had saved his life.

Meantime another member of my staff, Major R. W. Hunter of Virginia, had ridden off with General Custer, who asked to be guided to Longstreet's position. As General Sheridan, with the flag of truce, came nearer, I rode out to meet him. Between General Sheridan and myself occurred another controversy very similar to the one I had had previously with General Custer. No message from General Grant in reference to the truce between the commanders-in-chief had reached General Sheridan. It had miscarried. But upon my exhibiting to him the note from Lee, he at once proposed that the firing cease and that our respective lines be withdrawn to certain positions, while we waited further

intelligence from the commanders of the two armies. Our respective staff officers were despatched to inaugurate this temporary <jg_441>armistice, and Sheridan and I dismounted and sat together on the ground.

Quickly the firing was stopped and silence reigned on the field. But I had forgotten the brigade which I had sent far off to my left to check the movement of Union cavalry, and as General Sheridan and I sat and conversed, a sudden roll of musketry was heard from that quarter. General Sheridan sprang to his feet and fiercely asked: "What does that mean, sir?" I replied: "It is my fault, general. I had forgotten that brigade. But let me stop the firing first, and then I will explain."

I called for a member of my staff to ride with all speed to that brigade. None of my staff was there. They had not returned from executing my previous orders. General Sheridan proposed to lend me one of his staff. I accepted the offer; and it so happened that a Union officer, Captain Vanderbilt Allen, bore the last order to my troops, directing them to cease firing, thus practically ending the four years of battle for Southern independence. It was necessary, however, to protect Captain Allen from the fire of my men or from their demand for his surrender. For this purpose I sent with him as guide and protector one of my ragged privates. That private had belonged to the old Stonewall Brigade.

I had never seen General Sheridan before, nor received from those who knew him any definite impressions of him as man or soldier. I had seen something of his work in the latter capacity during the campaigns in the Valley of Virginia. His destruction of barns and mills and farming implements impressed me as in conflict with the laws of war and inconsistent with the enlightened, Christian sentiment of the age, and had prepared me in a measure for his somewhat brusque manners. Truth demands that I say of General Sheridan that his style of conversation and general bearing, while never discourteous, were far less agreeable and pleasing than those of <jg_442>any other officer of the Union army whom it was my fortune to meet. I do not recall a word he said which I could regard as in any degree offensive, but there was an absence of that delicacy and consideration which was exhibited by other Union officers.

General Sheridan began the conversation after we had dismounted by saying, in substance: "We have met before, I believe, at Winchester and Cedar Creek in the Valley."

I replied that I was there, and he continued: "I had the pleasure of receiving some artillery from your Government, consigned to me through your commander, General Early."

He referred, of course, to the piece on which the Confederate wag had painted in white letters the words given in a former chapter. There was nothing offensive in that; but I thought there was in his manner a slight tinge of exultation which was not altogether pleasing, and I replied:

"That is true; and I have this morning received from your government artillery consigned to me through General Sheridan."

He evidently did not know that within the previous hour we had captured some of his artillery, and he was reluctant to believe it.

The meeting of Lee and Grant, and the impressive formalities which followed, put an end to the interview, and we parted without the slightest breach of strict military courtesy.

Reminiscences Of The Civil War (Gordon)

Chapter XXX--The End Of The War

<jg_443>

Appomattox--25,000 men surrender--Only 8000 able to bear arms--Uniform courtesy of the victorious Federals--A salute for the vanquished--What Lincoln might have done--General Sherman's liberal terms to Johnston--An estimate of General Lee and General Grant--The war and the reunited country.

GENERAL LONGSTREET'S forces and mine at Appomattox, numbered, together, less than 8000 men; but every man able to bear arms was still resolute and ready for battle. There were present three times that many enrolled Confederates; but two thirds of them were so enfeebled by hunger, so wasted by sickness, and so foot-sore from constant marching that it was difficult for them to keep up with the army. They were wholly unfit for duty. It is important to note this fact as explaining the great difference in the number of those who fought and those who were to be fed. At the final meeting between General Lee and General Grant rations were ordered by General Grant for 25,000 Confederates.

Marked consideration and courtesy were exhibited at Appomattox by the victorious Federals, from the commanding generals to the privates in the ranks. General Meade, who had known General Lee in the old army, paid, after the surrender, an unofficial visit to the Confederate chieftain. After cordial salutations, General Lee said playfully to his former comrade in arms that years were telling upon him. General Meade, who had <jg_444>fought Lee at Gettysburg and in many subsequent battles, made the strikingly gracious and magnanimous answer: "Not years, but General Lee himself has made me gray."

Some of the scenes on the field, immediately after the cessation of hostilities and prior to the formal surrender, illustrate the same magnanimous spirit, and were peculiarly impressive and thrilling. As my command, in worn-out shoes and ragged uniforms, but with proud mien, moved to the designated point to stack their arms and surrender their cherished battle-flags, they challenged the admiration of the brave victors. One of the knight-liest soldiers of the Federal army, General Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine, who afterward served with distinction as governor of his State, called his troops into line, and as my men marched in front of them, the veterans in blue gave a soldierly salute to those vanquished heroes -- a token of respect from Americans to Americans, a final and fitting tribute from Northern to Southern chivalry.

General Chamberlain describes this incident in the following words:

At the sound of that machine-like snap of arms, General Gordon started, caught in a moment its significance, and instantly assumed the finest attitude of a soldier. He wheeled his horse, facing me, touching him gently with the spur, so that the animal slightly reared, and, as he wheeled, horse and rider made one motion, the horse's head swung down with a graceful bow, and General Gordon dropped his sword-point to his toe in salutation.

By word of mouth the general sent back orders to the rear that his own troops take the same position of the manual in the march past as did our line. That was done, and a truly imposing sight was the mutual salutation and farewell.

Bayonets were affixed to muskets, arms stacked, and cartridge-boxes unslung and hung upon the stacks. Then, slowly <jg_445>and with a reluctance that was appealingly pathetic, the torn and tattered battle-flags were either leaned against the stacks or laid upon the ground. The emotion of the conquered soldiery was really sad to witness. Some of the men who had carried and followed those

ragged standards through the four long years of strife rushed, regardless of all discipline, from the ranks, bent about their old flags, and pressed them to their lips.

And it can well be imagined, too, that there was no lack of emotion on our side, but the Union men were held steady in their lines, without the least show of demonstration by word or by motion. There was, though, a twitching of the muscles of their faces, and, be it said, their battle-bronzed cheeks were not altogether dry. Our men felt the import of the occasion, and realized fully how they would have been affected if defeat and surrender had been their lot after such a fearful struggle. (1)

When the proud and sensitive sons of Dixie came to a full realization of the truth that the Confederacy was overthrown and their leader had been compelled to surrender his once invincible army, they could no longer control their emotions, and tears ran like water down their shrunken faces. The flags which they still carried were objects of undisguised affection. These Southern banners had gone down before overwhelming numbers; and torn by shells, riddled by bullets, and laden with the powder and smoke of battle, they aroused intense emotion in the men who had so often followed them to victory. Yielding to overpowering sentiment, these high-mettled men began to tear the flags from the staffs and hide them in their bosoms, as they wet them with burning tears.

The Confederate officers faithfully endeavored to check this exhibition of loyalty and love for the old flags. A great majority of them were duly surrendered; but many were secretly carried by devoted veterans to their <jg_446>homes, and will be cherished forever as honored heirlooms.

There was nothing unnatural or censurable in all this. The Confederates who clung to those pieces of battered bunting knew they would never again wave as martial ensigns above embattled hosts; but they wanted to keep them, just as they wanted to keep the old canteen with a bullet-hole through it, or the rusty gray jacket that had been torn by canister. They loved those flags, and will love them forever, as mementoes of the unparalleled struggle. They cherish them because they represent the consecration and courage not only of Lee's army but of all the Southern armies, because they symbolize the bloodshed and the glory of nearly a thousand battles.

Some narrow but very good and patriotic people object to this expression of Southern sentiment. It was not so, however, with William McKinley, that typical American, who, while living and while dying, exhibited in their fulness and strength the virtues of a true and lofty manhood. That chivalric Union soldier, far-seeing statesman, and truly great President saw in this Southern fidelity to past memories the surest pledge of loyalty to future duties. William McKinley fought as bravely as the bravest on the Union side; but he was broad enough to recognize in his Southern countrymen a loyal adherence to the great fundamental truths to which both sides were devoted. He was too wise and too just to doubt the South's fealty to the Constitution or to the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence; for Madison was father of the one and Jefferson of the other. He was great enough to trust implicitly the South's renewed allegiance to the Union and its flag; for hers was the most liberal hand in studding its field with stars. He did not hesitate to trust Southern pluck and patriotism to uphold the honor of the country and give liberty to Cuba; for he remembered Washington <jg_447>and his rebels in the Revolution, Jackson and his Southern volunteers at New Orleans; Zachary Taylor and his Louisianians, Clay and his Kentuckians, Butler and his South Carolinians, and Davis and his Mississippians in Mexico.

The heartstrings of the mother, woven around the grave of her lost child, will never be severed while she lives; but does that hinder the continued flow of maternal devotion to

those who are left her? The South's affections are bound, with links that cannot be broken, around the graves of her sons who fell in her defence, and to the mementoes and memories of the great struggle; but does that fact lessen her loyalty to the proud emblem of a reunited country? Does her unparalleled defence of the now dead Confederacy argue less readiness to battle for this ever-living Republic, in the making and the administering of which she bore so conspicuous a part ?

If those unhappy patriots who find a scarecrow in every faded, riddled Confederate flag would delve deeper into the philosophy of human nature, or rise higher,--say to the plane on which McKinley stood,--they would be better satisfied with their Southern countrymen, with Southern sentiment, with the breadth and strength of the unobtrusive but sincere Southern patriotism. They would see that man is so constituted--the immutable laws of our being are such--that to stifle the sentiment and extinguish the hallowed memories of a people is to destroy their manhood.

During these last scenes at Appomattox some of the Confederates were so depressed in spirit, so filled with apprehensions as to the policy to be adopted by the civil authorities at Washington, that the future seemed to them shrouded in gloom. They knew that burnt homes and fenceless farms, poverty and ashes, would greet them on their return from the war. Even if the administration <jg_448>at Washington should be friendly, they did not believe that the Southern States could recover in half a century from the chaotic condition in which the war had left them. The situation was enough to daunt the most hopeful and appall the stoutest hearts. "What are we to do? How are we to begin life again?" they asked. "Every dollar of our circulating medium has been rendered worthless. Our banks and rich men have no money. The commodities and personal property which formerly gave us credit have been destroyed. The Northern banks and money-lenders will not take as security our lands, denuded of houses and without animals and implements for their cultivation. The railroads are torn up or the tracks are worn out. The negroes are freed and may refuse to work. Besides, what assurance can we have of law and order and the safety of our families with four million slaves suddenly emancipated in the midst of us and the restraints to which they have been accustomed entirely removed?"

To many intelligent soldiers and some of the officers the conditions were so discouraging, the gloom so impenetrable, that they seriously discussed the advisability of leaving the country and beginning life anew in some other land.

While recognizing the dire extremity which confronted us, I was inclined to take a more hopeful view of the future. I therefore spoke to the Southern soldiers on the field at Appomattox, in order to check as best I could their disposition to leave the country, and to counteract, if possible, the paralyzing effect of the overwhelming discouragements which met them on every side.

As we reached the designated point, the arms were stacked and the battle-flags were folded. Those sad and suffering men, many of them weeping as they saw the old banners laid upon the stacked guns like trappings on <jg_449>the coffin of their dead hopes, at once gathered in compact mass around me. Sitting on my horse in the midst of them, I spoke to them for the last time as their commander. In all my past life I had never undertaken to speak where my own emotions were so literally overwhelming. I counselled such course of action as I believed most conducive to the welfare of the South and of the whole country. I told them of my own grief, which almost stifled utterance, and that I realized most keenly the sorrow that was breaking their hearts, and appreciated fully

the countless and stupendous barriers across the paths they were to tread.

Reminding them of the benign Southern climate, of the fertility of their lands, of the vastly increased demand for the South's great staple and the high prices paid for it, I offered these facts as legitimate bases of hope and encouragement. I said to them that through the rifts in the clouds then above us I could see the hand of Almighty God stretched out to help us in the impending battle with adversity; that He would guide us in the gloom, and bless every manly effort to bring back to desolated homes the sunshine and comforts of former years. I told them the principles for which they had so, grandly fought and uncomplainingly suffered were not lost,--could not be lost,--for they were the principles on which the Fathers had built the Republic, and that the very throne of Jehovah was pledged that truth should triumph and liberty live. As to the thought of their leaving the country, that must be abandoned. It was their duty as patriots to remain and work for the recuperation of our stricken section with the same courage, energy, and devotion with which they had fought for her in war. I urged them to enter cheerfully and hopefully upon the tasks imposed by the fortunes of war, obeying the laws, and giving, as I knew they would, the same loyal support to the general Government which they had <jg_450>yielded to the Confederacy. I closed with a prophecy that passion would speedily die, and that the brave and' magnanimous soldiers of the Union army, when disbanded and scattered among the people, would become promoters of sectional peace and fraternity.

That prophecy would have been speedily fulfilled but for the calamitous fate that befell the country in the death of President Lincoln; and even in spite of that great misfortune, we should have much sooner reached the era of good-will and sectional concord if the spirit of the soldiers who did the fighting had animated the civilians who did the talking.

As I began to speak from my horse, large numbers of Union soldiers came near to hear what I had to say, giving me a rather queerly mixed audience. The Hon. Elihu Washburne, afterward United States Minister to France, the close friend of both President Lincoln and General Grant, was present at the surrender, as the guest of the Union commander. He either heard this parting speech or else its substance was reported to him. As soon as the formalities were ended, he made himself known to me, and in a most gracious manner expressed his pleasure at the general trend of my remarks. He assured me that the South would receive generous treatment at the hands of the general Government. My special object in referring to Mr. Washburne in this connection is to leave on record an emphatic statement made by him which greatly encouraged me. I can never forget his laconic answer to my inquiry: "Why do you think, Mr. Washburne, that the South will be generously dealt with by the Government?"

"Because Abraham Lincoln is at its head," was his reply.

I knew something of Mr. Lincoln's past history, of his lifelong hostility to slavery, of his Emancipation Proclamation and vigorous prosecution of the war; but I had no knowledge whatever of any kindly sentiment entertained <jg_451>by him toward the Southern people. The emphatic words of Mr. Washburne, his intimate friend and counsellor, greatly interested me. I was with Mr. Washburne for several succeeding days--we rode on horseback together from Appomattox back toward Petersburg; and his description of Mr. Lincoln's character, of his genial and philanthropic nature, accompanied with illustrative anecdotes, was not only extremely entertaining, but was to me a revelation. He supported his declaration as to Mr. Lincoln's kindly sentiments by giving an elaborate and detailed

account of his meeting with our commissioners at Hampton Roads. He expressed the opinion that the President went to that meeting with the fixed purpose of ending the war by granting the most liberal terms, provided the Southern commissioners acquiesced in the *sine qua non*--the restoration of the Union.

We parted at Petersburg, and among the last things he enjoined was faith in the kindly purposes of Abraham Lincoln in reference to the Southern people. Mr. Washburne said that the President would recommend to Congress such legislation as in his opinion would promote the prosperity of the South. He was emphatic in his declaration that Mr. Lincoln desired only the restoration of the Union--that even the abolition of slavery was secondary to this prime object. He stated that the President had declared that if he could restore the Union without abolition, he would gladly do it; if he could save the Union by partial abolition of slavery, he would do it that way; but that if it became necessary to abolish slavery entirely in order to save the Union, then slavery would be abolished: that as his great object had been achieved by the surrender of Lee's army, it would speedily be known to the Southern people that the President was deeply concerned for their welfare, that there would be no prosecutions and no discriminations, <jg_452>but that the State governments would be promptly recognized, and every effort made to help the Southern people. These impressive assurances were adding strength to my hopes when the whole country was shocked by the assassination of the President.

General Gibbon, General Griffin, and General Merritt were appointed by General Grant to meet Generals Pendleton, Longstreet, and myself, appointed by General Lee. The special duty which devolved on these six officers was the discussion and drafting of all details to carry out the formal surrender, according to the general terms agreed upon by the commanders-in-chief. In all our intercourse with those three Union officers I can recall no expression or word that could possibly wound the sensibility of a Confederate. Rejoiced as they naturally were at the termination of the long and costly struggle, and at the ultimate triumph of the Union cause, they scrupulously avoided allusions to battles in which the Federal armies had been victors, and endeavored rather to direct conversation to engagements in which the Union forces had been vanquished. Indeed, Confederate officers generally observed and commented upon this spirit, which at that time seemed to actuate the privates as well as the officers of the victorious army.

As the Confederates were taking leave of Appomattox, and about to begin their long and dreary tramp homeward, many of the Union men bade them cordial farewell. One of Grant's men said good-naturedly to one of Lee's veterans:

"Well, Johnny, I guess you fellows will go home now to stay."

The tired and tried Confederate, who did not clearly understand the spirit in which these playful words were spoken, and who was not at the moment in the best mood for badinage, replied:

"Look here, Yank; you *guess*, do you, that we fellows <jg_453>are going home to stay? Maybe we are. But don't be giving us any of your impudence. If you do, we'll come back and lick you again."

Probably in no military organization that ever existed were there such cordial relations between officers and private soldiers as in the Confederate army. This was due, doubtless, to the fact that in our ranks there were lawyers, teachers, bankers, merchants, planters, college professors, and students who afterward became chief justices, governors, and occupants of the highest public stations. Since the war some of these privates have told

with great relish of the old farmer near Appomattox who decided to give employment, after the surrender, to any of Lee's veterans who might wish to work a few days for food and small wages. He divided the Confederate employés into squads according to the respective ranks held by them in the army. He was uneducated, but entirely loyal to the Southern cause.

A neighbor inquired of him as to the different squads:

"Who are those men working over there?"

"Them is privates, sir, of Lee's army."

"Well, how do they work?"

"Very fine, sir; first-rate workers."

"Who are those in the second group?"

"Them is lieutenants and captains, and they works fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates."

"I see you have a third squad: who are they?"

"Them is colonels."

"Well, what about the colonels? How do they work?"

"Now, neighbor, you'll never hear me say one word ag'in' any man who fit in the Southern army; but I ain't a-gwine to hire no generals."

The paroles issued to the Confederates were carefully examined by the possessors, and elicited a great variety of comment. Each man's parole bore his name and the <jg_454>name of his company and regiment, and recorded his pledge to fight no more until he was regularly exchanged. A few hoped for an early exchange and release from this pledge, that they might continue the struggle with some organized force, operating in a different section of the Confederacy. They were looking hopefully to the Trans-Mississippi, where, even after the surrender of Lee and Joe Johnston and Richard Taylor east of the Mississippi, Generals Kirby Smith, Magruder, and Forney, with Simon Bolivar Buckner as chief of staff, were still appealing to Confederates to "stand to their colors." That gallant little army of the Trans-Mississippi had fought many desperate battles under such leaders as McCulloch, McIntosh, Ross, Green, Maxey, Waul, Price, Van Dorn, Pike, Walker, Shelby, and W. L. Cabell, of whom General Marmaduke wrote: "The élan and chivalrous bearing of Cabell inspired all who looked upon him "; and these few unyielding spirits at Appomattox were still panting for continued combat in the ranks of those unsundered forces beyond the great Father of Waters. The more thoughtful, however, knew that the war was over. They carefully preserved their paroles, and were as proud of them as a young graduate is of his diploma, because these strips of paper furnished official proof of the fact that they were in the fight to the last. This fact they transmit as a priceless legacy to their children.

When I returned to Petersburg from Appomattox, I found Mrs. Gordon rapidly recovering, and as soon as she was able to travel, in company with Captain James M. Pace of my staff and his little family, who had joined him, we began our arduous trip homeward, over broken railroads and in such dilapidated conveyances as had been left in the track of the armies. In Petersburg it was impossible to secure among the recently emancipated negroes any one willing to accompany us as nurse <jg_455>for our child. This fact imposed upon me the necessity of continuing for a time my command of infantry in arms -- a situation more trying to me in some respects than the one from which I had just been relieved by General Grant at Appomattox.

The generous terms of surrender given to Lee by Grant were exceeded in liberality by those which W. T. Sherman offered to Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. In the memorandum of agreement between Generals Sherman and Johnston (April 18, 1865) occur the following items:

"The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their State capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State arsenals," etc. The President of the United States was to recognize the "several State governments on their officers and legislatures taking the oaths prescribed by the Constitution of the United States." The Federal courts were to be reestablished in the Southern States, the people of the South were to be guaranteed their political rights, and rights of person and property, with a general amnesty. Briefly analyzed, these liberal terms meant that, with the exception of slavery (nothing was said on that subject), the Southern States and people were instantly to resume the relations to the general Government which they had occupied before the war began, and, instead of surrendering their arms, were to deposit them in State arsenals for ready use in suppressing riots, enforcing law, and protecting homes and property.

These terms of surrender proposed by General Sherman reveal a spirit in extreme contrast to that which he showed toward the Southern people in his unobstructed march to the sea. In his agreement with General Johnston his magnanimity is scarcely paralleled by that of any victorious commander whereas in his long general <jg_456>orders for the conduct of his troops on their travel from demolished Atlanta to his goal by the sea, fully one half of his words are directions for systematic "foraging," destruction of "mills, houses, cotton-gins," etc., and for spreading "a devastation more or less relentless" according to the hostility shown by different localities on the line of his march. It is due to General Sherman to say that he had his peculiar ideas of waging war and making it "hell," but when it was over he declared, "*It is our solemn duty to protect and not to plunder.*"

The terms proposed by him to General Johnston were so liberal that they were promptly rejected by the civil authorities at Washington. Mr. Lincoln was dead and Andrew Johnson was President; Mr. Stanton was Secretary of War, and General Halleck ranked General Sherman in the field. This vindictive trio--Johnson, Stanton, and Halleck--rejected General Sherman's agreement with General Johnston; and Stanton and Halleck sought to humiliate Sherman and, as he declared, to insult him. In his "Memoirs" General Sherman writes: "To say that I was angry at the tone and substance of these bulletins of the War Department would hardly express my feelings. I was outraged beyond measure, and was resolved to resent the insult, cost what it might "; and he did resent it in the most emphatic manner. In regard to the absurd report that Mr. Davis had carried out of Richmond vast sums of money, General Sherman writes: "The thirteen millions of treasure with which Jeff Davis was to corrupt our armies and buy his escape dwindled down to the contents of a hand-valise."

A great Frenchman pronounced the French Revolution an "about-face of the universe." The meeting of Lee and Grant at Appomattox was the momentous epoch of the century. It marked greater changes, uprooted a grander and nobler civilization, and, in the emancipation of one race and the impoverishment of another, it involved <jg_457>vaster consequences than had ever followed the fall of a dynasty or the wreck of an empire. It will stand in history as the Brook Kedron over which the Southern people passed to their Gethsemane; where every landscape was marred by ruins; where every breath of air was a

lament and every home a house of mourning.

The magnanimity exhibited at Appomattox justifies me in recording here my conviction that, had it been possible for General Grant and his soldiers to foresee the bloody sweat which through ten successive years was wrung from Southern brows, the whole Union army would then and there have resolved to combat all unfriendly legislation. Or, later, if Booth's bullet had not terminated the life filled with "charity to all and malice toward none," President Lincoln's benign purposes, seconded by the great-hearted among our Northern countrymen, would have saved the South from those caricatures of government which cursed and crushed her.

In looking back now over that valley of death--the period of reconstruction,-- its waste and its woe, it is hard to realize that the worn and impoverished Confederates were able to go through it. The risen South of to-day is a memorial of the same patience, endurance, and valor which immortalized the four years' struggle for Southern independence.

All accounts agree that when the two great commanders met in the little brick house at Appomattox, they presented a contrast that was unique and strikingly picturesque. A stranger, unacquainted with the situation, would have selected Lee for the conqueror and Grant for the vanquished hero. Prompted by a sincere respect for the illustrious Federal chieftain, General Lee was dressed in his best uniform, and appeared at the place of conference in faultless military attire. General Grant, <jg_458>on the other hand, had received, while on his lines among his soldiers, General Lee's reply to his last note. Without returning to headquarters for his dress uniform, the Union commander rode at once to the point of meeting, wearing his fatigue suit, his cavalry boots begrimed with Virginia mud, and his plain blue overcoat concealing all insignia of rank. I never heard General Grant say so, but his characteristic modesty and magnanimity, with which I became familiar in after years, lead me to believe that consideration for General Lee prompted this absence of ostentation.

Probably nothing I can say of these illustrious soldiers will add to the fame of either. I am conscious of my inability to give a clear conception of their distinguishing and dissimilar but altogether admirable characteristics. Nevertheless, as the follower and friend of Lee and the sincere admirer of Grant, I desire to place on record in this concluding chapter my estimate of both these representative Americans.

Unless it be Washington, there is no military chieftain of the past to whom Lee can be justly likened, either in attributes of character or in the impress for good made upon the age in which he lived. Those who knew him best and studied him most have agreed that he was unlike any of the great captains of history. In his entire public career there was a singular absence of self-seeking. Otherwise he would have listened to the woo-ings of ambition when debating the course he should take at the beginning of our sectional conflict. He knew that he could hold any position he might wish in the armies of the Union. Not only by General Scott, the commander-in-chief, but by his brother officers and the civil authorities, Lee was recognized as the foremost soldier in the United States army. He knew, for he so declared, that the South's chances for success, except through foreign intervention, were far from encouraging. <jg_459>What would Caesar or Frederick or Napoleon have done? Deaf to every suggestion of a duty whose only promised reward was an approving conscience in ultimate defeat, allured by the prospect of leading armies with overwhelming numbers and backed by limitless resources, any one of these great captains would have eagerly grasped the tendered power. It was not so with

Lee. Trained soldier that he was, he stood on the mountain-top of temptation, while before his imagination there passed the splendid pageant of conquering armies swayed by his word of command; and he was unmoved by it. Graduated at West Point, where he subsequently served as perhaps its most honored superintendent; proud of his profession, near the head of which he stood; devoted to the Union and its emblematic flag, which he long had followed; revered by the army, to the command of which he would have been invited--he calmly abandoned them all to lead the forlorn hope of his people, impelled by his conviction that their cause was just. Turning his back upon ambition, putting selfish considerations behind him, like George Washington in the old Revolution, he threw himself and all his interests into an unequal struggle for separate government. When John Adams of Massachusetts declared that, sink or swim, survive or perish, he gave his heart and hand to the Declaration of Independence, he stood on precisely the same moral plane on which Robert E. Lee stood from the beginning to the end of the war. As the north star to the sailor, so was duty to this self-denying soldier. Having decided that in the impending and to him unwelcome conflict his place was with his people, he did not stop to consider the cost. He resolved to do his best; and in estimating now the relative resources and numbers, it cannot be denied that he did more than any leader has ever accomplished under similar conditions. And when the end came and he realized that Appomattox was the grave of <jg_460>his people's hopes, he regretted that Providence had not willed that his own life should end there also. He not only said in substance, to Colonel Venable of his staff and to others, that he would rather die than surrender the cause, but he said to me on that fatal morning that he was sorry he had not fallen in one of the last battles. Yet no man who saw him at Appomattox could detect the slightest wavering in his marvellous self-poise or any lowering of his lofty bearing. Only for a fleeting moment did he lose complete self-control. As he rode back from the McLean house to his bivouac, his weeping men crowded around him; and as they assured him in broken voices of their confidence and love, his emotions momentarily overmastered him, and his wet cheeks told of the sorrow which his words could not express. Throughout that crucial test at Appomattox he was the impersonation of every manly virtue, of all that is great and true and brave--the fittest representative of his own sublimely beautiful adage that human virtue should always equal human calamity.

The ancient Romans and Greeks deified after death their heroes who possessed any one of the great virtues, all of which were harmoniously blended in this great Southerner. It required, however, neither his removal by death nor the hallowing influences of distance or time to consign him to the Pantheon of Immortals. It was more literally true of him than of any man I ever knew, among those whom the world honors, that distance was not needed to enhance his greatness.

A distinguished Georgian, the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill, truthfully declared that Lee was Caesar without his crimes, Bonaparte without his ambition, and George Washington without his crown of success; and it is my firm conviction that when his campaigns and his character are both understood, such will be the verdict of Christendom.

General Grant's bearing at Appomattox, his acts and <jg_461>his words, did much to alleviate the anguish inseparable from such an ordeal. The tenor of his formal notes, the terms granted at the appointed meeting, the prompt and cordial manner in which he acquiesced in each and every suggestion made by the Southern commander, left upon the minds of Confederates an ineffaceable impression. In looking back now over the

intervening years, I am glad that I have never been tempted, in the heat of political contests, even while the South was enduring the agony of the carpet-baggers' rule, to utter one word of bitterness against that great and magnanimous Union soldier. Before the meeting at Appomattox the Confederates were decidedly prejudiced against General Grant, chiefly because of his refusal to exchange prisoners and thus relieve from unspeakable suffering the thousands of incarcerated men of both armies. On this account Southern men expected from him cold austerity rather than soldierly sympathy. Their previous conceptions of him, however, were totally changed when they learned that our officers were to retain their side-arms; that both officers and privates were to keep their horses; that their paroles protected them from molestation on their homeward trip and in their peaceful pursuits, so long as they obeyed the laws; and that in the prolonged official interview there was no trace of exultation at his triumph, but that he was in word and act the embodiment of manly modesty and soldierly magnanimity, and that from first to last he was evidently intent upon mitigating the bitterness of defeat and soothing to the utmost of his ability the lacerated sensibilities of his great antagonist.

General Grant's own declaration, made many years after the war, that he felt "sad and depressed" as he rode to meet General Lee in the little village of Appomattox, is entirely consistent with every account given of his bearing at the surrender.

It was reported at the time, and has since been confirmed <jg_462>by Union officers who were present, that he positively refused to permit Union artillery to fire a salute in celebration of the victory over his own countrymen. The exhibitions of General Grant's magnanimity which I observed during my personal intercourse with him immediately after the war, later while he was President, and when he became a private citizen, are all consistent with the spirit manifested by him at the surrender of Lee's army. In his "Memoirs" he has given a quietus to that widely circulated romance that he returned to Lee his proffered sword. I do not doubt that he would have done so; but there was no occasion for Lee's offering it, because in the terms agreed upon it was stipulated that the Confederate officers should retain their side-arms.

During the imprisonment and vicarious punishment of the inflexible and stainless ex-President of the Confederacy, both General Richard Taylor of Louisiana and I had repeated conferences with the general-in-chief of the United States army, in the hope of securing the release of the distinguished prisoner. After one of the visits of the gallant Louisianian to General Grant, Taylor told me of a conversation in reference to the probability of General Grant's becoming President. Taylor said that General Grant assured him, with evident sincerity, that he had no desire to be President, -- that his tastes and training were those of a soldier, and that he was better fitted for the station he then held than for any civil office,- but that Taylor could rest assured, if the office of President ever came to him, he would endeavor to know no difference between the people of the different sections. The Southern people felt that they had cause to complain of President Grant for a lack of sympathy during those years when imported rulers misled credulous negroes and piled taxes to the point of confiscation in order to raise revenues which failed to find their way <jg_463>into State treasuries; but it must be remembered that General Grant was not a politician, and as the first civil office that came to him was the Presidency, he was naturally influenced by those whom he regarded as statesmen and whose long training in civil affairs seemed peculiarly to fit them for counsellors.

General Grant was not endowed by nature with the impressive personality and soldierly

bearing of Winfield Scott Hancock, nor with the peculiarly winning and magnetic presence of William McKinley--few men are; but under a less attractive exterior he combined the strong qualities of both. There can be no doubt that Andrew Johnson, the infatuated zealot who came to the Presidency on the ill-fated martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln, would have followed his threat to "make treason odious" by an order for the arrest and imprisonment of Lee and other Confederate leaders but for the stern mandate of Grant that, in spite of Johnson's vindictive purposes, the Southern soldier who held a parole should be protected to the last extremity.

The strong and salutary characteristics of both Lee and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their high attributes as men than in their brilliant careers as warriors. The lustre of a stainless life is more lasting than the fame of any soldier; and if General Lee's self-abnegation, his unblemished purity, his triumph over alluring temptations, and his unwavering consecration to all life's duties do not lift him to the morally sublime and make him a fit ideal for young men to follow, then no human conduct can achieve such position.

And the repeated manifestations of General Grant's truly great qualities--his innate modesty, his freedom from every trace of vain-glory or ostentation, his magnanimity in victory, his genuine sympathy for his brave <jg_464>and sensitive foemen, and his inflexible resolve to protect paroled Confederates against any assault, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the sanctity of his pledge to the van-quished--will give him a place in history no less renowned and more to be envied than that secured by his triumphs as a soldier or his honors as a civilian. The Christian invocation which came from his dying lips, on Mount McGregor, summoning the spirit of peace and unity and equality for all of his countrymen, made a fitting close to the life of this illustrious American.

Scarcely less prominent in American annals than the record of these two lives, should stand a catalogue of the thrilling incidents which illustrate the nobler phase of soldier life so inadequately described in these reminiscences. The unseemly things which occurred in the great conflict between the States should be forgotten, or at least forgiven, and no longer permitted to disturb complete harmony between North and South. American youth in all sections should be taught to hold in perpetual remembrance all that was great and good on both sides; to comprehend the inherited convictions for which saintly women suffered and patriotic men died; to recognize the unparalleled carnage as proof of unrivalled courage; to appreciate the singular absence of personal animosity and the frequent manifestation between those brave antagonists of a good-fellowship such as had never before been witnessed between hostile armies. It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperilled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see that, <jg_465>under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chan-cellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and the tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom.

The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.

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Since writing this chapter, I have learned that this horse was a noted animal in the Union army, and had been named "*Abe*," for President Lincoln.

Despatch of C. A. Dana: "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run." (See page 111, Confederate Military History, Vol. VIII, Tennessee; also page 179, Confederate Military History, Vol. IX, Kentucky; also page 358, Confederate Military History, Vol. X, Arkansas.)

See Journal of Captain Jed Hotchkiss of General Early's staff, penned at the time, and published in War Records, First Series, Vol. XLIII, Part I, p. 580, Monday, October 17.

See statements of General Evans, General Rosser, General Wharton, Major R. W. Hunter, and of Thomas G. Jones, ex-governor of Alabama and now United States judge.

An old memorandum written by General Battle after he was carried to hospital states that the number of guns captured by his brigade was twelve instead of six.

"War of the Rebellion," First Series, Vol. XLIII, Part I, p. 52.

"Confederate Military History," Vol. III, p. 538.

Hotchkiss's Journal, "*War Records*," First Series, Part I, Vol. XLIII, p. 582.

War Records, First Series, Vol. XLIII, Part I, p. 560. (2) Ibid., pp. 562 and 563.

War Records, First Series, Vol. XLIII, Part I, p. 558.

These figures are taken from the "Confederate Military History," Vol. III, p. 531.

New York *"Times,"* May 4, 1901.

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Recollections/Letters of R.E.Lee
lee_rem

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

By His Son Captain Robert E. Lee
To My Daughters Anne Carter And Mary Custis

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Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee

INTRODUCTION

IT is to be hoped that within the next ten years something approaching the ideal Life of Robert E. Lee will be written. Hitherto there have been elaborate eulogies, extensive records of military and personal activity, and analyses of character. But it is a disgrace to American historiography that there is as yet no full, complete, accurate, and impartial study of the man, not only as a soldier, but as one of the greatest spiritual leaders the world has ever seen. The book should be modeled on Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson", but would necessarily be as much larger in scope as Lee's life and thought were on a larger scale than Jackson's.

Among the materials for such a future biography of Lee the volume of "Recollections and Letters of General Lee", by his son, first published in 1904, and now reprinted, will occupy a very important place. First, of course, must stand the "Official Records", containing as they do all the documents bearing upon Lee's military career through the critical period of his life. Next to these perhaps must be placed the Lives by J. W. Jones and Colonel Long, since these also cover the period of military activity and contain the recollections of those who were close to the General during this period.

But Captain Lee's Recollections have a peculiar and personal value which can hardly be replaced or superseded by any other book, and those who have been led by historical study to have a personal affection for the \diamond great soldier will find in these pages an intimate access to his heart which they can obtain in no other way.

To begin with, the General is shown in his family life; and here, as elsewhere, he appears with unflinching charm. There was, indeed, always a certain remoteness about him. Do the best he could, and much as he wished it, he could not easily unbend, throw off care, throw off dignity, become completely a little child with little children, though it sometimes seems as if little children were what he loved best in the world. And, for all he was stately and dignified, the children loved him, and seemed to feel at home with him. But, dignified or not, there is no doubt about his affection for his family, his constant, thoughtful tenderness. The tenderness sometimes hid itself in playful mockery, as the deepest tenderness will, as when he says of one of his beloved daughters, "You know she is like her papa—always wanting something." But the smile was on the surface: underneath was an abiding love, which no distance could remove, no storm could shake. He liked to have his children about him, liked to chat with them, to listen to their chatter, and he was always busy in some way providing for their material and spiritual welfare.

Again, in Captain Lee's pages we see Lee as college president, in the comparatively humble and limited function which he took upon himself in later years, after playing one of the greatest parts on one of the greatest stages of the world. Others were restless, discontented, wanted to assert and maintain their powers and their individuality, wanted profit and occupation such as they imagined to be commensurate with the genius they had shown in their military careers. All that Lee asked was to be humbly useful. When the presidency of Washington College \diamond was offered to him, a college so shrunken by the conditions of the time as to be hardly more than a petty boys' school, his only hesitation was as to whether he was capable of filling the position. But he took it, and then gave it all that was in him, as he had given all to the Confederacy and the Army of Northern Virginia. He was as patient and tactful with his faculty as he had been with major-generals, and he treated that handful of boys with the same thoughtful sympathy and

attention that he had always had ready for every soldier that ever came under his command. He was kindly, he was gentle, he was considerate. But you could not fool him for a moment. When a boy came to him with a multitude of excuses for some petty fault, first alleged sickness, though he was the picture of health, and then was stumbling on to a dozen more, the General interrupted him: "Stop, Mr. M—, stop! *One good reason is enough.*"

What most of all impresses one throughout Captain Lee's book, however, is Lee's attitude in defeat. And perhaps it is here, on the whole, that his greatest value to his countrymen in general is to be found. It is this that gives him permanent, undying interest, and makes and will make the study of his life and character essential to all who are interested in maintaining what is best in the American spirit.

For four years Lee and his fellows gave their whole souls to achieving the victory of what they felt to be a great and holy cause. As a soldier in this fight it is more and more recognized that Lee was one of the world's greatest. But he was beaten, completely and hopelessly beaten. Did he struggle, did he sulk, did he fruitlessly complain? No, he accepted the inevitable with supreme patience and courage. Not that he did not feel defeat. ◊ If you watched him closely, you could see one of the world's great tragedies written in his face. But you had to watch very closely indeed. For his supreme effort was to take fate as it came, or as he read it, the will of God, to make the best of circumstance, to endure patiently, quietly, with dignity, the worst that might come to him, till the end.

And the endurance was not merely passive, nor merely the avoiding of resistance or protest. The great thing about Lee's last years, as shown in Captain Lee's record, is that they were constructive. As you look at it casually he seems to have been merely the head of a small institution of learning. In reality he was the supreme figure in the whole South. His countrymen in all the States of the Confederacy looked up to him as their guide and leader, and few men have ever held a more extensive, unquestioned influence than his. Well, every bit of this influence was used for good, for the largest, noblest objects, to restore peace and harmony and quiet, to teach his people not only to submit physically, but to look to the future with the broadest, most genuine, most substantial hope. Where his finger touched, where his word guided, there was to be no bitterness, no lingering grudge, no rebellious hatred. The country had been torn in pieces by dissension. But the conflict had been settled, the strife was over. There was no room, no use for dissension any more. There was just one task for South and North both, and that was to build up a new America that should be wiser better, and therefore stronger than the old. When a lady, who cherished something of the old hatred, as ladies will, came to him and poured out her complaint, he said to her, in words as noble as ever were uttered by a vanquished hero: "Madam, don't bring up your sons ◊ to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter I—Services In The United States Army

<3>

CAPTAIN LEE, OF THE ENGINEERS, A HERO TO HIS CHILD—THE
FAMILY PETS—HOME FROM THE MEXICAN WAR —THREE YEARS
IN BALTIMORE—SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WEST POINT MILITARY
ACADEMY—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF SECOND CAVALRY—
SUPPRESSES "JOHN BROWN RAID" AT HARPER'S FERRY—
COMMANDS THE DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS

THE first vivid recollection I have of my father is his arrival at Arlington, after his return from the Mexican War. I can remember some events of which he seemed a part, when we lived at Fort Hamilton, New York, about 1846, but they are more like dreams, very indistinct and disconnected—naturally so, for I was at that time about three years old. But the day of his return to Arlington, after an absence of more than two years, I have always remembered. I had a frock or blouse of some light wash material, probably cotton, a blue ground dotted over with white diamond figures. Of this I was very proud, and wanted to wear it on this important occasion. Eliza, my "mammy," objecting, we had a contest and I won. Clothed in this, my very best, and with my hair freshly curled in long golden ringlets, I <4>went down into the large hall where the whole household was assembled, eagerly greeting my father, who had just arrived on horseback from Washington, having missed in some way the carriage which had been sent for him.

There was visiting us at this time Mrs. Lippitt, a friend of my mother's, with her little boy, Armistead, about my age and size, also with long curls. Whether he wore as handsome a suit as mine I cannot remember, but he and I were left together in the background, feeling rather frightened and awed. After a moment's greeting to those surrounding him, my father pushed through the crowd, exclaiming:

"Where is my little boy?"

He then took up in his arms and kissed—not me, his own child in his best frock with clean face and well-arranged curls—but my little playmate, Armistead! I remember nothing more of any circumstances connected with that time, save that I was shocked and humiliated. I have no doubt that he was at once informed of his mistake and made ample amends to me.

A letter from my father to his brother Captain S.S. Lee, United States Navy, dated "Arlington, June 30, 1848," tells of his coming home:

"Here I am once again, my dear Smith, perfectly surrounded by Mary and her precious children, who seem to devote themselves to staring at the furrows in my face and the white hairs in my head. It is not surprising that I am hardly recognisable to some of the young eyes around me and perfectly unknown to the youngest. But some of the older ones gaze with astonishment and wonder at me, and seem at a loss to reconcile what they see and what was pictured in their imaginations. I find them, too, much grown, and all well, and I have much cause for thankfulness, and gratitude to that good God who has once more united us." <5>

My next recollection of my father is in Baltimore, while we were on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, the wife of Judge Marshall. I remember being down on the wharves,

where my father had taken me to see the landing of a mustang pony which he had gotten for me in Mexico. and which had been shipped from Vera Cruz to Baltimore in a sailing vessel. I was all eyes for the pony, and a very miserable, sad-looking object he was. From his long voyage, cramped quarters and unavoidable lack of grooming, he was rather a disappointment to me, but I soon got over all that. As I grew older, and was able to ride and appreciate him, he became the joy and pride of my life. I was taught to ride on him by Jim Connally, the faithful Irish servant of my father, who had been with him in Mexico. Jim used often to tell me, in his quizzical way, that he and "Santa Anna" (the pony's name) were the first men on the walls of Chepultepec. This pony was pure white, five years old and about fourteen hands high. For his inches, he was as good a horse as I ever have seen. While we lived in Baltimore, he and "Grace Darling," my father's favourite mare, were members of our family.

Grace Darling was a chestnut of fine size and of great power, which he had bought in Texas on his way out to Mexico, her owner having died on the march out. She was with him during the entire campaign, and was shot seven times; at least, as a little fellow I used to brag about that number of bullets being in her, and since I could point out the scars of each one, I presume it was so. My father was very much attached to and proud of her, always petting her and talking to her in a loving way, when he rode her or went to see her in her stall. Of her he wrote on his return home: <6>

"I only arrived yesterday, after a long journey up the Mississippi, which route I was induced to take, for the better accommodation of my home, as I wished to spare her as much annoyance and fatigue as possible, she already having undergone so much suffering in my service. I landed her at Wheeling and left her to come over with Jim."

Santa Anna was found lying cold and dead in the park Arlington one morning in the winter of '60-'61. Grace, Darling was taken in the spring of '62 from the White House(*) by some Federal quartermaster, when McClellan occupied that place as his base of supplies during his attack on Richmond. When we lived in Baltimore, I was greatly struck one day by hearing two ladies who were visiting us saying:

"Everybody and everything—his family, his friends, his horse, and his dog—loves Colonel Lee."

The dog referred to was a black-and-tan terrier named "Spec," very bright and intelligent and really a member of the family, respected and beloved by ourselves and well known to all who knew us. My father picked up his mother in the "Narrows" while crossing from Fort Hamilton to the fortifications opposite on Staten Island. She had doubtless fallen overboard from some passing vessel and had drifted out of sight before her absence had been discovered. He rescued her and took her home, where she was welcomed by his children and made much of. She was a handsome little thing, with cropped ears and a short tail. My father named her "Dart." She was a fine ratter, and with the assistance of a Maltese <7>cat, also a member of the family, the many rats which infested the house and stables were driven away or destroyed. She and the cat were fed out of the same plate, but Dart was not allowed to begin the meal until the cat had finished.

Spec was born at Fort Hamilton and was the joy of us children, our pet and companion. My father would not allow his tail and ears to be cropped. When he grew up, he accompanied us everywhere and was in the habit of going into church with the family. As some of the little ones allowed their devotions to be disturbed by Spec's presence, my

father determined to leave him at home on those occasions. So the next Sunday morning, he was sent up to the front room of the second story. After the family had left for church he contented himself for awhile looking out of the window, which was open, it being summer time. Presently impatience overcame his judgment and he jumped to the ground, landed safely notwithstanding the distance, joined the family just as they reached the church, and went in with them as usual, much to the joy of the children. After that he was allowed to go to church whenever he wished. My father was very fond of him, and loved to talk to him and about him as if he were really one of us. In a letter to my mother, dated Fort Hamilton, January 18, 1846, when she and her children were on a visit to Arlington, he thus speaks of him:

" . . . I am very solitary, and my only company is my dog and cats. But 'Spec' has become so jealous now that he will hardly let me look at the cats. He seems to be afraid that I am going off from him, and never lets me stir without him. Lies down in the office from eight to four without moving, and turns himself <8>before the fire as the side from it becomes cold. I catch him sometimes sitting up looking at me so intently that I am for a moment startled "

In a letter from Mexico written a year later—December 25, '46, to my mother, he says:

" ... Can't you cure poor 'Spec.' Cheer him up—take him to walk with you and tell the children to cheer him up "

In another letter from Mexico to his eldest boy, just after the capture of Vera Cruz, he sends this message to Spec

"Tell him I wish he was here with me. He would have been of great service in telling me when I was coming upon the Mexicans. When I was reconnoitering around Vera Cruz, their dogs frequently told me by barking when I was approaching them too nearly "

When he returned to Arlington from Mexico, Spec was the first to recognise him, and the extravagance of his demonstrations of delight left no doubt that he knew at once his kind master and loving friend, though he had been absent three years. Sometime during our residence in Baltimore, Spec disappeared, and we never knew his fate.

From that early time I began to be impressed with my father's character, as compared with other men. Every member of the household respected, revered and loved him as a matter of course, but it began to dawn on me that every one else with whom I was thrown held him high in their regard. At forty-five years of age he was active, strong, and as handsome as he had ever been. I never remember his being ill. I presume he was indisposed <9>at times; but no impressions of that kind remain. He was always bright and gay with us little folk, romping, playing, and joking with us. With the older children, he was just as companionable, and I have seen him join my elder brothers and their friends when they would try their powers at a high jump put up in our yard. The two younger children he petted a great deal, and our greatest treat was to get into his bed in the morning and lie close to him, listening while he talked to us in his bright, entertaining way. This custom we kept up until I was ten years old and over. Although he was so joyous and familiar with us, he was very firm on all proper occasions, never indulged us in anything that was not good for us, and exacted the most implicit obedience. I always knew that it was impossible to disobey my father. I felt it in me, I never thought why, but was perfectly sure when he gave an order that it had to be obeyed. My mother I could

sometimes circumvent, and at times took liberties with her orders, construing them to suit myself; but exact obedience to every mandate of my father was a part of my life and being at that time. He was very fond of having his hands tickled, and, what was still more curious, it pleased and delighted him to take off his slippers and place his feet in our laps in order to have them tickled. Often, as little things, after romping all day, the enforced sitting would be too much for us, and our drowsiness would soon show itself in continued nods. Then, to arouse us, he had a way of stirring us up with his foot—laughing heartily at and with us. He would often tell us the most delightful stories, and then there was no nodding. Sometimes, however, our interest in his wonderful tales became so engrossing that we would forget to do our duty—when he would <10>declare, "No tickling, no story!" When we were a little older, our elder sister told us one winter the ever-delightful "Lady of the Lake." Of course, she told it in prose and arranged it to suit our mental capacity. Our father was generally in his corner by the fire, most probably with a foot in either the lap of myself or youngest sister—the tickling going on briskly—and would come in at different points of the tale and repeat line after line of the poem—much to our disapproval—but to his great enjoyment.

In January, 1849, Captain Lee was one of a board of army officers appointed to examine the coasts of Florida and its defenses and to recommend locations for new fortifications. In April he was assigned to the duty of the construction of Fort Carroll, in the Patapsco River below Baltimore. He was there, I think, for three years, and lived in a house on Madison Street, three doors above Biddle. I used to go down with him to the Fort quite often. We went to the wharf in a "bus," and there we were met by a boat with two oarsmen, who rowed us down to Sollers Point, where I was generally left under the care of the people who lived there, while my father went over to the Fort, a short distance out in the river. These days were very happy ones for me. The wharves, the shipping, the river, the boat and oarsmen, and the country dinner we had at the house at Sollers Point, all made a strong impression on me; but above all I remember my father, his gentle, loving care of me, his bright talk, his stories, his maxims and teachings. I was very proud of him and of the evident respect for and trust in him every one showed. These impressions, obtained at that time, have never left me. He was a great favourite in Baltimore, as he was everywhere, especially with <11>ladies and little children. When he and my mother went out in the evening to some entertainment, we were often allowed to sit up and see them off; my father, as I remember, always in full uniform, always ready and waiting for my mother, who was generally late. He would chide her gently, in a playful way and with a bright smile. He would then bid us good-bye, and I would go to sleep with this beautiful picture in my mind, the golden epaulets and all chiefly the epaulets.

In Baltimore, I went to my first school, that of a Mr. Rollins on Mulberry Street, and I remember how interested my father was in my studies, my failures, and my little triumphs. Indeed, he was so always, as long as I was at school and college, and I only wish that all of the kind, sensible, useful letters he wrote me had been preserved.

My memory as to the move from Baltimore, which occurred in 1852, is very dim. I think the family went to Arlington to remain until my father had arranged for our removal to the new home at West Point.

My recollection of my father as Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy is much more distinct. He lived in the house which is still occupied by the Superintendent. It

was built of stone, large and roomy, with gardens, stables, and pasture lots. We, the two youngest children, enjoyed it all. "Grace Darling" and "Santa Anna" were there with us, and many a fine ride did I have with my father in the afternoons, when, released from his office, he would mount his old mare and, with Santa Anna carrying me by his side, take a five-or ten-mile trot. Though the pony cantered delightfully, he would make me keep him in a trot, saying playfully that the hammering I sustained was good for me. We rode the dragoon-seat, no posting, and until I became <12>accustomed to it I used to be very tired by the time I got back.

My father was the most punctual man I ever knew. He was always ready for family prayers, for meals, and met every engagement, social or business, at the moment. He expected all of us to be the same, and taught us the use and necessity of forming such habits for the convenience of all concerned. I never knew him late for Sunday service at the Post Chapel. He used to appear some minutes before the rest of us, in uniform, jokingly rallying my mother for being late, and for forgetting something at the last moment. When he could wait no longer for her, he would say that he was off and would march along to church by himself, or with any of the children who were ready. There he sat very straight—well up the middle aisle—and, as I remember, always became very sleepy, and sometimes even took a little nap during the sermon. At that time, this drowsiness of my father's was something awful to me, inexplicable. I know it was very hard for me to keep awake, and frequently I did not; but why he, who to my mind could do everything that was right, without any effort, should sometimes be overcome, I could not understand, and did not try to do so.

It was against the rules that the cadets should go beyond certain limits without permission. Of course they did go sometimes, and when caught were given quite a number of "demerits." My father was riding out one afternoon with me, and, while rounding a turn in the mountain road with a deep woody ravine on one side, we came suddenly upon three cadets far beyond the limits. They immediately leaped over a low wall on the side of the road and disappeared from our view. <13>

We rode on for a minute in silence; then my father said: "Did you know those young men? But no; if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right, it would be so much easier for all parties!"

He knew he would have to report them, but, not being sure of who they were, I presume he wished to give them the benefit of the doubt. At any rate, I never heard any more about it. One of the three asked me next day if my father had recognised them, and I told him what had occurred.

By this time I had become old enough to have a room to myself, and, to encourage me in being useful and practical, my father made me attend to it, just as the cadets had to do with their quarters in barracks and in camp. He at first even went through the form of inspecting it, to see if I had performed my duty properly, and I think I enjoyed this until the novelty wore off. However, I was kept at it, becoming in time very proficient, and the knowledge so acquired has been of great use to me all through life.

My father always encouraged me in every healthy outdoor exercise and sport. He taught me to ride, constantly giving me minute instructions, with the reasons for them. He gave me my first sled, and sometimes used to come out where we boys were coasting to look on. He gave me my first pair of skates, and placed me in the care of a trustworthy person, inquiring regularly how I progressed. It was the same with swimming, which he was very

anxious I should learn in a proper manner. Professor Bailey had a son about my age, now himself a professor at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, who became my great chum. I took my first lesson in the water with him, under the direction and supervision of <14>his father. My father inquired constantly how I was getting along, and made me describe exactly my method and stroke, explaining to me what he considered the best way to swim, and the reasons therefor.

I went to a day-school at West Point, and had always a sympathetic helper in my father. Often he would come into the room where I studied at night, and, sitting down by me, would show me how to overcome a hard sentence in my Latin reader or a difficult sum in arithmetic, not by giving me the translation of the troublesome sentence or the answer to the sum, but by showing me, step by step, the way to the right solutions. He was very patient, very loving, very good to me, and I remember trying my best to please him in my studies. When I was able to bring home a good report from my teacher, he was greatly pleased, and showed it in his eye and voice, but he always insisted that I should get the "maximum," that he would never be perfectly satisfied with less. That I did sometimes win it, deservedly, I know was due to his judicious and wise method of exciting my ambition and perseverance. I have endeavoured to show how fond my father was of his children, and as the best picture I can offer of his loving, tender devotion to us all, I give here a letter from him written about this time to one of his daughters who was staying with our grandmother, Mrs. Custis, at Arlington:

"WEST POINT, February 25, 1853.

"My Precious Annie' I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's(*) letter, which lies before me, and which must, the Mim says so, go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not <15>diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavour to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to all your duties can only accomplish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's children do not practice what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes(*) must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbours and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's(+) company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your

Affectionate father,

R. E. LEE."

In a letter to my mother written many years previous to this time, he says: <16>

"I pray God to watch over and direct our efforts in guarding our dear little son Oh, what pleasure I lose in being separated from my children! Nothing can compensate me for that "

In another letter of about the same time:

"You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods, I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no pleasure in a strange crowd. I hope you are all well and will continue so, and, therefore, must again urge you to be very prudent and careful of those dear children. If I could only get a squeeze at that little fellow, turning up his sweet mouth to ' keese baba !' You must not let him run wild in my absence, and will have to exercise firm authority over all of them. This will not require severity or even strictness, but constant attention and an unwavering course. Mildness and forbearance will strengthen their affection for you, while it will maintain your control over them."

In a letter to one of his sons he writes as follows:

"I cannot go to bed, my dear son, without writing you a few lines, to thank you for your letter, which gave me great pleasure You and Custis must take great care of your kind mother and dear sisters when your father is dead. To do that you must learn to be good. Be true, kind and generous, and pray earnestly to God to enable you to keep His Commandments 'and walk in the same all the days of your life.' I hope to come on soon to see that little baby you have got to show me. You must give her a kiss for me, and one to all the children, to your mother, and grandmother."

The expression of such sentiments as these was common to my father all through his life, and to show that it was <17>all children, and not his own little folk alone that charmed and fascinated him, I quote from a letter to my mother:

". . . I saw a number of little girls all dressed up in their white frocks and pantalets, their hair plaited and tied up with ribbons, running and chasing each other in all directions. I counted twenty-three nearly the same size. As I drew up my horse to admire the spectacle, a man appeared at the door with the twenty-fourth in his arms.

"My friend,' said I, 'are all these your children ?'

"Yes,' he said, 'and there are nine more in the house, and this is the youngest.'

"Upon further inquiry, however, I found that they were only temporarily his, and that they were invited to a party at his house. He said, however, he had been admiring them before I came up, and just wished that he had a million of dollars, and that they were all his in reality. I do not think the eldest exceeded seven or eight years old. It was the prettiest sight I have seen in the west, and, perhaps, in my life "

As Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point my father had to entertain a good deal, and I remember well how handsome and grand he looked in uniform, how genial and bright, how considerate of everybody's comfort of mind and body. He was always a great favourite with the ladies, especially the young ones. His fine presence, his

gentle, courteous manners and kindly smile put them at once at ease with him.

Among the cadets at this time were my eldest brother, Custis, who graduated first in his class in 1854, and my father's nephew, Fitz. Lee, a third classman, besides other relatives and friends. Saturday being a half-holiday for the cadets, it was the custom for all social events in which they were to take part to be placed on <18>that afternoon or evening. Nearly every Saturday a number of these young men were invited to our house to tea, or supper, for it was a good, substantial meal. The misery of some of these lads, owing to embarrassment, possibly from awe of the Superintendent, was pitiable and evident even to me, a boy of ten or eleven years old. But as soon as my father got command, as it were, of the situation, one could see how quickly most of them were put at their ease. He would address himself to the task of making them feel comfortable and at home, and his genial manner and pleasant ways at once succeeded.

In the spring of '53 my grandmother, Mrs. Custis, died. This was the first death in our immediate family. She was very dear to us, and was admired, esteemed and loved by all who had ever known her. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, writes of her:

"Mrs. Mary Custis, of Arlington, the wife of Mr. Washington Custis, grandson of Mrs. General Washington, was the daughter of Mr. William Fitzhugh, of Chatham. Scarcely is there a Christian lady in our land more honoured than she was, and none more loved and esteemed. For good sense, prudence, sincerity, benevolence, unaffected piety, disinterested zeal in every good work, deep humanity and retiring modesty—for all the virtues which adorn the wife, the mother, and the friend—I never knew her superior."

In a letter written to my mother soon after this sad event my father says:

"May God give you strength to enable you to bear and say, 'His will be done.' She has gone from all trouble, care and sorrow to a holy immortality, there to rejoice and praise forever the God and Saviour she so long and truly served. Let that be our comfort and that our consolation. <19>May our death be like hers, and may we meet in happiness in Heaven."

In another letter about the same time he writes:

"She was to me all that a mother could be, and I yield to none in admiration for her character, love for her virtues, and veneration for her memory."

At this time, my father's family and friends persuaded him to allow R. S. Weir, Professor of Painting and Drawing at the Academy, to paint his portrait. As far as I remember, there was only one sitting, and the artist had to finish it from memory or from the glimpses he obtained of his subject in the regular course of their daily lives at "The Point." This picture shows my father in the undress uniform of a Colonel of Engineers, (*) and many think it a very good likeness. To me, the expression of strength peculiar to his face is wanting, and the mouth fails to portray that sweetness of disposition so characteristic of his countenance. Still, it was like him at that time. My father never could bear to have his picture taken, and there are no likenesses of him that really give iris sweet expression. Sitting for a picture was such a serious business with him that he never could "look pleasant."

In 1855 my father was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Second Cavalry, one of the two regiments just raised. He left West Point to enter upon his new duties, and his family went to Arlington to live. During the fall and winter of 1855 and '56, the Second

Cavalry was recruited and organised at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, under the direction of Colonel Lee, and in the following spring was marched to western Texas, <20> where it was assigned the duty of protecting the settlers in that wild country.

I did not see my father again until he came to my mother at Arlington after the death of her father, G. W. P. Custis, in October, 1857. He took charge of my mother's estate after her father's death, and commenced at once to put it in order—not an easy task, as it consisted of several plantations and many negroes. I was at a boarding-school, after the family returned to Arlington, and saw my father only during the holidays, if he happened to be at home. He was always fond of farming, and took great interest in the improvements he immediately began at Arlington relating to the cultivation of the farm, to the buildings, roads, fences, fields, and stock, so that in a very short time the appearance of everything on the estate was improved. He often said that he longed for the time when he could have a farm of his own, where he could end his days in quiet and peace, interested in the care and improvement of his own land. This idea was always with him. In a letter to his son, written in July, '65, referring to some proposed indictments of prominent Confederates, he says:

" . . . As soon as I can ascertain their intention toward me, if not prevented, I shall endeavour to procure some humble, but quiet abode for your mother and sisters, where I hope they can be happy. As I before said, I want to get in some grass country where the natural product of the land will do much for my subsistence . . . "

Again in a letter to his son, dated October, 1865, after he had accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia:

"I should have selected a more quiet life and more <21>retired abode than Lexington. I should have preferred a small farm, where I could have earned my daily bread."

About this time I was given a gun of my own and was allowed to go shooting by myself. My father, to give me an incentive, offered a reward for every crow-scalp I could bring him, and, in order that I might get to work at once, advanced a small sum with which to buy powder and shot, this sum to be returned to him out of the first scalps obtained. My industry and zeal were great, my hopes high, and by good luck I did succeed in bagging two crows about the second time I went out. I showed them with great pride to my father, intimating that I should shortly be able to return him his loan, and that he must be prepared to hand over to me very soon further rewards for my skill. His eyes twinkled, and his smile showed that he had strong doubts of my making an income by killing crows, and he was right, for I never killed another, though I tried hard and long.

I saw but little of my father after we left West Point. He went to Texas, as I have stated, in '55 and remained until the fall of '57, the time of my grandfather's death. He was then at Arlington about a year. Returning to his regiment, he remained in Texas until the autumn of '59, when he came again to Arlington, having applied for leave in order to finish the settling of my grandfather's estate. During this visit he was selected by the Secretary of War to suppress the famous "John Brown Raid," and was sent to Harper's Ferry in command of the United States troops.

From his memorandum book the following entries are taken:

"October 17, 1859. Received orders from the Secretary <22>of War in person, to repair in evening train to Harper's Ferry.

"Reached Harper's Ferry at 11 P.M. Posted marines in the United States Armory.

Waited until daylight, as a number of citizens were held as hostages, whose lives were threatened. Tuesday about sunrise, with twelve marines, under Lieutenant Green, broke in the door of the engine-house, secured the insurgents, and relieved the prisoners unhurt. All the insurgents killed or mortally wounded, but four, John Brown, Stevens, Coppie, and Shields."

Brown was tried and convicted and sentenced to be hanged on December 2, 1859. Colonel Lee writes as follows to his wife:

"HARPER'S FERRY, December 1, 1859.

"I arrived here, dearest Mary, yesterday about noon, with four companies from Fort Monroe, and was busy all the evening and night getting accommodation for the men, etc., and posting sentinels and piquets to insure timely notice of the approach of the enemy. The night has passed off quietly. The feelings of the community seem to be calmed down, and I have been received with every kindness. Mr. Fry is among the officers from Old Point. There are several young men, former acquaintances of ours, as cadets, Mr. Bingham of Custis's class, Sam Cooper, etc., but the senior officers I never met before, except Captain Howe, the friend of our Cousin Harriet R—.

"I presume we are fixed here till after the 16th. Tomorrow will probably be the last of Captain Brown. There will be less interest for the others, but still I think the troops will not be withdrawn till they are similarly disposed of.

"Custis will have informed you that I had to go to Baltimore the evening I left you, to make arrangements for the transportation for the troops This <23>morning I was introduced to Mrs. Brown, who, with a Mrs. Tyndall and a Mr. and Mrs. McKim, all from Philadelphia, had come on to have a last interview with her husband. As it is a matter over which I have no control I referred them to General Taliaferro. (*)

"You must write to me at this place. I hope you are all well. Give love to everybody. Tell Smith(±) that no charming women have insisted on taking care of me as they are always doing of him—I am left to my own resources. I will write you again soon, and will always be truly and affectionately yours,

"Mrs. M. C. Lee.

R. E. LEE."

In February, 1860, he was ordered to take command of the Department of Texas. There he remained a year. The first months after his arrival were spent in the vain pursuit of the famous brigand, Cortinez, who was continually stealing across the Rio Grande, burning the homes, driving off the stock of the ranchmen, and then retreating into Mexico. The summer months he spent in San Antonio, and while there interested himself with the good people of that town in building an Episcopal church, to which he contributed largely.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter II—The Confederate General

<24>

RESIGNS FROM COLONELCY OF FIRST U.S. CAVALRY—MOTIVES FOR THIS STEP—CHOSEN TO COMMAND VIRGINIA FORCES—ANXIETY ABOUT HIS WIFE, FAMILY AND POSSESSIONS—CHIEF ADVISER TO PRESIDENT DAVIS —BATTLE OF MANASSAS—MILITARY OPERATIONS IN WEST VIRGINIA—LETTER TO STATE GOVERNOR

IN February, 1861, after the secession of Texas, my father was ordered to report to General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. He immediately relinquished the command of his regiment, and departed from Fort Mason, Texas, for Washington. He reached Arlington March 1st. April 17th, Virginia seceded. On the 18th Colonel Lee had a long interview with General Scott. On April 20th he tendered his resignation of his commission in the United States Army. The same day he wrote to General Scott the following letter:

"ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

"General: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the Army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed. <25>

"During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

"Save in the defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword.

"Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

"(Signed)

"R. E. LEE."

His resignation was written the same day.

"ARLINGTON, Washington City P. O., April 20, 1861.

"HONOURABLE SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"Sir: I have the honour to tender the resignation of my command as Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,

"Colonel First Cavalry."

To show further his great feeling in thus having to leave the army with which he had

been associated so long, I give two more letters, one to his sister, Mrs. Anne Marshall, of Baltimore, the other to his brother, Captain Sydney Smith Lee, of the United States Navy:

"ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

"My Dear Sister: I am grieved at my inability to see you I have been waiting for a 'more convenient season,' which has brought to many before me <26>deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognise no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State.

"With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army, and save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right.

"To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation. I have no time for more. May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

R. E. LEE."

"ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1860.

"My Dear Brother Smith: The question which was the subject of my earnest consultation with you on the 18th inst. has in my own mind been decided. After the most anxious inquiry as to the correct course for me to pursue, I concluded to resign, and sent in my resignation this morning. I wished to wait till the Ordinance of Secession should be acted on by the people of Virginia; but war seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not conscientiously perform. To save me from such a position, and to prevent the necessity of resigning under orders. I <27>had to act at once, and before I could see you again on the subject, as I had wished. I am now a private citizen, and have no other ambition than to remain at home. Save in defense of my native State, I have no desire ever again to draw my sword. I send you my warmest love.

"Your affectionate brother,

"R. E. LEE."

I will give here one of my father's letters, written after the war, in which is his account of his resignation from the United States Army:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 25, 1868.

"HONOURABLE REVERDY JOHNSON,

"UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"My Dear Sir: My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States, on the 19th instant, in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Honourable Simon Cameron, in regard to myself. I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so

far as my individual statement can make you. I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army; nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me, to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field; stating, as candidly and as courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott; told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision. Upon reflection after returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain the commission I held in the United States Army, and on the second morning thereafter ! forwarded my resignation to General Scott. At the time, I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war; and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my life as a private citizen. Two days afterward, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond; found that the Convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union; and accepted the commission of commander of its forces, which was tendered me.

"These are the ample facts of the case, and they shew that Mr. Cameron has been misinformed.

"I am with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

My father reached Richmond April 22, 1861. The next day he was introduced to the Virginia Convention, and offered by them the command of the military forces of his State. In his reply to Mr. John Janney, the President, who spoke for the Convention, he said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion on which I appear before you, and profoundly grateful for the honour conferred upon me, I accept the position your partiality has assigned me, though I would greatly have preferred your choice should have fallen on one more capable.

"Trusting to Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I have ever drawn my sword."

On April 26th, from Richmond, he wrote to his wife:

<29>

". . . I am very anxious about you. You have to move and make arrangements to go to some point of safety, which you must select. The Mount Vernon plate and pictures ought to be secured. Keep quiet while you remain and in your preparation. War is inevitable, and there is no telling when it will burst around you. Virginia, yesterday, I understand, joined the Confederate States. What policy they may adopt I cannot conjecture. May God bless and preserve you, and have mercy upon all our people, is the constant prayer of your affectionate husband,

"R. E. LEE."

On April 30th:

"On going to my room last night I found my trunk and sword there, and opening them this morning discovered the package of letters and was very glad to learn you were all well and as yet peaceful. I fear the latter state will not continue long. . . . I think therefore you had better prepare all things for removal, that is, the plate, pictures, etc., and be prepared at any moment. Where to go is the difficulty. When the war commences no place will be exempt, in my opinion, and indeed all the avenues into the State will be the scenes of military operations.

"There is no prospect or intention of the Government to propose a truce. Do not be deceived by it. . . May God preserve you all and bring peace to our distracted country."

Again to my mother at Arlington:

"RICHMOND, May 2, 1861.

"*My dear Mary:* I received last night your letter of the 1st, with contents. It gave me great pleasure to learn that you were all well and in peace. You know how pleased I should be to have you and my dear daughters with me. That I fear cannot be. There is no place that <30>I can expect to be but in the field, and there is no rest for me to look to. But I want you to be in a place of safety. . . . We have only to be resigned to God's will and pleasure, and do all we can for our protection I have just received Custis's letter of the 30th, inclosing the acceptance of my resignation. It is stated that it will take effect April 25th. I resigned on the 20th, and wished it to take effect that day. I cannot consent to its running on further, and he must receive no pay, if they tender it, beyond that day, but return the whole, if need be. . . ."

From another letter to my mother, dated May 8th:

". . . I grieve at the necessity that drives you from your home. I can appreciate your feelings on the occasion, and pray that you may receive comfort and strength in the difficulties that surround you. When I reflect upon the calamity impending over the country, my own sorrows sink into insignificance. . . . Be content and resigned to God's will. I shall be able to write seldom. Write to me, as your letters will be my greatest comfort. I send a check for \$500; it is all I have in bank. Pay the children's school expenses"

To my mother, still at Arlington'

"RICHMOND, May 11, 1861.

"I have received your letter of the 9th from Arlington. I had supposed you were at Ravensworth. . . . I am glad to hear that you are at peace, and enjoying the sweet weather and beautiful flowers. You had better complete your arrangements and retire further from the scene of war. It may burst upon you at any time. It is sad to think of the devastation, if not ruin, it may bring upon a spot so endeared to us. But God's will be done. We must be resigned. May He guard and keep you all, is my constant prayer." <31>

All this time my father was very hard at work organ-ising and equipping the volunteers who were pouring into Richmond from the Southern States, but he was in constant correspondence with my mother, helping her all he could in her arrangements for leaving her home. His letters show that he thought of everything. even the least, and he gave the most particular directions about his family, their effects, the servants, the horses, the farm, pictures, plate, and furniture. Being called to Norfolk suddenly, before going he wrote to

my mother:

"RICHMOND, May 16, 1861.

"My Dear Mary: I am called down to Norfolk and leave this afternoon. I expect to return Friday, but may be delayed. I write to advise you of my absence. in case you should not receive answers to any letters that may arrive. I have not heard from you since I last wrote; nor have I anything to relate. I heard from my dear little Rob, who had an attack of chills and fever. He hoped to escape the next paroxysm. . . . I witnessed the opening of the convention(*) yesterday, and heard the good Bishop's(+) sermon, being the 50th anniversary of his ministry. It was a most impressive scene. and more than once I felt the tears coming down my cheek. It was from the text, 'and Pharaoh said unto Jacob, how old art thou?' It was full of humility and self-reproach. I saw Mr. Walker, Bishop Johns, Bishop Atkinson, etc. I have not been able to attend any other services, and presume the session will not be prolonged. I suppose it may be considered a small attendance. Should Custis arrive during my absence, I will leave word for him to take my room at the Spotswood till my return. Smith(++) is well and enjoys a ride in the afternoon with Mrs. Stannard. The charming women, you know, always <32>find him out. Give much love to Cousin Anna, Nannie, and dear daughters. When Rob leaves the University take him with you.

"Truly and affectionately,

R. E. LEE."

By this time my mother and all the family had left Arlington. My brother, Custis, had joined my father in Richmond, the girls had gone to Fauquier county, to visit relatives, and my mother to Ravensworth, about ten miles from Arlington towards Fairfax Court House, where her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Fitzhugh, lived. Always considerate of the happiness and comfort of others, my father feared that his wife's presence at Ravensworth might possibly bring annoyance to "Cousin Anna," as he called our aunt, and he wrote to my mother, urging her not to remain there. He sympathised with her in having to leave her home, which she never saw again.

"RICHMOND, May 25, 1861.

"I have been trying, dearest Mary, ever since the receipt of your letter by Custis, to write to you. I sym-pathise deeply in your feelings at leaving your dear home. I have experienced them myself, and they are constantly revived. I fear we have not been grateful enough for the happiness there within our reach, and our heavenly Father has found it necessary to deprive us of what He has given us. I acknowledge my ingratitude, my transgressions, and my unworthiness, and submit with resignation to what he thinks proper to inflict upon me. We must trust all then to him, and I do not think it prudent or right for you to return there, while the United States troops occupy that country. I have gone over all this ground before, and have just written to Cousin Anna on the subject.

"While writing, I received a telegram from Cousin John Goldsborough(*), urging your departure 'South.' I <33>suppose he is impressed with the risk of your present position, and in addition to the possibility, or probability, of personal annoyance to yourself, I fear your presence may provoke annoyance to Cousin Anna. But unless Cousin Anna goes with you, I shall be distressed about her being there alone. If the girls went to 'Kinloch' or 'Eastern View,' you and Cousin Anna might take care of yourselves, because you could get

in the carriage and go off in an emergency. But I really am afraid that you may prove more harm than comfort to her. Mr. Wm. C. Rives has just been in to say that if you and Cousin Anna will go to his house, he will be very glad for you to stay as long as you please. That his son has a commodious house just opposite his, unoccupied, partially furnished; that you could, if you prefer, take that, bring up servants and what you desire, and remain there as independent as at home. . . . I must now leave the matter to you, and pray that God may guard you. I have no time for more. I know and feel the discomfort of your position, but it cannot be helped, and we must bear our trials like Christians. . . . If you and Cousin Anna choose to come here, you know how happy we shall be to see you. I shall take the field as soon now as I can. . . .

"Ever yours truly and devotedly,

"R. E. LEE."

Three days later he was at Manassas, only a short distance from Ravensworth, and he sent her this short note'

"MANASSAS, May 28, 1861.

"I reached here, dearest Mary, this afternoon. I am very much occupied in examining matters, and have to go out to look over the ground. Cousin John tempts me strongly to go down, but I never visit for many reasons. If for no other, to prevent compromising the house, for my visit would certainly be known.

"I have written to you fully and to Cousin Anna. I am decidedly of the opinion that it would be better for <34>you to leave, on your account and Cousin Anna's. My only objection is the leaving Cousin Anna alone, if she will not go with you. If you prefer Richmond, go with Nannie. Otherwise, go to the upper country, as John indicates. I fear I cannot be with you anywhere. I do not think Richmond will be permanent.

"Truly,

R."

I may as well say here, that "Cousin Anna" never did leave "Ravensworth" during the war. She remained there, with only a few faithful servants, and managed to escape any serious molestation. "Nannie" was Mrs. S.S. Lee, who shortly after this time went to Richmond.

On May 25th my father was transferred, with all the Virginia troops, to the Confederate States Army. He ceased to be a Major-General, and became a Brigadier, no higher rank having been created as yet in the Confederate service. Later, when the rank was created, he was made a full general.

By the end of May, to quote from General Long,

"Lee had organised, equipped, and sent to the field more than thirty thousand men, and various regiments were in a forward state of preparation."

When the Confederate government moved from Montgomery to Richmond, and President Davis took charge of all military movements, my father was kept near him as his constant and trusted adviser. His experience as an engineer was of great service to the young Confederacy, and he was called upon often for advice for the location of batteries and troops on our different defensive lines. In a letter to my mother he speaks of one of these trips to the waters east of Richmond.

"RICHMOND, June 9, 1861.

". . . I have just returned from a visit to the batteries and troops on James and York rivers, etc., where I was some days. I called a few hours at the White House. Saw Charlotte and Annie. Fitzhugh was away, but got out of the cars as I got in. Our little boy looked very sweet and seemed glad to kiss me a good-bye. Charlotte said she was going to prepare to leave for the summer, but had not determined where to go. I could only see some of the servants about the house and the stables. They were all well. . . . You may be aware that the Confederate Government is established here. Yesterday I turned over to it the command of the military and naval forces of the State, in accordance with the proclamation of the Government and the agreement between the State and the Confederate States. I do not know what my position will be. I should like to retire to private life, if I could be with you and the children, but if I can be of any service to the State or her cause I must continue. Mr. Davis and all his Cabinet are here. Good-bye. Give much love to kind friends. May God guard and bless you, them, and our suffering country, and enable me to perform my duty. I think of you constantly. Write me what you will do. Direct here.

"Always yours,

"R. E. LEE."

To my mother, who was now in Fauquier County, staying at "Kinloch," Mr. Edward Turner's home, he writes on June 24th, from Richmond'

". . . Your future arrangements are the source of much anxiety to me. No one can say what is in the future, nor is it wise to anticipate evil. But it is well to prepare for what may reasonably happen and be provided for the worst. There is no saying when you can return to your home or what may be its condition when you do return. What, then, can you do in the meantime? To <36>remain with friends may be incumbent, and where can you go? . . . My movements are very uncertain, and I wish to take the field as soon as certain arrangements can be made. I may go at any moment, and to any point where it may be necessary. . . . Many of our old friends are dropping in. E.P. Alexander is here, Jimmy Hill, Alston, Jenifer, etc., and I hear that my old colonel, A. S. Johnston, is crossing the plains from California. . . .

"As ever,

R. E. LEE."

I again quote from a letter to my mother, dated Richmond, July 12, 1861:

". . . I am very anxious to get into the field, but am detained by matters beyond my control. I have never heard of the appointment, to which you allude, of Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate States Army, nor have I any expectation or wish for it. President Davis holds that position. Since the transfer of the military operations in Virginia to the authorities of the Confederate States, I have only occupied the position of a general in that service, with the duties devolved on me by the President. I have been labouring to prepare and get into the field the Virginia troops, and to strengthen, by those from the other States, the threatened commands of Johnston, Beauregard, Huger, Garnett, etc. Where I shall go I do not know, as that will depend upon President Davis. As usual in getting through with a

thing, I have broken down a little and had to take my bed last evening, but am at my office this morning and hope will soon be right again. . . . My young friend Mr. Vest has just returned from a search in the city for 'Dixie,' and says he has visited every place in Richmond without finding it. I suppose it is exhausted.

Always yours,

"R. E. LEE."

"The booksellers say 'Dixie' is not to be had in Virginia. R. E. L."

<37>

On July 21st occurred the battle of Manassas. In a letter to my mother written on the 27th, my father says:

". . . That indeed was a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure upon our front amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead. Sorrow for those they left behind—friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest. The latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated there in greater force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms. I wished to partake in the former struggle, and am mortified at my absence, but the President thought it more important I should be here. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped, and taken part in the struggle for my home and neighbourhood. So the work is done I care not by whom it is done. I leave to-morrow for the Northwest Army. I wished to go before, as I wrote you, and was all prepared, but the indications were so evident of the coming battle, and in the uncertainty of the result, the President forbade my departure. Now it is necessary and he consents. I cannot say for how long, but will write you. . . . I inclose you a letter from Markie.(*). Write to her if you can and thank her for her letter to me. I have not time. My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them. Give love to all, and for yourself accept the constant prayers and love of truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

It was thought best at this time to send General Lee to take command of military operations in West Virginia. <38>The ordinary difficulties of a campaign in this country of mountains and bad roads were greatly increased by incessant rains, sickness of all kinds amongst the new troops, and the hostility of many of the inhabitants to the Southern cause. My father's letters, which I will give here, tell of his thais and troubles, and describe at the same time the beauty of scenery and some of the military movements.

About August 1st he started for his new command and he writes to my mother on his arrival at Huntersville, Pocahontas County, now West Virginia:

"HUNTERSVILLE, August 4, 1861.

"I reached here yesterday, dearest Mary, to visit this portion of the army. The day after my arrival at Staunton, I set off for Monterey, where the army of General Garnett's command is stationed. Two regiments and a field-battery occupy the Alleghany Mountains in advance, about thirty miles, and this division guards the road to Staunton. The division here guards the road leading by the Warm Springs to Milboro and

Covington. Two regiments are advanced about twenty-eight miles to Middie Mountain. Fitzhugh(*) with his squadron is between that point and this. I have not seen him. I understand he is well. South of here again is another column of our enemies, making their way up the Kanawha Valley, and, from General Wise's report, are not far from Lewisburgh. Their object seems to be to get possession of the Virginia Central Railroad and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. By the first they can approach Richmond; by the last interrupt our reinforcements from the South. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous, and their means are unlimited. So we must always be on the alert. My uneasiness on these points brought me out here. It is so difficult to get our people, unaccustomed to the necessities of war, to comprehend and promptly <39>execute the measures required for the occasion. General Jackson of Georgia commands on the Monterey line, General Loring on this line, and General Wise, supported by General Floyd, on the Kanawha line. The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the whole army, and you know that disease leaves unpleasant results, attacks on the lungs, typhoid, etc., especially in camp, where accommodations for the sick are poor. I travelled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road, as far as Buffalo Gap, I passed over in the summer of 1840, on my return to St. Louis, after bringing you home. If any one had then told me that the next time I travelled that road would have been on my present errand, I should have supposed him insane. I enjoyed the mountains, as I rode along. The views are magnificent—the valleys so beautiful, the scenery so peaceful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us. How thankless and ungrateful we are, and how we labour to mar his gifts. I hope you received my letters from Richmond. Give love to daughter and Mildred. I did not see Rob as I passed through Charlottesville. He was at the University and I could not stop."

A few days later there is another letter:

"CAMP AT VALLEY MOUNTAIN, August 9, 1861.

"I have been here, dear Mary, three days, coming from Monterey to Huntersville and thence here. We are on the dividing ridge looking north down the Tygart's river valley, whose waters flow into the Monongahela and South towards the Elk River and Greenbrier, flowing into the Kanawha. In the valley north of us lie Huttonsville and Beverly, occupied by our invaders, and the Rich Mountains west, the scene of our former disaster, and the Cheat Mountains east, their present stronghold, are in full view.

"The mountains are beautiful, fertile to the tops, covered with the richest sward of bluegrass and white clover, the inclosed fields waving with the natural growth of <40>timothy. The habitations are few and population sparse. This is a magnificent grazing country, and all it needs is labour to clear the mountain-sides of its great growth of timber. There surely is no lack of moisture at this time. It has rained, I believe, some portion of every day since I left Staunton. Now it is pouring, and the wind, having veered around to every point of the compass, has settled down to the northeast. What that portends in these regions I do not know. Colonel Washington(*), Captain Taylor, and myself are in one tent, which as yet protects us. I have enjoyed the company of Fitzhugh since I have been here. He is very well and very active, and as yet the war has not reduced him much. He dined with me yesterday and preserves his fine appetite. To-day he is out reconnoitring and has the full benefit of this rain. I fear he is without his overcoat, as I do not recollect seeing it on his saddle. I told you he had been promoted to a major in

cavalry, and is the commanding cavalry officer on this line at present. He is as sanguine, cheerful, and hearty as ever. I sent him some corn-meal this morning and he sent me some butter—a mutual interchange of good things. There are but few of your acquaintances in this army. I find here in the ranks of one company Henry Tiffany. The company is composed principally of Baltimoreans—George Lemmon and Douglas Mercer are in it. It is a very fine company, well drilled and well instructed. I find that our old friend, J. J. Reynolds, of West Point memory, is in command of the troops immediately in front of us. He is a brigadier-general. You may recollect him as the Assistant Professor of Philosophy, and lived in the cottage beyond the west gate, with his little, pale-faced wife, a great friend of Lawrence and Markie. He resigned on being relieved from West Point, and was made professor of some college in the West. Fitzhugh was the bearer of a flag the other day, and he recognised him. He was very polite and made kind inquiries of us all. I am told they feel very safe and are <41>very confident of success. Their numbers are said to be large, ranging from 12,000 to 30,000, but it is impossible for me to get correct information either as to their strength or position. Our citizens beyond this are all on their side. Our movements seem to be rapidly communicated to them, while theirs come to us slowly and indistinctly. I have two regiments here, with others coming up. I think we shall shut up this road to the Central Railroad which they strongly threaten. Our supplies come up slowly. We have plenty of beef and can get some bread. I hope you are well and are content. I have heard nothing of you or the children since I left Richmond. You must write there. . . . The men are suffering from the measles, etc., as elsewhere, but are cheerful and light-hearted. The atmosphere, when it is not raining, is delightful. You must give much love to daughter and 'Life.'(*) I want to see you all very much, but I know not when that can be. May God guard and protect you all. In Him alone is our hope. Remember me to Ned(+) and all at 'Kinloch' and Avenel.(++) Send word to Miss Lou Washington(\$) that her father is sitting on his blanket sewing the strap on his haversack. I think she ought to be here to do it.

Always yours,

"R. E. LEE."

In a letter to his two daughters who were in Richmond, he writes:

"VALLEY MOUNTAIN, August 29, 1861.

"My Precious Daughters: I have just received your letters of the 24th and am rejoiced to hear that you are well and enjoying the company of your friends. . . . It rains here all the time, literally. There has not been sunshine enough since my arrival to dry my clothes. Perry(||||) <42>is my washerman, and socks and towels suffer. But the worst of the rain is that the ground has become so saturated with water that the constant travel on the roads has made them almost impassable, so that I cannot get up sufficient supplies for the troops to move. It is raining now. Has been all day, last night, day before, and day before that, etc., etc. But we must be patient. It is quite cool, too. I have on all my winter clothes and am writing in my overcoat. All the clouds seem to concentrate over this ridge of mountains, and by whatever wind they are driven, give us rain. The mountains are magnificent. The sugar-maples are beginning to turn already, and the grass is luxuriant.

"Richmond'(*) has not been accustomed to such fare or such treatment. But he gets along tolerably, complains some, and has not much superfluous flesh. There has been much sickness among the men—measles, etc.—and the weather has been unfavourable. I

hope their attacks are nearly over, and that they will come out with the sun. Our party has kept well. . . . Although we may be too weak to break through the lines, I feel well satisfied that the enemy cannot at present reach Richmond by either of these routes, leading to Staunton, Milborough or Covington. He must find some other way. . . . God bless you, my children, and preserve you from all harm is the constant prayer of

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

On account of rheumatism, my mother was anxious to go to the Hot Springs in Bath County. She was now staying at "Audley," Clarke County, Virginia, with Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis, who had just sent her six sons into the army. Bath County was not very far from the seat of war in western Virginia, and my father was asked as to the safety of the Hot Springs from occupation by the enemy. He writes as follows to my mother:

<43>

"VALLEY MOUNTAIN, September 1, 1861.

"I have received, dearest Mary, your letter of August 18th from Audley, and am very glad to get news of your whereabouts. . . . I am very glad you are enabled to see so many of your friends. I hope you have found all well in your tour, and am very glad that our cousin Esther bears the separation from all her sons so bravely. I have no doubt they will do good service in our Southern cause, and wish they could be placed according to their fancies. . . . I fear you have postponed your visit to the Hot too late. It must be quite cold there now, judging from the temperature here, and it has been raining in these mountains since July 24th. . . . I see Fitzhugh quite often, though he is encamped four miles from me. He is very well and not at all harmed by the campaign.

"We have a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, and now those on the sick-list would form an army. The measles is still among them, though I hope it is dying out. But it is a disease which though light in childhood is severe in manhood, and prepares the system for other attacks. The constant cold rains, with no shelter but tents, have aggravated it. All these drawbacks, with impassable roads, have paralysed our efforts. Still I think you will be safe at the Hot, for the present. We are right up to the enemy on the three lines, and in the Kanawha he has been pushed beyond the Gauley. . . . My poor little Rob I never hear from scarcely. He is busy, I suppose, and knows not where to direct. . . .

"With much affection,

"R. E. LEE."

From the same camp, to my mother, on September 9th:

". . . I hope from the tone of your letter that you feel better, and wish I could see you and be with you. I trust we may meet this fall somewhere, if only for a little time. I have written to Robert telling him if, after considering <44>what I have previously said to him on the subject of his joining the company he desires under Major Ross, he still thinks it best for him to do so, I will not withhold my consent. It seems he will be eighteen; I thought seventeen. I am unable to judge for him and he must decide for himself. In reply to a recent letter from him to me on the same subject, I said to him all I could. I pray God to bring him to a right conclusion. . . . For military news, I must refer you to the papers.

You will see there more than ever occurs, and what does occur the relation must be taken with some allowance. Do not believe anything you see about me. There has been no battle, only skirmishing with the outposts, and nothing done of any moment. The weather is still unfavourable to us. The roads, or rather tracks of mud, are almost impassable and the number of sick large. . . .

"Truly and devotedly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

My mother was at the Hot Springs—I had taken her there and was with her. I don't now remember why, but it was decided that I should return to the University of Virginia, which opened October 1st, and continue my course there. While at the Springs my mother received this letter from my father:

"VALLEY MOUNT, September 17, 1861.

"I received, dear Mary, your letter of the 5th by Beverly Turner, (*) who is a nice young soldier. I am pained to see fine young men like him, of education and standing, from all the old and respectable families in the State, serving in the ranks. I hope in time they will receive their reward. I met him as I was returning from an expedition to the enemy's works, which I had hoped to have surprised on the morning of the 12th, both at Cheat Mountain and on Valley River. All the attacking <45>parties with great labour had reached their destination, over mountains considered impassable to bodies of troops, notwithstanding a heavy storm that set in the day before and raged all night, in which they had to stand up till daylight. Their arms were then unserviceable, and they in poor condition for a fierce assault against artillery and superior numbers. After waiting till 10 o'clock for the assault on Cheat Mountain, which did not take place, and which was to have been the signal for the rest, they were withdrawn, and, after waiting three days in front of the enemy, hoping he would come out of his trenches, we returned to our position at this place. I can not tell you my regret and mortification at the untoward events that caused the failure of the plan. I had taken every precaution to ensure success and counted on it. But the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan, and to destroy my hopes. We are no worse off now than before, except the disclosure of our plan, against which they will guard. We met with one heavy loss which grieves me deeply: Colonel Washington accompanied Fitzhugh on a reconnoitering expedition, and I fear they were carried away by their zeal and approached within the enemy's pickets. The first they knew was a volley from a concealed party within a few yards of them. Their balls passed through the Colonel's body, then struck Fitzhugh's horse, and the horse of one of the men was killed. Fitzhugh mounted the Colonel's horse and brought him off. I am much grieved. He was always anxious to go on these expeditions. This was the first day I assented. Since I had been thrown into such intimate relations with him, I had learned to appreciate him very highly. Morning and evening have I seen him on his knees praying to his Maker.

"The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.' May God have mercy on us all! I suppose you are at <46>the Hot Springs and will direct to you there. Our poor sick, I know, suffer much. They bring it on themselves by not doing what they are told. They are worse than children, for the latter can be forced. . . .

"Truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

On the same day he wrote to the Governor of Virginia:

"VALLEY MOUNTAIN, September 17, 1861.

"My Dear Governor: I received your very kind note of the 5th instant, just as I was about to accompany General Loring's command on an expedition to the enemy's works in front, or I would have before thanked you for the interest you take in my welfare, and your too flattering expressions of my ability. Indeed, you overrate me much, and I feel humbled when I weigh myself by your standard. I am, however, very grateful for your confidence, and I can answer for my sincerity in the earnest endeavour I make to advance the cause I have so much at heart, though conscious of the slow progress I make. I was very sanguine of taking the enemy's works on last Thursday morning. I had considered the subject well. With great effort the troops intended for the surprise had reached their destination, having traversed twenty miles of steep, rugged mountain paths; and the last day through a terrible storm, which lasted all night, and in which they had to stand drenched to the skin in cold rain. Still, their spirits were good. When morning broke, I could see the enemy's tents on Valley River, at the point on the Huttonsville road just below me. It was a tempting sight. We waited for the attack on Cheat Mountain, which was to be the signal. Till 10 A.M. the men were cleaning their unserviceable arms. But the signal did not come. All chance for a surprise was gone. The provisions of the men had been destroyed the preceding day by the storm. They had nothing to eat that morning, could not hold out another day, and were obliged to be withdrawn. The party sent to Cheat Mountain to take that in rear had also to be withdrawn. The attack to come off from the east side failed from the difficulties in the way; the opportunity was lost, and our plan discovered. It is a grievous disappointment to me, I assure you. But for the rain-storm, I have no doubt it would have succeeded. This, Governor, is for your own eye. Please do not speak of it; we must try again. Our greatest loss is the death of my dear friend, Colonel Washington. He and my son were reconnoitering the front of the enemy. They came unawares upon a concealed party, who fired upon them within twenty yards, and the Colonel fell pierced by three balls. My son's horse received three shots, but he escaped on the Colonel's horse. His zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself carried him, I fear, too far. We took some seventy prisoners, and killed some twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. Our loss was small besides what I have mentioned. Our greatest difficulty is the roads. It has been raining in these mountains about six weeks. It is impossible to get along. It is that which has paralysed all our efforts. With sincere thanks for your good wishes,

"I am very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE

"His Excellency, Governor John Letcher."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter III—Letters To Wife And Daughters

<48>

FROM CAMP ON SEWELL'S MOUNTAIN—QUOTATION FROM COLONEL TAYLOR'S BOOK—FROM PROFESSOR WM. P. TRENT—FROM MR. DAVIS'S MEMORIAL ADDRESS—DEFENSE OF SOUTHERN PORTS CHRISTMAS, 1861—THE GENERAL VISITS HIS FATHER'S GRAVE COMMANDS, UNDER THE PRESIDENT, ALL THE ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

THE season being too far advanced to attempt any further movements away from our base of supplies, and the same reasons preventing any advance of the Federal forces, the campaign in this part of Virginia ended for the winter. In the Kanawha Valley, however, the enemy had been and were quite active. Large reinforcements under General Rosecrans were sent there to assist General Cox, the officer in command at that point. General Loring, leaving a sufficient force to watch the enemy at Cheat Mountain, moved the rest of his army to join the commands of Generals Floyd and Wise, who were opposing the advance of Cox. General Lee, about September 20th, reached General Floyd's camp, and immediately proceeded to arrange the lines of defense. Shortly after his arrival there he wrote to my mother at the Hot Springs:

*"CAMP ON SEWELL'S MOUNTAIN,
"September 26, 1861.*

"I have just received, dear Mary, your letters of the <49>17th and 19th instants, with one from Robert. I have but little time for writing to-night, and will, therefore, write to you. . . . Having now disposed of business matters, I will say how glad I am to hear from you, and to learn that you have reached the Hot in safety, with daughter and Rob. I pray that its healing waters may benefit you all. I am glad to hear of Charlotte and the girls, and hope all will go well with them. I infer you received my letter written before leaving Valley Mountain, though you did not direct your letter 'via Lewisburg, Greenbrier County,' and hence its delay. I told you of the death of Colonel Washington. I grieve for his loss, though trust him to the mercy of our Heavenly Father. May He have mercy on us all.

"It is raining heavily. The men are all exposed on the mountain, with the enemy opposite to us. We are without tents, and for two nights I have lain buttoned up in my overcoat. To-day my tent came up and I am in it. Yet I fear I shall not sleep for thinking of the poor men. I wrote about socks for myself. I have no doubt the yarn ones you mention will be very acceptable to the men here or elsewhere. If you can send them here, I will distribute them to the most needy. Tell Rob I could not write to him for want of time. My heart is always with you and my children. May God guard and bless you all is the constant prayer of

"Your devoted husband,

"R. E. LEE."

To my mother, still at the Hot Springs:

"SEWELL'S MOUNTAIN, October 7, 1861.

"I received, dear Mary, your letter by Doctor Quin-tard, with the cotton socks. Both were very acceptable, though the latter I have not yet tried. At the time of their reception the enemy was threatening an attack, which was continued till Saturday night, when under cover of darkness he suddenly withdrew. Your letter <50>of the 2d, with the yarn socks, four pairs, was handed to me when I was preparing to follow, and I could not at the time attend to either. But I have since, and as I found Perry in desperate need, I bestowed a couple of pairs on him, as a present from you. The others I have put in my trunk and suppose they will fall to the lot of Meredith, (*) into the state of whose hose I have not yet inquired. Should any sick man require them first, he shall have them, but Meredith will have no one near to supply him but me, and will naturally expect that attention. I hope, dear Mary, you and daughter, as well as poor little Rob, have derived some benefit from the sanitary baths of the Hot. What does daughter intend to do during the winter? And, indeed, what do you? It is time you were determining. There is no prospect of your returning to Arlington. I think you had better select some comfortable place in the Carolinas or Georgia, and all board together. If Mildred goes to school at Raleigh, why not go there? It is a good opportunity to try a warmer climate for your rheumatism. If I thought our enemies would not make a vigorous move against Richmond, I would recommend to rent a house there. But under these circumstances [would not feel as if you were permanently located if there. I am ignorant where I shall be. In the field somewhere, I suspect, so I have little hope of being with you, though I hope to be able to see you. . . . I heard from Fitzhugh the other day. He is well, though his command is greatly reduced by sickness. I wished much to bring him with me; but there is too much cavalry on this line now, and I am dismounting them. I could not, therefore, order more. The weather is almost as bad here as in the mountains I left. There was a drenching rain yesterday, and as I had left my overcoat in camp I was thoroughly wet from head to foot. It has been raining ever since and is now coming down with a will. But I have my clothes out on the bushes and they will be well washed. <51>

"The force of the enemy, by a few prisoners captured yesterday and civilians on the road, is put down from 7,000 to 20,000. Some went as high as 22,000. General Floyd thinks 18,000. I do not think it exceeds 9,000 or 10,000, though it exceeds ours. I wish he had attacked us, as I believe he would have been repulsed with great loss. His plan was to attack us at all points at the same time. The rumbling of his wheels, etc., was heard by our pickets, but as that was customary at night in the moving and placing of his cannon, the officer of the day to whom it was reported paid no particular attention to it, supposing it to be a preparation for attack in the morning. When day appeared, the bird had flown, and the misfortune was that the reduced condition of our horses for want of provender, exposure to cold rains in these mountains, and want of provisions for the men prevented the vigorous pursuit and following up that was proper. We can only get up provisions from day to day—which paralyses our operations.

"I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the expectations of the editors of papers. I know they can regulate matters satisfactorily to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do and would be happy to see them have full swing. I hope something will be done to please them. Give much love to the children and everybody, and believe me

"Always yours,

"R. E. LEE."

Colonel Taylor, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says:

"We had now reached the latter days of October. The lateness of the season and the condition of the roads precluded the idea of earnest, aggressive operations, and the campaign in western Virginia was virtually concluded. "Judged from its results, it must be confessed that this <52>series of operations was a failure. At its conclusion, a large portion of the State was in possession of the Federals, including the rich valleys of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, and so remained until the close of the war. For this, however, General Lee cannot reasonably be held accountable. Disaster had befallen the Confederate arms, and the worst had been accomplished before he had reached the theatre of operations; the Alleghanies there constituted the dividing line between the hostile forces, and in this network of mountains, sterile and rendered absolutely impracticable by a prolonged season of rain, Nature had provided an insurmountable barrier to operations in this transmontane country. . . . It was doubtless because of similar embarrassments that the Federal general retired, in the face of inferior numbers, to a point near his base of supplies."

Professor William P. Trent, in his "Robert E. Lee," after describing briefly the movements of the contending armies, writes:

"There was, then, nothing to do but to acknowledge the campaign a failure. The Confederate Government withdrew its troops and sent them elsewhere. Lee, whom the press abused and even former friends began to regard as overrated, was assigned to command the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; and her western counties were lost to the Old Dominion forever. It must have been a crushing blow to Lee at the time, but he bore it uncomplainingly. . . . And when all is said, no commander, however great, can succeed against bad roads, bad weather, sickness of troops, lack of judgment and harmony among subordinates, and a strong, alert enemy. Yet this is what Lee was expected to do."

Mr. Davis, in an address before a memorial meeting at Richmond in 1870, speaking of General Lee in this campaign, said:

<53>

"He came back, carrying the heavy weight of defeat, and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that, if his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it; for I should not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamour which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his departure to write a letter to the Governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet, through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend any one who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

After returning to Richmond, my father resumed his position as adviser and counsellor to Mr. Davis. From there he writes to my mother, who had left the Hot Springs and gone on a visit to "Shirley," on James River:

"RICHMOND, November 5, 1861.

"My Dear Mary: I received last night your letter of the 2d, and would have answered it at once, but was detained with the Secretary till after 11 P.M. I fear now I may miss the mail. Saturday evening I tried to get down to you to spend Sunday, but could find no government boat going down, and the passenger boats all go in the morning. I then went to the stable and got out my horse, but it was near night then and I was ignorant both of the road and distance and I gave it up. I was obliged to be here Monday, and as it would have consumed all Sunday to go and come, I have remained for better times. The President said I could not go to-day, so I must see what can be done to-morrow. I will come, however, wherever you are, either Shirley or the White House, as soon as possible, <54>and if not sooner, Saturday at all events. . . . I am, as ever,

Yours,

"R. E. LEE."

The day after this letter was written, my father was ordered to South Carolina for the purpose of directing and supervising the construction of a line of defense along the southern coast. I give here several letters to members of his family which tell of his duties and manner of life:

"SAVANNAH, November 18, 1861.

"My Dear Mary: This is the first moment I have had to write to you, and now am waiting the call to breakfast, on my way to Brunswick, Fernandina, etc. This is my second visit to Savannah. Night before last, I returned to Coosawhatchie, South Carolina, from Charleston, where I have placed my headquarters, and last night came here, arriving after midnight. I received in Charleston your letter from Shirley. It was a grievous disappointment to me not to have seen you, but better times will come, I hope. . . . You probably have seen the operations of the enemy's fleet. Since their first attack they have been quiescent apparently, confining themselves to Hilton Head, where they are apparently fortifying.

"I have no time for more. Love to all.

"Yours very affectionately and truly,

"R. E. LEE."

"CHARLESTON, November 15, 1861.

"My Precious Daughter: I have received your letter forwarded to Richmond by Mr. Powell, and I also got, while in the West, the letter sent by B. Turner. I can write but seldom, but your letters always give me great pleasure. I am glad you had such a pleasant visit to 'Kinloch.' I have passed a great many pleasant days there myself in my young days. Now you must labour at your books and gain knowledge and wisdom. Do not <55>mind what Rob says. I have a beautiful white beard. It is much admired. At least, much remarked on. You know I have told you not to believe what the young men tell you. I was unable to see your poor mother when in Richmond. Before I could get down I was sent off here. Another forlorn hope expedition. Worse than West Virginia. . . . I have much to do in this country. I have been to Savannah and have to go again. The enemy is quiet after his conquest of Port Royal Harbor and his whole fleet is lying there. May God guard and protect you, my dear child, prays your

"Affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

The above letter was written to his youngest daughter, Mildred, who was at school in Winchester, Virginia. Two of my sisters were in King George County, Virginia, at "Clydale," the summer home of Dr. Richard Stuart, with whose family we had been a long time intimate. From there they had driven to "Stratford," in Westmoreland County, about thirty miles distant, where my father was born. They had written him of this trip, and this is his reply:

"SAVANNAH, November 25, 1861.

"My Darling Daughters: I have just received your joint letter of October 24th, from 'Clydale.' It was very cheering to me, and the affection and sympathy you expressed were very grateful to my feelings. I wish indeed I could see you, be with you, and never again part from you. God only can give me that happiness. I pray for it night and day. But my prayers I know are not worthy to be heard. I received your former letter in western Virginia, but had no opportunity to reply to it. I enjoyed it, nevertheless. I am glad you do not wait to hear from me, as that would deprive me of the pleasure of hearing from you often. I am so pressed with business. I am <56>much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit. It is endeared to me by many recollections, and it has been always a great desire of my life to be able to purchase it. Now that we have no other home, and the one we so loved has been so foully polluted, the desire is stronger with me than ever. The horse-chestnut you mention in the garden was planted by my mother. I am sorry the vault is so dilapidated. You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections. I am very glad, my precious Agnes, that you have become so early a riser. It is a good habit, and in these times for mighty works advantage should be taken of every hour. I much regretted being obliged to come from Richmond without seeing your poor mother. . . . This is my second visit to Savannah. I have been down the coast to Amelia Island to examine the defenses. They are poor indeed, and I have laid off work enough to employ our people a month. I hope our enemy will be polite enough to wait for us. It is difficult to get our people to realise their position. . . . Good-bye, my dear daughters.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

To his daughter Annie:

*"COOSAWHATCHIE, South Carolina,
"December 8, 1861.*

"My Precious Annie: I have taken the only quiet time I have been able to find on this holy day to thank you for your letter of the 29th ulto. One of the miseries of war is that there is no Sabbath, and the current of work and strife has no cessation. How can we be pardoned for all our offenses! I am glad that you have joined your mamma again and that some of you are together at last. It would be a great happiness to me were you all at some quiet place, remote from the vicissitudes of war, where I could consider you safe. You must have had a pleasant <57>time at 'Clydale.' I hope indeed that 'Cedar Grove' may be saved from the ruin and pillage that other places have received at the hands of our enemies, who are pursuing the same course here as they have practised elsewhere.

Unfortunately, too, the numerous deep estuaries, all accessible to their ships, expose the multitude of islands to their predatory excursions, and what they leave is finished by the negroes whose masters have deserted their plantations, subject to visitations of the enemy. I am afraid Cousin Julia(*) will not be able to defend her home if attacked by the vandals, for they have little respect for anybody, and if they catch the Doctor(*) they will certainly send him to Fort Warren or La Fayette. I fear, too, the Yankees will bear off their pretty daughters. I am very glad you visited 'Chatham.'(+) I was there many years ago, when it was the residence of Judge Coulter, and some of the avenues of poplar, so dear to your grandmama, still existed. I presume they have all gone now. The letter that you and Agnes wrote from 'Clydale' I replied to and sent to that place. You know I never have any news. I am trying to get a force to make headway on our defenses, but it comes in very slow. The people do not seem to realise that there is a war.

"It is very warm here, if that is news, and as an evidence I inclose some violets I plucked in the yard of a deserted house I occupy. I wish I could see you and give them in person. . . . Good-bye, my precious child. Give much love to everybody, and believe me,

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

From the same place, on December 2d, he writes to my mother:

"I received last night, dear Mary, your letter of the 12th, and am delighted to learn that you are all well and <58>so many of you are together. I am much pleased that Fitzhugh has an opportunity to be with you all and will not be so far removed from his home in his new field of action. I hope to see him at the head of a fine regiment and that he will be able to do good service in the cause of his country. If Mary and Rob get to you Christmas, you will have quite a family party, especially if Fitzhugh is not obliged to leave his home and sweet wife before that time. I shall think of you all on that holy day more intensely than usual, and shall pray to the great God of Heaven to shower His blessings upon you in this world, and to unite you all in His courts in the world to come. With a grateful heart I thank Him for His preservation thus far, and trust to His mercy and kindness for the future. Oh, that I were more worthy, more thankful for all He has done and continues to do for me! Perry and Meredith(*) send their respects to all. . . .

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

From the same place, on Christmas Day, he writes to my mother:

"I cannot let this day of grateful rejoicing pass, dear Mary, without some communication with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. For those on which we have been separated we must not repine. If it will make us more resigned and better prepared for what is in store for us, we should rejoice. Now we must be content with the many blessings we receive. If we can only become sensible of our transgressions, so as to be fully penitent and forgiven, that this heavy punishment under which we labour may with justice be removed from us and the whole nation, what a gracious consummation of all that we have endured it will be! <59>

"I hope you had a pleasant visit to Richmond. . . . If you were to see this place, I think you would have it, too. I am here but little myself. The days I am not here I visit some

point exposed to the enemy, and after our dinner at early candle-light, am engaged in writing till eleven or twelve o'clock at night. . . . As to our old home, if not destroyed, it will be difficult ever to be recognised. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, etc., the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, books, furniture, and the relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrance of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last, and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home, I wish I could purchase 'Stratford.' That is the only other place that I could go to, now accessible to us, that would inspire me with feelings of pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. I wonder if it is for sale and at how much. Ask Fitzhugh to try to find out, when he gets to Fredericksburg. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going into a war with England.(*). She will be very loath to do that, notwithstanding the bluster of the Northern papers. Her rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or a restitution of their captives must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us. We require no extraneous aid, if true to ourselves. But we must be patient. It is not a light achievement and cannot be accomplished <60>at once. . . . I wrote a few days since, giving you all the news, and have now therefore nothing to relate. The enemy is still quiet and increasing in strength. We grow in size slowly but are working hard. I have had a day of labour instead of rest, and have written at intervals to some of the children. I hope they are with you, and inclose my letters. . . .

"Affectionately and truly,

"R. E. LEE."

In the next letter to my mother he describes a visit to the grave of his father at Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, Georgia. Dungeness was presented to General Nathaniel Green by the State of Georgia for services rendered her in the Revolution. General Henry Lee, returning from the West Indies, where he had been for some months on account of his health, landed there, and in a few days died, March 15, 1818. He was most kindly cared for by the daughter of his old commander, and was buried there in the garden of Dungeness. At the time of my father's visit the place belonged to a great-nephew of General Green, Mr. Nightingale.

*"COOSAWHATCHIE, South Carolina,
"January 18, 1862.*

"On my return, day before yesterday, from Florida, dear Mary, I received your letter of the 1st inst. I am very glad to find that you had a pleasant family meeting Christmas, and that it was so large. I am truly grateful for all the mercies we enjoy, notwithstanding the miseries of war, and join heartily in the wish that the next year may find us at peace with all the world. I am delighted to hear that our little grandson(*) is improving so fast and is becoming such a perfect gentleman. May his path be strewn with flowers and his life with happiness. I am <61>very glad to hear also that his dear papa is promoted. It will be

gratifying to him and increase, I hope, his means of usefulness. Robert wrote me he saw him on his way through Charlottesville with his squadron, and that he was well. While at Fernandina I went over to Cumberland Island and walked up to 'Dungeness,' the former residence of General Green. It was my first visit to the house, and I had the gratification at length of visiting my father's grave. He died there, you may recollect, on his way from the West Indies, and was interred in one corner of the family cemetery. The spot is marked by a plain marble slab, with his name, age, and date of his death. Mrs. Green is also buried there, and her daughter, Mrs. Shaw, and her husband. The place is at present owned by Mr. Nightingale, nephew of Mrs. Shaw, who married a daughter of Mr. James King. The family have moved into the interior of Georgia, leaving only a few servants and a white gardener on the place. The garden was beautiful, inclosed by the finest hedge I have ever seen. It was of the wild olive. The orange trees were small, and the orange grove, which, in Mrs. Shaw's lifetime, during my tour of duty in Savannah in early life, was so productive, had been destroyed by an insect that has proved fatal to the orange on the coast of Georgia and Florida. There was a fine grove of olives, from which, I learn, Mr. Nightingale procures oil. The garden was filled with roses and beautiful vines, the names of which I do not know. Among them was the tomato-vine in full bearing, with the ripe fruit on it. There has yet been no frost in that region of country this winter. I went in the dining-room and parlour, in which the furniture still remained. . . . The house has never been finished, but is a fine, large one and beautifully located. A magnificent grove of live-oaks envelops the road from the landing to the house. . . . Love to everybody and God bless you all.

"Truly and faithfully yours,

"R. E. LEE."

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From the same place there is another letter to my mother:

*"COOSAWHATCHIE, South Carolina,
January 28, 1862.*

"I have just returned from Charleston, and received your letter of the 14th, dear Mary. . . . I was called to Charleston by the appearance off the bar of a fleet of vessels the true character and intent of which could not be discerned during the continuance of the storm which obscured the view. Saturday, however, all doubt was dispelled, and from the beach on Sullivan's Island the preparations for sinking them were plainly seen. Twenty-one were visible the first day of my arrival, but at the end of the storm, Saturday, only seventeen were seen. Five of these were vessels of war: what became of the other four is not known. The twelve old merchantmen were being stripped of their spars, masts, etc., and by sunset seven were prepared apparently for sinking across the mouth of the Maffitt Channel. They were placed in a line about two hundred yards apart, about four miles from Fort Moultrie. They will do but little harm to the channel, I think, but may deter vessels from running out at night for fear of getting on them. There now seem to be indications of a movement against Savannah. The enemy's gunboats are pushing up the creek to cut off communication between the city and Fort Pulaski on Cockspur Island. Unless I have better news, I must go there to-day. There are so many points of attack, and so little means to meet them on water, that there is but little rest. . . . Perry and Meredith are well and send regards to everybody. . . .

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"R. E. LEE."

It was most important that the defenses of Charleston and Savannah should be made as strong as possible. The difficulties in the way were many and great, but General <63>Lee's perseverance overcame most of them. The result was that neither of those cities fell till the close of the war, and a region of country was preserved to the Confederacy necessary for the feeding of its armies. Of course all of this was not accomplished by my father alone in the four months he was there; but the plans of defense he laid down were successfully followed.

While in Savannah, he writes to my mother:

"SAVANNAH, February 8, 1862.

"I wrote to you, dear Mary, the day I left Coosawhatchie for this place. I have been here ever since, endeavouring to push forward the work for the defense of the city, which has lagged terribly and which ought to have been finished. But it is difficult to arouse ourselves from ease and comfort to labour and self-denial.

"Guns are scarce, as well as ammunition, and I shah have to break up batteries on the coast to provide, I fear, for this city. Our enemies are endeavouring to work their way through the creeks that traverse the impassable and soft marshes stretching along the interior of the coast and communicating with the sounds and sea, through which the Savannah flows, and thus avoid the entrance of the river commanded by Fort Pulaski. Their boats require only seven feet of water to float them, and the tide rises seven feet, so that at high water they can work their way and rest on the mud at low. They are also provided with dredges and appliances for removing obstructions through the creeks in question, which cannot be guarded by batteries. I hope, however, we shall be able to stop them, and I daily pray to the Giver of all victories to enable us to do so . . . I trust you are all well and doing well, and wish I could do anything to promote either. I have more here than I can do, and more, I fear, than I can well accomplish. It is so very hard to get anything done, and while all wish well and mean well, it is so different to get them to act energetically <64>and promptly. . . . The news from Kentucky and Tennessee is not favourable, but we must make up our minds to meet with reverses and overcome them. I hope God will at last crown our efforts with success. But the contest must be long and severe, and the whole country has to go through much suffering. It is necessary we should be humbled and taught to be less boastful, less selfish, and more devoted to right and justice to all the world. . . .

Always yours,

"R. E. LEE."

To my mother:

"SAVANNAH, February 23, 1862.

"I have been wishing, dear Mary, to write to you for more than a week, but every day and every hour seem so taken up that I have found it impossible. . . . The news from Tennessee and North Carolina is not all cheering, and disasters seem to be thickening around us. It calls for renewed energies and redoubled strength on our part, and, I hope, will produce it. I fear our soldiers have not realised the necessity for the endurance and

labour they are called upon to undergo, and that it is better to sacrifice themselves than our cause. God, I hope, will shield us and give us success. Here the enemy is progressing slowly in his designs, and does not seem prepared, or to have determined when or where to make his attack. His gunboats are pushing up all the creeks and marshes of the Savannah, and have attained a position so near the river as to shell the steamers navigating it. None have as yet been struck. I am engaged in constructing a line of defense at Fort Jackson which, if time permits and guns can be obtained, I hope will keep them out. They can bring such overwhelming force in all their movements that it has the effect to demoralise our new troops. The accounts given in the papers of the quantity of cotton shipped to New York are, of course, exaggerated. It is cotton in the seed and dirt, and has to be ginned and cleaned after its arrival. It is said that <65>the negroes are employed in picking and collecting it, and are paid a certain amount. But all these things are gathered from rumour, and can only be believed as they appear probable, which this seems to be. . . . I went yesterday to church, being the day appointed for fasting and prayer. I wish I could have passed it more devoutly. The bishop (Elliott) gave a most beautiful prayer for the President, which I hope may be heard and answered. . . . Here the yellow jasmine, red-bud, orange-tree, etc., perfume the whole woods, and the japonicas and azaleas cover the garden. Perry and Meredith are well. May God bless and keep you always is the constant prayer of your husband,

"R. E. LEE."

To his daughter Annie:

"SAVANNAH, March 2, 1862.

"My Precious Annie: It has been a long time since I have written to you, but you have been constantly in my thoughts. I think of you all, separately and collectively, in the busy hours of the day and the silent hours of the night, and the recollection of each and every one while away the long night, in which my anxious thoughts drive away sleep. But I always feel that you and Agnes at those times are sound asleep, and that it is immaterial to either where the blockaders are or what their progress is in the river. I hope you are all well, and as happy as you can be in these perilous times to our country. They look dark at present, and it is plain we have not suffered enough, laboured enough, repented enough, to deserve success. But they will brighten after awhile, and I trust that a merciful God will arouse us to a sense of our danger, bless our honest efforts, and drive back our enemies to their homes. Our people have not been earnest enough, have thought too much of themselves and their ease, and instead of turning out to a man, have been content to nurse themselves and their dimes, and leave the protection of themselves <66>and families to others. To satisfy their consciences, they have been clamorous in criticising what others have done, and endeavoured to prove that they ought to do nothing. This is not the way to accomplish our independence. I have been doing all I can with our small means and slow workmen to defend the cities and coast here. Against ordinary numbers we are pretty strong, but against the hosts our enemies seem able to bring everywhere there is no calculating. But if our men will stand to their work, we shall give them trouble and damage them yet. They have worked their way across the marshes, with their dredges, under cover of their gunboats, to the Savannah River, about Fort Pulaski. I presume they will endeavour to reduce the fort and thus open a way for their vessels up the river. But we have an interior line they must force before reaching the city. It is on this line we are

working, slowly to my anxious mind, but as fast as I can drive them. . . . Goodbye, my dear child. May God bless you and our poor country.

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

Soon after this letter was written my father was recalled to Richmond, "and was assigned on the 13th of March, under the direction of the President, to the conduct of the military operations of all the armies of the Confederate States."(*) My mother was still at the White House, my brother's place on the Pamunkey, and there my father wrote to her:

"RICHMOND, March 14, 1862.

"My Dear Mary: I have been trying all the week to write to you, but have not been able. I have been placed on duty here to conduct operations under the direction of the President. It will give me great pleasure <67>to do anything I can to relieve him and serve the country, but I do not see either advantage or pleasure in my duties. But I will not complain, but do my best. I do not see at present either that it will enable me to see much more of you. In the present condition of affairs no one can foresee what may happen, nor in my judgment is it advisable for any one to make arrangements with a view to permanency or pleasure. We must all do what promises the most usefulness. The presence of some one at the White House is necessary as long as practicable. How long it will be practicable for you and Charlotte to remain there I cannot say. The enemy is pushing us back in all directions, and how far he will be successful depends much upon our efforts and the mercy of Providence. I shall, in all human probability, soon have to take the field, so for the present I think things had better remain as they are. Write me your views. If you think it best for you to come to Richmond I can soon make arrangements for your comfort and shall be very glad of your company and presence. We have experienced a great affliction both in our private and public relations. Our good and noble Bishop Meade died last night. He was very anxious to see you, sent you his love and kindest remembrances, and had I known in time yesterday I should have sent expressly for you to come up. But I did not know of his wish or condition till after the departure of the cars yesterday. Between 6 and 7 P.M. yesterday he sent for me, said he wished to bid me good-bye, and to give me his blessing, which he did in the most affecting manner. Called me Robert and reverted to the time I used to say the catechism to him. He invoked the blessing of God upon me and the country. He spoke with difficulty and pain, but was perfectly calm and clear. His hand was then cold and pulseless, yet he shook mine warmly. 'I ne'er shall look upon his like again.' He died during the night. I presume the papers of to-morrow will tell you all. . . .

"Very truly and sincerely,

"R. E. LEE."

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The next day he again writes to my mother.

"RICHMOND, March 15, 1862.

"My Dear Mary: I wrote you yesterday by mail. On returning to my quarters last night after 11 P.M. Custis informed me Robert had arrived and had made up his mind to go into the army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his

overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good. They all have to be made, and he has gone to the office of the adjutant-general of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good as He has permitted it. I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the university, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go, if he did not improve himself, nor would I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty and make a good soldier. . . . I had expected yesterday to go to North Carolina this morning, but the President changed his mind. I should like to go to see you to-morrow, but in the present condition of things do not feel that I ought to be absent. . . . I may have to go to North Carolina or Norfolk yet. New Berne, N. C., has fallen into the hands of the enemy. In Arkansas our troops under Van Dorn have had a hard battle, but nothing decisive gained. Four generals killed—McIntosh, McCulloch, Herbert, and Slack. General Price wounded. Loss on both sides said to be heavy. . . .

"Very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter IV—Army Life Of Robert The Younger

<69>

VOLUNTEER IN ROCKBRIDGE ARTILLERY—~FOUR YEARS WITH GENERAL LEE" QUOTED—MEETINGS BETWEEN FATHER AND SON—PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENERAL—DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, ANNIE—HIS SON ROBERT RAISED FROM THE RANKS—THE HORSES, "GRACE DARLING" AND "TRAVELLER"—FREDERICKSBURG—FREEING SLAVES

LIKE all the students at the university, I was wild to go into the army, and wrote my father that I was afraid the war would be over before I had a chance to serve. His reply was that I need have no fear of that contingency, that I must study hard and fit myself to be useful to my country when I was old enough to be of real service to her; so, very properly, I was not allowed to have my wish then. In a letter to my mother written April, '61, he says:

"I wrote to Robert that I could not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges and put them in the ranks at the beginning of a war, when they are not wanted and when there were men enough for that purpose. The war may last ten years. Where are our ranks to be filled from then? I was willing for his company to continue at their studies, to keep up its organisation, and to perfect themselves in their military exercises, and to perform duty at the college; but *not* to be called into the field. I therefore <70>wished him to remain. If the exercises at the college are suspended, he can then come home. . . ."

But in the spring of '62 he allowed me to volunteer, and I having selected the company I wished to join, the Rockbridge Artillery, he gave his approval, and wrote me to come to Richmond, where he would give me my outfit. He was just as sweet and loving to me then as in the old days. I had seen so little of him during the last six years that I stood somewhat in awe of him. I soon found, however, that I had no cause for such a feeling. He took great pains in getting what was necessary for me. The baggage of a private in a Confederate battery was not extensive. How little was needed my father, even at that time, did not know, for though he was very careful in providing me with the least amount he thought necessary, I soon found by experience that he had given me a great deal too much. It was characteristic of his consideration for others and the unselfishness of his nature, that at this time, when weighed down, harassed and burdened by the cares incident to bringing the untrained forces of the Confederacy into the field, and preparing them for a struggle the seriousness of which he knew better than any one, he should give his time and attention to the minute details of fitting out his youngest son as a private soldier. I think it worthy of note that the son of the commanding general enlisting as a private in his army was not thought to be anything remarkable or unusual. Neither my mother, my family, my friends nor myself expected any other course, and I do not suppose it ever occurred to my father to think of giving me an office, which he could easily have done. I know it never occurred to me, nor did I ever hear, at that time <71>or afterwards, from anyone, that I might have been entitled to better rank than that of a private because of my father's prominence in Virginia and in the Confederacy. With the good advice to be

obedient to all authority, to do my duty in everything, great or small, he bade me good-bye, and sent me off to the Valley of Virginia, where the command in which I was about to enlist were serving under "Stonewall Jackson."

Of my father's military duties at this time, Colonel Taylor, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says:

"Exercising a constant supervision over the condition of affairs at each important point, thoroughly informed as to the resources and necessities of the several commanders of armies in the field, as well as of the dangers which respectively threatened them, he was enabled to give them wise counsel, to offer them valuable suggestions, and to respond to their demands for assistance and support to such extent as the limited resources of the government would permit. It was in great measure due to his advice and encouragement that General Magruder so stoutly and so gallantly held his lines on the Peninsula against General McClellan until troops could be sent to his relief from General Johnston's army. I recollect a telegraphic despatch received by General Lee from General Magruder, in which he stated that a council of war which he had convened had unanimously determined that his army should retreat, in reply to which General Lee urged him to maintain his lines, and to make as bold a front as possible, and encouraged him with the prospect of being early reinforced. No better illustration of the nature and importance of the duty performed by General Lee, while in this position, can be given than the following letter—one of a number of similar import—written by him to General Jackson, the 'rough' or original draft of which is still in my possession:

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*"HEADQUARTERS, RICHMOND, Virginia,
"April 29, 1862.*

"MAJOR-GENERAL T. J. JACKSON, commanding, etc.,
Swift Run Gap, Virginia.

"General: I have had the honour to receive your letter of yesterday's date. From the reports that reach me that are entitled to credit, the force of the enemy opposite Fredericksburg is represented as too large to admit of any diminution whatever of our army in that vicinity at present, as it might not only invite an attack on Richmond, but jeopard the safety of the army in the Peninsula. I regret, therefore, that your request to have five thousand men sent from that army to reinforce you cannot be complied with. Can you not draw enough from the command of General Edward Johnson to warrant you in attacking Banks? The last return received from that army show a present force of upward of thirty-five hundred, which, it is hoped, has since increased by recruits and returned furloughs. As he does not appear to be pressed, it is suggested that a portion of his force might be temporarily removed from its present position and made available for the movement in question. A decisive and successful blow at Banks's column would be fraught with the happiest results, and I deeply regret my inability to send you the reinforcements you ask. If, however, you think the combined forces of Generals Ewell and Johnson, with your own, inadequate for the move, General Ewell might, with the assistance of General Anderson's army near Fredericksburg, strike at McDowell's army between that city and Aquia, with much promise of success; provided you feel sufficiently strong alone to hold Banks in check.

"Very truly yours,

"R. E LEE."

"The reader will observe that this letter bears the date 'April 29, 1862.' On May 5th or 6th, General Jackson formed a junction between his own command and that of General Edward Johnson; on May 8th, he defeated Milroy <73>at McDowell. Soon thereafter, the command of General Ewell was united to that already under Jackson, and on the 25th of the same month Banks was defeated and put to flight. Other incidents might be cited to illustrate this branch of the important service rendered at this period by General Lee. The line of earthworks around the city of Richmond, and other preparations for resisting an attack, testified to the immense care and labour bestowed upon the defense of the capital, so seriously threatened by the army of General McClellan."

On May 31st, the battle of Seven Pines was fought, and General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, was severely wounded. The next day, by order of the President, General Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The day after the battle of Cold Harbor, during the "Seven Days" fighting around Richmond, was the first time I met my father after I had joined General Jackson. The tremendous work Stonewall's men had performed, including the rapid march from the Valley of Virginia, the short rations, the bad water, and the great heat, had begun to tell upon us, and I was pretty well worn out. On this particular morning, my battery had not moved from its bivouac ground of the previous night, but was parked in an open field all ready, waiting orders. Most of the men were lying down, many sleeping, myself among the latter number. To get some shade and to be out of the way, I had crawled under a caisson, and was busy making up many lost hours of rest. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a comrade, prodding me with a sponge-staff as I had failed to be aroused by his call, and was told to get up and come out, that some one wished to see me. Half awake, I staggered out, and found myself <74>face to face with General Lee and his staff. Their fresh uniforms, bright equipments and well-groomed horses contrasted so forcibly with the war-worn appearance of our command that I was completely dazed. It took me a moment or two to realise what it all meant, but when I saw my father's loving eyes and smile it became clear to me that he had ridden by to see if I was safe and to ask how I was getting along. I remember well how curiously those with him gazed at me, and I am sure that it must have struck them as very odd that such a dirty, ragged, unkempt youth could have been the son of this grand-looking victorious commander.

I was introduced recently to a gentleman, now living in Washington, who, when he found out my name, said he had met me once before and that it was on this occasion. At that time he was a member of the Tenth Virginia Infantry, Jackson's Division, and was camped near our battery. Seeing General Lee and staff approach, he, with others, drew near to have a look at them, and thus witnessed the meeting between father and son. He also said that he had often told of this incident as illustrating the peculiar composition of our army.

After McClellan's change of base to Harrison's Landing on James River, the army lay inactive around Richmond. I had a short furlough on account of sickness, and saw my father; also my mother and sisters, who were then living in Richmond. He was the same loving father to us all, as kind and thoughtful of my mother, who was an invalid, and of us, his children, as if our comfort and happiness were all he had to care for. His great

victory did not elate him, so far as one could see. In a letter of July 9th, to my mother, he says:

<75>

". . . I have returned to my old quarters and am filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies He has extended to us. Our success has not been so great or complete as we could have desired, but God knows what is best for us. Our enemy met with a heavy loss, from which it must take him some time to recover, before he can recommence his operations"

The Honourable Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, says of General Lee:

"What I had seen General Lee to be at first—child-like in simplicity and unselfish in his character—he remained, unspoiled by praise and by success."

He was the same in victory or defeat, always calm and contained. Jackson, having had a short rest, was now moved up to Gordonsville. I rejoined my command and went with him, supplied with new clothes and a fresh stock of health. In a letter to his three daughters who were in North Carolina, dated Richmond, July 18, 1862, he writes describing my condition:

"Rob came out to see me one afternoon. He had been much worn down by his marching and fighting, and had gone to his mamma to get a little rest. He was thin but well, but, not being able to get a clean shirt, has not got to see Miss Norvell. He has rejoined his company and gone off with General Jackson, as good as new again, I hope, inasmuch as your mother thought, by means of a bath and a profusion of soap, she had cleansed the outward man considerably, and replenished his lost wardrobe."

From Gordonsville we were moved on to Orange County, and then commenced that series of manoeuvres by the Army of Northern Virginia, beginning with the battle of Cedar Mountain and ending with second Manassas. <76>

When I again saw my father, he rode at the head of Longstreet's men on the field of Manassas, and we of Jackson's corps, hard pressed for two days, welcomed him and the divisions which followed him with great cheers. Two rifle-guns from our battery had been detached and sent to join Longstreet's advance artillery, under General Stephen D. Lee, moving into action on our right. I was "Number 1" at one of these guns. We advanced rapidly, from hill to hill, firing as fast as we could, trying to keep ahead of our gallant comrades, just arrived. As we were ordered to cease firing from the last position we took, and the breathless cannoneers were leaning on their guns, General Lee and staff galloped up, and from this point of vantage scanned the movements of the enemy and of our forces. The general reined in "Traveller" close by my gun, not fifteen feet from me. I looked at them all some few minutes, and then went up and spoke to Captain Mason of the staff, who had not the slightest idea who I was. When he found me out he was greatly amused, and introduced me to several others whom I already knew. My appearance was even less prepossessing than when I had met my father at Cold Harbour, for I had been marching night and day for four days, with no opportunity to wash myself or my clothes; my face and hands were blackened with powder-sweat, and the few garments I had on were ragged and stained with the red soil of that section. When the General, after a moment or two, dropped his glass to his side, and turned to his staff, Captain Mason said:

"General, here is some one who wants to speak to you."

The General, seeing a much-begrimed artillery-man, sponge-staff in hand, said:

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?" I replied:

<77>

"Why, General, don't you know me ?" and he, of course, at once recognised me, and was very much amused at my appearance and most glad to see that I was safe and well.

We, of the ranks, used to have our opinions on all subjects. The armies, their generals, and their manoeuvres were freely discussed. If there was one point on which the entire army was unanimous—I speak of the rank and file—it was that we were not in the least afraid of General Pope, but were perfectly sure of whipping him whenever we could meet him. The passages I quote here from two of General Lee's letters indicate that this feeling may possibly have extended to our officers. In a letter to my mother, from near Richmond, dated July 28, 1862, he says:

". . . When you write to Rob, tell him to catch Pope for me, and also bring in his cousin, Louis Marshall, who, I am told, is on his staff. I could forgive the latter's fighting against us, but not his joining Pope."

And again:

". . . Johnny Lee(*) saw Louis Marshall after Jackson's last battle, who asked him kindly after his old uncle, and said his mother was well. Johnny said Louis looked wretched himself. I am sorry he is in such bad company, but I suppose he could not help it."

As one of the Army of Northern Virginia, I occasionally saw the commander-in-chief, on the march, or passed the headquarters close enough to recognise him and members of his staff, but a private soldier in Jackson's corps did not have much time, during that campaign, for visiting, and until the battle of Sharpsburg I had no opportunity <78>of speaking to him. On that occasion our battery had been severely handled, losing many men and horses. Having three guns disabled, we were ordered to withdraw, and while moving back we passed General Lee and several of his staff, grouped on a little knoll near the road. Having no definite orders where to go, our captain, seeing the commanding general, halted us and rode over to get some instructions. Some others and myself went along to see and hear. General Lee was dismounted with some of his staff around him, a courier holding his horse. Captain Poague, commanding our battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, saluted, reported our condition, and asked for instructions. The General, listening patiently, looked at us—his eyes passing over me without any sign of recognition—and then ordered Captain Poague to take the most serviceable horses and men, man the uninjured gun, send the disabled part of his command back to refit, and report to the front for duty. As Poague turned to go, I went up to speak to my father. When he found out who I was, he congratulated me on being well and unhurt. I then said'

"General, are you going to send us in again ?"

"Yes, my son," he replied, with a smile; "you all must do what you can to help drive these people back."

This meeting between General Lee and his son has been told very often and in many different ways, but the above is what I remember of the circumstances.

He was much on foot during this part of the campaign, and moved about either in an

ambulance or on horseback, with a courier leading his horse. The accident which temporarily disabled him happened before he left Virginia. He had dismounted, and was sitting on a fallen log, with the bridle reins hung over his arm. Traveller, <79>becoming frightened at something, suddenly dashed away, threw him violently to the ground, spraining both hands and breaking a small bone in one of them. A letter written some weeks afterward to my mother alludes to this meeting with his son, and to the condition of his hands:

" . . . I have not laid eyes on Rob since I saw him in the battle of Sharpsburg—going in with a single gun of his for the second time, after his company had been withdrawn in consequence of three of its guns having been disabled. Custis has seen him and says he is very well, and apparently happy and content. My hands are improving slowly, and, with my left hand, I am able to dress and undress myself, which is a great comfort. My right is becoming of some assistance, too, though it is still swollen and sometimes painful. The bandages have been removed. I am now able to sign my name. It has been six weeks today since I was injured, and I have at last discarded the sling."

After the army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, we were camped for some time in the vicinity of Winchester. One beautiful afternoon in October, a courier from headquarters rode up to our camp, found me out, and handed me a note from my father. It told me of the death of my sister Annie. As I have lost this letter to me, I quote from one to my mother about the same time. It was dated October 26, 1862:

" . . . I cannot express the anguish I feel at the death of our sweet Annie. To know that I shall never see her again on earth, that her place in our circle, which I always hoped one day to enjoy, is forever vacant, is agonising in the extreme. But God in this, as in all things, has mingled mercy with the blow, in selecting <80>that one best prepared to leave us. May you be able to join me in saying 'His will be done!' . . . I know how much you will grieve and how much she will be mourned. I wish I could give you any comfort, but beyond our hope in the great mercy of God, and the belief that He takes her at the time and place when it is best for her to go, there is none. May that same mercy be extended to us all, and may we be prepared for His summons."

In a letter to my sister Mary, one month later, from "Camp near Fredericksburg"

" . . . The death of my dear Annie was, indeed, to me a bitter pang, but 'the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away' blessed be the name of the Lord.' In the quiet hours of the night, when there is nothing to lighten the full weight of my grief, I feel as if I should be overwhelmed. I have always counted, if God should spare me a few days after this Civil War was ended, that I should have her with me, but year after year my hopes go out, and I must be resigned . . . "

To this daughter whose loss grieved him so he was specially devoted. She died in North Carolina, at the Warren White Sulphur Springs. At the close of the war, the citizens of the county erected over her grave a handsome monument. General Lee was invited to be present at the ceremonies of the unveiling. In his reply, he says:

" . . . I have always cherished the intention of visiting the tomb of her who never gave me aught but pleasure; . . . Though absent in person, my heart will be with you, and my sorrow and devotions will be mingled with yours. . . . I inclose, according to your request,

the date of my daughter's birth and the inscription proposed for the monument over her tomb. <81>The latter are the last lines of the hymn which she asked for just before her death."

A visitor to her grave, some years after the war, thus describes it:

"In the beautiful and quiet graveyard near the Springs, a plain shaft of native granite marks the grave of this beloved daughter. On one side is cut in the stone, 'Annie C. Lee, daughter of General R. E. Lee and Mary C. Lee'—and on the opposite—'Born at Arlington, June 18, 1839, and died at White Sulphur Springs, Warren County, North Carolina, Oct. 20, 1862.' On another side are the lines selected by her father,

"Perfect and true are all His ways
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

That autumn I was offered the position of Lt. and A. D. C. on the staff of my brother, W. H. F. Lee, just promoted from the colonelcy of the 9th Virginia Cavalry to the command of a brigade in the same arm of the service. My father had told me when I joined the army to do my whole duty faithfully, not to be rash about volunteering for any service out of my regular line, and always to accept promotion. After consulting him, it was decided that I should take the position offered, and he presented me with a horse and one of his swords. My promotion necessitated my having an honourable discharge as a private, from the ranks, and this I obtained in the proper way from General "Stonewall" Jackson, commanding the corps of which my company was a part, and was thus introduced for the first time to that remarkable man. Having served in his command since my enlistment, I had been seeing him daily. "Old Jack," <82>at a distance, was as familiar to me as one of the battery guns, but I had never met him, and felt much awe at being ushered into his presence. This feeling, however, was groundless, for he was seemingly so much embarrassed by the interview that I really felt sorry for him before he dismissed me with my discharge papers, properly made out and signed.

I had received a letter from my father telling me to come to him as soon as I had gotten my discharge from my company, so I proceeded at once to his headquarters, which were situated near Orange Court House, on a wooded hill just east of the village. I found there the horse which he gave me. She was a daughter of his mare, "Grace Darling," and, though not so handsome as her mother, she inherited many of her good qualities. and carried me well until the end of the war and for thirteen years afterward. She was four years old, a solid bay, and never failed me a single day during three years' hard work. The General was on the point of moving his headquarters down to Fredericksburg, some of the army having already gone forward to that city. I think the camp was struck the day after I arrived, and as the General's hands were not yet entirely well, he allowed me, as a great favour, to ride his horse "Traveller." Amongst the soldiers this horse was as well known as was his master. He was a handsome iron-gray with black points—mane and tail very dark—sixteen hands high, and five years old. He was born near the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and attracted the notice of my father when he was in that part of the State in 1861. He was never known to tire, and, though quiet and sensible in general and afraid of nothing, yet if not regularly exercised, he fretted a good deal, especially in a crowd of <83>horses. But there can be no better description of this famous horse than the one given by his master. It was dictated to his daughter Agnes at Lexington, Virginia, after the

war, in response to some artist who had asked for a description, and was corrected in his own handwriting:

"If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of Traveller—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, fiat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is <84>well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favourite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, 'Richmond,' 'Brown Roan,' 'Ajax,' and quiet 'Lucy Long,' he is the only one that retained his rigour. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

The general had the strongest affection for Traveller, which he showed on all occasions, and his allowing me to ride him on this long march was a great compliment. Possibly he wanted to give me a good hammering before he turned me over to the cavalry. During my soldier life, so far, I had been on foot, having backed nothing more lively than a tired artillery horse; so I mounted with some misgivings, though I was very proud of my steed. My misgivings were fully realised, for Traveller would not walk a step. He took a short, high trot—a buck-trot, as compared with a buck-jump—and kept it up to Fredericksburg, some thirty miles. Though young, strong, and tough, I was glad when the journey ended. This was my first introduction to the cavalry service. I think I am safe in saying that I could have walked the distance with much less discomfort and fatigue. My father having thus given me a horse and presented me with one of his swords, also supplied my purse so that I could get myself an outfit suitable to my new position, and he sent me on to join my command, stationed not far away on the Rappahannock, southward from Fredericksburg.

As an officer in the cavalry on the staff, I had more frequent opportunities of seeing my father than as <85>private in the artillery. In the course of duty, I was sometimes sent to him to report the condition of affairs at the front, or on the flank of the army, and I also, occasionally, paid him a visit. At these times, he would take me into his tent, talk to me about my mother and sisters, about my horse and myself, or the people and the country

where my command happened to be stationed. I think my presence was very grateful to him, and he seemed to brighten up when I came. I remember, he always took it as a matter of course that I must be hungry (and I was for three years), so he invariably made his mess-steward, Bryan, give me something to eat, if I did not have time to wait for the regular meal. His head-quarters at this time, just before the battle of Fredericksburg and after, were at a point on the road between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's Crossing, selected on account of its accessibility. Notwithstanding there was near-by a good house vacant, he lived in his tents. His quarters were very unpretentious, consisting of three or four "wall-tents" and several more common ones. They were pitched on the edge of an old pine field, near a grove of forest trees from which he drew his supply of fire-wood, while the pines helped to shelter his tents and horses from the cold winds. Though from the outside they were rather dismal, especially through the dreary winter time, within they were cheerful, and the surroundings as neat and comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

On November 24, 1862, in a letter to his daughter Mary, he writes:

". . . General Burnside's whole army is apparently opposite Fredericksburg, and stretches from the Rappahannock to the Potomac. What his intentions are he <86>has not yet disclosed. I am sorry he is in position to oppress our friends and citizens of the Northern Neck. He threatens to bombard Fredericksburg, and the noble spirit displayed by its citizens, particularly the women and children, has elicited my highest admiration. They have been abandoning their homes, night and day, during all this inclement weather, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, with only such assistance as our wagons and ambulances could afford, women, girls, children, trudging through the mud and bivouacking in the open fields."

How the battle of Fredericksburg was fought and won all the world has heard, and I shall not attempt to describe it. On December 11th, the day Burnside commenced his attack, General Lee wrote to my mother:

". . . The enemy, after bombarding the town of Fredericksburg, setting fire to many houses and knocking down nearly all those along the river, crossed over a large force about dark, and now occupies the town. We hold the hills commanding it, and hope we shall be able to damage him yet. His position and heavy guns command the town entirely."

On December 16th, in another letter to my mother, he tells of the recrossing of the Federals:

"I had supposed they were just preparing for battle, and was saving our men for the conflict. Their hosts crown the hill and plain beyond the river, and their numbers to me are unknown. Still I felt the confidence we could stand the shock, and was anxious for the blow that is to fall on some point, and was prepared to meet it here. Yesterday evening I had my suspicions that they might return during the night, but could not believe they would relinquish their hopes after all their boasting and preparation, and when I say that the latter is equal to the former you will have some idea of the magnitude. This morning <87>they were all safe on the north side of the Rappahannock. They went as they came—in the night. They suffered heavily as far as the battle went, but it did not go far enough to satisfy me. Our loss was comparatively slight, and I think will not exceed two thousand.

The contest will have now to be renewed, but on what field I cannot say."

I did not see my father at any time during the fighting. Some days after it was all over, I saw him, as calm and composed as if nothing unusual had happened, and he never referred to his great victory, except to deplore the loss of his brave officers and soldiers or the sufferings of the sick and wounded. He repeatedly referred to the hardships so bravely endured by the inhabitants of Fredericksburg, who had been obliged to flee from the town, the women and children, the old and the feeble, whose sufferings cut him to the heart. On Christmas Day he writes to his youngest daughter, Mildred, who was at school in North Carolina:

". . . I cannot tell you how I long to see you when a little quiet occurs. My thoughts revert to you, your sisters, and your mother; my heart aches for our reunion. Your brothers I see occasionally. This morning Fitzhugh rode by with his young aide-de-camp (Rob) at the head of his brigade, on his way up the Rappahannock. You must study hard, gain knowledge, and learn your duty to God and your neighbour: that is the great object of life. I have no news, confined constantly to camp, and my thoughts occupied with its necessities and duties. I am, however, happy in the knowledge that General Burnside and army will not eat their promised Christmas dinner in Richmond to-day."

On the next day he writes as follows to his daughter Agnes, who was with her mother in Richmond:

<88>

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, December 26, 1862.

"My Precious Little Agnes: I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . I have seen the ladies in this vicinity only when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed anywhere. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles, and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost everything. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister(), and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I had given them for her. If caught, it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well.*

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

I give another letter he wrote on Christmas Day, besides the one quoted above, to his daughter, Mildred. It was written to his wife, and is interesting as giving an insight into his private feelings and views regarding this great victory:

". . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning

help and protection ? Oh, if our <89>people would only recognise it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world ! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men."

One marked characteristic of my father was his habit of attending to all business matters promptly. He was never idle, and what he had to do he performed with care and precision. Mr. Custis, my grandfather, had made him executor of his will, wherein it was directed that all the slaves belonging to the estate should be set free after the expiration of so many years. The time had now arrived, and, notwithstanding the exacting duties of his position, the care of his suffering soldiers, and his anxiety about their future, immediate and distant, he proceeded according to the law of the land to carry out the provisions of the will, and had delivered to every one of the servants, where it was possible, their manumission papers. From his letters written at this time I give a few extracts bearing on this subject:

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". . . As regards the liberation of the people, I wish to progress in it as far as I can. Those hired in Richmond can still find employment there if they choose. Those in the country can do the same or remain on the farms. I hope they will all do well and behave themselves. I should like, if I could, to attend to their wants and see them placed to the best advantage. But that is impossible. All that choose can leave the State before the war closes. . . .

". . . I executed the deed of manumission sent me by Mr. Caskie, and returned it to him. I perceived that John Sawyer and James's names, among the Arlington people, had been omitted, and inserted them. I fear there are others among the White House lot which I did not discover. As to the attacks of the Northern papers, I do not mind them, and do not think it wise to make the publication you suggest. If all the names of the people at Arlington and on the Pamunkey are not embraced in this deed I have executed, I should like a supplementary deed to be drawn up, containing all those omitted. They are entitled to their freedom and I wish to give it to them. Those that have been carried away, I hope are free and happy; I cannot get their papers to them, and they do not require them. I will give them if they ever call for them. It will be useless to ask their restitution to manumit them. . . ."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter V—The Army Of Northern Virginia

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THE GENERAL'S SYMPATHY FOR HIS SUFFERING SOLDIERS — CHANCELLORSVILLE—DEATH OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON— GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE WOUNDED AND CAPTURED—ESCAPE OF HIS BROTHER ROBERT—GETTYSBURG—RELIGIOUS REVIVAL— INFANTRY REVIEW—UNSATISFACTORY COMMISSARIAT

DURING this winter, which was a very severe one, the sufferings of General Lee's soldiers on account of insufficient shelter and clothing, the scant rations for man and beast, the increasing destitution throughout the country, and his inability to better these conditions, bore heavily upon him. But he was bright and cheerful to those around him, never complaining of any one nor about anything, and often indulging in his quaint humour, especially with the younger officers, as when he remarked to one of them, who complained of the tough biscuit at breakfast:

"You ought not to mind that; they will stick by you the longer!"

His headquarters continued all the winter at the same place, and with stove and fire-places in the tents, the General and his military family managed to keep fairly comfortable. On February 6, 1863, he wrote to his daughter, Agnes, from this camp:

<92>

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, February 6, 1863.

". . . I read yesterday, my precious daughter, your letter, and grieved very much when last in Richmond at not seeing you. My movements are so uncertain that I cannot be relied on for anything. The only place I am to be found is in camp, and I am so cross now that I am not worth seeing anywhere. Here you will have to take me with the three stools—the snow, the rain, and the mud. The storm of the last twenty-four hours has added to our stock of all, and we are now in a floating condition. But the sun and the wind will carry all off in time, and then we shall appreciate our relief. Our horses and mules suffer the most. They have to bear the cold and rain, tug through the mud, and suffer all the time with hunger. The roads are wretched, almost impassable. I heard of Mag lately. One of our scouts brought me a card of Margaret Stuart's with a pair of gauntlets directed to 'Cousin Robert.' . . . I have no news. General Hooker is obliged to do something. I do not know what it will be. He is playing the Chinese game, trying what frightening will do. He runs out his guns, starts his wagons and troops up and down the river, and creates an excitement generally. Our men look on in wonder, give a cheer, and all again subsides *in statu quo ante bellum*. I wish you were here with me to-day. You would have to sit by this little stove, look out at the rain, and keep yourself dry. But here come, in all the wet, the adjutants-general with the papers. I must stop and go to work. See how kind God is; we have plenty to do in good weather and bad. . . ."

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

On February 23d, he writes to Mrs. Lee:

"CAMP FREDERICKSBURG, February 23, 1863.

"The weather is now very hard upon our poor bush-men. This morning the whole country is covered with a <93>mantle of snow fully a foot deep. It was nearly up to my knees as I stepped out this morning, and our poor horses were enveloped. We have dug them out and opened our avenues a little, but it will be terrible and the roads impassable. No cars from Richmond yesterday. I fear our short rations for man and horse will have to be curtailed. Our enemies have their troubles too. They are very strong immediately in front, but have withdrawn their troops above and below us back toward Acquia Creek. I owe Mr. F. J. Hooker(*) no thanks for keeping me here. He ought to have made up his mind long ago what to do—24th. The cars have arrived and brought me a young French officer, full of vivacity, and ardent for service with me. I think the appearance of things will cool him. If they do not, the night will, for he brought no blankets.

"R. E. LEE."

The dreary winter gradually passed away. Toward the last of April, the two armies, which had been opposite each other for four months, began to move, and, about the first of May, the greatest of General Lee's battles was fought. My command was on the extreme left, and, as Hooker crossed the river, we followed a raiding party of the enemy's cavalry over toward the James River above Richmond; so I did not see my father at any time during the several days' fighting. The joy of our victory at Chancellorsville was saddened by the death of "Stonewall" Jackson. His loss was the heaviest blow the Army of Northern Virginia ever sustained. To Jackson's note telling him he was wounded, my father replied:

"I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead. I <94>congratulate you on the victory, which is due to your skill and energy."

Jackson said, when this was read to him,

"Better that ten Jacksons should fall than one Lee."

Afterward, when it was reported that Jackson was doing well, General Lee playfully sent him word:

"You are better off than I am, for while you have only lost your *left*, I have lost my *right* arm."

Then, hearing that he was worse, he said:

"Tell him that I am praying for him as I believe I have never prayed for myself."

After his death, General Lee writes to my mother, on May 11th:

". . . In addition to the deaths of officers and friends consequent upon the late battles, you will see that we have to mourn the loss of the great and good Jackson. Any victory would be dear at such a price. His remains go to Richmond to-day. I know not how to replace him. God's will be done! I trust He will raise up some one in his place. . . ."

Jones, in his Memoirs, says: "To one of his officers, after Jackson's death, he [General Lee] said: 'I had such implicit confidence in Jackson's skill and energy that I never troubled myself to give him detailed instructions. The most general suggestions were all that he needed.'"

To one of his aides, who came to his tent, April 29th, to inform him that the enemy had

crossed the Rappahannock River in heavy force, General Lee made the playful reply:

"Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think it was time some of you lazy young fellows were coming to tell <95>me what it was all about. Say to General Jackson that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do."

Jackson said of Lee, when it was intimated by some, at the time he first took command, that he was slow:

"He is cautious. He ought to be. But he is not slow. Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man whom I would follow blindfold."

As the story of these great men year by year is made plainer to the world, their love, trust, and respect for each other will be better understood. As commander and lieutenant they were exactly suited. When General Lee wanted a movement made and gave Jackson an outline of his plans and the object to be gained, it was performed promptly, well, and thoroughly, if it was possible for flesh and blood to do it.

At the end of May, the Army of Northern Virginia, rested and strengthened, was ready for active operations. On May 31st General Lee writes to Mrs. Lee:

". . . General Hooker has been very daring this past week, and quite active. He has not said what he intends to do, but is giving out by his movements that he designs crossing the Rappahannock. I hope we may be able to frustrate his plans, in part, if not in whole. . . . I pray that our merciful Father in Heaven may protect and direct us! In that case, I fear no odds and no numbers."

About June 5th most of the army was gathered around Culpeper. Its efficiency, confidence, and *morale* were never better. On June 7th the entire cavalry corps was reviewed on the plain near Brandy Station in Culpeper by General Lee. We had been preparing ourselves for this event for some days, cleaning, mending and polishing, and I remember we were very proud of our appearance. <96>In fact, it was a grand sight—about eight thousand well-mounted men riding by their beloved commander, first passing him in a walk and then in a trot. He writes to my mother next day—June 8, 1863:

". . . I reviewed the cavalry in this section yesterday. It was a splendid sight. The men and horses looked well. They have recuperated since last fall. Stuart(*) was in all his glory. Your sons and nephews(±) were well and flourishing. The country here looks very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful world God, in His loving kindness to His creatures, has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge of right should mar His gifts. . . ."

The next day, June 9th, a large force of the enemy's cavalry, supported by infantry, crossed the Rappahannock and attacked General Stuart. The conflict lasted until dark, when

"The enemy was compelled to recross the river, with heavy loss, leaving about five hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery, and several colours in our hands."

During the engagement, about 3 P.M., my brother, General W. H. F. Lee, my commanding officer, was severely wounded. In a letter dated the 11th of the month, my father writes to my mother:

". . . My supplications continue to ascend for you, my children, and my country. When I last wrote I did not suppose that Fitzhugh would be so soon sent to the rear disabled, and I

hope it will be for a short time. I saw him the night after the battle—indeed, met him <97>on the field as they were bringing him from the front. He is young and healthy, and I trust will soon be up again. He seemed to be more concerned about his brave men and officers, who had fallen in the battle, than about himself. . . ."

It was decided, the next day, to send my brother to "Hickory Hill," the home of Mr. W. F. Wickham, in Hanover County, about twenty miles from Richmond, and I was put in charge of him to take him there and to be with him until his wound should heal. Thus it happened that I did not meet my father again until after Gettysburg had been fought, and the army had recrossed into Virginia, almost to the same place I had left it. My father wrote my brother a note the morning after he was wounded, before he left Culpeper. It shows his consideration and tenderness:

"My Dear Son: I send you a despatch, received from C. last night. I hope you are comfortable this morning. I wish I could see you, but I cannot. Take care of yourself, and make haste and get well and return. Though I scarcely ever saw you, it was a great comfort to know that you were near and with me. I could think of you and hope to see you. May we yet meet in peace and happiness. . . ."

In a letter to my brother's wife, written on the 11th, his love and concern for both of them are plainly shown:

"I am so grieved, my dear daughter, to send Fitzhugh to you wounded. But I am so grateful that his wound is of a character to give us full hope of a speedy recovery. With his youth and strength to aid him, and your tender care to nurse him, I trust he will soon be well again. I know that you will unite with me in thanks to Almighty God, who has so often sheltered him in the hour of danger, <98>for his recent deliverance, and lift up your whole heart in praise to Him for sparing a life so dear to us, while enabling him to do his duty in the station in which He had placed him. Ask him to join us in supplication that He may always cover him with the shadow of His almighty arm, and teach him that his only refuge is in Him, the greatness of whose mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and His truth unto the clouds. As some good is always mixed with the evil in this world, you will now have him with you for a time, and I shall look to you to cure him soon and send him back to me. . . ."

My brother reached "Hickory Hill" quite comfortably, and his wound commenced to heal finely. His wife joined him, my mother and sisters came up from Richmond, and he had all the tender care he could wish. He occupied "the office" in the yard, while I slept in the room adjoining and became quite an expert nurse. About two weeks after our arrival, one lovely morning as we all came out from the breakfast table, stepping into the front porch with Mrs. Wickham, we were much surprised to hear two or three shots down in the direction of the outer gate, where there was a large grove of hickory trees. Mrs. Wickham said some one must be after her squirrels, as there were many in those woods, and she asked me to run down and stop whoever was shooting them. I got my hat, and at once started off to do her bidding. I had not gone over a hundred yards toward the grove, when I saw, coming up at a gallop to the gate I was making for, five or six Federal cavalymen. I knew what it meant at once, so I rushed back to the office and told my brother. He immediately understood the situation and directed me to get away—said I could do no good by staying, that the soldiers could not and would not hurt him, and there was

nothing to be gained <99>by my falling into their hands; but that, on the contrary, I might do a great deal of good by eluding them, making my way to "North Wales," a plantation across the Pamunkey River, and saving our homes.

So I ran out, got over the fence and behind a thick hedge, just as I heard the tramp and clank of quite a body of troopers riding up. Behind this hedge I crept along until I reached a body of woods, where I was perfectly safe. From a hill near by I ascertained that there was a large raiding party of Federal cavalry in the main road, and the heavy smoke ascending from the Court House, about three miles away, told me that they were burning the railroad buildings at that place. After waiting until I thought the coast was clear, I worked my way very cautiously back to the vicinity of the house to find out what was going on. Fortunately, I took advantage of the luxuriant shrubbery in the old garden at the rear of the house, and when I looked out from the last box bush that screened me, about twenty yards from the back porch, I perceived that I was too soon, for there were standing, sitting and walking about quite a number of the bluecoats. I jumped back behind the group of box trees, and, flinging myself flat under a thick fir, crawled close up to the trunk under the low-hanging branches, and lay there for some hours.

I saw my brother brought out from the office on a mattress, and placed in the "Hickory Hill" carriage, to which was hitched Mr. Wickham's horses, and then saw him driven away, a soldier on the box and a mounted guard surrounding him. He was carried to the "White House" in this way, and then sent by water to Fortress Monroe. This party had been sent out especially to capture him, and he was held as a hostage (for the <100>safety of some Federal officers we had captured) for nine long, weary months.

The next day I found out that all the horses but one had been saved by the faithfulness of our servants. The one lost, my brother's favourite and best horse, was ridden straight into the column by Scott, a negro servant, who had him out for exercise. Before he knew our enemies, he and the horse were prisoners. Scott watched his opportunity, and, not being guarded, soon got away. By crawling through a culvert, under the road, while the cavalry was passing along, he made his way into a deep ditch in the adjoining field, thence succeeded in reaching the farm where the rest of the horses were, and hurried them off to a safe place in the woods, just as the Federal cavalry rode up to get them.

In a letter dated Culpeper, July 26th, to my brother's wife, my father thus urges resignation:

"I received, last night, my darling daughter, your letter of the 18th from 'Hickory Hill.' . . . You must not be sick while Fitzhugh is away, or he will be more restless under his separation. Get strong and hearty by his return, that he may the more rejoice at the sight of you. . . . I can appreciate your distress at Fitzhugh's situation. I deeply sympathise with it, and in the lone hours of the night I groan in sorrow at his captivity and separation from you. But we must bear it, exercise all our patience, and do nothing to aggravate the evil. This, besides injuring ourselves, would rejoice our enemies and be sinful in the eyes of God. In His own good time He will relieve us and make all things work together for our good, if we give Him our love and place in Him our trust. I can see no harm that can result from Fitzhugh's capture, except his detention. I feel assured that he will be well attended to. He will be in the hands of old army officers <101>and surgeons, most of whom are men of principle and humanity. His wound, I understand, has not been injured by his removal, but is doing well. Nothing would do him more harm than for him to learn that you were sick and sad. How could he get well ? So cheer up and prove your fortitude

and patriotism. . . . You may think of Fitzhugh and love him as much as you please, but do not grieve over him or grow sad."

From Williamsport, to my mother, he thus writes of his son's capture:

"I have heard with great grief that Fitzhugh has been captured by the enemy. Had not expected that he would be taken from his bed and carried off, but we must bear this additional affliction with fortitude and resignation, and not repine at the will of God. It will eventuate in some good that we know not of now. We must bear our labours and hardships manfully. Our noble men are cheerful and confident. I constantly remember you in my thoughts and prayers."

On July 12th, from near Hagerstown, he writes again about him:

"The consequences of war are horrid enough at best, surrounded by all the ameliorations of civilisation and Christianity. I am very sorry for the injuries done the family at Hickory Hill, and particularly that our dear old Uncle Williams, in his eightieth year, should be subjected to such treatment. But we cannot help it, and must endure it. You will, however, learn before this reaches you that our success at Gettysburg was not so great as reported—in fact, that we failed to drive the enemy from his position, and that our army withdrew to the Potomac. Had the river not unexpectedly risen, all would have been well with us; but God, in His all-wise providence, willed otherwise, and our communications <102>have been interrupted and almost cut off. The waters have subsided to about four feet, and, if they continue, by to-morrow, I hope, our communications will be open. I trust that a merciful God, our only hope and refuge, will not desert us in this hour of need, and will deliver us by His almighty hand, that the whole world may recognise His power and all hearts be lifted up in adoration and praise of His unbounded loving-kindness. We must, however, submit to His almighty will, whatever that may be. May God guide and protect us all is my constant prayer."

In 1868, in a letter to Major Wm. M. McDonald, of Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia, who was intending to write a school history, and had written to my father, asking for information about some of his great battles, the following statement appears:

"As to the battle of Gettysburg, I must again refer you to the official accounts. Its loss was occasioned by a combination of circumstances. It was commenced in the absence of correct intelligence. It was continued in the effort to overcome the difficulties by which we were surrounded, and it would have been gained could one determined and united blow have been delivered by our whole line. As it was, victory trembled in the balance for three days, and the battle resulted in the infliction of as great an amount of injury as was received and in frustrating the Federal campaign for the season."

After my brother's capture I went to Richmond, taking with me his horses and servants. After remaining there a short time, I mounted my mare and started back to the army, which I found at its old camping-ground in Culpeper. I stopped at first for a few days with my father. He was very glad to see me, and I could tell him all about my mother and sisters, and many other friends whom I <103>had just left in Richmond. He appeared to be unchanged in manner and appearance. The disappointment in the Gettysburg campaign, to which he alludes in his letter to my mother, was not shown in anything he said or did. He was calm and dignified with all, at times bright and cheerful, and always

had a playful smile and a pleasant word for those about him. The army lay inactive, along the line of the Rappahannock and the Rapidan for two months, watching the enemy, who was in our front. We were very anxious to attack or to be attacked, but each general desired to fight on ground of his own choosing.

During this period, and indeed at all times, my father was fully employed. Besides the care of his own immediate command, he advised with the President and Secretary of War as to the movements and dispositions of the other armies in the Confederacy. In looking over his correspondence one is astonished at the amount of it and at its varied character. He always answered all letters addressed to him, from whatever source, if it was possible. During this winter he devoted himself especially to looking after the welfare of his troops, their clothing, shoes, and rations, all three of which were becoming very scarce. Often, indeed, his army had only a few days' rations in sight. Here are some letters written to the authorities, showing how he was hampered in his movements by the deficiencies existing in the quartermaster's and commissary departments. To the Quartermaster-General, at Richmond, he writes, October, 1863, after his movement around General Meade's right, to Manassas:

". . . The want of the supplies of shoes, clothing and blankets is very great. Nothing but my unwillingness to expose the men to the hardships that would have resulted <104>from moving them into Loudoun in their present condition induced me to return to the Rappahannock. But I was averse to marching them over the rough roads of that region, at a season, too, when frosts are certain and snows probable, unless they were better provided to encounter them without suffering. I should, otherwise, have endeavoured to detain General Meade near the Potomac, if I could not throw him to the north side."

In a letter of the same time to the Honourable James A. Seddon, Secretary of War:

". . . If General Meade is disposed to remain quiet where he is, it was my intention, provided the army could be supplied with clothing, again to advance and threaten his position. Nothing prevented my continuing in his front but the destitute condition of the men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I think the sublimest sight of war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it was exposed. . . ."

Later on, in January, when the severe weather commenced, he again writes to the Quartermaster-General on the same subject:

"General: The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp, who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets. . . . The supply, by running the blockade, has become so precarious that I think we should turn our attention chiefly to our own resources, and I should like to be <105>informed how far the latter can be counted upon. . . I trust that no efforts will be spared to develop our own resources of supply, as a further dependence upon those from abroad can result in nothing but increase of suffering and want. I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, General."

There was at this time a great revival of religion in the army. My father became much interested in it, and did what he could to promote in his camps all sacred exercises. Reverend J. W. Jones, in his "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee," says:

"General Lee's orders and reports always gratefully recognised 'The Lord of Hosts' as the 'Giver of Victory,' and expressed an humble dependence upon and trust in Him."

All his correspondence shows the same devout feeling.

On August 13, 1863, he issued the following order:

*"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"August 13, 1863.*

"The President of the Confederate States has, in the name of the people, appointed August 21st as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. A strict observance of the day is enjoined upon the officers and soldiers of this army. All military duties, except such as are absolutely necessary, will be suspended. The commanding officers of brigades and regiments are requested to cause divine services, suitable to the occasion, to be performed in their respective commands. Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that 'our times are <106>in His hands,' and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins, and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, a purer patriotism, and more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth.

"R. E. LEE, General."

His was a practical, every-day religion, which supported him all through his life, enabled him to bear with equanimity every reverse of fortune, and to accept her gifts without undue elation. During this period of rest, so unusual to the Army of Northern Virginia, several reviews were held before the commanding general. I remember being present when that of the Third Army Corps, General A. P. Hill commanding, took place. Some of us young cavalymen, then stationed near the Rappahannock, rode over to Orange Court House to see this grand military pageant. From all parts of the army, officers and men who could get leave came to look on, and from all the surrounding country the people, old and young, ladies and children, came in every pattern of vehicle and on horseback, to see twenty thousand of that "incomparable infantry" of the Army of Northern Virginia pass in review before their great commander.

The General was mounted on Traveller, looking very proud of his master, who had on sash and sword, which he very rarely wore, a pair of new cavalry gauntlets, and, I think, a new hat. At any rate, he looked unusually fine, and sat his horse like a perfect picture of grace and power. The infantry was drawn up in column by divisions, with <107>their bright muskets all glittering in the sun, their battle-flags standing straight out before the breeze, and their bands playing, awaiting the inspection of the General, before they broke into column by companies and marched past him in review. When all was ready, General

Hill and staff rode up to General Lee, and the two generals, with their respective staffs, galloped around front and rear of each of the three divisions standing motionless on the plain. As the cavalcade reached the head of each division, its commanding officer joined in and followed as far as the next division, so that there was a continual infusion of fresh groups into the original one all along the lines. Traveller started with a long lope, and never changed his stride. His rider sat erect and calm, not noticing anything but the gray lines of men whom he knew so well. The pace was very fast, as there were nine good miles to go, and the escort began to become less and less, dropping out one by one from different causes as Traveller raced along without a check. When the General drew up, after this nine-mile gallop, under the standard at the reviewing-stand, flushed with the exercise as well as with pride in his brave men, he raised his hat and saluted. Then arose a shout of applause and admiration from the entire assemblage, the memory of which to this day moistens the eye of every old soldier. The corps was then passed in review at a quick-step, company front. It was a most imposing sight. After it was all over, my father rode up to several carriages whose occupants he knew and gladdened them by a smile, a word, or a shake of the hand. He found several of us young officers with some pretty cousins of his from Richmond, and he was very bright and cheerful, joking us young people about each other. His letters to <108>my mother and sister this summer and fall help to give an insight into his thoughts and feelings. On July 15th, from Bunker Hill, in a letter to his wife, he says:

" . . . The army has returned to Virginia. Its return is rather sooner than I had originally contemplated, but, having accomplished much of what I proposed on leaving the Rappahannock—namely, relieving the valley of the presence of the enemy and drawing his army north of the Potomac—I determined to recross the latter river. The enemy, after centering his forces in our front, began to fortify himself in his position and bring up his troops, militia, etc.—and those around Washington and Alexandria. This gave him enormous odds. It also circumscribed our limits for procuring subsistence for men and animals, which, with the uncertain state of the river, rendered it hazardous for us to continue on the north side. It has been raining a great deal since we first crossed the Potomac, making the roads horrid and embarrassing our operations. The night we recrossed it rained terribly, yet we got all over safe, save such vehicles as broke down on the road from the mud, rocks, etc. We are all well. I hope we will yet be able to damage our adversaries when they meet us. That it should be so, we must implore the forgiveness of God for our sins, and the continuance of His blessings. There is nothing but His almighty power that can sustain us. God bless you all. . . . "

Later, July 26th, he writes from Camp Culpeper:

" . . . After crossing the Potomac, finding that the Shenandoah was six feet above the fording-stage, and, having waited for a week for it to fall, so that I might cross into Loudoun, fearing that the enemy might take advantage of our position and move upon Richmond, I determined to ascend the Valley and cross into Culpeper. Two corps are here with me. The third passed Thornton's Gap, <109>and I hope will be in striking distance tomorrow. The army has laboured hard, endured much, and behaved nobly. It has accomplished all that could be reasonably expected. It ought not to have been expected to perform impossibilities, or to have fulfilled the anticipations of the thoughtless and unreasonable."

On August 2d, from the same camp, he again writes to my mother:

". . . I have heard of some doctor having reached Richmond, who had seen our son at Fortress Monroe. He said that his wound was improving, and that he himself was well and walking about on crutches. The exchange of prisoners that had been going on has, for some cause, been suspended, owing to some crotchet or other, but I hope will soon be resumed, and that we shall have him back soon. The armies are in such close proximity that frequent collisions are common along the outposts. Yesterday the enemy laid down two or three pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock and crossed his cavalry, with a big force of his infantry. It looked at first as if it were the advance of his army, and, as I had not intended to deliver battle, I directed our cavalry to retire slowly before them and to check their too rapid pursuit. Finding, later in the day, that their army was not following, I ordered out the infantry and drove them back to the river. I suppose they intended to push on to Richmond by this or some other route. I trust, however, they will never reach there. . ."

On August 23d, from the camp near Orange Court House, General Lee writes to Mrs. Lee:

". . . My camp is near Mr. Erasmus Taylor's house, who has been very kind in contributing to our comfort. His wife sends us, every day, buttermilk, loaf bread, ice, and such vegetables as she has. I cannot get <110>her to desist, though I have made two special visits to that effect. All the brides have come on a visit to the army: Mrs. Ewell, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Heth, etc. General Meade's army is north of the Rappahannock along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. He is very quiet. . . ."

"September 4, 1863.

". . . You see I am still here. When I wrote last, the indications were that the enemy would move against us any day; but this past week he has been very quiet, and seems at present to continue so. I was out looking at him yesterday, from Clarke's Mountain. He has spread himself over a large surface and looks immense. . . ."

And on September 18th, from the same camp:

". . . The enemy state that they have heard of a great reduction in our forces here, and are now going to drive us back to Richmond. I trust they will not succeed; but our hope and our refuge is in our merciful Father in Heaven. . . ."

On October 9th, the Army of Northern Virginia was put in motion, and was pushed around Meade's right. Meade was gradually forced back to a position near the old battlefield at Manassas. Although we had hard marching, much skirmishing, and several severe fights between the cavalry of both armies, nothing permanent was accomplished, and in about ten days we were back on our old lines. In a letter of October 19, 1863, to his wife, my father says:

". . . I have returned to the Rappahannock. I did not pursue with the main army beyond Bristoe or Broad Run. Our advance went as far as Bull Run, where the enemy was entrenched, extending his right <111>as far as 'Chantilly,' in the yard of which he was building a redoubt. I could have thrown him farther back, but saw no chance of bringing him to battle, and it would only have served to fatigue our troops by advancing farther. I should certainly have endeavored to throw them north of the Potomac; but thousands

were barefooted, thousands with fragments of shoes, and all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I could not bear to expose them to certain suffering and an uncertain issue. . . ."

On October 25th, from "Camp Rappahannock," he writes again to my mother:

". . . I moved yesterday into a nice pine thicket, and Perry is to-day engaged in constructing a chimney in front of my tent, which will make it warm and comfortable. I have no idea when Fitzhugh(*) will be exchanged. The Federal authorities still resist all exchanges, because they think it is to our interest to make them. Any desire expressed on our part for the exchange of any individual magnifies the difficulty, as they at once think some great benefit is to result to us from it. His detention is very grievous to me, and, besides, I want his services. I am glad you have some socks for the army. Send them to me. They will come safely. Tell the girls(+) to send all they can. I wish they could make some shoes, too. We have thousands of barefooted men. There is no news. General Meade, I believe, is repairing the railroad, and I presume will come on again. If I could only get some shoes and clothes for the men, I would save him the trouble. . . ."

One can see from these letters of my father how deeply he felt for the sufferings of his soldiers, and how his plans were hindered by inadequate supplies of food and clothing. I heard him constantly allude to these troubles; indeed, they seemed never absent from his mind.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter VI—The Winter Of 1863-4

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THE LEE FAMILY IN RICHMOND THE GENERAL'S LETTERS TO THEM FROM CAMPS RAPPAHANNOCK AND RAPIDAN—DEATH OF MRS. FITZHUGH LEE—PREPARATIONS TO MEET GENERAL GRANT—THE WILDERNESS—SPOTT-SYLVANIA COURT HOUSE—DEATH OF GENERAL STUART GENERAL LEE'S ILLNESS

MY mother had quite recently rented a house on Clay Street in Richmond which, though small, gave her a roof of her own, and it also enabled her at times to entertain some of her many friends. Of this new home, and of a visit of a soldier's wife to him, the General thus writes:

"CAMP RAPPAHANNOCK, November 1, 1863.

"I received yesterday, dear Mary, your letter of the 29th, and am very glad to learn that you find your new abode so comfortable and so well arranged. The only fault I find in it is that it is not large enough for you all, and that Charlotte, whom I fear requires much attention, is by herself. Where is 'Life' to go, too, for I suppose she is a very big personage ? But you have never told me where it is situated, or how I am to direct to you. Perhaps that may be the cause of delay in my letters. I am sorry you find such difficulty in procuring yarn for socks, etc. I fear my daughters have not taken to the spinning-wheel and loom, as I have recommended. I shall not be able to recommend them to the brave soldiers for wives. I had a visit from a soldier's wife to-day, who was on a visit to her husband. She was from Abbeville district, S.C. Said she had not seen her <113>husband for more than two years, and, as he had written to her for clothes, she herself thought she would bring them on. It was the first time she had travelled by railroad, but she got along very well by herself. She brought an entire suit of her own manufacture for her husband. She spun the yarn and made the clothes herself. She clad her three children in the same way, and had on a beautiful pair of gloves she had made for herself. Her children she had left with her sister. She said she had been here a week and must return to-morrow, and thought she could not go back without seeing me. Her husband accompanied her to my tent, in his nice gray suit. She was very pleasing in her address and modest in her manner, and was clad in a nice, new alpaca. I am certain she could not have made that. Ask Misses Agnes and Sally Warwick what they think of that. They need not ask me for permission to get married until they can do likewise. She, in fact, was an admirable woman. Said she was willing to give up everything she had in the world to attain our independence, and the only complaint she made of the conduct of our enemies was their arming our servants against us. Her greatest difficulty was to procure shoes. She made them for herself and children of cloth with leather soles. She sat with me about ten minutes and took her leave—another mark of sense—and made no request for herself or husband. I wrote you about my wants in my former letter. My rheumatism I hope is a little better, but I have had to-day, and indeed always have, much pain. I trust it will pass away. . . . I have just had a visit from my nephews, Fitz, John, and Henry.(*). The former is now on a little expedition. The latter accompanies him. As soon as I was left alone, I committed them in a fervent prayer to the care and guidance of our Heavenly Father. . . . I pray you may be made

whole and happy.

"Truly and devotedly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

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Another letter from the same camp is interesting:

"CAMP RAPPAHANNOCK, November 5, 1863.

"I received last night, dear Mary, your letter of the 2d. . . I am glad to hear that Charlotte is better. I hope that she will get strong and well, poor child. The visit of her 'grandpa' will cheer her up. I trust, and I know, he gave her plenty of good advice. Tell Mrs. Atkinson that her son Nelson is a very good scout and a good soldier. I wish I had some way of promoting him. I received the bucket of butter she was so kind as to send me, but have had no opportunity of returning the vessel, which I hope to be able to do. I am sorry, Smith does not like your house. I have told you my only objection to it, and wish it were large enough to hold Charlotte. It must have reminded you of old times to have your brother Carter and Uncle Williams(*) to see you. I think my rheumatism is better to-day. I have been through a great deal with comparatively little suffering. I have been wanting to review the cavalry for some time, and appointed to-day with fear and trembling. I had not been on horseback for five days previously and feared I should not get through. The governor was here and told me Mrs. Letcher had seen you recently. I saw all my nephews looking very handsome, and Rob too. The latter says he has written to you three times since he crossed the river. Tell "Chas." I think F's old regiment, the 9th, made the best appearance in review.

"While on the ground, a man rode up to me and said he was just from Alexandria and had been requested to give me a box, which he handed me, but did not know who sent it. It contained a handsome pair of gilt spurs. Good-night. May a kind heavenly Father guard you all.

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

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When our cavalry was reviewed the preceding summer, it happened that we engaged the next day, June 9th, the enemy's entire force of that arm, in the famous battle of Brandy Station. Since then there had been a sort of superstition amongst us that if we wanted a fight all that was necessary was to have a review. We were now on the same ground we had occupied in June, and the enemy was in force just across the river. As it happened, the fighting did take place, though the cavalry was not alone engaged. Not the day after the review, but on November 7th, Meade advanced and crossed the Rappahannock, while our army fell back and took up our position on the line of the Rapidan.

Before the two armies settled down into winter quarters, General Meade tried once more to get at us, and on the 26th of November, with ten days' rations and in light marching order, he crossed the Rapidan and attempted to turn our right. But he was unable to do anything, being met at every point by the Army of Northern Virginia, heavily entrenched and anxious for an attack. Long says:

"Meade declared that the position could not be carried without the loss of thirty

thousand men. This contingency was too terrible to be entertained—yet the rations of the men were nearly exhausted, and nothing remained but retreat. This was safely accomplished on the night of December 1st. . . ."

Lee was more surprised at the retreat of Meade than he had been at his advance, and his men, who had been in high spirits at the prospect of obliterating the memory of Gettysburg, were sadly disappointed at the loss of the opportunity. To my mother, General Lee wrote on December 4th, from "Camp Rapidan":

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". . . You will probably have seen that General Meade has retired to his old position on the Rappahannock, without giving us battle. I had expected from his movements, and all that I had heard, that it was his intention to do so, and after the first day, when I thought it necessary to skirmish pretty sharply with him, on both flanks, to ascertain his views, I waited, patiently, his attack. On Tuesday, however, I thought he had changed his mind, and that night made preparations to move around his left next morning and attack him. But when day dawned he was nowhere to be seen. He had commenced to withdraw at dark Tuesday evening. We pursued to the Rapidan, but he was over. Owing to the nature of the ground, it was to our advantage to receive rather than to make the attack. I am greatly disappointed at his getting off with so little damage, but we do not know what is best for us. I believe a kind God has ordered all things for our good. . . ."

About this time the people of the City of Richmond, to show their esteem for my father, desired to present him with a home. General Lee, on hearing of it, thus wrote to the President of the Council:

". . . I assure you, sir, that no want of appreciation of the honour conferred upon me by this resolution—or insensibility to the kind feelings which prompted it—induces me to ask, as I most respectfully do, that no further proceedings be taken with reference to the subject. The house is not necessary for the use of my family, and my own duties will prevent my residence in Richmond. I should therefore be compelled to decline the generous offer, and I trust that whatever means the City Council may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more in want of assistance, and more deserving it, than myself. . . ."

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My brother was still in prison, and his detention gave my father great concern. In a letter to my mother, written November 21st, he says:

". . . I see by the papers that our son has been sent to Fort Lafayette. Any place would be better than Fort Monroe, with Butler in command. His long confinement is very grievous to me, yet it may all turn out for the best. . . ."

To his daughter-in-law my father was devotedly attached. His love for her was like that for his own children, and when her husband was captured and thrown, wounded, into prison, his great tenderness for her was shown on all occasions. Her death about this time, though expected, was a great blow to him. When news came to Gen. W. H. F. Lee, at Fortress Monroe, that his wife Charlotte was dying in Richmond, he made application to General Butler, commanding that post, that he be allowed to go to her for 48 hours, his brother Custis Lee, of equal rank with himself, having formally volunteered in writing to

take his place, as a hostage, until he should return to his captivity. This request was curtly and peremptorily refused.

In his letter to my mother, of December 27th, my father says:

". . . Custis's despatch which I received last night demolished all the hopes, in which I had been indulging during the day, of dear Charlotte's recovery. It has pleased God to take from us one exceedingly dear to us, and we must be resigned to His holy will. She, I trust, will enjoy peace and happiness forever, while we must patiently struggle on under all the ills that may be in store for us. What a glorious thought it is that she has joined <118>her little cherubs and our angel Annie(*) in Heaven. Thus is link by link the strong chain broken that binds us to earth, and our passage soothed to another world. Oh, that we may be at last united in that heaven of rest, where trouble and sorrow never enter, to join in an everlasting chorus of praise and glory to our Lord and Saviour ! I grieve for our lost darling as a father only can grieve for a daughter, and my sorrow is heightened by the thought of the anguish her death will cause our dear son and the poignancy it will give to the bars of his prison. May God in His mercy enable him to bear the blow He has so suddenly dealt, and sanctify it to his everlasting happiness!"

After Meade's last move, the weather becoming wintry, the troops fixed up for themselves winter quarters, and the cavalry and artillery were sent back along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, where forage could be more easily obtained for their horses. On January 24, 1864, the General writes to my mother:

". . . I have had to disperse the cavalry as much as possible, to obtain forage for their horses, and it is that which causes trouble. Provisions for the men, too, are very scarce, and, with very light diet and light clothing, I fear they suffer, but still they are cheerful and uncomplaining. I received a report from one division the other day in which it stated that over four hundred men were barefooted and over a thousand without blankets."

Lee was the idol of his men. Colonel Charles Marshall, who was his A. D. C. and military secretary, illustrates this well in the following incident:

"While the Army was on the Rapidan, in the winter of 1863-4, it became necessary, as was often the case, to <119>put the men on very short rations. Their duty was hard, not only on the outposts during the winter, but in the construction of roads, to facilitate communication between the different parts of the army. One day General Lee received a letter from a private soldier, whose name I do not now remember, informing him of the work that he had to do, and stating that his rations were not sufficient to enable him to undergo the fatigue. He said, however, that if it was absolutely necessary to put him upon such short allowance, he would make the best of it, but that he and his comrades wanted to know if General Lee was aware that his men were getting so little to eat, because if he was aware of it he was sure there must be some necessity for it. General Lee did not reply directly to the letter, but issued a general order in which he informed the soldiers of his efforts in their behalf, and that their privation was beyond his means of present relief, but assured them that he was making every effort to procure sufficient supplies. After that there was not a murmur in the army, and the hungry men went cheerfully to their hard work."

When I returned to the army in the summer, I reported to my old brigade, which was gallantly commanded by John R. Chambliss, Colonel of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, the

senior officer of the brigade. Later, I had been assigned to duty with General Fitz Lee and was with him at this time. My mother was anxious that I should be with my father, thinking, I have no doubt, that my continued presence would be a comfort to him. She must have written him to that effect, for in a letter to her, dated February, 1864, he says:

". . . In reference to Rob, his company would be a great pleasure and comfort to me, and he would be extremely useful in various ways, but I am opposed to officers surrounding themselves with their sons and <120>relatives. It is wrong in principle, and in that case selections would be made from private and social relations, rather than for the public good. There is the same objection to his going with Fitz Lee. I should prefer Rob's being in the line, in an independent position, where he could rise by his own merit and not through the recommendation of his relatives. I expect him soon, when I can better see what he himself thinks. The young men have no fondness for the society of the old general. He is too heavy and sombre for them. . . ."

If anything was said to me on this occasion by my father, I do not remember it. I rather think that something prevented the interview, for I cannot believe that it could have entirely escaped my memory. At any rate, I remained with General Fitz Lee until my brother's return from prison in April of that year. Fitz Lee's brigade camped near Charlottesville, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, in January, in order that forage could be more readily obtained. The officers, to amuse themselves and to return in part the courtesies and kindnesses of the ladies of the town, gave a ball. It was a grand affair for those times. Committees were appointed and printed invitations issued. As a member of the invitation committee, I sent one to the general commanding the army. Here is his opinion of it, in a letter to me:

". . . I inclose a letter for you, which has been sent to my care. I hope you are well and all around you are so. Tell Fitz I grieve over the hardships and sufferings of his men, in their late expedition. I should have preferred his waiting for more favourable weather. He accomplished much under the circumstances, but would have done more in better weather. I am afraid he was anxious to get back to the ball. This is a bad time for such things. We have too grave subjects on <121>hand to engage in such trivial amusements. I would rather his officers should entertain themselves in fattening their horses, healing their men, and recruiting their regiments. There are too many Lees on the committee. I like all to be present at battles, but can excuse them at balls. But the saying is, 'Children will be children.' I think he had better move his camp farther from Charlottesville, and perhaps he will get more work and less play. He and I are too old for such assemblies. I want him to write me how his men are, his horses, and what I can do to fill up the ranks. . . ."

In this winter and spring of 1864, every exertion possible was made by my father to increase the strength of his army and to improve its efficiency. He knew full well that the enemy was getting together an enormous force, and that his vast resources would be put forth to crush us in the spring. His letters at this time to President Davis and the Secretary of War show how well he understood the difficulties of his position.

"In none of them," General Long says, "does he show a symptom of despair or breathe a thought of giving up the contest. To the last, he remained full of resources, energetic and defiant, and ready to bear upon his shoulders the whole burden of the conduct of the war."

In a letter to President Davis, written March, 1864, he says:

"Mr. President: Since my former letter on the subject, the indications that operations in Virginia will be vigorously prosecuted by the enemy are stronger than they then were. General Grant has returned from the army in the West. He is, at present, with the Army of the Potomac, which is being organised and recruited. . . . Every train brings recruits, and it is stated that every available regiment at the North is added to it. . . . <122>Their plans are not sufficiently developed to discover them, but I think we can assume that, if General Grant is to direct operations on this frontier, he will concentrate a large force on one or more lines, and prudence dictates that we should make such preparations as are in our power. . . .

On April 6th he again writes to the President:

". . . All the information I receive tends to show that the great effort of the enemy in this campaign will be made in Virginia. . . . Reinforcements are certainly daily arriving to the Army of the Potomac. . . . The tone of the Northern papers, as well as the impression prevailing in their armies, go to show that Grant with a large force is to move against Richmond. . . . The movements and reports of the enemy may be intended to mislead us, and should therefore be carefully observed. But all the information that reaches me goes to strengthen the belief that General Grant is preparing to move against Richmond."

The question of feeding his army was ever before him. To see his men hungry and cold, and his horses ill fed, was a great pain to him. To Mr. Davis he thus writes on this subject:

"HEADQUARTERS, April 12, 1864.

"Mr. President: My anxiety on the subject of provisions for the army is so great that I cannot refrain from expressing it to Your Excellency. I cannot see how we can operate with our present supplies. Any derangement in their arrival or disaster to the railroad would render it impossible for me to keep the army together, and might force a retreat into North Carolina. There is nothing to be had in this section for men or animals. We have rations for the troops to-day and to-morrow. I hope a new supply arrived last night, but I have not yet <123>had a report. Every exertion should be made to supply the depots at Richmond and at other points. All pleasure travel should cease, and everything be devoted to necessary wants.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, General."

In a letter written to our cousin, Margaret Stuart, of whom he was very fond, dated March 29th, he says:

". . . The indications at present are that we shall have a hard struggle. General Grant is with the Army of the Potomac. All the officers' wives, sick, etc., have been sent to Washington. No ingress into or egress from the lines is now permitted and no papers are allowed to come out—they claim to be assembling a large force. . . ."

Again, April 28th, he writes to this same young cousin:

". . . I dislike to send letters within reach of the enemy, as they might serve, if captured, to bring distress on others. But you must sometimes cast your thoughts on the Army of Northern Virginia, and never forget it in your prayers. It is preparing for a great struggle, but I pray and trust that the great God, mighty to deliver, will spread over it His almighty

arms, and drive its enemies before it. . . ."

One perceives from these letters how clearly my father foresaw the storm that was so soon to burst upon him. He used every means within his power to increase and strengthen his army to meet it, and he continually urged the authorities at Richmond to make preparations in the way of supplies of ammunition, rations, and clothing.

I shall not attempt to describe any part of this campaign except in a very general way. It has been well written up by both sides, and what was done by the Army <124>of Northern Virginia we all know. I saw my father only once or twice, to speak to him, during the thirty odd days from the Wilderness to Petersburg, but, in common with all his soldiers, I felt that he was ever near, that he could be entirely trusted with the care of us, that he would not fail us, that it would all end well. The feeling of trust that we had in him was simply sublime. When I say "we," I mean the men of my age and standing, officers and privates alike. Older heads may have begun to see the "beginning of the end" when they saw that slaughter and defeat did not deter our enemy, but made him the more determined in his "hammering" process; but it never occurred to me, and to thousands and thousands like me, that there was any occasion for uneasiness. We firmly believed that "Marse Robert," as his soldiers lovingly called him, would bring us out of this trouble all right.

When Grant reached Spottsylvania Court House, he sent all of his cavalry, under Sheridan, to break our communications. They were met at Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, by General Stuart, with three brigades of Confederate cavalry, and were attacked so fiercely that they were held there nearly all day, giving time for the troops around and in Richmond to concentrate for the defense of the city.

In this fight General Stuart fell mortally wounded, and he died the next day in Richmond. The death of our noted cavalry leader was a great blow to our cause—a loss second only to that of Jackson.

Captain W. Gordon McCabe writes me:

"I was sitting on my horse very near to General Lee, who was talking to my colonel, William Johnson Pegram, when a courier galloped up with the despatch announcing <125>that Stuart had been mortally wounded and was dying. General Lee was evidently greatly affected, and said slowly, as he folded up the despatch, 'General Stuart has been mortally wounded: a most valuable and able officer.' Then, after a moment, he added in a voice of deep feeling, *'He never brought me a piece of false information'*—turned and looked away. What praise dearer to a soldier's heart could fall from the lips of the commanding general touching his Chief of Cavalry! These simple words of Lee constitute, I think, the fittest inscription for the monument that is soon to be erected to the memory of the great cavalry leader of the 'Army of Northern Virginia.'"

In a letter from my father to my mother, dated Spottsylvania Court House, May 16th, he says:

". . . As I write I am expecting the sound of the guns every moment. I grieve over the loss of our gallant officers and men, and miss their aid and sympathy. A more zealous, ardent, brave, and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have. Praise be to God for having sustained us so far. I have thought of you very often in these eventful days. God bless and preserve you."

General Lee, in his order announcing the death of Stuart, thus speaks of him:

". . . Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valour, in zeal, and in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order and to the noble virtues of the soldier he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an <126>all-wise God has removed him from the scene of his usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms he has left the proud recollections of his deeds and the inspiring influence of his example."

Speaking of the operations around Spottsylvania Court House, Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac, says:

"Before the lines of Spottsylvania, the Army of the Potomac had for twelve days and nights engaged in a fierce wrestle in which it had done all that valour may do to carry a position by nature and art impregnable. In this contest, unparalleled in its continuous fury, and swelling to the proportions of a campaign, language is inadequate to convey an impression of the labours, fatigues, and sufferings of the troops, who fought by day, only to march by night, from point to point of the long line, and renew the fight on the morrow. Above forty thousand men had already fallen in the bloody encounters of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and the exhausted army began to lose its spirits. It was with joy, therefore, that it at length turned its back upon the lines of Spottsylvania."

General Long, in his "Memoirs of General Lee," speaking of our army at this time, says:

"In no previous operations did the Army of Northern Virginia display higher soldierly qualities. Regardless of numbers, every breach was filled, and, with unparalleled stubbornness, its lines were maintained. The soldiers of that army not only gratified their countrymen, but by their gallantry and vigour won the admiration of their enemies. Wherever the men in blue appeared they were met by those in gray, and muzzle to muzzle and point to point they measured their foeman's strength." <127>

When we learned that General Lee was ill confined for a day or two to his tent, at the time he was confronting General Grant on the North Anna—this terrible thought forced itself upon us: Suppose disease should disable him, even for a time, or, worse, should take him forever from the front of his men! It could not be! It was too awful to consider! And we banished any such possibility from our minds. When we saw him out again, on the lines, riding Traveller as usual, it was as if some great crushing weight had been suddenly lifted from our hearts. Colonel Walter H. Taylor, his adjutant-general, says:

"The indisposition of General Lee . . . was more serious than was generally supposed. Those near him were very apprehensive lest he should be compelled to give up."

General Early also writes of this circumstance:

"One of his three corps commanders(*) had been disabled by wounds at the Wilderness, and another was too unwell to command his corps(+), while he (General Lee) was suffering from a most annoying and weakening disease. In fact, nothing but his own determined will enabled him to keep the field at all; and it was then rendered more manifest than ever that he was the head and front, the very life and soul of the army."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter VII—Fronting The Army Of The Potomac

<128>

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOUR—SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE
GENERAL INTRUSTS A MISSION TO HIS SON, ROBERT—BATTLE OF
THE CRATER—GRANT CROSSES THE JAMES RIVER—GENERAL
LONG'S PEN-PICTURE OF LEE—KNITTING SOCKS FOR THE
SOLDIERS—A CHRISTMAS DINNER—INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE

FROM the North Anna River the Federal Army moved by its left flank, seeking to find its adversary unprepared, but the Army of Northern Virginia steadily confronted it, ever ready to receive any attack. At Cold Harbour they paused, facing each other, and General Grant, having received sixteen thousand men from Butler by way of Yorktown on June 1st, made an attack, but found our lines immovable. In his "Memoirs" he writes:

"June 2d was spent in getting troops into position for attack on the 3d. On June 3d, we again assaulted the enemy's work in the hope of driving him from his position. In this attempt our loss was heavy, while that of the enemy, I have reason to believe, was comparatively light."

This assault was repelled along the whole line, with the most terrible slaughter yet recorded in our war. Yet in a few hours these beaten men were ordered to move up to our lines again. Swinton, the historian of the Army of the Potomac, thus describes what happened when this order was sent to the men:

<129>

"The order was issued through these officers" (the corps commanders) "to their subordinate commanders, and from them descended through the wonted channels; but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent, yet emphatic, against further slaughter. The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was more than thirteen thousand, while on the part of the Confederates it is doubtful whether it reached that many hundreds."

Colonel Walter H. Taylor, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says:

"Soon after this, he (Grant) abandoned his chosen line of operations, and moved his army to the south side of the James River. The struggle from the Wilderness to this point covers a period of about one month, during which time there had been an almost daily encounter of hostile arms, and the Army of Northern Virginia had placed *hors de combat* of the army under General Grant a number equal to its entire numerical strength at the commencement of the campaign, and, notwithstanding its own heavy losses and the reinforcements received by the enemy, still presented an impregnable front to its opponent, and constituted an insuperable barrier to General Grant's 'On to Richmond.'"

Thus after thirty days of marching, starving, fighting, and with a loss of more than sixty thousand men, General Grant reached the James River, near Petersburg, which he could have done at any time he so desired without the loss of a single man. The baffling of our determined foe so successfully raised the spirits of our rank and file, and their confidence in their commander knew no bounds.

The two armies now commenced a contest which could end only one way. If General Lee had been permitted to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond, to fall back upon <130>some interior point, nearer supplies for man and beast and within supporting distance of the remaining forces of the Confederacy, the surrender would certainly have been put off—possibly never have taken place—and the result of the war changed. The Army of the Potomac placed itself on the James, through whose channel it had easy access to the wide world whence to secure for itself an unlimited supply of men and munitions of war. General Lee, with a line thirty miles long to defend and with only 35,000 men to hold it, with no chance of reinforcements, no reserves with which to fill up the ranks lessened daily by death in battle and by disease, had to sit still and see his army, on half rations or less, melt away because it was deemed advisable by his government, for political and other purposes, to hold Richmond, the Confederacy's capital.

In an article by Lord Wolseley, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he says:

"Lee was opposed to the final defense of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed, and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas, if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which Lee endeavoured to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country."

During the nine months the siege of Petersburg lasted, I saw my father but seldom. His headquarters were near the town, my command was on the extreme right of the army, and during the winter, in order to get forage, we were moved still further away, close to the border of North Carolina. <131>During this summer, I had occasion, once or twice, to report to him at his headquarters, once about July 1st by his special order. I remember how we all racked our brains to account for this order, which was for me to report "at once to the commanding general," and many wild guesses were made by my young companions as to what was to become of me. Their surmises extended from my being shot for unlawful foraging to my being sent on a mission abroad to solicit the recognition of our independence. I reported at once, and found my father expecting me, with a bed prepared. It was characteristic of him that he never said a word about what I was wanted for until he was ready with full instructions. I was fed at once, for I was still hungry, my bed was shown me, and I was told to rest and sleep well, as he wanted me in the morning, and that I would need all my strength.

The next morning he gave me a letter to General Early, who, with his command, was at that time in Maryland, threatening Washington. My mission was to carry this letter to him. As Early had cut loose from his communications with Virginia, and as there was a chance of any messenger to him being caught by raiding parties, my father gave me verbally the contents of his letter, and told me that if I saw any chance of my capture to destroy it, then, if I did reach the General, I should be able to tell him what he had written. He cautioned me to keep my own counsel, and to say nothing to any one as to my destination. Orders for a relay of horses from Staunton, where the railroad terminated, to the Potomac had been telegraphed, and I was to start at once. This I did, seeing my sisters and mother in Richmond while waiting for the train to Staunton, and having very great difficulty in keeping from them my destination. But I <132>did, and, riding night and day, came up with General Early at a point in Maryland some miles beyond the old battlefield of Sharpsburg. I delivered the letter to him, returned to Petersburg, and reported to my

father. Much gratified by the evident pleasure of the General at my diligence and at the news I had brought from Early and his men, after a night's rest and two good meals I returned to my command, never telling my comrades until long afterward what had been done to me by the commanding general.

My father's relations with the citizens of Petersburg were of the kindest description. The ladies were ever trying to make him more comfortable, sending him of their scanty fare more than they could well spare. He always tried to prevent them, and when he could do so without hurting their feelings he would turn over to the hospitals the dainties sent him—much to the disgust of his mess-steward, Bryan. Bryan was an Irishman, perfectly devoted to my father, and, in his opinion, there was nothing in the eatable line which was too good for the General. He was an excellent caterer, a good forager, and, but for my father's frowning down anything approaching lavishness, the headquarters' table would have made a much better show. During this period of the war, Bryan was so handicapped by the universal scarcity of all sorts of provisions that his talents were almost entirely hidden. The ladies not only were anxious to feed the General, but also to clothe him. From Camp Petersburg he writes to my mother, June 24th:

". . . The ladies of Petersburg have sent me a nice set of shirts. They were given to me by Mrs. James R. Branch <133>and her mother, Mrs. Thomas Branch. In fact, they have given me everything, which I fear they cannot spare—vegetables, bread, milk, ice-cream. To-day one of them sent me a nice peach—the first one I think I have seen for two years. I sent it to Mrs. Shippen(*). Mr. Platt had services again to-day under the trees near my camp. We had quite a large congregation of citizens, ladies and gentlemen, and our usual number of soldiers. During the services, I constantly heard the shells crashing among the houses of Petersburg. Tell 'Life'(+). I send her a song composed by a French soldier. As she is so learned in the language, I want her to send me a reply in verse."

June 30, 1864, the anniversary of his wedding day, he thus writes to my mother:

". . . I was very glad to receive your letter yesterday, and to hear that you were better. I trust that you will continue to improve and soon be as well as usual. God grant that you may be entirely restored in His own good time. Do you recollect what a happy day thirty-three years ago this was ? How many hopes and pleasures it gave birth to! God has been very merciful and kind to us, and how thankless and sinful I have been. I pray that He may continue His mercies and blessings to us, and give us a little peace and rest together in this world, and finally gather us and all He has given us around His throne in the world to come. The President has just arrived, and I must bring my letter to a close."

My mother had been quite ill that summer, and my father's anxiety for her comfort and welfare, his desire to be with her to help her, was very great. The sick in <134>the Confederacy at this period of universal scarcity suffered for want of the simplest medicines. All that could be had were given to hospitals. To his youngest daughter the General writes, and sends to Mrs. Lee what little he could find in the way of fruit:

". . . I received this morning by your brother your note of the 3d, and am glad to hear that your mother is better. I sent out immediately to try to find some lemons, but could only procure two, sent to me by a kind lady, Mrs. Kirkland, in Petersburg. These were gathered from her own trees. There are none to be purchased. I found one in my valise, dried up, which I also send, as it may prove of some value. I also put up some early

apples which you can roast for your mother, and one pear. This is all the fruit I can get. You must go to market every morning and see if you cannot find some fruit for her. There are no lemons to be had. Tell her lemonade is not as palatable or digestible as buttermilk. Try to get some good buttermilk for her. With ice, it is delicious and very nutritious."

My sister Mildred had a pet squirrel which ran about the house in Richmond. She had named it "Custis Morgan," after her brother Custis, and General John Morgan, the great cavalry leader of the western army. He ventured out one day to see the city, and never returned. In a letter to Mildred, July 10th, my father alludes to his escape, and apparently considers it a blessing:

". . . I was pleased on the arrival of my little courier to learn that you were better, and that 'Custis Morgan' was still among the missing. I think the farther he gets from you the better you will be. The shells scattered the poor inhabitants of Petersburg so that many of the churches are closed. Indeed, they have been <135>visited by the enemy's shells. Mr. Platt, pastor of the principal Episcopal church, had services at my headquarters to-day. The services were under the trees, and the discourse on the subject of salvation. . . ."

About this time, the enemy, having been at work on a mine for nearly a month, exploded it, and attacked our lines with a large force. The ensuing contest was called the Battle of the Crater. General Lee, having suspected that a mine was being run under his works, was partly prepared for it, and the attack was repulsed very quickly with great loss to the enemy. In the address of Capt. W. Gordon McCabe before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia—November 2, 1876—speaking of this event, he says:

"From mysterious paragraphs in the Northern papers, and from reports of deserters, though those last were vague and contradictory, Lee and Beauregard suspected that the enemy was mining in front of some one of the three salients on Beauregard's front, and the latter officer had in consequence directed counter-mines to be sunk from all three, meanwhile constructing gorge-lines in the rear upon which the troops might retire in case of surprise or disaster. . . . But the counter-mining on the part of the Confederates was after a time discontinued, owing to the lack of proper tools, the inexperience of the troops in such work, and the arduous nature of their service in the trenches."

The mine was sprung July 30th. On the 31st, the General writes:

". . . Yesterday morning the enemy sprung a mine under one of our batteries on the line and got possession of a portion of our intrenchments. It was the part defended by General Beauregard's troops. I sent General Mahone <136>with two brigades of Hill's corps, who charged into them handsomely, recapturing the intrenchments and guns, twelve stands of colours, seventy-three officers, including General Bartlett, his staff, three colonels, and eight hundred and fifty enlisted men. There were upward of five hundred of his dead unburied in the trenches, among them many officers and blacks. He suffered severely. He has withdrawn his troops from the north side of the James. I do not know what he will attempt next. He is mining on other points along our line. I trust he w/II not succeed in bettering his last attempt. . . ."

Grant, by means of a pontoon bridge, permanently established across the James, was able to move his troops very quickly from one side to the other, and could attack either flank, while making a feint on the opposite one. This occurred several times during the

summer, but General Lee seemed always to have anticipated the movement and to be able to distinguish the feint from the real attack. On August 14th, he speaks of one of these movements in a letter to my mother:

". . . I have been kept from church to-day by the enemy's crossing to the north side of the James River and the necessity of moving troops to meet him. I do not know what his intentions are. He is said to be cutting a canal across the Dutch Gap, a point in the river — but I cannot, as yet, discover it. I was up there yesterday, and saw nothing to indicate it. We shall ascertain in a day or two. I received to-day a kind letter from Reverend Mr. Cole, of Culpeper Court House. He is a most excellent man in all the relations of life. He says there is not a church standing in all that country, within the lines formerly occupied by the enemy. All are razed to the ground, and the materials used often for the vilest purposes. Two of the churches at the Court House <137>barely escaped destruction. The pews were all taken out to make seats for the theatre. The fact was reported to the commanding officer by their own men of the Christian Commission, but he took no steps to rebuke or arrest it. We must suffer patiently to the end, when all things will be made right. . . ."

To oppose this movement (of August 14th), which was in heavy force, our cavalry division was moved over to the north side, together with infantry and artillery, and we had a very lively time for several days. In the engagement on the 15th of August I was shot in the arm and disabled for about three weeks. The wound was a very simple one—just severe enough to give me a furlough, which I enjoyed intensely. Time heals all wounds, it is said. I remember it cured mine all too soon, for, being on a wounded leave, provided it did not keep one in bed, was the best luck a soldier could have. I got back the last of September, and in passing stopped to see my father. I take from General Long a pen-picture of him at this time, which accords with my own recollection of his appearance:

". . . General Lee continued in excellent health and bore his many cares with his usual equanimity. He had aged somewhat in appearance since the beginning of the war, but had rather gained than lost in physical rigour, from the severe life he had led. His hair had grown gray, but his face had the ruddy hue of health, and his eyes were as clear and bright as ever. His dress was always a plain, gray uniform, with cavalry boots reaching to his knees, and a broad-brimmed gray felt hat. He seldom wore a weapon, and his only mark of rank was the stars on his collar. Though always abstemious in diet, he seemed able to bear any amount of fatigue, being capable of remaining in his saddle all day and at his desk half the night." <138>

I cannot refrain from further quoting from the same author this beautiful description of the mutual love, respect, and esteem existing between my father and his soldiers:

"No commander was ever more careful, and never had care for the comfort of an army given rise to greater devotion. He was constantly calling the attention of the authorities to the wants of his soldiers, making every effort to provide them with food and clothing. The feeling for him was one of love, not of awe or dread. They could approach him with the assurance that they would be received with kindness and consideration, and that any just complaint would receive proper attention. There was no condescension in his manner, but he was ever simple, kind, and sympathetic, and his men, while having unbounded faith in him as a leader, almost worshipped him as a man. These relations of affection and mutual confidence between the army and its commander had much to do with the undaunted bravery displayed by the men, and bore a due share in the many victories they gained."

Colonel Charles Marshall, in his address before the "Association of the Army of Northern Virginia," also alludes to this "wonderful influence over the troops under his command. I can best describe that influence by saying that such was the love and veneration of the men for him that they came to look upon the cause as General Lee's cause, and they fought for it because they loved him. To them he represented cause, country, and all."

All persons who were ever thrown into close relations with him had somewhat these same feelings. How could they help it? Here is a letter to his youngest daughter which shows his beautiful love and tenderness for us all. Throughout the war, he constantly took the <139>time from his arduous labours to send to his wife and daughters such evidences of his affection for them:

"CAMP PETERSBURG, November 6, 1864.

"My Precious Life: This is the first day I have had leisure to answer your letter. I enjoyed it very much at the time of its reception, and have enjoyed it since, but I have often thought of you in the meantime, and have seen you besides. Indeed, I may say, you are never out of my thoughts. I hope you think of me often, and if you could know how earnestly I desire your true happiness, how ardently I pray you may be directed to every good and saved from every evil, you would as sincerely strive for its accomplishment. Now in your youth you must be careful to discipline your thoughts, words, and actions. Habituate yourself to useful employment, regular improvement, and to the benefit of all those around you. You have had some opportunity of learning the rudiments of your education—not as good as I should have desired, but I am much cheered by the belief that you availed yourself of it—and I think you are now prepared by diligence and study to learn whatever you desire. Do not allow yourself to forget what you have spent so much time and labour in acquiring, but increase it every day by extended application. I hope you will embrace in your studies all useful acquisitions. I was much pleased to hear that while at 'Bremo' you passed much of your time in reading and music. All accomplishments will enable you to give pleasure, and thus exert a wholesome influence. Never neglect the means of making yourself useful in the world. I think You will not have to complain of Rob again for neglecting sour schoolmates. He has equipped himself with a new uniform from top to toe, and, with a new and handsome horse, is cultivating a marvellous beard and preparing for conquest. I went down on the lines to the right, Friday, beyond Rowanty Creek, and pitched my camp within six miles of Fitzhugh's last night. Rob came up <140>and spent the night with me, and Fitzhugh appeared early in the morning. They rode with me till late that day. I visited the battlefield in that quarter, and General Hampton in describing it said there had not been during the war a more spirited charge than Fitzhugh's division made that day up the Boydton plank road, driving cavalry and infantry before him, in which he was stopped by night. I did not know before that his horse had been shot under him. Give a great deal of love to your dear mother, and kiss your sisters for me. Tell them they must keep well, not talk too much, and go to bed early.
"Ever your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

He refers in this letter to his coming down near our command, and my brother's visit and mine to him. Everything was quiet, and we greatly enjoyed seeing him and being with

him. The weather, too, was fine, and he seemed to delight in our ride with him along the lines. I don't think I saw him but once more until everything was over and we met in Richmond. Some time before this, my mother, fearing for his health under the great amount of exposure and work he had to do, wrote to him and begged him to take better care of himself. In his reply, he says:

". . . But what care can a man give to himself in the time of war? It is from no desire for exposure or hazard that I live in a tent, but from necessity. I must be where I can, speedily, at all times, attend to the duties of my position, and be near or accessible to the officers with whom I have to act. I have been offered rooms in the houses of our citizens, but I could not turn the dwellings of my kind hosts into a barrack where officers, couriers, distressed women, etc., would be entering day and night. . . ."

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General Fitz Lee, in his life of my father, says of him at this time:

"Self-possessed and calm, Lee struggled to solve the huge military problem, and make the sum of smaller numbers equal to that of greater numbers. . . . His thoughts ever turned upon the soldiers of his army, the ragged gallant fellows around him—whose pinched cheeks told hunger was their portion, and whose shivering forms denoted the absence of proper clothing."

His letters to my mother during the winter tell how much his men were in need. My mother was an invalid from rheumatism, confined to a rolling-chair. To help the cause with her own hands as far as she could, she was constantly occupied in knitting socks for the soldiers, and induced all around her to do the same. She sent them directly to my father, and he always acknowledged them. November 30th, he says:

". . . I received yesterday your letter on the 27th and am glad to learn your supply of socks is so large. If two or three hundred would send an equal number, we should have a sufficiency. I will endeavour to have them distributed to the most needy. . . ."

And on December 17th:

". . . I received day before yesterday the box with hat, gloves, and socks; also the barrel of apples. You had better have kept the latter, as it would have been more useful to you than to me, and I should have enjoyed its consumption by you and the girls more than by me. . . ."

His friends and admirers were constantly sending him presents; some, simple mementos of their love and affection; <142>others, substantial and material comforts for the outer and inner man. The following letter, from its date, is evidently an acknowledgment of Christmas gifts sent him:

"December 30th. . . The Lyons furs and fur robe have also arrived safely, but I can learn nothing of the saddle of mutton. Bryan, of whom I inquired as to its arrival, is greatly alarmed lest it has been sent to the soldiers' dinner. If the soldiers get it, I shall be content. I can do very well without it. In fact, I should rather they should have it than I. . . ."

The soldiers' "dinner" here referred to was a Christmas dinner, sent by the entire country, as far as they could, to the poor starving men in the trenches and camps along the lines. It would not be considered much now, but when the conditions were such as my

father describes when he wrote to the Secretary of War,

"The struggle now is to keep the army fed and clothed. Only fifty men in some regiments have shoes, and bacon is only issued once in a few days,"

anything besides the one-quarter of a pound of bacon and musty corn-bread was a treat of great service, and might be construed as "a Christmas dinner."

I have mentioned before my father's devotion to children. This sentiment pervaded his whole nature. At any time the presence of a little child would bring a brightness to his smile, a tender softness to his glance, and drive away gloom or care. Here is his account of a visit paid him, early in January, 1865, by three little women:

". . . Yesterday afternoon three little girls walked into my room, each with a small basket. The eldest carried <143>some fresh eggs, laid by her own hens; the second, some pickles made by her mother; the third, some popcorn grown in her garden. They were accompanied by a young maid with a block of soap made by her mother. They were the daughters of a Mrs. Nottingham, a refugee from Northampton County, who lived near Eastville, not far from 'old Arlington.' The eldest of the girls, whose age did not exceed eight years, had a small wheel on which she spun for her mother, who wove all the cloth for her two brothers—boys of twelve and fourteen years. I have not had so pleasant a visit for a long time. I fortunately was able to fill their baskets with apples, which distressed poor Bryan(*), and I begged them to bring me nothing but kisses and to keep the eggs, corn, etc., for themselves. I pray daily and almost hourly to our Heavenly Father to come to the relief of you and our afflicted country. I know He will order all things for our good, and we must be content."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter VIII—The Surrender

<144>

FORT FISHER CAPTURED—LEE MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF —
BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS—RETREAT OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN
VIRGINIA—FAREWELL TO HIS MEN—THE GENERAL'S RECEPTION
IN RICHMOND AFTER THE SURRENDER—PRESIDENT DAVIS HEARS
THE NEWS—LEE'S VISITORS—HIS SON ROBERT TURNS FARMER

THE year 1865 had now commenced. The strength of that thin gray line, drawn out to less than one thousand men to the mile, which had repulsed every attempt of the enemy to break through it, was daily becoming less. The capture of Fort Fisher, our last open port, January 15th, cut off all supplies and munitions from the outside world. Sherman had reached Savannah in December, from which point he was ready to unite with Grant at any time. From General Lee's letters, official and private, one gets a clear view of the desperateness of his position. He had been made commander-in-chief of all the military forces in the Confederate States on February 6th. In his order issued on accepting this command he says:

". . . Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people, confident that their united efforts under the blessing of Heaven will secure peace and independence.
<145>

General Beauregard, who had so ably defended Petersburg when it was first attacked, and who had assisted so materially in its subsequent defense, had been sent to gather troops to try to check Sherman's advance through the Carolinas. But Beauregard's health was now very bad, and it was feared he would have to abandon the field. In a letter to the Secretary of War, dated February 21, 1865, my father says:

". . . In the event of the necessity of abandoning our position on James River, I shall endeavour to unite the corps of the army about Burkeville(*), so as to retain communication with the North and South as long as practicable, and also with the West. I should think Lynchburg, or some point west, the most advantageous place to which to remove stores from Richmond. This, however, is a most difficult point at this time to decide, and the place may have to be changed by circumstances. It was my intention in my former letter to apply for General Joseph E. Johnston, that I might assign him to duty, should circumstances permit. I have had no official report of the condition of General Beauregard's health. It is stated from many sources to be bad. If he should break down entirely, it might be fatal. In that event, I should have no one with whom to supply his place. I therefore respectfully request General Johnston may be ordered to report to me, and that I may be informed where he is."

In a letter to the Secretary of War, written the next day:

". . . But you may expect Sheridan to move up the Valley, and Stoneman from Knoxville, as Sherman draws near Roanoke. What then will become of those sections of the country ? I know of no other troops that could be <146>given to Beauregard. Bragg

will be forced back by Schofield, I fear, and, until I abandon James River, nothing can be sent from this army. Grant, I think, is now preparing to draw out by his left with the intent of enveloping me. He may wait till his other columns approach nearer, or he may be preparing to anticipate my withdrawal. I cannot tell yet. . . . Everything of value should be removed from Richmond. It is of the first importance to save all powder. The cavalry and artillery of the army are still scattered for want of provender, and our supply and ammunition trains, which ought to be with the army in case of a sudden movement, are absent collecting provisions and forage—some in western Virginia and some in North Carolina. You will see to what straits we are reduced; but I trust to work out."

On the same day, in a letter to my mother, he writes:

". . . After sending my note this morning, I received from the express office a bag of socks. You will have to send down your offerings as soon as you can, and bring your work to a close, for I think General Grant will move against us soon—within a week, if nothing prevents—and no man can tell what may be the result; but trusting to a merciful God, who does not always give the battle to the strong, I pray we may not be overwhelmed. I shall, however, endeavour to do my duty and fight to the last. Should it be necessary to abandon our position to prevent being surrounded, what will you do? You must consider the question, and make up your mind. It is a fearful condition, and we must rely for guidance and protection upon a kind Providence. . . ."

About this time, I saw my father for the last time until after the surrender. We had been ordered up to the army from our camp nearly forty miles away, reaching the vicinity of Petersburg the morning of the attack of General Gordon on Fort Stedman, on March 25th. My <147>brother and I had ridden ahead of the division to report its presence, when we met the General riding Traveller, almost alone, back from that part of the lines opposite the fort. Since then I have often recalled the sadness of his face, its careworn expression. When he caught sight of his two sons, a bright smile at once lit up his countenance, and he showed very plainly his pleasure at seeing us. He thanked my brother for responding so promptly to his call upon him, and regretted that events had so shaped themselves that the division would not then be needed, as he had hoped it would be.

No good results followed Gordon's gallant attack. His supports did not come up at the proper time, and our losses were very heavy, mostly prisoners. Two days after this, Sheridan, with ten thousand mounted men, joined Grant, having marched from the Valley of Virginia *via* Staunton and Charlottesville. On the 28th, everything being ready, General Grant commenced to turn our right, and having more than three men to our one, he had no difficult task. On that very day my father wrote to my mother:

". . . I have received your note with a bag of socks. I return the bag and receipt. The count is all right this time. I have put in the bag General Scott's autobiography, which I thought you might like to read. The General, of course, stands out prominently, and does not hide his light under a bushel, but he appears the bold, sagacious, truthful man that he is. I inclose a note from little Agnes. I shall be very glad to see her to-morrow, but cannot recommend pleasure trips now. . . ."

On April 1st the Battle of Five Forks was fought, where about fifty thousand infantry and cavalry—more men than were in our entire army—attacked our extreme <148>right and turned it, so that, to save our communications, we had to abandon our lines at

Petersburg, giving up that city and Richmond. From that time to April 9th the Army of Northern Virginia struggled to get back to some position where it could concentrate its forces and make a stand; but the whole world knows of that six-days' retreat. I shall not attempt to describe it in detail—indeed, I could not if I would, for I was not present all the time—but will quote from those who have made it a study and who are far better fitted to record it than I am. General Early, in his address at Lexington, Virginia, January 19, 1872—General Lee's birthday—eloquently and briefly describes these six days as follows:

". . . The retreat from the lines of Richmond and Petersburg began in the early days of April, and the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia fell back, more than one hundred miles, before its overpowering antagonist, repeatedly presenting front to the latter and giving battle so as to check his progress. Finally, from mere exhaustion, less than eight thousand men with arms in their hands, of the noblest army that ever fought 'in the tide of time,' were surrendered at Appomattox to an army of 150,000 men; the sword of Robert E. Lee, without a blemish on it, was sheathed forever; and the flag, to which he had added such luster, was furled, to be, henceforth, embalmed in the affectionate remembrance of those who remained faithful during all our trials, and will do so to the end."

Colonel Archer Anderson, in his address at the unveiling of the Lee monument in Richmond, Virginia, May 29, 1890, speaking of the siege of Petersburg and of the surrender, utters these noble words:

". . . Of the siege of Petersburg, I have only time to say that in it for nine months the Confederate commander <149>displayed every art by which genius and courage can make good the lack of numbers and resources. But the increasing misfortunes of the Confederate arms on other theatres of the war gradually cut off the supply of men and means. The Army of Northern Virginia ceased to be recruited, it ceased to be adequately fed. It lived for months on less than one-third rations. It was demoralised, not by the enemy in its front, but by the enemy in Georgia and the Carolinas. It dwindled to 35,000 men, holding a front of thirty-five miles; but over the enemy it still cast the shadow of its great name. Again and again, by a bold offensive, it arrested the Federal movement to fasten on its communications. At last, an irresistible concentration of forces broke through its long thin line of battle. Petersburg had to be abandoned. Richmond was evacuated. Trains bearing supplies were intercepted, and a starving army, harassed for seven days by incessant attacks on rear and flank, found itself completely hemmed in by overwhelming masses. Nothing remained to it but its stainless honour, its unbroken courage. In those last solemn scenes, when strong men, losing all self-control, broke down and sobbed like children, Lee stood forth as great as in the days of victory and triumph. No disaster crushed his spirit, no extremity of danger ruffled his bearing. In the agony of dissolution now invading that proud army, which for four years had wrested victory from every peril, in that blackness of utter darkness, he preserved the serene lucidity of his mind. He looked the stubborn facts calmly in the face, and when no military resource remained, when he recognised the impossibility of making another march or fighting another battle, he bowed his head in submission to that Power which makes and unmakes nations. The surrender of the fragments of the Army of Northern Virginia closed the imperishable record of his military life. . . ."

From the London *Standard*, at the time of his last illness, I quote these words relating to this retreat:

"When the Army of Northern Virginia marched out of the lines around Petersburg and Richmond, it still numbered some twenty-six thousand men. After a retreat of six days, in the face of an overwhelming enemy, with a crushing artillery—a retreat impeded by constant fighting and harassed by countless hordes of cavalry—eight thousand were given up by the capitulation at Appomattox Court House. Brilliant as were General Lee's earlier triumphs, we believe that he gave higher proofs of genius in his last campaign, and that hardly any of his victories were so honourable to himself and his army as that of his six-days' retreat."

Swinton, in his "History of the Army of the Potomac," after justly praising its deeds, thus speaks of its great opponent, the Army of Northern Virginia:

"Nor can there fail to arise the image of that other army that was the adversary of the Army of the Potomac, and—who that once looked upon it can ever forget it?—that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which, for four years, carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

General Long, in speaking of its hardships and struggles during the retreat, thus describes how the army looked up to their commander and trusted him to bring them through all their troubles:

"General Lee had never appeared more grandly heroic than on this occasion. All eyes were raised to him for a deliverance which no human power seemed able to give. He alone was expected to provide food for the starving <151>army and rescue it from the attacks of a powerful and eager enemy. Under the accumulation of difficulties, his courage seemed to expand, and wherever he appeared his presence inspired the weak and weary with renewed energy to continue the toilsome march. During these trying scenes his countenance wore its habitual calm, grave expression. Those who watched his face to catch a glimpse of what was passing in his mind could gather thence no trace of his inner sentiments."

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

". . . I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and fights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour."

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of the 9th, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said:

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, hearing this, said:

"Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field ?" he replied:

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; <152>but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army ? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

There had been some correspondence with Grant, just before the conversation with General Pendleton. After Gordon's attack failed, a flag of truce was sent out, and, about eleven o'clock, General Lee went to meet General Grant. The terms of surrender were agreed upon, and then General Lee called attention to the pressing needs of his men. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

Grant said he would at once send him 25,000 rations. General Lee told him that amount would be ample and would be a great relief. He then rode back to his troops. The rations issued then to our army were the supplies destined for us but captured at Amelia Court House. Had they reached us in time, they would have given the half-starved troops that were left strength enough to make a further struggle. General Long graphically pictures the last scenes:

"It is impossible to describe the anguish of the troops when it was known that the surrender of the army was inevitable. Of all their trials, this was the greatest and hardest to endure. There was no consciousness of shame; each heart could boast with honest pride that its duty had been done to the end, and that still unsullied remained its honour. When, after his interview with General Grant, <153>General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively went up from the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of thousands of grim warriors were bathed in tears. As he rode slowly along the lines, hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay their hands upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The General then with head bare, and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army."

In a few words: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you;my heart is too full to say more," he bade them good-bye and told them to return to their homes and become good citizens. The next day he issued his farewell address, the last order published to the army:

*"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.*

"After four years' of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid

the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an <154>increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"R. E. LEE, General."

General Long says that General Meade called on General Lee on the 10th, and in the course of conversation remarked:

"Now that the war may be considered over, I hope you will not deem it improper for me to ask, for my personal information, the strength of your army during the operations about Richmond and Petersburg." General Lee replied:

"At no time did my force exceed 35,000 men; often it was less." With a look of surprise, Meade answered:

"General, you amaze me; we always estimated your force at about seventy thousand men."

General de Chanal, a French officer, who was present, states that General Lee, who had been an associate of Meade's in the engineers in the "old army," said to him pleasantly:

"Meade, years are telling on you; your hair is getting quite gray."

"Ah, General Lee," was Meade's prompt reply, "it is not the work of years; *you* are responsible for my gray hairs!"

"Three days after the surrender," says Long, "the Army of Northern Virginia had dispersed in every direction, and three weeks later the veterans of a hundred battles had exchanged the musket and the sword for the implements of husbandry. It is worthy of remark that never before was there an army disbanded with less disorder. Thousands of soldiers were set adrift on the world <155>without a penny in their pockets to enable them to reach their homes. Yet none of the scenes of riot that often follow the disbanding of armies marked their course."

A day or two after the surrender, General Lee started for Richmond, riding Traveller, who had carried him so well all through the war. He was accompanied by some of his staff. On the way, he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived on the Upper James in Powhatan County. He spent the evening in talking with his brother, but when bedtime came, though begged by his host to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted on going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in the quarters that he was accustomed to. On April 15th he arrived in Richmond. The people there soon recognised him; men, women, and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was more like the welcome to a conqueror than to a defeated prisoner on parole. He raised his hat in response to their greetings, and rode quietly to his home on Franklin Street, where my mother and sisters were anxiously awaiting him. Thus he returned to that private family life for which he had always longed, and became what he always desired to be—a peaceful citizen in a peaceful land.

In attempting to describe these last days of the Army of Northern Virginia, I have quoted largely from Long, Jones, Taylor, and Fitz Lee, all of whom have given more or

less full accounts of the movements of both armies.

It so happened that shortly after we left our lines, April 2d or 3d, in one of the innumerable contests, my horse was shot, and in getting him and myself off the field, having no choice of routes, the pursuing Federal cavalry intervened between me and the rest of our command, so <156>I had to make my way around the head of Sheridan's advance squadrons before I could rejoin our forces. This I did not succeed in accomplishing until April 9th, the day of the surrender, for my wounded horse had to be left with a farmer, who kindly gave me one of his own in exchange, saying I could send him back when I was able, or, if I was prevented, that I could keep him and he would replace him with mine when he got well.

As I was riding toward Appomattox on the 9th, I met a body of our cavalry with General T. H. Rosser at the head. He told me that General Lee and his army had surrendered, and that this force had made its way out, and was marching back to Lynchburg, expecting thence to reach General Johnston's army. To say that I was surprised does not express my feelings. I had never heard the word "surrender" mentioned, nor even suggested, in connection with our general or our army. I could not believe it, and did not until I was positively assured by all my friends who were with Rosser's column that it was absolutely so. Very sadly I turned back and went to Lynchburg along with them. There I found some wagons from our headquarters which had been sent back, and with them the horses and servants of the staff. These I got together, not believing for an instant that our struggle was over, and, with several officers from our command and others, we made our way to Greensboro, North Carolina. There I found Mr. Davis and his cabinet and representatives of the Confederate departments from Richmond. There was a great diversity of opinion amongst all present as to what we should do. After waiting a couple of days, looking over the situation from every point of view, consulting with my uncle, Commodore S.S. Lee, of the Confederate Navy, and with <157>many others, old friends of my father and staunch adherents of the Southern cause, it was determined to go back to Virginia to get our paroles, go home, and go to work.

While at Greensboro I went to see President Davis, just before he proceeded on his way farther south. He was calm and dignified, and, in his conversation with several officers of rank who were there, seemed to think, and so expressed himself, that our cause was not lost, though sorely stricken, and that we could rally our forces west of the Mississippi and make good our fight. While I was in the room, Mr. Davis received the first official communication from General Lee of his surrender. Colonel John Taylor Wood, his aide-de-camp, had taken me in to see the President, and he and I were standing by him when the despatch from General Lee was brought to him. After reading it, he handed it without comment to us; then, turning away, he silently wept bitter tears. He seemed quite broken at the moment by this tangible evidence of the loss of his army and the misfortune of its general. All of us, respecting his great grief, silently withdrew, leaving him with Colonel Wood. I never saw him again.

I started for Richmond, accompanied by several companions, with the servants and horses belonging to our headquarters. These I had brought down with me from Lynchburg, where I had found them after the surrender. After two weeks of marching and resting, I arrived in Richmond and found my father there, in the house on Franklin Street, now the rooms of the "Virginia Historical Society," and also my mother, brother, and sisters. They were all much relieved at my reappearance.

As well as I can recall my father at this time, he appeared to be very well physically, though he looked <158>older, grayer, more quiet and reserved. He seemed very tired, and was always glad to talk of any other subject than that of the war or anything pertaining thereto. We all tried to cheer and help him. And the people of Richmond and of the entire South were as kind and considerate as it was possible to be. Indeed, I think their great kindness tired him. He appreciated it all, was courteous, grateful, and polite, but he had been under such a terrible strain for several years that he needed the time and quiet to get back his strength of heart and mind. All sorts and conditions of people came to see him: officers and soldiers from both armies, statesmen, politicians, ministers of the Gospel, mothers and wives to ask about husbands and sons of whom they had heard nothing. To keep him from being overtaxed by this incessant stream of visitors, we formed a sort of guard of the young men in the house, some of whom took it by turns to keep the door and, if possible, turn strangers away. My father was gentle, kind, and polite to all, and never willingly, so far as I know, refused to see any one.

Dan Lee, late of the Confederate States Navy, my first cousin, and myself, one day had charge of the front door, when at it appeared a Federal soldier, accompanied by a darkey carrying a large willow basket filled to the brim with provisions of every kind. The man was Irish all over, and showed by his uniform and carriage that he was a "regular," and not a volunteer. On our asking him what he wanted, he replied that he wanted to see General Lee, that he had heard down the street the General and his family were suffering for lack of something to eat, that he had been with "the Colonel" when he commanded the Second Cavalry, and, as long as he had a cent, his old colonel should not suffer. My father, who <159>had stepped into another room as he heard the bell ring, hearing something of the conversation, came out into the hall. The old Irishman, as soon as he saw him, drew himself up and saluted, and repeated to the General, with tears streaming down his cheeks, what he had just said to us. My father was very much touched, thanked him heartily for his kindness and generosity, but told him that he did not need the things he had brought and could not take them. This seemed to disappoint the old soldier greatly, and he pleaded so hard to be allowed to present the supplies to his old colonel, whom he believed to be in want of them, that at last my father said that he would accept the basket and send it to the hospital, for the sick and wounded, who were really in great need. Though he was not satisfied, he submitted to this compromise, and then to our surprise and dismay, in bidding the General good-bye, threw his arms around him and was attempting to kiss him, when "Dan" and I interfered. As he was leaving, he said:

"Good-bye, Colonel! God bless ye! If I could have got over in time I would have been with ye!"

A day or two after that, when "Dan" was doorkeeper, three Federal officers, a colonel, a major, and a doctor, called and asked to see General Lee. They were shown into the parlour, presented their cards, and said they desired to pay their respects as officers of the United States Army. When Dan went out with the three cards, he was told by some one that my father was up stairs engaged with some other visitor, so he returned and told them this and they departed. When my father came down, was shown the cards and told of the three visitors. he was quite put out at Dan's not having brought him the cards at the time, and that afternoon mounted him on <160>one of his horses and sent him over to Manchester, where they were camped, to look up the three officers and to tell them he would be glad to see them at any time they might be pleased to call. However, Dan failed

to find them.

He had another visit at this time which affected him deeply. Two Confederate soldiers in very dilapidated clothing, worn and emaciated in body, came to see him. They said they had been selected from about sixty other fellows, too ragged to come themselves, to offer him a home in the mountains of Virginia. The home was a good house and farm, and near by was a defile, in some rugged hills, from which they could defy the entire Federal Army. They made this offer of a home and their protection because there was a report that he was about to be indicted for treason. The General had to decline to go with them, but the tears came into his eyes at this hearty exhibition of loyalty.

After being in Richmond a few days, and by the advice of my father getting my parole from the United States Provost Marshal there, the question as to what I should do came up. My father told me that I could go back to college if I desired and prepare myself for some profession—that he had a little money which he would be willing and glad to devote to the completion of my education. I think he was strongly in favour of my going back to college. At the same time he told me that, if I preferred it, I could take possession of my farm land in King William County, which I had inherited from my grandfather, Mr. Custis, and make my home there. As there was little left of the farm but the land, he thought he could arrange to help me build a house and purchase stock and machinery.

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My brother, General W. H. P. Lee, had already gone down to his place, "The White House" in New Kent County, with Major John Lee, our first cousin, had erected a shanty, and gone to work, breaking up land for a corn crop, putting their cavalry horses to the plow. As I thought my father had use for any means he might have in caring for my mother and sisters, and as I had this property, I determined to become a farmer. However, I did not decide positively, and in the meantime it was thought best that I should join my brother and cousin at the White House and help them make their crop of corn. In returning to Richmond, I had left at "Hickory Hill," General Wickham's place in Hanover County, our horses and servants, taken with me from Lynchburg to Greensboro and back. So bidding all my friends and family good-bye, I went by rail to "Hickory Hill" and started the next day with three servants and about eight horses for New Kent, stopping the first night at "Pampatike." The next day I reached the White House, where the reinforcements I brought with me were hailed with delight.

Though I have been a farmer from that day to this, I will say that the crop of corn which we planted that summer, with ourselves and army servants as laborers and our old cavalry horses as teams, and which we did not finish planting until the 9th of June, was the best I ever made.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter IX—A Private Citizen

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LEE'S CONCEPTION OF THE PART—HIS INFLUENCE EXERTED TOWARD THE RESTORATION OF VIRGINIA—HE VISITS OLD FRIENDS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY—RECEIVES OFFERS OF POSITIONS—COMPARES NOTES WITH THE UNION GENERAL HUNTER—LONGS FOR A COUNTRY HOME—FINDS ONE AT "DERWENT," NEAR CARTERSVILLE

MY father remained quietly in Richmond with my mother and sisters. He was now a private citizen for the first time in his life. As he had always been a good soldier, so now he became a good citizen. My father's advice to all his old officers and men was to submit to the authority of the land and to stay at home, now that their native States needed them more than ever. His advice and example had great influence with all. In a letter to Colonel Walter Taylor, (*) he speaks on this point:

". . . I am sorry to hear that our returned soldiers cannot obtain employment. Tell them they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can. Virginia wants all their aid, all their support, and the presence of all her sons to sustain and recuperate her. They must therefore put themselves in a position to take part in her government, and not be deterred by obstacles in their way. There is much to be done which they only can do. . . ."

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And in a letter, a month later, to an officer asking his opinion about a decree of the Emperor of Mexico encouraging the emigration from the South to that country:

". . . I do not know how far their emigration to another land will conduce to their prosperity. Although prospects may not now be cheering, I have entertained the opinion that, unless prevented by circumstances or necessity, it would be better for them and the country if they remained at their homes and shared the fate of their respective States. . . ."

Again, in a letter to Governor Letcher (*):

". . . The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of the war and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling, qualify themselves to vote and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practise it myself. . . ."

Also in a letter of still later date, to Captain Josiah Tatnall, of the Confederate States Navy, he thus emphasises the same sentiment:

". . . I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the re-establishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others, and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. . . ."

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These letters and many more show plainly his conception of what was right for all to do at this time. I have heard him repeatedly give similar advice to relatives and friends and to strangers who sought it. The following letters to General Grant and to President Johnson show how he gave to the people of the South an example of quiet submission to the government of the country:

"RICHMOND, Virginia, June 13, 1865.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U.S. GRANT, Commanding the
"Armies of the United States.

"General: Upon reading the President's proclamation of the 29th ult., I came to Richmond to ascertain what was proper or required of me to do, when I learned that, with others, I was to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk. I had supposed that the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were, by the terms of their surrender, protected by the United States Government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions. I am ready to meet any charges that may be preferred against me, and do not wish to avoid trial; but, if I am correct as to the protection granted by my parole, and am not to be prosecuted, I desire to comply with the provisions of the President's proclamation, and, therefore, inclose the required application, which I request, in that event, may be acted on. I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

"RICHMOND, Virginia, June 13, 1865.

"His EXCELLENCY ANDREW JOHNSON,
"President of the United States.

"Sir: Being excluded from the provisions of the amnesty and pardon contained in the proclamation of the 29th ult., I hereby apply for the benefits and full restoration of all rights and privileges extended to those included in its terms. I graduated at the Military <165>Academy at West Point in June, 1829; resigned from the United States Army, April, 1861; was a general in the Confederate Army, and included in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865. I have the honour to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

Of this latter letter, my brother, Custis Lee, writes me:

"When General Lee requested me to make a copy of this letter, he remarked it was but right for him to set an example of making formal submission to the civil authorities, and that he thought, by so doing, he might possibly be in a better position to be of use to the Confederates who were not protected by military paroles, especially Mr. Davis."

Colonel Charles Marshall(*) says:

". . . He (General Lee) set to work to use his great influence to reconcile the people of the South to the hard consequences of their defeat, to inspire them with hope, to lead them to accept, freely and frankly, the government that had been established by the result of the

war, and thus relieve them from the military rule. . . . The advice and example of General Lee did more to incline the scale in favour of a frank and manly adoption of that course of conduct which tended to the restoration of peace and harmony than all the Federal garrisons in all the military districts."

My father was at this time anxious to secure for himself and family a house somewhere in the country. He had always had a desire to be the owner of a small farm, where he could end his days in peace and quiet. The life in Richmond was not suited to him. He wanted <166>quiet and rest, but could not get it there, for people were too attentive to him. So in the first days of June he mounted old Traveller and, unattended, rode down to "Pampatike"—some twenty-five miles—to pay a visit of several days to his relations there. This is an old Carter property, belonging then and now to Colonel Thomas H. Carter, who, but lately returned from Appomattox Court House, was living there with his wife and children. Colonel Carter, whose father was a first cousin of General Lee's, entered the Army of Northern Virginia in the spring of 1861, as captain of the "King William Battery," rose grade by grade by his skill and gallantry, and surrendered in the spring of 1865, as Colonel and Chief of Artillery of his corps at that time. He was highly esteemed and much beloved by my father, and our families had been intimate for a long time.

"Pampatike" is a large, old-fashioned plantation, lying along the Pamunkey River, between the Piping Tree and New Castle ferries. Part of the house is very old, and, from time to time, as more rooms were needed, additions have been made, giving the whole a very quaint and picturesque appearance. At the old-fashioned dinner hour of three o'clock, my father, mounted on Traveller, unannounced, unexpected, and alone, rode up to the door. The horse and rider were at once recognised by Colonel Carter, and he was gladly welcomed by his kinsfolk. I am sure the days passed here were the happiest he had spent for many years. He was very weary of town, of the incessant unrest incident to his position, of the crowds of persons of all sorts and conditions striving to see him; so one can imagine the joy of master and horse when, after a hot ride of over twenty miles, they reached this quiet resting-place. My father, <167>Colonel Carter tells me, enjoyed every moment of his stay. There were three children in the house, the two youngest little girls of five and three years old. These were his special delight, and he followed them around, talking baby-talk to them and getting them to talk to him. Every morning before he was up they went into his room, at his special request, to pay him a visit. Another great pleasure was to watch Traveller enjoy himself. He had him turned out on the lawn, where the June grass was very fine, abundant, and at its prime, and would allow no corn to be fed to him, saying he had had plenty of that during the last four years, and that the grass and the liberty were what he needed. He talked to Colonel Carter much about Mexico, its people and climate; also about the old families living in that neighbourhood and elsewhere in the State, with whom both Colonel Carter and himself were connected; but he said very little about the recent war, and only in answer to some direct question.

About six miles from "Pampatike," on the same river and close to its banks, is "Chericoke," another old Virginia homestead, which had belonged to the Braxtons for generations, and, at that time, was the home of Corbin Braxton's widow. General Lee was invited to dine there, and to meet him my brother, cousin and I, from the White House, were asked, besides General Rosser, who was staying in the neighbourhood, and several others. This old Virginia house had long been noted for its lavish hospitality and bountiful

table. Mrs. Braxton had never realised that the war should make any change in this respect, and her table was still spread in those days of desolation as it had been before the war, when there was plenty in the land. So we sat down to <168>a repast composed of all the good things for which that country was famous. John and I did not seem to think there was too much in sight—at any rate, it did not daunt us, and we did our best to lessen the quantity, consuming, I think, our share and more! We had been for so many years in the habit of being hungry that it was not strange we continued to be so awhile yet. But my father took a different view of the abundance displayed, and, during his drive back, said to Colonel Carter:

"Thomas, there was enough dinner to-day for twenty people. All this will now have to be changed; you cannot afford it; we shall have to practise economy."

In talking with Colonel Carter about the situation of farmers at that time in the South, and of their prospects for the future, he urged him to get rid of the negroes left on the farm—some ninety-odd in number, principally women and children, with a few old men—saying the government would provide for them, and advised him to secure white labour. The Colonel told him he had to use, for immediate needs, such force as he had, being unable at that time to get the whites. Whereupon General Lee remarked:

"I have always observed that wherever you find the negro, everything is going down around him, and wherever you find the white man, you see everything around him improving."

He was thinking strongly of taking a house in the country for himself and family, and asked the Colonel whether he could not suggest some part of the State that might suit him. Colonel Carter mentioned Clarke County as representing the natural-grass section of Virginia, and Gloucester County the salt-water. My father unhesitatingly pronounced in favour of the grass-growing country. He told Mrs. Carter how pleased he was to hear that she <169>had received her husband in tears when he returned from the surrender, as showing the true spirit, for, though glad to see him, she wept because he could fight no more for the cause. The day after this dinner he had to turn his back on these dear friends and their sweet home.

When Traveller was brought up to the door for him to mount, he walked all around him, looking carefully at the horse, saddle, and bridle. Apparently the blanket was not arranged to suit him, for he held the bridle while "Uncle Henry" took off the saddle. Then he took off the blanket himself, spread it out on the grass, and, folding it to suit his own ideas of fitness, carefully placed it on Traveller's back, and superintended closely the putting on and girthing of the saddle. This being done, he bade everybody good-bye, and, mounting his horse, rode away homeward—to Richmond. After crossing the Pamunkey at Newcastle ferry, he rode into "Ingleside," about a mile from the river, the lovely home of Mrs. Mary Braxton. Here he dismounted and paid his respects to the mistress of the house and her daughters, who were also cousins. That afternoon he reached Richmond, returning by the same road he had travelled coming out. After this visit, which he had enjoyed so much, he began looking about more than ever to find a country home.

The house he was occupying in Richmond belonged to Mr. John Stewart, of "Brook Hill," who was noted for his devotion to the cause of the South and his kindness to all those who had suffered in the conflict. My brother Custis had rented it at the time he was appointed on Mr. Davis's staff. A mess had been established there by my brother and several other officers on duty in Richmond. In time, my mother and sister had been made

members <170>of it, and it had been the headquarters of all of the family during the war, when in town. My father was desirous of making some settlement with his landlord for its long use, but before he could take the final steps my mother received the following note from Mr. Stewart:

". . . I am not presuming on your good opinion, when I feel that you will believe me, first, that you and yours are heartily welcome to the house as long as your convenience leads you to stay in Richmond;and, next, that you owe me nothing, but, if you insist on paying, that the payment must be in Confederate currency, for which alone it was rented to your son. You do not know how much gratification it is, and will afford me and my whole family during the remainder of our lives, to reflect that we have been brought into contact, and to know and to appreciate you and all that are dear to you."

My father had been offered, since the surrender, houses, lands, and money, as well as positions as president of business associations and chartered corporations.

"An English nobleman," Long says, "desired him to accept a mansion and an estate commensurate with his individual merits and the greatness of an historic family."

He replied: "I am deeply grateful; I cannot desert my native State in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes, and share her fate."

Until his death, he was constantly in receipt of such offers, all of which he thought proper to decline. He wrote to General Long:

"I am looking for some little, quiet home in the woods, where I can procure shelter and my daily bread, if permitted by the victor. I wish to get Mrs. Lee out of the city as soon as practical." <171>

It so happened that nearly exactly what he was looking for was just then offered to him. Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, of Cumberland County, a granddaughter of Edmund Randolph, had on her estate a small cottage which, with the land attached, she placed at his disposal. The retired situation of this little home, and the cordial way in which Mrs. Cocke insisted on his coming, induced my father to accept her invitation.

Captain Edmund Randolph Cocke(*) writes me the following:

"OAKLAND, Virginia, October 25, 1896.

"My mother, whose sympathies for everybody and everything connected with our cause were the greatest and most enlarged of any one I ever knew, thought it might be agreeable and acceptable to General Lee to have a retired place in which to rest. Having this little house unoccupied, she invited him to accept it as a home as long as he might find it pleasant to himself. The General came up with your mother and sisters about the last of June, General Custis Lee having preceded them a day or two on Traveller. At that time our mode of travel was on the canal by horse-packet: leaving Richmond at a little before sunset, the boat reached Pemberton, our landing, about sunrise. General Custis and I went down to meet them, and we all reached home in time for breakfast. That night on the boat the Captain had had the most comfortable bed put up that he could command, which was offered to your father. But he preferred to sleep on deck, which he did, with his military cloak thrown over him. No doubt that was the last night he ever spent under the open sky. After a week spent here, General Lee removed, with his family, to "Derwent." There he spent several months of quiet and rest, only interrupted by the calls of those who <172>came in all honesty and sincerity to pay their respects to him. Old soldiers, citizens,

men and women, all came without parade or ceremony. During this time he rode on Traveller daily, taking sometimes long trips—once, I recall, going to his brother's, Mr. Carter Lee's, about twenty miles, and at another time to Bremo, about thirty miles. During the month of August he was visited by Judge Brockenborough, of Lexington, who, as Rector of the Board of Trustees of Washington College, tendered him, on behalf of the Board, the presidency of the college. After considering the matter for several weeks, he decided to accept this position.

". . . During that summer he was a regular attendant at the various churches in our neighbourhood, whenever there was service. I never heard your father discuss public matters at all, nor did he express his opinion of public men. On one occasion, I did hear him condemn with great severity the Secretary of War, Stanton. This was at the time Mrs. Surratt was condemned and executed. At another time I heard him speak harshly of General Hunter, who had written to him to get his approval of his movements, during the Valley Campaign, against General Early. With these exceptions, I never heard him speak of public men or measures."

In this connection I quote the Rev. J. Wm. Jones in his "Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee":

"Not long after the close of the war, General Lee received a letter from General David Hunter, of the Federal Army, in which he begged information on two points:

"1. His (Hunter's) campaign in the summer of 1864 was undertaken on information received at the War Department in Washington that General Lee was about to detach forty thousand picked troops to send General <173>Johnston. Did not his (Hunter's) movements prevent this, and relieve Sherman to that extent ?

"2. When he (Hunter) found it necessary to retreat from before Lynchburg, did not he adopt the most feasible line of retreat ?

"General Lee wrote a very courteous reply, in which he said:

"The information upon which your campaign was undertaken was erroneous. I had *no troops* to spare General Johnston and no intention of sending him any—*certainly not forty thousand, as that would have taken about all I had.*

"As to the second point—I would say that I am not advised as to the motives which induced you to adopt the line of retreat which you took, and am not, perhaps, competent to judge of the question, *but I certainly expected you to retreat by way of the Shenandoah Valley(*)*, and was gratified at the time that you preferred the route through the mountains to the Ohio—leaving the valley open for General Early's advance into Maryland."

Before leaving Richmond, my father wrote the following letter to Colonel Ordway, then Provost Marshal:

"RICHMOND, Virginia, June 21, 1865.

"LT.-COL. ALBERT ORDWAY,

"Provost Marshal, Department of Virginia.

"Colonel: I propose establishing my family next week in Cumberland County, Virginia, near Cartersville, on the James River canal. On announcing my intention to General Patrick, when he was on duty in Richmond, he stated that no passport for the purpose was necessary. Should there have been any change in the orders of the Department rendering passports necessary, I request that I may be furnished with them. My son, G. W. Custis

Lee, a paroled prisoner with myself, will accompany me. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

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The latter part of June, my father, mother, brother Custis, and sisters went to "Derwent," the name of the little place which was to be his home for that summer. They went by canal-boat from Richmond to Cartersville, and then had a drive of about six miles. Mrs. Cocke lived at "Oakland," two miles away, and her generous heart was made glad by the opportunity of supplying my father and his family with every comfort that it was possible to get at that time. In his letters to me, still at the White House busy with our corn, he gives a description of his surroundings:

". . . We are all well, and established in a comfortable but small house, in a grove of oaks, belonging to Mr. Thomas Cocke.(*). It contains four rooms, and there is a house in the yard which when fitted up will give us another. Only your mother, Agnes, and Mildred are with me. Custis, who has had a return of his attack . . . is at Mrs. Cocke's house, about two miles off—is convalescent, I hope. I have been nowhere as yet. The weather has been excessively hot, but this morning there is an agreeable change, with some rain. The country here is poor but healthy, and we are at a long distance from you all. I can do nothing until I learn what decision in my case is made in Washington. All unite with me in much love.

"Very truly, your father,

"R. E. LEE."

The "case" referred to here was the indictment in June by a grand jury in Norfolk, Virginia, of Mr. Davis, General Lee, and others, for treason or something like it. The Hon. Reverdy Johnson offered his professional services to my father in this case, but there was no trial, as a letter from General Grant to the authorities insisted <175>that the parole given by him to the officers and soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia should be respected. The following letter explains itself:

"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, Virginia, July 27, 1865.

"HON. REVERDY JOHNSON,
"Baltimore, Md.

"My Dear Sir: I very much regret that I did not see you on your recent visit to Richmond, that I might have thanked you for the interest you have shown in my behalf, and your great kindness in offering me your professional services in the indictment which I now understand is pending against me. I am very glad, however, that you had an opportunity of reading a copy of General Grant's letter of the 20th inst. to me, which I left with Mr. Macfarland for that purpose, and also that he might show it to other officers of the Army of Northern Virginia in my condition. I did not wish to give it greater publicity without the assent of General Grant, supposing that, if he desired it made public, he would take steps to have it done. Should he consent to your request to have it published, I, of course, have no objection. But should he not, I request that you only use it in the manner I have above indicated. Again offering you my warmest thanks for your sympathy and consideration for my welfare, I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

In another letter to me he tells of his visit to his brother Charles Carter Lee, in Powhatan County, which was an easy ride from "Derwent." He was very fond of making these little excursions, and Traveller, that summer, was in constant use:

"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, July 22, 1865.

"My Dear Rob: I have just returned from a visit to your Uncle Carter, and, among my letters, find one from <176>some of your comrades to you, which I inclose. I was happy to discover from the direction that it was intended for you and not for me. I find Agnes quite sick, and have sent for the doctor, as I do not know what to do for her. Poor little thing! she seems quite prostrated. Custis, I am told, is better. He is still at Mrs. Cocke's. The rest of us are well. I saw several of your comrades, Cockes, Kennons and Gilliams, who inquired after you all. Give my love to F. and Johnny, in which all here unite, and believe me most truly and affectionately

"Your father,

R. E. LEE.

"Robert E. Lee."

In another letter he gives an account of a trip that he and Traveller had taken across the river into Albemarle County:

"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, August 21, 1865.

"My Dear Bertus: I received only a few days ago your letter of the 12th. I am very sorry to hear of your afflictions, but hope you have shaken off all of them. You must keep your eyes open, you precious boy, and not run against noxious vines and fevers. I have just returned from a visit to Fluvanna. I rode up the gray and extended my peregrinations into Albemarle, but no further than the Green Mountain neighbourhood. I made short rides, stopping every evening with some friend, and had a very pleasant time. I commended you to all the young ladies on the road, but did not know I was extolling a poisoned beau! You must go up and see Miss Francis Galt. Tell Fitzhugh I wrote to him before I went away. I am glad to hear that your corn is so fine, and that you are making preparations to put in a good crop of wheat. I wish I had a little farm somewhere, to be at work too. Custis is paying a visit to his friend, Captain Watkins, in Powhatan. He came up for him last Saturday, and bore him off. He has got quite well now, and I hope will continue so. Agnes is <177>also again well, though still feeble and thin. Your mother, Life, and myself as usual. We have not heard for some time from daughter. A report has reached us of her being at Mr. Burwell's. Miss Mary Cocke and her brother John paid us a short visit from Saturday to Monday, and several of our neighbors have been over to spend the day. We have a quiet time, which is delightful to me, but I fear not so exhilarating to the girls. I missed Uncle Carter's visit. He and his Robert rode up on a pair of colts while I was in Fluvanna, and spent several days. I wish we were nearer you boys. I want to see you very much, but do not know when that can be. I hope Johnny is well. I have heard nothing from his father since we parted in Richmond, but hear that Fitz has gone to see his mother. All here send their best love to you, and I pray that every happiness may attend you.

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE.

"Robert E. Lee."

"Bertus" was a contraction of Robertus, my father's pet name for me as a child. My afflictions were "poison-oak," chills, and fever. The letter to my brother Fitzhugh, here referred to, I also give:

*"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, Cumberland County, Virginia,
"July 29, 1865.*

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I was very glad to receive, by the last packet from Richmond, your letter of the 22d. We had all been quite anxious to hear from you, and were much gratified to learn that you were all well, and doing well. It is very cheering to me to hear of your good prospects for corn and your cheerful prospects for the future. God grant they may be realised, which, I am sure, they will be, if you will unite sound judgment to your usual energy in your operations. As to the indictments, I hope you, at least, may not be prosecuted. I <178>see no other reason for it than for prosecuting *all* who ever engaged in the war. I think, however, we may expect procrastination in measures of relief, denunciatory threats, etc. We must be patient, and let them take their course. As soon as I can ascertain their intention toward me, if not prevented, I shall endeavour to procure some humble, but quiet, abode for your mother and sisters, where I hope they can be happy. As I before said, I want to get in some grass country, where the natural product of the land will do much for my subsistence. . . . Our neighbours are very kind, and do everything in the world to promote our comfort. If Agnes is well enough, I propose to ride up to 'Bremo' next week. I wish I was near enough to see you. Give much love to Rob and Johnny, the Carters and Braxtons. All here unite in love and best wishes for you all.

"Most affectionately, your father,

"R. E. LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee
Chapter X—President Of Washington College

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PATRIOTIC MOTIVES FOR ACCEPTANCE OF TRUST—CONDITION OF
COLLEGE—THE GENERAL'S ARRIVAL AT LEXINGTON—HE
PREPARES FOR THE REMOVAL OF HIS FAMILY TO THAT CITY—
ADVICE TO ROBERT, JUNIOR—TRIP TO "BREMEN" ON PRIVATE
CANAL-BOAT—MRS. LEE'S INVALIDISM

ABOUT this time my father received from the Board of Trustees of Washington College a notification of his election to the presidency of that institution, at a meeting of the board held in Lexington, Virginia, on August 4, 1865. The letter apprising him of the action was presented by Judge John W. Brockenbrough, rector of the college. This was a complete surprise to my father. He had already been offered the vice-chancellorship of the "University of the South," at Sewanee, Tennessee, but declined it on the ground that it was denominational, and to some suggestions that he should connect himself with the University of Virginia he objected because it was a State institution.

Washington College had started as an academy in 1749. It was the first classical school opened in the Valley of Virginia. After a struggle of many years, under a succession of principals and with several changes of site, it at length acquired such a reputation as to attract the attention of General Washington. He gave it a handsome <180>endowment, and the institution changed its name from "Liberty Hall Academy" to Washington College. In the summer of 1865, the college, through the calamities of civil war, had reached the lowest point of depression it had ever known. Its buildings, library, and apparatus had suffered from the sack and plunder of hostile soldiery. Its invested funds, owing to the general impoverishment throughout the land, were for the time being rendered unproductive and their ultimate value was most uncertain. Four professors still remained on duty, and there were about forty students, mainly from the country around Lexington. It was not a State institution, nor confined to any one religious denomination, so two objections which might have been made by my father were removed. But the college in later years had only a local reputation. It was very poor, indifferently equipped with buildings, and with no means in sight to improve its condition.

"There was a general expectation that he would decline the position as not sufficiently lucrative, if his purpose was to repair the ruins of his private fortune resulting from the war; as not lifting him conspicuously enough in the public gaze, if he was ambitious of office or further distinction; or as involving too great labour and anxiety, if he coveted repose after the terrible contest; from which he had just emerged."(*)

He was very reluctant to accept this appointment, but for none of the above reasons, as the average man might have been. Why he was doubtful of undertaking the responsibilities of such a position his letter of acceptance clearly shows. He considered the matter carefully and then wrote the following letter to the committee:

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"POWHATAN COUNTY, August 24, 1865.

"Gentlemen: I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst.,

informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labour of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise, I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt <182>gratitude for the honour conferred upon me, and request, ing you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

To present a clearer view of some of the motives influencing my father in accepting this trust—for such he considered it—I give an extract from an address on the occasion of his death, by Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, delivered at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee:

"I was seated," says Bishop Wilmer, "at the close of the day, in my Virginia home, when I beheld, through the thickening shades of evening, a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognised as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College at Lexington. He had been invited to become president of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change (shall I say revulsion?) in his history. The institution was one of local interest, and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardour as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that, in his judgment, the *cause* gave dignity to the institution, and not the wealth of its endowment or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he only wished to be assured of his competency to fulfil his trust and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to me as one 'whose life was hid with Christ in God.' My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart was inclined to this great cause, and that he was spared to give to the world <183>this august

testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words; how he beckoned me to his side, as the fulness of heart found utterance; how his whole countenance glowed with animation as I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the great Teacher, whose presence was required to make education a blessing, which otherwise might be the curse of mankind; how feelingly he responded, how *eloquently*, as I never heard him speak before can never be effaced from memory; and nothing more sacred mingles with my reminiscences of the dead."

The board of trustees, on August 31st, adopted and sent to General Lee resolutions saying that, in spite of his objections, "his connection with the institution would greatly promote its prosperity and advance the general interest of education, and urged him to enter upon his duties as president at his earliest convenience."

My father had had nearly four years' experience in the charge of young men at West Point. The conditions at that place, to be sure, were very different from those at the one to which he was now going, but the work in the main was the same—to train, improve and elevate. I think he was influenced, in making up his mind to accept this position, by the great need of education in his State and in the South, and by the opportunity that he saw at Washington College for starting almost from the beginning, and for helping, by his experience and example, the youth of his country to become good and useful citizens.

In the latter part of September, he mounted Traveller and started alone for Lexington. He was four days on the journey, stopping with some friend each night. He rode into Lexington on the afternoon of the fourth day, <184>no one knowing of his coming until he quietly drew up and dismounted at the village inn. Professor White, who had just turned into the main street as the General halted in front of the hotel, said he knew in a moment that this stately rider on the iron-gray charger must be General Lee. He, therefore, at once went forward, as two or three old soldiers gathered around to help the General down, and insisted on taking him to the home of Colonel Reid, the professor's father-in-law, where he had already been invited to stay. My father, with his usual consideration for others, as it was late in the afternoon, had determined to remain at the hotel that night and go to Mr. Reid's in the morning; but yielding to Captain White's (he always called him "*Captain*," his Confederate title) assurances that all was ready for him, he accompanied him to the home of his kind host.

The next morning, before breakfast, he wrote the following letter to my mother announcing his safe arrival. The "Captain Edmund" and "*Mr.* Preston" mentioned in it were the sons of our revered friend and benefactress, Mrs. E. R. Cocke. Colonel Preston and Captain Frank were her brother and nephew:

"LEXINGTON, September 19, 1865.

"My Dear Mary: I reached here yesterday about one P.M., and on riding up to the hotel was met by Professor White, of Washington College, who brought me up to his father-in-law's, Colonel Reid, the oldest member of the trustees of the college, where I am very comfortably quartered. To-day I will look out for accommodations elsewhere, as the Colonel has a large family and I fear I am intruding upon his hospitality. I have not yet visited the college grounds. They seem to be beautifully located, and the buildings are undergoing repairs. The house assigned to the president, I am told, <185>has been rented to Dr. Madison (I believe), who has not been able to procure another residence, and I do not know when it will be vacated, nor can I tell you more about it. I saw Mrs. Cocke

yesterday afternoon, who looks remarkably well, and will return to the Alum [Springs] tomorrow. Captain Edmund is with her and goes to-day to Kentucky. He and Mr. Preston are very well. The latter will accompany his mother to the Alum. I have not yet seen him. I saw Mrs. and Colonel Preston, Captain Frank, and his sister. All the family are well. I shall go after breakfast to inquire after my trunks. I had a very pleasant journey here. The first two days were very hot, but, reaching the mountain region the third day, the temperature was much cooler. I came up in four days' easy rides, getting to my stopping-place by one P.M. each day, except the third, when I slept on top of the Blue Ridge, which I reached at three P.M. The scenery was beautiful all the way. I am writing before breakfast, and must be short. Last night I found a blanket and coverlid rather light covering, and this morning I see a fire in the dining-room. I have thought much of you all since I left. Give much love to the girls and Custis and remember me to all at 'Oakland.'

"Most affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

When he first arrived, the family, very naturally, stood a little in awe of him. This feeling, however, was soon dispelled, for his simple and unaffected manners in a short while put them at ease. There were some little children in the house, and they and the General at once became great friends. With these kind and hospitable friends he stayed several days. After being present at a meeting of the board of trustees, he rode Traveller over to the Rockbridge Baths—eleven miles from Lexington—and from there writes to my mother, on September 25th:

<186>

". . . Am very glad to hear of Rob's arrival. I am sorry that I missed seeing the latter, but find it was necessary that I should have been present at the meeting of the board of trustees on the 20th. They adjourned on the eve of the 21st, and on the morning of the 22d I rode over here, where I found Annie and Miss Belle.(*). . . The babies(+) are well and sweet. I have taken the baths every day since my arrival, and like them very much. In fact, they are delightful, and I wish you were all here to enjoy them. . . . Annie and Belle go in two, and sometimes three, times a day. Yesterday I procured some horses and took them up to the top of Jump Mountain, where we had one of the most beautiful views I ever saw. To-day I could get but one horse, and Miss Belle and I rode up Hays Creek Valley, which possessed beauties of a different kind. I shall return to Lexington on the 29th. I perceive, as yet, no change in my rheumatic affection. . . . Tell Custis I am much obliged to him for his attention to my baggage. All the articles enumerated by him arrived safely at Colonel Reid's Thursday morning early. I also received the package of letters he sent. . . . I hope he may receive the appointment at the V. M. I. Everyone interested has expressed a desire he should do so, and I am more desirous than all of them. If he comes by land, he will find the route I took very pleasant, and about 108 miles, namely: 'Bremo'—Dr. Wilmer's—Waynesboro'—Greenville. He will find me at the Lexington Hotel. . . . I wish you were all with me. I feel very solitary and miss you all dreadfully. Give much love to the girls and boys—kind remembrances to Mrs. P., Miss Louisa, and Mrs. Thos. Cocke. I have no news. Most affectionately,

R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—Annie and Belle send a great deal of love to all.

R. E. L."

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These little excursions and the meeting with old friends and dear cousins were sources of real enjoyment and grateful rest. The pains of the past, the worries of the present, and the cares for the future were, for the time being, banished. My father earnestly desired a quiet, informal inauguration, and his wish was gratified. On October 2, 1865, in the presence of the trustees, professors and students, after solemn and appropriate prayer by the Rev. W. S. White, D.D., the oldest Christian minister in the town, (*) he took the oath of office as required by the laws of the college, and was thus legally inaugurated as its president.

On October 3d he wrote my mother:

". . . I am glad to hear that Rob is improving, and hope you had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Dana. (+). . . The college opened yesterday, and a fine set of youths, about fifty, made their appearance in a body. It is supposed that many more will be coming during the month. The scarcity of money everywhere embarrasses all proceedings. General Smith informs me that the Military Institute will commence its exercises on the 16th inst.; and that Custis was unanimously elected to the chair of Civil Engineering. (++) I am living at the Lexington Hotel, and he must come there if he comes up. . . . The ladies have furnished me a very nice room in the college for my office; new carpet from Baltimore, curtains, etc. They are always doing something kind. <188>. . . I came up September 30th from the Baths. Annie and Miss Belle still there and very well. They expect to be here on the 10th. . . . You tell me nothing of the girls. I hope Agnes is getting strong and fat. I wished for them both at the Baths. Annie and Belle were my only companions. I could not trespass upon them always. The scenery is beautiful here, but I fear it will be locked up in winter by the time you come. Nothing could be more beautiful than the mountains now. . .

"Most affectionately,

R. E. LEE."

In addition to his duties as college president, my father had to make all the arrangements for his new home. The house assigned him by the college was occupied by Dr. Madison, who was to move out as soon as he could. Carpenters, painters and glaziers had to be put to work to get it into condition; furniture, carpets, bedding to be provided, a cook procured, servants and provisions supplied.

My mother was an invalid and absent, and as my sisters were with her, everything down to the minutest detail was done by my father's directions and under his superintendence. He had always been noted for his care and attention to little things, and that trait, apparent in him when a mere lad, practised all through his busy and eventful life, stood him in good stead now. The difficulties to be overcome were made greater by the scarcity and inaccessibility of supplies and workmen and the smallness of his means. In addition, he conducted a large correspondence, always answering every letter. To every member of his family he wrote continually, and was interested in all our pursuits, advising and helping us as no one else could have done. Some of his letters to my mother at this time show how he looked into <189>every matter, great or small, which related to her comfort and welfare, and to the preparation of her new home. For example, on October 9th he writes:

". . . Life is indeed gliding away and I have nothing of good to show for mine that is past. I pray I may be spared to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honour of God. . . . I hope I may be able to get the house prepared for you in time to reach here before the cold weather. Dr. Madison has sent me word that he will vacate the house on the 16th inst., this day week. I will commence to make some outside repairs this week, so as to get at the inside next, and hope by the 1st of November it will be ready for you. There is no furniture belonging to the house, but we shall require but little to commence with. Mr. Green, of Alexandria, to whom I had written, says that his manufacturing machinery, etc., has been so much injured that, although it has been returned to him, he cannot resume operations until next year, but that he will purchase for us anything we desire. I believe nothing is manufactured in Richmond—everything comes from the North, and we might as well write to Baltimore at once for what we want. What do you think? I believe nothing of consequence is manufactured here. I will see this week what can be done. . . ."

And again, a few days later, he writes:

". . . I hope you are all well, and as comfortable as can be. I am very anxious to get you all here, but have made little progress in accomplishing it so far. Dr. M. expects to vacate the house this week, but I fear it is not certain he can do so. . . . I engaged some carpenters last week to repair the roof, fences, stable, etc., but for want of material they could not make a commencement. There is no lumber here at hand. Everything has to be prepared. I have not been in the <190>house yet, but I hear there is much to be done. We shall have to be patient. As soon as it is vacated, I will set to work. I think it will be more expeditious and cheaper to write to Renwick [of Baltimore] to send what articles of furniture will be required, and also to order some carpets from Baltimore. . . ."

In a postscript, dated the 17th, he says:

"The carpenters made a beginning on the house yesterday. I hope it may be vacated this week. I will prepare your room first. The rest of us can bivouac. Love to all. Most affectionately,

R. E. LEE."

On October 19th:

". . . I have been over the house we are to occupy. It is in wretched condition. Mrs. M. has not yet vacated it, but I have some men at work, though this storm has interrupted their operations and I fear little will be done this week. I think I can make your room comfortable. The upstairs is very convenient and the rest of the house sufficiently so. I think you had better write at once to Brit(*) to send the curtains you speak of, and the carpets. It is better to use what we have than to buy others. Their use where originally intended(±) is very uncertain. They have been tossed about for four years, and may be lost or ruined. They can come by express to Lynchburg, and then up the canal, or by Richmond. The merchants say the former is the best way—much more expeditious and but little more expensive."

Spending the summer on the Pamunkey at the White House, exposed all day in the fields to the sun, and at <191>night to the malaria from the river and marshes, I became by the last of September one continuous "chill," so it was decided that, as the corn was

made, the fodder saved, the wheat land broken up, and hands not so greatly needed, I should get a furlough. Mounting my mare, I started on a visit to my mother and sisters, hoping that the change to the upper country would help me to get rid of the malaria. When I reached "Derwent" my father had gone to Lexington, but my mother and the rest were there to welcome me and dose me for my ailments. There was still some discussion among us all as to what was the best thing for me to do, and I wrote to my father, telling him of my preference for a farmer's life and my desire to work my own land. The following letter, which he wrote me in reply, is, like all I ever got from him, full of love, tenderness, and good, sensible advice:

"My Dear Son: I did not receive until yesterday your letter of the 8th inst. I regret very much having missed seeing you—still more to hear that you have been suffering from intermittent fever. I think the best thing you can do is to eradicate the disease from your system, and unless there is some necessity for your returning to the White House, you had better accompany your mother here. I have thought very earnestly as to your future. I do not know to what stage your education has been carried, or whether it would be advantageous for you to pursue it further. Of that you can judge. If you do, and will apply yourself so as to get the worth of your money, I can advance it to you for this year at least. If you do not, and wish to take possession of your farm, I can assist you a little in that. As matters now stand, you could raise money on your farm only by mortgaging it, which would put you in debt at the beginning of your life, and I fear in the end would swallow up all your property. As soon as I am restored to civil rights, if I <192>ever am, I will settle up your grandfather's estate, and put you in possession of your share. The land may be responsible for some portion of his debts or legacies. If so, you will have to assume it. In the meantime, I think it would be better for you, if you determine to farm your land, to go down there as you propose and begin on a moderate scale. I can furnish you means to buy a team, wagon, implements, etc. What will it cost If you cannot wait to accompany your mother here, come up to see me and we can talk it over. You could come up in the packet and return again. If you do come, ask Agnes for my box of private papers I left with her, and bring it with you; but do not lose it for your life, or we are all ruined. Wrap it up with your clothes and put it in a carpet-bag or valise, so that you can keep it with you or within your sight, and do not call attention to it. I am glad to hear that Fitzhugh keeps so well, and that he is prospering in his farming operations. Give him a great deal of love for me. The first thing you must do is to get well.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

His letters to his daughters tell, in a playful way, much of his life, and are full of the quiet humour in which he so often indulged. We were still at "Derwent," awaiting the time when the house in Lexington should be ready. It had been decided that I should remain and accompany my mother and sisters to Lexington, and that some of us, or all, should go up the river to "Bremo," the beautiful seat of Dr. Charles Cocke, and pay a visit there before proceeding to Lexington. Here is a letter from my father to his daughter Mildred:

"LEXINGTON, October 29, 1865.

"My Precious Life: Your nice letter gave me much pleasure and made me the more anxious to see you. I <193>think you girls, after your mother is comfortable at 'Bremo,'

will have to come up and arrange the house for her reception. You know I am a poor hand and can do nothing without your advice. Your brother, too, is wild for the want of admonition. Col. Blair is now his 'fidus Achates,' and as he is almost as gray as your papa, and wears the same uniform, all gray, he is sometimes taken for him by the young girls, who consider your brother the most attentive of sons, and giving good promise of making a desirable husband. He will find himself married some of these days before he knows it. You had better be near him. I hope you give attention to Robert. Miss Sallie will thaw some of the ice from his heart. Tell her she must come up here, as I want to see her badly. I do not know what you will do with your chickens, unless you take them to 'Bremo,' and thus bring them here. I suppose Robert would not eat 'Laura Chilton' and 'Don Ella McKay.' Still less would he devour his sister 'Mildred.'^(*) I have scarcely gotten acquainted with the young ladies. They look very nice in the walks, but I rarely get near them. Traveller is my only companion; I may also say my pleasure. He and I, whenever practicable, wander out in the mountains and enjoy sweet confidence. The boys are plucking out his tail, and he is presenting the appearance of a plucked chicken. Two of the belles of the neighbourhood have recently been married—Miss Mattie Jordan to Dr. Cameron, and Miss Rose Cameron to Dr. Sherod. The former couple go to Louisburg, West Virginia, and start to-morrow on horseback, the bride's trousseau in a baggage wagon; the latter to Winchester. Miss Sherod, one of the bridesmaids, said she knew you there. I did not attend the weddings, but have seen the pairs of doves. Both of the brides are remarkable in this county of equestrianism for their good riding and beauty. With true affection, Your fond father,

"R. E. LEE."

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To his daughter Agnes, about the same time, he writes:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 26, 1865.

"My Dear Agnes: I will begin the correspondence of the day by thanking you for your letter of the 9th. It will, I am sure, be to me intellectually what my morning's feast is corporeally. It will strengthen me for the day, and smoothe the rough points which constantly protrude in my epistles. I am glad Robert is with you. It will be a great comfort to him, and I hope, in addition, will dissipate his chills. He can also accompany you in your walks and rides and be that silent sympathy (for he is a man of few words) which is so soothing. Though marble to women, he is so only externally, and you will find him warm and cheering. Tell him I want him to go to see Miss Francis Galt (I think her smile will awake some sweet music in him), and be careful to take precautions against the return of the chills, on the 7th, 14th and 21st days. . . . I want very much to have you all with me again, and miss you dreadfully. I hope another month will accomplish it. In the meantime, you must get very well. This is a beautiful spot by nature—man has done but little for it. Love to all. Most affectionately,

"Your father,

"R. E. LEE."

About the first week of November we all went by canal-boat to "Bremo," some twenty-five miles up the James River, where we remained the guests of Doctor and Mrs. Charles Cocke until we went to Lexington. My sister Agnes, while there, was invited to Richmond

to assist at the wedding of a very dear friend, Miss Sally Warwick. She wrote to my father asking his advice and approval, and received this reply, so characteristic of his playful, humorous mood:

<195>

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, November 16, 1865.

"My Precious Little Agnes: I have just received your letter of the 13th and hasten to reply. It is very hard for you to apply to me to advise you to go away from me. You know how much I want to see you, and how important you are to me. But in order to help you to make up your mind, if it will promote your pleasure and Sally's happiness, I will say go. You may inform Sally from me, however, that no preparations are necessary, and if they were no one could help her. She has just got to wade through it as if it was an attack of measles or anything else—naturally. As she would not marry Custis, she may marry whom she chooses. I shall wish her every happiness, just the same, for she knows nobody loves her as much as I do. I do not think, upon reflection, she will consider it right to refuse my son and take away my daughter. She need not tell me whom she is going to marry. I suppose it is some cross old widower, with a dozen children. She will not be satisfied at her sacrifice with less, and I should think that would be cross sufficient. I hope 'Life' is not going to desert us too, and when are we to see you? . . . I have received your mother's letter announcing her arrival at 'Bremo.' . . . Tell your mother, however, to come when she chooses and when most to her comfort and convenience. She can come to the hotel where I am, and stay until the house is ready. There is no difficulty in that, and she can be very comfortable. My rooms are up on the 3d floor and her meals can be sent to her. Tell Rob the chills will soon leave him now. Mrs. Cocke will cure him. Give much love to your mamma, Mildred, Rob, and all at 'Bremo.'

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"Miss Agnes Lee."

Colonel Ellis, President of the James River and Kanawha Canal Company, placed at my mother's disposal his <196>private boat, which enabled her to reach "Bremo" with great ease and comfort, and when she was ready to go to Lexington the same boat was again given her. It was well fitted up with sleeping accommodations, carried a cook, and had a dining-room. It corresponded to the private car of the present railroad magnate, and, though not so sumptuous, was more roomy and comfortable. When provisions became scarce we purchased fresh supplies from any farm-house near the canal-bank, tied up at night, and made about four miles an hour during the day. It was slow but sure, and no mode of travel, even at the present day, could have suited my mother better. She was a great invalid from rheumatism, and had to be lifted whenever she moved. When put in her wheel-chair, she could propel herself on a level floor, or could move about her room very slowly and with great difficulty on her crutches, but she was always bright, sunny-tempered, and uncomplaining, constantly occupied with her books, letters, knitting, and painting, for the last of which she had great talent.

On November 20th my father writes to her from Lexington:

"I was very glad to hear, by your letter of the 11th, of your safe arrival at 'Bremo.' I feel very grateful to Col. Ellis for his thoughtful consideration in sending you in his boat, as

you made the journey in so much more comfort. It is indeed sad to be removed from our kind friends at 'Oakland,' who seemed never to tire of contributing to our convenience and pleasure, and who even continue their kindness at this distance. Just as the room which I had selected for you was finished, I received the accompanying note from Mrs. Cocke, to which I responded and thanked her in your name, placing the room at her disposal. The paint is hardly dry yet, but will be ready <197>this week, to receive the furniture if completed. I know no more about it than is contained in her note. I was also informed, last night, that a very handsome piano had been set up in the house, brought from Baltimore by the maker as a present from his firm or some friends. I have not seen it or the maker. This is an article of furniture that we might well dispense with under present circumstances, though I am equally obliged to those whose generosity prompted its bestowal. Tell Mildred I shall now insist on her resuming her music, and, in addition to her other labours, she must practise *seven* hours a day on the piano, until she becomes sufficiently proficient to play agreeably to herself and others, and promptly and gracefully, whenever invited. I think we should enjoy all the amenities of life that are within our reach, and which have been provided for us by our Heavenly Father. . . . I am sorry Rob has a return of his chills, but he will soon lose them now. Ask Miss Mary to disperse them. She is very active and energetic; they cannot stand before her. . . . I hope Agnes has received my letter, and that she has made up her mind to come up to her papa. Tell her there are plenty of weddings here, if she likes those things. There is to be one Tuesday—Miss Mamie Williamson to Captain Eoff. Beverley Turner is to be married the same night, to Miss Rose Skinker, and sweet Margaret will also leave us. If they go at three a night, there will soon be none of our acquaintances left. I told Agnes to tell you to come up whenever most convenient to you. If the house is habitable I will take you there. If not, will bring you to the hotel. . . . I wish I could take advantage of this fine weather to perform the journey. . . ."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XI—The Idol Of The South

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PHOTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPHS IN DEMAND THE GENERAL'S INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE—HIS HAPPY HOME LIFE—LABOURS AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE—HE GAINS FINANCIAL AID FOR IT—WORSLEY'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER DEDICATED TO HIM—TRIBUTES FROM OTHER ENGLISH SCHOLARS

THE people of Virginia and of the entire South were continually giving evidence of their intense love for General Lee. From all nations, even from the Northern States, came to him marks of admiration and respect. Just at this time he received many applications for his photograph with autograph attached. I believe there were none of the little things in life so irksome to him as having his picture taken in any way, but, when able to comply, he could not refuse to do what was asked of him by those who were willing and anxious to do so much for him.

In the following letter the photographs referred to had been sent to him for his signature, from a supply that my mother generally kept on hand. She was often asked for them by those who very considerably desired to save my father the trouble:

"LEXINGTON, November 21, 1865.

"My Dear Mary: I have just received your letter of the 17th, and return the photographs with my signatures. <199>I wrote to you by the boat of yesterday morning. I also sent you a packet of letters by Captain Wilkinson, (*) which also ought to have reached you to-day. I have nothing to add to my former letters, and only write now that you may receive the photos before you leave. I answered Agnes' letter immediately, and inclosed her several letters. I was in hopes she had made up her mind to eschew weddings and stick to her papa. I do not think she can help little Sallie. Besides, she will not take the oath—how can she get married? The wedding party from this place go down in the boat to-night to Lynchburg—Miss Williamson and Captain Eoff. They are to be married in church at eight P.M. and embark at eleven. I wish them a pleasant passage and am glad I am not of the party. The scenery along the river will no doubt be cheering and agreeable. I think the repairs of the house will be completed this week; should the furniture arrive, it will be habitable next. The weather is still beautiful, which is in our favour. I am glad Caroline is so promising. I have engaged no servant here yet, nor have I found one to my liking. We can get some of some kind, and do better when we can. I have heard nothing of the wedding at 'Belmead,' and do not think Preston will go. Mrs. Cooke is very well, but the furniture she intends for your room is not yet completed. It will be more comfortable and agreeable to you to go at once to the house on your arrival. But if there is anything to make it more desirable for you to come before the house is ready, you must come to the hotel. If we could only get comfortable weather in December, it would be better not to go into the house until it is dry, the paint hard, etc. It will require all this week to get the wood done; then it must be scoured, etc., and the furniture properly arranged. Tell Rob he will soon be well. He must cheer up and come and see his papa. Give my love to Mrs. Cocke, Miss Mary, etc., etc. Tell Agnes, if she thinks Sallie is *in extremis*, to go to her. I <200>do not want her to pass away, but it is a great disappointment to me not to have her

with me. I am getting very old and infirm now, and she had better come to her papa and take care of him.

"Most affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

My father was always greatly interested in the love affairs of his relatives, friends, and acquaintances. His letters during the war show this in very many ways. One would suppose that the general commanding an army in active operations could not find the time even to think of such trifles, much less to write about them; but he knew of very many such affairs among his officers and even his men, and would on occasion refer to them before the parties themselves, very much to their surprise and discomfiture. Bishop Peterkin, of West Virginia, who served on the staff of General Pendleton, tells me of the following instances, in illustration of this characteristic:

"It was in the winter of 1863-4, when we were camped near Orange Court House, that, meeting the General after I had come back from a short visit to Richmond, he asked after my father, and then said, 'Did you see Miss —?' and I replied, 'No, sir; I did not.' Then again, 'Did you see Miss —?' and when I still replied 'No,' he added, with a smile, 'How exceedingly busy you must have been.'

"Again—at the cavalry review at Brandy Station, on June 8, 1863—we had galloped all around the lines, when the General took his post for the 'march past,' and all the staff in attendance grouped themselves about him. There being no special orders about our positions, I got pretty near the General. I noticed that several times he turned and looked toward an ambulance near us, filled <201>with young girls. At last, after regiments and brigades had gone by, the Horse Artillery came up. The General turned and, finding me near him, said, 'Go and tell that young lady with the blue ribbon in her hat that such-and-such a battery is coming.'

"I rode up and saluted the young lady. There was great surprise shown by the entire party, as I was not known to any of them, and when I came out with my message there was a universal shout, while the General looked on with a merry twinkle in his eye. It was evidently the following up on his part of some joke which he had with the young lady about an officer in this battery."

My mother had arranged to start for Lexington on November 28th, via the canal, but for some reason was prevented on that day. In his next letter, my father, who was most anxious that she should make the journey before the bad weather set in, expresses his disappointment at not finding her on the packet on the expected morning.

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, November 30, 1865.

"My Dear Mary: I am much disappointed that you did not arrive on the boat last night, and as you had determined when you wrote Saturday, the 25th, to take the boat as it passed Tuesday, I fear you were prevented either by the indisposition of yourself or of Robert's. I shall, however, hope that it was owing to some less distressing cause. Our room is all ready and looks remarkably nice. Mrs. Cocke, in her great kindness, seems to have provided everything for it that you require, and you will have nothing to do but to take possession. The ladies have also arranged the other rooms as far as the furniture will allow. They have put down the carpets in the parlour, dining-room, and two chambers <202>upstairs, and have put furniture in one room. They have also put up the curtains in

the rooms downstairs, and put a table and chairs in the dining-room. We have, therefore, everything which is required for living, as soon as the crockery, etc., arrives from 'Derwent,' of which as yet I have heard nothing. Neither has the furniture from Baltimore arrived, and the season is so far advanced that we may be deprived of that all winter. But with what we now have, if we can get that from 'Derwent,' we shall do very well. There is some report of the packets between this place and Lynchburg being withdrawn from the line, which renders me more uneasy about your journey up. This is a bright and beautiful morning, and there is no indication of a change of weather, but the season is very uncertain, and snow and ice may be upon us any day. I think you had better come now the first opportunity. Do not take the boat which passes 'Bremo' Saturday. It reaches Lynchburg Sunday morning, arriving here Monday night. You would in that case have to lie at the wharf at Lynchburg all day Sunday. I have heard of Agnes' arrival in Richmond, and shall be happy to have 'Precious Life' write me again. I have engaged a man for the balance of the year, who professes to know everything. He can at least make up fires, and go on errands, and attend to the yard and stable. I have heard nothing of Jimmy. Give my kind regards to all at 'Bremo.' Custis is well and went to the boat to meet you this morning. The boat stops one and one-quarter miles from town. Remain aboard until we come.

"Most affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—Since writing the foregoing I have received your letter of the 28th. I shall expect you Saturday morning.

R. E. L.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

At this time the packet-boat from Lynchburg to Lexington, via the James River and Kanawha Canal, was <203>the easiest way of reaching Lexington from the outside world. It was indeed the only way, except by stage from Goshen, twenty-one miles distant, a station of the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. The canal ran from Lynchburg to Richmond, and just after the war did a large business. The boats were very uncertain in their schedules, and my father was therefore very particular in his directions to my mother, to insure her as far as he could a comfortable journey. (*)

We did get off at last, and after a very comfortable trip arrived at Lexington on the morning of December 2d. My father, on Traveller, was there to meet us, and, putting us all in a carriage, escorted us to our new home. On arriving, we found awaiting us a delicious breakfast sent by Mrs. Nelson, the wife of Professor Nelson. The house was in good order—thanks to the ladies of Lexington—but rather bare of furniture, except my mother's rooms. Mrs. Cocke had completely furnished them, and her loving thoughtfulness had not forgotten the smallest detail. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the talented and well-known poetess, had drawn the designs for the furniture, and a one-armed Confederate soldier had made it all. A handsomely carved grand piano, presented by Stieff, the famous maker of Baltimore, stood alone in the parlour. The floors were covered with the carpets rescued from Arlington—much too large and folded under to suit the reduced size of the rooms. Some of the bedrooms were partially furnished, and the dining-room had enough in it to make us very comfortable. We were all very grateful and happy—glad to get home—the only one we had had for four long years. <204>

My father appeared bright and even gay. He was happy in seeing us all, and in knowing that my mother was comfortably established near to him. He showed us over the house, and pointed with evident satisfaction to the goodly array of pickles, preserves, and brandy-peaches which our kind neighbours had placed in the store-room. Indeed, for days and weeks afterward supplies came pouring in to my mother from the people in the town and country, even from the poor mountaineers, who, anxious to "do something to help General Lee," brought in hand-bags of walnuts, potatoes, and game. Such kindness delicate and considerate always—as was shown to my father's family by the people, both of the town and the country around, not only then but to this day, has never been surpassed in any community. It was a tribute of love and sympathy from honest and tender hearts to the man who had done all that he could for them.

My father was much interested in all the arrangements of the house, even to the least thing. He would laugh merrily over the difficulties that appalled the rest of us. Our servants were few and unskilled, but his patience and self-control never failed. The silver of the family had been sent to Lexington for safe-keeping early in the war. When General Hunter raided the Valley of Virginia and advanced upon Lexington, to remove temptation out of his way, this silver, in two large chests, had been intrusted to the care of the old and faithful sergeant at the Virginia Military Institute, and he had buried it in some safe place known only to himself. I was sent out with him to dig it up and bring it in. We found it safe and sound, but black with mould and damp, useless for the time being, so my father opened his camp-chest and <205>we used his forks, spoons, plates, etc., while his camp-stools supplied the deficiency in seats. He often teased my sisters about their experiments in cookery and household arts, encouraging them to renewed efforts after lamentable failures. When they succeeded in a dish for the table, or completed any garment with their own hands, he was lavish with his praise. He would say:

"You are all very helpless; I don't know what you will do when I am gone," and

"If you want to be missed by your friends—be useful."

He at once set to work to improve all around him, laid out a vegetable garden, planted roses and shrubs, set out fruit and yard trees, made new walks and repaired the stables, so that in a short time we were quite comfortable and very happy. He at last had a home of his own, with his wife and daughters around him, and though it was not the little farm in the quiet country for which he had so longed, it was very near to it, and it gave rest to himself and those he loved most dearly.

His duties as president of Washington College were far from light. His time was fully occupied, and his new position did not relieve him from responsibility, care and anxiety. He took pains to become acquainted with each student personally, to be really his guide and friend. Their success gratified and pleased him, and their failures, in any degree, pained and grieved him. He felt that he was responsible for their well-doing and progress, and he worked very hard to make them good students and useful men.

The grounds and buildings of the college soon began to show his care, attention, and good taste. In all his life, wherever he happened to be, he immediately set to work to better his surroundings. The sites selected for <206>his headquarter camps during the war, if occupied for more than a day, showed his tasteful touch. When superintendent at West Point, the improvements suggested and planned by him were going on for the three years he remained there. Very soon after he assumed charge of Arlington, the place showed, in its improved condition, the effects of his energetic industry. The college at

Lexington was a splendid field for the exercise of his abilities in this line. The neighbouring Virginia Military Institute soon followed the example he had set, and after a year the municipal authorities of Lexington were aroused to the necessity of bettering their streets and sidewalks, and its inhabitants realised the need of improving and beautifying their homes. He managed a very large correspondence, answering every letter when possible, the greater proportion with his own hand. To the members of his own family who were away he wrote regularly, and was their best correspondent on home matters, telling in his charming way all the sayings and doings of the household and the neighbours.

My sister Agnes had gone to the wedding of Miss Warwick direct from "Bremo," and was in Richmond when my father sent her two of the first letters he wrote after the arrival of my mother in Lexington:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 5, 1865.

"My Worrying Little Agnes: Your letter of the 1st received to-night. I have autographed the photographs and send a gross of the latter and a lock of hair. Present my love to the recipients and thank them for their favours. Sally is going to marry a widower. I think I ought to know, as she refused my son, and I do not wish to know his name. I wonder if she knows how many children he has. Tell Mr. Warwick I am sorry for him. I do not know what he will do without his sweet daughter. <207>Nor do I know what I will do without her, either. Your mother has written—Mildred, too and I presume has told you all domestic news. Custis is promenading the floor, Rob reading the papers, and Mildred packing her dress. Your mamma is up to her eyes in news, and I am crabbed as usual. I miss you very much and hope this is the last wedding you will attend. Good-bye. Love to everybody.

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS AGNES LEE."

The other is dated nearly a month later, and from this it appears that the wedding so often referred to is about to take place:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 3, 1866.

"My Precious Little Agnes: I sat down to give my dear little Sally—for she is dear to me in the broadest, highest sense of the word—the benefit of Jeremy Taylor's opinion on hasty marriages. But, on reflection, I fear it would be words lost, for your mother says her experience has taught her that when a young woman makes up her mind to get married, you might as well let her alone. You must, therefore, just thank her for the pretty inkstand, and say that I'll need no reminder of her, but I do not know when I shall make up my mind to stain it with ink. I was very glad to receive your letter of the 26th, and to think that you were mindful of us. I know you do not wish to be away, though you are striving to get as far away as possible. When you reach Norfolk, you will be so convenient to New York, whence steamers depart almost daily for Europe. Let us know when you sail. But I do not write to restrain your movements, though you know how solitary I am without you. I inclose. . . . which, with what I gave Mildred, I hope will answer your purpose. Send me or bring me the photographs I asked for. I like them of the last edition; they seem to take with the little school-girls, and I have <208>nothing else to give them. I hope you will

have a safe and pleasant trip. Tell Mr. Warwick I shall sorrow with him to-night—though I believe Mrs. Lee is right. Remember me to all friends, and believe me,

"Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS AGNES LEE."

The latter part of January my father was sent by the board of trustees to Richmond to confer with the Committee on Education of the Virginia Legislature, then in session, as to some funds of the State held by Washington College. His mission was, I believe, successful, and great material aid was gained. He remained no longer than was absolutely necessary, and, returning to his duties at Lexington, encountered a severe snowstorm. The difficulties he had to overcome are described in the following letter to his daughter Agnes, whom he had met in Richmond, and who had gone from there to visit some friends in Norfolk:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 29, 1866.

"My Precious Little Agnes: I have received your letter of the 17th, transmitting the photographs, for which I am very much obliged. I returned the one for Miss Laura Lippett, whom I wish I could see once again. It would be more agreeable to me than any photograph. I had quite a successful journey up, notwithstanding tile storm. The snow increased as we approached the mountains, and night had set in before we reached Staunton. The next morning, before sunrise, in spite of the predictions of the wise ones, I took passage on the single car which was attached to the locomotive, and arrived at Goshen about 10 A.M., where, after some little encouragement, the stage-driver attached his horses to the stage, and we started slowly through the mountains, breaking the track. On reaching the Baths, the North River was unfordable, but I was ferried across in a skiff, <209>with all my bundles (I picked up two more in Staunton and one at Goshen) and packages, and took a stage detained on the opposite bank for Lexington, where I arrived in good time. I found all as well as usual, and disappointed at not seeing you with me, though I was not expected. I told them how anxious you were to come with me, and how you wanted to see them, but that you looked so wretchedly I could not encourage you. I hope you are now in Norfolk, and that the fish and oysters will fatten you and cure your feet! . . . But get strong and keep well, and do not wear yourself out in the pursuit of pleasure. I hope you will soon join us, and that Lexington may prove to you a happy home. Your mother is a great sufferer, but is as quiet and uncomplaining as ever. Mildred is active and cheerful, and Custis and I as silent as our wont. Major Campbell Brown is here on a visit. I am surprised to find him such a talker. I am very sorry to find that Preston Cocke has been obliged to leave on account of his health. I have one comfort: my dear nephew will never injure himself by studying. Do not be alarmed about him. . . . Remember me to Colonel Taylor, all his mother's family, his wife, the Bakers, Seldens, etc. I know none of the latter but the Doctor, for whom I have always had a great esteem. Your mother, brother, and Mildred send their best love and kindest wishes. I am always,

"Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS AGNES LEE."

It was at Dr. Selden's house that my sister was visiting. He had been very kind in

offering assistance to my father and mother. I remember well the supper given me and several of my comrades when we were coming back from the surrender, and while the Doctor and his family were refugees at Liberty, now Bedford City, Va. Stopping there one night, weary and hungry, while looking for quarters for man and beast, I got a note asking me and my friends <210>to come to their house. An invitation of that kind was never refused in those days. We went and were treated as if we had been sons of the house, the young ladies themselves waiting on us. In the morning, when we were about to start, they filled our haversacks with rations, and Mrs. Selden, taking me aside, offered me a handful of gold pieces, saying that she had more and that she could not bear to think of my father's son being without as long as she possessed any.

The love and devotion shown my father by all the people of the South was deeply appreciated by him. He longed to help them, but was almost powerless. I think he felt that something could be done in that direction by teaching and training their youth, and I am sure this idea greatly influenced him in deciding to accept the presidency of Washington College. The advantages to the South of a proper education of her youth were very evident to him. He strongly urged it wherever and whenever he could. In a letter written at this time to the Reverend G. W. Leyburn, he speaks very forcibly on the subject:

"So greatly have those interests [educational] been disturbed at the South, and so much does its future condition depend upon the rising generation, that I consider the proper education of its youth one of the most important objects now to be attained, and one from which the greatest benefits may be expected. Nothing will compensate us for the depression of the standard of our moral and intellectual culture, and each State should take the most energetic measures to revive the schools and colleges, and, if possible, to increase the facilities for instruction, and to elevate the standard of learning. . . . "

Again, in a letter to General John B. Gordon, written December, 1867, he says:

<211>

"The thorough education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the prosperity of the South. The material interests of its citizens, as well as their moral and intellectual culture, depend upon its accomplishment. The text-books of our schools, therefore, should not only be clear, systematic, and scientific, but they should be acceptable to parents and pupils in order to enlist the minds of all in the subjects."

In a letter to a friend in Baltimore he is equally earnest:

"I agree with you fully as to the importance of a more practical course of instruction in our schools and colleges, which, calling forth the genius and energies of our people, will tend to develop the resources and promote the interests of the country."

In many other letters at this time and later on, especially in one to Professor Minor, who had been appointed with him upon a board by the Educational Society of Virginia, did he urge the importance of education for the present and future safety, welfare, and prosperity of the country. Among the many tokens of respect and admiration, love, and sympathy which my father received from all over the world, there was one that touched him deeply. It was a "Translation of Homer's Iliad by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England," which the talented young poet and author sent him, through the General's nephew, Mr. Edward Lee Childe, of Paris, a special friend of Mr.

Worsley. I copy the latter's letter to Mr. Childe, as it shows some of the motives influencing him in the dedication of his work:

"My Dear Friend: You will allow me, in dedicating this work to you, to offer it at the same time as a poor yet not <212>altogether unmeaning tribute of my reverence for your brave and illustrious uncle, General Lee. He is the hero, like Hector in the Iliad, of the most glorious cause for which men can fight, and some of the grandest passages in the poem come to me with yet more affecting power when I remember his lofty character and undeserved misfortunes. The great names that your country has bequeathed from its four lurid years of national life as examples to mankind can never be forgotten, and among these none will be more honoured, while history endures, by all true hearts, than that of your noble relative. I need not say more, for I know you must be aware how much I feel the honour of associating my work, however indirectly, with one whose goodness and genius are alike so admirable. Accept this token of my deepest sympathy and regard, and believe me,

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"P. S. WORSLEY."

On the fly-leaf of the volume he sent my father was written the following beautiful inscription:

\\phil what style?

"To GENERAL LEE,

THE MOST STAINLESS OF LIVING COMMANDERS AND, EXCEPT IN
FORTUNE, THE GREATEST,
THIS VOLUME IS PRESENTED
WITH THE WRITER'S EARNEST SYMPATHY
AND RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION

\\phil ????

Iliad VI—403,

and just beneath, by the same hand, the following beautiful verses:

"The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue!
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

<213>

"Thy Troy is fallen,—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel—
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tears !—but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

"The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Come round thee; but in truth be strong!
Eternal Right, though all else fail,
Can never be made Wrong.

"An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
Virginia first, and *Lee*.

"P. S. W."

His letter of thanks, and the one which he wrote later, when he heard of the ill health of Mr. Worsley—both of which I give here—show very plainly how much he was pleased:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 10, 1866.

"MR. P. S. WORSLEY.

"My Dear Sir: I have received the copy of your translation of the Iliad which you so kindly presented to me. Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never more enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully represents the imagery and rhythm of the bold original. The undeserved compliment in prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, <214>I received as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen, who struggled for constitutional government.

"With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 14, 1866.

"My Dear Mr. Worsley: In a letter just received from my nephew, Mr. Childe, I regret to learn that, at his last accounts from you, you were greatly indisposed. So great is my interest in your welfare that I cannot refrain, even at the risk of intruding upon your sickroom, from expressing my sincere sympathy in your affliction. I trust, however, that ere this you have recovered and are again in perfect health. Like many of your tastes and pursuits, I fear you may confine yourself too closely to your reading. Less mental labour and more of the fresh air of Heaven might bring to you more comfort, and to your friends more enjoyment, even in the way in which you now delight them. Should a visit to this distracted country promise you any recreation, I hope I need not assure you how happy I should be to see you at Lexington. I can give you a quiet room, and careful nursing, and a horse that would delight to carry you over our beautiful mountains. I hope my letter informing you of the pleasure I derived from the perusal of your translation of the Iliad, in which I endeavoured to express my thanks for the great compliment you paid me in its dedication, has informed you of my high appreciation of the work.

"Wishing you every happiness in this world, and praying that eternal peace may be your portion in that to come, I am most truly, Your friend and servant,

"R. E. LEE."

That winter, my father was accustomed to read aloud in the long evenings to my mother and sisters "The Grand Old Bard," equally to his own and his listeners' enjoyment.

Two or three years after this, Professor George Long, <215>of England, a distinguished scholar, sent my father a copy of the second edit-ion of his "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius." The first edition of this translation was pirated by a Northern publisher, who dedicated the book to Emerson. This made Long very indignant, and he immediately brought out a second edition with the following prefatory note:

". . . . I have never dedicated a book to any man, and if I dedicated this, I should choose the man whose name seemed to me most worthy to be joined to that of the Roman soldier and philosopher. I might dedicate the book to the successful general who is now President of the United States, with the hope that his integrity and justice will restore peace and happiness, so far as he can, to those unhappy States which have suffered so much from war and the unrelenting hostility of wicked men. But as the Roman poet says,

"Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni;"

"And if I dedicated this little book to any man, I would dedicate it to him who led the Confederate armies against the powerful invader, and retired from an unequal contest defeated, but not dishonoured; to the noble Virginian soldier whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the imperial Caesars."

These two nearly similar tributes came from the best-cultured thought of England, and the London *Standard*, speaking more for the nation at large, says:

"A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the *fatherlands of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than General Robert E. Lee.*" <216>

In a letter to his old friend, Mr. H. Tutweiler, of Virginia, Professor Long sent the following message to my father, which, however, was never received by him, it having been sent to my mother only after his death:

"I did not answer General Lee's letter [one of thanks for the book, sent by Professor Long through Mr. Tutweiler], because I thought that he is probably troubled with many letters. If you should have occasion to write to him, I beg you will present to him my most respectful regards, and my hope that he will leave behind him some commentary to be placed on the same shelf with Caesar's. I am afraid he is too modest to do this. I shall always keep General Lee's letter, and will leave it to somebody who will cherish the remembrance of a great soldier and a good man. If I were not detained here by circumstances, I would cross the Atlantic to see the first and noblest man of our days."

Another noble English gentleman, who had shown great kindness to the South and who was a warm admirer of General Lee, was the Honourable A. W. Beresford Hope. He, I think, was at the head of a number of English gentlemen who presented the superb statue of "Stonewall" Jackson by Foley to the State of Virginia. It now stands in the Capitol Square at Richmond, and is a treasure of which the whole Commonwealth may justly be proud. Through Mr. Hope, my father received a handsome copy of the Bible, and, in acknowledgment of Mr. Hope's letter, he wrote the following:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 16, 1866.

"HONOURABLE A. W. BERESFORD HOPE,

"Bedgebury Park,

"Kent, England

"Sir: I have received within a few days your letter of November 14, 1865, and had hoped that by this time it <217>would have been followed by the copy of the Holy Scriptures to which you refer, that I might have known the generous donors, whose names, you state, are inscribed on its pages. Its failure to reach me will, I fear, deprive me of that pleasure, and I must ask the favour of you to thank them most heartily for their kindness in providing me with a book in comparison with which all others in my eyes are of minor importance, and which in all my perplexities has never failed to give me light and strength. Your assurance of the esteem in which I am held by a large portion of the British nation, as well as by those for whom you speak, is most grateful to my feelings, though I am aware that I am indebted to their generous natures, and not to my own merit, for their good opinion. I beg, sir, that you will accept my sincere thanks for the kind sentiments which you have expressed toward me, and my unfeigned admiration of your exalted character. I am, with great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XII—Lee's Opinion Upon The Late War

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HIS INTENTION TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF HIS VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS —CALLED BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF CONGRESS—PREACHES PATIENCE AND SILENCE TO THE SOUTH—SHUNS CONTROVERSY AND PUBLICITY—CORRESPONDENCE WITH AN ENGLISHMAN, HERBERT C. SAUNDERS

MY father had a strong desire at this time to write a history of his campaigns. I think, however, he gradually gave it up when he saw the great difficulties to be overcome and the labour required to produce anything worthy of the subject, especially as he began to realise that his strength was slowly failing—a fact which his letters indicate. Just after the cessation of hostilities, he had taken some preliminary steps toward acquiring the necessary material. In a circular letter which he sent out to a great many of his general officers, he wrote:

"I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia be correctly transmitted to posterity. This is the only tribute that can now be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers, and I am anxious to collect the necessary information for the history of its campaigns, including the operations in the Valley and in Western Virginia, from its organisation to its final surrender. . . ."

In a letter to the Honourable W. B. Reid, of Philadelphia, he writes on the same subject:
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". . . I concur with you entirely as to the importance of a true history of the war, and it is my purpose, unless prevented, to write the history of the campaigns in Virginia. With this view, I have been engaged since the cessation of hostilities in endeavouring to procure the necessary official information. All my records, reports, returns, etc., etc., with the headquarters of the army, were needlessly destroyed by the clerks having them in charge on the retreat from Petersburg, and such as had been forwarded to the War Department in Richmond were either destroyed in the conflagration or captured at the South in the attempt to save them. I desire to obtain some vouchers in support of my memory, or I should otherwise have made some progress in the matter. I have not even my letter- or order-books to which to refer. I have thought it possible that some of my official correspondence, which would be of value to me, might be found among the captured records in Washington, and that General Grant, who possesses magnanimity as well as ability, might cause me to be furnished with copies. I have, however, hesitated to approach him on the subject, as it is one in which he would naturally feel no interest."

In a letter to General Early, written in November, 1865, on the same subject, he says:

". . . I desire, if not prevented, to write a history of the campaigns in Virginia. . . . Your reports of your operations in '64 and '65 were among those destroyed. Can not you repeat them, and send me copies of such letters, orders, etc., of mine (including that last letter, to which you refer), and particularly give me your recollections of our effective strength at the principal battles? My only object is to transmit, if possible, the truth to posterity, and do justice to our brave soldiers."

Here is another letter to General Early, written March <220>16th, containing references to the same subject, and to two letters of General Early which had been published in the papers. It is interesting, also, as showing his moderation in speaking of those who had misrepresented his words and acts:

"My Dear General: I am very much obliged to you for the copies of my letters, forwarded with yours of January 25th. I hope you will be able to send me reports of the operations of your commands in the campaign, from the Wilderness to Richmond, at Lynchburg, in the Valley, Maryland, etc.; all statistics as regards numbers, destruction of private property by the Federal troops, etc., I should like to have, as I wish my memory strengthened on these points. It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought, and the destruction or loss of all returns of the army embarrass me very much. I read your letter from Havana to the *New York Times*, and was pleased with the temper in which it was written. I have since received the paper containing it, published in the City of Mexico, and also your letter in reference to Mr. Davis. I understand and appreciate the motives which prompted both letters, and think they will be of service in the way you intended. I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed portion of the country. The accusations against myself I have not thought proper to notice, or even to correct misrepresentations of my words and acts. *We shall have to be patient* and suffer for awhile at least; and all controversy, I think, will only serve to prolong angry and bitter feeling, and postpone the period when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present, the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth. The feelings which influenced you to leave the country were natural, and, I presume, were uppermost in the breasts of many. It was a matter which each one had to decide for himself, <221>as he only could know the reasons which governed him. I was particularly anxious on your account, as I had the same apprehensions to which you refer. I am truly glad that you are beyond the reach of annoyance, and hope you may be able to employ yourself profitably and usefully. Mexico is a beautiful country, fertile, of vast resources; and, with a stable government and virtuous population, will rise to greatness. I do not think that your letters can be construed by your former associates as reflecting upon them, and I have never heard the least blame cast by those who have remained upon those who thought it best to leave the country. I think I stated in a former letter the reasons which governed me, and will not therefore repeat them. I hope, in time, peace will be restored to the country, and that the South may enjoy some measure of prosperity. I fear, however, much suffering is still in store for her, and that her people must be prepared to exercise fortitude and forbearance. I must beg you to present my kind regards to the gentlemen with you, and, with my best wishes for yourself and undiminished esteem, I am,

"Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

That his purpose had been heard of in the outside world is evident from this reply to a publisher in Cincinnati:

"NEAR CARTERSVILLE, Virginia, August 26, 1865.

"MR. JOSEPH TOPHAM,
"Cincinnati, Ohio.

"My Dear Sir: I have just received your letter of the 17th inst., in reference to a history of the late war to be written by myself. I cannot, at present, undertake such a work, but am endeavouring to collect certain material to enable me to write a history of the campaigns in Virginia. Its completion is uncertain, and dependent upon so many contingencies that I think it useless to <222> speak of arrangements for its publication at present. Thanking you for your kind proposition, I am,

"Very respectfully yours,

"R. E. LEE."

There were a great many letters of this kind from Northern publishing houses, and his replies were all of the same character. His failure to carry out this much-cherished wish is greatly to be deplored. How much we and our children have missed, those who know his truth and honesty of purpose, his manliness, simplicity, and charity, can best tell.

During the last days of February he was summoned to Washington to appear before a committee of Congress which was inquiring into the conditions of things in the Southern States, with a view to passing some of the so-called reconstruction measures. His testimony was simple, direct, and dignified, and is well worth reading by all who wish to hear the plain truth. It was his first appearance in any city save Richmond since the war, and being at a time of such political excitement, his visit was an occasion of absorbing interest to the crowds then in the capital.

When in Washington, Amanda, one of the house-servants at Arlington, called on him but failed to see him. In answer to a letter from her, my father replies as follows:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 9, 1866.

"AMANDA PARKS.

"Amanda: I have received your letter of the 27th ult., and regret very much that I did not see you when I was in Washington. I heard on returning to my room, Sunday night, that you had been to see me; and I was sorry to have missed you, for I wished to learn how you <223> were, and how all the people from Arlington were getting on in the world. My interest in them is as great now as it ever was, and I sincerely wish for their happiness and prosperity. At the period specified in Mr. Custis's will—five years from the time of his death—I caused the liberation of all the people at Arlington, as well as those at the White House and Romancoke, to be recorded in the Hustings Court at Richmond; and letters of manumission to be given to those with whom I could communicate who desired them. In consequence of the war which then existed, I could do nothing more for them. I do not know why you should ask if I am angry with you. I am not aware of your having done anything to give me offense, and I hope you would not say or do what was wrong. While you lived at Arlington you behaved very well, and were attentive and faithful to your duties. I hope you will always conduct yourself in the same manner. Wishing you health, happiness, and success in life,

I am truly,

"R. E. LEE."

Shortly after his return to Lexington, he writes to Mrs. Jefferson Davis. In this letter he expresses such noble sentiments, and is so moderate and sensible in his views of those who were harassing him and the South, that all who read it must profit thereby:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 23, 1866.

"My Dear Mrs. Davis: Your letter of the 12th inst. reached Lexington during my absence at Washington. I have never seen Mr. Colfax's speech, and am, therefore, ignorant of the statements it contained. Had it, however, come under my notice, I doubt whether I should have thought it proper to reply. *I have thought, from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course;* and I think so still. *Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent <224>the public mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These considerations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others. As regards the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, to which you allude, I know nothing and can say nothing of my own knowledge. I never had anything to do with any prisoners, except to send those taken on the fields, where I was engaged, to the Provost Marshal General at Richmond. I have felt most keenly the sufferings and imprisonment of your husband, and have earnestly consulted with friends as to any possible mode of affording him relief and consolation. He enjoys the sympathy and respect of all good men; and if, as you state, his trial is now near, the exhibition of the whole truth in his case will, I trust, prove his defense and justification. With sincere prayers for his health and speedy restoration to liberty, and earnest supplications to God that He may take you and yours under His guidance and protection, I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

In further illustration of these views, held so strongly by him and practised so faithfully throughout his life, the following, written to a gentleman in Baltimore, is given:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 13, 1866.

"My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 5th inst., inclosing a slip from the *Baltimore American*, has been received. The same statement has been published at the North for several years. The statement is not true; but I have not thought proper to publish a contradiction, being unwilling to be drawn into a newspaper discussion, believing that those who know me would not credit it and those who do not would care nothing about it. I cannot now depart from the rule I have followed. It is <225>so easy to make accusations against the people at the South upon similar testimony, that those so disposed, should one be refuted, will immediately create another; and thus you would be led into endless controversy. I think it better to leave their correction to the return of reason and good feeling.

"Thanking you for your interest in my behalf, and begging you to consider my letter as intended only for yourself, I am,

"Most respectfully your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

In this connection I give the following letter thanking Mr. Burr for a copy of the "Old Guard" which he had sent him, and showing also what, in his opinion, the South had fought for, and of what true republicanism consists:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 5, 1866.

"MR. C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

"My Dear Sir: I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 27th ult., and for the number of the 'Old Guard' which you kindly sent me. I am glad to know that the intelligent and respectable people at the North are true and conservative in their opinions, for I believe by no other course can the right interests of the country be maintained. All that the South has ever desired was that the Union, as established by our forefathers, should be preserved, and that the government as originally organised should be administered in purity and truth. If such is the desire of the North, there can be no contention between the two sections, and all true patriots will unite in advocating that policy which will soonest restore the country to tranquillity and order, and serve to perpetuate true republicanism. Please accept my thanks for your advocacy of right and <226>liberty and the kind sentiments which you express toward myself, and believe me to be, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

An interesting view of my father's desire to keep himself from public attention is shown by his correspondence with an English gentleman, Mr. Herbert C. Saunders. The connected interview states his opinions on several points which are valuable. The copy of these papers was kindly furnished me by Mr. John Lyle Campbell, the Proctor of Washington and Lee University:

*"WASHINGTON and LEE UNIVERSITY,
"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 19, 1900.*

"CAPT. ROBERT E. LEE,
"West Point, Virginia.

"Dear Capt. Lee: I inclose the copy promised you of the papers found in General Lee's desk. The paper seems to have had his careful revision, as there are a good many passages stricken out and a good many insertions in what seems to me undoubtedly to be his handwriting; and I was very much interested in the changes that he made, as they were most characteristic of him—toning everything down, striking out adjectives, turning phrases from a personal to a general character, and always adding simplicity and force to the original. It seems to me most likely that he was at first disposed to allow the publication, but declined at last, on August 22d, the full limit of time indicated in Mr. Saunders's letter. I am

Yours truly,

"(Dict.)

JNO. L. CAMPBELL."

The papers of which the following are copies were found in General Robert E. Lee's desk in the President's Office at Washington and Lee University. On the <227>envelope in which they were inclosed was the following indorsement in General Lee's handwriting:

"LONDON, July 31, 1866.

"Herbert C. Saunders asks permission to publish his conversation with me. August 22d —Refused."

*"3 BOLTON GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON,
"LONDON, July 31, 1866.*

"My Dear General Lee: Presuming on the acquaintance with you which I had the honour and pleasure of making last November at Lexington, while travelling in Virginia, I venture now to write to you under these circumstances. You may remember that, at the time I presented to you my letter of introduction, I told you that two other Englishmen, friends of mine, who had come with me to America, were then making a tour through Georgia, the Carolinas, and some other Southern States. One of them, Mr. Kennaway, was so much interested with all he saw, and the people at home have appreciated his letters descriptive of it so well, that he is intending to publish a short account of his visit. Not having, however, had an introduction to yourself, he is anxious to avail himself of the somewhat full accounts I wrote home at the time, descriptive of my most interesting interview with you, and, with this view, he has asked me to put into the shape of a letter all those more prominent points which occur to me as gathered from my letters and my recollection, and which are likely to interest and instruct the English public. I have, after some hesitation, acceded to the request—a hesitation caused mainly by the fact that at the time I saw you I neither prepared my notes with a view to publication nor did I inform you that there was any chance of what you told me being repeated. I may add that I never until a month or two ago had the slightest thought of publishing anything, and, in fact, have constantly resisted the many applications by my friends that I should let my letters see the light. My <228>object in now writing to you is to know whether you have any objection to my giving my friend the inclosed short account of our interview, as it would, I am convinced, add greatly to the interest of the narrative. If you have no objection to this, perhaps you would kindly correct any statements put into your mouth which are not quite accurate, or expunge anything which might prejudice you with the public either of the North or the South, if unluckily anything of this nature should have crept in. My letters were written a day or two after the conversation, but you had so much of interest and new to tell me that I do not feel sure that I may not have confused names of battles, etc., in some instances. It will be necessary for me to deliver my part of the performance early in September to the publishers, and, therefore, I should feel much obliged by your sending me an answer at your earliest convenience. There will be a mail due here about the first of that month, leaving the United States on Wednesday, the 22d, and I shall, therefore, wait till its arrival before sending my letter to Mr. Kennaway; but should I not hear from you then I shall consider you have no objections to make or alterations to suggest, and act accordingly. If you have any new facts which you think it desirable should be known by the public, it will give me much pleasure to be the medium of their communication.

"I am sure I need scarcely tell you with what keen interest I have read all the accounts from your continent of the proceedings in Congress and elsewhere in connection with the reconstruction of the South. I do sincerely trust it may be eventually effected in a way satisfactory to the South, and I most deeply deplore the steps taken by the Radical side of the House to set the two (North and South) by the ears again. President Johnson's policy seems to me to be that which, if pursued, would be most likely to contribute to the consolidation of the country; but I am both surprised and pained to find how little power the Executive has against so strong a faction <229>as the Radicals, who, while they claim to represent the North, do, in fact, but misrepresent the country. I am sure you will believe

that I say with sincerity that I always take great interest in anything I hear said or that I read of yourself, and I am happy to say that, even with all the rancour of the Northern Radicals against the South, it is little they find of ill to say of you.

"Hoping you will not think I am doing wrong in the course I propose to take, and that your answer may be satisfactory, I remain, my dear General Lee,

"Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT C. SAUNDERS.

"GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE."

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 22, 1866.

"MR. HERBERT C. SAUNDERS,

"3 Bolton Gardens,

"South Kensington, London, England.

"My Dear Mr. Saunders: I received to-day your letter of the 31st ult. What I stated to you in conversation, during the visit which you did me the honour to pay me in November last, was entirely for your own information, and was in no way intended for publication. My only object was to gratify the interest which you apparently evinced on the several topics which were introduced, and to point to facts which you might investigate, if you so desired, in your own way. I have an objection to the publication of my private conversations, which are never intended but for those to whom they are addressed. I cannot, therefore, without an entire disregard of the rule which I have followed in other cases, and in violation of my own sense of propriety, assent to what you propose. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me. What you may think proper to publish I hope will be the result of your own observations and convictions, and not on my authority. In the hasty perusal which I have been obliged to give the manuscript inclosed to me, I perceive many inaccuracies, resulting as much, perhaps, from my imperfect narration as from <230>misapprehension on your part. Though fully appreciating your kind wish to correct certain erroneous statements as regards myself, I prefer remaining silent to doing anything that might excite angry discussion at this time, when strong efforts are being made by conservative men, North and South, to sustain President Johnson in his policy, which, I think, offers the only means of healing the lamentable divisions of the country, and which the result of the late convention at Philadelphia gives great promise of doing. Thanking you for the opportunity afforded me of expressing my opinion before executing your purpose, I am, etc.,

"R. E. LEE."

The following is Mr. Saunders' account of the interview:

"On only one subject would he talk at any length about his own conduct, and that was with reference to the treatment of the Federal prisoners who had fallen into his hands. He seemed to feel deeply the backhanded stigma cast upon him by his having been included by name in the first indictment framed against Wirz, though he was afterward omitted from the new charges. He explained to me the circumstances under which he had arranged with McClellan for the exchange of prisoners; how he had, after the battles of Manassas, Fredericksburg, and (I think) Chancellorsville, sent all the wounded over to the enemy on the engagement of their generals to parole them. He also told me that on several occasions his commissary generals had come to him after a battle and represented that he

had not rations enough both for prisoners and the army when the former had to be sent several days' march to their place of confinement, and he had always given orders that the wants of the prisoners should be first attended to, as from their position they could not save themselves from starvation by foraging or otherwise, as the army could when in straits for provisions. The General also explained how every effort <231>had always been made by the Confederates to do away with the necessity of retaining prisoners by offering every facility for exchange, till at last, when all exchange was refused, they found themselves with 30,000 prisoners for whom they were quite unable to do as much as they wished in the way of food. He stated, furthermore, that many of their hardships arose from the necessity of constantly changing the prisons to prevent recapture. With the management of the prisons he assured me he had no more to do than I had, and did not even know that Wirz was in charge of Andersonville prison (at least, I think he asserted this) till after the war was over. I could quite sympathise with him in his feeling of pain under which his generous nature evidently suffered that the authorities at Washington on should have included him and others similarly circumstanced in this charge of cruelty at the time that letters written by himself (General Lee), taken in Richmond when captured, complaining that the troops in his army had actually been for days together on several occasions without an ounce of meat, were in possession of the military authorities.

"When discussing the state of feeling in England with regard to the war, he assured me that it had all along given him the greatest pleasure to feel that the Southern cause had the sympathies of so many in the 'old country,' to which he looked as a second home; but, in answer to my questions, he replied that he had never expected us to give them material aid, and added that he thought all governments were right in studying only the interests of their own people and in not going to war for an 'idea' when they had no distinct cause of quarrel.

"On the subject of slavery, he assured me that he had always been in favour of the emancipation of the negroes, and that in Virginia the feeling had been strongly inclining in the same direction, till the ill-judged enthusiasm (amounting to rancour) of the abolitionists in the North had turned the Southern tide of feeling in the other direction. In Virginia, about thirty years ago, an <232>ordinance for the emancipation of the slaves had been rejected by only a small majority, and every one fully expected at the next convention it would have been carried, but for the above cause. He went on to say that there was scarcely a Virginian now who was not glad that the subject had been definitely settled, though nearly all regretted that they had not been wise enough to do it themselves the first year of the war. Allusion was made by him to a conversation he had with a distinguished countryman of mine. He had been visiting a large slave plantation (Shirley) on the James River. The Englishman had told him that the working population were better cared for there than in any country he had ever visited, but that he must never expect an approval of the institution of slavery by England, or aid from her in any cause in which that question was involved. Taking these facts and the well-known antipathy of the mass of the English to the institution into consideration, he said he had never expected help from England. The people 'at the South' (as the expression is), in the main, though scarcely unanimously, seem to hold much the same language as General Lee with reference to our neutrality, and to be much less bitter than Northerners generally—who, I must confess, in my own opinion, have much less cause to complain of our interpretation of the laws of neutrality than the South. I may mention here, by way of parenthesis, that I

was, on two separate occasions (once in Washington and once in Lexington), told that there were many people in the country who wished that General Washington had never lived and that they were still subjects of Queen Victoria; but I should certainly say as a rule the Americans are much too well satisfied with themselves for this feeling to be at all common. General Lee, in the course of this to me most interesting evening's *seance*, gave me many details of the war too long to put on paper, but, with reference to the small result of their numerous victories, accounted for it in this way: the force which the Confederates brought to bear was so <233>often inferior in numbers to that of the Yankees that the more they followed up the victory against one portion of the enemy's line the more did they lay themselves open to being surrounded by the remainder of the enemy. He likened the operation to a man breasting a wave of the sea, who, as rapidly as he clears a way before him, is enveloped by the very water he has displaced. He spoke of the final surrender as inevitable owing to the superiority in numbers of the enemy. His own army had, during the last few weeks, suffered materially from defection in its ranks, and, discouraged by failures and worn out by hardships, had at the time of the surrender only 7,892 men under arms, and this little army was almost surrounded by one of 100,000. They might, the General said with an air piteous to behold, have cut their way out as they had done before, but, looking upon the struggle as hopeless, I was not surprised to hear him say that he thought it cruel to prolong it. In two other battles he named (Sharpsburg and Chancellorsville, I think he said), the Confederates were to the Federals in point of numbers as 35,000 to 120,000 and as 45,000 to 155,000 respectively, so that the mere disparity of numbers was not sufficient to convince him of the necessity of surrender; but feeling that his own army was persuaded of the ultimate hopelessness of the contest as evidenced by their defection, he took the course of surrendering his army in lieu of reserving it for utter annihilation.

"Turning to the political bearing of the important question at issue, the great Southern general gave me, at some length, his feelings with regard to the abstract right of secession. This right, he told me, was held as a constitutional maxim at the South. As to its exercise at the time on the part of the South, he was distinctly opposed, and it was not until Lincoln issued a proclamation for 75,000 men to invade the South, which was deemed clearly unconstitutional, that Virginia withdrew from the United States. <234>

"We discussed a variety of other topics, and, at eleven o'clock when I rose to go, he begged me to stay on, as he found the nights full long. His son, General Custis Lee, who had distinguished himself much during the war, but whom I had not the good fortune of meeting, is the only one of his family at present with him at Lexington, where he occupies the position of a professor in the Military Institute of Virginia. This college had 250 cadets in it when the war broke out, General 'Stonewall' Jackson being one of the professors. At one moment in the war, when the Federals were advancing steadily up the Shenandoah Valley, these youths (from 16 to 22 years of age) were marched to join the Confederate Army, and did good service. In one battle at Newmarket, of which I shall have occasion to speak later in my letters, they distinguished themselves in a conspicuous way under the leadership of Colonel Shipp, who is still their commandant. By a brilliant charge, they contributed, in a great measure, to turn the tide of affairs, losing nine of their number killed and more than forty wounded. General Hunter, on a subsequent occasion, when occupying Lexington with a body of Federal troops, quartered his men in the Military Institute for several days, and, on leaving, had the building—a very handsome

and extensive one—fired in numerous places, completely destroying all but the external walls, which now stand. The professors' houses stood in detached positions, and these, too, with the house of Mr. Letcher, a former governor of the State, he also burnt to the ground. The Washington College, the presidency of which General Lee now holds, they also ransacked, destroying everything it contained, and were preparing it for the flames, to which they were with difficulty restrained from devoting it by earnest representations of its strictly educational nature."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XIII—Family Affairs

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THE GENERAL WRITES TO HIS SONS—TO HIS WIFE AT ROCKBRIDGE BATHS—HE JOINS HER THERE ABOUT ONCE A WEEK—DISTINGUISHED AND UNDISTINGUISHED CALLERS AT HIS LEXINGTON HOME—HE ADVOCATES EARLY HOURS—HIS FONDNESS FOR ANIMALS

I HAD before this time gone to my farm in King William County and started out in life as a farmer. As there was nothing but the land and a few old buildings left, for several years I had a very up-hill time. My father encouraged, advised me, and gave me material aid. His letters to me at this time will show the interest he took in my welfare. In one written March 16, 1866, after advising me on steps to be taken in repairing an old mill on the place, he writes:

"I am clear for your doing everything to improve your property and make it remunerative as far as you can. You know my objection to incurring debt. I cannot overcome it. . . . I hope you will overcome your chills, and by next winter you must patch up your house, and get a sweet wife. You will be more comfortable, and not so lonesome. Let her bring a cow and a churn. That will be all you will want. . . . Give my love to Fitzhugh. I wish he were regularly established. He cannot afford to be idle. He will be miserable."

My brother Fitzhugh, here referred to, was negotiating to rent his farm, the White House, to some so-called <236>English capitalists, and had not as yet established himself. In another letter to me, of May 26, 1866, my father says:

". . . I will state, at the outset, that I desire you to consider Romancoke with its appurtenances your own; to do with as you consider most to your interest; to sell, farm, or let; subject, however, to the conditions imposed by your grandfather's will, as construed by the decree of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, which declares, 'If the legacies are not paid off by the personal property, hires of slaves, rents, and sale of the real estate, charged with their payment, at the end of five years, the portion unpaid remains a charge upon the White House and Romancoke until paid. The devisees take their estates *cum onere*.'

"The result of the war having deprived the estates of the benefit of the hire of the slaves and the sale of Smith's Island, and the personal property having all been swept off by the Federal armies, there is nothing left but the land of the two estates named. A court might make some deduction from the amount of the legacies to be paid in consideration of these circumstances, and I should think it would be fair to do so. But of that I cannot say. Now, with this understanding, make your own arrangements to suit yourself, and as you may determine most conducive to your interests. In confirming your action, as the executor of your grandfather, I must, however, take such measures as may be necessary to carry out the purpose of his will. . . . If you are determined to hold the estate, I think you ought to make it profitable. As to the means of doing so, you must decide for yourself. I am unable to do it for you, and might lead you astray. Therefore, while always willing to give you any advice in my power, in whatever you do you must feel that the whole responsibility

rests with you. . . . I wish, my dear son, I could be of some advantage to you, but I can only give you my love and earnest prayers, and commit <237>you to the keeping of that God who never forgets those who serve Him. May He watch over and preserve you.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

In another letter, of June 13th, after telling me of the visit of a cousin of my mother's and how much gratification it was to have her with them, he regrets that her son, who brought his mother up to Lexington, had to hurry home on account of having left his wife and little son:

". . . When you have such pleasing spurs in your flanks, I hope you may be on the fair road to prosperity. All unite in love to you and Fitzhugh. Ask the latter if George has yet found a horse to trade with the gray. We miss him very much, (*) and want to see you as badly. You may judge how poorly we are off. The examination has commenced at Washington College. Three days are over successfully, and I hope to finish in twelve more. has been up in two subjects, and not got thrown. He has two more. But, in the meantime, I am much occupied, and will be confined all day. I have no time for letters of affection, so must tell you good-bye.

"Most affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

This was the first final examination at Washington College since my father became its president. He worked very hard, and was kept busy attending to all the details and the putting into practice of several new methods and systems he had introduced.

That summer he took my mother to the Rockbridge Baths, about eleven miles from Lexington, to give her the benefit of the waters, which, he hoped, might give her some relief from the continual pain she suffered. She did derive <238>benefit, but, unfortunately, had a fall which seriously impeded the improvement. In reply to a note from my mother telling him of her misfortune and asking him to send her some medicines, he writes the following note:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 10, 1866.

"My Dear Mary: On receiving your note, yesterday, I had only time to get the arnica and send it by the stage. I am very sorry that you received such a fall, and fear it must have been a heavy shock to you. I am, however, very thankful that you escaped greater injury, and hope it is no worse than you describe. I will endeavour to get down to see you to-morrow evening, and trust I may find you somewhat relieved from its effects. We are pretty well here. Many people are out of town, and I have not seen those who are in. Love to the girls.

"Truly and affectionately yours,

"R. E. LEE."

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

My father was still very busy with his college work, and, after establishing her there, spent most of the time in Lexington, riding Traveller over to see her whenever he could get a spare day. Among the few letters preserved of those written to her at this time, I have a note of July 16th:

"My Dear Mary: I am glad to see by your letter of yesterday that you are recovering so well from your fall. I hope you may soon be well again. . . . Caroline(*) got back this morning. Left her daughter better. Says there is a very good girl in Lynchburg, from General Cocke's estate, anxious to live with us. I shall have more conversation with her [Caroline], and, if satisfied, will write for her, by the boat to-night. Her father is in Lynchburg, and anxious for her to come. . . . Tell Mrs. Cabell I am <239>sorry to have missed seeing her. Where is Katie ? I wish she would send her to see me. I will endeavour to find some one to carry this to you. Love to all.

"Very affectionately and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

The mails in those days were not very direct, and private messenger was often the surest and speediest method of letter-carriage. In the absence of my mother, my father was trying to better the staff of servants. Their inefficiency was the drawback to our comfort then, as it is now. Often the recommendation of some was only the name of the estate from which they came. A few days later, my father writes again:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, July 20, 1866.

"My Dear Mary: I was glad to receive your note this morning, and wish it could have reported a marked improvement in your health. But that, I trust, will come in time. It has been impossible for me to return to you this week, and, indeed, I do not see how I can absent myself at all. I shall endeavour to go to the Baths Monday, and hope during the week you may be able to determine whether it would be more advantageous for you to remain there or go further, as I shall have to return here as soon as I can. I can accomplish nothing while absent. Custis has determined to accompany Mr. Harris to the White Sulphur Monday, and the girls seem indifferent about leaving home. They ask, properly, what is to become of it ? Mr. Pierre Chouteau, son of Julia Gratiot and Charles Chouteau, will hand you this. He will remain over Sunday at the Baths, and can tell you all about St. Louis. I send such letters as have come for you. I have no news. The heat seems to extend everywhere, but it will be cool enough after a time. We are as usual, except that 'Aunt' Caroline(*) seems more overcome, <240>and Harriet(*) indulges in lighter attire. I fear Mrs. Myers had an awful time. The Elliotts do not seem in haste to leave town. They are waiting for a cool day to go to the Natural Bridge, and do not seem to have decided whether to go to the Baths or Alum Springs. We had an arrival last night from the latter place—General Colquit and daughters. They return to-morrow. The girls will write of domestic matters. I received a letter from Rob at Romancoke. He is still taking cholagogue, but well. Nothing of interest has occurred.

"Affectionately yours,

"R. E. LEE."

Cholagogue was a fever-and-ague remedy of which I partook largely at that time. After this letter, my sisters joined my mother at the Baths, my father still spending most of his time in Lexington, but riding over to see them whenever he could. He was very busy repairing some of the old buildings of the college and arranging his work for the next session. Here is another short note to my mother:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 2, 1866.

"My Dear Mary: Mr. Campbell has just informed me that Cousins George and Eleanor Goldsborough are with you. Tell them they must not go till I can get to the Baths. I think the waters of the latter will do them as much good as anything they can try, and the sight of them will do me great benefit. I find here much to do, but will endeavour to be with you to-morrow evening or Saturday morning. Custis has just come, but finding me occupied with builders, shook hands, got his dinner, and left for the Institute. So I do not know where he is from or where he will go next. Our neighbours are generally well, and inquire for you. Colonel Reid better. Tell the girls, if I find them improving, I will bring them something. <241>Remember me to Cousins George and Eleanor and all the ladies. I have about a bushel of letters to answer and other things to do.

"Very affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

On one of his visits to my mother, he took advantage of the comparative quiet and rest there and wrote me a long letter, which I give here in full:

"ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, July 38, 1866.

"My Dear Robert: I was very glad to see from your letter of the 2d the progress you are making in your farm. I hope things may move prosperously with you, but you must not expect this result without corresponding attention and labour. I should like very much to visit you, but it will be impossible. I have little time for anything but my business. I am here with your mother, waiting to see the effects of these waters upon her disease, before proceeding to the Warm Springs. She is pleased with the bath, which she finds very agreeable, and it has reduced the swelling in her feet and ankles, from which she has been suffering for a long time, and, in fact, from her account, entirely removed it. This is a great relief in itself, and, I hope, may be followed by greater. I do not think she moves with more facility, though I think she walks [on her crutches] oftener and longer than heretofore, and probably with more confidence. She has been here too short a time to pronounce positively as to the effects of the water, and will have to remain three or four weeks before we determine whether she will go further. I am unwilling for her to lose the whole summer here unless it promises some advantage, and, after the middle of next week, unless some marked change takes place, shall take her to the Warm Springs. Custis has gone to the White Sulphur, but expects to be in Richmond on August 6th to meet Fitzhugh, with the view of going to the Warrenton White Sulphur Springs in North Carolina, to witness the <242>erection of a monument over dear Annie, which the kind people of that country have prepared for the purpose. My attendance on your mother, which is necessary, prevents my being present. Agnes and Mildred are here. I think the baths have been beneficial to them already, though they have not been here a week. I will leave them to describe the place and visitors. I applied the dressing of salt to the old meadow at Arlington with the view of renovating the grass. I believe it is equally good for corn. It was refuse salt—Liverpool—which I bought cheaply in Alexandria from the sacks having decayed and broken, but I cannot recollect exactly how much I applied to the acre. I think it was about two or three bushels to the acre. You had better consult some work on farming as to the quantity. I would advise you to apply manure of some kind to all your land. I believe there is nothing better or cheaper for you to begin with than shell lime. I would prefer cultivating less land manured in some way than a large amount unassisted. We are always delighted to hear from you, and I trust with care you may escape the chills.

The incentives I spoke of were a sweet wife and child. God bless you, my dear son.

"Most affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

My mother continued to improve so much that she did not go that summer to the Warm Springs. My father spent most of his time in Lexington, but rode over to the Baths about once a week. There was nothing he enjoyed more than a good long ride on Traveller. It rested him from the cares and worries incident to his duties, and gave him renewed energy for his work. He was often seen that summer along the eleven miles of mountain road between Lexington and the Baths. He made himself acquainted with the people living near it, talked to them about their affairs, encouraged and advised them, and always had a cheery greeting and a <243>pleasant word for them. The little children along his route soon became acquainted with the gray horse and his stately rider. College reopened the last of September, and by October he had his wife and daughters with him again. He writes to me on October 18th, trying to help me in my agricultural perplexities:

". . . Am glad to hear that you are well and progressing favourably. Your Uncle Smith says, in a letter just received in which he writes of his difficulties and drawbacks, 'I must tell you that if you desire to succeed in any matter relating to agriculture you must personally superintend and see to everything.' Perhaps your experience coincides with his.

"I hope your wheat will reimburse you for your labour and guano. I think you are right in improving your land. You will gain by cultivating less and cultivating that well, and I would endeavour to manure every crop—as to the kind of manure which will be the most profitable, you must experiment. Lime acts finely on your land, and is more lasting than guano. If you can, get shells to burn on your land, or, if not, shell lime from Baltimore. I think you would thereby more certainly and more cheaply restore your fields. I hope your sale of ship-timber may place you in funds to make your experiments. You will have to attend to your contractors. They will generally bear great attention, and then circumvent you. . . . I hope I shall see you this winter, when we can talk over the matter. We are pretty well. Your mother is better by her visit to the Baths. Mildred talks of going to the Eastern Shore of Maryland next month, and I fear will be absent from us all winter. I must refer you to your sisters for all news. They are great letter-writers, and their correspondence extends over the globe. Miss Etta Seldon is with us. All our summer visitors have gone, and some who, I hoped, <244>would have visited us have not come. . . . Good-bye, my dear son. God bless you. . . .

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

"ROBERT E. LEE, JR."

My uncle, Smith Lee, was farming on the Potomac and was constantly sending me messages of condolence through my father. Our experiences were the same as all others starting to farm under the new order of things. My father was very hospitable, and it delighted him to have his relatives and friends come to see him. So many kindnesses had been shown to himself and family for the last five years that he greatly enjoyed this, his first opportunity of greeting in his own home those who had so often offered my mother and sisters the shelter of theirs. The country around Lexington was most beautiful, and the climate in the summer and autumn all that could be desired. So, at those seasons,

whenever he was at home, there was generally some one visiting him, nearly always relatives or old and dear friends. He entertained very simply, made every one feel at home, and was always considerate and careful of the amusement and welfare of his guests.

People came from all over the world to Lexington to see him. Amongst the visitors from afar were the Marquis of Lorne and the Hon. Mr. Cooper, who were on a tour through the United States. They came to Lexington to see General Lee. When they called at the house there happened to be no servant at hand, and my father, meeting them at the door, received their cards. Not having on his glasses, he could not read the names, but ushered the strangers into the parlour, and presented <245>them to Mrs. Lee, without calling their names. My mother thought the tall, slender youth was a new student, and entered into conversation with him as such. Struck by his delicate appearance, she cautioned him against the harsh winter climate of the mountains, and urged him to be careful of his health. On this, Mr. Cooper explained who his companion was, and there was much amusement over the mistake.

The professors and students of the two institutions of learning were constant visitors, especially in the evenings, when young men came to see the girls. If his daughters had guests, my father usually sat with my mother in the dining-room adjoining the drawing-room. When the clock struck ten he would rise and close the shutters carefully and slowly, and, if that hint was not taken, he would simply say "Good night, young gentlemen." The effect was immediate and lasting, and his wishes in that matter, finally becoming generally known, were always respected. Captain W., who had very soon found out the General's views as to the time of leaving, was told on one occasion that General Lee had praised him very much.

"Do you know why?" said the Captain. "It is because I have never been caught in the parlour at ten o'clock. I came very near it last night, but got out into the porch before the General shut the first blind. That's the reason he calls me 'a fine young man.'"

A young friend who was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute called on my sisters one evening, and remarked, just for something to say:

"Do you know this is the first civilian's house I have entered in Lexington."

My father was in the room in his gray Confederate <246>coat, shorn of the buttons; also my two brothers, Custis and Fitzhugh, both of whom had been generals in the Confederate Army; so there was quite a laugh over the term *civilian*. I have already mentioned how particular my father was about answering all letters. It was a great tax on his time, and some of them must have been a trial to his temper. The following will explain itself:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 5, 1866.

"A. J. REQUIER,

"81 Cedar St., New York.

"My Dear Sir: I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 22d ult. So many articles formerly belonging to me are scattered over the country that I fear I have not time to devote to their recovery. I know no one in Buffalo whom I could ask to reclaim the Bible in question. If the lady who has it will use it, as I hope she will, she will herself seek to restore it to the rightful owner. I will, therefore, leave the decision of the question to her and her conscience. I have read with great pleasure the poem you sent me,

and thank you sincerely for your interest in my behalf. With great respect,
"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

Here is another one of many of a similar character:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 26, 1866.

"MR. E. A. POLLARD,
"104 West Baltimore St.,
"Baltimore, Md.

"Dear Sir: I return you my thanks for the compliment paid me by your proposition to write a history of my life. It is a hazardous undertaking to publish the life of any one while living, and there are but few who would desire to read a true history of themselves. Independently of the few national events with which mine has been connected, it presents little to interest the general <247>reader, nor do I know where to refer you for the necessary materials. All my private, as well as public, records have been destroyed or lost, except what is to be found in published documents, and I know of nothing available for the purpose. Should you, therefore, determine to undertake the work, you must rely upon yourself, as my time is so fully occupied that I am unable to promise you any assistance.

"Very respectfully,

"R. E. LEE."

This autumn my sister Mildred paid a visit to our cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsborough, living at "Ashby," near Easton, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. She remained away there and elsewhere for several months. My father's letters to her, many of which have been preserved, are most interesting. They show very plainly many beautiful phases of his noble character and disposition:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 21, 1866.

My Precious Life: I was very glad to receive your letter of the 15th inst., and to learn that you were well and happy. May you be always as much so as is consistent with your welfare here and hereafter, is my daily prayer. I was much pleased, too, that, while enjoying the kindness of your friends, we were not forgotten. Experience will teach you that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, you will never receive such a love as is felt for you by your father and mother. That lives through absence, difficulties, and time,. Your own feelings will teach you how it should be returned and appreciated. I want to see you very much, and miss you at every turn, yet am glad of this opportunity for you to be with those who, I know, will do all in their power to give you pleasure. I hope you will also find time to read and improve your mind. Read history, works of <248>truth, not novels and romances. Get correct views of life, and learn to see the world in its true light. It will enable you to live pleasantly, to do good, and, when summoned away, to leave without regret. Your friends here inquire constantly after you, and wish for your return. Mrs. White and Mrs. McElwee particularly regret your absence, and the former sends especial thanks for your letter of remembrance. We get on in our usual way. Agnes takes good care of us, and is very thoughtful and attentive. She has not great velocity, but is systematic and quiet. After to-day, the mornings will begin to lengthen a little, and her trials to lessen. It is very cold, the ground is covered with six inches of snow, and the

mountains, as far as the eye can reach in every direction, elevate their white crests as monuments of winter. This is the night for the supper for the repairs to the Episcopal church. Your mother and sisters are busy with their contributions. It is to take place at the hotel, and your brother, cousins, and father are to attend. On Monday night (24th), the supper for the Presbyterian church is to be held at their lecture-room. They are to have music and every attraction. I hope both may be productive of good. But you know the Episcopalians are few in numbers and light in purse, and must be resigned to small returns. . . . I must leave to your sisters a description of these feasts, and also an account of the operation of the Reading Club. As far as I can judge, it is a great institution for the discussion of apples and chestnuts, but is quite innocent of the pleasures of literature. It, however, brings the young people together, and promotes sociability and conversation. Our feline companions are flourishing. Young Baxter is growing in gracefulness and favour, and gives cat-like evidences of future worth. He possesses the fashionable colour of 'moonlight on the water,' apparently a dingy line of the kitchen, and is strictly aristocratic in appearance and conduct. Tom, surnamed 'The Nipper,' from the manner in which he slaughters our enemies, the rats <249>and the mice, is admired for his gravity and sobriety, as well as for his strict attention to the pursuits of his race. They both feel your absence sorely. Traveller and Custis are both well, and pursue their usual dignified gait and habits, and are not led away by the frivolous entertainments of lectures and concerts. All send united love, and all wish for your return. Remember me most kindly to Cousins Eleanor and George, John, Mary, Ida, and all at 'Myrtle Grove,' and to other kind friends when you meet them. Mrs. Grady carried yesterday to Mr. Charles Kerr, in Baltimore, a small package for you. Be careful of your health, and do not eat more than half the plum-puddings Cousin Eleanor has prepared for Xmas. I am glad to hear that you are fattening, and I hope you will reach 125 lbs. Think always of your father, who loves you dearly.

"R. E. LEE.

"P. S., 22d.—Rob arrived last night with 'Lucy Long.' He thinks it too bad you are away. He has not seen you for two years.

"R. E. LEE."

"Baxter" and "Tom, the Nipper" were Mildred's pets. All of us had a fondness for cats, inherited from my mother and her father, Mr. Custis. My father was very fond of them in his way and in their place, and was kind to them and considerate of their feelings. My mother told of his hearing one of the house-pets, possibly Baxter or the Nipper, crying and lamenting under his window one stormy night. The General got out of bed, opened the window, and called pussy to come in. The window was so high that the animal could not jump up to it. My father then stepped softly across the room, took one of my mother's crutches, and held it so far out of the window that he became wet from the falling rain; but he persuaded the cat to climb up along the crutch, and into <250>the window, before he thought of dry clothing for himself. "Lucy Long" was my father's mare, which had been lost or stolen at the end of the war, and which I had just brought back to him. I will give in the following letter his account of her:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 4, 1866.

"DR. C. S. GARNETT.

"Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 23d ult. and the information it contained. The mare about which my son wrote you was bred by Mr. Stephen Dandridge, of 'The Bower,' Berkeley County, Virginia, and was purchased from him for me by General J. E. B. Stuart in the fall of 1862—after the return of the army from Maryland. She is nine or ten years old, about fifteen hands high, square built, sorrel (not chestnut) colour, has, a fast walk, easy pace, and short canter. When I parted with her she had a full long mane and tail. I rode her in conjunction with my gray horse from the fall of '62 to the spring of '64, when she was sent back for refreshment; and it was in recalling her in the spring of '65 from Mr. Hairston's, in Henry County, that she got into Major Paxton's stables of public horses and went to Danville with them. I think she might be recognised by any member of the Army of Northern Virginia, in Essex, unless much changed. I now recollect no distinctive marks about her except a blaze in her forehead and white hind-legs. My son, General W. H. F. Lee, residing at the White House, in New Kent, might recognise her, and also my son Robert, who resides near West Point, in King William. Captain Hopkins, to whom you refer in your letter, is dead, but Major Paxton, who had general charge of the public stables, and to whom I referred your letter, has sent me the accompanying affidavits of two of the men employed by him. Should their evidence not be satisfactory, he will procure statements from some of the officers, which probably may be more definite. I should be obliged to you, if the mare in <251>question is the one I am seeking for, that you would take steps to recover her, as I am desirous of reclaiming her in consideration of the donor, General Stuart.

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

It was proved to the satisfaction of all parties that the mare in question was "Lucy Long," and my father reimbursed the man who had bought her from some one who had no right to her. She was brought to my place and I recognised her at once. She stayed with me until I was ready to pay my Christmas visit to Lexington. She then was put on the train and sent to Staunton, where I met her. I found there Colonel William Allan, a professor of Washington College, who had a buggy and no horse, and as I had a horse and no buggy, we joined forces and I drove him over to Lexington, "Lucy Long" carrying us with great ease to herself and comfort to us. My father was glad to get her, as he was very fond of her. When he heard how she came over, he was really shocked, as he thought she had never been broken to harness. She lived to be thirty-three years old, and was then chloroformed, because my brother thought she had ceased to enjoy life. For the last ten years of her life she was boarded out in the country, where she did nothing but rest, and until about a year before her death she seemed in good health and spirits.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XIV—An Ideal Father

<252>

LETTERS TO MILDRED LEE—TO ROBERT—TO FITZHUGH—
INTERVIEWED BY SWINTON, HISTORIAN OF THE ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC—IMPROVEMENT IN GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF
WASHINGTON COLLEGE—PUNCTUALITY A PROMINENT TRAIT OF
ITS PRESIDENT—A STRONG SUPPORTER OF THE Y. M. C. A.

MY sister, after the Christmas holidays, went from "Ashby" to Baltimore, Cousins George and Eleanor Goldsborough taking her with them to their town house. I think my father always wanted his daughters with him. When they were away he missed them, their love, care, and attention. The next letter I find is to Mildred, in Baltimore'

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 27, 1867.

"My Precious Daughter: Your letter to your mother gave us the satisfactory information of your continued good health, for I feared that your long silence had been caused by indisposition of body, rather than that due to writing. I hope you will not let so long an interval between your letters occur again, for you know I am always longing to hear from you, when I cannot see you, and a few lines, if only to say you are well, will prevent unpleasant apprehensions. I am delighted at your increased bodily dimensions, and your diminished drapery. One hundred and twenty-eight avoirdupois is approximately a proper standard. Seven more pounds <253>will make you all right. But I fear before I see you the unnatural life, which I fear you will lead in Baltimore, will reduce you to skin and bone. Do not go out to many parties, preserve your simple tastes and manners, and you will enjoy more pleasure. Plainness and simplicity of dress, early hours, and rational amusements, I wish you to practise. You must thank Cousins Eleanor and George for all their kindness to you, and remember me to all friends. If you see your uncle Marshall, present my kind regards to him, and my best wishes for his health and happiness. I hope you will see Robert. I heard that he stayed at Mr. Edward Dallam's when in Baltimore, but do not know whether he will return there from Lynwood. I was sorry to hear that you lost your purse. Perhaps the finder was more in want than you are, and it may be of service to him, and you can do without it. A little money is sometimes useful. You must bear in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine or fashionable, and that gentility as well as self-respect requires moderation in dress and gaiety. While her people are suffering, she should practise self-denial and show her sympathy in their affliction. We are all pretty well. Your poor mother suffers more pain than usual during this inclement weather. Your sister is devoted to the snow and ice, and Agnes is becoming a very good housekeeper. She has received a letter from a gentleman, whose judgment she respects, recommending her to acquire that useful knowledge, and assuring her that it will not only promote domestic happiness, but will add greatly to connubial bliss. This is a great encouragement to her. Our young friends, the law students and cadets, all inquire after you and wish for your return. Mrs. McElwee and Mrs. White also send their particular regards, and Colonel Reid, who seems to be failing fast, sends his love, and hopes that you will soon return. You know that is my wish and hope, so whenever you are ready to return you will know that I am waiting to receive you. I will leave your mother

and sisters to give you all <254>domestic news. Tell Annette I have been looking for her in every stage since her letter last fall, and that I hope for her arrival daily. Nipper is well, and endeavours, by stern gravity, to repress the frivolity of Baxter. All unite in much love, and I am, as ever,

"Your father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

Just after the intermediate examinations, he writes to Mildred again:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 16, 1867.

"My Precious Daughter: I have wished to answer your letter of the 2d for some days, but have not been able. The intermediate examinations which were in progress when it arrived continued ten entire days, and since their termination the necessary arrangements for the resumption of studies, and the reorganisation of the classes, have occupied all my time not devoted to other pressing matters. The students generally passed very creditable examinations. Many of your friends were distinguished. The ordeal through which the higher classes passed was as severe as any I ever witnessed. Colonel Johnston(*) has arrived and entered upon his duties. He is living at the hotel with his wife and six sweet little children, being unable to procure a house, and the college being too poor to build one for him. We have other professors also houseless. Robert has returned to his 'broken-back cottage,' though he confesses to having enjoyed great pleasure during his visit to Baltimore. He dwells with delight upon his intercourse with the Misses —, whom he considers angels upon earth, without wings. His account of them increases my desire to get them to Virginia. Miss—once promised me to have Fitzhugh. Tell her I will release her from her engagement if she <255>will take Rob. He was also much gratified at being able to spend a week with you, and I am getting very anxious for your return. The winter has passed, the snow and ice have disappeared, and the birds have returned to their favourite resorts in the yard. We have, however, a sea of mud around us, through which we have to plunge, but I hope the pleasant air and sun now visiting us will soon dissipate it. I am glad you are enjoying yourself among such kind friends, but do not remain too long, as you may detain Cousins Eleanor and George from the Eastern Shore. Markie has sent me a likeness of you on porcelain, from the negative taken by the celebrated Plecker, which she carried with her to Philadelphia. It is very good, but I prefer the original. . . . Everybody seems anxious for your return, and is surprised you can stay so long from your papa. May God bless and keep you, my dear child, is the constant prayer of

"Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE."

Before Mildred returned to Lexington she received one more letter from my father, in which he advises her of the two routes to Lexington, and tells her some college news:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 23, 1867.

"My Precious Daughter: Agnes wishes you to purchase some articles for her, and your mother and sister may have some commissions, which I fear will reduce your purse to an inconvenient collapse. I therefore send a check for- dollars, which I hope will enable you to gratify their wishes and serve as a reserve for your own wants. I hope you are well and

passing your time profitably as well as pleasantly. The cadets are under the impression that you are at the Patapsco Institute, and will expect to find you, on your return, more agreeable than ever. They are labouring so industriously in mental culture that they believe every one is similarly engaged. I went last evening to the celebration of the anniversary <256>of the Washington Society, and was much pleased with the speeches. It was held in the Methodist church, which was filled to overflowing. The Institute and Ann Smith [Female Academy] were represented. Your sisters were present, and as they were both absent from breakfast this morning I fear so much learning made them sleepy. They were also at a cadet hop on the 21st, and did not get home till between two and three A. M. on the 22d. I suppose, therefore, they had 'splendid times' and very fresh society. We were somewhat surprised the other morning at Mrs. Grady's committing matrimony. I missed, at our chapel exercises, Captain Grady and our acting chaplain, but did not know at the time what prevented their attendance. I heard afterwards that they had put the happy pair in the stage and sent them on their way rejoicing. She is now Mrs. Richard Norris, and has gone to Baltimore. It will be but fair now that Captain Grady should go to Baltimore and bring us a young lady from there in return for his mother. If you see Miss Armistead, ask her to be ready on short notice, as we are a people of few words in this region, and proceed in all matters in a businesslike way. Agnes, I suppose, has told you of all matters of gaiety and fashion. She has, no doubt, too, kept you advised of the progress of young Baxter and of the deeds of 'Thomas, the Nipper.' They are both flourishing, and are much admired. . . . The roads are so muddy that my evening rides have been suspended, and I see nobody. . . . You must write me when to expect you. The stage from Staunton now crosses during the night, and, when the roads are favourable, arrives about two A. M. When the roads are unfavourable, it gets in generally in time for an early breakfast. The canal-boats have resumed their trips now, so you will have a choice of routes from Richmond, if you conclude to go there. All unite with me in much love, and I am, always,

"Your father,

R. E. LEE."

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From Lexington I had gone to Baltimore for a short visit, and had spent a week with Mildred at the home of our cousin, Mr. George Washington Peter, near Ellicott City. Soon after getting back to my farm, I received the following letter from my father, still trying to help me along in my work:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 8, 1867.

"My Dear Son: I was very glad to learn from your letter of the 31st ult. that you had enjoyed your visit to Baltimore, for I feared when you left us that you might have a visit from your shaking enemy. I trust, however, that he has now left you never to return. Still be prudent and watch his approach closely. I hope you may be able to procure some good mules in Richmond, as it is a matter of importance to your operations. If you can get the lime delivered at ten cents, I do not know a more economical application to your land. I believe you will be repaid by the first crop, provided it acts as I think it will. Of this you must judge, and I can only say that if you can accomplish it, and wish to try, I can send you \$300, and will send it by draft to you, or to any one in Baltimore that you will designate, as soon as I hear from you. I commend you for not wishing to go in debt, or to

proceed faster in your operations than prudence dictates. I think it economy to improve your land, and to begin upon the system you prefer as soon as possible. It is your only chance of success, so let me know. I have to write in haste, as the examination is in progress, and I have to be present. George and Robert both came up to-day in the subjects in which they are respectively weakest, so give them your good wishes. I received yesterday a letter from Mildred regretting your departure from Baltimore, and expressing the pleasure she derived from having been with you even a short week. I hope she will continue well and return to us soon. We are all about as you left us. The weather has moderated and the ice disappeared from the fiver, though the boats <258>have not yet resumed their trips. Mud predominates now instead of snow. . . . Wishing you all happiness, I am,

Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE, Jr."

The Robert and George mentioned here were two of his nephews whom he was educating at the college, the sons, respectively, of his brothers, Sydney Smith Lee and Charles Carter Lee. They were members of his household and were treated as his own family.

To my brother Fitzhugh he writes at this time the following, chiding him for his extravagance in a Christmas gift, and asking him for some data of the movements of his command. It is full of good advice, encouragement, and affection:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 26, 1867.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: You must not think because I write so seldom that you are absent from my thoughts. I think of you constantly, and am ever revolving in my mind all that concerns you. I have an ardent desire to see you re-established at your home and enjoying the pleasure of prosperity around you. I know this cannot be accomplished at once, but must come from continuous labour, economy, and industry, and be the result of years of good management. We have now nothing to do but to attend to our material interests which collectively will advance the interests of the State, and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail. I hope I shall be able to get down to see you and Rob during the next vacation. I shall then have a more correct apprehension of existing circumstances, and can follow your progress more satisfactorily. I was very much obliged to you for the nice eye-glasses you sent me Xmas, and asked your mother and the girls to thank you for them, which I hope they did. I fear they are too nice for mv present circumstances, <259>and do not think you ought to spend anything, except on your farm, until you get that in a prosperous condition. We have all, now, to confine ourselves strictly to our necessities. . . . While you are your own manager you can carry on cultivation on a large scale with comparatively less expense than on a small scale, and your profits will of course be greater. I would commence a system of progressive improvement which would improve your land and add steadily to your income. I have received, lately, from Fitz Lee a narrative of the operations of his division of cavalry. I requested Custis to write to you for a report of your operations during the winter of 1863-4 down to April 18, 1865. How are you progressing with it? I know the difficulties of making such a narrative at this time; still, by correspondence with your officers, and by exerting your own memory, much can be done, and it will help me

greatly in my undertaking. Make it as full as you can, embracing all circumstances bearing on the campaigns affecting your operations and illustrating the conduct of your division. I hope you will be able to get up to see us this spring or summer. Select the time when you can best absent yourself, that you may feel the freer and enjoy yourself the more. . . . I wish I were nearer to you all. . . . Your mother is about the same, busy with her needle and her pen, and as cheerful as ever. . . .

"Affectionately your father,

R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WM. H. F. LEE."

His desire for accounts from his officers of the movements of their commands shows he still intended to attempt to write his campaigns with the Army of Northern Virginia. Some months later he writes again to my brother, and in it he alludes to the dark cloud of the "reconstruction" days, hanging then over the South:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, June 8, 1867.

"My Dear Son: Your letter written on your birthday has been welcomed by the whole family, and I assure you <260>that we reciprocate your regrets at the distance which separates us. Although the future is still dark, and the prospects gloomy, I am confident that, if we all unite in doing our duty, and earnestly work to extract what good we can out of the evil that now hangs over our dear land, the time is not distant when the angry cloud will be lifted from our horizon and the sun in his pristine brightness again shine forth. I, therefore, can anticipate for you many years of happiness and prosperity, and in my daily prayers to the God of mercy and truth I invoke His choicest blessings upon you. May He gather you under the shadow of His almighty wing, direct you in all your ways, and give you peace and everlasting life. It would be most pleasant to my feelings could I again, as you propose, gather you all around me, but I fear that will not be in this world. Let us all so live that we may be united in that world where there is no more separation, and where sorrow and pain never come. I think after next year I will have done all the good I can for the college, and I should then like, if peace is restored to the country, to retire to some quiet spot, east of the mountains, where I might prepare a home for your mother and sisters after my death, and where I could earn my daily bread. We will talk of it when we meet. This summer I wish to carry your mother to some of the mineral springs where she might obtain some relief, but it is hard to know where that can be found. She seems now to prefer White Sulphur, merely on the ground, I believe, that she has never tried those waters, and, therefore, they might be of service to her. If she makes up her mind to go, I will endeavour to get her there with one of the girls, at least. Mildred has returned to us, looking very well, and says she has had a very pleasant tour among her friends, and has received a great deal of kindness wherever she has been. She seems to be very contented now at home. I think you did right to defer your visit to us until you had more leisure. I am glad your prospects for a harvest are so good. Every one must look <261>to his material interests now, as labour is our only resource. The completion of the railroad to the Pamunkey will be a great advantage to you in getting to market what you make, and I hope you will put everything to account. I hope Robert is doing well. Mary is in Staunton, where she went a week since to attend Miss Stribling's wedding. . . . Miss Mary Stewart is staying with us, and I believe is to remain until July, when her sister Belle is to join her. The examination of the students has been progressing a week and will continue until the

20th. The young men have, so far, done very well on the whole. . . . Mr. Swinton has paid his visit. He seemed to be gentlemanly, but I derive no pleasure from my interviews with book-makers. I have either to appear uncivil, or run the risk of being dragged before the public. . . . I am,

"Always as ever, your father,

R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WM. H. FITZHUGH LEE."

The Pamunkey was the name of the river on which the White House, my brother's estate, was situated. The railroad from Richmond, torn up during the war, had just been rebuilt to that point. Swinton was the historian of the Federal Army of the Potomac. He spent some days in Lexington, and, I suppose, sought from my father information on points connected with his history of the movements of General Grant's army.

My father, as I have said before, commenced almost as soon as he became the president of the college to improve the grounds, roads, walks, fences, etc., and systematically kept up this work up to the time of his death. The walks about the college grounds were in a very bad condition, and, in wet weather, often ankle-deep in mud. As a first step toward improving them the president had a quantity of limestone broken up and spread upon the roads and walks. The rough, jagged surface was most <262>uninviting, and horsemen and footmen naturally took to the grass. Seeing Colonel T. L. Preston riding one day across the campus on his way to his classes at the Virginia Military Institute, my father remarked:

"Ah, Colonel, I have depended upon you and your big sorrel to help smooth down my walks !"

Another day, a student who was walking on the grass saw the General not far away, and immediately stepped into the middle of the rocks, upon which he manfully trudged along. A strange lady, going in the same direction, followed in the student's footsteps, and when the youth came within speaking distance, my father, with a twinkle in his eye, thanked him for setting so good an example, and added, "The ladies do not generally take kindly to my walks."

The buildings also were altered and renovated, so far as funds for the purpose permitted. He urged the erection as soon as possible of a chapel, which should be of dimensions suitable for the demands of the college. There were other objects calling for a far greater outlay of money than the resources of the college afforded, but he deemed this of great importance, and succeeded in getting appropriations for it first. He hastened the selection of the site and the drawing of the plans. The completion of the work was much retarded owing to the want of funds, but his interest in its erection never flagged. He gave it his personal superintendence from first to last, visiting it often two or three times a day. After it was dedicated, he always attended morning prayers and all other religious exercises held there, unless prevented by sickness. Whenever I was there on a visit I always went with him every morning to chapel. He had a certain seat which he occupied, and you could have kept your watch regulated <263>by the time he entered the doors. As he thought well of the young men who left his drawing-room by ten o'clock, so he placed in a higher estimate those who attended chapel regularly, especially if they got there in proper time. There was no regular chaplain, but the ministers of the different denominations who had churches in the village undertook, by turns, to perform a month's service. The hour was forty-five minutes past seven o'clock every morning, except

Sunday, during the session, save in the three winter months, December, January, and February, when it was one hour later. He was the earnest friend and strong supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association, and an annual contributor to its funds. Upon one occasion, at least, he placed in its library a collection of suitable books, which he had purchased with that intention. In his annual reports to the trustees, he always made mention of the association, giving an account of its operations and progress.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XV—Mountain Rides

<264>

AN INCIDENT ABOUT "TRAVELLER"—THE GENERAL'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN—HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS—A RIDE WITH HIS DAUGHTER TO THE PEAKS OF OTTER—MILDRED LEE'S NARRATIVE—MRS. LEE AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—THE GREAT ATTENTION PAID HER HUSBAND THERE—HIS IDEA OF LIFE

SINCE the arrival of "Lucy Long" my father was generally accompanied by one of my sisters in his rides, whenever the weather and the condition of the roads admitted of their going. It took very severe weather to keep him in, though often he could not spare the time, for during the winter months the days were very short. Every Monday afternoon there was a faculty meeting, and the vestry meetings of his church were held two or three times a month. Whenever I was in Lexington I rode with him, and when he was prevented by any of the above-mentioned causes he would ask me to take Traveller out and give him a gallop, which I was delighted to do, and I think I had my revenge for his treatment of me on that ride from Orange to Fredericksburg in the winter of 1862. My father's affection for his horses was very deep and strong. In a letter written from the Springs one summer, to his clerk in Lexington, he says:

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"How is Traveller ? Tell him I miss him dreadfully, and have repented of our separation but once—and that is the whole time since we parted."

I think Traveller appreciated his love and sympathy, and returned it as much as was in a horse's nature to do. As illustrative of this bond between them, a very pretty story was told me by Mrs. S. P. Lee(*):

"One afternoon in July of this year, the General rode down to the canal-boat landing to put on board a young lady who had been visiting his daughters and was returning home. He dismounted, tied Traveller to a post, and was standing on the boat making his adieux, when some one called out that Traveller was loose. Sure enough, the gallant gray was making his way up the road, increasing his speed as a number of boys and men tried to stop him. My father immediately stepped ashore, called to the crowd to stand still, and advancing a few steps gave a peculiar low whistle. At the first sound, Traveller stopped and pricked up his ears. The General whistled a second time, and the horse with a glad whinny turned and trotted quietly back to his master, who patted and coaxed him before tying him up again. To a bystander expressing surprise at the creature's docility the General observed that he did not see how any man could ride a horse for any length of time without a perfect understanding being established between them. My sister Mildred, who rode with him constantly this summer, tells me of his enjoyment of their long rides out into the beautiful, restful country. Nothing seemed to delight him so much.

"I have often known him to give rein to Traveller and <266>go at full speed to the top of some long hill, then turn and wait for me jogging along on Lucy, calling out with merry voice, 'Come along, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Lucy Long !' He would question the country people about the roads, where they came from, where they led to, and soon knew every farmer's name and every homestead in the county. He often said:

"I wish I had a little farm of my own, where we could live in peace to the end of our days. You girls could attend to the dairy and the cows and the sheep and wait on your mother and me, for it is time now for us old people to rest and for the young people to work."

All the children in the country around were devoted to him, and felt no hesitation in approaching him, after they once knew him. He used to meet his favourites among the little ones on the street, and would sometimes lift them up in front of him to give them a ride on Traveller. That was the greatest treat he could provide. There is a very pretty story told of Virginia Lee Letcher, his god. daughter, and her baby sister, Fannie, which is yet remembered among the Lexington people. Jennie had been followed by her persistent sister, and all the coaxing and the commanding of the six-year-old failed to make the younger return home. Fannie had sat down by the roadside to pout, when General Lee came riding by. Jennie at once appealed to him:

"General Lee, won't you please make this child go home to her mother?"

The General immediately rode over to where Fannie sat, leaned over from his saddle and drew her up into his lap. There she sat in royal contentment, and was thus grandly escorted home. When Mrs. Letcher inquired <267>of Jennie why she had given General Lee so much trouble, she received the naive reply:

"I couldn't make Fan go home, and I thought he could do anything."(*)

There was a little boy living with his mother, who had come from New York. His father had been killed in our army. The little fellow, now Colonel Grier Monroe, of New York city, was much teased at his playmates calling him "Yankee" when he knew he was not one. One day he marched into my father's office in the college, stated his case, and asked for redress.

"The next boy that calls you 'Yankee' send him to me," said the General, which, when reported, struck such terror into the hearts of his small comrades that the offense was never repeated.

There was another little boy who was accustomed to clamber up by the side of my father at the morning chapel exercises, and was so kindly treated that, whenever he saw his distinguished friend, he straightway assumed a position beside him. At the college commencement, which was held in the chapel, the little fellow glided from his mother's side and quietly stole up to the platform. Soon he was nestled at the feet of the dignified president, and, resting his head upon his knees, dropped asleep. General Lee tenderly remained without moving, preferring to suffer from the constrained position rather than disturb the innocent slumberer. This boy is now the Reverend Carter Jones of the Baptist Church.

About this time Ex-President Davis was freed from the confinement of his prison at Fortress Monroe, where he had been for about two years. There was a warm <268>personal friendship between these two men, dating from the time they were cadets at West Point together, and as his unjust and unnecessary imprisonment had pained and distressed none more than my father, so his release gave him corresponding joy. He at once wrote to him the following letter, full of feeling and sympathy:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, June 1, 1867.

"HONOURABLE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"My Dear Mr. Davis: You can conceive better than I can express the misery which your

friends have suffered from your long imprisonment, and the other afflictions incident thereto. To no one has this been more painful than to me, and the impossibility of affording relief has added to my distress. Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have not words to tell. My daily prayer to the great Ruler of the world is that He may shield you from all future harm, guard you from all evil, and give you that peace which the world cannot take away. That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of

"Your most obedient, faithful friend and servant,

"R. E. LEE."

Though my father would take no part in the politics of the country, and rarely expressed his views on questions of that nature then occupying the minds of all, nevertheless, when he deemed it necessary, and to the proper person, he very plainly said what he thought. The following letter to General Longstreet, in answer to one from him written about this time, illustrates what I have said in this connection, and explains itself:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 29, 1867.

"GENERAL J. LONGSTREET,

"21 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

"My Dear General: When I received your letter of the 8th of June, I had just returned from a short trip to <269>Bedford County, and was preparing for a more extended visit to the White Sulphur Springs for the benefit of Mrs. Lee's health. As I could not write such a letter as you desired, and as you stated that you would leave New Orleans for Mexico in a week from the time you wrote, to be absent some months, I determined to delay my reply till my return. Although I have been here more than a month, I have been so occupied by necessary business, and so incommoded by the effects of an attack of illness, from which I have not yet recovered, that this is the first day that I have been able to write to you. I have avoided all discussion of political questions since the cessation of hostilities, and have, in my own conduct, and in my recommendations to others, endeavoured to conform to existing circumstances. I consider this the part of wisdom, as well as of duty; but, while I think we should act under the law and according to the law imposed upon us, I cannot think the course pursued by the dominant political party the best for the interests of the country, and therefore cannot say so or give it my approval. This is the reason why I could not comply with the request in your letter. I am of the opinion that all who can should vote for the most intelligent, honest, and conscientious men eligible to office, irrespective of former party opinions, who will endeavour to make the new constitutions and the laws passed under them as beneficial as possible to the true interests, prosperity, and liberty of all classes and conditions of the people. With my best wishes for your health and happiness, and my kindest regards to Mrs. Longstreet and your children, I am, with great regard, and very truly and sincerely yours,

"R. E. LEE."

This summer my father paid a visit to the Peaks of Otter, a famous group of mountains in the Blue Ridge range, situated in Bedford County, Virginia. He rode Traveller, and my sister Mildred accompanied him on <270>"Lucy Long." After visiting the Peaks and ascending the summit, which is 4,000 feet in height, he rode on to Liberty, now Bedford City, ten miles distant, and spent the night at "Avenel," the home of the Burwells, who

were friends and connections of his.

From there the riding party went to Captain Buford's, about twelve miles distant, where they spent the night and the next day. The Captain was a farmer, a great admirer and a staunch upholder of his native State, Virginia, in her fight for constitutional liberty, from '61 to '65. He had sent his sons into the army, and had given of his substance freely to support the troops, as well as the poor and needy, the widow and orphan, who had been left in want by the death in battle of their natural protectors and by the ravages of war. In the early years of the struggle, my mother and sisters, when "refugeeing," had boarded, as they thought and intended at the time, at his home. But when they tried to induce him to accept pay for the shelter and food he had given them for a month or more, he sternly refused. His was a patriotism that hesitated at no sacrifice, and was of a kind and character that admitted of no self-consideration. This trait, so strongly developed in him, attracted the admiration and respect of my father. The visit he paid him was to thank him in person for the kindness extended to his wife and daughters, and also for a very large and handsome horse which he had sent my father the last year, I think, of the war. My sister Mildred tells me what she can recollect of this ride. It is a source of endless regret to us that we cannot recall more. His companionship was at all times delightful to his children, and on an occasion of this kind, invigorated by the exercise, <271>inspired by the bright skies and relieved of all harassing cares, he became almost a boy again.

My sister Mildred says:

"We started at daybreak one perfect June day, papa on Traveller, I on Lucy Long, our saddle-bags being our only luggage. He was in the gayest humour, laughing and joking with me as I paced along by his side on quiet 'Miss Lucy.' Traveller seemed to sympathise with his master, his springy step, high head, and bright eye clearly showing how happy he was and how much interest he took in this journey. He had to be constantly chided for his restlessness, and was told that it would be well for him to reserve some of his too abundant energy for the latter part of his trip. At midday we dismounted, and, tying our horses while resting on the soft grass under a wild-plum hedge by the roadside, ate our lunch. We then rode on, and soon came to the James River, which was crossed by a ferry-boat. The ferry-man was an old soldier, who of course recognised papa, and refused payment; nor could he be induced to take any. Further on the road, as our horses were climbing a steep rocky ascent, we met some little children, with very dirty faces, playing on the roadside. He spoke to them in his gentle, playful way, alluding to their faces and the desirability of using a little water. They stared at us with open-eyed astonishment, and then scampered off up the hill; a few minutes later, in rounding this hill, we passed a little cabin, when out they all ran with clean faces, fresh aprons, and their hair nicely brushed, one little girl exclaiming, 'We know you are General Lee ! we have got your picture !'

"That night about nine o'clock we reached the little mountain inn at the foot of the Peaks, ate a hearty supper, and soon went to bed, tired out by our thirty-mile ride. Our bedrooms seemed to be a loft, and the beds were of feathers, but I, at least, slept without turning. Next morning, at dawn of day, we set out, accompanied by <272>the master of the house, and rode for a long time up the mountain-side, Lucy following closely behind Traveller. Finally it became impossible to proceed further on horseback, so the horses were fastened to some trees and we climbed the rest of the way to the summit on foot. When the top was reached, we sat for a long time on a great rock, gazing down on the glorious prospect beneath. Papa spoke but a few words, and seemed very sad. I have

heard there is now a mark on that rock showing where he sat. The inn-keeper, who accompanied us all the way, told us that we had ridden nearer the top than any other persons up to that time. Regaining our horses, we proceeded on our second day's journey, which was to end at Liberty, some ten miles distant.

"We had not ridden far, when suddenly a black thunder-cloud arose and in a few minutes a heavy shower broke over us. We galloped back to a log cabin we had just passed. Papa lifted me off of Lucy and, dripping with water, I rushed in, while he led the horse under an adjacent shed. The woman of the house looked dark and glum on seeing the pools of water forming from my dress on her freshly scoured floor, and when papa came in with his muddy boots her expression was more forbidding and gloomy. He asked her permission to wait there until the shower was over, and praised her nice white floor, regretting that we had marred its beauty. At this praise, so becomingly bestowed, she was slightly appeased, and asked us into the best room, which was adorned with colored prints of Lee, Jackson, Davis, and Johnston. When the shower ceased and papa went out for the horses I told her who he was. Poor woman! She seemed stunned, and kept on saying: 'What will Joe say? What will Joe say!' Joe was her husband, and had been, like every other man in the country, a soldier in the 'Army of Northern Virginia.'

"The shower over and the sun shining brightly, we rode along joyously through the refreshed hills and dust-laid roads. arriving at Liberty in good time, and went <273>to 'Avenel,' the pretty home of the Burwells. The comforts of this sweet old place seemed very delicious to me after my short experience of roughing it. Papa was much amused when I appeared in crinoline, my 'hoops' having been squeezed into the saddle-bags and brought with me. We remained here the next day, Sunday, and the day after rode on some twelve miles to Captain Buford's. The Captain, in his shirt-sleeves, received us with open arms, seemed much surprised at my full growth, and said, 'Why, General, you called her your 'little girl,' and she is a real chunk of a gal!' He showed us his fine Jersey cattle, his rich fields and well-filled barns, and delighted in talking of the time during the war when mama, Mary, and Agnes paid him a visit. He over-flowed with kindness and hospitality, and his table fairly groaned with the good things. Papa afterwards constantly quoted his original sayings, especially one on early rising, which was made on the eve of our arrival, when he told us good-night. Papa asked him what time he must be ready for breakfast next morning.

"'Well, General,' said the Captain, 'as you have been riding hard, and as you are company, we will not have breakfast to-morrow until sun-up,' which meant in those June days somewhere before five o'clock.

"After a day spent pleasantly here, we started next morning early on our return. Halting for a short time in Buchanan, we stopped at Colonel Edmund Pendleton's, who then lived there in an imposing white pillared edifice, formerly a bank. Mrs. Pendleton gave us some delicious apricots from her garden, which my father enjoyed greatly. We then proceeded on the road to Lexington, going by the Natural Bridge, where we had another short rest, and reached home the same night, about ten o'clock, after a forty-mile ride.

"Shortly after this visit Captain Buford sent me a fine Jersey cow, on condition that I would get up early every morning and milk her, and also send him a part of the butter I made." <274>

After my father returned from this trip, he began his arrangements for taking my mother to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. He hoped that the waters and the change might

be of service to her general health, even if they should not alleviate the severity of her rheumatic pains.

About the first of July, my mother, sister Agnes and Miss Mary Pendleton, with my brother Custis in charge, set out for the White Sulphur Springs. My father, with Professor J. J. White, decided to make the journey to the same place on horseback. They started a day in advance, and were at Covington when the ladies, travelling by stage-coach to Goshen, thence by rail, arrived there. After spending the night at Covington, the passengers were put into as many stage-coaches as were necessary, and the long, rough drive over the mountains by "Callahan's" commenced.

General Lee on Traveller was at once recognised, and when it was found out by his fellow-travellers that Mrs. Lee was with him, attentions and services of all kinds were pressed on her party, and a most enjoyable lunch was sent to the stage reserved for her. Seeing that the other stages were much crowded, while the one reserved for his wife had vacant seats, my father insisted that some of the others should join his party, which they very gladly did. He and Professor White went ahead of the stages on their horses.

At the White Sulphur Springs the "Harrison Cottage," in "Baltimore Row," had been put at my father's disposal, and the entire party was soon most pleasantly established there. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, Professor White, Miss Mary Pendleton, Agnes, and my father and brother had a table together. Almost every <275>day some special dainty was sent to this table. My mother, of course, had her meals served in her cottage. Her faithful and capable servant, Milly Howard, was always most eager for her to appear at her best, and took great pride in dressing her up, so far as she was allowed, in becoming caps, etc., to receive her numerous visitors. My father's usual custom while there was to spend some time in the morning in the large parlour of the hotel, before taking his ride on Traveller. After dinner he went again to the parlour, and also after tea.

Among the company were many old friends and acquaintances from Baltimore, who could not sufficiently testify their pleasure in this renewal of intercourse. Whenever he appeared in parlour or ballroom he was the centre of attraction, and in vain the young men tried to engage the attention of the young ladies when General Lee was present.

During his visit, a circus came to "Dry Creek," a neighbouring settlement, and gave an exhibition. The manager rode over to the Springs, came to my father's cottage, and insisted on leaving several tickets, begging that General Lee would permit him to send carriages for him and any friends he might like to take to his show. These offers my father courteously declined, but bought many tickets, which he presented to his little friends at the Springs.

During the morning he rode over to "Dry Creek," where the crowds of country people, many of them his old soldiers, feasted their eyes on him to the neglect of the circus. That night a special exhibition was given by the manager to General Lee's friends, who were taken to seats draped with Confederate colors, red, and white. After the return from the circus, my father invited a <276>large party to his cottage to partake of a huge watermelon sent him by express from Mobile. It weighed about sixty pounds, and its producer thought the only fitting way he could dispose of it was to present it to General Lee.

Every possible attention that love, admiration, and respect could prompt was paid my father by the guests at the Springs, each one seeming anxious to do him homage. My mother and sister shared it all with him, for any attention and kindness shown them went

straight to his heart.

After spending three weeks at "the White," my father's party went to the Old Sweet Springs, where they were all made very comfortable, one of the parlours being turned into a bedroom for my mother, so that in her wheeled chair she could go out on the verandas and into the ballroom.

He was taken quite sick there, and, though he rode over from the White Sulphur Springs, was unable to continue his early rides for some time. His room was on the first floor, with a window opening on the end of the building. One morning, when he was very unwell and it was important that he should not be disturbed, Miss Pendleton found a countryman cautiously opening the shutters from the outside. She quickly interfered, saying:

"Go away; that is General Lee's room."

The man dropped back, saying mournfully:

"I only wanted to see him."

On another occasion some country people came to the Springs with plums and berries for sale. Catching sight of him on the piazza, they put down their baskets, took off their hats, and hurraed most lustily for "Marse Bob." They were his old soldiers. When he acknowledged <277>their loyalty by shaking hands with them, they insisted on presenting him with their fruit.

About the first week in September my father rode back to Lexington on Traveller, Custis taking my mother and Agnes back over the same tedious journey by stage and rail.

There have been preserved very few letters from him at this time. I find one to me, full of kindness, wholesome advice, and offers of aid, in which he sends his thanks to the President of the York River Railroad for a courtesy tendered him:

*"WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
"GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA,
"August 5, 1867.*

"My Dear Son: I received to-day your letter of the 28th ult., inclosing a free ticket over the Richmond & York River Railroad, from its president, Mr. Dudley. Please present him my grateful thanks for this mark of his esteem. I am very glad to hear that the road is completed to the White House, and that a boat connects it with Norfolk. The convenience of the community and the interests of the road will be promoted thereby. It is a difficult undertaking in these times to build a road, and I hope the company will soon be able to finish it to West Point. I suppose you have received before this the letter from your mother and Agnes, announcing our arrival at this place and informing you of the company. The latter has been much increased, and among the arrivals are the Daingerfields, Haxalls, Capertons, Miss Belle Harrison, etc., etc. I told Agnes to tell you how much we wished you were with us, and as an inducement for you to join us, if you could leave home, if you would come, I would pay your expenses. I feel very sensibly, in my old age, the absence of my children, though I recognise the necessity of every one's attending to his business, and admire him the more for so doing. I am very glad that <278>you and Fitzhugh have, so far, escaped the fever, and hope you may avoid it altogether. Be prudent. I am very sorry that your harvest promises a poor yield. It will be better next year, but you must continue systematically the improvement of the land. I know of no better method than by liming, and if you wish to prosecute it, and are in need of help, I will aid you to the extent of last year or more. So make your arrangements, and let me

know your wishes. A farmer's life is one of labour, but it is also one of pleasure, and the consciousness of steady improvement, though it may be slow, is very encouraging. I think you had better also begin to make arrangements to build yourself a house. If you can do nothing more than prepare a site, lay out a garden, orchard, etc., and get a small house partly finished, so as to inhabit it, it will add to your comfort and health. I can help you in that too. Think about it. Then, too, you must get a nice wife. I do not like you being so lonely. I fear you will fall in love with celibacy. I have heard some very pleasing reports of Fitzhugh. I hope that his desires, if beneficial to his happiness, may be crowned with success. I saw the lady when I was in Petersburg, and was much pleased with her. I will get Agnes or your mother to tell you what occurs at the Springs. There are some 500 people here, very pleasant and kind, but most of my time is passed alone with Traveller in the mountains. I hope your mother may derive some benefit from the waters, but I see none now. It will, at least, afford her some variety, and give her some pleasure, of which there is a dearth with us now. Give much love to Fitzhugh. All unite in love to you. God bless you, my son, prays

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

Early in September my father sent my mother and sister home to Lexington, while he mounted Traveller and rode back by way of the Hot Springs, Healing, and Rock-bridge Alum. He was detained by indisposition a day or <279>two at the Healing, and writes to my mother a little note from that place:

"HEALING SPRINGS, September 12, 1867.

"My Dear Mary. ' I arrived here on the 10th, and had expected to resume my journey this morning, but did not feel able. Should nothing prevent, I will leave here to-morrow, but I fear I shall not be able to reach the Rockbridge Alum, which I am told is twenty-nine miles distant. In that event, I will halt on the road, and arrive there on Saturday, lie over Sunday, and reach Lexington on Monday. I am very anxious to get to Lexington, and think nothing on the route will benefit me, as I feel much concerned about the resumption of the college exercises. Mr. John Stewart, Misses Mary and Marian, Mr. Price and his daughters came over from the Hot yesterday to see me. The Stewarts are there on Miss Belle's account. Give much love to everybody. I hope you reached Lexington safely and comfortably and that all are well. I hope to see you Monday. Till then, farewell.

"Very truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

It is to be regretted that we have no accounts of these rides, the people he met, and what he said to them, where he stayed, and who were his hosts. He was very fond of horseback journeys, enjoyed the quiet and rest, the freedom of mind and body, the close sympathy of his old war-horse, and the beauties of Nature which are to be seen at every turn in the mountains of Virginia. Ah, if we could only obtain some records of his thoughts as he rode all alone along the mountain roads, how much it would help us all in our trials and troubles! He was a man of few words, very loath to talk about himself, nor do I believe any one ever knew what that great heart suffered. His idea of life was to do his duty, at whatever cost, and to try to help others do theirs.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XVI—An Adviser Of Young Men

<280>

LEE'S POLICY AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT—HIS ADVICE ON AGRICULTURAL MATTERS—HIS AFFECTION FOR HIS PROSPECTIVE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW—FITZHUGH'S WED-DING-THE GENERAL'S OVATION AT PETERSBURG' HIS PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE STUDENTS UNDER HIS CARE

THE college exercises were resumed in the last weeks of September. My mother and sisters were all back at home. The President's work, now more in hand, began to show results. The number of students this session was largely increased and the outlook of the college was very much brighter.

"He had from the beginning of his presidency a distinct policy and plan which he had fully conceived and to which he steadily adhered, so that all his particular measures of progress were but consistent steps in its development. His object was nothing less than to establish and perfect an institution which should meet the highest needs of education in every department. At once, and without waiting for the means to be provided in advance, he proceeded to develop this object. Under his advice, new chairs were created, and professors called to fill them, so that before the end of the first year the faculty was doubled in numbers. Still additional chairs were created, and finally a complete system of schools' was established and brought into full operation. So admirably was the plan <281>conceived and administered by General Lee, that, heterogeneous as were the students, especially in the early years, each one found his proper place, and all were kept in line of complete and systematic study. Under this organisation, and especially under the inspiration of his central influence, the utmost harmony and utmost energy pervaded all the departments of the college. The highest powers of both professors and students were called forth, under the fullest responsibility. The standards of scholarship were rapidly advanced; and soon the graduates of Washington College were the acknowledged equals of those from the best institutions elsewhere, and were eagerly sought after for the highest positions as teachers in the best schools. The results. . . . were due directly and immediately, more than to all other causes, to the personal ability and influence of General Lee as president of the college."

So wrote Professor Edward S. Joynes in an article published soon after General Lee's death, in the *University Monthly*. All of this had not been accomplished as yet, but the work was well advanced, and the results began to be evident. His health had not been strong since the middle of the summer, but he never ceased in his en-dearour to better the condition of the college, and to improve the minds, morals, and bodies of the young men committed to his charge. He writes to me about this time, encouraging me to renewed efforts, telling me how to better my condition, and advising me not to be cast down by difficulties:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 26, 1867.

"My Dear Rob: Your letter of the 10th did not give me a very favourable account of yourself or your prospects, but I have no doubt it was true and therefore commendable.

We must not, however, yield to difficulties, but strive the harder to overcome them. I am sorry for <282>the failure of your crops, your loneliness and uncom-fortab!eness, and wish it were in my power to visit you and advise with you. But you must come up this winter, when convenient, and we will discuss the whole matter. Fitzhugh, I hope, will be married soon, and then he will have more time to counsel with you. I hope, between you two, you will devise some mode of relief. The only way to improve your crop is to improve your land, which requires time, patience, and good cultivation. Lime, I think, is one of the chief instruments, and I advise you to apply that systematically and judiciously. I think, too, you had better purchase another pair of mules. I can help you in these items, and, if you need, can advance you \$500. Then, as regards a house, I can help you in that too, but you must first select a site and a plan. The first can only be found on the land, and the latter might be adopted on the progressive principle, commencing with the minor members, and finishing with the principal ones as convenience or necessity might authorise. If no better can be found, how would the present site answer? If you are going to cultivate the lower part of the farm, it would at least have the advantage of convenience, or if you thought it better to divide and sell your farm it would answer for one of the divisions. I am clear for your marrying, if you select a good wife; otherwise you had better remain as you are for a time. An imprudent or uncon-genial woman is worse than *the minks*(*). I think, upon the whole, you are progressing very well and have accomplished the worst part. A failure in crops will occur occasionally to every farmer, even the best, with favourable surroundings. It serves a good purpose, inculcates prudence and economy, and excites energy and perseverance. These qualities will overcome everything. You are very young still, and if you are virtuous and laborious you will accomplish all the good you propose to yourself. Let me know if you want the money. We are pretty well. I am better and your poor mother more comfortable, <283>I think, than she was last year. The girls are as usual, and Custis is in far better health than he was before his visit to the Springs. He seems, however, not happy, and I presume other people have their troubles as well as farmers. God bless you, my son, and may He guard, guide, and direct you in all you do. All would unite in love did they know I was writing.

"Truly and affectionately, your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE, JR."

My brother Fitzhugh was to be married that autumn. This event, so soon to take place, gave my father great pleasure. He was an earnest advocate of matrimony, and was constantly urging his sons to take to themselves wives. With his daughters he was less pressing. Though apparently always willing to have another daughter, he did not seem to long for any more sons. He thus writes to my brother when his engagement was formally announced to him:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 20, 1867.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I have been anxious for some time to write to you, to express the pleasure I have felt at the prospects of your marriage with Miss Bolling; but sickness has prevented, and I am still so feeble that I cannot attend to the pressing business connected with the college. As you know how deeply I feel all that concerns you, you may feel assured of the pleasure I derived from your letter to your mother informing her of your engagement. I have the most pleasing recollection of 'Miss Tabb,' and of her kindness to

me, and now that she has consented to be my daughter the measure of my gratitude is filled to overflowing. I hope she will not delay the consummation, for I want to see her very much, and I fear she will not come to see me until then. You must present her my warm love, and you both must accept my earnest <284>prayers and most fervent wishes for your future happiness and prosperity. I am glad that your house is progressing and that your crops promise well. I hope that you soon will be able to come and see us. Your mother, I hope, has derived some benefit from her visit to the Springs. Her general health is improved, but I see no relaxation in her rheumatic complaint. The girls are quite well, and all send love. . .

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. F. LEE."

The young lady who was so soon to become a member of his family was Miss Mary Tabb Bolling, the daughter of Mr. G. W. Bolling, of Petersburg, Virginia. Her father had been very kind to General Lee during the eventful months of the siege of that town, and his daughter had been often to see him and was a great favourite of his. My brother was especially anxious that his father should be present at his wedding, and had been urging him to make his arrangements to come. The sickness to which he frequently alludes in his recent letters had been annoying him since his return from the White Sulphur Springs up to this time, and he now writes proposing that my brother and bride should come to him instead of his going down to the wedding:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 25, 1867.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I have been wishing to write to you every day since the reception of your letter of the 6th inst., but have been prevented by business and sickness. I am delighted that your marriage is so near at hand, and it would give me great pleasure to attend, but I do not think that I could add to the enjoyment of any one. I suppose it will take place in church, according to the present fashion, and I should see very little of you. I therefore <285>propose that, instead of going directly to the White House, you both come up here, and spend as much time with us as you can. It will give your house more time for completion, and I suppose the pretty bride will want to see her old father and mother and what kind of people her sisters are. At any rate, I want to see her very much, and I should be unable to do so in Petersburg, as she would be surrounded by her old beaux and companions. . . . We shall all be delighted to see you, and you may go back as soon as you are tired. Tell me what you think of this plan. There is another thing I wish you to aid me in-to tell me what agreeable present I can make to my daughter to remind her, hereafter, of her papa, or if I send you \$100 will you get for me something she would like ? I have been quite sick lately, but am better now. The rest of the family are as usual, and your mother, I hope, is more comfortable than she was last year. . . . I am very glad you have enjoyed good health all the summer, and hope that nothing will occur to mar the happiness of your wedding or to postpone it. . . .

Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

My brother, after receiving this, ran up to Lexington and paid him a short visit. His next letter shows that he had yielded to his wishes and had determined to be present at his

wedding:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, November 15, 1867.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I received this morning your letter of the 13th, and am glad to hear of your safe arrival and of the favourable condition of things at your home. I was afraid your house would not be ready at the time supposed, but I would not delay the wedding on that account—you can exist without it. We have one here at your service, though a poor one. I am obliged to you for having arranged about my clothes. Upon reflection, I think it better not to go to the White House and Romancoke <286>before the wedding. You and Robert could hardly pay the necessary attention to business matters with your hands filled with love and matrimony. I think of catching up Rob and marrying him to some of my sweethearts, while I am down, so as to prevent the necessity of going down again. Custis says it will be inconvenient for him to leave here before the time necessary for him to reach Petersburg by the 28th, and we have arranged to commence our journey on Monday night, 25th inst., at 12 M., so as to reach Richmond Tuesday evening, remain there the 27th and go to Petersburg the 28th. I do not think I shall be able to go to the White House at all. I should not be able to aid you or Rob, my only object, and would put you to much trouble. . . . We are all as you left us, and miss you and Mildred very much.

"Very affectionately, your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. F. LEE."

So it was all settled satisfactorily; my brother gained his point, and my father arranged his affairs so that he could absent himself without detriment to his work at the college. He left on the appointed day and hour, and the morning after arriving in Richmond, writes my mother:

"EXCHANGE HOTEL, RICHMOND, November 26, 1867.

"My Dear Mary: We reached here yesterday about 4 P. M., after a not uncomfortable journey, and found Fitzhugh waiting for the important event. I doubt whether his house will be finished, from his account, till January, though he thinks it will. His plans, I believe, as far as he can form them, are to leave Petersburg the morning after the wedding for Baltimore, where they will probably spend a week gathering up their furniture, etc., and after that all is undetermined. I renewed the invitation for their visit to us, but he could not decide. Robert is expected to-morrow. Mildred is well and seems to be perfectly happy, as she had on, last evening, a dress <287>about two yards longer than Norvell's. I saw Mr. Davis, who looks astonishingly well, and is quite cheerful. He inquired particularly after you all. He is at Judge Ould's. No one seems to know what is to be done. Judge Chase had not arrived yesterday, but it was thought probable he would reach here in the ten o'clock train last night. I have not heard this morning. I will present myself to the court this morning, and learn, I hope, what they wish of me. Williams Wickham is here, and will attend the wedding. Annie will also go. Fitzhugh is to go out to Hickory Hill this morning, and return this afternoon, to pay his adieux. Mrs. Caskie was not well last evening. The rest as usual, and send much love. Custis is well, and I have my clothes. I left my sleeve-buttons in my shirt hanging up in my dressing-room. Ask Cornelia to take care of them. Mr. Alexander said he would send you up some turkeys, and Colonel Johnston, that he would help you revise the manuscript. It is time I should get my

breakfast, as I wish to transact some business before going to court. Give much love to the girls and everybody. I hope you are well and will wait for nothing while I am away.

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE."

"MRS. M. C. LEE.

General Lee was summoned this time as a witness in the trial of Mr. Davis, but after some delay a *nolle prosequi* was filed. General Lee after the war was asked by a lady his opinion of the position and part Mr. Davis had taken and acted during the war. He replied:

"If my opinion is worth anything, you can *always* say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I knew of none that could have done as well."

On the morning after the wedding he writes to my mother:

"PETERSBURG, November 29, 1867.

"My Dear Mary: Our son was married last night and shone in his happiness. The bride looked lovely and was, <288>in every way, captivating. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the streets thronged. Everything went off well, and I will enter into details when I see you. Mr. Wickham and Annie, Mr. Fry, John Wood, and others were present. Mr. Davis was prevented from attending by the death of Mrs. Howell. The Misses Haxall, Miss Enders, Miss Giles, etc., came down from Richmond. Fitzhugh Lee was one of the groomsmen, Custis very composed, and Rob suffering from chills. Many of my acquaintances were present, and everybody was very kind. Regrets were often expressed that you, Mary, and Agnes were not present. I believe the plan was for the bride and groom to start on their travels this morning, but I doubt whether it will be carried out, as I thought I saw indications of a change of purpose before I left, which I had no doubt would be strengthened by the reflections of this morning. I shall remain to-day and return to Richmond to-morrow. I wish to go to Brandon Monday, but do not know that I can accomplish it. Until leaving Richmond, my whole time was taken up by the august court, so that I could do nothing nor see anybody there. Mildred was all life, in white and curls. I am staying at General Mahone's and have got hold of one of his needle-pens, with which I can do nothing. Excuse illegibility. No one has descended to breakfast yet. I received, on arriving here yesterday, at 3 P.M., a kind note from our new daughter asking me to come and see her as soon after my arrival as convenient, which I did and carried over the necklace, which she pronounced very pretty. Give my love to all.

Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

A special car carried General Lee and the other wedding guests from Richmond to Petersburg. He did not enter into the gay conversation of the young people, but appeared sad and depressed, and seemed to dread seeing the town of Petersburg and meeting its people. This feeling <289>was dispelled by the enthusiastic welcome given him by every one there. General Mahone, whose guest he was to be, met him at the depot with a carriage and four white horses. Many of the citizens tried to take out the horses and pull the carriage into the town, but the General protested, declaring, if they did so, he would have to get out and help them. The morning after the wedding he drove out to "Turnbull's" to see an old woman who had been very kind to him, sending him eggs, butter, etc., when

he had had his headquarters near by during the siege. On his return he took lunch at Mr. Bolling's, and held an impromptu reception, everybody coming in to speak to him.

That night he went to an entertainment given to the bride at Mr. Johnson's. He enjoyed the evening very much and expressed his feeling of relief at seeing every one so bright and cheerful. He was delighted to find the people so prosperous, and to observe that they had it in their hearts to be gay and happy. The next morning he returned to Richmond. He was escorted to the train in the same way in which he had been received. All the people turned out to see him leave, and he departed amid tremendous cheering.

My father enjoyed this visit. It had been a success in every way. His old friends and soldiers called on him in great numbers, all eager to look on his face and clasp his hand again. The night of the wedding, the streets were filled with crowds anxious to see him once more, and many to look on him for the first time. Wherever he was seen, he was treated with the greatest love, admiration, and respect. It was with devotion, deep, sincere, and true, mixed with awe and sadness, that they beheld their old commander, on foot, in citizen's dress, <290>grayer than three years ago, but still the same, passing along the ways where he had so often ridden on Traveller, with the noise of battle all around. What a change for him; what a difference to them! But their trust and faith in him was as unshaken as ever. A glimpse of his feelings at this time is shown in one of his letters written a few weeks later, which I will give in its proper place. The day after his return to Richmond he writes to my mother:

"RICHMOND, December 1, 1867.

"My Dear Mary: I returned here yesterday with Custis, Robert, and Fitz. Lee. We left Fitzhugh and his bride in Petersburg. Mildred is with them. In consequence of being told that the new couple were to leave Petersburg the morning after the wedding, I had made my arrangements to return here Saturday. If I had known that they would remain till Monday, as it is now their intention, I should have made my arrangements to stay. Mildred will come up with them on Monday and go to Mrs. Caskie's. I proposed to Custis, Rob, and Fitz to remain in Petersburg till that time, but they preferred coming with me. I shall go to Brandon to-morrow morning, and will take Custis and Robert with me. I propose to return here Tuesday, finish my business Wednesday, spend Thursday at Hickory Hill, take passage for Lexington Friday, where I hope to arrive Saturday. As far as I could judge, our new daughter will go to Baltimore December 2d and probably return here the following Monday. Fitzhugh will go down to the White House during the week and make arrangements for their sojourn there. He can go down in the morning and return in the evening. I repeated our invitation to her to visit us on their return from Baltimore, but she said Fitzhugh thought it better for them to defer it till the spring, but she would write to let us know. I do not think she will come at this time, for she is in that <291>happy state which causes her to take pleasure in doing what she thinks he prefers, and he, I think, would like to go to the White House and arrange for the winter. I went up to Caskie's last evening. Saw Norvell, but Mr. and Mrs. Caskie were both sick upstairs. The latter is better than when I last wrote, and free from pain. I paid several visits yesterday evening, and took Rob with me. Mrs. Triplett's, Mrs. Peebles', Mrs. Brander's, Mrs. J. R. Anderson's. At the latter place I met Mrs. Robert Stannard, who looked, I thought, remarkably well. She is living with Hugh (her son), on his farm. I also went to Mrs. Dunlop's and saw there General and Miss Jennie Cooper. The latter looked remarkably well, but the former is very thin. They will remain here some weeks. I have

not seen Colonel Allan since my return from Petersburg, but am told that he is better. You must give a great deal of love to all with you. I am very anxious to get back, and I hope that you are all well. It is very cold here this morning, and ice is abundant. Good-bye.

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

The people mentioned here as those he called on were all friends living in Richmond, with whom my mother had become well acquainted during her stay there, in war times. There were many others he went, to see, for I remember going with him. He sat only a few minutes at each place—" called just to shake hands," he would say. All were delighted to see him. From some places where he had been well known he could hardly get away. He had a kind word for all, and his excuse for hurrying on was that he must try to see so and so, as Mrs. Lee had told him to be sure to do so. He was bright and cheerful, and was pleased with the great affection shown him on all sides.

On the day he had appointed—Monday, the 2d of December—we <292>started in the morning for "Brandon." We took the steamer down James River, passing through much of the country where he had opposed McClellan in '62 and Grant in '64. Custis and I were with him. He said very little, as I remember—nothing about the war—but was interested in all the old homesteads along the route, many of which he had visited in the days long ago and whose owners had been his relatives and friends. He expressed great regret at not being able to stop at "Shirley," which was the birthplace and home of his mother before she married. He stayed at "Brandon" one night only, taking the same boat as it returned next day to Richmond. They were all glad to see him and sorry to let him go, but his plans had been formed beforehand, according to his invariable custom, and he carried them out without any change. Spending one day in Richmond, he went from there to "Hickory Hill," thence to Lexington, arriving there the Saturday he had fixed on. I bade him and my brother Custis good-bye in Richmond, and returned to my home. To my brother, Fitzhugh, after his return from his wedding trip, he writes:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 21, 1867.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I was very glad last night to receive your letter of the 18th announcing your return to Richmond. I did not like my daughter to be so far away. I am glad, however, that you had so pleasant a visit, which has no doubt prepared you for the enjoyments of home, and will make the repose of Xmas week in Petersburg doubly agreeable. I had a very pleasant visit to Brandon after parting with you, which Custis and Robert seemed equally to enjoy, and I regretted that I could only spend one night. I passed Shirley both going and returning with regret, from my inability to stop; but Custis and I spent a day at Hickory Hill on our way <293>up very agreeably. My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing many friends. In addition, when our armies were in front of Petersburg I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me, as I passed well-remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart. This is bad weather

for completing your house, but it will soon pass away, and your sweet helpmate will make everything go smoothly. When the spring opens and the mocking-birds resume their song you will have much to do. So you must prepare in time. You must give a great deal of love for me to all at Mr. Bolling's, to General and Mrs. Mahone, and other friends. We shall be very glad when you can bring our daughter to see us. Select the time most convenient to you, and do not let it be long distant. Tell her I wish to see her very much, as do also her mama and sisters. Your mother regrets that you did not receive her letter in answer to yours from Baltimore. She wrote the day of its reception, and addressed it to New York, as you directed. The box about which you inquired arrived safely and was much enjoyed. Mary is in Baltimore, where she will probably spend the winter. As I am so far from Mildred, it will be difficult for her to make up her mind when to return, so that the whole care of the household devolves upon Agnes, who is occupied all the morning, teaching our niece, Mildred. . . . God bless you all is the prayer of

Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WM. H. F. LEE."

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The Christmas of 1867 I spent, as usual, in Lexington with my father. He had been president of the college now a little more than two years. The number of professors and students had largely increased. The chapel had been built, many improvements made to the lecture-rooms and halls, the grounds improved by the laying out of new roads and walks, the inclosures renewed, the grass restored to the campus, and new shade trees set out over the college grounds. The increase in the number of professors demanded more houses for them. As a move in this direction, the trustees decided to build a new house for the president, so that the one he now occupied could be used for one of the faculty. Accordingly, the appropriation of a sum was made, and my father was authorised to build according to a plan of his own selection. He took a keen interest in this matter, and at once commenced designing a new "President's House" on the lot which had previously been occupied by an old building devoted to the same purpose. This house was completed in the summer of 1869.

The endowment fund of the college had been increased by liberal contributions from several philanthropic persons, and also by a better investment of the resources already belonging to the institution. The fees from the greater number of students also added much to its prosperity. His interest in the students individually and collectively was untiring. By the system of reports made weekly to the president, and monthly to the parent or guardian, he knew well how each one of his charges was getting on, whether or not he was progressing, or even holding his own. If the report was unsatisfactory, the student was sent for and remonstrated with. If that had no effect, the parents were advised, and requested to <295>urge the son to try to do better. If the student still persisted in wasting his time and money, his parents were asked to call him home.

As illustrating how well the president was acquainted with the students, and how accurate was his remembrance of their individuality, it is related that on one occasion a name was read out in faculty meeting which was unfamiliar to him. He asked that it be read out again, and repeated the name to himself, adding in a tone of self-reproach:

"I have no recollection of a student of that name. It is very strange that I have forgotten

him. I thought I knew every one in college. How long has he been here ?"

An investigation proved that the student had recently entered during his absence, and that he had never seen him. He won the confidence of the students, and very soon their affections. He regarded a mass of petty regulations as being only vexatious, and yet by his tact and firmness his discipline became most effective. Very seldom was there any breaking of the laws. He was so honoured and loved that they tried to please him in all things. Of course, there were exceptions. I give here some letters written to parents and guardians which will show how he tried to induce these triflers to become men:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 25, 1866.

"My Dear Sir: I am very glad to learn from your letter of the 13th inst. that you have written your son in reference to his neglect of his studies. I am sure your letter and the kind admonition of his mother will have a beneficial effect upon him. I have myself told him as plainly but as kindly as I could that it was necessary <296>for him to change his course, or that he would be obliged to return home. He has promised me that he would henceforth be diligent and attentive, and endeavour in all things to perform his duty. I hope that he may succeed, for I think he is able to do well if he really makes the effort. Will you be so kind as to inform Mrs. W. that I have received her letter of the 19th ? It will give me pleasure at all times to aid her son in every way I can, but if he desires no benefit from his connection with the college it will be to his interest to return home.

"Very truly your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

Here is another letter showing the patience and forbearance of the president and his earnest desire to help on in life the young men committed to his charge:

*"WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1868.*

"My Dear Sir: I regret to see, from your letter of the 29th ult., to the clerk of the faculty, that you have misunderstood their action in reference to your son. He was not dismissed, as you suppose, from college, but every means having been tried by the faculty to induce him to attend faithfully and regularly to his studies, without effect, and great forbearance having been practised, it was thought best for him, and just to you, that he should return home. The action of the faculty was purposely designed, not to prevent his being received into any other college, or to return to this, should you so desire. The monthly reports are intended to advise parents of the progress of their sons, and it was supposed you would have seen the little advancement made by yours in his studies, and that no further notice was required. The action of the faculty was caused by no immorality on his part, but by a systematic neglect of his duties, which no counsel on the part of his professors, or my own, could correct. In compliance, however, with your wishes, and on the positive promise of amendment <297>on the part of your son, he has been received into college, and I sincerely hope that he will apply himself diligently to his studies, and make an earnest effort to retrieve the time he has lost. With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

This letter, too, shows his fatherly interest:

*"WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 19, 1868.*

"My Dear Sir: Before this you have learned the affecting death of your son. I can say nothing to mitigate your grief or to relieve your sorrow; but if the sincere sympathy of his comrades and friends and of the entire community can bring you any consolation, I can assure you that you possess it in its fullest extent. When one, in the pureness and freshness of youth, before having been contaminated by sin or afflicted by misery, is called to the presence of his Merciful Creator, it must be solely for his good. As difficult as this may be for you now to recognise, I hope you will keep it constantly in your memory and take it to your comfort; and I pray that He who in His wise Providence has permitted this crushing sorrow may sanctify it to the happiness of all. Your 'son and his friend, Mr. Birely, often passed their leisure hours in rowing on the river, and, on last Saturday afternoon, the 4th inst., attempted what they had more than once been cautioned against—to approach the foot of the dam, at the public bridge. Unfortunately, their boat was caught by the return-current, struck by the falling water, and was immediately upset. Their perilous position was at once seen from the shore, and aid was hurried to their relief, but before it could reach them both had perished. Efforts to restore your son's life, though long continued, were unavailing. Mr. Birely's body was not found until next morning. Their remains were, yesterday, Sunday, conveyed to the Episcopal church in this city, where the sacred ceremonies for the dead were performed, by the <298>Reverend Dr. Pendleton, who nineteen years ago, at the far-off home of their infancy, placed upon them their baptismal vows. After the service a long procession of the professors and students of the college, the officers and cadets of the Virginia Military Academy, and the citizens of Lexington accompanied their bodies to the packet-boat for Lynchburg, where they were placed in charge of Messrs. Wheeler & Baker to convey them to Frederick City.

"With great regard and sincere sympathy, I am,

"Most respectfully,

R. E. LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee
Chapter XVII—The Reconstruction Period

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THE GENERAL BELIEVES IN THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW AND ORDER
—HIS MORAL INFLUENCE IN THE COLLEGE—PLAYFUL HUMOUR
SHOWN IN HIS LETTERS—HIS OPINION OF NEGRO LABOUR—MR.
DAVIS'S TRIAL—LETTER TO MRS. FITZHUGH LEE—INTERCOURSE
WITH FACULTY

VIRGINIA was at this time still under military rule. The "reconstruction" days were not over. My father had himself accepted the political situation after the war, and had advised every one who had sought his advice to do the same. The following incident and letters will show his acquiescence in the law of the land, and ready submission to the authorities. In a street disturbance that spring a student had been shot by a negro, and it was reported that, in case of the young man's death, the murderer would be summarily dealt with by his college-mates. Captain Wagner, the military commissioner, wrote to General Lee informing him of these reports. He received the following reply:

*WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
"LEXINGTON, Virginia, May 4, 1868.*

"CAPTAIN WAGNER, Commissioner District,
"LEXINGTON, Virginia.

"Sir: Upon investigation of the reports which you communicated to me yesterday afternoon, I can find no foundation for the apprehension that the students of <300>Washington College contemplate any attack upon the man confined in jail for shooting Mr. —Friday night. On the contrary, I have been assured by members of the faculty and individual students that they have heard no suggestion of the kind, and they believe that no such intention has been entertained or now exists. I think, therefore, the reports made to you are groundless.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

However, in order to take all precautions and provide against any disturbance, he wrote as follows to the president of the Young Men's Christian Association, whom he knew and trusted, and who was a man of much influence with his fellow-students:

"MR. G. B. STRICKLER,
"President Young Men's Christian Association,
"Washington College.

"I have just been informed by Captain Wagner, Military Commissioner of this district, that from information received by him, he had reason to apprehend that, should the wound received by Mr. —Friday night prove fatal, the students of Washington College contemplate taking from the jail the man who shot him and inflicting upon him summary punishment. I cannot believe that any such act is intended or would be allowed by the students of Washington College, though it is possible that such an intention may have been spoken of amongst them. I think it only necessary to call the attention of the students

to the report to prevent such an occurrence. I feel convinced that none would countenance such outrage against law and order, but that all will cheerfully submit to the administration of justice by the legal authorities. As the readiest way of communicating with the students, at this hour, on Sunday, I have concluded to address you this letter through the members of the Young Men's Christian Association. The students generally may be <301>informed of the apprehension entertained by the military authorities; and I earnestly invoke the students to abstain from any violation of law, and to unite in preserving quiet and order on this and every occasion.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

The young man recovered, there was no disturbance of any kind, nor was it believed that there would have been, after this appeal from the president, even if the wound had proved fatal.

"Nor was it a moral influence alone that he exerted in the college. He was equally careful of the intellectual interests. He watched the progress of every class, attended all the examinations, and strove constantly to stimulate both professors and students to the highest attainments. The whole college, in a word, felt his influence as an ever-present motive, and his character was quietly but irresistibly impressed upon it, not only in the general working of all its departments, but in all the details of each. Of this influence General Lee, modest as he was, was perfectly aware, and, like a prudent ruler, he husbanded it with wise economy. He preferred to confine his direct interposition to purely personal acts, and rarely—and then only on critical occasions—did he step forward to present himself before the whole body of students in the full dignity of his presidential office. On these occasions, which in the latter years hardly ever occurred, he would quietly post an address to the students, in which, appealing only to the highest principles of conduct, he sought to dissuade them from threatened evil. The addresses, which the boys designated as his 'general orders,' were always of immediate efficacy. No single case ever occurred in which they failed of instant and complete effect; and no student would have been tolerated by his fellow-students who would have dared to disregard such an appeal from General Lee."(*) <302>

My father had recovered from the spell of sickness of the previous summer at the Old Sweet Springs, which had weakened and depressed him until about the time he attended my brother's wedding. That marriage had been a great joy to him. His trip there and back, and his visits to "Brandon" and "Hickory Hill," the change of climate and scene, seeing old friends and new places, had all contributed to benefit his health and spirits. I remember this Christmas of 1867 he seemed particularly bright and cheerful. I give a letter he wrote me after I had left for my home which reflects his playful humour and good spirits:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 23, 1868.

"My Dear Robert: I inclose a letter which has just arrived in the mail. It seems to be from a nice young lady, judging from the style and address. I hope she is the right one and that her response is favourable. Put in a good crop, and recollect you may have two to feed after harvest. We are doing what we can in this region to supply the springs and streams that form the lowland rivers. It is still raining, though the snow and ice have not

left us. After your departure, Mr. Gordon brought to me a letter from Fitzhugh to your mother which had come in the Sunday mail and was overlooked among the papers. I am sorry it had not been found before you left, as you would have known their plans. Tell them I am sorry not to have seen them. We miss you very much. 'Life' has it all her own way now, and expends her energy in regulating her brother and putting your mother's drawers and presses to rights. It's her only vent, and furnishes exercise for body and mind. There is to be a great *fete* in your mother's room to-day. The Grace Church Sewing Society is to meet there at 10 A. M.—that is, if the members are impervious to water. I charged the two Mildreds to be seated with their white aprons on <303>and with scissors and thimbles in hand. I hope they may have a refreshing time. Good-bye.

"Your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE."

The second Mildred mentioned here was my father's niece, daughter of Charles Carter Lee. She was living with my father at this time, going to school, and was, like her cousin the other Mildred, not very fond of her needle. His nickname for her was "Powhattie," derived, I presume, from her native County of Powhatan. He was very fond of teasing her in his playful way. Indeed, we all enjoyed that attention from him. He never teased any one whom he did not specially like.

To his new daughter I find the following letter, written at this time, in which he shows his affection and admiration for her:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 10, 1868.

"My Beautiful Daughter: I have been wishing to write to you for a long time, but have supposed that you would be so engrossed with my sons, with their plans and their projects, that you could not lend an ear to your papa. But now I must tell you how much I have thought of you, how much I want to see you, and how greatly I was disappointed at your not getting to see us at the time you proposed. You must not postpone your visit too long, or you may not find us here. Our winter, which has been long and cold, I hope now is over. The gardeners are busy, the grass is growing green, and the atmosphere warm and inspiring. I presume under its genial influence you and Fitzhugh are busy improving your new home. I hope everything is agreeable, and that you are becoming more and more interested in making those around you happy. That is the true way to secure your own happiness, for which my poor prayers are daily <304>offered to the throne of the Most High. I have been summoned to Richmond the third Thursday in this month, as a witness in the trial against Mr. Davis; and though that will be a painful errand for me, I hope that it will give me the pleasure of seeing you. I will endeavour to get down some day to the White House, if it is only to spend Sunday with you. I hope that you will be able to pay some attention to your poor brother Robert. Do not let his elder brother monopolise you altogether. You will have to take care of both till you can find some one like yourself to take Romancoke in hand. Do you think Miss Anne Banister will consent? Mildred, you know, is the only one of the girls who has been with us this winter. She has consequently had her hands full, and considers herself now a great character. She rules her brother and my nephews with an iron rod, and scatters her advice broadcast among the young men of the college. I hope that it may yield an abundant harvest. The young mothers of Lexington ought to be extremely grateful to her for her suggestions to them as to the proper mode of

rearing their children, and though she finds many unable to appreciate her system, she is nothing daunted by their obtuseness of vision, but takes advantage of every opportunity to enlighten them as to its benefits. Mary and Agnes are still in Baltimore, and are now at the house of Mrs. Charles Howard. Agnes expects, I believe, to return to the Peters near Ellicott City, and then go over to the Eastern Shore of Maryland to visit the Goldsboroughs and other friends. I hardly think either of them will get back before June. I have recently received a very pretty picture from a young lady of Baltimore, Miss Mary Jones, whom I met last summer at the White Sulphur Springs. In one of my morning rides to the Beaver-dam Falls, near the Sweet Springs, I found her at the foot of the Falls making a sketch of the scene, and on her return home she finished it and has sent it to me. It is beautifully painted and is a faithful representation of the Falls. I think you will be pleased with it when you come up, and agree with <305>me in the opinion that it is the principal ornament of our parlour. I am sorry to inform you that your poor mama has been suffering more than usual lately from her rheumatic pains. She took cold in some way, which produced a recurrence of her former pangs, though she is in a measure now relieved. We often wish for you and Fitzhugh. My only pleasure is in my solitary evening rides, which give me abundant opportunity for quiet thought. With a great deal of love to your husband, I am your sincerely attached father,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. WILLIAM H. FITZHUGH LEE."

The next letter I find is a reply to one of mine, in which I evidently had been confiding to him my agricultural woes:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 12, 1868.

"My Dear Rob: I am sorry to learn from your letter of the 1st that the winter has been so hard on your wheat. I hope, however, the present good weather is shedding its influence upon it, and that it will turn out better than it promises. You must, however, take a lesson from the last season. What you do cultivate, do well. Improve and prepare the land in the best manner; your labour will be less, and your profits more. Your flat lands were always uncertain in wet winters. The uplands were more sure. Is it not possible that some unbidden guest may have been feasting on your corn? Six hundred bushels are a large deficit in casting up your account for the year. But you must make it up by economy and good management. A farmer's motto should be *toil and trust*. I am glad that you have got your lime and sown your oats and clover. Do you use the drill or sow broadcast? I shall try to get down to see you if I go to Richmond, for I am anxious to know how you are progressing and to see if in any way I can aid you. Whenever I can, you must let me know. You must still think about your house and <306>make up your mind as to the site and kind, and collect the material. I can help you to any kind of plan, and with some ready money to pay the mechanics. I have recently had a visit from Dr. Oliver, of Scotland, who is examining lands for immigrants from his country. He seems to be a sensible and judicious man. From his account, I do not think the Scotch and English would suit your part of the country. It would require time for them to become acclimated, and they would probably get dissatisfied, especially as there is so much mountainous region where they could be accommodated. I think you will have to look to the Germans; perhaps the Hollanders, as a class, would be the most useful. When the railroad shall have been completed to West Point, I think there will be no difficulty in getting the whites among

you. I would try to get some of our own young men in your employ. I rode out the other day to Mr. Andrew Cameron's and went into the field where he was plowing. I took great pleasure in following the plows around the circuit. He had four in operation. Three of them were held by his former comrades in the army, who are regularly employed by him, and, he says, much to his satisfaction and profit. People have got to work now. It is creditable to them to do so; their bodies and their minds are benefited by it, and those who can and will work will be advanced by it. You will never prosper with the blacks, and it is abhorrent to a reflecting mind to be supporting and cherishing those who are plotting and working for your injury, and all of whose sympathies and associations are antagonistic to yours. I wish them no evil in the world on the contrary, will do them every good in my power, and know that they are misled by those to whom they have given their confidence; but our material, social, and political interests are naturally with the whites. Mr. Davis's trial was fixed for the last of this month. If Judge Chase's presence is essential, I do not see how it can take place, unless that of Mr. Johnson is to be postponed. I suppose that will be decided to-day or to-morrow, and then I shall <307>know what to expect. I shall not go to Richmond unless necessary, as it is always inconvenient for me to leave home, and I am not at all well. Your poor mother is also more ailing than she is ordinarily, in consequence of a cold she has taken. But it is passing away, I trust. I must leave you to her and Mildred for all local and domestic news. Custis and the boys are well, and 'Powhattie,' I hope, has got rid of the chills. We hear regularly from Mary and Agnes, who seem to be enjoying themselves, and I do not think from their programme that they will get back to us till summer. All unite in much love, and I am always,

Your father,

"R. E. LEE."

This same month he writes a long letter to his daughter Agnes, who was visiting friends in Baltimore. The Annette, Mildred, and Mary he mentions in this letter were the daughters of Charles Henry Carter, of "Goodwood," Maryland, a first cousin of my father:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 28, 1868.

"My Precious Agnes: I was so glad to receive your letter, to learn that you were well and enjoying yourself among pleasant friends. I hope that you will soon get through all your visits and come home. Your uncle Smith says you girls ought to marry his sons, as you both find it so agreeable to be from home, and you could then live a true Bohemian life and have a happy time generally. But I do not agree with him; I shall not give my consent, so you must choose elsewhere. I have written to Annette telling her of my alarm for her. Now that Mildred is engaged, and she sees how much Mary is in love, I fear she will pick up an Adonis next, so that she had better run away to the mountains at once. I am glad that you saw Mr. Davis. It is a terrible thing to have this prosecution hanging over him, and to be unable to fix his thoughts on a course of life or apply his hands to the support of his family. But I hope a kind Providence <308>will shield and guide him. You must remember me to all my friends, the Taggarts, Glens, McKims, Marshalls, etc. . . . As to the young ladies you mention, you must tell them that I want to see them very much, and hope that they will all come to the mountains this summer, and not pass us by in Lexington. When you go to 'Goodwood' and the Eastern Shore, do the same there for me, and present me to all by name. Tell sweet Sallie Warwick I think she ought to come to Lexington, if only to show those babies; but in truth I want to see her more than them, so

she may leave them with Major Poor(*), if she chooses. You must see everybody you wish and enjoy yourself as much as you can, and then come home. I told Mildred to tell you if you wanted any funds you must let me know and where to send them. I do not know whether she delivered my message. She has become very imperious, and may not think you require any. She has been much exercised of late on the score of servants, but hopes to get some relief on the 1st proximo from the promised change of Miss Mary Dixon to Miss Eliza Cyrus. I hope her expectations may be realised. Little Mildred has had a return of her chills. It has been a sharp attack, and though it has been arrested, when I left her this morning I feared she might have a relapse, as this is her regular day. She was looking remarkably well before it came on, better than she had ever done, but every cold terminates in this way, however slight it may be. Colds have been quite prevalent, and there have been two deaths among the cadets from pneumonia. Fortunately so far the students have escaped. I am relieved of mine I hope, and your poor mother is, I hope, better. The storm seems to have subsided, and I trust the bright weather may ameliorate her pains. Custis, Mildred, and the boys are well, as are most of our friends in Lexington. . . . Fitzhugh writes that everything is blooming at the 'White House,' and that his wheat is splendid. I am in hopes that it is all due to the presence of my fair daughter. <309>Rob says that things at Romancoke are not so prosperous-you see, there is no Mrs. R. E. Lee, Jr., there, and that may make the difference. Cannot you persuade some of those pretty girls in Baltimore to take compassion on a poor bachelor ? I will give them a plan for a house, if they will build it. . . . All would unite with me in love if they knew I was writing. You ought to be here to enjoy the birds Captain O. C. H. sends us. With much love for yourself, and my poor prayers for your happiness,

I am,

Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE."

A few days afterward he writes to his son Fitzhugh, who was now established very happily in his new house, and warns him not to depend entirely on sentiment, but to arrange for something material. He also speaks of Mr. Davis and his trial, which was continually being postponed, and in the end was dismissed, and gives him some good advice about importing cattle:

LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 30, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I was very glad to receive your letter of the 19th, and as you are aware of the order of the court postponing Mr. Davis's trial till the 14th proximo, I presume that you have not been expecting me down. I see it stated in the *Washington Star* that the trial is again postponed till May 4th, but I have seen as yet no order from the court. Mr. and Mrs. Davis went from Baltimore to New York on Tuesday last, and were to go on to Canada. He said that he did not know what he should do or what he could turn his hands to for a support. As long as this trial is hanging over him, of course, he can do nothing. He can apply his mind to nothing, nor could he acquire the confidence of the business community in anything he might undertake, from the apprehension of his being interrupted in the midst of it. Agnes and Mary saw them as they passed through Baltimore. <310>They say Mr. Davis was well, though he had changed a great deal since they saw him last. I am very glad that you are so pleased with your house. I think it must be my daughter that gives it such a charm. I am sure that she will make everything look

bright to me. It is a good thing that the wheat is doing so well, for I am not sure 'that the flame you are so rich in will light a fire in the kitchen, nor the little god turn the spit, spit, spit.' Some material element is necessary to make it burn brightly and furnish some good dishes for the table. Shad are good in their way, but they do not run up the Pamunkey all the year. I am glad that you are making arrangements for some cows, and think you are right in getting those of the best breed. It used to be thought that cows from the North would not prosper in that lower country, and indeed cows from the upper part of Virginia did not succeed well, but were apt to become sick and die; and that the surest process to improve the stock was to purchase calves of good breed and cross on the native stock. You must, therefore, be careful and not invest too much. We have had a cold winter, and March has been particularly harsh. Still, vegetation is progressing and the wheat around Lexington looks beautiful. My garden is advancing in a small way. Pease, spinach, and onions look promising, but my hot-bed plants are poor. The new house, about which you inquire, is *in statu quo* before winter. I believe the money is wanting and the workmen cannot proceed. We require some of that latter article here, as elsewhere, and have but little. . . . I heard of you in Richmond the other day, but did not learn whether my daughter was with you. I wish you would send her up to her papa when you go away. With much love,

"Your devoted father,

R. E. LEE."

A month later he writes me, telling me that he expects to be in Richmond the following week, and will try to get down to see us; also telling of his garden, and horse, and, <311>as he always did, encouraging, cheering me, and offering help:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 25, 1868.

"My Dear Rob: Your letter of the 21st is just received. I am very glad that your wheat is improving in appearance, and hope that at harvest it will yield a fair return for your care and labour. Your corn I am sure will be more remunerative than the crop of last year, and I trust that at the end of the year you will find you have advanced in the field of agriculture. Your mule and provender was a heavy loss. You must make it up. Replace the first by a good one and I will pay for it. I hope the warm sun will bring forward the grass to supply the latter. Should I go to Richmond, next week, as I now expect, I will be prepared to pay for the mule, and if I do not I will send you a check for the amount. I am sorry to hear that you have not been well. You must get out of that too. . . . You must refresh yourself when you can by going up to the White House to see your brother and sister. Take a good look at the latter for me. . . . In our garden nothing is up but the hardy plants, pease, potatoes, spinach, onions, etc. . . . Beets, carrots, salsify, etc., have been sown a long time, but are not up, and I cannot put in the beans, squash, etc., or set out the hot-bed plants. But we can wait. I have not been as well this winter as usual, and have been confined of late. I have taken up Traveller, however, who is as rough as a bear, and have had two or three rides on him, in the mud, which I think has benefited me. Mildred sometimes accompanies me. Your mother, I am glad to say, is better. She has less pain than when I last wrote, and is more active on her crutches. . . . Good-bye, my dear son. If I go to Richmond I will try to get to see you.

"Affectionately your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"R. E. LEE, JR."

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My father came to Richmond, summoned to attend the trial of Mr. Davis, but when he arrived he found that it was again postponed. So he went to the White House and spent several days. I came up from Romancoke and stayed with him till he left. It was a great pleasure to him to meet his sons and to see his new daughter in her new home. After his return to Lexington he wrote to her this letter:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, May 29, 1868.

"My Dear Daughter: I have been enjoying in memory, ever since my return, my visit to the Pamunkey, and whenever I have thought of writing to you the pleasure I experienced in your company and in that of Fitzhugh and Robert absorbed the moment I could devote to a letter, and other calls made me postpone it. But I have thought of you often, and always with renewed pleasure; and I rejoice at your having around you more comforts and within your reach more pleasures than I had anticipated. I pray that both may be increased and be long continued. There is one thing I regret—that you are so far from us. I know' the difficulty of farmers and their wives leaving home. Their success, and in a measure their pleasure, depend upon their daily attention to their affairs, and it is almost an impossibility for us old people to get to you. Yet I trust we may meet this summer some time, and whenever you can you must come and see us. Our small house will never be so full that there will not be room for you, or so empty that you will not be most cordially welcome. Letters received from Mary and Agnes report them still on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where they were detained by the sickness of Agnes. They expected, however, to be able to return to Baltimore last Tuesday, 26th, where, after a few days' sojourn, they were to go to Mrs. Washington Peter's. I fear, however, that Agnes might not have been well enough, as she had had an attack of bilious fever <313>and was much prostrated. Should you find yourself in danger of becoming sick, you must come right up to your papa. I know you will pine, but I would rather you should suffer in that way than burn with fever, and while on that subject I will tell you something that may be of comfort: you may reasonably expect Fitzhugh soon to follow, so you will not suffer long. I wish to take your mama to the Warm Springs, and to the Hot or Healing, if she will go, to try to obtain for her some relief; but we will not leave home till the last of June or first of July. I am so much occupied that I feel that I ought never to go away, and every absence accumulates my work. I had a pleasant visit of three days, to Lynchburg, attending the Episcopal Convention, and I have not yet brought up my correspondence, etc. I fear, too, I shall have to go to Richmond next week, as everything seems to portend the certainty of Mr. Davis's trial. God grant that, like the impeachment of Mr. Johnson, it may be dismissed. If I do go, I fear I shall have no time to visit you. The examinations of the senior classes of the college are now in progress, and after their completion the examination of the undergraduates will commence, and will not terminate till the 15th of June, and the commencement exercises then begin and end on the 18th. So you see how necessary it is for me to be here and that I shall be obliged to hasten back as soon as permitted. I wanted, if possible, to pass one day at 'Shirley'—I have not been there for ten years. It was the loved home of my mother, and a spot where I have passed many happy days in early life, and one that probably I may never visit again. But I do not know that I

shall be able. We are all as usual, and all would send much love if they knew I was writing. Mildred is very happy in the company of Miss Charlotte Haxall, and Custis retains his serenity of character. Our young members of the family are looking forward to their return to Powhatan as soon as the college exercises close, which I hope will bring some relief to me also. I see that you <314>have been much visited of late, but you know that no one wants to see you as much as I do. Tell Fitzhugh that his old friend, Miss Helen Peters, has come to Lexington, from New York, to pass the summer. See what an attractive place it is becoming. She is now Mrs. Taylor and has brought with her two babies. She is as cordial and as affectionate as ever. Give much love to Fitzhugh and Rob, and believe me always your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. WM. H. FITZHUGH LEE."

My father was back at the college in full time for the "final examinations." He always made it a point to be present, and took his full share of sitting in the rooms while the students were working out their papers. When occasion offered, somewhat to the surprise of the learned faculty, he showed himself thoroughly conversant with each and every department. Even with Greek he seemed somewhat familiar, and would question the students as to their knowledge of this language, much to their astonishment.

The commencement exercises of the college began about June 1st and lasted a week. At this time, the town was crowded with visitors, and my father had his house full, generally of young girls, friends of my sisters who came to assist at the "final ball," the great social event connected with this college exercise. He seemed to enjoy their society as much as the young men did, though he could not devote so much time to them as the boys did, and I know that the girls enjoyed his society more than they did that of their college adorers. On the occasion of an entertainment at his house, in going amongst his guests saying to each group something bright and pleasant, he approached a young lady, a great belle, <315>completely surrounded by her admirers-students, cadets, and some old "Confeds." He stopped and began to rally her on her conquests, saying:

"You can do as you please to these other young gentlemen, but you must not treat any of my *old soldiers* badly."

Those who have never known him cannot imagine the charm of his manner, the brightness of his smile, and the pleasant way he had of speaking, especially to young people and little children. His rebukes to the young were administered in the kindest, gentlest way, almost persuasively, but he could be stern when the occasion demanded. Colonel William Preston Johnston, a member of his faculty and a very dear and trusted friend, says:

"In his intercourse with his faculty he was courteous, kind, and often rather playful in manner. We all thought he deferred entirely too much to the expression of opinion on the part of the faculty, when we would have preferred that he should simply indicate his own views or desire. One characteristic of General Lee I noted then and have often recalled: I never saw him take an ungraceful posture. No matter how long or fatiguing a faculty meeting might be, he always preserved an attitude in which dignity, decorum, and grace were united. He was a very well built man, with rounded body and limbs, and seemed without the slightest affectation of effort to sit or stand or walk just as a gentleman should. He was never in a hurry, and all his gestures were easy and significant. He was always an agreeable companion. There was a good deal of bonhomie and pleasantry in his

conversation. He was not exactly witty, nor was he very humorous, though he gave a light turn to table-talk and enjoyed exceedingly any pleasantry or fun, even. He often made a quaint or slightly caustic remark, but he took care that it should not be too trenchant. On <316>reading his letters one discovers this playful spirit in many of them, as, for instance, in his letter to the spiritualist who asked his opinion of Von Moltke and the French war. He wrote in reply a most courteous letter in which he said that 'the question was one about which military critics would differ, that his own judgment about such matters was poor at best, and that inasmuch as they had the power to consult (through their mediums) Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington, and all of the other great captains who had ever lived, he could not think of obtruding his opinion in such company.' General Lee did not talk politics, but he felt very deeply the condition of the country, and expressed to me several times in strong terms his disapproval of the course of the dominant party."

There is a story told of my father which points to his playful manner here alluded to. At a certain faculty meeting they were joking Mr. Harris, who so long and so ably filled the chair of Latin, about his walking up the aisle of the Presbyterian church with the stem of his pipe protruding from his pocket. Mr. Harris took out the offending stem and began cutting it shorter. My father, who had been enjoying the incident, said:

"No, Mr. Harris, don't do that; next time leave it at home."

Sometimes he deemed it advisable to be a little stem. One of the young professors went off for a few days without asking the president's permission. On his return the General met him very stiffly, saying:

"Mr. —, I congratulate you on your return to your friends and your duties. I was not aware of your absence until I heard it by chance."

Mr. —, told this on himself, and added that it was the last time he ever went away without a formal leave <317>of absence. His particularity in little things has often been commented on. He applied it to all his affairs. Dr. Kirkpatrick, Professor of Moral Philosophy, came into the president's office and asked for a certain paper. My father told him where it could be found. After a while, turning to the doctor he said:

"Did you find the paper?"

"Yes, General," replied the Doctor.

"Did you return it to the place where you found it?"

"Yes, General."

At another time he asked Professor Harris to look at a catalogue on the table. The Professor took up a new one, wrapped ready for the mail, and was about to tear the cover off, when my father, hastily handing him one already opened, said:

"Take this, if you please."

My mother used to say that he could go, in the dark, and lay his hand on any article of his clothing, or upon any particular paper, after he had once arranged them, provided they had not been disturbed. One of his "quaint or slightly caustic remarks," alluded to by Colonel Johnston, I recall as told to me. He met a lady friend down in the town, who bitterly complained that she could get nothing to eat in Lexington suitable for Lent—no fish, no oysters, etc.

"Mrs. —," the General replied, "I would not trouble myself so much about special dishes; I suppose if we try to abstain from *special sins* that is all that will be expected of us."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XVIII—Mrs. R. E. Lee

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GOES TO WARM SPRINGS FOR RHEUMATISM—HER DAUGHTER MILDRED TAKES TYPHOID THERE—REMOVES TO HOT SPRINGS—HER HUSBAND'S DEVOTION—VISIT OF FITZHUGH AND BRIDE TO LEXINGTON—MISS JONES, A WOULD-BE BENEFACTOR OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE—FATE OF WASHINGTON RELICS BELONGING TO MRS. LEE'S FAMILY

THAT summer my father determined to take my mother to the Warm Springs, in Bath County, Virginia, hoping that the baths there might be of service to her, and purposing, if she was not benefited, to go to the Hot Springs, five miles distant. He was most anxious that his new daughter should join her there and go with him to any place she might select, and come back with them to Lexington. In the following letter to his son he tells of his plans for the summer:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, July 1, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I received yesterday your letter of the 28th ultimo, and regret very much to learn of Tabb's indisposition. I hope that she will soon be well, and I wish very much she would join us in the mountains and return here with us. In my letter to her about the time when she went to her sister's wedding, which I hope she got, I told her of my wishes on this subject, and believe gave her our general plans. I can now say with more distinctness that, unless something now unforeseen <319>should prevent, I will take your mother to the Warm Springs, from the 10th to the 15th inst., and after trying the water there about two weeks, if not favourable, will take her over to the Hot. After seeing her comfortably established, I will then go anywhere Tabb desires—to the Healing or the White Sulphur or Sweet. I intend to go myself to the White Sulphur for about a fortnight, to drink the water, and will take Mildred with me. Agnes, having gone last summer, will not care to go, I presume, and can remain with her mother. Mildred has been quite sick for the past week, but is now much better, and in a week will be strong enough for the journey, I think. If not, we shall have to delay our departure a little. Agnes was also sick on the Eastern Shore of Maryland about three weeks, and, I am told, looks badly. She is now at the University of Virginia, and will be home in a few days and go with us to the Springs. You must arrange your plans to suit your interests and convenience, coming to us when you can and staying as long as you can. You know the interest I take in your prosperity and advancement, which cannot be assured without earnest attention to your business on your part, and therefore I never urge you to act contrary to your own judgment in reference to them. As to my daughter, Tabb, tell her if she will trust herself to her papa she shall never want anything he can do for her, and I think she will find the prediction in my letter to her verified. She might join us at Goshen and go with us, or come here. Why did she not come up with her father? I went to see him last evening, but he was out. Your mother, I presume, has told you of home affairs. She has become nervous of late, and broods over her troubles so much that I fear it increases her sufferings. I am therefore the more anxious to give her new scenes and new thoughts. It is the principal good I anticipate. Love to Rob. Custis still talks of visiting you, but I have

not heard of his having fixed the day of his departure. He is quite <320>well. With my best love to my daughter T—and the same to yourself, I am,
"Most affectionately your father,

"R. E. LEE."

The morning he left Lexington he, while waiting for the stage, writes as follows to a great favourite of his, a friend of Mildred's, who had been on a visit to her that summer:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, July 14, 1868.

". . . The stage is at the door to carry us to Goshen, and if Mrs. Lee's strength permits, we hope to reach the Warm Springs to-night. After two or three weeks' trial of its waters we shall go to the Hot, where, leaving Agnes to take care of her mother, I shall take Mildred to the White Sulphur, and hope to meet you at Covington and carry you along. Will you not come? . . . Mildred is quite well again and is flying about this morning with great activity. Agnes is following with slower steps, Mrs. Lee is giving her last injunctions to Sam and Eliza. Letitia(*) is looking on with wonder at the preparations, and trying to get a right conception of the place to which she is going, which she seems to think is something between a steel-trap and a spring-gun. Custis is waiting to help his mother into the stage, and you see how patient I am. To add interest to the scene, Dr. Barton has arrived to bid adieu and to give Mildred an opportunity of looking her best. I believe he is the last rose of summer. The others, with their fragrance and thorns, have all departed. . . .
"

A few days after their arrival at the Warm Springs, Mildred was taken ill with typhoid fever, and during many anxious weeks my father and Agnes were her only nurses. My mother's room was on the first floor of the <321>"Brockenborough Cottage," my sister's in the second, so she could not get upstairs to her room. Mildred was very fanciful would have no one but my father to nurse her, and could not sleep unless she had his hand in hers. Night after night he sat by her side, watching over her and attending to every want with gentleness and patience. He writes to the same young lady, at Mildred's request:

"WARM SPRINGS, Virginia, July 30, 1868.

". . . She [Mildred] has been so anxious to write to you, and so uneasy at her inability to do so, that I hope you will permit me to tell you the reason. She has been quite sick and is so still confined to her bed with low fever, which retains its hold very pertinaciously. She took cold a few days after our arrival, from some imprudence, and is now very much enfeebled. She has been more comfortable the last day or two, and I hope is better, but I presume her recovery will necessarily be slow. You know she is very fanciful, and as she seems to be more accessible to reason from me, I have come to be her chief nurse, and am now writing in her room, while she is sleeping. . . . This is a beautiful valley, and we have quite a pleasant company—Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and their three daughters from Alabama; Mrs. Coleman and her two daughters from Baltimore; some ladies from Richmond, Washington, Kentucky, Iowa, etc., and an ever-changing scene of faces. As soon as Mildred is strong enough, we will go to the Hot, after which, if she desires it, I will take her to the White. Mrs. Lee and Agnes are improving slightly, I am glad to say. We hear of many friends at the Hot, Healing, and White, and hope we shall reach these respective waters before they depart. . . . The Harrisons have written me that they will be

here on the 14th proximo, but unless Mildred's recovery is much retarded it will be too late for me to see them. The Caskies will be at the Hot about the same time. . . . I am,
"Yours most sincerely,

R. E. LEE"

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On August 3d, from the same place, he writes to my brother Fitzhugh:

". . . this was the day I had appointed to go to the Hot, but Mildred is too sick to move. She was taken more than a fortnight since, . . . and her attack seems to have partaken of a typhoid character. She has had since a low and persistent fever, which retains its hold. She is very feeble, but, in the doctor's opinion, somewhat better. I myself see little change, except that she is now free from pain. I cannot speak of our future movements. I fear I shall have to abandon my visit to the White. Your mother and Agnes are better than when they arrived. The former bathes freely, eats generously, and sleeps sweetly. Agnes, though feeble, is stronger. I am the same, and can see no effects of the waters upon myself. Give much love to my sweet daughter and dear sons. All unite with me in this message. . . . I am, as ever and always,
"Your father,

"R. E. LEE."

Another letter to my brother, Fitzhugh, from the Warm Springs, tells of his daughter's convalescence. Smith's Island, of which he writes, belonged to my grandfather's estate, of which my father was executor. He was trying to make some disposition of it, so that it might yield a revenue. It is situated on the Atlantic, just east of Cape Charles, in Northampton County, Virginia.

"WARM SPRINGS, Virginia, August 14, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I received, yesterday, your letter of the 9th, and, as your mother informed you of Mildred's condition, I deferred replying to it until to-day. I am glad to inform you that she is better, and that the doctor pronounces her convalescent this morning. He <323>says her progress must necessarily be slow, but with care and prudence he sees nothing to prevent her recovery, unless something unforeseen occurs. I hope, therefore, we may dismiss our anxiety. As regards Smith's Island, I should be very glad if you could go over and see it, and, if you think proper, make such disposition of it as you and Robert think most advantageous. See Mr. Hamilton S. Neale (Eastville, Northampton County, Virginia) and consult with him on the subject and let me know your determination. I think you will find him kind and intelligent. I have visited the island twice in my life, a long while ago, and thought that, if a person lived on it, he might, by grazing, planting, and fishing, make a comfortable living. You and Robert might, if you choose, buy the island from the estate. I fear the timber, etc., has been cut from it. I never thought it as valuable as your grandfather did. You will have to go to Norfolk, take the steamer to Cherrystone, where, I suppose, you can find a conveyance to Eastville. You know Cobb's Island has been a fashionable bathing-place. John Lewis wrote that the beach was delightful and fare excellent, and that they had sail-vessels there at the disposal of visitors. But Mr. Neale and Mr. John Simp-kins, the present agent, can put you in the way of visiting the island, and you might carry my sweet daughter, Tabb, over and give

her a surf bath. But do not let the mosquitoes annoy her. Give her much love from me. I am writing in Mildred's room, who is very grateful for your interest in her behalf. She is too weak to speak. I hope Rob had a pleasant trip. Tell me Custis's plans. I have not heard from him. Your mother and Agnes unite in love to you, Rob, and Tabb. I have a fan in one hand, while I wield the pen with the other, so excuse brevity.

Most affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—George and Eleanor Goldsborough and Miss Mary G—express themselves as much pleased with Cobb's Island. I do not know how far it is east of Smith's Island.

R. E. LEE."

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His daughter being convalescent, he carried out his plan. and went over to the White Sulphur Springs, after he had placed my mother and sisters at the Hot Springs. In a letter from there, on August 28th, he writes:

". . . The place looks beautiful—the belles very handsome, and the beaux very happy. All are gay, and only I solitary. I am all alone. There was a grand fancy masked ball last night. The room was overflowing, the music good, as much spring in the boards as in the conversation, and the german continued till two o'clock this morning. I return to the Hot next week, and the following to Lexington. Mildred is much better, but says she has forgotten how to write. I hope that she will be strong enough to return with me. . . . I am,
Truly and affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE."

They all returned to Lexington early in September, in time for the opening of the college. Mildred was still weak and nervous, nor did she recover her normal strength for several months. She was always my father's pet as a little girl, and during this illness and convalescence he had been very tender with her, humouring as far as he could all of her fancies. Not long before that Christmas, she enumerated, just in fun, all the presents she wished—a long list. To her great surprise, when Christmas morning came she found each article at her place at the breakfast-table—not one omitted.

His sympathy with all who were suffering, ill, and afflicted was warm and sincere. Colonel Shipp, now superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was the commandant of cadets when my father came to Lexington. He tells me that he was iii for some weeks, laid up in his room, which was next to that of my brother Custis. He hardly knew General Lee, and had spoken to him only <325>a few times, but my father went to see him quite often, would sit by him, talk to him, and seemed much interested in his getting well. He said that he would consult Mrs. Lee (" who is a great doctor"), and he finally brought a bottle of something in which sudor-berries were the chief ingredient. Colonel Shipp found out afterward that the sudor-berries had been sent from the White House, and that my mother had concocted the medicine.

On one occasion, calling at Colonel Preston's, he missed two little boys in the family circle, who were great favour-ites of his, and on asking for them he was told that they were confined to the nursery by croup. The next day, though the weather was of the worst description, he went trudging in great storm-boots back to their house, carrying in one hand a basket of pecan nuts and in the other a toy, which he left for his little sick friends.

To my mother, who was a great invalid from rheumatism for more than ten years, he was the most faithful attendant and tender nurse. Every want of hers that he could supply he anticipated. His considerate forethought saved her from much pain and trouble. During the war he constantly wrote to her, even when on the march and amidst the most pressing duties. Every summer of their life in Lexington he arranged that she should spend several months at one of the many medicinal springs in the neighbouring mountains, as much that she might be surrounded by new scenes and faces, as for the benefit of the waters. Whenever he was in the room, the privilege of pushing her wheeled chair into the dining-room and out on the verandas or elsewhere about the house was yielded to him. He sat with her daily, entertaining her with accounts of what was doing in the college, and the news of the village, and would <326>often read to her in the evening. For her his love and care never ceased, his gentleness and patience never ended.

This tenderness for the sick and helpless was developed in him when he was a mere lad. His mother was an invalid, and he was her constant nurse. In her last illness he mixed every dose of medicine she took, and was with her night and day. If he left the room, she kept her eyes on the door till he returned. He never left her but for a short time. After her death the health of their faithful servant, Nat, became very bad. My father, then just graduated from West Point, took him to the South, had the best medical advice, a comfortable room, and everything that could be done to restore him, and attended to him himself.

I can find very few family letters written by my father at this time. Those which have been preserved are to my brother Fitzhugh, and are mostly about Smith's Island and the settling up of my grandfather's estate. The last of September he writes:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 28, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: Your report of the condition of Smith's Island corresponds with my own impressions, based upon my knowledge of the island and the reports of others. I think it would be advantageous, under present circumstances, to make sale of the island as soon as a fair price can be obtained, and I have so instructed Mr. Hamilton S. Neale, who has consented to act as my agent. . . . I should like this whole matter arranged as soon as possible, for my life is very uncertain, and its settlement now may avoid future difficulties. I am very glad to hear that you and Rob have continued well, and that my daughter is improving. Give my love to them both. The loss of your fine cows is a serious one, and I <327>believe you will have to procure them in your vicinity and improve them. Get some calves this fall of a good breed. We hope that we shall see you this fall. Your mother is as comfortable as usual, and Mildred is improving. Custis, Mary, and Agnes are well, and all would send love, did they know I was writing.

"Very affectionately your father,

R. E. LEE"

This autumn he had a visit from his nephew, Edward Lee Childe Edward lived in Paris, and had crossed over in the summer to see my father and mother. He made a very pleasant impression on everybody, and was much pleased with his visit. Here is a letter written by my father to my brother just after Edward left:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 14, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I have returned to Mr. Hamilton S. Neale the advertisement of the

sale of Smith's Island, with my approval, and have requested him to advertise in the Northern and Richmond papers, etc., and to send out such other notices as he deems best calculated to attract attention to the property, and to take every measure to enhance the value of the island and to procure for your grandfather's estate the full benefit of the sale. . . I have heard from Mr. Compton that roy daughter Tabb has returned to the White House in improved health, which I am very glad of. I hope that you will soon be able to bring her up to see us. Do not wait until the weather becomes too cold. Our mountain atmosphere in winter is very harsh. So far, the weather has been delightful. Your cousin Edward left us last Thursday evening on his way to see you. We enjoyed his visit greatly. Agnes and I rode down to the Baths last Saturday to see the Harrisons, and returned Sunday evening. They were well, and somewhat benefited by their visit. Mr. George Ritchie's death no doubt threw a shade of sadness over the whole party on Mrs. Harrison's <328>account, though all were charming and Miss Belle very sweet. We are about the same—your poor mother comfortable, Mildred improving. All would unite in love to you and yours, did they know I was writing. Give much love to my dear daughter, Tabb, and tell her that I want to see her very much.

"Truly and affectionately your father,

R. E. LEE."

"GENERAL W. H. FITZHUGH LEE.

In a few days, he writes again, still about Smith's Island, but adds much about the family and friends:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, October 19, 1868.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I received your letter of the 12th the day I last wrote to you. I am glad we agree that \$—should be the minimum limit for the price of Smith's Island. You will see by my letter referred to that it has been so fixed. December 22d is the day proposed by Mr. Neale as the time of public sale, which was approved by me, though I feared the notice might be too short. Still there are good reasons for the sale being made without unnecessary delay. I think November, which you suggest, would not afford sufficient notice. I would recommend that you and Robert attend the sale, and be governed by circumstances in what you do. I would go myself, but it would be a long, hard journey for me at that season of the year, and I do not see any material good that I can do. Mr. Neale kindly offered to meet me at Cherrystone landing and take me to his house, but I shall decline in your favour. I am sorry that Edward did not get down to see you, for I wanted him to see my daughter, Tabb. I am sure he has seen none like her in Paris. He left here with the purpose of visiting you and his uncle Smith, and I do not know what made him change his mind. I hope that you will get in a good crop of wheat, and get it in well. The latter is very important and unless accomplished may deprive you of the whole benefit of your labour and <329>expense. We shall look anxiously for your visit. Do not put it off too late or the weather may be unfavourable. Our mountain country is not the most pleasant in cold weather, but we will try and make you warm. Give my love to Tabb, and tell her I am wanting to see her all the time. All unite in love to her and you. Your mother is about the same, very busy, and full of work. Mildred is steadily improving, and is able to ride on horseback, which she is beginning to enjoy. Mary and Agnes very well. We see but little of Custis. He has joined the mess at the institute, which he finds very comfortable, so that he rarely comes to our table to breakfast now. The rest

of the time he seems to be occupied with his classes and studies. Remember me to Rob. I hear of a great many weddings, but his has not been announced yet. He must not forget his house. I have not, and am going to take up the plan very soon. Mildred says a good house is an effective card in the matrimonial game. She is building a castle in the air. The Harrisons propose leaving the Baths to-morrow. George arrived a week ago. I did not get down Saturday to see them as I wished. I hope the health of the whole party has been improved. I wish I could spend this month with you. That lower country is delightful to me at this season, and I long to be on the water again, but it cannot be. With much love,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WM. H. FITZHUGH LEE."

The last of October he went to Staunton on some business. He rode Traveller, and Colonel Wm. Allan rode with him. It was the time of the Augusta Agricultural Fair, and while there he visited the exhibition and was received by the people with great demonstrations of delight. A student standing by remarked dryly:

"I don't see why the Staunton people make all this to do over General Lee; why, in Lexington, he sends for me to come to see him!" <330>

In a letter of November 2d he mentions this little journey:

". . . I have recently paid a visit to Staunton and saw the young people there. They seemed very happy in their fair, and the beaux with their belles. I rode over on Traveller and was accompanied by Colonel Allan. The former was delighted at the length of the road, and the latter relieved from an obstinate cold from which he was suffering. On the second morning, just as the knights were being marshalled to prove their prowess and devotion, we commenced our journey back to Lexington, which we reached before nine P. M., under the light of a beautiful moon."

At this time his son Fitzhugh and his new daughter paid their long-promised visit, which he enjoyed immensely. My mother and sisters were charmed with her, and the entire community vied in paying her attention. My father was proud of his daughter-in-law and much gratified at his son's marriage. He was delighted with the manner in which she adapted herself to the ways of all her new relations, with her sweet attention to my mother, and, above all, with her punctuality. She had been warned beforehand by her husband that, to please his father, she must be always ready for family prayers, which were read every morning by him just before breakfast. This she succeeded in doing, never failing once to be on time. As breakfast was at seven o'clock, it was no small feat for one not accustomed to such early hours. She said afterward that she did not believe that General Lee would have an entirely high opinion of any person, even General Washington, if he could return to earth, if he were not ready for prayers ! After a delightful visit of three weeks my brother and his wife returned <331>home. Just as the latter was packing, my father came into her room and filled all the space in the top of her trunk with pecan nuts, which some friend had sent him from the South.

The hour fixed for the service in the college chapel was, as I have said, a quarter to eight o'clock every morning except Sunday. In the three winter months, December, January, and February, it was one hour later. As the president never failed to attend, when not prevented by sickness or absence, it was necessary to have an early breakfast. After chapel he went to his office and was seated at his desk by eight o'clock, where he remained, unless called out by public business, till two P. M. This room was open to all in

the college who had business with him. The new students were required to report to him here in person, and from their first interviews he obtained a knowledge of the young men of which he availed himself in their future career in the college. As president, he was always disposed to be lenient with students who were reported for disorderly conduct or for failure in their studies or duties. He would say to the faculty, when they seemed to think it necessary to send a student home:

"Don't you think it would be better to bear with him a little longer ? Perhaps we may do him some good."

Being sent for to this office was anything but pleasant to the students. Lewis, one of the janitors, went around with the names of those the president wanted to see, written by his own hand on a long slip of paper. He carried the paper in one hand, a pencil in the other, and when he could find the one he wanted in a crowd of his comrades, he took special pleasure in serving his notice, and would say in his solemn, sepulchral voice:

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"Mr. —, the president wants to see you at the office." Then Mr. —took the pencil and made a cross-mark opposite his name, which was evidence of his having received his summons. What transpired at these interviews was seldom known, except as the student himself might reveal it; for unless it became necessary to summon the delinquent a second time, the president never alluded to the subject. An old student writes me the following account of his experience in the president's office:

"I was a frolicsome chap at college, and, having been absent from class an unreasonable number of times, was finally summoned to the General's office. Abject terror took possession of me in the presence of such wise and quiet dignity; the reasons I had carefully prepared to give for my absence stood on their heads, or toppled over. In reply to General Lee's grave but perfectly polite question, I stammered out a story about a violent illness, and then, conscious that I was at that moment the picture of health, I hastened on with something about leaving my boots at the cobbler's, when General Lee interrupted me: 'Stop, Mr.M —,' he said; 'stop, sir! *One good reason is enough.*' But I could not be mistaken about the twinkle in the old hero's eyes !"

Only a few cases required more than one summons to appear at the office. No instance is known where a student complained of injustice or harshness, and the effect on his mind was that of greater respect and admiration for the president.

The new house was approaching completion, and my father was much interested in the work, going there very often and discussing with the workmen their methods. That Christmas I spent two weeks in Lexington, and <333>many times my father took me all over the new building, explaining all the details of his plan. All of his family were here together this Christmas except Fitzhugh and his wife, an occurrence rather rare of late years. My father's health was unusually good, and he was bright and almost gay. He rode out often, taking me with him, as it was too cold for the girls. He also took me around with him visiting, and in the mild festivities of the neighbours he joined with evident pleasure. My visit ended all too soon, and the first week of January I started back to the "low country." Soon after my departure, he forwarded a letter to me with the accompanying one of his own:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 14, 1869.

"My Dear Rob: The accompanying letter was inclosed to me by Lawrence Butler(*) with the request that I would forward it, as he did not know your address, and urge you to be present at his wedding. I do not know that I can say more, except to inform you that he says he has the very girl for you if you will come on. You must therefore decide the question according to your best judgment. General Hoke, from North Carolina, has also sent you his wedding-cards. We have missed you very much since your departure, and wished you back. I hope you got home comfortably and found all well. Drive all your work with judgment and energy, and when you have decided about the house, let me know. Tell Fitzhugh I have signed the insurance policy and sent it to Mr. Wick-ham for his signature, with the request that he forward it to Grubb & Williams. The weather still continues pleasant, and I fear we shall suffer for it by the late spring, There has so far been a great lack of snow, and conse. quently the wheat is exposed to the great changes of temperature. <334>We are all as you left us. Custis, I think, looks better. No news. Mail heavy this morning. Love to F—and T—With great affection,
"Your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"R. E. LEE, JR."

Some one wrote to General Lee suggesting that General Grant, then the president of the United States, should be invited to Washington College. His reply was as follows:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 8, 1869.

"My Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 29th ult., which I am sure has been prompted by the best motives. I should be glad if General Grant would visit Washington College, and I should endeavour to treat him with the courtesy and respect due the President of the United States; but if I were to invite him to do so, it might not be agreeable to him, and I fear my motives might be misunderstood at this time, both by himself and others, and that evil would result instead of good. I will, however, bear your suggestion in mind, and should a favourable opportunity offer I shall be glad to take advantage of it. Wishing you happiness and prosperity, I am, Very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

A lady living in New York wrote to General Lee in 1867, asking for a catalogue of Washington College and a copy of its charter and laws. She wished also to know whether or not the college was sectarian, and, if so, of what denomination. She intimated that she desired to make a donation to some institution of learning, and was rather inclined to select the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Virginia. The president sent her the following reply to her letter:

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"LEXINGTON, Virginia, June 54, 1867.

"MISS ANN UPSHUR JONES,

"No. 156 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"My Dear Madam: I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 17th inst., and I send to your address a catalogue of Washington College and a copy of its charter and

laws. On the thirty-seventh page of the former, and the eleventh of the latter, you will find what is prescribed on the subject of religion. I do not know that it ever has been sectarian in its character since it was chartered as a college; but it certainly is not so now. Located in a Presbyterian community, it is natural that most of its trustees and faculty should be of that denomination, though the rector, president, and several of the professors are members of the Episcopal Church. It is furthest from my wish to divert any donation from the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, for I am well acquainted with the merits of that institution, have a high respect for its professors, and am an earnest advocate of its object. I only give you the information you desire, and wish you to follow your own preferences in the matter. With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

In 1869 she wrote again, stating that she proposed breaking up housekeeping, that she had no family to whom to give her books, furniture, and silver, that she did not wish to sell them nor store them away, and had therefore determined to present them to the "greatest living man," and she begged him to accept them, or, if his house was already furnished, to make use of them in his college. To this letter he replied:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 13, 1869.

"My Dear Miss Jones: After long and diligent inquiry I only this moment learned your address, and have been <336>during this time greatly mortified at my inability to acknowledge the receipt and disposition of your valuable and interesting donation to Washington College. The books were arranged in the library on their arrival, the globes in the philosophical department, while the furniture, carpets, sofas, chairs, etc., have been applied to the furnishing of the dais of the audience-room of the new chapel, to the comfort and ornament of which they are a great addition. I have yet made no disposition of the plate and tableware, and they are still in the boxes in which they came. I inclose the resolution of thanks passed by the Board of Trustees of the College at their annual meeting, to which I beg to add my personal acknowledgments and grateful sense of your favour and kindness to this institution. It would give me great pleasure if you would visit Lexington at the commencement in June next, the third Thursday, that I might then show you the successful operation of the college. Mrs. Lee joins me in sentiments of esteem and regard, praying that the great and merciful God may throw around you His protecting care and love. I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE.

"MISS ANN UPSHUR JONES,
"No. 38 Union Square, New York."

The plate, tableware, and a curious old work-table, for which no place could be found in the college, valuable only on account of their antiquity and quaintness, he finally allowed to be called his own.

When my mother hurriedly left her home in the spring of 1861, she found it impossible to carry away the valuable relics of General Washington which her father had inherited from Mount Vernon, and which had been objects of great interest at Arlington for more than fifty years. After the Federal authorities took possession of the place, the most

valuable of these Mount Vernon relics were conveyed <337>to Washington City and placed in the Patent Office, where they remained on exhibition for many years labelled "Captured from Arlington." They were then removed to the "National Museum," where they are now, but the card has been taken off In 1869, a member of Congress suggested to my mother that she should apply to President Johnson to have them restored to her. In a letter from my father to this same gentleman, this bit of quiet humour occurs:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 12, 1869.

". . . Mrs. Lee has determined to act upon your suggestion and apply to President Johnson for such of the relics from Arlington as are in the Patent Office. From what I have learned, a great many things formerly belonging to General Washington, bequeathed to her by her father, in the shape of books, furniture, camp equipage, etc., were carried away by individuals and are now scattered over the land. I hope the possessors appreciate them and may imitate the example of their original owners, whose conduct must at times be brought to their recollection by these silent monitors. In this way they will accomplish good to the country. . . . "

He refers to this same subject in a letter to the Honourable George W. Jones, Dubuque, Iowa:

". . . In reference to certain articles which were taken from Arlington, about which you inquire, Mrs. Lee is indebted to our old friend Captain James May for the order from the present administration for their restoration to her. Congress, however, passed a resolution forbidding their return. They were valuable to her as having belonged to her great-grandmother (Mrs. General Washington), and having been bequeathed to her by her father. But as the country desires them, she must give them up. I hope their presence at the capital will keep <338>in the remembrance of all Americans the principles and virtues of Washington. . . . "

To the Honourable Thomas Lawrence Jones, who endeavoured to have the order to restore the relics to Mrs. Lee executed, the following letter of thanks was written:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 29, 1869.

"HONOURABLE THOMAS LAWRENCE JONES,
"Washington City, District of Columbia.

"My Dear Sir: I beg to be allowed to tender you my sincere thanks for your efforts to have restored to Mrs. Lee certain family relics in the Patent Office in Washington. The facts related in your speech in the House of Representatives on the 3d inst., so far as known to me, are correct, and had I conceived the view taken of the matter by Congress I should have endeavoured to dissuade Mrs. Lee from applying for them. It may be a question with some whether the retention of these articles is more 'an insult,' in the language of the Committee on Public Buildings, 'to the loyal people of the United States,' than their restoration; but of this I am willing that they should be the judge, and since Congress has decided to keep them, she must submit. However, her thanks to you, sir, are not the less fervent for your kind intercession in her behalf, and with highest regards, I am, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

Washington's opinion of this transaction, if it could be obtained, would be of interest to many Americans !(*)

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XIX—Lee's Letters To His Sons

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THE BUILDING OF ROBERT'S HOUSE—THE GENERAL AS A RAILROAD DELEGATE—LIONISED IN BALTIMORE—CALLS ON PRESIDENT GRANT—VISITS ALEXANDRIA—DECLINES TO BE INTERVIEWED—INTERESTED IN HIS GRANDSON—THE WASHINGTON PORTRAITS

MY father, being very anxious that I should build a good house on my farm, had agreed to supply the necessary means, and was interested in my plans and estimates. In a letter of February 18th, after a long and full explanation of the arrangements for the purchase of Smith's Island by Fitzhugh and myself, he writes:

". . . I am glad that you are considering the construction of your house and taking steps in the matter. Let me know how you advance, the amount of its cost, etc., and when I can help you. . . . The fine weather we have had this winter must have enabled you to advance in your farm work and put you ahead in that, so you will come out square, I hope. We are as usual, your poor mother about the same, the girls well, and I tolerable. All unite in much love.

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

A week later he writes to me on the same subject:

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"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 27, 1869.

"My Dear Son: I am glad you have obtained a good pair of oxen. Try to get another pair to work with them. I will make good the deficit in my contribution. Your fences will be a great advantage to you, and I am delighted at the good appearance of your wheat. I hope it will continue to maturity. It is very probable, as you say, however, that it may fail in the grain. Should you find it so, would it not be well next year to experiment with phosphates? That must be the quality the land lacks. Have you yet heard from Mr. West about your house? What are the estimates? Let me know. The difficulty I fear now will be that the burning of the bricks may draw you away from your crops. You must try not to neglect them. What would the bricks cost if purchased? Ask F—to cut the lumber for you. I will furnish the funds to pay for it. I hope the break in the mill may not prove serious, and that you may be able to make up your delay in plowing occasioned by the necessary hauling. I am very glad to hear that you and F—can visit each other so easily. It will be advantageous to communicate with each other, as well as a pleasure. I suppose Tabb has not returned to the White House yet. I am delighted to hear that she and her boy are so well. They will make everything on the Pamunkey shine. We are all as usual.

"General Breckenridge(*) is on a visit to his sons and has been with us to-day. He will return to Baltimore Monday. He looks well, seems cheerful, and talks hopefully. All unite in love to you, and your acquaintances inquire regularly after you. I think of you very often, and wish I were nearer and could assist you. Custis is in better health this winter than he has been, and seems content, though his sisters look after him very closely. I have

no <341>news and never have. General B—saw Fitzhugh Lee in Alexandria. He told him he was a great farmer now, and when he was away, his father, who had now taken to the land, showed uncommon signs of management. Good-bye, my dear son. May you enjoy every happiness prays

Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE, JR."

The completion of the railroad from the "White House" to "West Point" made communication between Fitzhugh and myself very easy. On February 11th, my father had become the proud and happy possessor of a grandson, which event gave him great joy. Mr. West, an architect of Richmond, had drawn me up plans and estimates for a house. My father had also sent me a plan drawn by himself. These plans I had submitted to several builders and sent their bids to him to examine and consider. In the following letter, he gives me his opinion:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 21, 1869.

"My Dear Rob: I have received your two letters of the 3d and 9th insts., and would have answered the former before, but had written a few days before its date, and as our letters had been crossing each other, I determined to let them get right.

"First, as to Smith's Island, I merely want to fulfil the conditions of the sale as prescribed in the published notice. I should have required them of any other purchasers, and must require them of you. . . .

"Now as for the house: The estimates of your bidders are higher than I anticipated, and I think too high by at least \$1,000. You see, there is about \$1,000 difference between the highest and lowest of their offers you sent <342>me. What does F—say about it? I am confident that I could build that house here for but little over \$2,000, including materials, and I could do it there, if I could get two good workmen. But you are unaccustomed to building, and I would not advise you to undertake it, unless you could engage a proper foreman. If, therefore, I were in your place, I should reject all the offers, unless the one you had not received when you wrote suited better. I would not, however, give up my house, but procure the bricks either by purchase or by making them on the ground, as was most advantageous, and the shingles in the same way, and get all the lumber and flooring prepared. While preparing the necessary materials, I would see the builder that made the lowest offer, or any other that I preferred, and get him to revise his estimate and cut it down, leaving him a margin for profit; and when satisfied with his offer, accept it and set him to work.

"Now as for the means: I understood when you were here that you could manage the materials—that is, make arrangements for procuring the bricks, lumber, shingles, and flooring. Indeed, you might also get the lime and sand cheaper, perhaps, than the builder, and make a deduction on his bill. I can let you have funds to pay your contractor. If I did not understand you rightly—that is, if you cannot procure the materials, I can help you in them too. In fact, if you desire so much, I can let you have the whole amount, \$3,500. You can have the use of it without interest, and return it to me when I require it, or sooner if you are able, as I take it from the fund I was saving for a homestead for your mother. At present, I cannot use it, and it is of no advantage to me, except its possession. Will that suit you? If it does not, let me know what will, and you shall have that, too. You must

feel that it gives me pleasure to do anything I can for you, and if I had only myself to consider, you should have it unconditionally, but I must consider one person above all. I want you to do, therefore, just as <343>you prefer. I want you to have the comfort of a house, but I do not wish to force one upon you, against your will or against your judgment. I merely wish you to feel that you can procure one without inconveniencing me. The only hesitation I have on the subject is that I think you ought to get a better house for \$3,500 than I fear you will get. The house according to the first plan, in my opinion, ought not to cost more than that sum. But if you think the estimate is a fair one, and are satisfied, accept it and set to work. But consult Fitzhugh, and let me know when you want the money, and in what sums. Now that is plain, I hope, so keep this letter for reference, as I have not time to take a copy.

"We are all pretty well. Your mother has been troubled by a cold, but is over it I hope. The girls are well, and have as many opinions with as few acts as ever; and Custis so-so. We have had accounts of Lawrence Butler's wedding, and all were as gay as a flock of snowbirds. They regretted your absence. I will ask your mother to send you reports. I am tolerable and wish I could get down to see you. I had hoped to go down this spring, but I fear the dilatoriness of the workmen in finishing the house, and the necessity of my attending to it, getting the grounds inclosed and preparing the garden, will prevent me. I shall also have to superintend the moving. In fact, it never seems convenient for me to go away. Give much love to F—, my daughter Tabb, and grandson. I wonder what he will think of his grandpa. All unite in love, and I am, as always,

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE, JR."

In April, there are two letters written on the same day, to each of his sons, Fitzhugh and myself. I had determined for many reasons to postpone building my house for the present, which decision my father regrets. In the matter of Smith's Island, the arrangement proposed <344>by my brother and myself for its purchase was agreed to by him:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 17, 1869.

"My Dear Rob: I have written to Fitzhugh, informing him of my agreement to all the propositions in your joint letter, which I hope will be satisfactory to you. You can read my letter to him, so I will not repeat. I am sorry that you have concluded not to build, but if, in your judgment, that is the best course, I must be content. I do not wish you to hamper yourself with obligations, but to my mind building in the way proposed would not **be** onerous to you and would have given you the use of a house some years prior to the time that you may be able to erect one, and thus have added to your comfort, health, and probable ability to increase your resources from your farm. But I hope you have decided wisely, **and** should circumstances occur to cause you to change your views, you must not fail to let me know; for I shall at all times stand ready to help you to the extent of my ability, which I am now obliged to husband, lest I may become a burden to others. I am very glad to learn that your farm is promising better in the second cultivation of the fields, and feel assured that if treated judiciously it will recover its fertility and be remunerative. If you can perceive that you are progressing, though with a slow and regular step, you have cause for congratulation and encouragement; for there are many. I am sorry to say, that are worse off now than when they commenced at the end of the war, and have to

begin again Industry with economy must prevail in the end. There seems to be a necessity for my going to Baltimore next Tuesday, but I feel so poorly now that I do not know that I shall be able. If I do go, it will interfere materially with my proposed visit to you and Fitzhugh this spring, and I fear will put an end to it. I shall be obliged to spend some days in Alexandria on my return, and could not then delay my return here. I hope to see you both some <345>time this summer, and, if I cannot get to you, you must come to me. I have been confined to the house for more than a week with a bad cold, the effects of which still cling to me, and, though I am better this morning, I am suffering. Your mother, too, I am sorry to say, has been suffering from the same cause, and has had to resort to medicine, as well as myself. You know that is bad for old people. Agnes has not been well, but Mildred is herself, and surrounded by her two fresh broods of kittens she would not call the king her uncle . . . God bless you, my dear son, prays

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"R. E. LEE, JR."

The letter to his son Fitzhugh is mostly upon business, but some of it relates to more interesting matters:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, April 17, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I expect to go to Baltimore next Tuesday, if well enough. The Valley Railroad Company are very anxious for me to accompany their delegation to that city with a view of obtaining from the mayor or council a subscription for their road, and, though I believe I can be of no service to them, they have made such a point of it that it would look ill-mannered and unkind to refuse. I wish I could promise myself the pleasure of returning by the 'White House,' but I cannot. If I go to Baltimore, I must take time to pay certain visits and must stop a while in Alexandria. I shall, therefore, from there be obliged to return here. If I could stop there on my way to Baltimore, which I cannot for want of time, I would then return by the 'White House.' I shall hope, however, to see you and Rob during the summer, if I have to go down immediately after commencement. But it is so inconvenient for me to leave home now that I cannot say. . . . Poor little Agnes also has been visited by Doctor Barton of late, but she is on the mend. 'Life' holds her own. Both of <346>her cats have fresh broods of kittens, and the world wags cheerily with her. Custis is well, and Mary is still in New York, and all unite with me in much love to you and my daughter Tabb and my grandson. I hope the latter has not formed the acquaintance of his father in the same manner as Warrington Carter's child.

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WM. H. FITZHUGH LEE."

In order to induce the city of Baltimore to aid them in building their railroad from Staunton to Salem, the Valley Railroad Company got together a large delegation from the counties through which it was proposed the line should pass, and sent it to that city to lay the plans before the mayor and council and request assistance. Among those selected from Rockbridge County was General Lee. Lexington at this time was one of the most inaccessible points in Virginia. Fifty miles of canal, or twenty-three of staging over a rough mountain road, were the only routes in existence. The one from Lynchburg

consumed twelve hours, the other, from Goshen (a station on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad), from seven to eleven. On one occasion, a gentleman during his first visit to Lexington called on General Lee and on bidding him good-bye asked him the best way to get back to Washington.

"It makes but little difference," replied the General, "for whichever route you select, you will wish you had taken the other."

It was, therefore, the desire of all interested in the welfare of the two institutions of learning located in Lexington that this road should be built. My father's previous habits of life, his nature and his tastes made him averse to engaging in affairs of this character; but <347>because of the great advantage to the college, should it be carried through, and at the earnest request of many friends of his and of the road, he consented to act. General John Echols, from Staunton, Colonel Pendleton, from Buchanan, Judge McLaughlin, from Lexington, were amongst those who went with him. While in Baltimore he stayed at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tagart, whom he had met several summers at the White Sulphur Springs.

The delegation was invited to the floor of the Corn and Flour Exchange, to meet the business men of the city. My father, for the same reasons given above, earnestly desired to be excused from this part of the programme, and asked some of his friends to see Mr. John W. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who had the delegation in charge, and try to have it so arranged. Mr. Garrett, however, was very positive.

"General Lee is a most interesting man; I think he had better come," was the message brought back to him.

As he appeared on the floor, which was filled with a great crowd, he was greeted with deafening cheers, and was soon surrounded by the thousands who had assembled there to see him. Everywhere that he appeared in the city he received an ovation. Sunday intervening, he attended service in the morning at St. Paul's church on Charles Street. When it became known that General Lee was there, large numbers collected to see him come out, waiting patiently and quietly until the congregation was dismissed. As he appeared at the door, all heads were uncovered and kept so until he had passed through the long lines extending down the street.

A reception was given by Mr. Tagart in his honour. <348>There his friends crowded to see him, and the greatest affection and deference were shown him. He had lived in Baltimore about twenty years before this time, and many of his old friends were still there; besides, Baltimore had sent to the Army of Northern Virginia a large body of her noble sons, who were only too glad to greet once more their former commander. That he was still "a prisoner on parole," disfranchised from all civil rights, made their love for him stronger and their welcome the more hearty. On his return to Lexington, he was asked how he enjoyed his visit. With a sad smile, he said:

"Very much; but they would make too much fuss over the old rebel."

A few days after he came home, when one of his daughters remonstrated with him about the hat he was wearing, he replied:

"You don't like this hat? Why, I have seen a whole cityful come out to admire it!"

There is only a short note to my mother that I can find written during this trip:

"BALTIMORE, April 27, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I am still at Mr. Tagart's, but propose going to-morrow to Ella's, and thence to Washington's, which will consume Wednesday and Thursday. If not obliged to

return here, which I cannot tell till this evening or to-morrow morning, I will then go to Washington, where I shall be obliged to spend a day or two, and thence to Alexandria, so I shall not be able to return to Lexington till the last of next week. What has become of little Agnes ? I have seen many of our old friends, of whom I will tell you on my return. I have bought you a little carriage, the best I could find, which I hope will enable you to take some pleasant rides. All send love. <349>Give mine to Mildred, and Custis, and all friends. I am just about starting to Mrs. Baker's.

"Truly and affectionately,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

The "Ella" mentioned was Mrs. Sam George, of Baltimore, who as a girl had always been a pet and favourite of my father. She was a daughter of his first cousin, Mr. Charles Henry Carter, of "Goodwood," Prince George County, Maryland, and a schoolmate of my sister Mary. Their country place was near Ellicott City. He went there to see her, and from there to "Lynwood," near by, the seat of Washington Peter, my mother's first cousin and an intimate friend of us all.

On Saturday, my father, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tagart, went to Washington on an early train. They drove immediately to the Executive Mansion and called on the President. This meeting was of no political significance whatever, but simply a call of courtesy. It had been intimated to General Lee that it would be most agreeable to General Grant to receive him. Mr. and Mrs. Tagart went with him, and they met there Mr. Motley, the newly appointed Minister to England. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and neither General Lee nor the President spoke a word on political matters. While in Washington my father was the guest of Mrs. Kennon, of Tudor Place, Georgetown Heights. On Sunday he dined with Mrs. Podestad and her husband, the Secretary of the Spanish Legation, who were old friends and relatives.

After leaving Washington, he stopped in Alexandria for several days, as the guest of Mrs. A.M. Fitzhugh. It was at her country place, "Ravensworth," about ten miles from town, that his mother had died, and there, in <350>the old ivy-covered graveyard, she was buried. Mrs. Fitzhugh was the wife of my mother's uncle, Mr. William Henry Fitzhugh, who, having no children, had made my mother his heir. The intimacy between "Arlington" and "Ravensworth" was very close. Since Mr. Fitzhugh's death, which occurred some thirty years prior to this time, my father and mother and their children had been thrown a great deal with his widow, and "Aunt Maria," as we called her, became almost a member of the family. She had the greatest love and admiration for "Robert," sought his advice in the management of her estate, and trusted him implicitly. His brother, Admiral Sidney Smith Lee, came up from "Richland," his home on the Potomac near Acquia Creek, to meet him, and he found at Mrs. Fitzhugh's "Aunt Nannie"(*) and her son Fitz. Lee. This was the first time they had met each other since their parting in Richmond just after the war.

On his arrival in Alexandria my father had walked up from the wharf to "Aunt Maria's." He was recognised by a number of citizens, who showed him the greatest deference and respect. So many of his friends called upon him at Mrs. Fitzhugh's that it was arranged to have a reception for him at the Mansion House. For three hours a constant stream of visitors poured into the parlours. The reception was the greatest ovation that any individual had received from the people of Alexandria since the days of Washington. The

next day, in Bishop Johns' carriage, he drove out to Seminary Hill to the home of Mr. Cassius F. Lee, his first cousin, where he spent the night. In the afternoon he went to see the bishop and his family—General Cooper and the Reverend Dr. Packard. The next morning, with Uncle Smith, he <351>attended Ascension. Day services at Christ church, and was afterward entertained at a dinner-party given by Mr John B. Daingerfield. Before he left Alexandria he called on Mr. John Janney, who was president of the Virginia Convention in 1861, when, as Colonel Lee, he appeared before it and accepted the command of the Virginia forces, organised and to be organised.

One evening a correspondent of the New York *Herald* paid him a visit for the purpose of securing an interview. The General was courteous and polite, but very firm. He stood during the interview, and finally dismissed the reporter, saying:

"I shall be glad to see you as a friend, but request that the visit may not be made in your professional capacity."

The same correspondent had tried to interview him, for his paper, while he was in Baltimore, but had failed.

My father was much amused at an occurrence that took place during this visit. Late one afternoon a visitor was announced. As the General was very tired, Uncle Smith Lee volunteered to relieve him. The visitor was found to be an Irishwoman, very stout and unprepos-sessing, who asked if she could see the General. The Admiral bowed, intimating that he was the desired person, when she said:

"My boy was with you in the war, honey, and I must kiss you for his sake." And with that she gave the Admiral an embrace and a kiss. Mr. Cassius Lee, to whom he told this, suggested that he should take General Fitz. Lee along to put forward in such emergencies.

My father's first letter after his return to Lexington was the following:

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"LEXINGTON, Virginia, May 11, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I reached here last Saturday, bringing Agnes and Miss Peyton with me from Staunton. Found everybody well and Custis better. I had, upon the whole, a pleasant visit, and was particularly glad to see again our old friends and neighbours in Alexandria and vicinity; though should have preferred to enjoy their company in a more quiet way. Your Uncle Smith came up to meet me, and your Aunt Nannie and Fitz. were there. I had not seen them since I parted from them in Richmond after the war. I wish I could have visited you and Rob and have seen my daughter and grandson; but that pleasure, I trust, is preserved for a future day. How is the little fellow? I was much relieved after parting from you to hear from the doctors that it was the best time for him to have the whooping-cough, in which opinion the 'Mim' concurs. I hope that he is doing well. Bishop Whittle will be here Friday next and is invited to stay with us. There are to be a great many preparatory religious exercises this week. A great feeling of religion pervades the young in the community, especially at the Virginia Military Institute. All send love.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE."

Since his establishment in Lexington, General Lee had been a member of the vestry- of Grace (Episcopal) church. At the council of 1868, which met at Lynchburg, he had been

sent as a delegate, and spent three days there. This year the council was to meet in Fredericksburg, and he was again elected to represent his church. This was a busy time with him. The examinations were commencing, his new home was about ready to move into, and the preparations for the commencement exercises had to be made; yet he accepted the trust imposed upon him by his church and took a week out of his valuable <353>time to perform it. In his next letter to his son, after writing on some Smith's Island business, he tells him of his proposed journey to Fredericksburg and of his regret at not being able to visit him as he had intended:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, May 22, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: The weather here has been very hard on the corn-fields, and I hear of many having to be replanted. The wheat, so far, is very promising, and I am glad to hear that yours and Rob's is equally so. I have been elected by our little church to represent it at the coming convention, and have concluded to go. I shall leave for Fredericksburg Tuesday, June 1st, and shall endeavour while there to spend a night with your Uncle Smith, the only visit I shall be able to make him. It is very inconvenient for me to be absent at this time. The examination of the senior classes is in progress, and I must hasten back to attend as many as I can. The new house is about finished. The contractors say they will deliver the keys on Monday, the 31st inst. I will make arrangements to have it cleaned out during the week, so as to be able to move in on my return. The commencement, a busy time with me, is approaching, and we must try to be prepared. I shall not, therefore, be able to pay you a visit at this time, but hope Custis and I will be able to do so after the close of the session. I met Bishop Whittle at Lynchburg last convention, and was much pleased with him. My favourable impressions were much strengthened and increased by this visit here.

"I am so glad to learn that my little grandson is getting on so well with his whooping-cough. You must kiss him and his mother for me. We are all about the same. Your mother is becoming interested in her painting again, and is employing her brush for the benefit of our little church, which is very poor. She yet awhile confines herself to colouring photographs, and principally to those of General and Mrs. Washington which are sold <354>very readily. The girls are well, and have Miss Peyton with them still. Custis, I hope, is better. He is getting over some of his confinement with his classes now, which I hope will be of benefit to him. Give my love to Robert and tell my daughter Tabb I long to see her. All unite with me in affectionate love. I am,

"Truly your father,

"R. E. LEE."

These photographs that were being coloured by my mother were from the original portraits of General Washington by Peale and of Mrs. Washington by W—. These paintings hung at Mt. Vernon until the death of Mrs. Washington, and were then inherited by my grandfather, Mr. Custis. They were at "Arlington" till '61, when they were removed to "Ravensworth," where they remained until the end of the war. When they were being sent to Lexington, the boat carrying them on the canal between Lynchburg and Lexington sank. These pictures, with many others belonging to my mother, were very much injured and had to be sent to a restorer in Baltimore, who made them as good as ever, and they were finally safely hung in the president's house in Lexington, and are now in the library of the university. My mother coloured the photographs like these originals, and sold a

great many, on account of their association rather than their merit.

There must have been some change of date in my father's plans, for though he said he would start on June 1st for Fredericksburg, his first and only letter from there was written on May 28th:

"FREDERICKSBURG, May 28, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I reached here Tuesday night, the night after the morning I left you, about twelve o'clock, <355>and found Major Barton at the depot, who conducted me to his house. The town seems very full of strangers, and I have met many acquaintances. I have seen no one yet from 'Cedar Grove,' and cannot learn whether any of them are coming. They are no doubt in distress there, for you may have heard of the death of Charles Stuart, on his way from Arkansas. He died at Lynchburg of congestive chills. Harriott Cazenove (his sister) went on to see him, but he died before her arrival. Rosalie, I heard, was at 'Cedar Grove,' Turbeville in Essex. I have delivered all your packages but Margaret's. Cas, sius Lee and all from the seminary are here. Sally came up from Gloucester, and also Mrs. Taliaferro. But I must tell you of all occurrences upon my return, and of all whom I have met. All friends inquire very particularly and affectionately after you, particularly your cousin, Mrs. —, who turns up ever day at all assemblies, corners, and places, with some anxious question on her mind upon which some mighty—though to me hidden—importance depends. Fitz. Lee arrived to-day, though I have not seen him yet. If I can accomplish it, I will go to 'Richland' to-morrow, Saturday, and spend Sunday, and take up my line of march Monday, in which event I hope to reach Lexington Wednesday morning, or rather Tuesday night, in the stage from Goshen. I may not be able to get away from the council before Monday. In that case, I shall not arrive before Wednesday night. Tell the girls there are quantities of young girls here and people of all kinds. I hope that you are all well, and that everything will be ready to move into our new house upon my arrival. I am obliged to stop. I am so much interrupted and occupied that, though I have tried to write ever since my arrival, I have been unable. Love to all.

"Very affectionately,

"R. E. LEE

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

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"Cedar Grove" was the plantation of Dr. Richard Stuart, in King George County, some fifty miles from Fredericksburg. His wife, a Miss Calvert, of "Riversdale," Maryland, was a near cousin of my mother, had been her bridesmaid, and the two families had been intimate all their lives. All the persons mentioned by my father were cousins and friends, several of them old neighbours from Alexandria and the Theological Seminary near by.

From Fredericksburg, after the completion of his duties at the council, he went to "Richland" on the Potomac, near Acquia Creek, where his brother Smith was then living. This meeting was a great pleasure to them both, for two brothers were never more devoted. This was the last time they saw one another alive, as Smith died two months afterward.

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XX—The New Home In Lexington

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NUMEROUS GUESTS—FURTHER SOJOURNS AT DIFFERENT BATHS— DEATH OF THE GENERAL'S BROTHER, SMITH LEE—VISITS TO "RAVENSWORTH" AND "THE WHITE HOUSE"—MEETINGS WITH INTERESTING PEOPLE AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—DEATH OF PROFESSOR PRESTON

ON my father's return to Lexington the new house was ready. It adjoined the one he had been occupying, so the distance was not great and the transfer was easily accomplished. It was much larger and more comfortable than the one given up. My mother's room was on the first floor and opened out on the veranda, extending three sides of the house, where she could be rolled in her chair. This she enjoyed intensely, for she was very fond of the open air, and one could see her there every bright day, with Mrs. "Ruffner," a much petted cat, sitting on her shoulder or cradled in her lap. My father's favourite seat was in a deep window of the dining-room, from which his eyes could rest on rolling fields of grass and grain, bounded by the ever-changing mountains. After his early and simple dinner, he usually took a nap of a few minutes, sitting upright in his chair, his hand held and rubbed by one of his daughters. There was a new stable, warm and sunny, for Traveller and his companion, "Lucy Long," a cow-house, wood-shed, garden, and yard, <358>all planned, laid out, and built by my father. The increased room enabled him to invite a greater number to visit him, and this summer the house was full.

In answer to a letter from me on business, which reached him during commencement week, he writes:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, June 19, 1869.

"My Dear Son: I have just received your letter of the 10th, and have only time for a word. . . . I hope all things are going well with you both. With the improvement of your farm, proceeds will increase, and, with experience, judgment, and economy, will augment greatly. You will have to get married if you wish to prosper, and must therefore make arrangements to build your house this fall. If I live through this coming week, I wish to pay you and F—a visit the week following, about July 1st. I am trying to persuade Custis to accompany me, but he has not yet responded. I am very much occupied with examinations, visitors, arrangements, etc.

"All are well, and would send love if accessible. Mildred is full of housekeeping and dresses, and the house is full of young ladies—Misses Jones, Albert, Burwell, Fairfax, and Wickham; others in expectation. Good-bye,

"Affectionately your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"ROBERT E. LEE, JR."

Ten days later, he writes to his son, Fitzhugh, giving up his proposed visit to him at this time, expressing his regrets at the necessity, and telling his reasons for so doing:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, June 30, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: This is the day that I had proposed to visit you, but I find it impossible to get away. I find a great deal to do in closing up the past session and in <359>preparing for the new. In addition, our college officers have all been changed—proctor, clerk, treasurer, librarian —and the new incumbents enter upon their duties tomorrow. I shall have to be with them some days to initiate and install them. That would only delay me, but then on the 15th proximo the Educational Association of Virginia will meet here, and I should not be able to return in time. As I have never attended any of their meetings when elsewhere, if I were to go away when appointed here it would look as if I wished to avoid them, which is not the case. After that is over, I must locate your poor mother at the Baths, (*) which she has made up her mind to visit, and prepare to go myself to the White Sulphur, the waters of which I want to drink for three or four weeks. So I do not see how I could get to the Pamunkey before the fall. I want to get there very much to see you all, and, as far as my personal predilections are concerned, would rather go there than to the White; but the doctors think it would not be so beneficial to me, and I am obliged now to consider my health. I propose, therefore, that you bring Tabb and the baby up to the mountains and leave them either at the Baths with 'the Mim' or with me, if you cannot remain. Tell Rob, if he can, he must also come and see us. If he were here, now, he would find very pleasant company, Misses Jones, Albert, Kirkland, Burwell, Fairfax, and Wickham, all in the house, with others out of it. They are so much engaged with the collegiates that Custis and I see but little of them, but he could compete with the *yearlings*, which we cannot. Tell my daughter Tabb, her father is here, very well, and dined with us yesterday. Give my much love to grandson. He must not forget me. I have a puppy and a kitten for him to play with. All send love.

"Truly your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. FITZHUGH LEE."

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In a letter dated Lexington, Virginia, July 9th, he gives a further account of his plans for the summer:

". . . I have delivered your letter to Mildred, who has just returned from a visit to the University of Virginia, where she saw a great many persons and met with a great deal of pleasure. She ought to be, and I believe is, satisfied with commencements for this year, having participated in three. I am sorry to tell you that I cannot go down to the Pamunkey this summer as I had intended; . . . I had hoped to be able, after the conclusion of the commencement exercises of Washington College, to visit the Pamunkey, and to return by the 15th inst. so as to be present at the Convention of the Teachers of Virginia, which assembles here on that day; but I was detained here so long that I found I would be unable to accomplish what I desired. Custis, who was to have accompanied me, will go down in a day or two. . . .

"About the 20th of this month I shall go to the Rockbridge Baths with Mrs. Lee, who wishes to try the waters again, and after seeing her comfortably located, if nothing prevents, I shall go with Mildred and Agnes to the White Sulphur for a few weeks. . . . It is delightfully quiet here now. Both institutions have closed, and all are off enjoying their holiday. I should like to remain, if I could. Colonels Shipp and Harding have gone to get married, report says. Colonel Lyle and Captain Henderson, it is said, will not return.

Captain Preston having been appointed professor at William and Mary, we shall necessarily lose him, but Colonel Allan will be back, and all the rest. We are as well as you left us. The girls had several of their friends at commencement. All have departed except Miss Fairfax and Miss Wickham. The election is over and the town is tranquil."

The quiet and rest which he so much desired, and which he was enjoying when he wrote, did not long remain his. He had just gotten my mother comfortably <361>settled at the Baths, when he received the news of the sudden death of his brother Smith. He went at once to Alexandria, hoping to be in time for the burial. From there he writes my mother:

"ALEXANDRIA, July 25, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I arrived here last evening, too late to attend the burial of my dear brother, an account of which I have clipped from the Alexandria Gazette and inclose to you. I wish you would preserve it. Fitz. and Mary went up to 'Ravensworth' the evening of the funeral services, Friday, 23d, so that I have not seen them, but my nephew Smith is here, and from him I have learned all particulars. The attack of his father was short, and his death apparently unexpected until a short time before it occurred. Mary(*) was present, and I hope of some comfort to her uncle and assistance to her aunt. Fitz. came here the afternoon of his father's death, Thursday, 22d, made all arrangements for the funeral, went out to 'Ravensworth' to announce the intelligence to our aunt. He carried down, Friday morning, on the steamer, Mrs. Cooper and Jennie, to stay with his mother, and returned that afternoon with his father's remains, which were committed to earth as you will see described.

"John returned the next morning, yesterday, in the mail-boat, to his mother, with whom Dan stayed. Robert arrived this morning and has gone to 'Ravensworth' to announce my arrival. I shall remain here until I see or hear from Fitz., for, as you will see by the *Gazette's* account, the last resting-place of the body has not been determined upon. Fitz., I understand, wishes it interred at Hollywood, Richmond; Nannie at the cemetery here, where her father, mother, and daughter are buried; and Mrs. Fitzhugh at 'Ravensworth.' I think Nannie's wishes should be consulted. I shall probably leave to-day or to-morrow, and, after seeing all that remains to us of our <362>dear brother deposited in its last earthly home, and mingling my sorrow for a brief season with that of his dear wife and children, I shall return to you. Please send this letter after perusal to Agnes and Mildred, as I shall be unable to write to them. I am staying at the Mansion House. Our Aunt Mafia did not come down to the funeral services, prevented, I fear, by her rheumatic attack. May God bless us all and preserve us for the time when we, too, must part, the one from the other, which is now close at hand, and may we all meet again at the footstool of our merciful God, to be joined by His eternal love never more to separate.

"Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

The loss of his brother was a great sorrow to him. They were devoted to each other, having always kept warm their boyish love. Smith's admiration for and trust in my father were unbounded, and it was delightful to see them together and listen to the stories of the happy long ago they would tell about each other. No one could be near my Uncle Smith

without feeling his joyful influence. My sister Mary, who knew him long and well, and who was much attached to him, thus writes :

"No one who ever saw him can forget his beautiful face, charming personality, and grace of manner which, joined to a nobility of character and goodness of heart, attracted all who came in contact with him, and made him the most generally beloved and popular of men. This was especially so with women, to whom his conduct was that of a *preux chevalier*, the most chivalric and courteous; and, having no daughters of his own, he turned with the tenderest affection to the daughters of his brother Robert." <363>

After all the arrangements connected with this sad event had been completed, my father went up to "Ravensworth" to see "Aunt Maria," who had always been a second mother to his brother. There, amid the cool shades of this lovely old home, he rested for a day or two from the fatigues of travel and the intense heat. During this visit, as he passed the room in which his mother had died, he lingered near the door and said to one present:

"Forty years ago, I stood in this room by my mother's death-bed! It seems now but yesterday !"

While here he determined to go back to Lexington *via* Richmond, and to run down thence to the "White House" to see his grandson. He arrived there on Friday, July 30th. On Sunday he wrote to my mother:

"WHITE HOUSE, NEW KENT, August 1, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I arrived here on Friday last and found them all well. Our daughter Tabb has not been altogether well, and shows its effects. Her baby, I think, would also be improved by mountain air. I have therefore persuaded her to accompany me and join you at the Baths. We shall leave Richmond, if nothing prevents, on Tuesday morning, 3d inst., and hope to reach the Baths that evening in the stage from Goshen. I have written to Mr. Peyton, requesting him to prepare a good room for Tabb and her little family as near you as convenient, and trust we may reach there in health and comfort at the time appointed. I hope I shall find you well and comfortable, and Markie in the enjoyment of every good. How are the poor little children? My previous letters will have informed you of everything important. I will supply all omissions when I see you. Custis is here, much improved. I have not yet seen Rob. Farmers here are threshing out their wheat, which occupies them closely. Fitzhugh's is turning out well, and he hopes to <364>gather a fair crop. Robert came up last Wednesday with his friend Mr. Dallam, and went down Thursday. He was very well. Custis arrived Saturday week. Mr. Kepler is here and will preach at St. Peter's this morning. I hope to attend. Mr. Kepler says his health is much improved. Fitzhugh doses him with cholagogue. Good-bye.

Affectionately yours,

"R. E. LEE."

St. Peter's was the old Colonial church a few miles away, in which General Washington and Mrs. Custis were married about one hundred years prior to this time. Mr. Kepler, the pastor, preached there twice a month. He lived in Richmond, and, to keep him free from fever-and-ague, my brother dosed him freely with cholagogue whenever he came down into the malarial country. I came up from Romancoke Sunday morning, arriving in time to be present at the christening of my nephew, which ceremony was decided on rather hurriedly in order that the grandfather might stand as godfather. After returning from the

morning service at St. Peter's, where we all went, it was decided that the mother and child should go to the mountains with my father. As there were some preparations for the summer to be made, his daughter and her baby went to Petersburg that afternoon, agreeing to meet the General in Richmond Monday night and start for the Rockbridge Baths Tuesday morning. On Monday, he writes to a friend, with whom he had intended to stop for a day on his way back to Lexington:

*"WHITE HOUSE, NEW KENT COUNTY,
"August 1, 1869.*

". . . I had promised myself the pleasure of seeing you on my way to Lexington, of spending with you one short day to cheer and refresh me; but I shall travel up in <365>a capacity that I have not undertaken for many years—as escort to a young mother and her infant, and it will require the concentration of all my faculties to perform my duties even with tolerable comfort to my charge. . . . I go up with my daughter, I may say this time, too, my youngest daughter(*), to place her with her mama at the Rockbridge Baths, the waters of which I hope will invigorate both mother and child, who have been wearied and weakened by the long attack of whooping-cough from which the latter has suffered. I came down from Richmond to spend Sunday and was fortunate enough to find here my three sons, but I am sorry to say but one daughter. . . .

Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

Monday night was spent in Richmond. It was soon known that General Lee was at the Exchange Hotel, and great numbers came to call upon him, so that he was compelled to hold an informal reception in the large parlours. The next day, with his "new daughter" and her baby, he started for the Baths, where they arrived safely the same night. Then he proceeded to carry out his original plan for the summer, and went with his two daughters to the White Sulphur Springs. From there he writes to his wife:

*"WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,
"GREENBRIER COUNTY, West Virginia, August 10, 1869.*

"My Dear Mary.' I received this morning your *addenda* to Annie Wickham's letter inclosing Custis's. I also received by same mail a letter from Mr. Richardson, reiterating his request to insert my portrait in my father's Memoirs, saying that it was by the desire' of many mutual friends' on the ground of its 'giving additional interest to the work, and increasing its sale.' That may or may not be so; at any rate, I differ from them. Besides, there is no good portrait accessible to him, and the engraving in <366>the 'Lee Family' I think would be an injury to any book. His recent proposition of inserting my portrait where the family history is given takes from it a part of my obligation, and if it were believed that such an addition would add to the interest of the book, I should assent. I have so told him, and that I would write to you for your suggestions, and to ask whether you could send him a portrait worth inserting. What do you think?

"There is to be a grand concert here to-night for the benefit of our church at Lexington. It is gotten up by Miss Mary Jones and other kind people here, and the proposition is so favourably received that I hope a handsome sum will be realised.

"The girls are well. I do not know how long they will continue so. They seem to be foot-free. A great many visitors were turned off last night—no room for them! A grand ball in

honour of Mr. Peabody is to come off to-morrow, after which it is supposed there will be more breathing-space. I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ridgely of 'Hampton' since I wrote, also numerous other acquaintances. I should prefer more quiet. How is my daughter Tabb? Mother and son are improving, I trust. I hope you and Markie are also doing well. No change in myself as yet. The girls would send love if I could find them.

Affectionately yours,

R. E. LEE."

"MRS. R. E. LEE.

A few days later he writes:

"WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, August 14, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I received last night your letter of the 13th—very prompt delivery—and am very glad to learn of the well-doing of all with you. I am particularly pleased to hear that our daughter and grandson are improving, and should you find them not benefiting I wish you would urge them to try some other springs, for I have it greatly to heart that they should receive all possible advantage from their summer trip. I hope Markie will be benefited by the Red Sweet. The water is considered a <367>great tonic, but I fear none will be warm enough for her but the *Hot*. if I cannot get over to see her, I will notify her of our departure from here, which will be in about two weeks. I have received a letter from Fitz. Lee, saying that Mary would leave 'Richlands' last Tuesday, 10th inst., for 'Ravensworth,' which I presume she did, as his letter was postmarked that day at Acquia Creek, and was probably mailed by him, or one of the boys, on putting her aboard the mail-boat. You will be glad to learn that the proceeds of the concert for our church at Lexington netted \$605, which has been subsequently increased to \$805 by Messrs. Corcoran and Peabody with a donation of \$100 from each. For all of this I am extremely grateful.

"As regards the portrait for Mr. Richardson, you must do as you please. I shall not write to him any more on the subject. Unless the portrait is good and pleasing, I think it will be an injury to the book. I have had a visit since commencing this letter from a Mrs. William Bath, of New Orleans, who showed me a wreath, made in part, she says, of my, your and Mildred's hair, sent her by you more than two years ago. She says she sent you a similar one at the time, but of this I could tell her nothing, for I recollect nothing about it. She says her necessities now compel her to put her wreath up to raffle, and she desired to know whether I had any objection to her scheme, and whether I would head the list. All this, as you may imagine, is extremely agreeable to me, but I had to decline her offer of taking a chance in her raffle.

"Miss Mary Jones has gone to the Sweet. Tell Miss Belle I wish she were coming here. I shall be glad to see Mrs. Caskie. Mildred has her picture. The girls are always busy at something, but never ready. The Stuarts have arrived. Mrs. Julia is improving very perceptibly.

Love to all.

"R. E. LEE."

The "Markie" referred to in each of the above letters was Martha Custis Williams, a great-niece of my grandfather, <368>Mr. Custis, who had for many years lived at Arlington with her uncle. The "little children" were her motherless nieces, whom she had

brought that summer to the mountains for their health. General Lee had been engaged for some time in bringing out a third edition of his father's "Memoirs of the War of '76 in the Southern States." It was now in the hands of his publisher, Mr. Richardson, of New York. To this edition he had added a sketch of the famous "Light Horse Harry," written by himself. It was to his publisher's proposition of placing his portrait in the "Introduction" to the new work that he at first objected, and then agreed, as stated in the two letters just given. The season of '69 is still noted in the annals of the White Sulphur as having had in its unusually large company so many noted and distinguished men. Mr. George Peabody and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the two great philanthropists, were among them and helped to enlarge the receipts of the concert for the benefit of the little Episcopal church in Lexington, of which General Lee was a member and a vestryman.

By the last of August he was back again in Lexington, making arrangements for the home-coming of his wife and her party from the Baths. Here is part of another letter written soon after his arrival home, some lines of which (apparently relating to the servants) have been partially obliterated by time:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 31, 1869.

"My Dear Mary: I received this evening your note by Miss Mays. You had better come up whenever agreeable to your party. . . . we can only try them and make the best of them. Alice, when she gets well, will return if wanted. If Cousin Julia(*) will return with you, <369>you can see her here as well as there, and we can all have that pleasure. If she will not, you had better remain with her as long as she will stay. Mrs. Pratt died to-day at 12:30 P.M.

"I received a letter to-day from Edward Childe, saying that he and Blanche would leave Liverpool in the *Java* on September 4th, and after spending a few days in the North, would come to Lexington. He will probably reach Boston about September 15th, so that they may be expected here from the 20th to the 30th of September. I am anxious for them to see our daughter and grandson and all our sons. Give my best love to all with you. The girls would send love, but a 'yearling' and a 'leader of the herd'(*) occupy them.

Affectionately yours,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

This session of Washington College opened with very favourable prospects. The number of students was larger than ever before, every southern, and some northern States being represented. The new chairs of instruction which had been instituted were now in good working order, their professors were comfortably established, and the entire machinery of the institution was running well and smoothly. The president commenced to see some of the results of his untiring energy and steady work. He had many plans which lack of funds prevented him from carrying out. One of them was a School of Commerce in which a student, while following the branches which would discipline and cultivate the mind, might also receive special instruction and systematic training in whatever pertained to business in the largest sense of the <370>term. Another was a School of Medicine, the plan for which, with full details, was drawn up under his eye, and kept in readiness until the funds of the institution should permit of its being carried into effect.

His meeting with Mr. Peabody at the White Sulphur Springs attracted that gentleman's attention to the college and to his work as its president. To a request for his photograph to

be placed in the Peabody Institute among the friends of its founder, he sends with the likeness the following note:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE, Virginia, September 25, 1869.

"F. POOLE, Secretary Peabody Institute,
"Peabody, Massachusetts.

"Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, I send a photograph of myself, the last that has been taken, and shall feel honoured in its being placed among the 'friends' of Mr. Peabody, for, though they can be numbered by millions, yet all can appreciate the man who has illustrated his age by his munificent charities during his life, and by his wise provisions for promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

My father's family was now comfortably established in their new home, and had the usual number of friends visiting them this autumn. In due time Edward Childe, Blanche, and "Duckie," their little dog, arrived and remained a week or two. The last-named member of the party was of great interest. He was very minute, very helpless, and received more attention than the average baby. He had crossed the Atlantic in fear and trembling, and did not apparently enjoy the new world. His utter helplessness and the great care taken of him <371>by his mistress, his ill-health and the unutterable woe of his countenance greatly excited my father's pity. After he went away, he often spoke of him, and referred to him, I find, in one of his letters. During this trip to America, Edward and his wife, carrying the wretched "Duckie" with them, paid their visit to the "White House."

This autumn the "little carriage" my father mentioned having purchased for my mother in Baltimore was put into use. He frequently drove out in it with my mother, his new daughter, and grandson. "Lucy Long," under his guidance, carefully carried them over the beautiful hills around Lexington. One afternoon, while paying a visit with his daughter, Tabb, to Colonel William Preston Johnston, who lived two miles down the fiver, in pulling up a steep ascent to the front door, "Lucy" fell, choked into unconsciousness by too tight a collar. My father jumped out, hastily got off the harness, and on perceiving the cause of the accident reproached himself vehemently for his carelessness and thoughtlessness. He was very much distressed at this accident, petted his mare, saying to her in soothing tones that he was ashamed of himself for having caused her all this pain after she had been so faithful to him.

His rides on Traveller in which he delighted so much were not so frequent now. He was not so strong as he had been through the spring and summer, and, indeed, during November he had a very severe attack of cold, from which he did not recover for several weeks. However, during the beautiful days of October he was often seen out in the afternoons on his old gray. His favourite route was the road leading to the Rockbridge Baths. A year previous to this time, he would sometimes go as far <372>as the Baths and return in an afternoon, a trip of twenty miles. A part of this road led through a dense forest. One afternoon, as he told the story himself, he met a plain old soldier in the midst of these woods, who, recognising the General, reined in his horse and said:

"General Lee, I am powerful glad to see you, and I feel like cheering you."

The General replied that this would not do, as they were all alone, only two of them,

and there would be no object whatever in cheering. But the old soldier insisted that he must, and, waving his hat about his head, cried out:

"Hurrah for General Lee!" and kept repeating it. As the General rode away he continued to hear the cheers until he was out of sight.

On another afternoon, as Professors White and Nelson, taking a horseback ride, approached the summit of a long hill, they heard behind them the sound of a horse's feet running rapidly. In a few moments General Lee appeared on Traveller at full speed. On joining his friends he reined up and said:

"I thought a little run would be good for Traveller." He often gave his horse a "breather," as he called it. The animal was so strong and powerful that he chafed at restraint, and, unless ridden regularly and hard, had a very disagreeable, fretful trot. After a good gallop up one of the long Rockbridge hills he would proceed at a quiet walk.

The tenderness in my father's heart for children I have already often remarked upon. One afternoon two little girls, the daughters of two of his professors, were riding on a gentle old horse up and down one of the back streets of the town, fearing to go far from home. The General, <373>starting out on his afternoon ride, came up with them, and knowing them well, said gaily:

"Come with me, little girls, and I will show you a beautiful ride."

Only too delighted, they consented to go. He took them out beyond the fair-grounds, from which point there is one of the grandest stretches of mountain scenery in the world. One of the little maidens had her face tied up, as she was just recovering from the mumps. He pretended that he was much alarmed lest his horse should catch them from her, and kept saying:

"I hope you won't give Traveller the mumps !" and "What shall I do if Traveller gets the mumps ?"

An hour later, this party was seen returning, the two little girls in sun-bonnets on the one old, sleepy horse, and General Lee by their side on Traveller, who was stepping very proudly, as if in scorn of his lowly companion. My father took the children to their homes, helped them to dismount, took a kiss from each, and, way ing a parting salute, rode away. It was such simple acts of kindness and consideration that made all children confide in him and love him.

Soon after the attack of cold mentioned above, he writes to his son Fitzhugh, then at the "White House" with his family:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 2, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: . . . Your letters to Custis told us of your well-doing. I want to see you all very much, and think the sight of my daughter and grandson would do me good. I have had a wretched cold, the effects of which have not left me, but I am better. The doctors still have me in hand, but I fear can do no good. The present mild weather I hope will be beneficial, <374>enabling me to ride and be in the open air. But Traveller's trot is harder to me than it used to be and fatigues me. We are all as usual—the women of the family very fierce and the men very mild. Custis has been a little unwell, but is well regulated by his sisters. Neither gaiety nor extravagance prevails amongst us, and the town is quiet. Our community has been greatly grieved at the death of Mr. Frank Preston, to whom I was much attached and for whom I had a high esteem. Give my love to Bertus. Tell him I hope Mrs. Taylor will retain one of her little daughters for him. She always reserves the youngest of the flock for Custis, as he is not particular as to an early date.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. F. LEE."

Frank Preston, at the time of his death, was professor of Greek at William and Mary College. He had been, prior to his appointment to that position, an assistant professor at Washington College. He was a native of Lexington, a son of Colonel Thomas L. Preston, who was for so long a time professor at the Virginia Military Institute. A brilliant scholar, trained in the best German universities, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, Frank had served his State in the late war, and had left an arm on the heights of Winchester. On hearing of his death, President Lee issued the following announcement:

"WASHINGTON COLLEGE, November 23, 1869.

"The death of Professor Frank Preston, a distinguished graduate, and late Associate Professor of Greek in this college, has caused the deepest sorrow in the hearts of the institution.

"Endowed with a mind of rare capacity, which had been enriched by diligent study and careful cultivation, <375>he stood among the first in the State in his pursuit in life.

"We who so long and so intimately possessed his acquaintance, and so fully enjoyed the privilege of his companionship, feel especially his loss, and grieve profoundly at his death; and we heartily sympathise with his parents and relations in their great affliction, and truly participate in the deep sorrow that has befallen them.

"With the view of testifying the esteem felt for his character and the respect due to his memory, all academic exercises will be suspended for the day, and the faculty and students are requested to attend in their respective bodies his funeral services at the Presbyterian church, at eleven o'clock, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his earthly remains, while cherishing in their hearts his many virtues.

"R. E. LEE, President."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XXI—Failing Health

<376>

THE GENERAL DECLINES LUCRATIVE POSITIONS IN NEW YORK AND ATLANTA—HE SUFFERS FROM AN OBSTINATE COLD—LOCAL GOSSIP—HE IS ADVISED TO GO SOUTH IN THE SPRING OF 1870—DESIRES TO VISIT HIS DAUGHTER ANNIE'S GRAVE

AFTER General Lee had accepted the presidency of Washington College, he determined to devote himself entirely to the interest and improvement of that institution. From this resolution he never wavered. An offer that he should be at the head of a large house to represent southern commerce, that he should reside in New York, and have placed at his disposal an immense sum of money, he declined, saying:

"I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

To a request from some of his old officers that he should associate himself with a business enterprise in the South, as its president, he replied with the following letter:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 14, 1869,

"GENERAL J. B. GORDON, President,
"Southern Life Insurance Company,
"Atlanta, Georgia.

"My Dear General: I have received your letter of the 3d inst., and am duly sensible of the kind feelings which <377>prompted your proposal. It would be a great pleasure to me to be associated with you, Hampton, B. H. Hill, and the other good men whose names I see on your list of directors, but I feel that I ought not to abandon the position I hold at Washington College at this time, or as long as I can be of service to it. Thanking you for your kind consideration, for which I know I am alone indebted for your proposition to become president of the Southern Life Insurance Company, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Gordon and my best wishes for yourself, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE."

His correspondence shows that many like propositions were made to him.

The Christmas of '69, neither my brother nor myself was with him. Knowing of our plans in that respect, he wrote before the holidays to Fitzhugh, wishing us both the compliments of the season and a pleasant time in the visits we were going to make:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 18, 1869.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I must begin by wishing you a pleasant Christmas and many, many Happy New Years, and may each succeeding year bring to you and yours increasing happiness. I shall think of you and my daughter and my grandson very often during the season when families are generally united, and though absent from you in person, you will always be present in mind, and my poor prayers and best wishes will accompany you all wherever you are. Bertus will also be remembered, and I hope that the festivities of

'Brandon' will not drive from his memory the homely board at Lexington. I trust that he will enjoy himself and find some one to fill that void in his heart as completely as he will the one in his—system. Tell Tabb that no one in Petersburg wants to see her half as much as her papa, and now <378>that her little boy has his mouth full of teeth, he would not appear so *lonesome* as he did in the summer. If she should find in the 'Burg' a 'Duckie' to take his place, I beg that she will send him up to me.

"I duly received your letter previous to the 12th inst., and requested some of the family who were writing about that time to inform you. When I last wrote, I could not find it on my table and did not refer to it.. 'The Mim' says you excel her in counting, if you do not in writing, but she does not think she is in your debt. I agree with you in your views about Smith's Island, and see no advantage in leasing it, but wish you could sell it to advantage. I hope the prospects may be better in the spring. Political affairs will be better, I think, and people will be more sanguine and hopeful. You must be on the alert. I wish I could go down to see you, but think it better for me to remain here. To leave home now and return during the winter would be worse for me. It is too cold for your mother to travel now. She says she will go down in the spring, but you know what an exertion it is for her to leave home, and the inconvenience, if not the suffering, is great. The anticipation, however, is pleasing to her and encourages hope, and I like her to enjoy it, though am not sanguine that she will realise it. Mildred is probably with you, and can tell you all about us. I am somewhat reconciled to her absence by the knowledge of the benefit that she will be to Tabb. Tell the latter that she [Mildred] is modest and backward in giving advice, but that she has mines of wealth on that subject, and that she [Tabb] must endeavour to extract from her her views on the management of a household, children, etc., and the proper conduct to be observed toward husbands and the world in general. I am sure my little son will receive many wise admonitions which he will take open-mouthed. I have received a letter from your Uncle Carter telling me of his pleasant visit to you and of his agreeable impressions of his nephew and new niece. He was taken very sick in Richmond and delayed <379>there so long that he could not be present at Wm. Kennon's wedding, and missed the festivities at his neighbour Gilliam's and at Norwood. Indeed, he had not recovered his strength when Lucy wrote a few days ago, and her account makes me very uneasy about him. I am glad Rob has so agreeable a neighbour as General Cooke, and I presume it is the North Carolina brigadier.(*). When you go to Petersburg, present my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Bolling, 'Miss Melville,' and all friends. All here unite with me in love to you, Tabb, and the boy, in which Mildred is included.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. P. LEE."

In a note, written the day after, acknowledging a paper sent to him to sign, he says:

". . . I wrote to you yesterday, Saturday, in reply to your former letter, and stated the reasons why I could not visit you. Your mother has received Mildred's letter announcing her arrival in Richmond and will write to her there. I can only repeat my love and prayers that every blessing may attend you and yours. We are as usual.

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL WILLIAM H. F. LEE."

The attack of cold from which my father suffered in October had been very severe. Rapid exercise on horseback or on foot produced pain and difficulty in breathing. After he was considered by most of his friends to have gotten well over it, it was very evident to his doctors and himself that there was a serious trouble about the heart, and he often had great weariness and depression. He <380>complained but little, was often very bright and cheerful, and still kept up his old-time fun and humour in his conversation and letters, but his letters written during this year to his immediate family show that he was constantly in pain and had begun to look upon himself as an invalid. To Mildred, who was in Richmond on a visit to friends, he writes jokingly about the difficulty experienced by the family in finding out what she meant in a letter to him:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, January 8, 1870.

"My Precious Life: I received your letter of the 4th. We held a family council over it. It was passed from eager hand to hand and attracted wondering eyes and mysterious looks. It produced few words but a deal of thinking, and the conclusion arrived at, I believe unanimously, was that there was a great fund of amusement and information in it if it could be extracted. I have therefore determined to put it carefully away till your return, seize a leisure day, and get you to interpret it. Your mother's commentary, in a suppressed soliloquy, was that you had succeeded in writing a wretched hand. Agnes thought that it would keep this cold weather—her thoughts running on jellies and oysters in the storeroom; but I, indignant at such aspersions upon your accomplishments, retained your epistle and read in an elevated tone an interesting narrative of travels in sundry countries, describing gorgeous scenery, hairbreadth escapes, and a series of remarkable events by flood and field, not a word of which they declared was in your letter. Your return, I hope, will prove the correctness of my version of your annals. . . . I have little to tell Gaiety continues. Last night there was a cadet hop. Night before, a party at Colonel Johnston's. The night preceding, a college *conversazione* at your mother's. It was given in honour of Miss Maggie Johnston's visit of a few days to us. You know how agreeable I am on <381>such occasions, but on this, I am told, I surpassed myself.

"On New Year's Day the usual receptions. Many of our friends called. Many of my ancients as well as juniors were present, and all enjoyed some good Norfolk oysters. I refer you to Agnes for details. We are pretty well. I think I am better. Your mother and sisters as usual. Custis busy with the examination of the cadets, the students preparing for theirs. Cadet Cook, who was so dangerously injured by a fall from his window on the 1st, it is hoped now will recover. The Misses Pendleton were to have arrived this morning, and Miss Ella Henin-berger is on a visit to Miss Campbell. Miss Lizzie Letcher still absent. Messrs. Anderson, Baker, W. Graves, Moorman, Strickler, and Webb have all been on visits to their sweethearts, and have left without them. 'Mrs. Smith' is as usual. 'Gus' is as wild as ever(*). We catch our own rats and mice now, and are independent of cats. All unite in love to you.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"Miss MILDRED LEE."

A month later he writes again to this daughter in the same playful strain, and sends his remembrances to many friends in Richmond:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 2, 1870.

"My Precious Life: Your letter of the 29th ultimo, which has been four days on the road, reached me this morning, and my reply, unless our mails whip up, will not get to you before Sunday or Monday. There is no danger, therefore, of our correspondence becoming too brisk. What do the young girls do whose lovers are at Washington College or the Institute? Their tender hearts must always be in a lacerated and bleeding condition! <382>I hope you are not now in that category, for I see no pining swains among them, whose thoughts and wishes are stretching eagerly toward Richmond. I am glad you have had so pleasant a visit to the Andersons. You must present my regards to them all, and I hope that Misses Ellen and Mary will come to see you in the summer. I am sure you will have an agreeable time at Brook Hill. Remember me to all the family, and tell Miss Belle to spare my friend Wilkins. He is not in a condition to enjoy the sufferings which she imposes on her Richmond beaux. Besides, his position entitles him to tender treatment.

"I think it time that you should be thinking of returning home. I want to see you very much, and as you have been receiving instruction from the learned pig, I shall expect to see you much improved. We are not reduced to apply to such instructors at Lexington. Here we have learned professors to teach us what we wish to know, and the Franklin Institute to furnish us lectures on science and literature. You had better come back, if you are in search of information on any subject. I am glad that Miss 'Nannie' Wise found one occasion on which her ready tongue failed her. She will have to hold it in subjection now. I should like to see Miss Belle under similar circumstances, provided she did not die from suppressed ideas. What an awful feeling she must experience, if the occasion should ever come for her to restrain that active member! Although my friend Wilkins would be very indulgent, I think he would want her to listen sometimes. Miss Pendleton has just been over to give us some pleasing news. Her niece, Miss Susan Meade, Philip's daughter, is to be married next month to a Mr. Brown, of Kentucky, who visited her two years ago upon the recommendation of the Reverend Charles Page, found her a school-girl, and has waited until she became a woman. He is rich, forty-nine, and has six children. There is a fair start in the world for a young woman! I recommend her example to you. We are <383>all as usual, and 'Mrs. Smith' is just the same. Miss Maggie Johnston, who has been staying with us occasionally for a few days at a time, is now on a visit to us. There is to be an anniversary celebration of the societies of the Institute on Friday, and a students' party on Monday night, and a dance at the College Hotel. To-morrow night your mother has an evening for some young students. Gaiety will never cease in Lexington so long as the ladies are so attractive and the men so agreeable. Surprise parties are the fashion now. Miss Lucy Campbell has her cousin, Miss Ella Heninberger, staying with her, who assists her to surprise and capture too unwary youths. I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Ould's illness. If you see her, present me most kindly to her; also to Mrs. George Randolph. Do beware of vanilla cream. Recollect how far you are from home, and do not tamper with yourself. Our semi-annual examination has been in progress for a fortnight. We shall conclude on Saturday, which will be a great relief to me, for, in addition to other things, I have to be six hours daily in the examination rooms. I was sorry that I could not attend Mr. Peabody's funeral, but I did not feel able to undertake the journey, especially at this season. I am getting better, I hope, and feel stronger than I did, but I cannot walk much farther than to the college, though when I get on my horse I can ride with comfort. Agnes accompanies me very often. I must refer you to her and your mother for all local news.

Give my love to Fitzhugh, and Tabb, and Robert when you see them, and for yourself keep an abundance. I have received letters from Edward and Blanche. They are very anxious about the condition of political affairs in France. Blanche sent you some receipts for creams, etc. You had better come and try them.

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

The following letter to his son, Fitzhugh, further shows his tender interest in his children and grandson:

<384>

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, February 14, 1870.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: . . . I hope that you are all well and that you will not let any one spoil my grandson. Your mother has written all the family and Lexington news. She gathers much more than I do. I go nowhere but to the college, and when the weather permits I ride in the mountains. I am better, I think, but still troubled. Mildred, I hope, is with you. When she gets away from her papa, she does not know what she wants to do, tell her. You have had a fine winter for work, and later you will have a profitable season. Custis is well and very retired; I see no alarming exhibition of attention to the ladies. I have great hopes of Robert. Give much love to my daughter Tabb and to poor little 'Life.' I wish I could see you all; it would do my pains good. Poor little Agnes is not at all well, and I am urging her to go away for a while. Mary as usual

"Affectionately your father,

R. E. LEE.

"GENERAL W. H. P. LEE."

After waiting all winter for the improvement in his health, my father, yielding at last to the wishes of his family, physician, and friends, determined to try the effect of a southern climate. It was thought it might do him good, at any rate, to escape the rigours of a Lexington March, and could do no harm. In the following letters to his children he outlines his plans and touchingly alludes to the memory of his daughter Annie, who died in 1862 and was buried at Warrenton Springs, North Carolina:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 21, 1870.

"My Dear Daughter: The doctors and others think I had better go to the South in the hope of relieving the effects of the cold, under which I have been labouring all the winter. I think I should do better here, and am very reluctant to leave home in my present condition; but they seem so interested in my recovery and so persuasive <385>in their uneasiness that I should appear obstinate, if not perverse, if I resisted longer. I therefore consented to go, and will take Agnes to Savannah, as she seems anxious to visit that city, or, perhaps, she will take me. I wish also to visit my dear Annie's grave before I die. I have always desired to do so since the cessation of active hostilities, but have never been able. I wish to see how calmly she sleeps away from us all, with her dear hands folded over her breast as if in mute prayer, while her pure spirit is traversing the land of the blessed. I shall diverge from the main route of travel for this purpose, and it will depend somewhat upon my feelings and somewhat upon my procuring an escort for Agnes,

whether I go further south.

"I am sorry not to be able to see you before I go, but if I return, I hope to find you here well and happy. You must take good care of your mother and do everything she wants. You must not shorten your trip on account of our departure. Custis will be with her every day, and Mary is with her still. The servants seem attentive. Good-bye, my dear child. Remember me to all friends, and believe me,

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 22, 1870.

"My Dear Fitzhugh: Your letter of the 17th inst. has been received. Lest I should appear obstinate, if not perverse, I have yielded to the kind importunities of my physicians and of the faculty to take a trip toward the South. In pursuance of my resolution, I shall leave here Thursday next in the packet-boat, and hope to arrive in Richmond on Friday afternoon. I shall take with me, as my companion, Agnes, who has been my kind and uncomplaining nurse, and if we could only get down to you that evening we would do so, for I want to see you, my sweet daughter, and dear grandson, But as the doctors think it important that I should reach a <386>southern climate as soon as practicable, I fear I shall have to leave my visit to you till my return. I shall go first to Warrenton Springs, North Carolina, to visit the grave of my dear Annie, where I have always promised myself to go, and I think, if I am to accomplish it, I have no time to lose. I wish to witness her quiet sleep, with her dear hands crossed over her breast, as it were in mute prayer, undisturbed by her distance from us, and to feel that her pure spirit is waiting in bliss in the land of the blessed. From there, according to my feelings, I shall either go down to Norfolk or to Savannah, and take you if practicable on my return. I would ask you to come up to Richmond, but my movements are unknown to myself, as I cannot know the routes, schedules, etc., till I arrive there, but I have promised not to linger there longer than necessary; so I must avoid temptation. We are all as usual. Your mother still talks of visiting you, and when I urge her to make preparations for the journey, she replies rather disdainfully she has none to make; they have been made years ago. Custis and Mary are well, and Mildred writes that she will be back by April 1st. We are having beautiful weather now, which I hope may continue. From

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE."

To his daughter Mildred he writes again, giving her the minutest details as to the routes home. This is very characteristic of him. We were always fully instructed as to the best way to get to Lexington, and, indeed, all the roads of life were carefully marked out for us by him:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, March 23, 1870.

"My Dear Daughter: I wrote to you the other day, telling you of my intention of going South and of my general plan as far as formed. This morning your letter of the 21st arrived. . . . I hope you will get back comfortably and safely, and if you can fall in with no <387>escort, you had better go as far as Alexandria, the first stage of your journey. Aunt

Maria, Cassius Lee, the Smiths, etc., would receive you. If you wish to come by Goshen, you must take the train from Alexandria on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, so as to reach us on any of those evenings, when you will arrive here about twelve o'clock at night. By taking the train from Alexandria on the alternate days, Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, you will reach Staunton that evening by four P. M., remain all night, and come over by daylight the following day in the stage. By taking the train from Alexandria to Lynchburg, Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays, you will reach there the same afternoon, about four P. M., then go *immediately* to the packet-boat, and you will arrive here next morning. This last is the *easiest* route, and the best if you find no escort. Tell all the conductors and captains that you are my runaway daughter, and they will take care of you. I leave tomorrow evening on the packet-boat. I told you that Agnes would accompany me. Tell my cousins Washington, Jane, and Mary that I wish I were going to see them. I should then anticipate some pleasure. But the doctors say I must turn my face the other way. I know they do not know everything, and yet I have often had to do what I was told, without benefit to myself, and I shall have to do it again. Good-bye, my dear daughter. All unite in love.

"Your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XXII—The Southern Trip

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LETTERS TO MRS. LEE FROM RICHMOND AND SAVANNAH—FROM BRANDON—AGNES LEE'S ACCOUNT OF HER FATHER'S GREETINGS FROM OLD FRIENDS AND OLD SOLDIERS—WILMINGTON AND NORFOLK DO HIM HONOUR—VISITS TO FITZHUGH AND ROBERT IN THEIR HOMES

IT is to be regretted that so little was written by my father while on this trip. In the letters extant he scarcely refers to his reception by the people at different points visited. His daughter Agnes tells more, and we can imagine how tenderly and joyfully he was greeted by his old soldiers, their wives, children, and friends. He was very unwilling to be made a hero anywhere, and most reluctant to show himself to the crowds assembled at every station along his route, pressing to catch sight of him.

"Why should they care to see me?" he would say, when urged to appear on the platform of the train; "I am only a poor old Confederate!"

This feeling, natural to him, was probably intensified at that time by the state of his health. On Sunday he writes to my mother of his trip to Richmond and of his stay there:

"RICHMOND, Virginia, March 29, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I reached here Friday afternoon, and had a more comfortable journey than I expected. <389>The night aboard the packet was very trying, but I survived it, and the dust of the railroad the following day. Yesterday the doctors, Huston, McCaw, and Cunningham, examined me for two hours, and, I believe, contemplate returning to-day. They say they will make up their opinion and communicate it to Doctor Barton, who will write me what to do. In the meantime they desire me to continue his prescriptions. I think I feel better than when I left Lexington, certainly stronger, but am a little feverish. Whether it is produced by the journey, or the toddies that Agnes administers, I do not know. I have not been able to see anybody, nor was I able to get the groceries yesterday. Agnes thinks you will have enough to last till I get back here, when I will select them and send them up. Should you want any particular article, write to Messrs. Bacon & Lewis for it. I saw, yesterday morning, Mr. John Stewart and Miss Mary, () who had called to see Agnes but found she was out. Miss Mary looked very sweet, and inquired about you all. Agnes rode out there yesterday afternoon and saw all the family. I am told all our friends here are well. Many of my northern friends have done me the honour to call on me. Among them 'Brick Pomeroy.' They like to see all that is going on. Agnes has gone to church with Colonel Corley. I was afraid to go. The day is unfavourable, and I should see so many of my old friends, to whom I would like to speak, that it might be injurious to me. I was in hopes that Fitzhugh might make his appearance yesterday, when we should have learned all about those below, but he did not. I hear that they are all well, however. I expect to continue our journey tomorrow, if nothing prevents, though I have not yet got the information I desire about the routes. Still, I will get on. I will leave to Agnes to tell about herself. Love to all,*

Truly,

R. E. LEE."

The next letter that I find is written from Savannah:

<390>

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, April 2, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I reached here yesterday evening and have borne the journey much better than I expected. I think I am stronger than when I left Lexington, but otherwise can discover no difference. I have had a tedious journey upon the whole, and have more than ever regretted that I undertook it. However, I have enjoyed meeting many friends, and the old soldiers have greeted me very cordially. My visit to dear Annie's grave was mournful, yet soothing to my feelings, and I was glad to have the opportunity of thanking the kind friends for their care of her while living and their attention to her since her death. I saw most of the ladies of the committee who undertook the preparation of the monument and the inclosure of the cemetery, and was very kindly received by all the citizens of Warrenton, and, indeed, at all the towns through which we passed. Yesterday, several gentlemen from Savannah met the train in which we came from Augusta—General Lawton, Mr. Andrew Lowe, Mr. Hodgson, etc., etc. I found they had arranged among themselves about my sojourn, so I yielded at once, and, after depositing Agnes at General Lawton's, I came off to Mr. Lowe's, where I am now domiciled. His house is partially dismantled and he is keeping house alone, so I have a very quiet time. This morning I took a short drive around the city with Agnes and Miss Lawton, and on returning called on Mrs. Elliot, who has her two widowed daughters living with her, Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Habersham. I also went to see Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Gilmer, and Mrs. Owen, and then returned to the Lowes', where I find he has invited some gentlemen to meet me at dinner—General Joe Johnston, General Lawton, General Gilmer, Colonel Corley, etc. Colonel Corley has stuck to me all the journey, and now talks of going to New Orleans. The weather to-day is rather cool and raw, with an easterly wind, and if it continues I will go on to Florida next week. The woods are filled with flowers, yellow jasmine covering all the trees, <391>etc., and fresh vegetables everywhere. I must leave Agnes to give you all details. The writing-desk is placed in a dark comer in this handsome house, prepared for younger eyes than mine, and I can hardly see what I write. All friends inquire after you, Custis, Mary, and Mildred. Give my love to all, and believe me,

"Most truly,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

The Colonel Corley mentioned in the above letters had been on General Lee's staff, as chief quartermaster, from the time he assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender. His voluntary service as escort on this trip, so delicately offered and performed, was highly appreciated by his old commander. A letter from his daughter to her mother, written the next day, tells many particulars of their journey, but still leaves much to be desired:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, April 3, 1870.

". . . I hardly know where to commence, I have so little time to write. We left Richmond Monday, 2 P.M. We reached Warrenton at ten o'clock and were taken to their house by Mr.

and Mrs. White, who met us at the depot. The next morning papa and I drove with Captain White's horses to the cemetery. Mrs. White gave me a quantity of beautiful white hyacinths, which she said were for you, too, and I had brought some gray moss that Kitty Stiles had given me. This I twined on the base of the monument. The flowers looked very pure and beautiful. The place is just as it is in Mr. Hope's picture (which I have). It was a great satisfaction to be there again. We did not go to the springs, a mile off. Returning, we stopped at Mr. Joe Jones's (old Mr. J—'s son). They insisted on our taking dinner. He has eleven children, I think, and there were numberless others there. They loaded me <392>with flowers, the garden full of hyacinths and early spring flowers. Mrs. Jones is a very nice lady, one of those who were foremost in erecting the monument. We then stopped at the farm of the Jones's, who were at the springs when we were there in the autumn of 1862, and Mrs. J—knew me at once, and asked affectionately after you. Saw Patty and Emma—all the daughters married except Patty and the youngest. Mr. J—is very infirm eighty-three years old. That evening a number of persons came to see us, Mrs. Alston and Miss Brownlow, two others of the committee of ladies. Every one was very kind. Indeed, I wish you could travel with papa, to see the affection and feeling shown toward him everywhere. We spent that night in the sleeping-car, very handsome and comfortable, but the novelty, I suppose, made us wakeful. At Raleigh and another place the people crowded to the depot and called 'Lee! Lee!' and cheered vociferously, but we were locked up and 'mum.' Everywhere along the road where meals were provided the landlords invited us in, and when we would not get out, sent coffee and lunches. Even soldiers on the train sent in fruit, and I think we were expected to die of eating. At Charlotte and Salisbury there were other crowds and bands. Colonel Corley joined us at C., having asked to go to Savannah with us. The train stopped fifteen minutes at Columbia. Colonel Alexander Haskell took charge of the crowd, which, in spite of the pouring rain, stood there till we left. General E. Porter Alexander was there, and was very hearty in his inquiries after all of us. His little girl was lifted into the car. Namesakes appeared on the way, of all sizes. Old ladies stretched their heads into the windows at way-stations, and then drew back and said 'He is mightily like his pictures.' We reached Augusta Wednesday night. The mayor and council met us, having heard a few minutes before that papa was on the train. We were whirled off to the hotel, and papa decided to spend Thursday there. They had a reception the whole of <393>the morning. Crowds came. Wounded soldiers, servants, and working-men even. The sweetest little children—namesakes dressed to their eyes, with bouquets of japonica or tiny cards in their little fat hands—with their names. Robert Burwell, of Clarke, who married Miss Clayton there; Randell, author of 'My Maryland'; General McLaws, Wright, Gardner, and many others. Saw the Misses Boggs, General B—'s sisters. Miss Rebecca knew Mrs. Kirkpatrick very well, and asked after her. Miss Russell, with whose father and sisters we had been at the White Sulphur, helped us to receive. She is very tall and handsome, and was superb in a white lace shawl, a moire-antique with a train. The Branch brothers rather took possession of me. Melville, who was at the Institute [Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia] and knew the Letchers very well, drove me in and around the town—at the rate of a mile a minute. Another brother took me to the 'Skating Rink' at night. . . . a serenade that night. At some point on the way here Generals Lawton and Gilmer, Mr. Andrew Lowe, and others, got on the cars with us. Flowers were given us at various places. I so much enjoyed the evidences of spring all along our route—more and more advanced as we

proceeded. The jasmine, though passing away, was still in sufficient abundance, in some places, to perfume the air. The dark marshes were rich in tall magnolia trees, beautiful red buds, and other red blossoms I did not know. The jasmine and the trees hanging with gray moss—perfectly weird-looking—have been the least luxuriant places in the interim. Savannah is green with live-oaks—and filled with trees and shrubbery. I wish you could see a large marble table in the parlour, where I am writing, with a pyramid of jasmine in the centre and four large plates full at the corners, almost covering the square, all sent me Saturday. The Lawtons are as kind as possible, wanted papa to stay here, but Mr. Andrew Lowe had arranged to take him to his house at bed-time. So he lost the benefit of a serenade from <394>two bands, alternating, which we enjoyed—General Lawton telling the crowd General Lee had retired from fatigue. Papa has borne the journey and the crowds far better than I thought he would and seems stronger. (*Monday.*) It seems impossible to finish this—I inclose some scraps which will tell our story. Crowds of persons have been coming to see me ever since I came. Saw Mrs. General Johnston—Nannie Hutchenson—of course, and Reverend and Mrs. Moore yesterday. They left today. . . . Colonel Corley has taken Corinne(*) and me on a beautiful drive this morning to 'Bonaventure,' which is to be a cemetery, and to several places in its vicinity. I never saw anything more impressive and beautiful than the avenues of live-oaks, literally covered with long gray moss, arching over the roads. Tell Messrs. Owens and Minis I have seen their families, who are very kind to us. General and Mrs. Gilmer asked especially after Custis. . . . We think of going to Florida in a few days. Haven't heard from you.

"AGNES."

This is the only letter from his daughter Agnes, written at this time, that can be found. My father, in his letters to his family, left "details" and "particulars" for her to describe, and doubtless she did so. Unfortunately, there is but this single letter.

On April 17th, he writes again from Savannah to my mother:

"My Dear Mary: I have received your letter of the Wednesday after our departure and am glad to hear that you are well and getting on so comfortably. The destruction of the bridge is really a loss to the community, and I fear will inconvenience Mildred in her return. However, the spring is now advancing and they ought to be able to get up the new bridge. I hope I am a little better. I seem <395>to be stronger and to walk with less difficulty, but it may be owing to the better streets of Savannah. I presume if any change takes place it will be gradual and slow. Please say to Doctor Barton that I have received his letter and am obliged to him for his kind advice. I shall begin to-day with his new prescriptions and will follow them strictly. To-morrow I expect to go to Florida, and will stop first at Amelia Island. The visitors to that region are coming out, saying the weather is uncomfortably hot. If I find it so, I shall return. Savannah has become very pleasant within the last few days, and I dare say I shall do as well here as elsewhere. The spring, however, is backward. I believe I told you that I was staying with Mr. Andrew Lowe, who is very kind, and where I am very comfortable. I am going to be separated from Agnes, and have received invitations from several of the inhabitants where we could be united. But it is awkward to change. Agnes has been sick, too, since her arrival, which has made me the more anxious to be with her. You know she is like her papa—always wanting something. She is, however, better to-day, as I learn, though I have not seen her yet. I saw her twice yesterday. She was better then and came down to Mrs. Lawton's room, so I hope she will be well enough to go with me to Amelia Island. The Messrs. Mackay got down

from Etowa last evening, both looking very well, and have reopened their old house in Broughton Street, which I am glad of. I have seen Mrs. Doctor Elliot and family, the Andersons, Gordons, etc., etc., and all my former acquaintances and many new ones. I do not think travelling in this way procures me much quiet and repose. I wish I were back. . . . Give my love to her [his daughter Mary] and to Custis, and tell the latter I hope that he will be able to keep Sam in the seeds he may require. Praying a merciful God to guard and direct you all, I am,

"Most affectionately,

R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—I received a letter from F—: all well.

"R. E. L."

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Sam was the gardener and man-of-all-work at Lexington. My father took great interest in his garden and always had a fine one. Still, in Savannah, he again writes to his wife acknowledging the letters forwarded to him and commenting on the steps being taken:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, April 11, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I received yesterday your letters of the 3d and 6th, inclosing Reverend Mr. Brantley's and daughter's and Cassius Lee's. I forwarded the petition to the President, accompanying the latter, to Cassius, and asked him to give it to Mr. Smith. Hearing, while passing through Richmond, of the decision of the Supreme Court referred to, I sent word to Mr. Smith that if he thought the time and occasion propitious for taking steps for the recovery of Arlington, the Mill, etc., to do so, but to act quietly and discreetly. I presume the petition sent you for signature was the consequence. I do not know whether this is a propitious time or not, and should rather have had an opportunity to consult friends, but am unable to do so. Tell Custis that I wish that he would act for me, through you or others, for it is mainly on his account that I desire the restitution of the property. I see that a resolution has been introduced into Congress 'to perfect the title of the Government to Arlington and other National Cemeteries,' which I have been apprehensive of stirring, so I suppose the matter will come up anyhow. I did not sign the petition, for I did not think it necessary, and believed the more I was kept out of sight the better. We must hope for the best, speak as little and act as discreetly as possible.

"The Reverend Dr. Brantley was invited by the faculty of the college to deliver the baccalaureate sermon next June, and I invited him and his daughter, in the event of his accepting, to stay with us. Do you know whether he has accepted? I should have gone to Florida last Friday, as proposed, but Agnes was not well enough. She took cold on the journey or on her first arrival, and <397>has been quite sick, but is better now. I have not seen her this morning, but if she is sufficiently recovered we will leave here to-morrow. I have received a message saying that she was much better. As regards myself, my general health is pretty good. I feel stronger than when I came. The warm weather has also dispelled some of the rheumatic pains in my back, but I perceive no change in the stricture in my chest. If I attempt to walk beyond a very slow gait, the pain is always there. It is all true what the doctors say about its being aggravated by any fresh cold, but how to avoid taking cold is the question. It seems with me to be impossible. Everything and anything seems to give me one. I meet with much kindness and consideration, but

fear that nothing will relieve my complaint, which is fixed and old. I must bear it. I hope that you will not give over your trip to the 'White House,' if you still desire to make it. [shall commence my return about the last of April, stopping at some points, and will be a few days in Richmond, and the 'White House' if able. I must leave to Agnes all details. Give much love to Custis, Mary, and Mildred. Tell the latter I have received her letters. Remember me to all friends.

"Most sincerely yours,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

After visiting Cumberland Island and going up the St. John's River as far as Palatka, and spending the night at Colonel Cole's place near there, they returned to Savannah. Colonel Cole was on General Lee's staff as chief commissary during the time he commanded the Army of Northern Virginia, and was a very dear friend of us all:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, April 18, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I have received your letter of the 13th, and am glad to learn that you propose visiting the <398>'White House,' as I feared my journey might prevent you, I am, however, very anxious on the subject, as I apprehend the trip will be irksome and may produce great inconvenience and pain. I hope you received my letter of the 11th, written just before my departure for Florida. In case you did not, I will state that I forwarded your petition to Cassius Lee as received, not thinking my signature necessary or advantageous. I will send the money received from the 'University Publishing Company' to Carter, for whom I intend it. (*) I returned from Florida Saturday, 16th, having had a very pleasant trip as far as Palatka on the St. John's. We visited Cumberland Island, and Agnes decorated my father's grave with beautiful fresh flowers. I presume it is the last time I shall be able to pay to it my tribute of respect. The cemetery is unharmed and the grave is in good order, though the house of Dungeness has been burned and the island devastated. Mr. Nightingale, the present proprietor, accompanied me from Brunswick. Mr. Andrew Lowe was so kind as to go with us the whole way, thinking Agnes and I were unable to take care of ourselves. Agnes seemed to enjoy the trip very much, and has improved in health. I shall leave to her all details. We spent a night at Colonel Cole's, a beautiful place near Palatka, and ate oranges from the trees. We passed some other beautiful places on the river, but could not stop at any but Jacksonville, where we remained from 4 P. M. to 3 A. M. next morning, rode over the town, etc., and were hospitably entertained by Colonel Sanderson. The climate was delightful, the fish inviting and abundant. We have returned to our old quarters, Agnes to the Lawtons' and I to Lowe's. We shall remain here this week, and will probably spend a few days in Charleston and Norfolk, if we go that way, and at 'Brandon' and 'Shirley' before going to the 'White House,' where we shall hope to meet you. I know of no certain place <399>where a letter will catch me before I reach Richmond, where the doctors desire me to spend a few days that they may again examine me. Write me there whether Fitz-hugh is too full to receive us. It will depend upon my feelings, weather, etc., whether I make the digression by Norfolk. Poor little Agnes has had, I fear, but little enjoyment so far, and I wish her to have all the pleasure she can gather on the route. She is still weak and seems to suffer constantly from the neuralgia. I hope I am better, I know that I am stronger, but I still have the pain in my chest whenever I walk. I have felt it also occasionally of late when quiescent, but not badly, which is new.

To-day Doctors Arnold and Reed, of this city, examined me for about an hour. They concur in the opinion of the other physicians, and think it pretty certain that my trouble arises from some adhesion of the parts, not from any injury of the lungs and heart, but that the pericardium may not be implicated, and the adhesion may be between the pleura and —, I have forgotten the name. Their visit was at the urgent entreaty of friends, which I could not well resist, and perhaps their opinion is not fully matured. I am continuing the prescriptions of Doctors Barton and Madison. My rheumatic pains, either from the effects of the medicine or the climate, or both, have diminished, but the pain along the breast bone ever returns on my making any exertion. I am glad Mildred has returned so well. I hope that she will continue so. After perusal, send this letter to one of the children to whom you may be writing, that Doctors Barton, etc., may be informed how I am getting along, as I have been unable to write to them or to any one at Lexington. I have so many letters to write in answer to kind invitations, etc., and so many interruptions, that my time is consumed. Besides, writing is irksome to me. Give my love to Fitzhugh, Tabb, and Robert and to Custis, Mary, and Mildred when you write. Agnes said she was going out to return some of her numerous visits to-day, and I presume will not be able <400>to write. She has had but little comfort in her clothes. Her silk dress was spoiled on the way, and she returned it to Baltimore, but has learned that they can do nothing with it, so she will have to do without it, which I presume she can do. I hope you may reach the 'White House' comfortably. I will apprise you of my movements from time to time. I hope my godson will know you. Tell him I have numbers of his namesakes since I left Virginia, of whom I was not aware. I hope they will come to good.

"With great affection,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

From the following letters—all that I can find relating to this part of the journey—it appears that the travellers started for Virginia, stopping at Charleston, Wilmington, and Norfolk. Of their visit to Charleston I can find no record. He and Agnes stayed at the beautiful home of Mr. Bennet, who had two sons at the college, and a lovely daughter, Mary Bennet. I remember Agnes' telling me of the beautiful flowers and other attentions lavished upon them.

At Wilmington they spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Davis. His coming there was known only to a few persons, as its announcement was by a private telegram from Savannah, but quite a number of ladies and gentlemen secured a small train and went out on the Southern Road to meet him. When they met the regular passenger-train from Savannah, General Lee was taken from it to the private one and welcomed by his many friends. He seemed bright and cheerful and conversed with all. He spoke of his health not being good, and on this account begged that there would be no public demonstration on his arrival, nor during his stay at Wilmington.

On reaching that place, he accompanied <401>Mr. George Davis(*) to his house and was his guest during his sojourn in the city.

Mrs. Davis was a Miss Fairfax, daughter of Dr. O. Fairfax, of Alexandria, Virginia. They had been and were very old and dear friends and neighbours. The next morning my father walked out and called on Bishop Atkin-son, with whom he had been well acquainted when they both lived in Baltimore, some twelve years before, the one as rector of St. Peter's (Episcopal) church, the other as Captain of United States Engineers, in

charge of the harbour defenses of the city.

There was a dinner given to my father that day at Mr. Davis's home, and a number of gentlemen were present. He was looking very well, but in conversation said that he realised there was some trouble with his heart, which he was satisfied was incurable.

The next day, May 1st, he left for Norfolk, Virginia, where Dr. and Mrs. Selden were the kind entertainers of his daughter and himself. Agnes told me that in going and returning from church the street was lined with people who stood, hats off, in silent deference. From Norfolk they visited "Lower" and "Upper Brandon" on the James River, the homes of the Harrisons; then "Shirley," higher up the river. Then they proceeded by way of Richmond to the "White House," my mother having arrived there from Lexington a short time previously. The General wrote from "Brandon" to his wife:

"BRANDON,' May 7, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: We have reached this point on our journey. Mrs. Harrison and Miss Belle are well and very kind, and I have been up to see Mr. William Harrison and Mr. George and their families. The former is much better <402>than I expected to find him, and I hope will recover his health as the spring advances. The ladies are all well, and Miss Gulie is very handsome. Agnes and I went over to see Warrenton Carter and his wife this morning. They are both very well, and everything around them looks comfortable and flourishing. They have a nice home, and, as far as I could see, everything is prospering. Their little boy was asleep, but we were invited in to see him. He is a true Carter. Mrs. Page, the daughter of General Richardson, is here on a visit, and Mrs. Murdock, wife of their former pastor, arrived this morning. We are to go up to Mr. George Harrison's this evening, where the children are to have some tableaux, and where we are expected to spend the evening. In Norfolk we saw all our friends, but I did not succeed in getting out to Richard Page's as I desired, on account of the heavy rain on the appointed day and engagements that interfered on others. Agnes and Mrs. Selden rode out, however, and saw all the family. Everybody inquired kindly after you, down to Bryan, and all sent their love. 'Brandon' is looking very beautiful, and it is refreshing to look at the fiver. The garden is filled with flowers and abounds in roses. The yellow jasmine is still in bloom and perfumes the atmosphere. I have not heard from you or from Lexington since I left Savannah. I hope all are well. I am better, I trust; am getting fat and big, but am still rigid and painful in my back. On Tuesday night I expect to go to 'Shirley,' and on Thursday, 12th inst., to Richmond, and on Friday to the 'White House,' unless I hear that you are crowded, in which case I will submit myself to the doctors for two or three days, as they desire, and then go down. Agnes now says she will accompany me to the 'White House,' so that I shall necessarily pass through Richmond, as our baggage renders that route necessary. Therefore, unless something unforeseen prevents, I shall be with you on Friday next. All unite in love. Agnes, I hope, is better than when she left Lexington, but is not strong. You <403>must give a great deal of love to Fitzhugh, Tabb, my grandson Robert, and all with you.

"Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—Monday. Your note of the 6th with Colonel Allan's letter has just been received. I am very sorry to hear of Tabb's sickness. I hope that she will be well by the time of my arrival. I shall be glad to see Markie.

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

On the same date, he writes to his daughter Mildred at Lexington:

"BRANDON,' May 7, 1870.

"My Dear Daughter: Miss Jennie is putting up her mail and says that my letter must go with it, so I have but a few minutes to inform you that we have reached this point on our way home. We stayed a day in Wilmington with the Davises after leaving Charleston, and several with the Seldens in Norfolk, and shall on Tuesday next go up to 'Shirley,' and then to the 'White House.' Agnes threatens to abandon me at 'Shirley,' and I wish that you were there to take her place. I am better, I hope, certainly am stronger and have less pain, but am far from comfortable, and have little ability to move or do anything, though am growing large and fat. Perhaps that is the cause. All here are well and send love. Miss Belle very sweet; all very kind. I rode yesterday to the other 'Brandons,' and saw all the inhabitants. Captain Shirley spent the day here. Mr. Wm. Harrison much better, and Miss Gulie very pretty. They have some visitors. It is quiet and delightful here, the river beautiful. Agnes will write when she finds 'time,' which is a scarce commodity with her. I had intended to write before breakfast, the longest portion of the day, but walked out and forgot it. We have little time after breakfast. Give much love to Mary and Custis. I hope that you are all well and comfortable. <404>I was very glad to receive your letter the morning I left Savannah, and I hope that 'Mrs. Smith' and Traveller are enjoying themselves. I hope to get back to Lexington about the 24th, but will write. After paying my visit to the 'White House' I will have to spend some days in Richmond at the doctors' request, as they wish to examine me again and more thoroughly. I hope all are well at the college. Remember me to all there and in Lexington.

"With affectionate love,
Your father,

"R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

The "White House," my brother's home at that time, is on the Pamunkey River, about twenty-five miles north of "Shirley." From my father's letter it is evident he had thought of driving over, instead of going by boat and rail through Richmond. This plan was abandoned when his daughter determined to accompany him, as a lady's baggage, even in those days, was too voluminous for private conveyance. Mr. Wm. Harrison lived at "Upper Brandon" and Mr. George Harrison at "Middle Brandon." The mistress of "Lower Brandon," the old historic home, was Mrs. Isabella Ritchie Harrison, widow of the late George Harrison. Miss Jennie, referred to in the above letter, was Miss Virginia Ritchie, sister of Mrs. Harrison. She had succeeded in having a post-office established at "Lower Brandon" and herself made postmistress. This was done for the convenience of the "Brandons" and the immediate neighbourhood. The proceeds Miss Jennie gave to the "Brandon" church.

Of his visit to "Shirley," his mother's home when she was a girl, and where she was married to "Light Horse Harry," I can find no account written at the time. It is a few hours from "Brandon" to "Shirley" by steamer on <405>the beautiful James, and they arrived there Tuesday, May 10th, and left the following Thursday by steamer for Richmond. So

says the *Home Journal* kept at "Shirley." All the country came to see him, and there was a large party to dinner. One of the daughters of the house, then a young girl, says:

"I can only remember the great dignity and kindness of General Lee's bearing, how lovely he was to all of us girls, that he gave us his photographs and wrote his name on them. He liked to have us tickle his hands, but when Cousin Agnes came to sit by him that seemed to be her privilege. We regarded him with the greatest veneration. We had heard of God, but here was General Lee !"

My mother was now at the "White House." I will here introduce portions of a letter of the 9th and 13th of May from her to her daughter in Lexington, telling of my father's arrival on the 12th:

"WHITE HOUSE,' May 9, 1870.

"Fitzhugh took us on a delightful drive this morning, dear Mildred, to Tunstall's, where we got your letter, and Markie got nine, including yours, so we were much gratified with our excursion. The road was fine, with the exception of a few mud-holes, and the woods lovely with wild flowers and dogwood blossoms and with all the fragrance of early spring, the dark holly and pine intermingling with the delicate leaves just brought out by the genial season, daisies, wild violets, and heart's-ease. I have not seen so many wild flowers since I left Arlington.

"Thirteenth.—I determined, after commencing this, to wait and see your papa, who arrived last evening with Agnes. He looks fatter, but I do not like his complexion, and he seems still stiff. I have not yet had time to hear much of their tour, except a grand dinner given them at Mr. Bennet's. Your papa sends his love, and says he will be in Lexington somewhere about the 24th. <406>There is no news. The country becomes more lovely each day. The locust trees are in full bloom, and the polonia, the only tree left of all that were planted by poor Charlotte and myself. How all our labours have come to naught. The General has just come in. Robbie is riding on his knee, sitting as grave as a judge. He says now 'Markie,' 'Agnes,' and many other words, and calls me 'Bonne Mama.' We expect Rob this morning. . . .

"Yours affectionately,

"M. C. LEE."

At this time my father was persuaded to make me a visit. He had been invited before, when at different times he had been to the "White House," but something had hitherto always prevented his coming; now he decided to come. My "Romancoke" farm was situated in King William County, on the opposite side of the Pamunkey River, and some fifteen miles east of "White House." We arrived there in the afternoon, having come down by the steamer, which at that time ran from "White House" to Baltimore. "Romancoke" had been always a dependency of the "White House," and was managed by an overseer who was subordinate to the manager on the latter estate. There was on it only a small house, of the size usual in our country for that character of property. I had taken possession in 1866, and was preparing to build a more comfortable residence, but in the meantime I lived in the house which had been occupied by the different overseers for about seventy-five years. Its accommodations were very limited, simple, and it was much out of repair. Owing to the settling of the underpinning in the centre, it had assumed a "sway-backed" outline, which gave it the name of the "broken-back house." No repairs had been attempted, as I was preparing to build a new home. <407>

My father, always dignified and self-contained, rarely gave any evidence of being astonished or startled. His self-control was great and his emotions were not on the surface, but when he entered and looked around my bachelor quarters he appeared really much shocked. As I was much better off in the matter of housekeeping than I had been for four years, I flattered myself that I was doing very well. I can appreciate fully now what he must have felt at the time. However, he soon rallied and concealed his dismay by making kindly fun of my surroundings. The next day at dinner he felt obliged to remark on my china, knives, and forks, and suggested that I might at least better my holdings in that line. When he got back to Richmond he sent me a full set of plated forks and spoons, which I have been using from that day to this. He walked and drove over the farm, discussed my plans for improvement, and was much interested in all my work, advising me about the site of my new house, new barns, ice-house, etc. He evidently enjoyed his visit, for the quiet and the rest were very refreshing.

About thirty miles, as the crow flies, from my place, down York River, is situated, in Gloucester County, "White Marsh," an old Virginia home which then belonged to Dr. Prosser Tabb, who with his wife and children was living there. Mrs. Tabb was a near cousin of my father, and as a little girl had been a pet and favourite. His affection and regard for her had lasted from his early manhood. He had seen but little of her since the war, and when "Cousin Rebecca," as we all called her, learned he was to be at the "White House," she wrote begging him to pay her a visit. This he had agreed to do if it was possible.

While at the "White House," we had consulted together ^{<408>}as to the best method of accomplishing this trip, and we determined to make it from "Romancoke." So I drove him to West Point, and there got aboard the Baltimore steamer, taking my horse and trap with us. At Cappaheosic, a wharf on the York, we landed and drove the nine miles to "White Marsh," arriving at "supper time," as we still say in Virginia—*i. e.*, about 7:30 P. M.

When General Lee got off on the wharf, so great was the desire of the passengers and crew to see him, that they all went to the side of the boat, which caused her to list so that I was unable to get my horse out through the gangway until the captain had ordered every one to the other side. As the sun went down, it became chilly and I drove quite rapidly, anxious to get my father out of the night air as soon as possible. He said nothing at the time, nor did I know that he noticed my unusual speed. But afterward he remarked on it to several persons, saying:

"I think Rob drives unnecessarily fast."

We were expected, and were met at the door by all the family and guests. A hearty welcome was given us. After supper he was the centre of the circle in the drawing-room, and made the acquaintance of the children of the house and of the friends and relatives of the family who were there. He said little, but all listened eagerly to what he did say, and were charmed with his pleasant smile and gracious manner. "Cousin Rebecca" introduced him to her son-in-law, Captain Perrin, mentioning that he had been wounded in the war and was still lame from the effects. The General replied that at any rate he was all right now, for he had a pair of strong young feet to wait upon him, indicating his young wife.

As was customary in this section of Virginia, the house was full of visitors, and I shared my father's room and ^{<409>}bed. Though many a year had passed since we had been bedfellows, he told me that he remembered well the time when, as a little fellow, I had begged for this privilege. The next day he walked about the beautiful gardens, and was

driven over the plantation and shown the landscapes and water views of the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Graves, Dr. Tabb's overseer, who had the honour of being his coachman, fully appreciated it, and was delighted when my father praised his management. He had been a soldier under the General, and had stoutly carried his musket to Appomatox, where he surrendered it. When told of this by Dr. Tabb, my father took occasion to compliment him on his steadfast endurance and courage, but Graves simply and sincerely replied,

"Yes, General, I stuck to the army, but if you had in your entire command a greater coward than I was, you ought to have had him shot."

My father, who was greatly amused at his candour, spoke of it when he got back from his drive, saying "that sort of a coward makes a good soldier."

That the drive had fatigued him was quite apparent to Cousin Rebecca, who begged him to go and lie down to rest, but he declined, though, finally, at her request, he consented to take a glass of wine. Mrs. Tabb was anxious to give a general reception that day in his honour, so that all the old soldiers in the country could have an opportunity of shaking hands with him, but at the General's request the idea was abandoned.

Several persons were invited to meet him at dinner, among them the Rev. Mr. Phillips, an Englishman, the rector of Abingdon, an old Colonial church in the county. He and his wife were ardent admirers of General Lee, and had often expressed a great desire to see him, so Mrs. <410>Tabb kindly gave them this opportunity. They were charmed with him, and, writing to their friends in England, declared:

"The greatest event in our lives has occurred—we have seen General Lee."

One of his young cousins, in talking with him, wondered what fate was in store for "us poor Virginians." The General replied with an earnest, softened look:

"You can work for Virginia, to build her up again, to make her great again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her."

I was struck with the tenderness of his manner to all these cousins, many of whom he had never seen before, and the real affection and interest he manifested toward them. He seemed pleased and touched by their love and kindness. I think he enjoyed his visit, but it was plain that he was easily fatigued.

To catch our steamer the next morning, an early start was necessary. Arrangements were made the night before, and all good-byes said, for we had to leave the house about five o'clock. That night he was very restless and wakeful, and remarked that it was generally so with him whenever he had to get up at an unusual hour, as he was always uneasy lest he might be late. However, we got off in full time—made the connection with our steamer, and returned immediately to the "White House." I left the steamer at West Point to take my horse home, after which I joined him at the former place.

After a short stay at the "White House," he started for Lexington, stopping over in Richmond for a few days. From there he writes to his daughter Mildred in Lexington:

<411>

"RICHMOND, Virginia, May 23, 1870.

"My Precious Daughter: I came up from the 'White House' this morning with Agnes, but she threatens to divorce herself from me, and we have already separated. She is at Dr. Fairfax's and I am at Mr. Macfarland's. She promises, however, to see me occasionally, and if I can restore our travelling relations even at costly sacrifice I shall be happy to take

her along with me. I find I shall be detained here too long to take the Wednesday's boat from Lynchburg, but, if not prevented by circumstances now not foreseen, I shall take the Friday's boat, so as to reach Lexington *Saturday* morning, 28th inst. If Sam is well enough, and it should be otherwise convenient, he could meet me with Lucy and the carriage or with Traveller. If not, I will get a seat up in the omnibus. Your mother proposes to leave in the boat for Bremo on the 1st proximo, spend one week there, and then continue her journey to Lexington. Agnes has not yet made up her mind whether she will go with me, her mother, or remain for a while. I hope to find you well, though alone. I must reserve all accounts till we meet, which I am very anxious should take place as soon as practicable. I am improving, I think, in general health, but cannot tell certainly as to the difficulty in my chest, as I have been unable to test my progress. I had a pleasant visit to F. and Robert, and enjoyed rest there, which I wanted. Love to Custis and kind regards to all friends. I hope that I shall find all well and doing well. All at the 'White House' send love. Poor Tabb is still sick. Markie Williams is with your mother. Robert came up with us, but returns this evening. I have seen Dr. Houston this morning, and I am to have a great medicine talk to-morrow.

"Your devoted father,

"R. E. LEE.

"MISS MILDRED LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XXIII—A Round Of Visits

<412>

BALTIMORE—ALEXANDRIA—A WAR TALK WITH COUSIN CASSIUS LEE—"RAVENSWORTH"—LETTERS TO DR. BUCKLER DECLINING INVITATION TO EUROPE—TO GENERAL COOPER—TO MRS. LEE FROM THE HOT SPRINGS—TIRED OF PUBLIC PLACES—PREFERENCE FOR COUNTRY LIFE

JUDGED by what he says of himself, my father's trip South did him no permanent good. The rest and change, the meeting with many old friends, the great love and kindness shown him by all, gave him much pleasure, and for a time it was thought he was better; but the main cause of his trouble was not removed, though for while held in check.

During the month of June he remained in Lexington, was present at the final examinations of the college, and attended to all his duties as usual. On July 1st he went to Baltimore in order to consult Dr. Thomas H. Buckler about his health.

While there he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Tagart.

My mother had returned to Lexington after her visit to "Bremo," together with my sister Agnes. To her, on July 2d, he writes:

"BALTIMORE, Maryland, July 2, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I reached here yesterday evening at :15 P.M. Found Mr. Tagart at the depot waiting for <413>me, where he had been since eight o'clock, thanks to his having a punctual wife, who regulates everything for him, so that he had plenty of time for reflection. I believe, however, the delay was occasioned by change of schedule that day, of which Mrs. Tagart was not advised. We arrived at Alexandria at 5:00 P. M., and were taken to Washington and kept in the cars till 7:45, when we were sent on. It was the hottest day I ever experienced, or I was in the hottest position I ever occupied, both on board the packet and in the railroad cars, or I was less able to stand it, for I never recollect having suffered so much. Dr. Buckler came in to see me this morning, and examined me, stripped, for two hours. He says he finds my lungs working well, the action of the heart a little too much diffused, but nothing to injure. He is inclined to think that my whole difficulty arises from rheumatic excitement, both the first attack in front of Fredericksburg and the second last winter. Says I appear to have a rheumatic constitution, must guard against cold, keep out in the air, exercise, etc., as the other physicians prescribe. He will see me again. In the meantime, he has told me to try lemon-juice and watch the effect. I will endeavour to get out to Washington Peter's on the 4th and to Goodwood as soon as Dr. B—is satisfied. Mr. and Mrs. Tagart are very well and send regards. The messenger is waiting to take this to the office. It is raining, and I have not been out nor seen any one out of the house. I hope all are well with you, and regret that I was obliged to come away. Tell the girls I was so overcome that I could not get up this morning till 8:00 A.M. Give much love to everybody, and believe me most truly,

"R. E. LEE."

The advantages of early rising my father ever held out to his daughters, so that he knew they would enjoy hearing of his being late in getting down in the morning. During

<414>this visit to Baltimore he took advantage of his proximity to many old friends to visit them.

His next letter is from Alexandria to my mother:

"ALEXANDRIA, Virginia, July 15, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I arrived here last evening from Goodwood, and was glad to hear from Burke this morning that our Aunt Maria was as well as usual. I wish to get out to Cassius Lee's this afternoon, and will spend tomorrow on the Hill in visiting General Cooper, Mr. Mason, the Bishop, etc.(*). Next week I shall go to Ravensworth and from there think I shall proceed to Lexington. It is so hot that I shall be obliged to forego my visit to Nannie and the 'White House.' It is intensely hot here and I am unable to bear the heat now. I took cold yesterday in the cars or elsewhere and am full of pains this morning, and was unable to sleep last night.

"I have seen Mr. Smith(+) this morning and had with him a long business talk, and will see him again after seeing Cassius. The prospect is not promising. I got your letter at Charles's. Thank Agnes for hers. All were well there and on West River, and sent you all messages of love. I will give all particulars when we meet. I am at the Mansion House, where it is piping hot. I had felt better until I caught fresh cold, but no one can avoid it in such weather. Love to all. I cannot fix yet the day of my return, but it will be the last week in July. <415>

"I hope Custis has got off, though I shall not be able to see him.

"Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

Mr. Cassius Lee was my father's first cousin. They had been children together, schoolmates in boyhood, and lifelong friends and neighbours. He was my father's trusted adviser in all business matters, and in him he had the greatest confidence. Mr. Cazenove Lee, of Washington, D.C., his son, has kindly furnished me with some of his recollections of this visit, which I give in his own words:

"It is greatly to be regretted that an accurate and full account of this visit was not preserved, for the conversations during those two or three days were most interesting and would have filled a volume. It was the review of a lifetime by two old men. It is believed that General Lee never talked after the war with as little reserve as on this occasion. Only my father and two of his boys were present. I can remember his telling my father of meeting Mr. Leary, their old teacher at the Alexandria Academy, during his late visit to the South. which recalled many incidents of their school life. They talked of the war, and he told of the delay of Jackson in getting on McClellan's flank, causing the fight at Mechanicsville, which fight he said was unexpected, but was necessary to prevent McClellan from entering Richmond, from the front of which most of the troops had been moved. He thought that if Jackson had been at Gettysburg the would have gained a victory, 'for' said he, 'Jackson would have held the heights which Ewell took on the first day.' He said that Ewell was a fine officer, but would never take the responsibility of exceeding his orders, and having been ordered to Gettysburg, he would <416>not go farther and hold the heights beyond the town. I asked him which of the Federal generals he considered the greatest, and he answered most emphatically 'McClellan by all odds.' He was asked why

he did not come to Washington after second Manassas.

"'Because,' he replied, 'my men had nothing to eat,' and pointing to Fort Wade, in the rear of our home, he said, 'I could not tell my men to take that fort when they had had nothing to eat for three days. I went to Maryland to feed my army.'

"This led to a statement of the mismanagement of the Confederate Commissary Department, of which he gave numerous instances, and mentioned his embarrassments in consequence. He was also very severe in his criticism of the newspapers, and said that patriotism did not seem to influence them in the least, that movements of the army were published which frustrated their plans, and, as an instance, he told of Longstreet's being sent to the Western Army and the efforts that were made to keep the movement secret, but to no purpose, the papers having heralded it at once to friend and foe alike. I also remember his saying that he advocated putting the negroes in the army, and the arguments he advanced in favour of it. My father remarked at table one day that he could not have starved in the Confederate service if he could have gotten bread and milk.

"'No,' replied the General, 'but frequently I could not get even that.'

"His love of children was most marked, and he never failed to show them patient consideration. On the occasion of this visit, his answers to all our boyish questions were given with as much detail and as readily as if we had been the most important men in the community. Several years before the war I remember that my sister, brother, and myself, all young children, drove over to Arlington Mills, and that while going there Colonel Lee rode up on a beautiful black horse. He impressed my childish fancy then as the handsomest and finest horseman I had ever seen—the beau-ideal of a soldier. Upon seeing us he at once stopped, spoke to each of us, and took my sister, then about ten years of age, upon his horse before him, and rode with us for two miles, telling her, I remember, of his boy Robby, who had a pony, and who should be her sweetheart. Often have I seen him on the road or street or elsewhere, and though I was 'only a boy,' he always stopped and had something pleasant to say to me."

The Mr. Leafy mentioned here was my father's teacher when a boy in Alexandria. His regard and esteem for him was very high, as is shown in the following letter:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, December 15, 1866.

"MR. WM. B. LEARY.

"My Dear Sir: Your visit has recalled to me years long since passed, when I was under your tuition and received daily your instruction. In parting from you, I beg to express the gratitude I have felt all my life for the affectionate fidelity which characterised your teaching and conduct toward me. Should any of my friends, wherever your lot may be cast, desire to know your qualifications as a teacher, I hope you will refer them to me; for that is a subject on which I can speak knowingly and from experience. Wishing you health, happiness, and prosperity, I am, affectionately,

"Your friend,

"R. E. LEE."

His next letter is from "Ravensworth," where he went after his visit to the "Seminary Hill":

"RAVENSWORTH, Virginia, July 20, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I arrived here yesterday from Alexandria and found Aunt Maria well in general health, but less free to walk than when I last saw her. She is cheerful and quiet, but seems indisposed to try any of the healing <418>baths, or, indeed, any of the remedies resorted to in cases of similar character, and seems to think nothing will be of avail. I hope in time that she will be relieved. Her niece, Mrs. Goldsborough, the daughter of her sister Wilhelmina, is with her. She seems to be a nice little lady—has a big boy of eight months, and is expecting her husband to-morrow, so nothing need be said more on her account. Mr. Dickens was over last evening, and reports all well with him. All the family are to be over this evening, so I cannot say more of them. Ravens-worth is looking very well—I mean the house and grounds, but little of the farm seems to be cultivated, and is growing up with pines. I received your letter directed to Alexandria after my return from my visit to Cassius, also Colonel Williamson's. Resolutions will not build the church. It will require money. Mr. Smith did not give so favourable an account of Mr. Price as did Mr. Green. I did not see Mr. P—, for it would have been of no avail without having the plans, etc., and I cannot wait here to receive them. I shall have to send them, or to invite him to Lexington after my return. I propose to leave here, if nothing prevents, on Monday, 25th inst. If I go by Goshen, I hope to reach Lexington that night, or Tuesday morning after breakfast. I have heard a rumour that the water has been withdrawn from the canal above Lynchburg for the purpose of repairs. If that is so, I shall have to go by Goshen. My cold continues, but is better. The weather is very hot and to me is almost insupportable. At 6:00 P. M. yesterday, the thermometer in Ravensworth hall marked 86°. This morning, when I first went out, it stood at 84°. Thank Agnes for her letter. I cannot respond at this time. The letter you forwarded from Mrs. Podestad describes the sickness her children have passed through. She is now with them at Capon, and Miss Emily has gone to visit Mrs. Barksdale in Greenbrier. Mrs. P—says she will be ready to visit you any time after the middle of August that you will notify her. I am glad all are well <419>with you, and hope the garden will give you some vegetables. I am anxious to get back and see you all. Give much love to the girls, including the Misses Selden. Tell them they must not leave till I return, that I am hurrying back as fast as rheumatism will let me. I have abandoned my visit to Nannie and the boys on the Pamunkey. Tell them it is too hot and that I am too painful. Aunt M—sends love to all. Remember me to all friends. I must leave details till I return.

"Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. R. E. LEE."

The building of the church here referred to was the Episcopal church in Lexington, which it was proposed to take down and replace with a larger and better building. My father was a vestryman, and also a member of the building committee.

Dr. Buckler, whom my father had consulted in July, was at this time on a visit to Baltimore, having lived abroad with his family since 1866. When about to return to Paris he wrote and asked my father to accompany him. This invitation he was obliged to decline.

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 5, 1870.

My Dear Doctor: I have just received your letter of the 4th inviting me to accompany you across the Atlantic, and I return you my cordial thanks for your kind solicitation for

my health and comfort. There is no one whom I would prefer to have as a companion on the voyage, nor is there one, I am sure, who would take better care of me. But I cannot impose myself upon you. I have given you sufficient trouble already, and you must cure me on this side of the Atlantic. If you are the man I take you for, you will do so. You must present my warmest thanks to your wife for her remembrance of me and her kind offer of the hospitalities of her house. <420>Should I ever be able to visit Europe I shall certainly accept them, but I hope she will soon return to this country and that you will bring her up to the mountains to us. We are all peaceable here now and she will find that we are not as bad as we have been reported to be, and every one will extend to her a hearty welcome, whereas Europe is now convulsed with the horrors of war or the agony of its expectancy, and I fear for a season is destined to feel the greatest calamity that can befall a people. I am happy to inform you that my health is better. I am pursuing your directions and hope that I am deriving benefit from them. I have made my arrangements to visit the Hot Springs, Virginia, on Monday next, as you recommended, and trust I may find relief from them. My rheumatic pains continue, but have diminished, and that in my shoulder, I think, has lessened under the application of the blister. I shall endeavour to be well by the fall. The letter you inclosed to me was from Mrs. Smith on the Hudson—and not from Mr. Henry White, as you supposed. Good-bye, my dear doctor; may you have a prosperous voyage and find your family all well on your arrival, and may your own health be entirely restored. My family unite with me in every kind wish, and I am most truly,

"Your friend,

"R. E. LEE.

DR. THOMAS H. BUCKLER."

This letter to General Cooper (Adjutant General of the Confederate States Army), written at this time, explains itself, and is one of many witnesses of my father's delicate consideration for old soldiers in distress:

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, August 4, 1870.

"GENERAL S. COOPER,
"Alexandria, Virginia.

"My Dear General: Impressed, with all the people of the South, with your merits and services, I have with <421>them admired your manly efforts to support your family, and have regretted that more remunerative occupation, better suited to your capacities and former habits, had not presented itself. This has been a subject of conversation with some of us here, and when in Savannah last spring I presented it to General Lawton, Colonel Cole, and others, and suggested that efforts be made to raise a sum for the relief of any pressing necessity. The idea was cordially adopted, and it was hoped that an amount would be contributed that would enable you to receive some relaxation. I have received a letter from General Lawton regretting the smallness of the sum collected, \$300, and explaining the delay that had occurred, the general poverty of the people, the many calls upon them, and the disposition to procrastinate when facts are not known to them personally. To this sum I have only been able to add \$100, but I hope it may enable you to supply some immediate want and prevent you from taxing your strength too much. You must also pardon me for my moving in this matter, and for the foregoing explanation, which I feel obliged to make that you might understand the subject.

"With my best wishes for your health and happiness and for the useful prolongation of your honourable life, I am, with true regard,

"Your friend and servant.

"R. E. LEE."

He remained at Lexington only for a short time, as it was decided that he should go to the Hot Springs, Virginia, where he could try their famous waters for his rheumatism. On the day of his arrival he writes to my mother:

*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
"August 10, 1870.*

"My Dear Mary: We reached here this morning about 9:30 A. M., Captain White and I, after as pleasant a journey <422>as we could have expected. After taking the cars at Goshen, the old route by Milboro' rose up so strong before me that we determined to adhere to it. Reached the Bath Alum about 4:00 P.M., where we passed the night and were in luck in finding several schools or parts of them rustivating on alum-water. Mrs. Heath was in charge of the detachment from Dr. Phillips's. () They presented a gay and happy appearance. This morning we breakfasted at the Warm and had the attention of Richard. There is a small party there, Admiral Louis Goldsborough with his wife and Miss West amongst them. Here there is quite a company. Mrs. Lemmon from Baltimore, her daughter Mrs. Dobbin, Mrs. General Walker, wife of the ex-Secretary of War of the Confederacy, Mrs. and Miss Sivent, etc., etc.*

"Dr. and Mrs. Cabell are here, and the Tardys and Mrs. Mac regret that you are not with me. . . I saw Mrs. Maize at the Warm, and her sister from Kentucky, Mrs. Tate. Rev. Mr. Mason and the Daingerfields have a girls' school in the village. The Warm seems to be retrograding. I hope the new man, Edward, has arrived. Tell him to take good care of the cow, and ask the girls to see to her and the garden, etc. I saw Mrs. Caskie at the Baths. She looks very well. Her niece, Gay, is with her, a pretty little child. Mrs. Myers and her children are also there. Mrs. Asher also. Small company, but select. All pleased with Mr. Brown. (+) Tell the girls I have no one to rub me now. Shall miss them in this and other ways much. Dr. Cabell says I must continue my medicines and commence with the hot spout to-morrow. He has great confidence in the waters, and says that 95 out of 100 patients that he has treated have recovered. I shall alternate the spout with the boiler. But he says the great error is that people become impatient and do not stay long enough. I hope I may be benefited, but it is <423>a tedious prospect. I hope that you all will continue well. If you wish to go to the Baths, or to come here, you must do so and write me what you want, if there is anything I can do or get for you. Give love to all the girls and remembrances to all friends. Tell our neighbours that I was so occupied the last days I was in Lexington that I had not time to bid them adieu. If you want more money let me know. God bless you and preserve you all. Good-bye, dear Mary.

"Most truly,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

The Richard mentioned had been lately his house servant at Lexington, and Edward was a new man he had engaged for the garden and stable. The letters written to my mother and others of his family from the Hot Springs at this time were frequent, and I give them in

full, as they tell all we know now of his visit there:

*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
August 14, 1870.*

"My Dear Mary: I received this morning the last letters forwarded by you. The first batch arrived yesterday. I am glad to hear that you all continue well. I hope my letter of the 10th, announcing my arrival, has reached you. It should have done so, it seems to me, previously to your note of Friday. I have but little more to say than I had then. I have taken four baths, Hot Spout, which seems to agree with me very well, but it is too soon yet to look for results. I receive the water on my shoulder, back, and chest. The sensation is pleasant, and so far I have succeeded in preventing taking cold. The atmosphere, however, is damp, and temperature variable. When the sun shines, it is hot; but when it rains, which is the usual condition of the weather, the former the exception, it is cool. Mrs. Sledge and party are here, the former <424>improved. She was much better, went over to the White and Sweet, retrograded, and returned. Will stay here September. Many of our invalids are improving. Society has a rather solemn appearance, and conversation runs mostly on personal ailments, baths, and damp weather. There were some pretty tableaux last evening. The Misses Tardy, Mrs. Dobbin, and the little girls, the performers. Mr. Washington(*) is here. He looks well, is quiet, and has been copying points of scenery in the neigh-bourhood. I do not know whether he was in search of health or the picturesque. The latter is more easily found in these mountains than the former. Captain White is well and sends remembrances to all. I hope Edward has arrived and is an improvement on the present occupant of the situation. If he does not present himself, retain Henry till I come. I will endeavour to find some one. You do not mention the cow; she is of more interest to me than the cats, and is equally destructive of rats. I am glad the girls are well; what are they troubling about now? I wish they were with me. I find many ladies here for neuralgia. Mrs. General Walker has been much benefited, also others. If little Agnes should desire to try the effects of the waters, tell her to come on, I will take care of her. I suppose Tabb will go with her husband. I am sorry Fitzhugh is complaining. I have written to Rob and Miss Lottie.(+) I heard of Charles Carter's(+++) passing up the road to the White, and Mildred preceded him a week. Ella, I hear, is much improved. I shall not go to the White unless specially called by something now unknown, but will remain here till the end of the month, if I find it profitable, and then return to Lexington. I hope the college is prospering. What does Mrs. Podestad <425>say? I understand that Markie Peter(*) and child are occupying her old quarters at the Lomaxes near Warrenton. I have a merry time with my old cronies, tell Mildred. I am getting too heavy for them now. They soon drop me. I am getting uneasy about Edward and Blanche. The reverses of the French, which seem to be light, appear to have demoralised the nation. May God help all in affliction and keep and guard you and all with you, is my constant prayer.

"Truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE."

*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
August 19, 1870.*

"My Dear Mary: I received this morning your letters of the 14th and 18th, inclosing Dr.

Buckler's, and was informed by Colonel Turner that he had brought the package to which you referred. He has not yet sent it to me, but, no doubt, will in time. I am sorry that Edward has not kept his engagement, for I liked his appearance and recommendations, though perhaps they are deceptive. You had better retain Henry till I come, unless you fall in with a better. I am glad that you are all well. You have such industrious little daughters that I am sure all will go well. Thank Agnes for her letter and say to her that I have not seen Mr. Vanmeter or Blair, but gave the letter to the former to Colonel White, who will send it to him when he finds out his position. Mr. Thom arrived this morning and Mr. John Johns and family rode over from the Healing. They are there for a sick child. My old friend, Dr. Broaddus, and the Reverend Mr. Jones also presented themselves. . . . I have been trying the Boiler for four days—and the Spout the five preceding. I do not perceive any benefit yet, though some little change in the seat of my pains. I will <426>continue till the middle of next week, the 29th, when, if no decided improvement takes place, I think of going over to the Healing. Dr. Houston thinks that it will be beneficial, whereas Dr. Cabell recommends this. I am obliged to be in Staunton on the 30th ult. to attend a meeting of the Valley Railroad Company, so I shall leave here on the 29th for that purpose. After getting through with that business, I shall return to Lexington. I am sorry that I shall be called away, but I fear my stay here would be of no avail. Colonel White is well and sends regards to all. I am glad that the cow is better. She stands next in my affections to Traveller. . . . I hope that Agnes's neuralgia is better, and as she has not accepted my proposition I presume she declines. Hot bathing is not agreeable to me either in its operations or effects, but I see daily evidences of its good results in others. I wish that it suited your case. You must try and get some one in Sally's place if Tabb, etc., come, and make them all comfortable. If you want more money, let me know in time. Send over to Mr. Leyburn for the flour, when you want it. Mr. Bowie, I suspect, can arrange it for you. I fear Captain Brooks's house will not be ready for occupancy this fall. I hope that General Smith will begin Custis's in time. I heard of him on his way to Edward Cocke's the other day. Mr. Washington is still here. Better, I think. Again love to all.

"Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE.

"P. S.—Mr. Turner has just sent me the package.

"R. E. L."

To his son Fitzhugh, who was at the "White House" with his family:

*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
August 20, 1870.*

"My Dear Fitzhugh: I am very sorry to learn from your letter of the 18th, received this morning, that Tabb is sick. <427>I hope that it will be of short duration and that she will soon throw off the chills. The mountain doctors, however, do not understand them as well as the lowland, and are apt to resort to the old practice. I wish that I could get to the White to see you, but my time is too limited, owing to the late day that I was able to leave Lexington. I propose staying here till the 29th inst., which will only make my sojourn here two and a half weeks, and then going to Staunton, where I am obliged to attend a meeting of the Valley Railroad Company on the 30th. I hope that I shall not be detained there longer than a day or two, when I will return to Lexington, where I hope to find you

all. You must tell Mr. and Mrs. Podestad, Mr. Carter, Ella, etc., how sorry I am not to see them at the White, but that I hope they will call at Lexington. I wrote to Ella on my first arrival here, but presume my letter failed to reach her. You did not mention how her health was. I am much concerned at Tabb's indisposition, but am glad to hear that the baby is well. Give my love to both, and I trust you will all be benefited by the mountain air. My personal health is good, but I see no change in my rheumatic attack, which is principally confined to my chest and back. I inclose a note from your mother, transmitted on the supposition that I would write to you. Professor White is with me and I have some few acquaintances, but I am anxious to return. I am glad that Bertus has had a short visit to Orange. He says that he will come to Rockbridge in September. Custis will be there by the first, and we shall all, I hope, be together again.

"Affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
"August 23, 1870.*

"My Dear Mary: I have received your various notes of the 17th and 18th, and I am glad to hear of your well-being. Our good cow will be a loss to us, but her troubles are all over now, and I am grateful to her for what she has <428>done for us. I hope that we did our duty to her. I have written to Mr. Andrew Cameron to inquire about a young cow he has of mine, and asked him to let you know if she is giving milk. If his report is good, you had better send for her. She is, however, young, and will require very gentle treatment. Caution Henry on that point. I have told him, Mr. C—, also, that you would send for the horses, which I wish you would do as soon as you can see that they will be properly cared for. Tell Henry to be particularly gentle and kind to them, or the gray will give him great trouble. He must wash them clean, and not pull out their manes and tails. The girls will have to exercise them till Custis comes. I suppose we may give up expecting Edward. Retain Henry till you can find some one better. You had also better engage some woman or man for a month as a dining-room servant. I think Easter has no intention of coming to us before October, and she will not come then if Mr.—can keep her. You will have so many friends staying with you that you cannot make them comfortable unless you have more servants. As I stated in a previous letter, I shall go to Staunton on the 29th. I hope I shall be detained but a few days. Lest your funds may run low, I send you a check . . . The girls can get it cashed. I may be detained, but I hope to return in time to see our children and friends. I have been here a fortnight to-day. I hope that I am better, but am aware of no material change, except that I am weaker. I am very anxious to get back. It is very wearying at these public places and the benefit hardly worth the cost. I do not think I can even stand Lexington long. Colonels Allan and Johnston(*) arrived this evening on horseback and have given me all Lexington news. Mr. Sledge and his wife, from Huntsville, brother of the Colonel, also arrived, and a Mr. and Mrs. Leeds, from New Orleans, with ten children, mostly little <429>girls. The latter are a great addition to my comfort. I have written to Fitzhugh and Mrs. Podestad. Robert, you know, said he would make his annual visit the first week in September. Tell the girls they must make preparations to welcome all. Mrs. Walker, wife of the former Secretary of War in the Confederacy, is here with her son, whom she says she is anxious to place in college, and wishes to visit Lexington with that view. I have offered my escort and invited her to stay

with us. I do not know whether she will go with me. The girls will have to prepare my room for some of the visitors, and put me anywhere. I can be very comfortable in the library. Tell the little creatures they must work like beavers and get a supply of eggs and chickens. Recollect there is flour at Leyburn's mill when you want it. Thank Mildred for her letter. Remember me to all, and believe me,

"Always yours affectionately,

R. E. LEE.

"MRS. M. C. LEE.

"P. S.—I send you an order for the horses. Tell Henry to take with him a bridle and halter. You must write for the cow if you want her.

R. E. LEE"

Mr. Andrew Cameron owned a fine farm near Lexington, and kindly took care of my father's horses when he was away in the summer; also at different times supplied him with a cow and took care of any calf, if there happened to be one, till it was of service. My father constantly rode out to see him, and enjoyed talking farming as they rode together over his fields. His delight in every aspect of Nature was real and ever present. These letters show, too, his care and consideration for animals.

His letter to his daughter Agnes is in lighter vein. His playful moods, so usual with his children, never entirely left him.

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*"HOT SPRINGS, Bath County, Virginia,
"August 23, 1870.*

"My Dear Agnes: I have received both of your letters, the last the 17th, and thank you for them as well as for your care of my room and clothes. The former I understand is used for a multiplicity of purposes, and the cats and kittens have the full run of my establishment. Guard me against *'Miss Selden,'* (*) I pray you. I am sorry that you are not with me, as it possibly may have benefited your neuralgia. But if *Miss Belle* is with you, I am sure she will be of greater service, and tell her she must remain till I come, that she may cure me. That you may have some other inducements than your flowers and weeds to take you out of doors, I will write to your mother to send for the horses as soon as she can make arrangements to have them cared for, and then you and Mildred and Miss Belle, the one on Traveller, the other on Lucy, can scour the country and keep us in eggs and chickens. I am sorry for the death of our good cow, but glad that she is out of misery. . . . I do not think any of your friends are here. Mr. Washington has been vibrating between this place and the Healing, but does not seem to be well. Miss Alman, from Salem, Massachusetts, whom you may recollect as having been at the White last summer, is here with her father and mother. Miss Mollie Jourdan left to-day, and Colonel Robert Preston arrived. The Chestnuts and Le Verts are still here. I hope that you are well and that all is well with you. When Custis comes, ask him to see to the horses and the cow and that they are gently treated and properly fed. I know nothing of Henry's capacity in that way. I hope to be home next week and am very anxious to get back.

"Your father,

"R. E. LEE."

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

Chapter XXIV—Last Days

<431>

LETTER TO HIS WIFE—TO MR. TAGART—OBITUARY NOTICE IN "PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE"—MRS. LEE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH

THE following is the last letter that I can find written by my father to my mother. He was back in Lexington early in September, and was never separated from her again while he lived:

"HOT SPRINGS, August 27, 1870.

"My Dear Mary: I have received your letter of the 22d. I should remain here a week longer if time permitted, as I have felt in the last few days better than I have yet, but I am obliged to be in Staunton on the 30th, and therefore must leave Monday, 29th. I should not have time to return here. The college opens on September 15th, and I wish to see that all things are prepared. Possibly the little improvement now felt will continue. If not, I shall have to bear my malady. I am truly sorry to hear of Edwin Lee's death. (*) He was a true man, and, if health had permitted, would have been an ornament as well as a benefit to his race. He certainly was a great <432>credit to the name. Give my sincere sympathy to his wife and family. You have never mentioned anything of Dr. Grahame. I have heard that he was in a critical condition. I saw Colonels Allan and Johnston. They only stayed a day, and went on to the White. I have heard of them on their return, and presume they will reach Lexington to-morrow. Mr. George Taylor, who has been a month at the White, arrived here to-day. Both he and his wife are well. The company is thinning, though arrivals occur daily. Mr. Middleton and his daughter and son, from Washington, whom you may recollect, also came. But I hope to see you so soon that I will defer my narrative. I am glad that Mary is enjoying herself and that Rob is so happy. May both long continue so. I will endeavour to get the muslin, but fear I shall not succeed. I trust I may not be detained in Staunton more than a day or two. In that event, you may expect me Thursday, September 1st, but I cannot say as to time. I hope that I shall find you all well. Give my love to Agnes and Mildred, and Custis, if he has arrived. Colonel Turner is very well. Tell his wife that he was exhibited to-day at the Healing as a specimen of the health of the Hot. In my last I gave you my views about the servants and sent you a check for —, which I hope that you have received.

Most truly and affectionately,

"R. E. LEE."

His last letter was written on the morning of the day he was taken ill, September 28th. It was to Mr. Tagart, of Baltimore, at whose home he had stayed the previous summer. Its tone was cheerful and hopeful, and he wrote that he was much better and stronger.

"LEXINGTON, Virginia, September 28, 1870.

"My Dear Mr. Tagart: Your note of the 26th reached me this morning, and see how easy it is 'to inveigle me into a correspondence.' In fact, when a man desires to do a thing, or when a thing gives a man pleasure, he <433>requires but small provocation to induce him

to do it. Now I wanted to hear how you and Mrs. Tagart were, what you were doing, and how you had passed the summer, and I desired to tell you so. That is the reason I write. In answer to your question, I reply that I am much better. I do not know whether it is owing to having seen you and Doctor Buckler last summer, or to my visit to the Hot Springs. Perhaps both. But my pains are less, and my strength greater. In fact, I suppose I am as well as I shall be. I am still following Doctor B—'s directions, and in time I may improve still more. I expect to have to visit Baltimore this fall, in relation to the Valley Railroad, and in that event I hope to see you, if you will permit me. I am glad to hear that you spent a pleasant summer. Colonel —and I would have had a more agreeable one had you been with us at the Hot, and as every place agrees so well with Mrs. Tagart, I think she could have enjoyed as good health there as at Saratoga, and we should have done better. Give my sincere regards to Mrs. Tagart, and remember me to all friends, particularly Mr. —. Tell —his brother is well and handsome, and I hope that he will study, or his sweethearts in Baltimore will not pine for him long. Captain —is well and busy, and joins in my remembrances. Mrs. Lee and my daughters unite with me in messages to you and Mrs. Tagart, and I am most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

"S. H. TAGRT, Esq."

When my brother Fitzhugh and I reached Lexington, my father was no more. He died the morning of our arrival October 12th. He had apparently improved after his first attack, and the summoning of my brother and myself had been put off from day to day. After we did start we were delayed by the floods, which at that time prevailed over the State. Of his last illness and death I have heard from my family. <434>

The best account of those last days was written by Colonel William Preston Johnston for the "Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee," by the Rev. J. W. Jones, published in 1874. Colonel Johnston was an intimate friend of the General and a distinguished member of the faculty of his college. He was also one of the watchers by his dying bedside. I, therefore, give it in full:

"The death of General Lee was not due to any sudden cause, but was the result of agencies dating as far back as 1863. In the trying campaign of that year he contracted a severe sore throat, that resulted in rheumatic inflammation of the sac inclosing the heart. There is no doubt that after this sickness his health was more or less impaired; and although he complained little, yet rapid exercise on foot or on horseback produced pain and difficulty of breathing. In October, 1869, he was again attacked by inflammation of the heart-sac, accompanied by muscular rheumatism of the back, right side, and arms. The action of the heart was weakened by this attack; the flush upon the face was deepened, the rheumatism increased, and he was troubled with weariness and depression.

"In March, 1870, General Lee, yielding to the solicitations of friends and medical advisers, made a six-weeks' visit to Georgia and Florida. He returned greatly benefited by the influence of the genial climate, the society of friends in those States, and the demonstrations of respect and affection of the people of the South; his physical condition, however, was not greatly improved. During this winter and spring he had said to his son, General Custis Lee, that his attack was mortal; and had virtually expressed the same belief to other trusted friends. And now, with that delicacy that pervaded all his actions, he seriously considered the question of resigning the presidency of Washington <435>College, 'fearful that he might not be equal to his duties.' After listening, however,

to the affectionate remonstrances of the faculty and board of trustees, who well knew the value of his wisdom in the supervision of the college and the power of his mere presence and example upon the students, he resumed his labours with the resolution to remain at his post and carry forward the great work he had so auspiciously begun.

"During the summer he spent some weeks at the Hot Springs of Virginia, using the baths, and came home seemingly better in health and spirits. He entered upon the duties of the opening collegiate year in September with that quiet zeal and noiseless energy that marked all his actions, and an unusual elation was felt by those about him at the increased prospect that long years of usefulness and honour would yet be added to his glorious life.

"Wednesday, September 28, 1870, found General Lee at the post of duty. In the morning he was fully occupied with the correspondence and other tasks incident to his office of president of Washington College, and he declined offers of assistance from members of the faculty, of whose services he sometimes availed himself. After dinner, at four o'clock, he attended a vestry-meeting of Grace (Episcopal) church. The afternoon was chilly and wet, and a steady rain had set in, which did not cease until it resulted in a great flood, the most memorable and destructive in this region for a hundred years. The church was rather cold and damp, and General Lee, during the meeting, sat in a pew with his military cape cast loosely about him. In a conversation that occupied the brief space preceding the call to order, he took part, and told with marked cheerfulness of manner and kindness of tone some pleasant anecdotes of Bishop Meade and Chief-Justice Marshall. The meeting was protracted until after seven o'clock by a discussion touching the rebuilding of the church edifice and the increase of the rector's salary. General Lee acted as chairman, and, <436>after hearing all that was said, gave his own opinion, as was his wont, briefly and without argument. He closed the meeting with a characteristic act. The amount required for the minister's salary still lacked a sum much greater than General Lee's proportion of the subscription, in view of his frequent and generous contributions to the church and other charities, but just before the adjournment, when the treasurer announced the amount of the deficit still remaining, General Lee said in a low tone, 'I will give that sum.' He seemed tired toward the close of the meeting, and, as was afterward remarked, showed an unusual flush, but at the time no apprehensions were felt.

"General Lee returned to his house, and, finding his family waiting tea for him, took his place at the table, standing to say grace. The effort was vain; the lips could not utter the prayer of the heart. Finding himself unable to speak, he took his seat quietly and without agitation. His face seemed to some of the anxious group about him to wear a look of sublime resignation, and to evince a full knowledge that the hour had come when all the cares and anxieties of his crowded life were at an end. His physicians, Doctors H. S. Barton and R. L. Madison, arrived promptly, applied the usual remedies, and placed him upon the couch from which he was to rise no more.

"To him henceforth the things of this world were as nothing, and he bowed with resignation to the command of the Master he had followed so long with reverence. The symptoms of his attack resembled concussion of the brain, without the attendant swoon. There was marked debility, a slightly impaired consciousness, and a tendency to doze; but no paralysis of motion or sensation, and no evidence of suffering or inflammation of the brain. His physicians treated the case as one of venous congestion, and with apparently favourable results. Yet, despite these propitious auguries drawn from his physical symptoms, in view of the great mental strain he <437>had undergone, the gravest fears

were felt that the attack was mortal. He took without objection the medicines and diet prescribed, and was strong enough to turn in bed without aid, and to sit up to take nourishment. During the earlier days of his illness, though inclined to doze, he was easily aroused, was quite conscious and observant, evidently understood whatever was said to him, and answered questions briefly but intelligently', he was, however, averse to much speaking, generally using monosyllables, as had always been his habit when sick.

"When first attacked, he said to those who were removing his clothes, pointing at the same time to his rheumatic shoulder, 'You hurt my arm.' Although he seemed to be gradually improving until October 10th, he apparently knew from the first that the appointed hour had come when he must enter those dark gates that, closing, open no more to earth. In the words of his physician, 'he neither expected nor desired to recover.' When General Custis Lee made some allusion to his recovery, he shook his head and pointed upward. On the Monday morning before his death, Doctor Madison, finding him looking better, tried to cheer him. 'How do you feel to-day, General?' General Lee replied slowly and distinctly: 'I feel better.' The doctor then said: 'You must make haste and get well; Traveller has been standing so long in the stable that he needs exercise.' The General made no reply, but slowly shook his head and closed his eyes. Several times during his illness he put aside his medicine, saying, 'It is of no use,' but yielded patiently to the wishes of his physicians or children, as if the slackened chords of being still responded to the touch of duty or affection.

"On October 10th, during the afternoon, his pulse became feeble and rapid, and his breathing hurried, with other evidences of great exhaustion. About midnight he was seized with a shivering from extreme debility, and Doctor Barton felt obliged to announce the danger to <438>the family. On October 11th, he was evidently sinking; his respiration was hurried, his pulse feeble and rapid. Though less observant, he still recognised whoever approached him, but refused to take anything unless prescribed by his physicians. It now became certain that the case was hopeless. His decline was rapid, yet gentle; and soon after nine o'clock, on the morning of October 12th, he closed his eyes, and his soul passed peacefully from earth.

"General Lee's physicians attributed his death in great measure to moral causes. The strain of his campaigns, the bitterness of defeat aggravated by the bad faith and insolence of the victor, sympathy with the subsequent sufferings of the Southern people, and the effort at calmness under these accumulated sorrows, seemed the sufficient and the real causes that slowly but steadily undermined his health and led to his death. Yet to those who saw his composure under the greater and lesser trials of life, and his justice and forbearance with the most unjust and uncharitable, it seemed scarcely credible that his serene soul was shaken by the evil that raged around him.

"General Lee's closing hours' were consonant with his noble and disciplined life. Never was more beautifully displayed how a long and severe education of mind and character enables the soul to pass with equal step through this supreme ordeal; never did the habits and qualities of a lifetime, solemnly gathered into a few last sad hours, more grandly maintain themselves amid the gloom and shadow of approaching death. The reticence, the self-contained composure, the obedience to proper authority, the magnanimity, and the Christian meekness, that marked all his actions, still preserved their sway, in spite of the inroads of disease and the creeping lethargy that weighed down his faculties.

"As the old hero lay in the darkened room, or with the lamp and hearth-fire casting

shadows upon his calm, noble front, all the massive grandeur of his form, and face <439>and brow remained; and death seemed to lose its terrors, and to borrow a grace and dignity in sublime keeping with the life that was ebbing away. The great mind sank to its last repose, almost with the equal poise of health. The few broken utterances that evinced at times a wandering intellect were spoken under the influence of the remedies administered; but as long as consciousness lasted there was evidence that all the high, controlling influences of his whole life still ruled; and even when stupor was laying its cold hand on the intellectual perceptions, the moral nature, with its complete orb of duties and affections, still asserted itself. A southern poet has celebrated in song those last significant words, 'Strike the tent': and a thousand voices were raised to give meaning to the uncertain sound, when the dying man said, with emphasis, 'Tell Hill he must come up !' These sentences serve to show most touchingly through what fields the imagination was passing; but generally his words, though few, were coherent; but for the most part, indeed, his silence was unbroken.

"This self-contained reticence had an awful grandeur, in solemn accord with a life that needed no defense. Deeds which required no justification must speak for him. His voiceless lips, like the shut gates of some majestic temple, were closed, not for concealment, but because that within was holy. Could the eye of the mourning watcher have pierced the gloom that gathered about the recesses of that great soul it would have perceived a presence there full of an ineffable glory. Leaning trustfully upon the all-sustaining Arm, the man whose stature, measured by mortal standards, seemed so great, passed from this world of shadows to the realities of the hereafter."

A letter from my mother to a dear friend tells the same sad story:

". . . My husband came in. We had been waiting tea for him, and I remarked" You have kept us waiting <440>a long time. Where have you been ?' He did not reply, but stood up as if to say grace. Yet no word proceeded from his lips, and he sat down in his chair perfectly upright and with a sublime air of resignation on his countenance, and did not attempt to a reply to our inquiries. That look was never to be forgotten, and I have no doubt he felt that his hour had come; for though he submitted to the doctors, who were immediately summoned, and who had not even reached their homes from the same vestry-meeting, yet his whole demeanour during his illness showed one who had taken leave of earth. He never smiled, and rarely attempted to speak, except in his dreams, and then he wandered to those dreadful battle-fields. Once, when Agnes urged him to take some medicine, which he always did with reluctance, he looked at her and said, 'It is no use.' But afterward he took it. When he became so much better the doctor said, 'You must soon get out and ride your favorite gray !' He shook his head most emphatically and looked upward. He slept a great deal, but knew us all, greeted us with a kindly pressure of the hand, and loved to have us around him. For the last forty-eight hours he seemed quite insensible of our presence. He breathed more heavily, and at last sank to rest with one deep-drawn sigh. And oh, what a glorious rest was in store for him !"

Recollections And Letters Of General Robert E. Lee

New Material from 1st Edition

<443>

[This new and previously unpublished material was gathered by Dr. William Taylor Thom, who was a student in Washington College when General Lee was the President of the College and at whose suggestion this new edition of this volume, originally published in 1904, was issued..]

GENERAL LEE'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT TO DUTY

Writing to Mrs. Lee from South Carolina on January 18, 1862, General Lee refers (p. 61) to "my tour of duty in Savannah in early life." (See also pp. 62-66.) It is surprising that this remark has not been noted and understood by most of his biographers. Of twenty-three biographies, official lists, and brief outline sketches, all recently examined by the writer, only two give correctly the time and place of this "tour of duty." Of course, there may be correct statements in other works. It was his first assignment after leaving West Point, as is stated by Miss Emily Mason, who says definitely "Cockspur Island," and by Madame Boissonnas, who says "Savannah." Sixteen of the authorities referred to say he went first to Hampton Roads and Fort Monroe or, vaguely, coast defenses; five authorities make no definite statement; and the two ladies state the fact accurately. This seems singular. The explanation is probably that Miss Mason, an intimate friend, whose life of General Lee, published in 1871, was dedicated to Mrs. Lee in very affectionate terms, got her information directly from Mrs. Lee herself--who, of course, knew where her betrothed husband was in 1829 and 1830---and that Madame Boissonnas relied on Miss Mason's book.

The copies of the letters from the records of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, reproduced on the following pages, show Lieutenant Lee's acknowledgment (September 27, 1829) of his order of assignment (to Savannah, Ga.); <444>his appointment (February 1, 1830) by Major Babcock as "acting assistant commissary of Subsistence of the Post"; his report (November 11, 1830) of his return to Cockspur Island (evidently from an absence which doubtless [Facsimile of Lt. Lee's letter of Sept. 27th, 1829, to General Gratiot; omitted.] Miss Custis could have helped to explain); and his report of progress (December 1, 1830) of the work at Cockspur Island.

The fortifications were named Fort Pulaski in 1834, were completed in 1843, and were destroyed during the Civil War. <445>

It seems strange that these official records should have lain so long unnoticed in the Archives of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army. For permission to use them and [Facsimile of reverse of Lt. Lee's letter of Sept. 27, 1829; omitted] for aid in reproducing them the writer wishes to express his hearty thanks to Major-General L. H. Beach, Lieut.-Col. H. C. Jewett, Major C. L. Sturdevant, and Mr. J. W. De Grange, of the Office of the Chief of Engineers, U.S. Army, Washington, D.C. <446>

These letters speak for themselves. They furnish official and indisputable evidence that "Br. 2nd. Lt." R. E. Lee had received his orders assigning him to duty at Savannah, Ga. (Cockspur Island), prior to September 27, 1829, and that--absences included--he was at work at Cockspur Island up to December 1, 1830, inclusive.

When he went to Cockspur Island Lieutenant Lee was almost twenty-three years old. Lieutenant Lee was married in June, 1831, and soon thereafter he was ordered to

Hampton Roads, his next and *second* assignment.

Henceforward no biographer should slur over the first two years of General Lee's professional life.

The following letters are, as has been said, from the records of the Corps of Engineers.

The first letter of Lieutenant Lee is written from Warrenton, Va., to Genl. Gratiot at Washington, D.C.

"*Sir*: I shall remain in Fauquier and the adjoining counties untill the last of October, when I shall proceed to Savannah, agreeably to orders already received from your office. Any communications directed to Fauquier Courthouse, Va., to the care of Robert Randolph, Esq., in the intervening time will be received. I remain with respect,

"Your obt. servant,

"R. E. LEE

"GENL. GRATIOT,
"Chief Engr.

"Fauquier County
"27th Sept."

<447>

Letter of Major Babcock from Savannah.

Rec'd 8 Feby.

"SAVANNAH, Feb. 1st, 1830.

"*Sir*: I have the honor to apprise you, that (at the suggestion of the Ch. Engr.) I have appointed Br. Lieut. R. E. Lee, of the Engrs., acting assistant commissary of Subsistence, of the Post under my command.

"With great respect,

"I am Sir.

"Your Obedient Servant,

"SAML. BABCOCK,
"Maj. Engr. Comdg. Savh.

"To COL. GEORGE GIBSON
"Com. Gen. Subst.
"Washington."

Letter of Lieutenant Lee from Cockspur Island.

"COCK-SPUR ISLAND, Nov. 11th, 1830.

"Sir: I have the honour to report my arrival at this place last night (Nov. 10th) in the Packet from N. York.

"Maj. Babcock has not yet arrived, nor did the Packet from Philadelphia which got in three days ago, bring any other intelligence concerning him, except such, as makes me fear he will delay in coming on.

"The late gale has destroyed the embankment in several places around the Island, and

that across the mouth of the canal has entirely been washed away. The wharf from its exposed situation has been so much injured, as I fear to be beyond repair. The health of the Island is good, and I have set the few men who have remained here during the summer, to make such repairs in the embankments as I have thought most advisable.

"Knowing your anxiety concerning the state of the <448>Island, I hope you will excuse my taking advantage of this opportunity to relieve it, even in so slight a manner and

"Believe me your

"Obt. Servant

"R. E. LEE
"Bt. 2nd Lt.,
"U. S. Eng. Cps.

"GENL. GRATIOT,
"Chief Engineer."

Second letter from Lieut. Lee at Cockspur Island.

"COCK SPUR ISLAND, December 1st, 1830. "Sir: Maj. Babcock has not yet arrived. Since my arrival here (10th Nov.) I have been engaged in repairing the embankments, etc., and have succeeded in stopping the water off that half of the Island, where our operations are carried on. After the embankment around this named portion is entirely completed, I shall proceed to clean out the canal leading into the ditches of the Work.

"I remain, Sir

"Your Obt. Servt.

"R. E. LEE
"Bt. 2nd Lieut.
"U. S. Eng. Cps.

"GEN". GRATIOT
"Washington."

THE LEE SKETCHES

The brief history of these two sketches is given by Mrs. Sarah Minis Goodrich(1) as follows:

"These two little sketches were made by General Lee early in his career, at the time he was building Fort Pulaski, Georgia, and were obviously intended to be <449>portraits of his nearest neighbors, the terrapin and the alligator. He gave them to my grandmother, then Miss Sarah Anna Minis, of Savannah, afterward Mrs. Isaac Hays, of Philadelphia, and it is the handwriting in pencil of her daughter, Henrietta Hays, that describes them on the flap of the envelope that contains them, evidently a random one of later date: 'Drawn by Gen. Lee when building Fort Pulaski & given to S. M. Hays.' They came to me in 1919 on the death of my aunt, Henrietta Hays, who received them from her mother, therefore they have been uninterruptedly in the possession of my family for nearly one hundred years without question of their authenticity. The paper on which they are drawn is a deep cream from age and slightly irregular in shape as if hastily cut from a larger sheet. A blot of writing in the upper left-hand corner has turned a rusty brown, but the

India ink of the drawings is still black and clear. The photographs are the exact size of the originals."

SARAH MINIS GOODRICH,
July, 1924, Princeton, New Jersey.

[PERSONAL NOTE: Acknowledgment and thanks are due Mr. J. F. Minis, of Savannah, Ga., whose father was a friend of Lieutenant Lee in those early days, who was himself a student at Washington College under General Lee, and who as a kinsman of Mrs. Goodrich gave the writer the suggestion that has led through the gracious and helpful courtesy of Mrs. Goodrich to the publication of the accompanying sketches made by General Lee nearly one hundred years ago. W.T.T.]

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My brother's place on the Pamunkey River, where the mare had been sent for safe keeping.

His pet name for my mother.

His third daughter.

His son, Custis.

His appointment of Superintendent of the Military Academy carried with it, the temporary rank of Colonel of Engineers.

General William B. Taliaferro, commanding Virginia troops at Harper's Ferry.

Sydney Smith Lee, of the United States Navy, his brother.

The Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Virginia.

Bishop Meade, of Virginia.

His brother, S. S. Lee, C. S. N.

A cousin of Mrs. Fitzhugh.

Miss Martha Custis Williams—second cousin of my mother, afterward Mrs. Admiral Carter, U. S. N.

Major W. H. F. Lee—General Lee's second son.

John Augustin Washington, great-nephew of General Washington, and Mt. Vernon's last owner bearing the name.

Pet names for his two daughters, Mary and Mildred.

Mr. Edward Carter Turner, of Kinloch, my father's cousin.

"Avenel," the house of the Berbeleys, in Fauquier County.

Eldest daughter of John Augustin Washington.

His servant—had been in the dining-room at Arlington.

His horse.

A son of Mr. Edward Turner, of "Kinloch."

His cook—a servant from the White House.

Doctor and Mrs. Richard Stuart.

The home of the Fitzhughs, where my grandmother Custis was born.

His two coloured servants.

On account of the Trent affair.

His first grandchildson—son of my brother Fitzhugh. He died in 1863.

"Four Years with General Lee."

His nephew.

His daughter Mary, in King George County, within the lines of the enemy.

"Fighting Joe" was Hooker's popular sobriquet in the Federal army.

J. E. B. Stuart, commanding cavalry corps.

Two sons and three nephews.

His son, Major General Fitzhugh Lee.

His daughters.

General "Fitz" Lee, and his two brothers, Major John Mason Lee and Captain Henry Carter Lee.

Mr. Charles Carter Lee, the General's brother; Mr. Williams Carter, the General's uncle.

His second daughter.

Longstreet.

A. P. Hill.

An invalid lady, in the yard of whose country place ("Violet Bank") Lee's tents were pitched.

His pet name for my sister Mildred.

His mess-steward.

Junction of Southside and Danville Railroad.

His old A. A. G.

The "War Governor" of Virginia.

A grandson of Chief Justice Marshall, and Lee's military secretary.

Mrs. Cocker's second son, who lived with his mother at Oakland.

The italics are Dr. Jones's.

Mrs. Cocker's eldest son.

Professor E. S. Joynes.

Mrs. Chapman Leigh and Miss Belle Harrison, of Brandon, both very dear friends and cousins of my father.

Mrs. Leigh's.

The father of Professor (or "Captain") White.

Our old pastor of Christ's Church, Alexandria, the trusted friend of my grandmother and mother, who had baptised all the children at Arlington.

The Virginia Military Institute, a State institution, modelled after the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, was located in Lexington, and its grounds adjoined those of Washington College. Since its foundation in 1839, up to this time, General F. H. Smith had been its superintendent.

The "Brit" mentioned here is Mrs. Britannia Kennon, of "Tudor Place," my mother's first cousin. She had saved for us a great many of the household goods from Arlington, having gotten permission from the Federal authorities to do so, at the time it was occupied by their forces.

Arlington, to that beloved home my mother still hoped to return.

These were the names of some of my sister's pet chickens.

Commander of the canal packet.

My father was not aware, when he wrote such explicit directions about the route, that Colonel Ellis had again put his boat at my mother's service.

My brother had recently visited Lexington.

The cook.

The cook.

The maid.

William Preston Johnston, the son of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh. He had recently been elected to the chair of History and Literature at Washington College.

Daughter of General W. N. Pendleton, Chief of Artillery of the A. N. Va., and widow of Colonel Edwin Grey
Lee, C. S. A.

Daughters of Governor John Letcher—the War Governnor of Virginia.

I had written to him that they had destroyed all my hens.

Professor Joynes in *University Monthly*.

Her husband.

My mother's maid.

The grandson of Nellie Custis, my grandfather's sister, who married Lawrence Lewis, the favourite nephew of Washington.

These relics were restored to the family in 1903 by the order of President McKinley.

General John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, ex-Secretary of War of the Confederate States, had two sons at Washington College at this time. One of them was since United States Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg.

Mrs. S. S. Lee.

Rockbridge Baths.

General Lee's eldest daughter.

His daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee.

Mrs. Richard Stuart, of "Cedar Grove."

"Yearling" was a term that originated with us just after the war (when many of the students were ex-soldiers), to distinguish the real boys from the "Confeds." From that expression, a professor came to be called a "leader of the herd." It was a form of speech that we had kept up amongst ourselves.

A Virginian—son of General St. George Cooke, of the Federal Army, who commanded a North Carolina brigade in A. P. Hill's corps, A. N. Va.

"Mrs. Smith" and "Gus" were the names of two of the pet cats of my sister. "Gus" was short for Gustavus Adolphus.

Miss Mary Stewart, of "Brook Hill," afterward Mrs. Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina.

Corinne Lawton.

This was the money that came to General Lee from his new edition of his father s "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States."

Attorney General in Mr. Davis's cabinet.

"Aunt M—" was Mrs. Fitzhugh of "Ravensworth," and "Burke," her coloured servant; Cassius Lee, my father's cousin; General S. S. Cooper, Adj. General of the C. S. armies; Mr. J. M. Mason, Senator in U.S. and C. S. Congress; the Bishop, Bishop Johns of Virginia, all at that time living on the "Hill"—or Seminary Hill—about two miles from Alexandria.

Mr. Francis L. Smith was my father's lawyer. The matter referred to which caused the remark, "The prospect is not promising," was the chance of getting back the estate of Arlington from the U. S. Government. Mr. Smith and Mr. Cassius Lee were my father's advisers in this matter. "Nannie" was the widow of Captain S. S. Lee my father's brother.

A well-known girls' school at Staunton.

The manager of the hotel.

William Washington, a well-known painter of that day, who was for a short time professor of painting and drawing at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington.

Miss Charlotte Haxall, afterward Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Jr., who died in 1872.

Charles Carter, of "Goodwood," Maryland, was my father's first cousin. Mildred and Ella, two of his daughters.

Mrs. Peter was a near cousin of my mother, and with her as a little girl our associations had been very near.

Professors Wm. Allan and William Preston Johnston of Washington College. The former afterward principal of the McDonough School. near Baltimore, Maryland; the latter president of Tulane University, New Orleans.

Mildred's kitten.

Colonel Edwin Grey Lee was a near cousin. He had distinguished himself in the late war. At its commencement he had volunteered, and was made a 2d lieutenant in the Second Virginia regiment, "Stonewall Brigade." From that rank he quickly rose to be lieutenant colonel of the 33d Virginia, in the same brigade. In 1862 his health, which was very feeble, compelled him to resign, but after a short time he again entered the service, though he never became strong enough to serve actively in the field. General Lee's opinion of his abilities was very high.

Mrs. Goodrich is the daughter of Dr. I. Minis Hays, of Philadelphia, and the wife of Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U.S. Navy, Retired.

longstreet
longstreet
Longstreet -- From Manassas to Appomattox
longstreet

From Manassas To Appomattox
Memoirs Of The Civil War In America
by
James Longstreet,
Lieutenant-General Confederate Army

This work is respectfully dedicated
to the
officers and soldiers of the first corps of the army
of northern virginia
to the living and the dead
in memory of
their brave deeds, their toils, their tribulations,
and their triumphs

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Preface.

IMMEDIATELY after the surrender of the Confederate armies engaged in the war between the States, General Lee undertook to write of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia while under his command, and asked such assistance as I could give in supplying reports, despatches, and letters of his, the originals of which had been lost or destroyed. Under the impression that they could not be put to better use, such as were then in hand were packed and sent him. He gave up the work, and after a few years his death made it impossible that the world should ever receive the complete story of the Confederate campaigns in Virginia from the noble mind that projected and controlled them.

Possibly, had I not expected our commander to write the history of those campaigns, I should have written it myself a decade or so earlier than I have done. But, personally, I am not sorry that I write of the war thirty years after its close, instead of ten or twenty.

While I am so constituted, temperamentally, that I could view then almost exactly as I do now the great struggle in which I bore a part, I do not know that others, in any considerable number, might have so regarded it at the earlier periods to which I refer.

I believe that now, more fully than then, the public is ready to receive, in the spirit in which it is written, the story which I present.

It is not my purpose to philosophize upon the war, but I cannot refrain from expressing my profound thankfulness <long_new page> that Providence has spared me to such time as I can see the asperities of the great conflict softened, its passions entering upon the sleep of oblivion, only its nobler--if less immediate--results springing into virile and vast life. I believe there is to-day, *because of the war*, a broader and deeper patriotism in all Americans; that patriotism throbs the heart and pulses the being as ardently of the South Carolinian as of the Massachusetts Puritan; that the Liberty Bell, even now, as I write, on its Southern pilgrimage, will be as reverently received and as devotedly loved in Atlanta and Charleston as in Philadelphia and Boston. And to stimulate and evolve this noble sentiment all the more, what we need is the resumption of fraternity, the hearty restoration and cordial cultivation of neighborly, brotherly relations, faith in Jehovah, and respect for each other; and God grant that the happy vision that delighted the soul of the sweet singer of Israel may rest like a benediction upon the North and the South, upon the Blue and the Gray.

The spirit in which this work has been conceived, and in which I have conscientiously labored to carry it out, is one of sincerity and fairness. As an actor in, and an eye-witness of, the events of 1861-65, I have endeavored to perform my humble share of duty in passing the materials of history to those who may give them place in the records of the nation,--not of the South nor of the North, --but in the history of the United Nation. It is with such magnified view of the responsibility of saying the truth that I have written.

I yield to no one as a champion of the Southern soldier wherever he may have fought and in whatever army, and I do not think I shall be charged more now than in war-time with "underestimating the enemy." Honor to all! If I speak with some particularity of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, it must be ascribed in part to the affection of a commander, and in <long_new page> part to my desire to relieve its brave officers and men in the ranks from unjust aspersions. After General Lee's death, various writers on the Southern cause combined with one accord to hold the First Corps and its commander

responsible for all adversity that befell the army. I being under the political ban, and the political passions and prejudices of the times running high, they had no difficulty in spreading their misrepresentations South and North until some people, through their mere reiteration, came to accept them as facts. I simply present the facts concerning the First Corps in all fulness and fairness, attested by indisputable authorities, that the public may judge between it and its detractors.

In the accounts of battles and movements, the official War Records supply in a measure the place of lost papers, and afford a great mass of most trustworthy statistics. I am under obligations to General E. P. Alexander, General G. M. Sorrel, Colonel Osman Latrobe, Colonel J. W. Fairfax, Colonel T. J. Goree, Colonel Erasmus Taylor, and Colonel J. C. Haskell for many interesting suggestions.

To Major George B. Davis and Mr. L. J. Perry, of the War Records office, I am under obligations for invaluable assistance; as also to Mr. Alfred Matthews, of Philadelphia, for material aid in revising the manuscript of these memoirs.

THE AUTHOR.

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From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter I.—The Ante-Bellum Life Of The Author.

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<long_13>

I WAS born in Edgefield District South Carolina, on the 8th of January, 1821. On the paternal side the family was from New Jersey; on my mother's side, from Maryland. My earliest recollections were of the Georgia side of Savannah River, and my school-days were passed there, but the appointment to West Point Academy was from North Alabama. My father, James Longstreet, the oldest child of William Longstreet and Hannah Fitzrandolph, was born in New Jersey. Other children of the marriage, Rebecca, Gilbert, Augustus B., and William, were born in Augusta, Georgia, the adopted home. Richard Longstreet, who came to America in 1657 and settled in Monmouth County, New Jersey, was the progenitor of the name on this continent. It is difficult to determine whether the name sprang from France, Germany, or Holland. On the maternal side, Grandfather Marshall Dent was first cousin of John Marshall, of the Supreme Court. That branch claimed to trace their line <long_14>back to the Conqueror. Marshall Dent married a Magruder, when they migrated to Augusta, Georgia. Father married the eldest daughter, Mary Ann.

To obviate costly outlay for this item, he built boilers of heavy oak timbers and strong iron bands, but the Augusta marines were incredulous, as the following from the city papers of the times will indicate:

"Can you row the boat ashore,
Billy boy, Billy boy;
Can you row the boat ashore,
Gentle Billy?
Can you row the boat ashore,
Without paddle or an oar,
Billy boy?"

Full of confidence, the inventor thought to appeal to the governor, and his letter is still preserved in the State archives:

"AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, September 26, 1790.

"SIR,—I make no doubt but you have often heard of my steamboat, and as often heard it laughed at, but in this I have only shared the fate of other projectors, for it has uniformly been the custom of every country to ridicule the greatest inventions until they had proved their utility. In not reducing my scheme to active use it has been unfortunate for me, I confess, and perhaps the people in general; but, until very lately, I did not think that artists or material could be had in the place sufficient. However, necessity, that grand mother of invention, has furnished me with an idea of perfecting my plan almost entirely of wooden material, and by such workmen as may be had here; and, from a thorough

confidence of its success, I have presumed to ask your assistance <long_15>and patronage. Should it succeed agreeably to my expectations, I hope I shall discover that sense of duty which such favors always merit; and should it not succeed, your reward must lay with other unlucky adventures.

"For me to mention all of the advantages arising from such a machine would be tedious, and, indeed, quite unnecessary. Therefore I have taken the liberty to state, in this plain and humble manner, my wish and opinion, which I hope you will excuse, and I shall remain, either with or without your approbation, "Your Excellency's most obedient and humble servant,

"WM. LONGSTREET.

"GOVERNOR TELFAIR."

He failed to secure the necessary aid, and the discovery passed into the possession of certain New Yorkers, who found the means for practicable application, and now steam is the goddess that enlightens the world.

My father was a planter. From my early boyhood he conceived that he would send me to West Point for army service, but in my twelfth year he passed away during the cholera epidemic at Augusta. Mother moved to North Alabama with her children, whence in my sixteenth year I made application through a kinsman, Congressman Reuben Chapman, for appointment as cadet, received the coveted favor, and entered with the class that was admitted in 1838.

As cadet I had more interest in the school of the soldier, horsemanship, sword exercise, and the outside game of foot-ball than in the academic courses. The studies were successfully passed, however, until the third year, when I failed in mechanics. When I came to the problem of the pulleys, it seemed to my mind that a soldier could not find use for such appliances, and the pulleys were passed by. At the January examination I was called to the blackboard and given the problem of the pulleys. The drawing from memory of recitation of classmates was good enough, but the demonstration failed to satisfy the sages of the Academic Board. It was the custom, however, to give those <long_16>who failed in the general examination a second hearing, after all of the classes were examined. This gave me two days to "cram" mechanics, and particularly on pulleys. But the professors were too wily to introduce them a second time, and took me through a searching examination of the six months' course. The bridge was safely passed, however, and mechanics left behind. At the June examination, the end of the academic year, I was called to demonstrate the pulleys. The professor thought that I had forgotten my old friend the enemy, but I smiled, for he had become dear to me,—in waking hours and in dreams,—and the cadet passed easily enough for a maximum mark.

The cadets had their small joys and sometimes little troubles. On one occasion a cadet officer reported me for disobedience of orders. As the report was not true, I denied it and sent up witnesses of the occasion. Dick Garnett, who fell in the assault of the 3d, at Gettysburg, was one witness, and Cadet Baker, so handsome and lovable that he was called Betsy, was the other. Upon overlooking the records I found the report still there, and went to ask the superintendent if other evidence was necessary to show that the report was not true. He was satisfied of that, but said that the officer complained that I smiled contemptuously. As that could only be rated as a single demerit, I asked the benefit of the smile; but the report stands to this day, Disobedience of orders and *three* demerits. The cadet had his revenge, however, for the superintendent was afterwards known as *The*

Punster:

There were sixty-two graduating members of the class of 1842, my number being sixty. I was assigned to the Fourth United States Infantry as brevet lieutenant, and found my company with seven others of the regiment at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in the autumn of 1842.

Of the class graduating the year that we entered were G. T. Beauregard and Irvin McDowell, who, twenty-three years later, commanded the hostile armies on the plains <long_17>of Manassas, in Virginia. Braxton Bragg and W. J. Hardee were of the same class.

The head man of the next class (1839) was I. I. Stevens, who resigned from the army, and, after being the first governor of Washington Territory, returned to military service, and fell on the sanguinary field of Chantilly on the 1st of September, 1862. Next on the class roll was Henry Wager Halleck, who was commander-in-chief of the United States armies from July, 1862, to March, 1864. W.T. Sherman and George H. Thomas, of the Union army, and R. S. Ewell, of the Confederate army, were of the same class (1840). The class of 1841 had the largest list of officers killed in action. Irons, Ayers, Ernst, Gantt, Morris, and Burbank were killed in the Mexican War. N. Lyon, R. S. Garnett, J. F. Reynolds, R. B. Garnett, A. W. Whipple, J. M. Jones, I. B. Richardson, and J. P. Garesché fell on the fields of the late war.

Of the class of 1842 few were killed in action, but several rose to distinguished positions,—Newton, Eustis, Rosecrans, Lovell, Van Dorn, Pope, Sykes, G. W. Smith, M. L. Smith, R. H. Anderson, L. McLaws, D. H. Hill, A. P. Stewart, B. S. Alexander, N. J. T. Dana, and others.

But the class next after us (1843) was destined to furnish the man who was to eclipse all,—to rise to the rank of general, an office made by Congress to honor his services; who became President of the United States, and for a second term; who received the salutations of all the powers of the world in his travels as a private citizen around the earth; of noble, generous heart, a lovable character, a valued friend,—Ulysses S. Grant.

I was fortunate in the assignment to Jefferson Barracks, for in those days the young officers were usually sent off among the Indians or as near the borders as they could find habitable places. In the autumn of 1842 I reported to the company commander, Captain Bradford R. Alden, <long_18>a most exemplary man, who proved a lasting, valued friend. Eight companies of the Third Infantry were added to the garrison during the spring of 1843, which made garrison life and society gay for the young people and interesting for the older classes. All of the troops were recently from service in the swamps and Everglades of Florida, well prepared to enjoy the change from the war-dance of the braves to the hospitable city of St. Louis; and the graceful step of its charming belles became a joy forever.

Of the class of 1843, Ulysses S. Grant joined the Fourth Regiment as brevet lieutenant, and I had the pleasure to ride with him on our first visit to Mr. Frederick Dent's home, a few miles from the garrison, where we first met Miss Julia Dent, the charming woman who, five years later, became Mrs. Grant. Miss Dent was a frequent visitor at the garrison balls and hops, where Lieutenant Hoskins, who was something of a tease, would inquire of her if she could tell where he might find "the small lieutenant with the large epaulettes."

In May, 1844, all of our pleasures were broken by orders sending both regiments to

Louisiana, near Fort Jessup, where with other troops we were organized as "The Army of Observation," under General Zachary Taylor.

In March, 1845, I was assigned as lieutenant in the Eighth Regiment, and joined my company at St. Augustine, Florida. The soldier's life of those days was not encouraging to those of active aspirations; but influences were then at work that were beginning to brighten the horizon a little. The new republic of Texas was seeking annexation with the United States, which would endanger the peace between them and the republic of Mexico. Annexation of Texas became the supreme question of the canvass of 1844. James K. Polk was the nominee of the Democratic and annexation party, and Henry Clay was on the other side as the Whig nominee. Polk was elected, <long_19>and his party prepared to signalize its triumph by annexation as soon as it came into power; but in the last days of President Tyler's administration, through skilful management of Secretary of State John C. Calhoun, joint resolutions of annexation were passed by both houses of Congress, subject to concurrence of the Congress of the new republic. Strange as it may seem, the resolutions that added to the territory of the United States more than the New England and Middle States combined, and which eventually led to extension to the Pacific coast and hundreds of miles north, only passed the lower house by twenty-two majority, and the Senate by a majority of two.

When the resolution was passed, the minister from Mexico to our government, General Almonte, demanded his passports, and diplomatic relations between the governments ceased. On July 4, 1845, the Texas Congress accepted and ratified the resolutions of annexation by unanimous vote, and Texas was a State of the Union.

General Taylor's little army of observation was ordered to Corpus Christi, Texas, and became "The Army of Occupation." All other available forces were ordered to join him, including General Worth and his forces in Florida. At the time there were in the line of the army eight regiments of infantry, four of artillery, and two of dragoons, stationed along the northern frontier from Fort Kent in the northeast of Maine to the west end of Lake Superior, and along the western frontier from Fort Snelling to Fort Leavenworth, and southward to Fort Jessup in Louisiana.

By the middle of October, 1846, three thousand eight hundred and sixty men of all arms had concentrated at Corpus Christi. Seven companies of the Second Dragoons had marched from Fort Jessup to San Patricio on the Nueces River, about twenty-eight miles up from Corpus Christi; the other three companies were halted at San Antonio, Texas. Near our camps were extensive plains <long_20>well adapted to military manoeuvres, which were put to prompt use for drill and professional instruction. There were many advantages too in the way of amusement, game on the wild prairies and fish in the broad gulf were plentiful, and there was the salt water for bathing. On one occasion during the winter a violent north wind forced the waters over the beach, in some places far enough to disturb our camps, and when they receded, quantities of fish were found in the little puddles left behind, and turtles more than enough to supply the army.

The officers built a theatre, depending upon their own efforts to reimburse them. As there was no one outside the army except two rancheros within a hundred miles, our dramatic company was organized from among the officers, who took both male and female characters. In farce and comedy we did well enough, and soon collected funds to pay for the building and incidental expenses. The house was filled every night. General Worth always encouraging us, General Taylor sometimes, and General Twiggs

occasionally, we found ourselves in funds sufficient to send over to New Orleans for costumes, and concluded to try tragedy. The "Moor of Venice" was chosen, Lieutenant Theoderic Porter(*) to be the Moor, and Lieutenant U.S. Grant to be the daughter of Brabantio. But after rehearsal Porter protested that male heroines could not support the character nor give sentiment to the hero, so we sent over to New Orleans and secured Mrs. Hart, who was popular with the garrisons in Florida. Then all went well, and life through the winter was gay.

Formal diplomatic relations between the republics were suspended, but quasi negotiations were continued, seeking a course by which war might be averted. The authorities of Mexico were not averse to the settlement according to the claims of Texas, —the Rio Grande frontier, <long_21>—but the political affairs of the country were such that they could not agree. Excitement in the United States increased as the suspense continued. But the authorities, having confidence in their negotiations or wishing to precipitate matters, ordered General Taylor to march across to the Rio Grande at Matamoras in the spring of 1846. The execution of the order precipitated war.

The move from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande made necessary a change of base from St. Joseph's Island to Point Isabel and Brazos Santiago, near the mouth of the Rio Grande. Supplies were sent by sea, under charge of Major Munroe, with a siege train and field battery, and the army took up its march on the 9th of March, 1846, the advance under General Twiggs, consisting 'of the dragoons and Ringgold's field battery. The army was well instructed, under good discipline, and fully prepared for field work, the weather was fine, and the firm turf of the undulating prairies made the march easy. Wild horses and cattle, and deer and antelope, were often seen in the distance as they scampered away to hide themselves. On the 19th the head of the column approached Arroyo Colorado, one hundred and thirty miles from Corpus Christi. The arroyo was about three feet deep, of salt water. Mexican lancers were on the southern side, and gave notice that they had orders to resist our further advance. On the 21st the army was up and deployed along the high banks of the arroyo, the field batteries in position. General Worth was ordered to make the crossing, and rode at the head of the column. We looked with confidence for a fight and the flow of blood down the salt water before we could cross, but the Mexicans had no artillery, and could not expose their cavalry to the fire of our batteries; they made their formal protest, however, that the crossing would be regarded as a declaration of war.

On the 24th of March the column reached the road leading from Point Isabel to Matamoras. General Taylor ordered <long_22>Worth to march the greater part of the army towards Matamoras and halt at the first good camping-ground, and rode towards Point Isabel to meet the detachment ordered there under Major Munroe. He found them already landed, and the Mexicans fired their little hamlets and fled. After ordering construction of protection for his supplies and defensive works for the troops, General Taylor returned to the army, and rode with General Worth towards the Rio Grande. As the army approached the river the Mexicans on the Matamoras side made some display of forces, manned their works on that side, and prepared to resist us, under the impression that we would cross at once. General Worth was sent over, and was met by General La Vega, on the part of General Mejia, commanding on that side. He was told that Mexico had not declared war, that the American consul was in the exercise of his functions; but Worth's request to see the consul was refused, which was denounced as a belligerent act, and he cautioned General La Vega against passing Mexicans to the north side of the river.

Camps were pitched in range of the Mexican works about Matamoras, grounds staked for constructing defensive works, and large details put out to work on them. The Mexican forces at this time were three thousand, and they were soon joined by two thousand more.

Political affairs with them were confused. President Herrera was thought to favor the claims of Texas to the Rio Grande border. General Paredes made pronunciamiento, overthrew the president's government, and had authority as war president. He sent General Ampudia to the frontier to take charge, but the appointment was not satisfactory on the border, and General Arista was assigned. There was discord over there between the authorities and the generals, while General Taylor was too far from his government to be bothered. His army was all that he could wish, except in numbers.

<long_23>

Marauding parties came over occasionally and made trouble about the ranches on the American side. One party killed Colonel Cross, our chief quartermaster, on the 10th of April. Scouting parties were sent out to look for the intruders. Lieutenant Theoderic Porter, in command of one party, and one of his men were caught in ambush and killed. Captain Walker, of the Texan Rangers, while out on a scout lost his camp guard of five men, surprised and killed, and later Captains Thornton and Hardee, of the dragoons, were met at Rancho Carricitos by a large cavalry force and some infantry under General Torrijon, who took captive or killed the entire party. Captains Thornton and Hardee and Lieutenant Kane were made prisoners. The other commissioned officer of the command, George T. Mason, of my class, refused to surrender; being a superior swordsman, he tried to cut his way out, and was killed. This affair was taken as open war, and General Taylor called on the governors of Texas and Louisiana—under his authority from Washington—for volunteers of infantry and cavalry.

The capture of Thornton and Hardee created great excitement with the people at home. Fanning's massacre and the Alamo at San Antonio were remembered, and it was reported of General Ampudia, who on a recent occasion had captured a general in Yucatan, that he boiled his head in oil. So it was thought he would give no quarter; but in a day or two we heard from the officers that they received great kindness from their captors, and that General Ampudia had ordered that his government should allow them their full pay and every liberty consistent with their safe-keeping. They declined, however, to accept pay, and were held as the guests of Generals Arista and Ampudia.

On the 1st of May our tents were struck, wagons parked, assembly sounded, and the troops were under arms at three A.M., marched at four o'clock, and bivouacked within ten <long_24>miles of Point Isabel. No one was advised of the cause of movements, but all knew that our general understood his business. He had been informed that General Arista, with his movable forces, had marched to Rancho de Lon-goreno, some leagues below us on the river, intending to cross and cut us off from the base at Point Isabel. Major Jacob Brown was left in charge of the works opposite Matamoras with the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, Captain Sands's company of artillery, and Bragg's field battery.

By some accident provision was not made complete for Arista to make prompt crossing of the river, and that gave General Taylor time to reach his base, reinforce it, and draw sufficient supplies. Advised of our move by General Mejia, at Matamoras, General Arista was thrown into doubt as to whether our move was intended for Mata-moras, and sent back part of his forces for its defence. Finding, however, that Taylor had gone to Point Isabel, Arista crossed the river and put his line athwart our return march at Palo Alto. To

hasten Taylor's return, he ordered General Mejia, at Matamoras, to open his batteries on our troops at Fort Brown, and make serious demonstrations against them.

General Taylor started on his return on the 7th of May. We had heard the artillery-fire upon comrades left at the forts, and were anxiously looking for the order. It was received with cheers, and a good march was made, but the night was awful. The mosquitoes seemed as thick as the blades of grass on the prairie, and swarmed and buzzed in clouds, and packs of half-famished wolves prowled and howled about us. There was no need for the sound of reveille. The wolves and mosquitoes, and perhaps some solemn thoughts, kept us on the *qui vive*. Arista's army was known to be in line of battle only a few miles off. About one o'clock we halted to fill the canteens, and marched to meet the enemy. The columns were deployed, <long_25>—Fifth Infantry on the right, Ringgold's battery, Third Infantry, a two-gun battery of eighteen-pounders, the Fourth Infantry, battalion of artillery acting as infantry,

Duncan's field battery and Eighth Infantry, Captains Charles May and Croghan Ker, with squadrons of dragoons, looking to the trains; the Third and Fourth Infantry, the Third Brigade, under Colonel John Garland. That brigade, with the Fifth Regiment, the heavy guns, and Ringgold's, were of the right wing, General Twiggs commanding. Other forces of the left were under Colonel William G. Belknap, Eighth Infantry, and Duncan's Battery.

As the lines deployed, Lieutenant J. E. Blake, of the Topographical Engineers, dashed forward alone, made a close inspection of the enemy's line with such lightning speed that his work was accomplished before the enemy could comprehend his purpose, rode back and reported to the commanding general. He was one of the heroes of the day, but his laurels were enjoyed only a few hours. As he took his pistol off at night he threw it upon the ground, and an accidental explosion of one of the charges gave him a mortal wound.

The line advanced until the puff of smoke from one of the enemy's guns rose, and the ball bounded over the prairie, passed over our heads, and wounded a teamster far in our rear. Our infantry was ordered down and our artillery into practice. It was an artillery combat more than a battle, and held until night. The Mexican cavalry made a charge against the Fifth Regiment, and finding our front of square too strong repeated on another front, but were repulsed. Presently the grass took fire, and the winds so far favored us as to sweep the smoke in the enemy's faces, and when it passed we found the Mexican line had been drawn back a little. May's squadron was sent there, and General Taylor advanced the right of his line, but night closed in before decisive <long_26>work could be done. The armies were near enough during the night to hear the moans of the wounded. Major Ringgold was mortally wounded, also Captain John Page, of the Fourth Infantry, but less than fifty of our troops were lost.

Early the next morning a few of the Mexican troops could be seen, but when the sun rose to light the field it was found vacant. A careful reconnoissance revealed that the enemy was in retreat, and the dragoons reported them in march towards our comrades at Fort Brown.

General Taylor remained on the field a few hours to have the killed and wounded of both sides cared for, but sent the dragoons, light infantry, and Ringgold's battery in pursuit, the latter under Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely. The light infantry was of two battalions, under Captain George A. McCall and Captain C. F. Smith. The route of march was through a dense chaparral on both sides of the road, the infantry finding their way as best they could through the chaparral, the dragoons and Texas Rangers moving on the

road, and far off from our flanks, wherever they could find ways of passage. The company to which I was attached was of Smith's battalion, on the right of the road. After a considerable march the battalion came to the body of a young Mexican woman. She had ceased to breathe, but blood heat was still in her body, and her expression life-like. A profusion of black hair covered her shoulders and person, the only covering to her waist. This sad spectacle, so unlike our thoughts of battle, unnerved us a little, but the crush through the thorny bushes soon brought us back to thoughts of heavy work, and then came reports of several guns and of grape-shot flying over our heads and tearing through the wood. A reconnoissance found General Arista's army on the south bank of a stream, Resaca de la Palma, which at this season had dried into lagoons with intervening passes. The road crossed at a wide gap between two extensive <long_27>lagoons. The most of the enemy's artillery was near the road, the infantry behind the lagoons, with improvised breast defences of pack-saddles and other articles that could be found to stop musket-balls. The lagoons were about a hundred feet wide and from two to three feet deep.

The position was so strong that General Arista thought it would not be attacked. He left General La Vega in command at the road, and made his head-quarters some distance in rear, holding his cavalry in hand to look for any flank move, unpacked his mule-train, and turned the animals out to graze. General Taylor received reports of our adventures and reconnoissance when he rode up, deployed his army for battle, and ordered it forward. In the dense chaparral it was not possible to hold the regiments to their lines, and in places the companies were obliged to break files to get along. All of the enemy's artillery opened, and soon his musketry. The lines closed in to short work, even to bayonet work at places. Lieu-tenant-Colonel McIntosh had a bayonet thrust through his mouth and neck. (*) Lieutenant R. M. Cochran, Fourth Regiment, and T. L. Chadbourne, of the Eighth, were killed; C. R. Gates and C. D. Jordan, of the Eighth, were severely wounded. The latter, a classmate, was overpowered and about to be slaughtered when rescued by Lieutenant George Lincoln, of the Eighth, who slew with his sword one of the assailants.

Finding the enemy's strong fight, in defence, by his artillery, General Taylor ordered Captain May to charge and capture the principal battery. The squadron was of his own and S. P. Graham's troops. The road was only wide enough to form the dragoons in column of fours. When in the act of springing to their work, Ridgely called, "Hold on, Charlie, till I draw their fire," and loosed his six guns upon the battery at the road.

<long_28>

The return was prompt, but General Taylor, not noting the cause of delay, repeated the order. Ridgely's work, however, was done, and May's spurs pressing his homes had them on the leap before the order reached his ears. In a minute he was at the guns sabring the gunners, and wheeling right and left got possession of the batteries. General La Vega was found at one of his batteries trying to defend it with his sword against one of May's dragoons, but was forced to get in between the wheels of his guns to avoid the horse's heels as they pressed him, when his rank was recognized and he was called to surrender.

As May made his dash the infantry on our right was wading the lagoon. A pause was made to dip our cups for water, which gave a moment for other thoughts; mine went back to her whom I had left behind. I drew her daguerreotype from my breast-pocket, had a glint of her charming smile, and with quickened spirit mounted the bank in time to send some of the mixed infantry troops to relieve May of his charge of the captive knight.

As a dragoon and soldier May was splendid. He stood six feet four without boots, wore

his beard full and flowing, his dark-brown locks falling well over his shoulders. His appearance as he sat on his black horse Tom, his heavy sabre over General La Vega, was grand and picturesque. He was amiable of disposition, lovable and genial in character.

Not so grand of stature, or beard, or flowing locks, Randolph Ridgely was as accomplished a soldier and as charming a companion,—a fitting counterpart in spirit and dash.

I have gone thus far into the Mexican War for the opportunity to mention two valued friends, whose memory returning refreshes itself. Many gallant, courageous deeds have since been witnessed, but none more interesting than Ridgely's call for the privilege to draw upon himself the fire that was waiting for May.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter II.—From New Mexico To Manassas.

The War-Cloud—The Journey Northward—Appointed Brigadier-Gen-eral-Report to General Beauregard—Assigned to Command at the Scene of the First Conflict—Personnel of the Confronting Forces—Description of the Field of Manassas, or Bull Run—Beauregard and McDowell of the same West Point Class—Battle of Blackburn's Ford—Early's Mistake—Under Fire of Friend and Foe.

<long_29>

I was stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, as paymaster in the United States army when the war-cloud appeared in the East. Officers of the Northern and Southern States were anxious to see the portending storm pass by or disperse, and on many occasions we, too, were assured, by those who claimed to look into the future, that the statesman would yet show himself equal to the occasion, and restore confidence among the people. Our mails were due semi-monthly, but during winter seasons we were glad to have them once a month, and occasionally had to be content with once in six weeks. When mail-day came the officers usually assembled on the fiat roof of the quartermaster's office to look for the dust that in that arid climate announced the coming mail-wagon when five or ten miles away; but affairs continued to grow gloomy, and eventually came information of the attack upon and capture of Fort Sumter by the Confederate forces, which put down speculation and drew the long-dreaded line.

A number of officers of the post called to persuade me to remain in the Union service. Captain Gibbs, of the Mounted Rifles, was the principal talker, and after a long but pleasant discussion, I asked him what course he would pursue if his State should pass ordinances of secession

and call him to its defence. He confessed that he would obey the call.

<long_30>

It was a sad day when we took leave of lifetime comrades and gave up a service of twenty years. Neither Union officers nor their families made efforts to conceal feelings of deepest regret. When we drove out from the post, a number of officers rode with us, which only made the last farewell more trying.

Passing Fort Craig, on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, we pitched our camp for the night. A sergeant of the Mounted Rifle Regiment came over to see me, and stated that he was from Virginia, and thought that he could go with us to his native State, and at the same time asked that several other soldiers who wished to return to their States might go as my escort. I explained that private soldiers could not go without authority from the War Department; that it was different with commissioned officers, in that the latter could resign their commissions, and when the resignations were accepted they were independent of military authority, and could, as other citizens, take such action as they might choose, but that he and his comrades had enlisted for a specified term of years, and by their oaths were bound to the term of enlistment; that I could not entertain the proposition.

We stayed overnight at Fort Fillmore, in pleasant meeting with old comrades, saddened by the reflection that it was the last, and a prelude to occurrences that must compel the ignoring of former friendships with the acceptance of opposing service.

Speaking of the impending struggle, I was asked as to the length of the war, and said, "At least three years, and if it holds for five you may begin to look for a dictator," at which Lieutenant Ryan, of the Seventh Infantry, said, "If we are to have a dictator, I hope that you may be the man."

My mind was relieved by information that my resignation was accepted, to take effect on the 1st of June. In our travel next day we crossed the line into the State of <long_31>Texas. From the gloomy forebodings of old friends, it seemed at El Paso that we had entered into a different world. All was enthusiasm and excitement, and songs of "Dixie and the South" were borne upon the balmy air. But the Texas girl did not ascend to a state of incandescent charm until the sound of the first notes of "The Bonny Blue Flag" reached her ear. Then her feet rose in gleeful springs, her limbs danced, her hands patted, her eyes glowed, her lips moved, though she did not care to speak, or listen to any one. She seemed lifted in the air, thrilled and afloat, holding to the "Single Star" in joyful hope of Southern rights.

Friends at El Paso persuaded me to leave my family with them to go by a train that was to start in a few days for San Antonio, and to take the faster route by stage for myself.

Our travelling companions were two young men, returning to their Northern homes. The ride of our party of four (including the driver) through the Indian country was attended with some risk, and required vigilance, to be assured against surprise. The constant watchfulness and possible danger over a five-hundred-miles travel drew us near together, and in closer communion as to our identity and future movements, and suggested to the young men that it would be best to put themselves under my care, trusting that I would see them safely through the Confederate lines. They were of the laboring class, and had gone South to find employment. They were advised to be careful, and talk but little when among strangers. Nothing occurred to cause apprehension until we reached Richmond, Texas, where, at supper, I asked for a glass of milk, and was told there was none.

"What!" said one of my companions, "haven't the keows come up?"

Signal was telegraphed under the table to be on guard. The *nom de plume* of the Texas bovine escaped attention, and it passed as an enjoyable *lapsus linguoe*.

<long_32>

At Galveston we took a small inland sailing-craft, but were a little apprehensive, as United States ships were reported cruising outside in search of all vessels not flying the Stars and Stripes. Our vessel, however, was only boarded once, and that by a large Spanish mackerel that made a misleap, fell amidships, and served our little company with a pleasant dinner. Aboard this little vessel I first met T. J. Goree, an intelligent, clever Texan, who afterwards joined me at Richmond, and served in faithful duty as my aide-de-camp from Bull Run to Appomattox Court-House.

At New Orleans, my companions found safe-conduct to their Northern lines, and I journeyed on to Richmond. Relatives along the route, who heard of my approach, met me at the stations, though none suggested a stop overnight, or for the next train, but after affectionate salutations waved me on to join "Jeff Davis, for Dixie and for Southern rights."

At every station old men, women, and children assembled, clapping hands and waving handkerchiefs to cheer the passengers on to Richmond. On crossing the Virginia line, the feeling seemed to culminate. The windows and doors of every farm-house and hamlet

were occupied, and from them came hearty salutations that cheered us on to Richmond. The spirit electrified the air, and the laborers of the fields, white and black, stopped their ploughs to lift their hats and wave us on to speedy travel. At stations where meals were served, the proprietors, in response to offers to settle, said, "Meals for those going on to join Jeff Davis are paid."

On the 29th of June, 1861, I reported at the War Department at Richmond, and asked to be assigned for service in the pay department, in which I had recently served (for when I left the line service, under appointment as paymaster, I had given up all aspirations of military honor, and thought to settle down into more peaceful <long_33>pursuits). On the 1st of July I received notice of my appointment as brigadier-general, with orders to report at Manassas Junction, to General Beauregard.

I reported on the 2d, and was assigned to command of the First, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Regiments of Virginia Volunteers, to be organized as a brigade. The regiments were commanded respectively by Colonels

Moore, Samuel Garland, and M. D. Corse, all active, energetic, and intelligent officers, anxious to acquire skill in the new service in which they found themselves. Lieutenant Frank Armstead was assigned to duty at brigade head-quarters, as acting assistant adjutant-general, and Lieutenant Peyton T. Manning as aide-de-camp. Dr. J. S. D. Cullen, surgeon of the First Virginia Regiment, became medical director. The regiments were stationed at Manassas Junction.

On the 6th they were marched out, formed as a brigade, and put through the first lessons in evolutions of the line, and from that day to McDowell's advance had other opportunities to learn more of the drill and of each other. General Beauregard had previously settled upon the stream of Bull Run as his defensive-aggressive line, and assigned his forces accordingly. A brigade under Brigadier-General R. S. Ewell was posted at Union Mills Ford, on the right of the Confederate lines; one under Brigadier-General D. R. Jones at McLean's Ford; Brigadier-General Bonham's brigade was placed on outpost duty at Fairfax Court-House with orders to retire, at the enemy's approach, to Mitchell's Ford, and Brigadier-General P. St. George Cocke was to hold the fords between Mitchell's and the Stone Bridge, the latter point to be defended by a regiment and a battalion of infantry, and a battery, under Brigadier-General N. G. Evans.

Between Mitchell's and McLean's Fords, and about half a mile from each, is Blackburn's Ford. The guard at that point was assigned to my command,—the Fourth Brigade <long_34>,—which was ordered to be ready, at a moment's warning, to march to position, and prepare for battle. In the mean time I was to study the ground and familiarize myself with the surroundings and avenues of approach and retreat. Bull Run rises from the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and flows southeast through deeps and shallows into the Potomac, about forty miles south of Alexandria. The swell of the tide-waters up to Union Mills gives it the depth and volume of water of a river. Blackburn's Ford is in a great bend of the river, the north bank holding the concave of the turn. On the convex side was a strip of alluvial soil about seventy feet wide, covered by large forest-trees and some tangled undergrowth. Outside and extending some three hundred yards from the edge of the woodland was an arable field upon a pretty ascending plain, beyond which was a second growth of pine and oak. On the north bank stood a bluff of fifteen feet, overhanging the south side and ascending towards the heights of Centreville. Below Blackburn's Ford the bluff extended, in more or less ragged features, far down to the

southeast. Just above my position the bluff graded down in even decline to Mitchell's Ford, the position assigned for Bonham's brigade, the latter being on the concave of the river, six hundred yards retired from my left and at the crossing of the direct road between Centreville and Manassas Junction. At the Junction well-constructed battery epaulements were prepared for defence.

The bluff of the north bank was first designated as my most suitable ground, and I was ordered to open the front, lay out and construct trenches, to be concealed by green pine-boughs. The regiments were from Richmond, Lynchburg, and Alexandria,—more familiar with the amenities of city life than with the axe, pick, spade, or shovel. They managed, however, to bring down as many as half a dozen spreading second-growth pines in the course of <long_35>two days' work, when General Beauregard concluded that the advanced position of the brigade would mar his general plan, and ordered the line to be taken along the river bank of the south side, under the woodland, and close under the bluff, a position only approvable as temporary under accepted rules of warfare, but this proved a favorable exception between the raw forces of the contending armies. In addition to the two brigades on my right, the Sixth Brigade, under Colonel Jubal A. Early, was posted (with artillery) near the fords. As proximate but separate commands, stood General Theo. Holmes, thirty miles off to the right, with a brigade, a battery, and cavalry, at and about Acquia Creek, and General J. E. Johnston, sixty miles away, over the Blue Ridge Mountains. Holmes's should have been an outpost, but he had ranked Beauregard in the old service, and as a point of etiquette was given a separate command. Johnston's command should have been an outlying contingent, but he had been assigned to the Shenandoah Valley when, because threatened with immediate invasion, it was of first importance. Beauregard was subsequently assigned to Manassas Junction, which, under later developments, became the strategic point. As Johnston was his senior, another delicate question arose, that was not solved until the tramp of McDowell's army was heard on the Warrenton Turnpike.

The armies preparing for the first grand conflict were commanded by West Point graduates, both of the class of 1838,—Beauregard and McDowell. The latter had been assigned to command of the Federal forces at Washington, south of the Potomac, in the latter part of May, 1861. The former had assumed command of the Confederates at Manassas Junction about the 1st of June.

McDowell marched on the afternoon of the 16th of July at the head of an army of five divisions of infantry, supplemented by nine field batteries of the regular service, <long_36>one of volunteers, besides two guns operating separately, and seven companies of regular cavalry. In his infantry columns were eight companies of regulars and a battalion of marines, an aggregate of thirty-five thousand men.

Beauregard stood behind Bull Run with seven brigades, including Holmes, who joined on the 19th, twenty-nine guns, fourteen hundred cavalry,—an aggregate of twenty-one thousand nine hundred men, all volunteers. To this should be added, for the battle of the 21st, reinforcements aggregating eight thousand five hundred men, under General Johnston, making the sum of the aggregate, thirty thousand four hundred.

The line behind Bull Run was the best between Washington and the Rapidan for strategy, tactics, and army supplies.

General Beauregard gave minute instructions to his brigade commanders of his position and general plan, which in itself was admirable. Bonham was to retire from Fairfax

Court-House, as the enemy advanced, and take his place behind Mitchell's Ford on the Centreville and Manassas Junction road. It was proposed that he should engage his rear-guard so as to try to bring on the battle against him, as he approached his crossing of Bull Run, when the brigades along the Run on his right should cross, wheel to the left and attack on the enemy's left and rear.

We had occasional glimpses behind the lines about Washington, through parties who managed to evade the eyes of guards and sentinels, which told of McDowell's work since May, and heard on the loth of July that he was ready to march. Most of us knew him and of his attainments, as well as of those of Beauregard, to the credit of the latter, so that on that point we were quite satisfied. But the backing of an organized government, and an army led by the foremost American war-chief, that <long_37>consummate strategist, tactician, and organizer, General Scott, together with the splendid equipment of the field batteries, and the presence of the force of regulars of infantry, gave serious apprehension.

On the 16th of July notice came that the advance of McDowell's army was under definite orders for the next day. My brigade was at once ordered into position at Blackburn's Ford, and all others were ordered on the alert. Cocke's detachments were recalled from the fords between Mitchell's and Stone Bridge, and Evans was left to hold the bridge. Bonham withdrew from Fairfax Court-House as McDowell advanced. He retired behind the Run at Mitchell's Ford, his vedettes following after exchanging shots with the enemy's advance on the 18th. Early that morning a section of the Washington Artillery was posted on a rear line behind Blackburn's Ford, and trailed across towards the left, so as to flank fire against the direct advance upon Bonham at Mitchell's Ford.

At eight o'clock A.M. on the 18th, McDowell's army concentrated about Centreville, his immediate objective being Manassas Junction. From Centreville the Warrenton Turnpike bears off a little south of west, crossing Bull Run at Stone Bridge (four miles). The Manassas Junction road due south crosses at Mitchell's Ford (three miles). Other farm roads turned to the fords above and below Mitchell's. His orders to General Tyler, commanding the advance division, were to look well to the roads on the direct route to Manassas Junction and *via* the Stone Bridge, to impress an advance upon the former, but to have care not to bring on a general engagement. At the same time he rode towards his left to know of the feasibility of a turning move around the Confederates' right. There were three moves by which it was supposed he could destroy the Confederates,—first, by turning their right; second, by direct and forcible march to the Junction; third, by turning their left. McDowell's orders to his <long_38>leading divisions indicated that he had settled down to a choice as to the two opposite flanking moves; but to justify either he must first test the feasibility of the direct route. The ride to his left disclosed rough ground, rocky heights cut by streamlets, and covered by heavy forest tangle, as formidable to military manoeuvres of raw troops as armed battlements. According to preconceived plans, this eliminated the question of the flanking move by the Confederate right.

Under the instructions, as General Tyler construed them, he followed the Confederates to the heights of Centreville, overlooking the valley of Bull Run, with a squadron of cavalry and two companies of infantry. From the heights to the Run, a mile away, the field was open, and partially disclosed the Confederate position on his right. On the left the view was limited by a sparse growth of spreading pines. On the right was Mitchell's Ford, on the left Blackburn's. To have a better knowledge of the latter, he called up a brigade of

infantry under General Richardson, Ayres's battery of six field-guns, and two twenty-pound rifle guns under Benjamin. The artillery was brought into action by the twenty-pound rifle guns, the first shot aimed at the section of the Washington Artillery six-pounders in rear of Blackburn's Ford, showing superior marksmanship, the ball striking close beside the guns, and throwing the dust over the caissons and gunners.

It was noticed that the enemy was far beyond our range, his position commanding, as well as his metal, so I ordered the guns withdrawn to a place of safety, till a fairer opportunity was offered them. The guns were limbered and off before a second shot reached them. Artillery practice of thirty minutes was followed by an advance of infantry. The march was made quite up to the bluff overlooking the ford, when both sides opened fire.

The first pouring-down volleys were most startling to the new troops. Part of my line broke and started at a run. To stop the alarm I rode with sabre in hand for the leading files, determined to give them all that was in the sword and my horse's heels, or stop the break. They seemed to see as much danger in their rear as in front, and soon turned and marched back to their places, to the evident surprise of the enemy. Heavy firing was renewed in ten or fifteen minutes, when the Federals retired. After about twenty minutes a second advance was made to the top of the bluff, when another rousing fusillade followed, and continued about as long as the first, with like result. I reinforced the front line with part of my reserve, and, thinking to follow up my next success, called for one of the regiments of the reserve brigade.

Colonel Hays, of the Seventh Louisiana Regiment, was sent, but was not in time for the next attack. He was in position for the fourth, and did his share in that fight. After the fourth repulse I ordered the advance, and called for the balance of the reserve brigade. The Fourth Brigade, in their drills in evolution, had not progressed as far as the passage of defiles. The pass at the ford was narrow, unused, and boggy. The lagoons above and below were deep, so that the crossing was intricate and slow. Colonel Early came in with his other regiments, formed his line behind my front, and was asked to hurry his troops to the front line, lest the next attack should catch him behind us, when his raw men would be sure to fire on the line in front of them. He failed to comprehend, however, and delayed till the next attack, when his men promptly returned fire at anything and everything before them. I thought to stop the fire by riding in front of his line, but found it necessary to dismount and lie under it till the loads were discharged. With the Federals on the bluff pouring down their fire, and Early's tremendous fire in our rear, soldiers and officers became mixed and a little confused. Part of my men got across the Run and partially up the bluff of the enemy's side; a body of the Union soldiers were met at the crest, where shots were exchanged, but passing the Run, encountering the enemy in front, and receiving fire from our friends in rear were not reassuring, even in handling veterans. The recall was ordered as the few of the enemy's most advanced parties joined issue with Captain Marye of my advance. Federal prisoners were brought in with marks of burnt powder on their faces, and Captain Marye and some of his men of the Seventeenth, who brought them in, had their faces and clothing soiled by like marks. At the first moment of this confusion it seemed that a vigorous pressure by the enemy would force us back to the farther edge of the open field, and, to reach that stronger ground, preparations were considered, but with the aid of Colonels Garland and Corse order was restored, the Federals were driven off, and the troops better distributed. This was the last effort on the

part of the infantry, and was followed by the Federal batteries throwing shot and shell through the trees above our heads. As we were under the bluff, the fire was not annoying, except occasionally when some of the branches of the trees were torn off and dropped among us. One shot passed far over, and dropped in the house in which General Beauregard was about to sit down to his dinner. The interruption so annoyed him that he sent us four six-pound and three rifle guns of the Washington Artillery, under Captain Eshleman, to return fire and avenge the loss of his dinner. The guns had good cover under the bluff, by pushing them as close up as would admit of effective fire over it; but under tactical formation the limbers and caissons were so far in rear as to bring them under destructive fire. The men, thinking it unsoldier-like to flinch, or complain of their exposure, worked away very courageously till the limbers and caissons were ordered forward, on the right and left of the guns, to safer cover. The combat lasted about an hour, when the Federals <long_41>withdrew to their ground about Centreville, to the delight of the Confederates. After this lively affair the report came of a threatened advance off to our right. General Beauregard recalled Early's command to its position in that quarter. He was ordered to march to the right, under the bluff, so that his men could not come within range of the batteries, but he chose to march back on the road leading directly to the rear, when the dust of his columns drew fire of a battery, and several damaging shots were thrown among his troops. The Confederate losses were sixty-eight; Federal, eighty-three. The effect of this little affair was encouraging to the Confederates, and as damaging to the Federals. By the double action of success and failure the Confederate infantry felt themselves christened veterans. The Washington Artillery was equally proud of its even combat against the famed batteries of United States regulars.

McDowell was disposed to ignore this fight as unwarranted under his instructions, and not a necessary adjunct of his plans. His course and that of the officers about him reduced the aggressive spirit of the division commander to its minimum, and had some influence upon the troops of the division. For battle at this time McDowell had 37,300(*) men and forty-nine guns. Beauregard had 20,500(+) men and twenty-nine guns.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter III.—Battle Of Manassas, Or Bull Run.

Commanders on both Sides generally Veterans of the Mexican War—General Irvin McDowell's Preconceived Plan—Johnston reinforces Beauregard and approves his Plans—General Bernard E. Bee—Analysis of the Fight—Superb Work of the Federal Artillery—Christening of "Stonewall Jackson"—McDowell's Gallant Effort to recover Lost Power—Before he was shorn of his Artillery he was the Samson of the Field—The Rout—Criticism of McDowell—Tyler's Reconnoissance—Ability of the Commanding Generals tested.

<long_42>

BEFORE treating of future operations, I should note the situation of the Confederate contingents in the Shenandoah Valley and at Acquia Creek. The latter was ordered up to reinforce Beauregard as soon as the advance from Washington took definite shape, and arrived as a supporting brigade to his right on the 19th of July. At the same time orders were sent authorizing Johnston's withdrawal from the Valley, to join with Beauregard for the approaching conflict. The use of these contingents was duly considered by both sides some days before the campaign was put on foot.

Opposing Johnston in the Valley was General Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, a veteran of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican War, especially distinguished in the latter by the prestige of the former service. Johnston was a veteran of the Mexican War, who had won distinction by progressive service and was well equipped in the science of war. Beauregard and McDowell were also veterans of the Mexican War, of staff service, and distinguished for intelligent action and attainments, both remarkable for physical as well as mental power.

Between Johnston and Beauregard the Blue Ridge stretched out from the Potomac southwest far below the <long_43>southern line of Virginia, cut occasionally by narrow passes, quite defensible by small bodies of infantry and artillery. Patterson was ordered to hold Johnston in the Valley, while McDowell should direct his strength against Beauregard. McDowell seems to have accepted that order as not only possible, but sure of success, while the Confederates viewed the question from the other side, in a reverse light, and, as will presently appear, with better judgment.

So far as it is possible to project a battle before reaching the field, it seems that McDowell had concluded upon the move finally made before setting out on his march from Washington. It was to give him an open field, with superior numbers and appointments, and when successful was to give him the approach to the base line of his adversary with fine prospects of cutting off retreat. His ride to view the approaches of the Confederate right on the morning of the 18th was made to confirm his preconceived plan. The reconnoissance made by Tyler on the same morning reinforced his judgment, so that the strategic part of the campaign was concluded on that morning, except as to the means to be adopted to secrete or mislead in his movement as long as possible, leaving, we may say, the result to tactical operations. But tactics is time, and more decisive of results than strategy when wisely adjusted.

Johnston was sixty miles away from Beauregard, but the delay of three days, for McDowell's march *via* Sudley Springs, so reduced the distance in time and space as to make the consolidation easy under well-organized transportation facilities. Holmes's

brigade and six-gun battery were posted in rear of Ewell's brigade.

General McDowell's order for battle on the 21st of July was issued on the afternoon of the 20th, directing his First Division to march by the Warrenton Turnpike, and make a diversion against the crossing of Bull Run at the <long_44>Stone Bridge, while the Second and Third Divisions, following on the turnpike, were to file to the right, along the farm road, about half-way between Centreville and the bridge, cross Bull Run at Sudley Springs, and bear down against the Confederate rear and left; the First Division, under Tyler, to march at two o'clock in the morning, to be closely followed by the others under Hunter and Heintzelman; the turning divisions, after crossing, to march down, clear the bridge, and lift Tyler over the Run, bringing the three into compact battle order.

General Johnston came in from the Shenandoah Valley on the 20th with the brigades of Bee, Bartow, and Jackson. The brigades were assigned by Beauregard, the former two in reserve near the right of Blackburn's Ford, the latter near its left.

Beauregard's order for battle, approved by General Johnston, was issued at five A.M. on the 21st,—the brigades at Union Mills Ford to cross and march by the road leading towards Centreville, and in rear of the Federal reserve at that point; the brigades at McLean's Ford to follow the move of those on their right, and march on a converging road towards Centreville; those at and near Blackburn's to march in co-operative action with the brigades on the right; the reserve brigades and troops at Mitchell's Ford to be used as emergency called, but in the absence of special orders to seek the most active point of battle.

This order was only preliminary, coupled with the condition that the troops were to be held ready to move, but to wait for the special order for action. The brigade at Blackburn's Ford had been reinforced by the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones and Colonel Kemper. I crossed the Run under the five o'clock order, adjusted the regiments to position for favorable action, and gave instructions for their movements on the opening of the battle.

<long_45>

While waiting for the order to attack, a clever reconnoissance was made by Colonels Terry and Lubbock, Texans, on the brigade staff, which disclosed the march of the heavy columns of the Federals towards our left. Their report was sent promptly to head-quarters, and after a short delay the brigade was ordered back to its position behind the Run.

Tyler's division moved early on the 21st towards the Stone Bridge. The march was not rapid, but timely. His first shells went tearing through the elements over the heads of the Confederates before six o'clock. The Second and Third Divisions followed his column till its rear cleared the road leading up to the ford at Sudley Springs, when they filed off on that route. McDowell was with them, and saw them file off on their course, and followed their march. His Fifth Division and Richardson's brigade of the First were left in reserve at Centreville, and the Fourth Division was left in a position rearward of them. The march of the columns over the single track of the farm road leading up to Sudley Springs was not only fatiguing, but so prolonged the diversion of Tyler's division at the bridge as to expose its real intent, and cause his adversary to look elsewhere for the important work. Viewing the zone of operations as far as covered by the eye, Evans discovered a column of dust rising above the forest in the vicinity of Sudley Springs. This, with the busy delay of Tyler in front of the bridge, exposed the plans, and told of another quarter for the approaching battle; when Evans, leaving four companies of infantry and two pieces of

artillery to defend the bridge, moved with the rest of his command to meet the approaching columns off his left. Bearing in mind his care of the bridge, it was necessary to occupy grounds north of the pike. The position chosen was the plateau near the Matthews House, about a thousand yards north of the pike, and about the same distance from Bull Run, commanding <long_46>the road by which the turning divisions of the enemy were to approach. His artillery (two six-pound guns) was posted to his right and left, somewhat retired. Meanwhile, Tyler's batteries maintained their position at and below the Stone Bridge, as did those near the lower fords. McDowell's column crossed at Sudley's Ford at nine o'clock, and approached Evans a few minutes before ten. The leading division under Hunter, finding Evans's command across its route, advanced the Second Rhode Island Regiment and battery of six guns of Burnside's brigade to open the way. Evans's infantry and artillery met the advance, and after a severe fight drove it back(*) to the line of woodland, when Burnside, reinforced by his other three regiments, with them advanced eight guns. This attack was much more formidable, and pressed an hour or more before our forces retired to the woodland. The fight, though slackened, continued, while the brigade under Porter advanced to Burnside's support.

Waiting some time to witness the opening of his aggressive fight towards Centreville, Beauregard found at last that his battle order had miscarried. While yet in doubt as to the cause of delay, his attention was drawn to the fight opened by McDowell against Evans. This affair, increasing in volume, drew him away from his original point and object of observation. He reconsidered the order to attack at Centreville, and rode for the field just opening to severe work. The brigades of Bee and Bartow,—commanded by Bee,—and Jackson's, had been drawn towards the left, the former two near Cooke's position, and Jackson from the right to the left of Mitchell's Ford. They were to await orders, but were instructed, and intrusted, in the absence of orders, to seek the place where the fight was thickest. About twelve o'clock that splendid soldier, Bernard E. Bee, under orders to find the <long_47>point of danger, construed it as calling him to Evans's support, and marched, without other notice than the noise of increasing battle, with his own and Bartow's brigades and Imboden's battery. The move against the enemy's reserve at Centreville suspended, Colonels Terry and Lubbock, volunteer aides, crossed the Run to make another reconnoissance of the positions about Centreville. Captain Goree, of Texas, and Captain Sorrel, of Georgia, had also joined the brigade staff. As Bee approached Evans he formed line upon the plateau at the Henry House, suggesting to Evans to withdraw to that as a better field than the advance ground held by the latter; but in deference to Evans's care for the bridge, which involved care for the turnpike, Bee yielded, and ordered his troops to join Evans's advance. Imboden's artillery, however, failed to respond, remaining on the Henry plateau; leaving Bee and Evans with two six-pounder smooth-bore guns to combat the enemy's formidable batteries of eight to twelve guns of superior metal, as well as the accumulating superior infantry forces, Imboden's battery making a show of practice with six-pounders at great range. The infantry crossed Young's Branch under severe fire, and were posted on the line of Evans's battle.

Burnside was reinforced by Porter's brigade, and afterwards by a part of Heintzelman's division. Ricketts's battery, and subsequently the battery under Griffin, pressed their fight with renewed vigor. The batteries, particularly active and aggressive, poured incessant fire upon the Confederate ranks, who had no artillery to engage against them except Imboden's, far off to the rear, and the section of Latham's howitzers. The efforts of the

Federal infantry were cleverly met and resisted, but the havoc of those splendid batteries was too severe, particularly Griffin's, that had an oblique fire upon the Confederates. It was the fire of this battery that first disturbed our ranks on their left, and the increasing <long_48>pounding of that and Ricketts's eventually unsettled the line. At this juncture two brigades of Tyler's division, with General W. T. Sherman and General Keyes, crossed the Run at a ford some distance above the bridge and approached the Confederate right, making more unsettled their position. At the same time the attacking artillery and infantry followed up their opportunity in admirable style, pushed the Confederates back, and pursued down to the valley of Young's Branch.

At one P.M., Colonels Terry and Lubbock returned from their reconnoissance of the ground in front of Centreville, with a diagram showing points of the Union lines and troops there posted. I sent it up to head-quarters, suggesting that the brigades at the lower fords be put across the Run, and advance against the reserves as designed by the order of the morning. Colonel Terry returned with the suggestion approved, and we communicated the same to the brigades at McLean's and Union Mills Fords, commanded by officers of senior dates to myself. The brigades were prepared, however, for concert of action. Bee, Bartow, and Evans made valorous efforts, while withdrawing from their struggle on the Matthews plateau, to maintain the integrity of their lines, and with some success, when General Wade Hampton came with his brigade to their aid, checked the progress of pursuit, and helped to lift their broken ranks to the plateau at the Henry House. The fight assumed proportions which called for the care of both General Johnston and General Beauregard, who, with the movements of their right too late to relieve the pressure of the left, found it necessary to draw their forces to the point at which the battle had been forced by the enemy. At the same time the reserve brigades of their right were called to the left. General Thomas J. Jackson also moved to that quarter, and reached the rear crest of the plateau at the Henry House while yet Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Hampton were climbing <long_49>to the forward crest. Quick to note a proper ground, Jackson deployed on the crest at the height, leaving the open of the plateau in front. He was in time to secure the Imboden battery before it got off the field, and put it into action. Stanard's battery, Pendleton's, and Pelham's, and part of the Washington Artillery were up in time to aid Jackson in his new formation and relieve our dis-comfited troops rallying on his flank. As they rose on the forward crest, Bee saw, on the farther side, Jackson's line, serene as if in repose, affording a haven so promising of cover that he gave the christening of "Stonewall" for the immortal Jackson.

"There," said he, "is Jackson, standing like a stone wall."

General Johnston and General Beauregard reached the field, and busied themselves in getting the troops together and in lines of defence. Other reinforcements were ordered from the right, including the reserve brigades at McLean's and Union Mills Fords, and a number of batteries. Bee and Evans reformed their lines upon Jackson's. After permitting Burnside's brigade to retire for rest, McDowell pushed his battle by his strong artillery arm, advancing against and turning the Confederate left, only giving some little time to select positions for his batteries to plunge more effective fire into the Confederate ranks. This time, so necessary for McDowell's renewal, was as important to the Confederates in getting their reinforcements of infantry and artillery in position, and proved of even greater value in lengthening out the fight, so as to give Kirby Smith and Elzey, just off the train from the Shenandoah Valley, time to appear at the last moment.

After arranging the new position of the troops about Jackson, General Johnston rode back to the Lewis House, where he could better comprehend the entire field, leaving Beauregard in charge of the troops engaged on his left. <long_50>McDowell gave especial care to preparing his batteries for renewal against the Confederate left. He massed Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, and made their practice grand. So well executed was it that the Confederate left was again in peril, and, seeing reinforcements approaching towards their rear, General Johnston sent orders to the brigades at the lower fords revoking authority given them to advance against Centreville, and ordering their return to the south side, and the brigade at Union Mills was ordered to reinforce the Confederate left. The brigade at Blackburn's Ford received the recall order in ample time, but that at McLean's,—Jones's,—being a little farther away, became partially engaged before the recall reached it. The brigades resumed their former position, however, without serious trouble.

With this order came a message to me, saying that the Federals were pressing severely on our left, and to the limit of its tension, that reinforcements were in sight, approaching their right, which might prove too heavy for our brave men, and force us back, for which emergency our brigades should be held ready to cover retreat. These anxious moments were soon relieved by the approach of General Kirby Smith's command, that had been mistaken as reinforcements for the enemy. General Smith was wounded, but was succeeded in command by the gallant Elzey, who by a well-timed attack approached the rear of the massed batteries. At the same time a brave charge on the part of Beauregard, in co-operation with this fortunate attack of Smith and Elzey, captured the greater part of the batteries and turned some of the guns upon the brave men who had handled them so well.

McDowell made a gallant effort to recover his lost power, riding with his troops and urging them to brave efforts, but our convex line, that he was just now pressing back upon itself, was changed. Though attenuated, it had become concave by reinforcement, and in elliptical <long_51>curve was delivering a concentrated fire upon its adversary. Before the loss of his artillery he was the Samson of the field; now he was not only shorn of his power, but some of his mighty strength was transferred to his adversary, leaving him in desperate plight and exposed to blows increasing in force and effectiveness. Although his renewed efforts were brave, his men seemed to have given confidence over to despair. Still a show of battle was made until General Johnston directed the brigades of Holmes and Early to good positions for attack, when fight was abandoned and flight ensued.

The regulars under Sykes maintained order, and with the regular cavalry covered the confused retreat. The Confederates in the field and approaching at the moment were ordered in pursuit. At the same time another order was sent the brigades at the lower fords, explaining that the reinforcements, supposed to be Federals, proved to be Confederates, and that the former were not only forced back, but were then in full retreat, directing our brigades to cross again and strike the retreating line on the turnpike. All of D. R. Jones's brigade that had crossed at McLean's Ford under the former order had not yet returned to its position under the order to that effect, and Ewell had gone from Union Mills Ford to the battle on the extreme left, so that neither of them came in position ready to take part in the pursuit. Those at Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords advanced, the former, under General Bonham, with orders to strike at Cub Run, the latter at Centreville. Finding some obstruction to his march, General Bonham kept the Centreville road, and joined the brigade from Blackburn's, taking the lead as the ranking officer.

Through the abandoned camps of the Federals we found their pots and kettles over the fire, with food cooking; quarters of beef hanging on the trees, and wagons by the roadside loaded, some with bread and general provisions, <long_52>others with ammunition. When within artillery range of the retreating column passing through Centreville, the infantry was deployed on the sides of the road, under cover of the forest, so as to give room for the batteries ordered into action in the open, Bonham's brigade on the left, the other on the right.

As the guns were about to open, there came a message that the enemy, instead of being in precipitate retreat, was marching around to attack the Confederate right. With this report came orders, or reports of orders, for the brigades to return to their positions behind the Run. I denounced the report as absurd, claimed to know a retreat, such as was before me, and ordered that the batteries open fire, when Major Whiting, of General Johnston's staff, rising in his stirrups, said,—

"In the name of General Johnston, I order that the batteries shall not open."

I inquired, "Did General Johnston send you to communicate that order?"

Whiting replied, "No; but I take the responsibility to give it."

I claimed the privilege of responsibility under the circumstances, and when in the act of renewing the order to fire, General Bonham rode to my side and asked that the batteries should not open. As the ranking officer present, this settled the question. By that time, too, it was near night. Colonel G. W. Lay, of Johnston's staff, supported my views, notwithstanding the protest of Major Whiting.

Soon there came an order for the brigades to withdraw and return to their positions behind the Run. General Bonham marched his brigade back, but, thinking that there was a mistake somewhere, I remained in position until the order was renewed, about ten o'clock. My brigade crossed and recrossed the Run six times during the day and night.

It was afterwards found that some excitable person, seeing <long_53>Jones's brigade recrossing the Run, from its advance, under previous orders, took them for Federal troops crossing at McLean's Ford, and, rushing to head-quarters at the Junction, reported that the Federals were crossing below and preparing for attack against our right. And upon this report one of the staff-officers sent orders, in the names of the Confederate chiefs, revoking the orders for pursuit.

From the effective service of the two guns of Latham's battery, *at short range*, against the odds brought against them, the inference seems fair that the Imboden battery, had it moved under Bee's orders, could have so strengthened the position on the Matthews plateau as to hold it and give time for them to retire and meet General Jackson on the Henry plateau. Glorious Victory spread her generous wings alike over heroes and delinquents.

The losses of the Confederates in all arms were 1982. Federal losses in all arms, 3333(*) officers and soldiers, twenty-five cannon.(+)

On the 22d the cavalry troop of Captain Whitehead was sent forward with Colonel Terry, volunteer aide, on a ride of observation. They picked up a number of prisoners, and Colonel Terry cut the lanyards of the Federal flag over the court-house at Fairfax by a shot from his six-shooter, and sent the bunting to head-quarters.

The plan of the Union campaign was that their army in the Valley of the Shenandoah, under General Patterson, should stand so surely against the Confederates in that field, under General Johnston, as to prevent the withdrawal of the latter through the Blue Ridge,

which goes to show that the concentration was considered, and thought possible, and that McDowell was, therefore, under some pressure to act in time to gain his battle before Johnston could have time for his swoop from the mountains. At <long_54>Centreville on the 18th, McDowell was within five miles of his immediate objective,—Manassas Junction,—by the route of Tyler's reconnoissance. The Sudley Ford route involved a march of twenty miles and drew him nearer the reach of Johnston's forces. So, if Tyler's recon-noissance proved the route by Blackburn's Ford practicable, it was imperative on McDowell to adopt it. If it was proved impracticable, the route by Sudley's Ford was necessary and justified the delay. But it has been claimed that the Union commander did not intend to have the reconnoissance, and that he could have made his move a success by that route if he had adopted it; which, if true, would put him in a more awkward position than his defeat. He was right in his conclusion that the Confederates were prepared for him on that route, but it would have been a grave error to leave the shorter, more direct line for the circuitous route without first so testing the former as to know if it were practicable, knowing as he did that the Confederate left was in the air, because of leaven looked for from over the Blue Ridge. After the trial of General Tyler on the 18th, and finding the route closed against him, he should have given credit to the division commander and his troops for their courageous work, but instead he disparaged their efforts and put them under criticism. The experiment and subsequent events go to show that the route was not practicable except for seasoned troops.

McDowell's first mistake was his display, and march for a grand military picnic. The leading proverb impressed upon the minds of young soldiers of the line by old commanders is, "Never despise your enemy." So important a part of the soldier's creed is it, that it is enjoined upon subalterns pursuing marauding parties of half a dozen of the aborigines. His over-confidence led him to treat with levity the reconnoissance of General Tyler on the 18th, as not called for under his orders, nor necessary to justify his plans, although they involved a <long_55>delay of three days, and a circuitous march around the Confederate left. Then, he put upon his division commander the odium of error and uncalled-for exposure of the troops. This broke the confidence between them, and worked more or less evil through the ranks in the after-part of the campaign. Had he recognized the importance of the service, and encouraged the conduct of the division commander, he would have drawn the hearts of his officers and soldiers towards him, and toned up the war spirit and *morale* of his men. Tyler was right in principle, in the construction of duty, under the orders, and in his more comprehensive view of the military zodiac. In no other way than by testing the strength along the direct route could McDowell justify delay, when time was power, and a long march with raw troops in July weather was pending.

The delay gave Beauregard greater confidence in his preconceived plan, and brought out his order of the 21st for advance towards McDowell's reserve at Centreville, but this miscarried, and turned to advantage for the plans of the latter.

Had a prompt, energetic general been in command when, on the 20th, his order of battle was settled upon, the division under Tyler would have been deployed in front of Stone Bridge, as soon after nightfall as darkness could veil the march, and the divisions under Hunter and Heintzelman following would have been stretched along the lateral road in bivouac, so as to be prepared to cross Sudley's Ford and put in a good day's work on the morrow. Had General Tyler's action of the 18th received proper recognition, he would have been confident instead of doubting in his service. McDowell's army posted as it

should have been, a march at daylight would have brought the columns to the Henry House before seven o'clock, dislodged Evans, busied by Tyler's display at the bridge, without a chance to fight, and brought the three <long_56>divisions, reunited in gallant style, along the turnpike with little burning of powder. Thus prepared and organized, the compact battle-order of twenty thousand men would have been a fearful array against Beauregard's fragmentary left, and by the events as they passed, would have assured McDowell of victory hours before Kirby Smith and Elzey, of the Army of the Shenandoah, came upon the field.

Beauregard's mistake was in failing to ride promptly after his five-o'clock order, and handling his columns while in action. As events actually occurred, he would have been in overwhelming numbers against McDowell's reserve and supply depot. His adversary so taken by surprise, his raw troops would not have been difficult to conquer.

As the experience of both commanders was limited to staff service, it is not surprising that they failed to appreciate the importance of prompt and vigorous manoeuvre in the hour of battle. Beauregard gave indications of a comprehensive military mind and reserve powers that might, with experience and thorough encouragement from the superior authorities, have developed him into eminence as a field-marshal. His adversary seemed untoward, not adapted to military organization or combinations. Most of his men got back to Washington under the sheltering wings of the small bands of regulars.

The mistake of supposing Kirby Smith's and Elzey's approaching troops to be Union reinforcements for McDowell's right was caused by the resemblance, at a distance, of the original Confederate flag to the colors of Federal regiments. This mishap caused the Confederates to east about for a new ensign, brought out our battle-flag, led to its adoption by General Beauregard, and afterwards by higher authority as the union shield of the Confederate national flag.

The supplies of subsistence, ammunition, and forage <long_57>passed as we marched through the enemy's camps towards Centreville seemed ample to carry the Confederate army on to Washington. Had the fight been continued to that point, the troops, in their high hopes, would have marched in terrible effectiveness against the demoralized Federals. Gaining confidence and vigor in their march, they could well have reached the capital with the ranks of McDowell's men. The brigade at Blackburn's Ford (five regiments), those at McLean's and Mitchell's Fords, all quite fresh, could have been reinforced by all the cavalry and most of the artillery, comparatively fresh, and later by the brigades of Holmes, Ewell, and Early. This favorable aspect for fruitful results was all sacrificed through the assumed authority of staff-officers who, upon false reports, gave countermand to the orders of their chiefs.

On the 21st a regiment and battery were discharged from the Union army, reducing its aggregate to about 34,000. The Confederates had 31,860. McDowell crossed Bull Run with 18,500 of his men, and engaged in battle 18,053 Confederates.

There seem to be no data from which the precise figures can be had. These estimates, though not strictly accurate, are justified by returns so far as they have been officially rendered.

The CONFEDERATE ARMY in this battle was organized as follows:

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC (AFTERWARDS FIRST CORPS), under Brig.-Gen. G. T. Beauregard:—*Infantry: First Brigade*, under Brig.-Gen. M. S. Bonham, 11th N. C., 2d, 3d, 7th, and 8th S.C.; *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. R. S. Ewell, 5th and 6th Ala., 6th La.;

Third Brigade, Brig.-Gen. D. R. Jones, 17th and 18th Miss., 5th S.C.; *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James Longstreet, 5th N.C., 1st, 11th, and 17th Va.; *Fifth Brigade*, Col. P. St. George Cocke, 1st La. Battn., 8th Va. (seven companies), 18th, 19th, 28th, and 49th Va. (latter, three companies); *Sixth Brigade*, Col. J. A. Early, 13th Miss., 4th S.C., 7th and 24th Va.; *Troops not brigaded*: 7th and 8th La., Hampton Legion, S.C., 30th Va. (cav.), Harrison's Battn. (cav.); *Independent companies*: 10th Cav., Washington (La.) Cav.; *Artillery*: Kemper's, Latham's, Loudoun, and Shield's batteries, Camp Pickens companies.

<long_58>

ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH (JOHNSTON'S DIVISION), Brig.-Gen. Joseph E. Johnston:—*First Brigade*, Col. T. J. Jackson, 2d, 4th, 5th, and 27th Va., Pendleton's Bart.; *Second Brigade*, Col. F. S. Bartow, 7th, 8th, and 9th Ga., Duncan's and Pope's Ky. Battns., Alburti's Batt.; *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Barnard E. Bee, 4th Ala., 2d and 11th Miss., 1st Tenn., Imboden's Batt.; *Fourth Brigade*, Col. A. Elzey, 1st Md. Battn., 3d Tenn., 10th and 13th Va., Grane's Batt.; *Not brigaded*: 1st Va. Cav., 33d Va. Inf.

The FEDERAL ARMY, commanded by Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell, was organized as follows:

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Daniel Tyler:—*First Brigade*, Col. E. D. Keyes, 2d Me., 1st, 2d, and 3d Conn.; *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. R. C. Schenck, 2d N.Y., 1st and 2d Ohio, Batt. E, 2d U.S. Art.; *Third Brigade*, Col. W. T. Sherman, 13th, 69th, and 79th N.Y., 2d Wis., Batt. E, 3d U.S. Art.; *Fourth Brigade*, Col. I. B. Richardson, 1st Mass., 12th N.Y., 2d and 3d Mich., Batt. G, 1st U.S. Art., Batt. M, 2d U.S. Art.

SECOND DIVISION, (1) Col. David Hunter (wounded); (2) Col. Andrew Porter:—*First Brigade*, Col. Andrew Porter, 8th (militia), 14th, and 27th N.Y., Battn. U.S. Inf., Battn. U.S. Marines, Battn. U.S. Cav., Batt. D, 5th U.S. Art.; *Second Brigade*, Col. A. E. Burnside, 2d N.H., 1st and 2d R.I., 71st N.Y.

THIRD DIVISION, Col. S. P. Heintzelman (wounded):—*First Brigade*, Col. W. B. Franklin, 5th and 11th Mass., 1st Minn., Batt. I, 1st U.S. Art.; *Second Brigade*, Col. O. B. Wilcox (wounded and captured), 11th N.Y. (Fire Zouaves), 38th N.Y., 1st and 4th Mich., Batt. D, 2d U.S. Art.; *Third Brigade*, Col. O. O. Howard, 3d, 4th, and 5th Me., 2d Vt.

FOURTH (RESERVE) DIVISION, (*) Brig.-Gen. Theodore Runyon, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th N.J. (three months), 1st, 2d, and 3d N.J., 41st N.Y. (three years).

FIFTH DIVISION, Col. Dixon S. Miles:—*First Brigade*, (+) Col. Louis Blenker, 8th N.Y. (Vols.), 29th and 39th N.Y., 27th Penn., Batt. A, 2d U.S. Art., Rookwood's N.Y. Batt.; *Second Brigade*, Col. Thomas A. Davies, 16th, 18th, 31st, and 32d N.Y., Batt. G, 2d U.S. Art.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter IV.—The Confederates Hovering Around Washington.

An Early War-Time Amenity—The Author invited to dine with the Enemy—*"Stove-pipe Batteries"*—J. E. B. Stuart, the Famous Cavalryman—His Bold Dash on the Federals at Lewinsville—Major-General G. W. Smith associated with Johnston and Beauregard in a Council—Longstreet promoted Major-General—Fierce Struggle at Bali's Bluff—Dranesville a Success for the Union Arms—McClellan given the Sobriquet of *"The Young Napoleon."*

<long_59>

AFTER General McDowell reached Washington my brigade was thrown forward, first to Centreville, then to Fairfax Court-House, and later still to Falls Church and Munson's and Mason's Hills; the cavalry, under Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, constituting part of the command.

We were provokingly near Washington, with orders not to attempt to advance even to Alexandria. Well-chosen and fortified positions, with soldiers to man them, soon guarded all approaches to the capital. We had frequent little brushes with parties pushed out to reconnoitre. Nevertheless, we were neither so busy nor so hostile as to prevent the reception of a cordial invitation to a dinner-party on the other side, to be given to me at the head-quarters of General Richardson. He was disappointed when I refused to accept this amenity, and advised him to be more careful lest the politicians should have him arrested for giving aid and comfort to the enemy. He was my singularly devoted friend and admirer before the war, and had not ceased to be conscious of old-time ties.

The service at Falls Church, Munson's and Mason's Hills was first by my brigade of infantry, a battery, and Stuart's cavalry. During that service the infantry and batteries were relieved every few days, but the cavalry was kept at the front with me. As the authorities allowed <long_60>me but one battery, and that was needed from time to time to strike out at anything and everything that came outside the fortified lines, we collected a number of old wagon-wheels and mounted on them stove-pipes of different calibre, till we had formidable-looking batteries, some large enough of calibre to threaten Alexandria, and even the National Capitol and Executive Mansion. It is needless to add that Munson's Hill was so safe as not to disturb our profound slumbers. This was before the Federals began to realize all of their advantages by floating balloons above our heads.

One of the most conspicuous and successful of our affairs occurred on the 11th of September. A brigade of the enemy's infantry, with eight pieces of artillery and a detachment of cavalry, escorting a reconnoitring party, advanced to Lewinsville. If they had secured and fortified a position there they would have greatly annoyed us. Colonel Stuart, who from the start had manifested those qualities of daring courage, tempered by sagacity, which so admirably fitted him for outpost service, had his pickets so far to the front that he was promptly informed of the presence of the enemy. He was ordered, with about eight hundred infantry, a section of Rosser's battery, and Captain Patrick's troop of cavalry, to give battle, and so adroitly approached the enemy as to surprise him, and by a bold dash drove him off in confusion, with some loss.

We had a number of small affairs which served to season the troops and teach the importance of discipline and vigilance. It was while at Falls Church that Major-General G. W. Smith reported for duty with the Army of Northern Virginia, and was associated

with General Johnston and General Beauregard, the three forming a council for the general direction of the operations of the army. General McClellan had by this time been appointed to superior command on the Federal side.

Despairing of receiving reinforcement to enable him to <long_61>assume the offensive, General Johnston regarded it as hazardous to hold longer the advanced post of Munson's and Mason's Hills, drew the troops back to and near Fairfax Court-House, and later, about the 19th of October, still farther to Centreville, and prepared for winter quarters by strengthening his positions and constructing huts, the line extending to Union Mills on the right. These points were regarded as stronger in themselves and less liable to be turned than the positions at and in advance of Fairfax Court-House. We expected that McClellan would advance against us, but were not disturbed. I was promoted major-general, which relieved me of the outpost service, to which Colonel Stuart was assigned.

The autumn and early winter were not permitted to pass without some stirring incidents in our front. Soon after the battle of July 21, Colonel Eppa Hunton was ordered to reoccupy Leesburg with his regiment, the Eighth Virginia. Later, the Thirteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments were sent to the same vicinity, and with the regiment already there and a battery constituted the Seventh Brigade, Brigadier-General N. G. Evans commanding. To cover a reconnoissance and an expedition to gather supplies made by General McCall's division to Dranesville, General McClellan ordered General C. P. Stone, commanding at Poolesville, Maryland, to make a demonstration in force against Leesburg, and, if practicable, to dislodge the Confederates at that place. Early in the morning of the 21st of October four of General Stone's regiments crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry, and about the same time five other regiments, under the immediate command of Colonel Baker, late United States Senator from Oregon, crossed the river above at Bali's Bluff. Leaving Colonel Barksdale with his Thirteenth Mississippi, with six pieces of artillery as a reserve, to hold in check the force that had crossed at Edwards's Ferry, Evans with his main force assailed <long_62>the force under Colonel Baker, and after a long and fierce struggle, under a heavy fire of batteries on both sides of the river, drove them down the bluff to the river, many surrendering, others plunging into the river to recross, overcrowding and sinking the boats that had brought them over; some drowning in the Potomac.

Two months later, December 20, there was an affair at Dranesville which for us was by no means so satisfactory as Evans's at Leesburg and Ball's Bluff. It was known that food for men and horses could be found in the vicinity of Dranesville. All of the available wagons of the army were sent to gather and bring it in, and Colonel Stuart, with one hundred and fifty of his cavalry, the Sumter Flying Artillery (Captain A. S. Cutts), and four regiments of infantry detailed from different brigades, was charged with the command of the foraging party. The infantry regiments were the Eleventh Virginia, Colonel Samuel Garland; Tenth Alabama, Colonel Forney; Sixth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Secrest; and First Kentucky, Colonel Thomas Taylor; the cavalry, Ransom's and Bradford's.

General McCall, commanding the nearest Union division, happened just then to want those supplies, or, as seems more probable, had information through a spy of Stuart's expedition.

He took measures to gather the supplies, or surprise and perhaps capture or destroy Stuart's party. However that may be, when Stuart reached the vicinity of Dranesville he

found himself in the presence of General Ord, who had under him his own brigade of five regiments of infantry, Easton's battery, two twenty-four-pound howitzers and two twelve-pound guns, and two squadrons of cavalry. Finding that he was anticipated, and that his only way of saving the train was to order it back to Centreville in all haste, Stuart decided to attack, in order to give it time to get to a place of safety, and <long_63>despatched a detachment of cavalry on the turnpike towards Leesburg to warn the wagons to hasten back to Centreville, the cavalry to march between them and the enemy. He ordered his artillery and infantry to hasten to the front, and as soon as they came up assailed the enemy vigorously, continuing the engagement until he judged that his wagon-train had passed beyond danger; then he extricated his infantry and artillery from the contest, with a much heavier loss than he had inflicted on the enemy, leaving the killed and some of the wounded. It was the first success that had attended the Union arms in that quarter, and was magnified and enjoyed on that side. This action advanced McClellan considerably in popular estimation and led to the bestowal upon him, by some enthusiast, of the sobriquet "the Young Napoleon."

During the autumn and early winter the weather had been unusually fine. The roads and fields in that section were generally firm and in fine condition for marching and manoeuvring armies. With the beginning of the new year winter set in with rain and snow, alternate freezing and thawing, until the roads and fields became seas of red mud.

As no effort of general advance was made during the season of firm roads, we had little apprehension of trouble after the winter rains came to make them too heavy for artillery service.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter V.—Round About Richmond.

The Defences of the Confederate Capital—Army of Northern Virginia at Centreville—Aggressive Action—Council with the President and Secretary of War—Mr. Davis's High Opinion of McClellan—Operations on the Peninsula—Engagements about Yorktown and Williamsburg—Severe Toil added to the Soldiers' Usual Labors by a Saturated Soil.

<long_64>

APROPOS of the attack upon Richmond, apprehended in the winter of 1861-62, it should be borne in mind that there were four routes supposed to be practicable for the advance of the enemy:

1. The original route by Manassas Junction and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.
2. By crossing the Potomac near Potomac Creek, thence by Fredericksburg to Richmond.
3. By land,—the shortest,—to go down the Potomac to the Lower Rappahannock, landing at or near Urbana, and thence march for the Confederate capital.
4. By transports to Fortress Monroe, thence by the Peninsula, between the James and York Rivers.

General McClellan's long delay to march against General Johnston, when he was so near and accessible at Centreville, indicated that he had no serious thought of advancing by that route. To prepare to meet him on either of the other routes, a line behind the Rapidan was the chosen position.

General Beauregard had been relieved of duty in Virginia and ordered West with General A. S. Johnston.

The withdrawal from Centreville was delayed some weeks, waiting for roads that could be travelled, but was started on the 9th of March 1862, and on the 11th the troops were south of the Rappahannock.

<long_65>

General Whiting's command from Occoquan joined General Holmes at Fredericksburg. Generals Ewell and Early crossed by the railroad bridge and took positions near it. General G. W. Smith's division and mine marched by the turnpike to near Culpeper Court-House. General Stuart, with the cavalry, remained on Bull Run until the 10th, then withdrew to Warrenton Junction.

During the last week of March our scouts on the Potomac reported a large number of steamers, loaded with troops, carrying, it was estimated, about one hundred and forty thousand men, passing down and out of the Potomac, destined, it was supposed, for Fortress Monroe, or possibly for the coast of North Carolina. We were not left long in doubt. By the 4th of April, McClellan had concentrated three *corps d'armée* between Fortress Monroe and Newport News, on the James River. The Confederate left crossed the Rapidan, and from Orange Court-House made connection with the troops on the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. About the 1st of April, Generals Johnston and G. W. Smith were called to Richmond for conference with the War Department, leaving me in command. On the 3d I wrote General Jackson, in the Shenandoah Valley, proposing to join him with sufficient reinforcements to strike the Federal force in front of him a sudden, severe blow, and thus compel a change in the movements of McClellan's army. I

explained that the responsibility of the move could not be taken unless I was with the detachment to give it vigor and action to meet my views, or give time to get back behind the Rapidan in case the authorities discovered the move and ordered its recall.

I had been left in command on the Rapidan, but was not authorized to assume command of the Valley district. As the commander of the district did not care to have an officer there of higher rank, the subject was discontinued. General Johnston, assigned to the Department of the <long_66>Peninsula and Norfolk, made an inspection of his new lines, and on his return recommended that they should be abandoned. Meanwhile, his army had been ordered to Richmond. He was invited to meet the President to discuss military affairs, and asked General G. W. Smith and myself to go with him. The Secretary of War and General R. E. Lee were with the President when we met.

It was the first time that I had been called to such august presence, to deliberate on momentous matters, so I had nothing to say till called on. The views intended to be offered were prefaced by saying that I knew General McClellan; that he was a military engineer, and would move his army by careful measurement and preparation; that he would not be ready to advance before the 1st of May. The President interrupted, and spoke of McClellan's high attainments and capacity in a style indicating that he did not care to hear any one talk who did not have the same appreciation of our great adversary. McClellan had been a special favorite with Mr. Davis when he was Secretary of War in the Pierce administration, and he seemed to take such reflections upon his favorites as somewhat personal. From the hasty interruption I concluded that my opinion had only been asked through polite recognition of my presence, not that it was wanted, and said no more. My intention was to suggest that we leave Magruder to look after McClellan, and march, as proposed to Jackson a few days before, through the Valley of Virginia, cross the Potomac, threaten Washington, and call McClellan to his own capital.

At the time of McClellan's landing on the peninsula, the Confederate army on that line was commanded by Major-General J. Bankhead Magruder, and consisted of eleven thousand men of all arms. The defensive line was pitched behind the Warwick River, a sluggish stream that rises about a mile south of Yorktown, and flows south to its confluence with James River. The Warwick <long_67>was dammed at different points, thus flooding the intervening low lands as far as Lee's Mills, where the river spreads into marsh lands. The dams were defended by batteries and rifle-trenches. The left rested at Yorktown, which was fortified by continuous earthworks, strong water and land batteries, and rifle-trenches reaching to the right, connecting with those behind the Warwick. Yorktown is on the right bank of York River, which narrows at that point, with Gloucester Point on the opposite bank. This point was also fortified, and held by a strong garrison. On the south side of the James, General Huger held Norfolk, near its mouth, fortified and garrisoned by about ten thousand men, while the James River floated the Confederate vessels "Virginia" ("Merrimac"), "Yorktown," "Jamestown," and "Teaser."

McClellan's army, embarked from Alexandria and moved by transports to the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, as first collected, numbered one hundred and eight thousand of all arms, including the garrison at Fortress Monroe.

Magruder was speedily reinforced by a detachment from Huger's army, and afterwards by Early's brigade of Johnston's army, and after a few days by the balance of Johnston's army, the divisions of G.W. Smith, D. H. Hill, and Longstreet, with Stuart's cavalry, General Johnston in command.

General McClellan advanced towards the Confederate line and made some efforts at the dams, but it was generally understood that his plan was to break the position by regular approaches. After allowing due time for the completion of his battering arrangements, Johnston abandoned his line the night of May 3 and marched back towards Richmond, ordering a corresponding move by the troops at Norfolk; but the Confederate authorities interfered in favor of Norfolk, giving that garrison time to <long_68>withdraw its army supplies. The divisions of G. W. Smith and D. H. Hill were ordered by the Yorktown and Williamsburg road, Magruder's and Longstreet's by the Hampton and Lee's Mill road, Stuart's cavalry to cover both routes.

Anticipating this move as the possible result of operations against his lower line, General Magruder had constructed a series of earthworks about two miles in front of Williamsburg. The main work, Fort Magruder, was a bastion. On either side redoubts were thrown up reaching out towards the James and York Rivers. The peninsula is about eight miles wide at that point. College Creek on the right flows into James River, and Queen's Creek on the left into the York, both giving some defensive strength, except at mill-dams, which were passable by vehicles. The redoubts on the left of Fort Magruder commanded the dam in Queen's Creek at Sanders's Pond, but the dam in College Creek was beyond protection from the redoubts.

The four redoubts on the right of Fort Magruder had commanding positions of the fort.

Finding the entire line of intrenchments at Yorktown empty on the morning of May 4, McClellan ordered pursuit by his cavalry under its chief, General Stoneman, with four batteries of horse artillery, supported by Hooker's division on the Yorktown road and W. F. Smith's on the Hampton road.

They were followed on the Hampton road by General Heintzelman (Kearny's division), Third Corps, and Couch's and Casey's divisions of Keyes's (Fourth) Corps, Sumner's (Second) Corps on the Yorktown road. Nearing Williamsburg, the roads converge and come together in range of field batteries at Fort Magruder. About eight miles out from Yorktown, on the Hampton road, Smart, hearing of severe cavalry fight by the part of his command on the Yorktown road, thought to ride across <long_69>to the enemy's rear and confuse his operations, but presently found a part of the enemy's cavalry and a battery under General Emory marching in his rear by a crossroad from the Yorktown road. He formed and charged in column of fours, gaining temporary success, but fell upon the enemy's battery, and found Benson prompt in getting into action, and in turn, with dismounted troopers, drove him back, cutting his line of retreat and forcing him off to the beach road along the James River. The march of Emory's cavalry across to the Hampton road misled Hooker's division to the same march, and that division, crowding the highway, caused Smith's division to diverge by a cross-road, which led it over into the Yorktown road. These misleadings delayed the advance on both roads. Emory followed Stuart until the latter in turn came upon strong grounds, where pursuit became isolated and hazardous.

The removal of the Confederate cavalry from the Hampton road left Hooker's march free of molestation. But not advised of the opportunity, he took the precautions usual on such occasions. His early approach, however, hurried the movements of the Confederate cavalry on the Yorktown road, and let the enemy in upon us on that road before we were advised of his approach.

General Johnston rode near the rear of his army to receive despatches from his cavalry

commander. General Stuart wrote and sent them, but his couriers found the enemy's cavalry in the way and returned to him. The cavalry fight on the Yorktown road was also damaging to the Confederates, and not reported to the commanding general.

About four P.M., General Cook's cavalry and the horse artillery under Gibson debouched from the woodlands on the Yorktown road and began to examine the open ground in front of the Confederate field-works. General Johnston, who was at the rear, hurried Semmes's brigade of <long_70>McLaws's division into the nearest redoubts, and ordered McLaws to call back another brigade. Kershaw was ordered, and Manly's battery. The battery had to go at a run to be sure of their cover in the redoubts. Another battery was ordered by McLaws, who rode and took command. When Kershaw got to the fort, part of his men were deployed in the wood beyond, to his left.

Meanwhile, the Federal cavalry was advancing, Gibson's horse artillery and Manly's Confederate battery were in severe combat, the latter having the benefit of gun-proof parapets. Observing the approach of cavalry near his left, McLaws ordered two of Manly's guns into Fort Magruder, which, with the assistance of Kershaw's infantry, drove off that column. Some cavalry, riding near the left redoubt with little concern, were first taken for Confederates, but the next moment were identified as Federals, when the artillery was turned upon them, and, with the Confederate cavalry, pushed them quite away. When the left redoubt, commanding the dam at Sanders's Pond, was occupied by a part of Kershaw's men, McCarthy's battery came into action, and, with the assistance of others, gave Gibson's battery, in the open, serious trouble. McLaws ordered an advance of part of Semmes's brigade, led by Colonel Cummings. This, with the severe artillery fire from the redoubts and guns afield, cleared the open, leaving one of Gibson's guns in the mud, which was secured by McCarthy's men as a trophy of the day's work. Ten horses had been sent back to haul the piece off, but the mud was too heavy for them. Stuart, with the troopers of his immediate following and his section of horse artillery, crossed College Creek near James River, and came in after the action at the redoubts. Emory abandoned the pursuit as not feasible, and bivouacked on the route. Cavalry rencounters of the day were reported, in which both sides claimed success. Stuart reported Lieutenant-Colonel Wickham and four men wounded. Of the other <long_71>side, Cooke reported thirty-five killed, wounded, and missing. Gibson reported one officer and four men wounded, and one gun abandoned. Emory reported two killed and four wounded, and Sanders one officer wounded. But most of the Federal losses were in the encounters at the redoubts with the artillery and infantry.

The enemy's cavalry reported the redoubt on the Confederate left unoccupied, and Hancock's brigade (Smith's division) was ordered forward to take it, but the woods through which he marched were tangled and swampy, and delayed him until night brought him to bivouac. Meanwhile, the Confederates who drove the cavalry from its reconnoissance had occupied the redoubt.

The corps commanders Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes and the cavalry leader Stoneman were together that night in conference. The highways, over fiats but little above tide-water, were saturated by the spring rains, cut into deep ruts by the haul of heavy trains, and puddled by the tramp of infantry and cavalry. The wood and fallow lands were bogs, with occasional quicksands, adding severest labor to the usual toils of battle. So no plans were formed, further than to feel the way forward when there was light to see.

The enemy got some of our men who were worn out by the fatigue of the siege and the

heavy march of the night and day.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter VI.—The Battle Of Williamsburg.

The Attack on Fort Magruder—Hancock occupies two Redoubts—The Slaughter in Early's Brigade—The Fifth North Carolina Regiment and Twenty-Fourth Virginia mercilessly exposed—A Hard-Fought Engagement—A Confederate Victory—McClellan not on the Field the Greater Part of the Day—Hancock called "The Superb" by McClellan—Johnston pays High Tribute to Longstreet.

<long_72>

BEFORE quitting his trenches at Yorktown, Johnston anticipated a move of part of McClellan's army by transports to the head of York River, to cut his line of march towards Richmond, and conceived it important to have a strong force at that point in time to meet and check the move. To that end he ordered Magruder to march at two A.M. on the 5th of May with D. R. Jones's and McLaws's divisions, to be followed by the divisions of G. W. Smith and D. H. Hill; Longstreet's division to cover the movement of his trains and defend Stuart's cavalry in case of severe pressure. Late in the afternoon of the 4th I was ordered to send a brigade to the redoubts to relieve McLaws's division. The brigades being small, I sent two, R. H. Anderson's and Pryor's, with Macon's battery, under Lieutenant Clopton, two guns under Captain Garrett, and two under Captain McCarthy, to report to General Anderson, the senior brigadier. At the time it was thought that the army would be on the march by daylight in the morning, and that the rear-guard would closely follow; but after nightfall a down-pour of rain came, flooding thoroughfares and by-ways, woodlands and fields, so that parts of our trains were stalled on the ground, where they stood during the night. It was dark when Anderson joined McLaws, who had drawn his men together in readiness to join the advance march. Anticipating <long_73>an early march himself, Anderson occupied Fort Magruder and advanced his pickets so as to cover with their fire the junction of the Yorktown and Hampton roads. Heavy clouds and darkness settling down upon him, he made no effort at a critical survey of the surroundings; while the steady rain through the night gave signs of serious delay in the movements of the army, but he little thought that by the delay he could be called into battle. In the morning when time grew heavier he was advised to call in the brigades near him, in case he should need them, and instructions were sent them to answer his call.

At daylight he occupied the redoubts on the right of Fort Magruder, and two of those on the left. Two others farther on the left were not seen through the rain, and no one had been left to tell him of them or of the grounds. The field in his front and far off on his right was open. That in the immediate front had been opened by felling trees. On his left were woodland and the swampy creek. General Hooker's division of the Third Corps came to the open on the Hampton road at seven A.M. of the 5th, and engaged by regiments,—the First Massachusetts on his left, preceded by a battalion of skirmishers; the Second New Hampshire on the right, in the same order; Hancock's brigade of W. F. Smith's division of the Fourth Corps threatening on the Yorktown road; supported by part of Davidson's brigade and artillery. After the advance of his infantry in the slashes, General Hooker, with the Eleventh Massachusetts and Thirty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiments of Grover's brigade, cleared the way for communication with the troops on the Yorktown road, and ordered Webber's six-gun battery into action towards the front of the fallen timber. As it burst from the wood our infantry and every gun in reach opened upon it a fire so destructive that it was unmanned before it came into practice. Volunteers to man the

battery were called, and <long_74>with the assistance of men of Osborn's battery the guns were opened. Bramhall's battery was advanced and put into action on the right of Webber's, when the two poured an unceasing fire against our troops about the fort and redoubts. It was not very destructive, however, and they thought to reserve their ammunition.

The Fifth New Jersey Regiment, of Patterson's brigade, was added to the guard of the batteries, and the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth were deployed on the left in the woodland. Anderson called up Wilcox's brigade, and ordered it to his right, reinforced it by the men of Pryor's brigade not needed at the forts, and presently called for the brigades of A. P. Hill and Pickett, to further support his right.

From the swelling noise of battle I concluded that it would be well to ride to the front, and ordered the remaining brigade (Colston's) and the batteries of Dearing and Stribling to follow. Stuart sent his horse artillery under Pelham into the action on the open field.

Viewing the ground on the left, I thought it not so well protected as Anderson conceived, and sent to D. H. Hill, who was but little advanced on his march, for one of his brigades. Early's was sent, to whose brigade were temporarily attached the Florida regiment and a Mississippi battalion. Anderson had left the fort, and was busy handling the brigades engaged in the woods on the right. Colston's was put in with the other brigades under Anderson, who afterwards called for another regiment. The Florida regiment and the Mississippi battalion were sent. Early, with his brigade, was posted on the field in rear of our left.

When it became evident that the fight was for the day, D. H. Hill was asked to return with the balance of his division. Meanwhile, Hooker was bracing the fight on his left. Emory reported to him with his cavalry and light battery, but as his fight was in the wood, Emory was <long_75>asked to reconnoitre on his extreme left. The fight growing in the wood, Grover drew off part of his brigade to reinforce against it. The Seventy-second and Seventeenth New York Regiments of Taylor's brigade were also sent; then the Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth New York Regiments of the same brigade; but the Confederates gained ground gradually. They were, however, getting short of ammunition. While holding their line, some of the regiments were permitted to retire a little to fill their cartridge-boxes from those of the fallen of the enemy and of their comrades. This move was misconstrued into an order to withdraw, and the line fell back a little. But the mistake was rectified, and the ground that had been abandoned was recovered.

Hooker ordered the Eleventh Massachusetts and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiments to the support of the batteries, and the Second New Hampshire Regiment to his left. Anderson, drawing his troops together near the batteries, made a concentrated move upon them, and cleared them of the gunners, securing four of Webber's guns and forty horses. Just then he was reinforced by Colston's brigade, the Florida regiment, and the Mississippi battalion. General Stuart taking it that the enemy was badly broken and in retreat, rode up with his cavalry, insisting upon a charge and pursuit. As he did not recognize authority except of the commander-in-chief, he was only cautioned that the break was only of the enemy's front, that he would find reinforcements coming up, and this he began to realize by the clearer ring of their muskets. He speedily encountered them, but in time to get away before meeting serious trouble. About three o'clock Kearny's division arrived, and only a few minutes later D. H. Hill's, of the Confederates. On the approach of Kearny's leading brigades, one regiment was detached from Berry's to

reinforce Emory's Cavalry detachment on their left. The other regiments were deployed, the Fifth Michigan <long_76>on the left of the road, the Thirty-seventh New York on its left, along the road, one company of the New York regiment from left to rear. Six companies of the Michigan regiment were broken off to the rear of its right as reserve, leaving its forward battalion partly across the road, while that in rear had two companies on the right and two on the left of the road. Two regiments of Birney's brigade were deployed, the Thirty-eighth on the right of, and the Fortieth across, the road, to relieve some of Hooker's regiments. Then Peck's brigade of Couch's division came, and was put in on the right, the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania and the Fifty-fifth New York on the left, the Sixty-second New York in the wood, the Ninety-third Pennsylvania on the left, and after a little the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania.

Before the reinforcements arrived for Hooker's relief, Anderson had established his advance line of skirmishers, so as to cover with their fire Webber's guns that were abandoned. The Federal reinforcing columns drove back his advance line, when, in turn, he reinforced, recovered the ground, and met General Peck, who led the last reinforcing brigade. This advance was so firm that General Peck found it necessary to put in his last regiment, the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania, but neither our force nor our condition of march could warrant further aggressive work of our right. General Couch, left in command on the Federal left, posted his troops for the night,—General Devens with the Seventh Massachusetts Regiment and Second Rhode Island, General Palmer with two, and General Keim with three other regiments, supporting General Peck. General Peck's ammunition being exhausted, his brigade was relieved by six of the new regiments, and reported that "Every preparation was made to resist a night attack."(*) On the Confederate side, General Anderson <long_77>reported his position safe to hold until the time to withdraw for the march. About noon, General Hancock, in command of his own and Davidson's brigades in front of our left, started with three of his own regiments and two of Davidson's and the six-gun battery under Lieutenant Carson in search of the unoccupied redoubts in that quarter. He approached by the dam at Sanders's Pond, passed the dam, and occupied one of the redoubts, leaving three companies to guard a road crossing on the right of his line of march. He put three companies of infantry in the redoubt and advanced his regiments and battery to the field in front. He then found another redoubt not occupied, and posted three other companies in it. He was reinforced by a four-gun battery under Captain Wheeler, which he posted in rear of his line of battle and awaited developments. When the last engagement on our right had calmed down to exchange of desultory shots, D. H. Hill's division was waiting to know if Anderson would need further support. Meanwhile, some of his officers had made a reconnoissance in front of his ground, and reported a route by which favorable attack could be made upon the Federals at the redoubt under Hancock.

General Johnston had arrived at my head-quarters, near Fort Magruder, when General Hill sent to report the reconnoissance, and to ask that he be allowed to make a move against Hancock, by Early's brigade. General Johnston received the message, and referred the officer to me. I ordered that the move should not be made, explaining that we were only fighting for time to draw off our trains, that aggressive battle was necessary on our right in order to keep the enemy back in the woodland from the open, where, by his superior artillery and numbers, he might deploy beyond our limits, and turn us out of position; that on our left there was no cause for apprehension of such action, and we could

not risk being drawn into serious delay by starting new work so late in the <long_78>day. Very soon General Hill rode over to report of the opportunity: that he thought he could get through before night, and would not be likely to involve delay of our night march. General Johnston referred him to me. I said,—

"The brigade you propose to use is not in safe hands. If you will go with it, and see that the troops are properly handled, you can make the attack, but don't involve us so as to delay the march after night."

In a letter from General Hill, after the war, he wrote of the fight by this brigade,—

"I cannot think of it, till this day, without horror. The slaughter of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment was one of the most awful things I ever saw, and it was caused by a blunder. At your request, I think, I followed Early's brigade, following the right wing."

General Hill was in advance of the brigade with the Fifth and Twenty-third North Carolina Regiments, General Early in rear with the Twenty-fourth and Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiments. General Hill ordered the advance regiments to halt after crossing a streamlet and get under cover of the wood till the brigade could form; but General Early, not waiting for orders or the brigade, rode to the front of the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and with it made the attack. The gallant McRae, of the Fifth North Carolina, seeing the Twenty-fourth Virginia hotly engaged, dashed forward, *nolens volens*, to its relief. The other regiments, seeing the confusion of movements and of orders, failed to go forward. Part of my troops, on Early's right, seeing that a fight was open on that part of the field, started without orders to go to his relief, but found the fight lost before they were engaged. After the brigade was collected on its first position, General Johnston rode to his head-quarters. At dark the Confederates <long_79>were withdrawn and took up the line of march, the division of D. H. Hill taking the rear of the column, Rains's brigade the rear of the division. On his march, General Rains found, in a broken-down ammunition-wagon, several loaded shells, four of them with sensitive fuse primers, which he placed near some fallen trees, cut down as obstructions. He afterwards heard that some of them were tramped upon by the Federal cavalry and exploded.

The pursuit was not active, hardly annoying. The roads were cut into deep mud by the trains, and the sideways by troops far out on either side, making puddles ankle-deep in all directions, so that the march was slow and trying, but giving almost absolute safe-conduct against pursuit, and our men were allowed to spread their ranks in search of ground strong enough to bear them.

My estimate, made on the field, of the troops engaged was, Confederate, 9000; Union, 12,000. The casualties of the engagement were, Confederate, 1565 aggregate;(*) Federal, 2288 aggregate.(+)

General McClellan was at Yorktown during the greater part of the day to see Franklin's, Sedgwick's, and Richardson's divisions aboard the transports for his proposed flanking and rear move up York River, but upon receiving reports that the engagement at Williamsburg was growing serious and not satisfactory, he rode to the battle, and called the divisions of Sedgwick and Richardson to follow him.

The object of the battle was to gain time to haul our trains to places of safety. The effect, besides, was to call two of the divisions from their flanking move to support the battle, and this so crippled that expedition that it gave us no serious trouble. The trophies of the battle were with the Confederates, and they claim the honor to inscribe Williamsburg

upon their battle-flags.

<long_80>

The success of General Hancock in holding his position in and about the forts with five regiments and two batteries against the assault of the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiments was given heroic proportions by his chief, who christened him "The Superb," to relieve, it is supposed, by the picturesque figure on his right, the discomfiture of his left. But, reading between the lines, the highest compliment was for the two Confederate regiments.

In his official account, General Johnston said,—

"The action gradually increased in magnitude until about three o' clock, when General Longstreet, commanding the rear, requested that a part of Major-General Hill's troops might be sent to his aid. Upon this I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left no apology for interference."

Franklin's division was taken by transports to the mouth of Pamunkey River, and was supported by the navy. On the 7th a brigade of Sedgwick's division joined Franklin. On the same day, Johnston's army was collected near Barhamville. General Whiting, with Hood's brigade and part of Hampton's, engaged the advance of Franklin's command and forced it back. This cleared our route of march towards Richmond, Smith's and Magruder's divisions by the road to New Kent Court-House, Hill's and Longstreet's nearer the Chickahominy.

General McClellan's plans were laid according to strict rules of strategy, but he was not quick or forcible in handling his troops.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter VII.—Seven Pines, Or Fair Oaks.

A New Line of Defence—Positions of the Confronting Armies—Fitz-John Porter—Terrific Storm on the Eve of Battle-General Johnston's Orders to Longstreet, Smith, and Huger—Lack of Co-operation on the Confederate Side, and Ensuing Confusion—Fatalities among Confederate Officers—Kearny's Action—Serious Wounding of General Johnston at the Close of the Battle—Summary and Analysis of Losses.

<long_81>

ON the 9th of May the Confederate army was halted, its right near Long Bridge of the Chickahominy River; its left and cavalry extending towards the Pamunkey through New Kent Court-House. On the 11th the commander of the Confederate ram "Virginia" ("Merrimac"), finding the water of James River not sufficient to float her to the works near Richmond, scuttled and sank the ship where she lay.

On the 15th the Federal navy attacked our works at Chapin's and Drury's Bluffs, but found them too strong for water batteries. That attack suggested to General Johnston that he move nearer Richmond to be in position to lend the batteries assistance in case of need. He crossed the Chickahominy, his right wing at Long Bridge, his left by Bottom's Bridge, and took position from Drury's Bluff on his right, to the Mechanicsville turnpike, with his infantry, the cavalry extending on the left and front to the lower Rappahannock and Fredericksburg. The right wing, D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions, under Longstreet, from James River to White Oak Swamp; the left under G. W. Smith. Smith's division and Magruder's command from White Oak Swamp, extending thence to the Mechanicsville pike, with Jackson a hundred miles away in the Shenandoah Valley.

<long_82>

After careful study of the works and armaments at Drury's Bluff, I ventured the suggestion that we recross the Chickahominy at Mechanicsville and stand behind Beaver Dam Creek, prepared against McClellan's right when he should be ready to march towards Richmond, and call him to relieve his flank before crossing the river.

Although the country between McClellan's landing on the Pamunkey to the Chickahominy was free of all obstacles on the 15th of May, the head of his advance did not reach the banks of the latter river till the 21st. On the 16th he established his permanent depot at the White House, on the Pamunkey, and organized two provisional army corps,—the Fifth, of Fitz-John Porter's division, and Sykes's, under command of Porter; the Sixth, of Franklin's and W. F. Smith's divisions, under Franklin. On the 26th the *York* River Railroad as far as the bridge across the Chickahominy was repaired and in use. This, with other bridges, was speedily repaired, and new bridges ordered built at such points as should be found necessary to make free communication between the posts of the army.

On the 24th parties were advanced on the Williamsburg road as far as Seven Pines, where a spirited affair occurred between General Naglee's forces and General Hatton's brigade, the latter withdrawing a mile and a half on the Williamsburg road. At the same time two other parties of Federals were sent up the left bank, one under General Davidson, of the cavalry, with artillery and infantry supports, as far as Mechanicsville, where he encountered and dislodged a Confederate cavalry force under Colonel B. H. Robertson and occupied the position. The third party, under Colonel Woodbury, the

Fourth Michigan Infantry and a squadron of the Second United States Cavalry, moved up to New Bridge, where the Fifth Louisiana, Colonel Hunt, of Semmes's brigade, was on picket. Finding the bridge well guarded, a party, conducted by Lieutenant Bowen, <long_83>Topographical Engineers, marched up the river, concealing their movements, crossed to the west bank, and, passing down, surprised the Fifth Louisiana, threw it into disorder, and gained position on the west side.

Pleased at these successes, General McClellan sent a sensational despatch to the President. His position thus masked, rested his right upon Beaver Dam Creek, a stream that flows from the height between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey Rivers south to its confluence with the former a few hundred yards below Mechanicsville Bridge. Its banks are scarped, about six feet high, and eight feet apart, making a strong natural ditch for defensive works.

On commanding ground south of the creek admirably planned field-works were soon constructed, which made that flank unassailable. Two miles out from the river the creek loses its value as a defensive line. From Beaver Dam the line was extended down the river to New Bridge, where it crossed and reached its left out to White Oak Swamp, and there found as defensible guard as the right at Beaver Dam Creek. The swamp is about a quarter of a mile wide at the left, and down to the Chickahominy studded with heavy forest-trees, always wet and boggy, but readily forded by infantry, and at places by cavalry.

Near the middle of the line, back from New Bridge, was Stoneman's cavalry. Fitz-John Porter's corps (Fifth) was posted at Beaver Dam Creek, Franklin's (Sixth) two miles lower down, Sumner's (Second) near the middle of the line, about three miles from the river. The Third and Fourth Corps were on the south side, Kearny's division of the Third at Savage Station of the York River Railroad, Hooker's division at White Oak Swamp Bridge, with entrenched lines. The Fourth Corps was posted on the Williamsburg road, Couch's division about a mile in advance of Hooker's, of the Third, at the junction of the Nine Miles road, entrenched, and field <long_84>of abatis; Casey's division of the Third half a mile in advance of Couch's, entrenched, and field of abatis. The point occupied by Couch's division is known as Seven Pines. His advanced picket-guard on the Nine Miles road was at Fair Oaks Station of the York River Railroad.

The line, which was somewhat concave towards Richmond, was strengthened at vulnerable points by field-works. General Sumner was senior of the corps commanders, and in command of the right wing; General Heintzelman, the senior of the south side, was in command of the left wing. The Chickahominy is a hundred feet wide as far up as Mechanicsville Bridge, but narrows above to forty and thirty. Along the line of McClellan's deployment its course was through lowlands of tangled woods that fringe its banks, the valley seldom more than a hundred yards wide. Artillery was posted to command all bridges and those ordered for construction. On the 26th, General McClellan ordered General Fitz-John Porter to organize a force to march against a Confederate outpost near Hanover Court-House. Porter took of Morell's division three brigades,—Martindale's, Butterfield's, and McQuade's,—Berdan's Sharpshooters and three batteries, two regiments of cavalry under General Emory, and Benson's horse battery; Warren's brigade to march up the right bank of the Pamunkey in connection with operations projected for the fighting column. Porter was the most skilful tactician and strongest fighter in the Federal army, thoroughly trained in his profession from boyhood, and of

some experience in field work.

The Confederate outpost was commanded by Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch, six regiments of infantry, one battery, under Captain Latham, and a cavalry regiment, under Colonel Robertson. General Branch was a brigadier from civil life. The result of the affair was the discomfiture of General Branch, with the loss of one gun <long_85>and about seven hundred prisoners. Losses in action, not including prisoners: Confederates, 265; Federals, 285.

A. P. Hill was promoted to major-general, and assigned to command of a division at that outpost and stationed at Ashland.

On the 27th, General Johnston received information that General McDowell's corps was at Fredericksburg, and on the march to reinforce McClellan's right at Mechanicsville. He prepared to attack McClellan before McDowell could reach him. To this end he withdrew Smith's division from the Williamsburg road, relieving it by the division of D. H. Hill; withdrew Longstreet's division from its position, and A. P. Hill's from Ashland. The fighting column was to be under General G. W. Smith, his next in rank, and General Whiting was assigned command of Smith's division,—the column to consist of A. P. Hill's, Whiting's, and D. R. Jones's divisions. The latter was posted between the Mechanicsville pike and Meadow Bridge road. A.P. Hill was to march direct against McClellan's outpost at Mechanicsville, Whiting to cross the river at Meadow Bridge, and D. R. Jones at Mechanicsville, thus completing the column of attack on the east side.

I was to march by the Mechanicsville road to the vicinity of the bridge, and to strike down against the Federal right, west of the river, the march to be made during the night; D. H. Hill to post a brigade on his right on the Charles City road to guard the field to be left by his division, as well as the line left vacant by Longstreet's division.

At nightfall the troops took up the march for their several assigned positions. Before dark General Johnston called a number of his officers together for instructions,—viz., Smith, Magruder, Stuart, and Longstreet. When we were assembled, General Johnston announced later information: that McDowell's line of march had <long_86>been changed,—that he was going north. Following the report of this information, General Smith proposed that the plan for battle should be given up, in view of the very strong ground at Beaver Dam Creek. (*) I urged that the plan laid against the concentrating columns was made stronger by the change of direction of McDowell's column, and should suggest more prompt and vigorous prosecution. In this Magruder and Stuart joined me. The pros and cons were talked over till a late hour, when at last General Johnston, weary of it, walked aside to a separate seat. I took the opportunity to draw near him, and suggested that the Federal position behind Beaver Dam Creek, so seriously objected to by General Smith, could be turned by marching to and along the high ground between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey Rivers; that the position of the enemy when turned would be abandoned without a severe struggle, and give a fair field for battle; that we should not lose the opportunity to await another possible one.

General Johnston replied that he was aware of all that, but found that he had selected the wrong officer for the work. This ended the talk, and I asked to be allowed to halt my columns as soon as possible. The other movements were arrested, except that of A. P. Hill's division, which was ordered to continue its march, cross the Chick-ahominy at Meadow Bridge, and take position between the Meadow Bridge road and the Brooke turnpike. The counter-order reinstated my command of the right wing, including D. H.

Hill's division on the Williamsburg road and extending to the York River Railroad. Before leaving the conference, I announced that we would fight on the Williamsburg road if we had to find the enemy through bayous.

The order to halt the columns found Smith's division <long_87>between the Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge roads, Longstreet's near the city at the Nine Miles road; D. R. Jones had not moved.

On the 29th and 30th, General D. H. Hill sent out reconnoitring parties on the Williamsburg and Charles City roads. On the 30th he received a fair report of Casey's intrenched camp, and the probable strength and extent of the line of his skirmishers reaching out his left front to White Oak Swamp. On the 29th, General Johnston wrote General Whiting, commanding Smith's division, giving notice of a reconnoissance ordered by General Hill, cautioning the former that his division should be drawn towards the right, to be in better position for support of a battle of his right, and adding,—

"Who knows but that in the course of the morning Longstreet's scheme may accomplish itself! If we get into a fight here, you will have to hurry to help us."

The report of General D. H. Hill's reconnoissance of the 30th was forwarded to headquarters. I followed it, and found General Johnston ready to talk over plans for battle. General Huger had reported with three of his brigades, and was in camp near the outskirts of Richmond on Gillis Creek. The plan settled upon was that the attack should be made by General D. H. Hill's division on the Williamsburg road, supported by Longstreet's division. Huger's division, just out of garrison duty at Norfolk, was to march between Hill's right and the swamp against the enemy's line of skirmishers, and move abreast of the battle; G. W. Smith's division, under Whiting, to march by the Gaines road to Old Tavern, and move abreast of the battle on its left. The field before Old Tavern was not carefully covered by the enemy's skirmishers north of Fair Oaks, nor by parties in observation.

Experience during the discussion of the battle ordered for the 28th caused me to doubt of effective work from the <long_88>troops ordered for the left flank, but the plan seemed so simple that it was thought impossible for any one to go dangerously wrong; and General Johnston stated that he would be on that road, the better to receive from his troops along the crest of the Chickahominy information of movements of the enemy on the farther side of the river, and to look to the co-operation of the troops on the Nine Miles road.

To facilitate marches, Huger's division was to have the Charles City road to the head of White Oak Swamp, file across it and march down its northern margin; D. H. Hill to have the Williamsburg road to the enemy's front; Longstreet's division to march by the Nine Miles road and a lateral road leading across the rear of General Hill on the Williamsburg road; G. W. Smith by the Gaines road to Old Tavern on the Nine Miles road.

The tactical handling of the battle on the Williamsburg road was left to my care, as well as the general conduct of affairs south of the York River Railroad, the latter line being the left of the field to which I had been assigned, the right wing.

While yet affairs were under consideration, a terrific storm of vivid lightning, thunderbolts, and rain, as severe as ever known to any climate, burst upon us, and continued through the night more or less severe. In the first lull I rode from General Johnston's to my head-quarters, and sent orders for early march.

For a more comprehensive view of affairs as ordered, it may be well to explain that

General Johnston ordered Smith's division by the Gaines road, so that, in case of delay of its march, McLaws's division, on that road and nearer the field of proposed action, could be brought in to the left of the battle, leaving the place of his division to be occupied by Smith's, when the latter reached McLaws's vacated line. There was, therefore, no reason why the orders for march should be misconstrued or misapplied. <long_89>I was with General Johnston all of the time that he was engaged in planning and ordering the battle, heard every word and thought expressed by him of it, and received his verbal orders; Generals Huger and Smith his written orders.

General Johnston's order to General Smith was:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"May 30, 9.15 P.M.*

"MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. SMITH:

"GENERAL,—If nothing prevents, we will fall upon the enemy in front of Major-General Hill (who occupies the position on the Williamsburg road from which your troops moved to the neighborhood of Meadow Bridge) early in the morning, as early as practicable. The Chickahominy will be passable only at the bridge, a great advantage to us. Please be ready to move by the Gaines road, coming as early as possible to the point at which the road to New Bridge turns off. Should there be cause for haste, Major-General McLaws, on your approach, will be ordered to leave his ground for you, that he may reinforce General Longstreet.

"Most respectfully your obedient servant,

"J. E. JOHNSTON." (*)

General Johnston's order for General Huger read:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"May 30, 1862, 8. 30 P.M.*

"MAJOR-GENERAL HUGER:

"GENERAL,—The reports of Major-General D. H. Hill give me the impression that the enemy is in considerable strength in his front. It seems to me necessary that we should increase our force also; for that object I wish to concentrate the troops of your division on the Charles City road, and to concentrate the troops of Major-General Hill on the Williamsburg road. To do this it will be necessary for you to move, as early in the morning as possible, to relieve the brigade of General Hill's division now on the Charles City road. I have desired General Hill to send you a guide. The road is the second large one diverging to the right <long_90>from the Williamsburg road. The first turns off near the tollgate. On reaching your position on the Charles City road, learn at once the route to the main roads, to Richmond on your right and left, especially those to the left, and try to find guides. Be ready, if an action should begin on your left, to fall upon the enemy's left flank.

"Most respectfully your obedient servant,

" J. E. JOHNSTON.

"P.S.—It is necessary to move very early." (*)

The Nine Miles road takes the name from the distance by that road from Richmond to Seven Pines. The Williamsburg road to the same point was sometimes called the Seven

Miles road, because of the distance by that road to Seven Pines.

As expressed and repeated in his orders, General Johnston's wish was to have the battle pitched as early as practicable. When his orders were issued, he was under the impression that I would be the ranking officer on the right of the York Railroad, and would give detailed instructions to govern the later operations of Huger's troops.

Subsequent events seem to call for mention just here that General Smith, instead of moving the troops by the route assigned them, marched back to the Nine Miles road near the city, rode to Johnston's head-quarters about six in the morning, and reported that he was with the division, but not for the purpose of taking command from General Whiting. As General Johnston did not care to order him back to his position as commander of the left wing, he set himself to work to make trouble, complained that my troops were on the Nine Miles road in the way of his march, and presently complained that they had left that road and were over on the Williamsburg road, and induced General Johnston to so far modify the plans as to <long_91>order three of my brigades down the Nine Miles road to the New Bridge fork.

The order was sent by Lieutenant Washington, of Johnston's staff, who, unused to campaigning, failed to notice that he was not riding on my line of march, and rode into the enemy's lines. This accident gave the enemy the first warning of approaching danger; it was misleading, however, as it caused General Keyes to look for the attack by the Nine Miles road.

The storms had flooded the fiat lands, and the waters as they fell seemed weary of the battle of the elements, and inclined to have a good rest on the soft bed of sand which let them gently down to the substratum of clay; or it may have been the purpose of kind Providence to so intermix the upper and lower strata as to interpose serious barriers to the passing of artillery, and thus break up the battle of men.

My march by the Nine Miles and lateral roads leading across to the Williamsburg road was interrupted by the flooded grounds about the head of Gillis Creek. At the same time this creek was bank full, where it found a channel for its flow into the James. The delay of an hour to construct a bridge was preferred to the encounter of more serious obstacles along the narrow lateral road, flooded by the storm. As we were earlier at the creek, it gave us precedence over Huger's division, which had to cross after us. The division was prepared with cooked rations, had wagons packed at six o'clock, and rested in the rear of General Hill's at nine A.M.

Meanwhile, General G. W. Smith's division had marched by the Nine Miles road and was resting near the fork of the New Bridge road at Old Tavern. Upon meeting General Huger in the morning, I gave him a succinct account of General Johnston's plans and wishes; after which he inquired as to the dates of our commissions, which revealed that he was the ranking officer, when I <long_92>suggested that it was only necessary for him to take command and execute the orders. This he declined. Then it was proposed that he should send two of his brigades across to join on the right of the column of attack, while he could remain with his other brigade, which was to relieve that of General Hill on the Charles City road. Though he expressed himself satisfied with this, his manner was eloquent of discontent. The better to harmonize, I proposed to reinforce his column by three of my brigades, to be sent under General Wilcox, to lead or follow his division, as he might order. Under this arrangement it seemed that concert of action was assured. I gave especial orders to General Wilcox to have care that the head of his column was

abreast the battle when it opened, and rode forward to join General Hill, my other three brigades advancing along the Williamsburg road.

Oposing and in the immediate front of General Hill was the division of General Casey, of the Fourth (Keyes's) Corps. The division stood in an intrenched camp across the Williamsburg road, with a pentagonal redoubt (unfinished) on the left of his line. Half a mile in rear of Casey's division was that of Couch, of the same corps, behind a second trenched line, at its junction of the Nine Miles road, part of Couch's extending along the latter road to Fair Oaks Station of the York River Railroad, and intrenched; farther forward he had a guarded picket station. Between Couch and Casey a skirt of wood stretched from the swamp on their left across the Williamsburg and Nine Miles roads and the railroad. Between the stretch of forest and Couch was an open, spreading across the roads, and at Casey's front, was another open, though more limited, some abatis being arranged along their front lines. These were the only cleared fields on the south side of the railroad within two miles of Casey's picket line, our line of march and attack. General D. H. Hill stood ready for battle at an early <long_93>hour, waiting for his brigade on the Charles City road. Under the delay to relieve that brigade by one of Huger's divisions, I sent orders to General Wilcox to pull off from column on that road and march for the position assigned him near the head of White Oak Swamp.

The detailed instructions for battle were that the advance should be made in columns of brigades two on each side the Williamsburg road, preceded by strong lines of skirmishers; the advance, approaching an open or abatis or trench line, should reinforce the skirmish line to strong engagement, while the lines of battle turned those obstacles by flank or oblique march when the general advance should be resumed. As the wooded field was not convenient for artillery use, we only held the batteries of Bondurant and Carter ready for call. At eleven o'clock, weary of delay, General Hill asked to let loose his signal-gun and engage, but was ordered to wait for his absent brigade.

The reports of the hour of opening battle are more conflicting in this than in most battles, owing possibly to the fact that many are fixed by the beginning of the hot battle about the trenched camp, while others are based on the actual firing of the signal-guns. The weight of evidence seems conclusive of the former attack at one P.M., and this would place the firing of the signal-guns back to noon or a little after. As events occurred, however, the hour is not of especial interest, as it is shown that the battle was in time for a finish before night if it had been promptly followed up. I will say, therefore, that General Hill's second appeal to open the signal-gun was made a little before noon, and that he stated in this appeal that his brigade from the Charles City road was approaching, and would be with him. He was then authorized to march, but to give instructions that the advance should be carefully conducted until all the troops were in place, to give full force to his battle. He had four brigades, and <long_94>was ordered to advance in columns of brigades, two on each side of the road. Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigades in columns, preceded by skirmishers, advanced on the left of the road at the sound of the guns, and engaged after a short march from the starting. As Rodes's brigade was not yet in position, some little time elapsed before the columns on the right moved, so that Garland's column encountered more than its share of early fight, but Rodes, supported by Rains's brigade, came promptly to his relief, which steadied the advance. The enemy's front was reinforced and arrested progress of our skirmishers, but a way was found by which the enemy was turned out of position, and by and by the open before the intrenched camp was

reached. In the redoubt was a six-gun battery, and on the right another section of two pieces. General Hill ordered Bondurant's battery to the open into action, and presently the battery of Captain Carter.

Garland and G. B. Anderson had severe contention at one o'clock, but by pushing front and flank movements got to the enemy's strong line. R.H. Anderson's brigade was pushed up in support of their left, when a bold move gave us the section of artillery and that end of the line. At the same time Carter's battery was in close practice with five guns within four hundred yards of the redoubt, and the enemy was seriously disturbed; but General Hill was disposed to wait a little for Huger, thought to be between him and the swamp, to get farther in; then, fearing that longer wait might be hazardous of his opportunity, he ordered Rains's brigade past the enemy's left, when Rodes seized the moment, rushed in, and gained the redoubt and the battery. The officers at the battery made a brave effort to spike their guns, but were killed in the act. So Rodes, who had some artillerists acting as infantry, turned them with some effect upon the troops as they retired.

<long_95>

When General Hill reported that he must use Rains's brigade to march around the redoubt, other orders were sent General Wilcox to leave General Huger's column and march to his position on the right of General Hill's battle, directing, in case there were serious obstacles to his march by the Charles City road, to march over to and down the Williamsburg road. A slip of paper was sent General Johnston reporting progress and asking co-operation on our left.

The battle moved bravely on. R.H. Anderson's brigade was ordered to support its left at Fair Oaks, and Pickett's, on the railroad, was drawn near. Hill met Casey's troops rallying, and reinforcements with them coming to recover the lost ground, but they were forced back to the second intrenched line (Couch's), where severe fighting ensued, but the line was carried at two o'clock, cutting Couch with four regiments and two companies of infantry, and Brady's six-gun battery, off at Fair Oaks Station. Finding that he could not cut his way back to his command, Couch stood back from the railroad and presently opened his battery fire across our advancing lines. As he was standing directly in front of Smith's division, we thought that he would soon be attacked and driven off. Nevertheless, it was not prudent to leave that point on our flank unguarded until we found Smith's division in action. The force was shut off from our view by the thick pine wood, so that we could know nothing of its strength, and only knew of its position from its artillery fire. We could not attack it lest we should fall under the fire of the division in position for that attack. Anderson's other regiments, under the gallant Colonel M. Jenkins, were ordered into Hill's forward battle, as his troops were worn. Jenkins soon found himself in the van, and so swiftly led on that the discomfited troops found no opportunity to rally. Reinforcements from the Third Corps came, but in the swampy wood Jenkins was <long_96> prompt enough to strike their heads as their retreating comrades passed. Right and left and front he applied his beautiful tactics and pushed his battle.

General Kearny, finding that he could not arrest the march, put Betty's brigade off to the swamp to flank and strike it, and took part of Jamison's brigade to follow. They got into the swamp and followed it up to the open near the Couch intrenchment, (*) but Jenkins knew that there was some one there to meet them, and pushed his onward battle. General Hill ordered Rains's brigade to turn this new force, while Rodes attacked, but the latter's men were worn, and some of them were with the advance. Kemper's brigade was sent to

support the forward battle, but General Hill directed it to his right against Berry, in front of Rains, and it seems that the heavy, swampy ground so obstructed operations on both sides as to limit their work to infantry fusillades until six o'clock.

Our battle on the Williamsburg road was in a sack. We were strong enough to guard our flanks and push straight on, but the front was growing heavy. It was time for Wilcox's brigades under his last order, but nothing was heard of them. I asked General Stuart, who had joined me, if there were obstacles to Wilcox's march between the Charles City and Williamsburg roads. He reported that there was nothing more than swamp lands, hardly knee-deep. He was asked for a guide, who was sent with a courier bearing orders for them to remain with General Wilcox until he reported at my head-quarters.

Again I reported the cramped condition of our work, owing to the artillery practice from beyond the railroad, and asked General Johnston to have the division that was with him drive that force away and loose our left. This note was ordered to be put into General Johnston's hands. <long_97>He gave peremptory commands to that effect, but the movements were so slow that he lost patience and rode with Hood's leading brigade, pulled it on, and ordered communication opened with my left.

At one o'clock, General McClellan, at his head-quarters beyond the river, six miles away, heard the noise of battle and ordered Sumner's (Second) corps under arms to await orders. General Sumner ordered the command under arms, marched the divisions to their separate bridges, and put the columns on the bridges, partly submerged, to hold them to their moorings, anxiously awaiting authority from his chief to march to the relief of his comrades. The bridge where Sedgwick's division stood was passable, but Richardson's was under water waist-deep, and the flooding river rising. Richardson waded one brigade through, but thought that he could save time by marching up to the Sedgwick bridge, which so delayed him that he did not reach the field until after night.

As General Johnston rode with Hood's brigade, he saw the detachment under General Couch marching north to find at the Adams House the road to Grapevine Bridge, his open way of retreat. Directly he heard firing where Couch was marching, but thought that Smith's other brigades were equal to work that could open up there, and rode on, ordering Hood to find communication with my left. Smith's other brigades were: Whiting's, commanded by Colonel Law; Hampton's, Pettigrew's, and Hatton's; Whiting commanding the division, Smith commanding the left wing. Smith quotes Colonel Frobel, who was with him at the time,—viz.:

"Whiting's brigade was gone; it had been ordered forward to charge the batteries which were firing upon us. The brigade was repulsed, and in a few minutes came streaming back through the little skirt of woods to the left of the Nine Miles road, near the crossing. There was only a part of a brigade in this charge. Pender soon rallied and reformed them on the edge of the woods. <long_98>General Whiting sent an order to him to reconnoitre the batteries, and if he thought they could be taken, to try it again. Before he could do so, some one galloped up, shouting, 'Charge that battery !' The men hurried forward at double-quick, but were repulsed as before." (*)

It seems that at that moment General Sumner reached the field. He reported:

" On arriving on the field, I found General Couch, with four regiments and two companies of infantry and Brady's battery. These troops were drawn up in line near Adams's House, and there was a pause in the battle."

He received his orders at 2.30 P.M. and marched with Sedgwick's division—three brigades—and Kirby's battery, and reached the ground of Couch's work at 4.30. In less than an hour he had surveyed the ground and placed his troops to receive battle.

General Smith attacked with Hampton's, Pettigrew's, and Hatton's brigades. It seems he made no use of artillery, though on the field right and left the opportunity was fair. The troops fought bravely, as did all Confederate soldiers. We heard the steady, rolling fire of musketry and the boom of cannon that told of deadly work as far as the Williamsburg road, but it did not last. General Hatton was killed, General Pettigrew wounded and a prisoner, and General Hampton wounded. General Smith was beaten.

General Sumner reported:

"I ordered the following regiments, Eighty-second New York, Thirty-fourth New York, Fifteenth Massachusetts, Twentieth Massachusetts, and Seventh Michigan, to move to the front and charge bayonets. There were two fences between us and the enemy, but our men gallantly rushed over them, and the enemy broke and fled, and this closed the battle of Saturday." (+)

<long_99>

General Smith sent to call Hood's brigade from his right, and posted it, about dark, near Fair Oaks Station. At parting, General Hood said, "Our people over yonder are whipped."

General Wilcox filed his three brigades into the Williamsburg road, followed by two of Huger's division at five o'clock. He was reminded of his orders to be abreast of the battle, and that he was only four hours behind it; but reported that while marching by the first order by the Charles City road, he received orders to try the Williamsburg road; that, marching for that road, he was called by orders to follow a guide, who brought him back to the Charles City road. He confessed that his orders to march with the front of battle were plain and well understood, but his marches did not quite agree with the comprehensive view of his orders.

Two of his regiments—the Eleventh Alabama, under Colonel Sydenham Moore, and the Nineteenth Mississippi, under Major Mullens—were ordered to join Kemper, turn the position of the enemy at that point, and capture or dislodge them. With the other regiments, General Wilcox was ordered by the Williamsburg road to report to General Hill, Pryor's brigade to follow him, Colston's brigade to support the move under Colonel Moore.

Armistead's and Mahone's brigades, of Huger's division, were sent to R. H. Anderson, who was ordered to put them in his position and move his other regiments to the front.

Colonel Moore hurried his leading companies into the turning move against Berry's brigade before his regiment was up, and before the Mississippi regiment was in supporting distance, and fell mortally wounded. General Kearny, seeing the move and other troops marching towards it, ordered his troops out and in retreat through the swamp. He reported of it:

"Although so critically placed, and despite the masses that gathered on and had passed us, checked the enemy in his intent <long_100>of cutting off against the White Oak Swamp. This enabled the advanced regiments, arrested by orders and this contest in the rear, to return from their hitherto victorious career and retire by a remaining wood-path known to our scouts (the saw-mill road), until they once more arrived at and remained in the impregnable position we had left at noon at our own fortified division camp." (*)

He states the hour as six P.M.

Birney's brigade of Kearny's division was ordered along the north side of the railroad a little before night, and had several encounters with parts of R. H. Anderson's brigade and some regiments of G. B. Anderson's. Jenkins, nothing daunted, pushed his brave battle forward until the shades of night settled about the wood, and flashes of dark-lanterns began to creep through the pines in search of wounded, friend and foe.

At seven o'clock, General Johnston ordered his troops on the field to sleep on their lines, and be ready to renew operations in the morning, and ordered General Smith to call up other troops of the left wing. At half after seven he was hit by a rifle-ball, then a fragment of shell unhorsed him, and he was borne from the field, so severely wounded that he was for a considerable time incapacitated for duty. The command devolved temporarily upon General G. W. Smith. General Johnston was skilled in the art and science of war, gifted in his quick, penetrating mind and soldierly bearing, genial and affectionate in nature, honorable and winning in person, and confiding in his love. He drew the hearts of those about him so close that his comrades felt that they could die for him. Until his recovery the Confederacy experienced a serious deprivation, and when that occurred he was no longer commander-in-chief, for General Lee was promptly called to the post of honor.

<long_101>

The brigades were so mixed up through the pines when the battle closed that there was some delay in getting the regiments to their proper commands, getting up supplies, and arranging for the morning. D.H. Hill's was put in good order and in bivouac near the Casey intrenchment; those of Longstreet between the Williamsburg road and railroad. Wilcox's brigade took position on the right, in place of the detachment under Jenkins; Pryor's brigade next on the left; Kemper, Anderson, and Colston near the stage road (Williamsburg). They made blazing fires of pine-knots to dry their clothing and blankets, and these lighted reinforcing Union troops to their lines behind the railroad.

The brigades of Huger's division (Armistead's and Mahone's) were near the left. Pickett was ordered to report to General Hill at daylight, also the batteries of Maurin, Stribling, and Watson. It was past eleven o'clock when all things were made ready and the killed and wounded cared for; then I rode to find the head-quarters of our new commander.

SUMMARY OF FORCES AND LOSSES.

Union troops engaged on the Williamsburg road, reported by General Heintzelman, commanding Casey's, Couch's, and Kearny's divisions Hooker's division was at hand, but no part of it engaged.	18,500	
Confederates engaged on the Williamsburg road, of D. H. Hill's division	8900(*)	
Two brigades and two regiments of Longstreet's division	5700	
		<u>14,600</u>

Two lines of intrenchments were attacked and carried, six pieces of artillery and several thousand small-arms were captured, and the enemy was forced back to his third line of intrenchments by night, a mile and a half from the point of his opening. <long_102>

Sedgwick's division is not separately accounted for, but an average of the divisions reported by General	6,080	
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Heintzelman will give him		
Estimate of Couch's command	2,000	
Union force against General Smith		8,080
Smith's division, five brigades	10,500	
But Hood's brigade was not engaged	2,100	
Of Smith's division in action		8,400
Union losses on the Williamsburg road		4,563
Confederate losses on the Williamsburg road		3,515
Union losses on the Nine Miles road		468
Confederate losses on the Nine Miles road		1,283

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter VIII.—Sequelae Of Seven Pines.

The Forces under Command of G. W. Smith after Johnston was wounded—The Battle of the 1st—Longstreet requests Reinforcements and a Diversion—Council held—McLaws alone sustains Longstreet's Opposition to retiring—Severe Fighting—Pickett's Brave Stand—General Lee assigned to Command—He orders the withdrawal of the Army—Criticism of General Smith—Confederates should not have lost the Battle—Keyes's Corroboration.

<long_103>

MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. SMITH was of the highest standing of the West Point classes, and, like others of the Engineers, had a big name to help him in the position to which he had been suddenly called by the incapacitation of the Confederate commander.

I found his head-quarters at one o'clock in the morning, reported the work of the commands on the Williamsburg road on the 31st, and asked for part of the troops ordered up by General Johnston, that we might resume battle at daylight. He was disturbed by reports of pontoon bridges, said to be under construction for the use of other reinforcements to join the enemy from the east side, and was anxious lest the enemy might march his two corps on the east side by the upper river and occupy Richmond. But after a time these notions gave way, and he suggested that we could renew the battle on the Williamsburg road, provided we would send him one of our brigades to help hold his position and make the battle by a wheel on his right as a pivot.

As the commands stood, Smith's division on our left was at right angles to the York River Railroad, facing east, his right near Fair Oaks Station. Besides his division of ten thousand, he had Magruder's and other commands of fresh troops near him,—twenty thousand. <long_104>My left lay near Smith's right, the line extending parallel to the railroad for a mile, facing north; thence it broke to the rear, and covered the ground from that point to the swamp, the return front facing the enemy's third intrenched line. Smith's part of the field was open and fine for artillery practice. The field fronting on the railroad was so shut in by heavy pine forest and tangled swamp that we had no place for a single gun. D. H. Hill's division was in reserve near the Casey encampment.

The enemy stood: Sedgwick's division in front of Smith; Richardson's division in column of three brigades parallel to the railroad and behind it, prepared to attack my left; on Richardson's left was Birney's brigade behind the railroad, and under the enemy's third intrenched line were the balance of the Third and all of the Fourth Corps. So the plan to wheel on Smith's right as a pivot, my right stepping out on the wheel, would have left the Third and Fourth Corps to attack our rear as soon as we moved.

Besides, it was evident that our new commander would do nothing, and we must look to accident for such aid as might be drawn to us during the battle.

The plan proposed could only be considered under the hypothesis that Magruder would come in as the pivotal point, and, upon having the enemy's line fully exposed, would find the field fine for his batteries, and put them in practice without orders from his commander, and, breaking the enemy's line by an enfilade fire from his artillery, would come into battle and give it cohesive power.

I left head-quarters at three o'clock, and after an hour's repose rode to the front to find General Hill. Wilcox's brigade was on my right on the return front, Pryor's brigade on his left, and R. H. Anderson, Kemper, Colston, Armistead, and Mahone occupied the line

between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. Pickett's brigade <long_105>was ordered to be with General Hill at daylight, and Maurin's, Stribling's, and Watson's batteries, of Pickett's brigade, to take position on the right of Armistead's.

I found General Hill before he had his breakfast, enjoying the comforts of Casey's camp. Pickett had passed and was in search of his position, which was soon disclosed by a fusillade from the front of Richardson's division. A party of "bummers" from Richmond had found their way into the camp at Fair Oaks, and were getting such things as they could put their hands on. They were taken in the gray of the morning for Confederate troops and fired upon. This made some confusion with our new troops, and part of them opened fire in the wrong direction, putting two or three bullets through General Hill's tent before he got out of it. Hood's brigade of Smith's division, the pivotal point, came under this fire, and was immediately withdrawn. Hood reported his position good, but his orders were to retire.

Our cavalry had established communication with head-quarters, and gave prompt notice of movements as they occurred. The pivot was moving to the rear, but battle on the Williamsburg road steadily advanced, with orders to develop the enemy's battle front through its extent along the railroad; not to make the fancied wheel, but to expose his line to the practice of our batteries on the Nine Miles road.

Our infantry moved steadily, engaging French's brigade of Richardson's division, which was led by one of Howard's regiments. French was supported by Howard's brigade, and Howard by Meagher's, and the firing extended along my line as far as the return front of my right. But Magruder was not on the field to seize the opportunity for his artillery. He was nowhere near the battle,—had not been called. General Whiting, however, saw the opportunity so inviting, and reported to his commander at half after six o'clock,—

<long_106>

"I am going to try a diversion for Longstreet, and have found, as reported, a position for artillery. The enemy are in full view and in heavy masses. I have ordered up Lee with four pieces. The musketry firing in advance is tremendous."(*)

General Smith had parties posted along the heights of the Chickahominy in close observation of the movements of the enemy's forces on the east bank. These parties reported from time to time that the enemy was moving his forces down the east bank and crossing them over to take part in the fight. The accounts proved false, but they continued to come to head-quarters, and were forwarded to my command on the Williamsburg road and gave us some concern. Failing to receive approval of his chief, General Whiting reported at nine o'clock,—

"If I don't receive an answer in half an hour, I shall commence withdrawing my forces."(+)

The answer he received was to throw back his right and take position a little nearer to the New Bridge fork of the Nine Miles road,(++) thus swinging the pivot farther back. General Smith complained that the enemy was getting into the interval between our lines, but position between two fires was not the place the enemy wanted; he could not know that Smith wouldn't shoot. Under this long and severe infantry fight there was no point on my part of the field upon which we could post a single gun. Part of Armistead's new troops gave way, but the gallant brigadier maintained his ground and soon collected his other regiments. Before this I had reported ready, and awaiting a guide, the brigade that

was to be sent over to the Nine Miles road. At half after ten o'clock, General Smith sent word that he had heard nothing of the brigade expected to come to his support, and renewed his reports of the enemy crossing over and concentrating against us <long_107> on the Williamsburg road. He repeated, too, his wish to have his cavalry keep close communication between the wings of the army. This close communication had been established early in the morning and was maintained through the day, and the reports of the enemy's crossing were all false, but our new commander seemed to forget. At the same time he wrote me,—

"I have directed Whiting to take close defensive relations with Magruder. At any rate, that was absolutely necessary to enable a good defence to be made whilst you are pivoting on Whiting's position." (*)

Whiting's position, instead of being pivotal, began its rearward move at the opening fire at daybreak, and continued in that line of conduct until it reached a point of quiet. General Smith was informed that the brigade called for by him would not be sent over; that his troops were doing nothing, while all of mine were in severe battle, except a single brigade, and the enemy was massing his fighting force against me; that the grounds were so flooded that it was difficult to keep up our supply of ammunition; that with the aid of his troops the battle would be ours.

But just then he held a council with Generals McLaws and Whiting and Chief Engineer Stevens, and submitted the question, "Must the troops be withdrawn, or the attack continued?"

All voted in favor of the former except McLaws. In a letter, since written, he has said,—

"I alone urged that you be reinforced and the attack continued, and the question was reconsidered, and I was sent to learn your views." (+)

Before General McLaws found me, I wrote General Smith,—

<long_108>

"Can you reinforce me? The entire enemy seems to be opposed to me. We cannot hold out unless we get help. If we can fight together, we can finish the work to-day, and Mac's time will be up. If I cannot get help, I fear that I must fall back."

General McLaws reported of his ride to my lines,—

"I went and found you with J. E. B. Stuart. You were in favor of resuming the assault, and wanted five thousand men." (*)

Nothing was sent in reply to McLaws's report, but we soon learned that the left wing of the army was quiet and serene in defensive positions about the New Bridge fork of the Nine Miles road.

At the first quiet of our battle, after the left wing quit the field, I ordered the brigades withdrawn to defensive position about the trenches at Seven Pines, but before the order reached the front the fight was renewed by Hooker's division upon Wilcox and Pryor, and reached out to our left near Fair Oaks. In the heat of this, General Wilcox received the order to retire, and in undue haste pulled his command out, assumed authority over Pryor, and ordered him off. Pickett, the true soldier, knowing that the order was not intended for such emergency, stood and resisted the attack. Colston was sent to his aid, and the attack was repulsed. Immediately after this repulse was a quiet advance upon Pickett's right. The

commander asked, "What troops are these ?" "Virginians !" "Don't fire!" he ordered; "we will capture the last one of these Virginians." Just then the Virginians rose and opened a fearful fire that drove him back to his bushy cover, which ended the battle of Seven Pines. Pickett was withdrawn to position assigned for his brigade, our line of skirmishers remaining near the enemy's during the day and night. General Wilcox reported of his battle, when <long_109>he pulled off from it, that he was doing as well as he could wish, but General Hooker reported, "Pursuit was hopeless."

The failure of the enemy to push the opportunity made by the precipitate retreat of General Wilcox, and Pickett's successful resistance, told that there was nothing in the reports of troops coming over from the east side to take part in the battle, and we were convinced that the river was not passable. I made an appeal for ten thousand men, that we might renew our battle without regard to General Smith and those about him. It received no more consideration than the appeal made through General McLaws.

Then General Lee, having been assigned to command, came upon the field after noon by the Nine Miles road, and, with General Smith, came over to the Williamsburg road. A similar proposition was made General Lee, but General Smith protested that the enemy was strongly fortified. At the time the enemy's main battle front was behind the railroad, fronting against me but exposed to easy enfilade fire of batteries to be posted on his right flank on the Nine Miles road, while his front against me was covered by the railway embankment. It is needless to add that under the fire of batteries so posted his lines would have been broken to confusion in twenty minutes. General Holmes marched down the Williamsburg road and rested in wait for General Lee. Like General Huger, he held rank over me. General Lee ordered the troops back to their former lines. Those on the Williamsburg road were drawn back during the night, the rear-guard, Pickett's brigade, passing the Casey works at sunrise on the 2d unmolested. Part of Richardson's division mistook the camp at Fair Oaks for the Casey camp, and claimed to have recovered it on the afternoon of the 1st, but it was not until the morning of the 2d that the Casey camp was abandoned.

<long_110>

The Confederate losses in the two days' fight were 6134; the Union losses, 5031.

It seems from Union accounts that all of our dead were not found and buried on the afternoon of the 1st. It is possible, as our battle was in the heavy forest and swamp tangles.

General Smith has written a great deal about the battle of Seven Pines during the past twenty or thirty years, in efforts to show that the failure of success was due to want of conduct on the part of the forces on the Williamsburg road. He claims that he was only out as a party of observation, to prevent reinforcement of the enemy from the east side of the river, and that he kept Sumner off of us. But he waited three hours after the enemy's ranks and lines had been broken, instead of moving with and finishing the battle, thus giving Sumner time to march from the east of the river, and strike him and beat him to disorder, and change the lost battle to success. He shows that Hill's and Longstreet's divisions could have gained the battle unaided,—which may be true enough, but it would have been a fruitless success, for the enemy got forces over to protect those of the west side; whereas, the stronger battle, ordered by the four divisions, could and would have made a complete success of it but for the balky conduct of the divisions ordered to guard the flanks. Instead of six hours' hard work to reach the enemy's third line, we could have

captured it in the second hour and had the field cleaned up before Sumner crossed the river.

General Keyes, the commander of the Fourth Corps, in his "Fifty Years' Observations," says,—

"The left of my lines were all protected by the White Oak Swamp, but the right was on ground so favorable to the approach of the enemy, and so far from the Chickahominy, that if Johnston had attacked them an hour or two earlier than he did, I could have made but a feeble defence comparatively, and every man of us would have been killed, captured, or driven into the swamp or river before assistance could have reached us."

<long_111>

General Smith lay in wait three hours after the enemy's positions were broken and carried, giving ample time for the march of the succoring forces. The hour of the attack was not so important as prompt and vigorous work. If the battle had opened at sunrise, Smith would have made the same wait, and Sumner's march would have been in time to beat him. All elements of success were in the plan, but balky troops will mar the strongest plans. He tries to persuade himself that he intended to join our battle on the Williamsburg road, but there was no fight in his heart after his maladroit encounter with Sedgwick's division on the afternoon of the 31st. The opportunity for enfilade fire of his artillery along the enemy's battle front, at the morning opening and all of the forenoon, was waiting him; while reports of the enemy crossing the river, reinforcing against my single contest, were demanding relief and aid.

He reported sick on the 2d and left the army. When ready for duty he was assigned about Richmond and the seaboard of North Carolina. He applied to be restored to command of his division in the field, but the authorities thought his services could be used better elsewhere. He resigned his commission in the Confederate service, went to Georgia, and joined Joe Brown's militia, where he found congenial service, better suited to his ideas of vigorous warfare.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter IX.—Robert E. Lee In Command.

The Great General's Assignment not at first assuring to the Army—Able as an Engineer but limited as to Field Service—He makes the Acquaintance of his Lieutenants—Calls a Council—Gains Confidence by saying Nothing—"A Little Humor now and then"—Lee plans a Simultaneous Attack on McClellan's Front and Rear—J. E. B. Stuart's Daring Reconnoissance around the Union Army.

<long_112>

THE assignment of General Lee to command the army of Northern Virginia was far from reconciling the troops to the loss of our beloved chief, Joseph E. Johnston, with whom the army had been closely connected since its earliest active life. All hearts had learned to lean upon him with confidence, and to love him dearly. General Lee's experience in active field work was limited to his West Virginia campaign against General Rosecrans, which was not successful. His services on our coast defences were known as able, and those who knew him in Mexico as one of the principal engineers of General Scott's column, marching for the capture of the capital of that great republic, knew that as military engineer he was especially distinguished; but officers of the line are not apt to look to the staff in choosing leaders of soldiers, either in tactics or strategy. There were, therefore, some misgivings as to the power and skill for field service of the new commander. The change was accepted, however, as a happy relief from the existing halting policy of the late temporary commander.

During the first week of his authority he called his general officers to meet him on the Nine Miles road for a general talk. This novelty was not reassuring, as experience had told that secrecy in war was an essential element of success; that public discussion and secrecy were incompatible. <long_113>As he disclosed nothing, those of serious thought became hopeful, and followed his wise example. The brigadiers talked freely, but only of the parts of the line occupied by their brigades; and the meeting finally took a playful turn. General Toombs's brigade was before some formidable works under construction by General Franklin. He suggested an elevation a few hundred yards in his rear, as a better defensive line and more comfortable position for his men; a very good military point. This seemed strange in General Toombs, however, as he was known to have frequent talks with his troops, complaining of West Point men holding the army from battle, digging and throwing up lines of sand instead of showing lines of battle, where all could have fair fight.

Referring to his suggestion to retire and construct a new line, General D. H. Hill, who behind the austere presence of a major-general had a fund of dry humor, said,—

"I think it may be better to advance General Toombs's brigade, till he can bring Franklin's working parties under the fire of his short-range arms, so that the working parties may be broken up."

General Whiting, who was apprehensive of bayous and parallels, complained of sickness in his command, and asked a change of position from the unfair Fair Oaks. Though of brilliant, highly cultivated mind, the dark side of the picture was always more imposing with him. Several of the major-generals failed to join us till the conference was

about to disperse. All rode back to their camps little wiser than when they went, except that they found General Lee's object was to learn of the temper of those of his officers whom he did not know, and of the condition and tone among their troops. He ordered his engineers over the line occupied by the army, to rearrange its defensive construction, and to put working parties on all points needing reinforcing. Whiting's division was <long_114>broken up. Three of the brigades were ordered to A. P. Hill's division. He was permitted to choose two brigades that were to constitute his own command. Besides his own, he selected Hood's brigade. With these two he was ordered by way of Lynchburg to report to General Jackson, in the Valley district.

General Lee was seen almost daily riding over his lines, making suggestions to working parties and encouraging their efforts to put sand-banks between their persons and the enemy's batteries, and they were beginning to appreciate the value of such adjuncts. Above all, they soon began to look eagerly for his daily rides, his pleasing yet commanding presence, and the energy he displayed in speeding their labors.

The day after the conference on the Nine Miles road, availing myself of General Lee's invitation to free interchange of ideas, I rode over to his head-quarters, and renewed my suggestion of a move against General McClellan's right flank, which rested behind Beaver Dam Creek. The strength of the position was explained, and mention made that, in consequence of that strong ground, a move somewhat similar, ordered by General Johnston for the 28th of May, was abandoned. At the same time he was assured that a march of an hour could turn the head of the creek and dislodge the force behind it. He received me pleasantly and gave a patient hearing to the suggestions, without indicating approval or disapproval. A few days after he wrote General Jackson :(*)

*"HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR RICHMOND, VA.
"June 11, 1862.*

" BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON,

" Commanding Valley District:

" GENERAL,—Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly <long_115>mingled with solicitude for your situation. The practicability of reinforcing you has been the subject of earnest consideration. It has been determined to do so at the expense of weakening this army. Brigadier-General Lawton, with six regiments from Georgia, is on the way to you, and Brigadier-General Whiting, with eight veteran regiments, leaves here to-day. The object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you. Leave your enfeebled troops to watch the country and guard the passes covered by your cavalry and artillery, and with your main body, including Ewell's division and Lawton's and Whiting's commands, move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise, as you may find most advantageous, and sweep down between the Chick-ahominy and Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, etc., while this army attacks General McClellan in front. He will thus, I think, be forced to come out of his intrenchments, where he is strongly posted on the Chickahominy, and apparently preparing to move by gradual approaches on Richmond. Keep me advised of your movements, and, if practicable, precede your troops, that we may confer and arrange for simultaneous attack.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,

General."

The brigades under Generals Lawton and Whiting were transported as above ordered. As indicated in his letter to General Jackson, General Lee's plan was a simultaneous attack on General McClellan's army front and rear. Following his instructions for General Jackson, on the same day he ordered his cavalry, under General Stuart, upon a forced reconnoissance around General McClellan's army to learn if the ground behind his army was open.

These plans and the promptness with which they were conceived and put in operation ought to be a sufficient refutation of the silly report that the Confederacy had any idea of withdrawing from their capital,—a report which, notwithstanding its unreasonable nature, was given a degree of credence in some quarters.(*)

(*) Of interest in this connection is a letter to the author from General D. H. Hill:

"FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., February 4, 1879.

" GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET:

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I never heard of the proposed abandonment of Richmond at the time General Lee took command. I had charge of one of the four divisions with which the retreat from Yorktown was effected, and was called several times into General Lee's most important councils. I never heard any officer suggest such a course in these councils or in private conversations.

"I feel sure that General Johnston always intended to fight the invading force, and so far as I know no officer of rank entertained any other view.

"I remember very well that some days before the council on the Nine Miles road (when yourself, A. P. Hill, and myself were present) that you suggested the plan of attacking McClellan's right flank, and that I expressed my preference for an attack on the other flank. This shows that there was no thought of retreat.

"Very truly yours,

"D. H. HILL."

<long_116>

Upon nearing Richmond, after leaving Yorktown, General Johnston's first thought had been to stand on the table—lands between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy Rivers, on the flank of McClellan's march for Richmond, and force him into battle. He selected ground with that view and posted his army, where it remained some eight days, giving general and engineer officers opportunity to ride over and learn the topographical features of the surroundings. A prominent point was Beaver Dam Creek, which was so noted by the officers. When Johnston proposed to recross the Chickahominy and make battle on the 28th of May, in anticipation of McDowell's approach, the strong ground at Beaver Dam Creek again came under discussion and was common talk between the generals, so that the position and its approaches became a familiar subject. Then Stuart's famous ride had correlative relation to the same, and drew us to careful study of the grounds.

For the execution of his orders General Stuart took twelve hundred cavalry and a section of Stuart's horse artillery. The command was composed of parts of the First, Fourth, and Ninth Virginia Cavalry. The Fourth, <long_117>having no field officer on duty with it, was distributed for the expedition between the First, Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, and the Ninth, Colonel W. H. F. Lee commanding; also two squadrons of the Jeff Davis Legion, Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin commanding. The section of artillery was under First Lieutenant James Breathed.

On the night of the 12th of June he gathered his squadrons beyond the Chickahominy, and the next day marched by the road west of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and

Potomac Railroad towards Louisa Court-House, to produce the impression, should the march be discovered, that he was going to join General Jackson. After a march of fifteen miles, he bivouacked in the pine forests of Hanover, near the South Anna Bridge, without light or sound of bugle, and, throwing aside the cares of the day and thoughts of the morrow, sunk to repose such as the soldier knows how to enjoy. An hour before daylight he was up in readiness to move as soon as the first light of morning revealed the line of march. Up to that moment no one of the expedition, except the commander, knew the direction or the purpose of the march. He called his principal officers about him and told of the object of the ride, and impressed the necessity for secrecy, prompt and intelligent attention to orders. At the mute signal the twelve hundred men swung into their saddles and took the road leading to the right and rear of McClellan's army. At Hanover Court-House a small force of the enemy's cavalry was discovered, but they retired towards their camp, out of the line of Stuart's ride. At Hawes's Shop a picket was driven off and several vedettes captured. They proved to be of the Fifth United States Cavalry, General Lee's old regiment. Between Hawes's Shop and Old Church the advance-guard, well to the front, reported the presence of the enemy, apparently in some force. The column pressed forward, expecting a fierce encounter of Southern volunteers with United States <long_118>regulars, but the latter was a single troop and retreated beyond Totopotomy Creek to Old Church, where there was a camp of four companies of the Fifth Cavalry under Captain Royal, which made a brave stand. Captain Latane led the first squadron, and Captain Royal received the first shock, and furiously the combat went on, both leaders falling, Latane dead and Royal severely wounded. The enemy fled and scattered through the woods. A number of prisoners were taken, including several officers, and there were captured horses, arms, equipments, and four guidons. In the enemy's camp, near Old Church, several officers and privates were captured, a number of horses and arms taken, and the stores and tents were burned. Here it became a question whether to attempt to return by way of Hanover Court-House or to press on and try to make a circuit around the entire army, and take the chance of fording or swimming the Chicka-hominy beyond the enemy's extreme left. Stuart decided that the bolder ride "was the quintessence of prudence."(*)

Arriving opposite Garlick's, on the Pamunkey, one of the enemy's supply stations,—a squadron was sent out and burned two transports with army stores and a number of wagons. Near Tunstall's Station a wagon-train was discovered guarded by five companies of cavalry, which manifested a determination to stand and defend it, but they abandoned it and rode away, leaving the train in possession of Stuart, who burned it, and, night coming on, the country was brilliantly lighted up by its flames. After resting a few hours at Talleysville, the ride was resumed, and the party reached the Chickahominy at Forges Bridge at daylight. The stream was not fordable, but, by exercise of great energy and industry, a rude foot-bridge was laid. That part of the command near it dismounted and walked over, swimming their horses. In a few hours the <long_119>bridge was made strong and the artillery and other mounts were passed safely over to the Richmond side, and resumed the march for their old camp-grounds.

This was one of the most graceful and daring rides known to military history, and revealed valuable facts concerning the situation of the Union forces, their operations, communications, etc. When congratulated upon his success, General Stuart replied, with a lurking twinkle in his eye, that he had left a general behind him. Asked as to the identity

of the unfortunate person, he said, with his joyful laugh, "General Consternation."

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter X.—Fighting Along The Chickahominy.

Retreat—Lee's Bold Initiative—Lee and his Lieutenants planning Battle—The Confederates' Loss at Mechanicsville—Gaines's Mill—A. P. Hill's Fight—Longstreet's Reserve Division put in—McClellan's Change of Base—Savage Station—Longstreet engages McClellan's Main Force at Frayser's Farm (or Glendale)—President Davis on the Field—Testimony of Federal Generals—Fierce Bayonet Charges—"Greek meets Greek"—Capture of General McCall—McClellan's Masterly Retreat.

<long_120>

THE day after Stuart's return I rode over to General Lee's head-quarters and suggested that General Jackson be withdrawn from the Valley to take position on our left, to march against McClellan's right, and was informed that the order for Jackson was sent when Whiting's division was detached and sent to join him.

Then it was that General Lee revealed the plan indicated in his instructions of the 11th, for General Jackson to march down and attack McClellan's rear, while he made a simultaneous attack upon his front. The suggestion was offered that the enemy had probably destroyed the bridges and ferries on the Pamunkey along the line of his rear, which might leave Jackson in perilous condition if the front attack should be delayed; that that attack must be hazardous, as the enemy was in well-fortified positions with four army corps. After deliberation, he changed the plan and accepted the suggestion in favor of combining his fighting columns on the north side of the Chickahominy in echelon march against McClellan's right flank, leaving troops in the trenches in front of McClellan to defend in case of a move towards Richmond.

At the first mention of this march before this conference a change of base was spoken of by General D. H. Hill, <long_121>but with our troops to be left in the trenches, so near the flank of such a move, and our columns afield, pressing close upon its rear, it was thought impracticable. General D. H. Hill, in view of the possibility, preferred that our attack should be made against the enemy's left by crossing White Oak Swamp below the enemy's left.

Jackson was called in advance of his command to meet the Hills and myself at General Lee's head-quarters for conference on the execution. On the forenoon of the 23d of June we were advised of his approach, and called to head-quarters to meet him. He was there before us, having ridden fifty miles by relay of horses since midnight. We were together in a few minutes after his arrival, in General Lee's private office. The general explained the plan briefly: Jackson to march from Ashland by heights between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, turning and dislodging the Federal right, thus clearing the way for the march of troops to move on his right; A. P. Hill to cross the upper Chickahominy and march for Mechanicsville, in echelon to Jackson; the Mechanicsville Bridge being clear, D. H. Hill's division and mine to cross, the former to reinforce Jackson's column, the latter to file to the right and march down the river in right echelon to A. P. Hill's direct march through Mechanicsville to Gaines's Mill.

General Lee then excused himself to attend to office business, asking that we talk the matter over for our better comprehension.

Turning to Jackson, I said,—

"You have distance to overcome, and in all probability obstacles will be thrown in the way of your march by the enemy. As your move is the key of the campaign, you should appoint the hour at which the connection may be made co-operative."

He promptly responded,—

"The morning of the 25th."

<long_122>

I expressed doubt of his meeting that hour, and suggested that it would be better to take a little more time, as the movements of our columns could be readily adjusted to those of his. He then appointed the morning of the 26th.

Upon his return, report was made General Lee that the officers understood, and would be prepared to execute the plans; that General Jackson had appointed the morning of the 26th, when he would lead the march. Verbal instructions were given, followed by written orders, embodying in minute detail the plan already given in general.

The topographical features of the ground about Beaver Dam Creek have been given in a former chapter. Behind it battery epaulements had been skilfully laid and constructed, as well as rifle-trenches. These were occupied by the troops of the Fifth Corps, commanded by General Fitz-John Porter. McCall's division had joined the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned as part of the Fifth Corps, with the divisions of Sykes and Morell. Two of McCall's brigades, J. F. Reynolds's and Seymour's, with thoroughly-equipped artillery, were especially charged with the defences, the Third Brigade, Meade's, in reserve, the other divisions in supporting distance. McCall's advanced brigades had guards at the bridges as far as Meadow Bridge, and a strong outpost at Mechanicsville, under orders to retire when the strength of the enemy's advance was so developed as to warrant their doing so.

Three batteries, two of six guns each and one of four, manned the epaulements at the opening of the fight.

Before sunrise on the 26th of June the division of A. P. Hill was in position at Meadow Bridge; his brigade, under General Branch, and Johnson's battery, seven miles above, at Brook Turnpike Bridge; my division and that of I. H. Hill on the heights overlooking the Mechanicsville Bridge,—all awaiting the approach of the initial column. Not anticipating delay, the divisions had no special cause <long_123>to conceal their presence, nor did the lay of the ground offer good cover. Morning came, and noon passed.

A few minutes after ten A.M., General Branch received a note informing him that, at the hour of its writing, General Jackson's column was crossing the Central Railroad. He assembled his command, crossed the Chicka-hominy, and marched down along the route designated for his column, without sending information to the division commander. Of his march he reported,—

"Interruption by the enemy, but with no other effect than to retard without checking our march.

" Near Crenshaw's the road on which the column commanded by Major-General Ewell" (of Jackson's) "was advancing and that on which I was advancing approach within one-fourth of a mile of each other. The heads of our columns reached this point simultaneously, and, after a short personal interview between General Ewell and myself, we proceeded on our respective routes.

"After dislodging the enemy from several ambuscades with only a small loss to my

command, I reached the Meadow Bridge road, when I learned from stragglers that Major-General Hill had crossed the Chickahominy, without opposition, with the remainder of the division and gone on to Mechanicsville, then distant about one and a half miles. A courier from the general soon assured me of the correctness of the information, and, closing in my skirmishers, I made all haste to join him at Mechanicsville. The brigade reached the field almost an hour before sunset." (*)

At three o'clock, General A. P. Hill, hearing nothing from Jackson or his brigade under Branch, decided to cross the river and make his move without reference to Jackson or Branch. He crossed and moved down against Mechanicsville, attacked by Field's brigade, Anderson and Archer on Field's left, Pender and Gregg on his right, and six field batteries (four guns each). The outpost was driven in, and Hill prepared and attacked against the front at Beaver Dam Creek. Meanwhile the Mechanicsville Bridge had been cleared, and, after a little delay repairing <long_124>breaks, D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions crossed.

A. P. Hill's battle soon became firm, but he waited a little for Jackson before giving it full force. Jackson came up, marched by the fight without giving attention, and went into camp at Hundley's Corner, half a mile in rear of the enemy's position of contention. A.P. Hill put his force in severe battle and was repulsed. As D. H. Hill approached, he was called into the fray by the commanding general, then by the President. He sent Ripley's brigade and five batteries, which made the battle strong and hot along the line.

The most determined efforts were against the enemy's right, where General McCall, reinforced by Kern's battery and Griffin's and Martindale's brigades (Morell's division), Edwards's battery, and the Third Regiment of Meade's brigade, beat off the repeated and formidable efforts of A. P. Hill, when he essayed a column against the crossing at Ellerson's Mill, which McCall reinforced by the Seventh Regiment of Meade's, Eastman's battery, and before night the Fourth Michigan, Twelfth New York, and Berdan's Sharpshooters came in to reinforce the line and relieve regiments exhausted of ammunition. The battle was in close conflict till nine o'clock at night, when Hill was obliged to give over till morning. The Federal reinforcements were not all engaged, and some that were suffered but little; none very severely. McCall replenished ammunition and prepared to renew the fight the next morning.

The Federal loss in the engagement was 361 aggregate. (*)

No especial account of the Confederate loss was made in separate report, but it could not have been less than two thousand, and may have reached three thousand.

<long_125>General D. H. Hill reported of his Forty-fourth Georgia Regiment, the lieutenant-colonel, Estes (J. B.), wounded, and others, aggregating 334 killed and wounded. Of his First North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Stokes, Major Skinner, six captains, and the adjutant killed, and 133 privates killed and wounded.

During the night General McClellan ordered his troops withdrawn. They retired at daylight on the 27th, leaving a line of skirmishers to cover their march. The skirmishers were not seriously molested, the Confederates being satisfied that the direct assault had failed, and the flanking march non-aggressive. Early in the morning, D. H. Hill was ordered to march to the left to turn the position, and was on the Federal right before their lines were well out of their trenches. He came up with Jackson and led the march of that column from Hundley's Corner. A. P. Hill marched by the direct route to Gaines's Mill, and Longstreet, in reserve, moved by the route nearer the river and Dr. Gaines's house.

D. H. Hill marched by Bethesda Church to Old Cold Harbor. He understood the plan of campaign and promptly engaged the new position along the Chickahominy Heights, on the enemy's right, where he found a well-posted battery of ten guns near swamp lands commanding the only road of approach. He ordered Bondurant's battery into action, but the combat was unequal; the latter was forced to retire, and General Jackson ordered the division back to selected ground parallel to a road over which he supposed that the Federals would presently retreat.

As my division was in reserve, it could only be used in the last extremity. So the driving could only be made by the division of A. P. Hill, while Jackson, with his own, Ewell's, D. H. Hill's, and Whiting's divisions, had more than half of our moving column, organized as our leading battle force, held in ambush for the enemy.

<long_126>

The enemy was found strongly posted upon high ground over the Grapevine Bridge, forming a semicircle, his flanks near the river. A deep and steep chasm in front of his left divided the height upon which he stood from an open plateau over which he must be attacked, if at all, on his left. The side slope leading up to that position was covered by open forest, obstructed and defended by fallen trees. On the crest were felled trees, occasional sand-bags, piles of rails, and knapsacks. Behind these lines were the divisions of Sykes and Morell, with bristling artillery for the first defence, with McCall's division of infantry and a tremendous array of artillery in reserve. Further strength was given to the position by a stream which cut in between the two heights with deep scarped banks. His right was covered to some extent by swamp lands and forest tangles almost as formidable as the approach towards his left. General Fitz-John Porter was the commander on the field.

A. P. Hill came upon a detachment at Gaines's Mill, forced his way across the creek, and followed to the enemy's strong position, where he promptly engaged about the time of D. H. Hill's withdrawal. He found himself fighting not only strong numbers, but against a very strong defensive ground. As General D. H. Hill withdrew, General Porter prepared to follow, but the fierce assaults of A. P. Hill told him that he must hold his concentration. It was a little after two P.M. when A. P. Hill put all of his force into action and pressed his battle with great zeal and courage, but he was alone. Jackson, finding the fire of the enemy steady and accumulating against A. P. Hill, ordered his troops forward into action. D.H. Hill engaged again at the swamp land, and found that he must capture the battery firing across his advance. With the aid of some of Elzey's brigade he succeeded in this, temporarily, but Sykes doubled on him, recovered it, and put it again into action. Parts of Ewell and Lawton, of Jackson's, came in on D. H. Hill's right. Meanwhile, <long_127>A. P. Hill had fought to exhaustion, and found himself obliged to put his troops down to hold his line. The enemy putting in his reserves, spliced his thinned ranks with artillery and infantry, and fought a desperate and very gallant battle, calling for troops from across the river.

My division came up near A. P. Hill's rear, being the reserve, and awaited orders. About five o'clock a messenger came from General Lee asking a diversion by part of my troops against the enemy's left to draw off troops from his right, so as to let our left in through his weakening lines. Three brigades were sent to open fire and threaten their left from the forest edge, with orders not to cross the open. These brigades engaged steadily, and parts of them essayed to pass the field in front as their blood grew hot, but were recalled, with

orders repeated to engage steadily, only threatening assault. The army all the while engaged in efforts to find a point that could be forced.

Finally, a little before sunset, General Lee sent to me to say that "all other efforts had failed, and unless I could do something, the day was lost."(*) Pickett's brigade and part of R. H. Anderson's had been drawn up under the crest in rear of A. P. Hill's right, and Kemper's brigade was near, also under cover. Upon the receipt of the last message, Pickett and Anderson were ordered into action as assaulting columns, and Kemper called up. Just as the brigades advanced, General Whiting burst through the woods with his own and Hood's brigades, reported to me that he had lost sight of his commander, General Jackson, in the forest, and asked me to put him into battle. He was ordered to form for assault, and to follow on the left of Pickett's and Anderson's columns, then in motion, as the columns of direction. As my troops reached <long_128>the crest under which they had rested they came under the full blaze of the battle, but Pickett and Anderson were comparatively fresh, and dashed through the open and down the slope before the fire had time to thin their ranks. The steep descent of the hither slope from its crest soon took them below the fire of the batteries, and A. P. Hill's severe fight had so thinned the enemy's infantry lines of men and ammunition that their fire grew weaker. Whiting's brigade, sore under its recent disastrous effort in the battle of Seven Pines, drifted from my left towards the woodland, but Hood, with his Fourth Texas Regiment and Eighteenth Georgia, obliqued to the right behind that brigade and closed the interval towards Anderson's left, leaving his other regiments, the First and Fifth Texas, on Whiting's left. Hood clambered over the deep ravine with his two regiments and maintained position with the assaulting columns, while the balance of Whiting's division followed in close echelon. As the advanced lines of Pickett, Anderson, and Hood reached and crowned the stronghold of the enemy, Anderson and Pickett moved up in pursuit of the broken lines, and were almost in possession of their massed reserve artillery—had it under easy musketry range—when a dash of cavalry admonished them that their ranks, while in order for following the infantry lines, were not in proper form to receive a charge of cavalry. They concentrated well enough to pour a repelling fire into the troopers, but the delay had made time for the retreating infantry to open the field for the reserve batteries, and, night growing apace, they returned to the line of their trophies and used the captured guns against their late owners.

General Whiting asked for another brigade of Jackson's that had reported to me, and turned his forces against the enemy's line on our left. The divisions of Ewell and D. H. Hill advancing at the same time, the general break seemed almost simultaneous, and was claimed by all.

<long_129>

The messages from General Lee were so marked by their prompt and successful execution that, in reporting of the battle, it occurred to me that they could be better noted in his report than in mine, but he adopted the claim of a general and simultaneous break along the line.

A letter from General Porter, written since the war, assures the writer that his guns had become so foul from steady protracted fire that his men had difficulty in ramming their cartridges to the gun-chambers, and that in some instances it could only be accomplished by putting the rammers against trees and hammering them down.

The position was too strong to leave room to doubt that it was only the thinning fire, as

the battle progressed, that made it assailable; besides, the repulse of A. P. Hill's repeated, desperate assaults forcibly testified to the fact. It was, nevertheless, a splendid charge, by peerless soldiers. When the cavalry came upon us our lines were just thin enough for a splendid charge upon artillery, but too thin to venture against a formidable cavalry. Five thousand prisoners were turned over to General Lee's provost-guard, a number of batteries and many thousand small-arms to the Ordnance Department, by my command. The Confederate commanders, except A. P. Hill, claimed credit for the first breach in General Porter's lines, but the solid ranks of prisoners delivered to the general provost-guard, and the several batteries captured and turned in to the Ordnance Department, show the breach to have been made by the columns of Anderson, Pickett, and Hood's two regiments. The troops of the gallant A. P. Hill, that did as much and effective fighting as any, received little of the credit properly due them. It was their long and steady fight that thinned the Federal ranks and caused them to so foul their guns that they were out of order when the final struggle came.

Early on the 28th my advance, reaching the river, found the bridges destroyed and the enemy concentrating <long_130> on the other side. Under the impression that the enemy must reopen connection with his base on the Pamunkey, General Lee sent Stuart's cavalry and part of Jackson's command (Ewell's) to interpose on that line. They cut the line at Despatch Station, where Ewell's division was halted. Stuart, following down towards the depot on the Pamunkey till he approached the White House, cut off a large detachment of cavalry and horse artillery under General Stoneman that retreated down the Peninsula. At night Stuart rested his command, finding supplies of forage and provisions abandoned by the enemy. At the same time fires were seen along the line of supplies, and houses in flames. On the 29th he followed towards the depot, still in flames.

"The command was now entirely out of rations and the horses without forage. I had relied on the enemy at the White House to supply me with those essentials, and I was not disappointed, in spite of their efforts to destroy everything. Provisions and delicacies of every description lay in heaps, and men regaled themselves on fruits of the tropics as well as the substantial of the land. Large quantities of forage were left also."(*)

On the 28th, Major Meade and Lieutenant Johnson's engineers were sent from my headquarters to learn of the enemy's operations or movements. Early on the 29th they made their way across the Chickahominy, into the grounds and works of the enemy just left vacant, and sent the first account of the enemy's move on his change of base. The conflagrations of the day before told of speedy change of position in some direction, but this was the first information we had from a reliable source. Their report was sent to General Lee. While planning and ordering pursuit, he received a similar report from General Magruder, coupled with the statement that he was preparing to attack one of the enemy's forts.

<long_131>

General Jackson was ordered to follow on the enemy's rear with his column, including the division of D. H. Hill, crossing the river at Grapevine Bridge, Magruder to join pursuit along the direct line of retreat, Huger to strike at the enemy's flank; meanwhile, Ransom's brigade had joined Huger's division. My division was to cross with A. P. Hill's at New Bridge, march back near Richmond, across to and down the Darbytown road to interpose between the enemy and James River. Stuart was directed to operate against the enemy's left or rear, or front, as best he could.

All the commands, being in waiting, marched at the first moment of their orders.

Jackson was long delayed repairing Grapevine Bridge. He probably knew that the river was fordable at that season, but preferred to pass his men over dry-shod.

General D. H. Hill, of that column, reported,—

"Scouts from Hood's brigade and the Third Alabama (Rodes's brigade) succeeded in crossing, and my pioneer corps under Captain Smith, of the Engineers, repaired Grapevine Bridge on the 29th, and we crossed over at three o' clock that night." (*)

On the 28th the Seventh and Eighth Georgia Regiments were sent out a little before night to ascertain the probable movements of the enemy, and encountered part of W. F. Smith's division, Sixth Corps, meeting the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania and Thirty-third New York Regiments. Colonel Lamar and Lieutenant-Colonel Towers and Adjutant Harper, of the Eighth Georgia Regiment, fell into the enemy's hands, and twenty-nine others of the Seventh and Eighth Regiments were taken prisoners. Just as this affair was well begun a recall of the regiments was ordered; hence the number of casualties. About the same hour a cavalry affair at Despatch Station occurred which resulted to the credit of the Confederates.

<long_132>

At night General McClellan called his corps commanders to head-quarters and announced his plan for change of base to the James River. The Fourth Corps had been ordered to prepare the route of crossing at White Oak Swamp, and pass over to defend it. The Fifth and Slocum's division of the Sixth were to follow at night of the 28th. The Second, Third, and Smith's division of the Sixth Corps were to defend the crossing against pursuit; the Fourth, continuing its move, was to stand at Turkey Bridge, defending the approach from Richmond by the river road; the Fifth to stand at Malvern Hill, with McCall's division across the Long Bridge road, and Slocum's across the Charles City road, defending the avenues of approach from Richmond. On the 29th, Magruder in pursuit came upon Sumner's (Second) corps at Allen's Farm, and, after a spirited affair, found Sumner too strong for him. After his success, Sumner retired to Savage Station, where he joined Franklin with his division under Smith. The Third Corps (Heintzelman's), under misconception of orders, or misleading of staff-officers, followed the marching corps across the swamp, leaving the Second and Smith's division of the Sixth as the only defending forces. At Savage Station, Magruder came upon them and again joined battle, but his force was not equal to the occasion. The commander of his left (D. R. Jones), realizing the importance of action and the necessity for additional troops, called upon General Jackson to co-operate on his left, but Jackson reported that he had other important duties to perform. The affair, therefore, against odds was too strong for Magruder, so that he was forced back without important results for the Confederates, the Federals making safe passage of the crossing and gaining position to defend against pursuit in that quarter.

On the 29th, General Holmes marched down the James River road to New Market with part of Colonel Daniel's <long_133>brigade and two batteries, and General J. G. Walker's brigade and two batteries, and was there reinforced by part of General Wise's brigade and two batteries, in co-operative position to my division and that of A. P. Hill, on the Darbytown and Long Bridge roads.

On his night march along the Long Bridge road, Fitz-John Porter got on the wrong end

and rubbed up against my outpost, but recognized his adversary in time to recover his route and avert a night collision. He posted McCall's division in front of Charles City cross-roads; his divisions under Morell and Sykes at Malvern Hill, and Warren's brigade, near the Fourth Corps, on the river routes from Richmond. As the divisions of the Third Corps arrived they were posted,—Kearny between the Charles City and Long Bridge roads, on McCall's right; Hooker in front of the Quaker road, on McCall's left; Sedgwick's division, Sumner's corps, behind McCall.

Before noon of the 30th, Jackson's column encountered Franklin, defending the principal crossing of White Oak Swamp by the divisions of Richardson and W. F. Smith and Naglee's brigade. About the same time my command marched down the Long Bridge road and encountered the main force of McClellan's army posted at the Charles City cross-roads (Frayser's Farm, or Glendale). My division was deployed across the Long Bridge road in front of the divisions of McCall and Kearny, holding the division of A. P. Hill at rest in the rear, except the brigade under Branch, which was posted off to my right and rear to guard against Hooker's division, standing behind the Quaker road, in threatening position on my right flank. The ground along the front of McCall and Kearny was a dark forest, with occasional heavy tangles, as was the ground in front of Hooker. The front of Slocum, along the Charles City road, was something similar, but offering some better opportunities for artillery practice and infantry tactics.

<long_134>

As Jackson and Franklin engaged in artillery combat, my division advanced under desultory fire of skirmishers to close position for battle, awaiting nearer approach of Jackson and signal of approach of our troops on the Charles City road. In the wait the skirmish-lines were more or less active, and an occasional shot came from one of the Federal batteries.

During the combat between Jackson and Franklin, Sedgwick's brigades under Dana and Sully were sent back to reinforce at the crossing, but upon the opening of the engagement at Frayser's Farm they were brought back on the double-quick.

After a time reports of cannon fire came from the direction of Charles City road, signalling, as we supposed, the approach of Huger's column. To this I ordered one of our batteries to return salutation. The senior brigadier of the division, R. H. Anderson, was assigned to immediate supervision of my front line, leaving his brigade under Colonel M. Jenkins. While awaiting the nearer approach of Jackson or the swelling volume of Huger's fire, the President, General Lee, and General A. P. Hill, with their staffs and followers, rode forward near my line and joined me in a little clearing of about three acres, curtained by dense pine forests. All parties engaged in pleasant talk and anticipations of the result of a combination supposed to be complete and prepared for concentrating battle,—Jackson attacking in the rear, Huger on the right flank, A. P. Hill and myself standing in front. Very soon we were disturbed by a few shells tearing and screaming through the forests over our heads, and presently one or two burst in our midst, wounding a courier and killing and wounding several horses. The little opening was speedily cleared of the distinguished group that graced its meagre soil, and it was left to more humble, active combatants.

Near the battery from which the shots came was R. H. Anderson's <long_135>brigade, in which Colonel Jenkins had a battalion of practised sharpshooters. I sent orders for Jenkins to silence the battery, under the impression that our wait was understood, and that

the sharp-shooters would be pushed forward till they could pick off the gunners, thus ridding us of that annoyance; but the gallant Jenkins, only too anxious for a dash at a battery, charged and captured it, thus precipitating battle. The troops right and left going in, in the same spirit, McCall's fire and the forest tangle thinned our ranks as the lines neared each other, and the battle staggered both sides, but, after a formidable struggle, the Confederates won the ground, and Randol's gallant battery. Sedgwick's division reinforced the front and crowded back the Confederate right, while Kearny's, reinforced by Slocum, pushed severely against my left, and then part of Hooker's division came against my right. Thus the aggressive battle became defensive, but we held most of the ground gained from McCall.

In his official account, General Heintzelman said,—

"In less than an hour General McCall's division gave way. General Hooker, being on his left, by moving to the right repulsed the rebels in the handsomest manner and with great slaughter. General Sumner, who was with General Sedgwick, in McCall's rear, also greatly aided with his artillery and infantry in driving back the enemy. They now renewed the attack with vigor on Kearny's left, and were again repulsed with heavy loss. The attack continued until some time after night.

"This attack commenced at four P.M. and was pushed by heavy masses with the utmost determination and vigor. Captain Thompson's battery, directed with great skill, firing double charges, swept them back. The whole open space, two hundred paces wide, was filled with the enemy. Each repulse brought fresh troops.

"Seeing that the enemy was giving way, I returned to the forks of the road, where I received a call from General Kearny for aid. Knowing that all of General Sedgwick's troops were unavailable, I was glad to avail myself of the kind offer of General Slocum to send the New Jersey brigade of his division to <long_136>General Kearny's aid. I rode out far enough on the Charles City road to see that we had nothing to fear from that direction." (*)

General McCall reported,—

"I had ridden into the regiment to endeavor to check them, but with only partial success. It was my fortune to witness one of the fiercest bayonet charges that ever occurred on this continent. Bayonet wounds, mortal and slight, were given and received. I saw skulls smashed by the butts of muskets, and every effort made by either party in this life-and-death struggle proving indeed that here Greek had met Greek. The Seventh Regiment was at this time on the right of the Fourth, and was too closely engaged with a force also of great superiority in numbers to lend any assistance to the gallant few of the Fourth who were struggling at their side. In fine, these few men, some seventy or eighty, were borne bodily off among the rebels, and when they reached a gap in the fence walked through it, while the enemy, intent on pursuing those in front of them, passed on without noticing them.

"It was at this moment, on witnessing this scene, I keenly felt the want of reinforcements. I had not a single regiment left to send to the support of those so overpowered. There was no running, but my division, reduced by the furious battles to less than six thousand, had to contend with the divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill (considered two of the strongest and best among many of the Confederate army, numbering that day eighteen or twenty thousand men), and it was reluctantly compelled

to give way before heavier force accumulated upon them. My right was, as I say, literally forced off the ground by the weight simply of the enemy's column."

His account is incorrect in the estimate of numbers and the two divisions. Hill was not put in until a later hour, and encountered the troops of Kearny and Slocum. Hill's orders were to hold the line gained until Jackson and Huger approached, to warrant more aggressive battle. Magruder's march had been directed to succor Holmes. <long_137>In his official account, General Holmes wrote of parts of his cavalry and artillery, "whose conduct was shameful in the extreme." He reported his casualties:

"Daniel's brigade, 2 killed, 22 wounded; Walker's brigade, 12 wounded; artillery, 15 wounded.

"The strength of the enemy's position and their imposing numbers were such that to attempt an attack upon them with my small force, unsupported, would have been perfect madness; for to have done this would have required a march of over three-quarters of a mile up a steep hill destitute of cover. I accordingly withdrew about nine P.M. to a position somewhat in advance of that occupied in the morning." (*)

In his account of the fight, General Kearny wrote,—

"At four P.M. the attack commenced on my line with a determination and vigor, and in such masses, as I had never witnessed. Thompson's battery, directed with great skill, literally swept the slightly falling open space with the completest execution, and, mowing them down by ranks, would cause the survivors to momentarily halt; but, almost instantly after, increased masses came up, and the wave bore on. . . .

"In concluding my report of this battle, one of the most desperate of the war, the one most fatal, if lost, I am proud to give my thanks and to include in the glory of my own division the First New Jersey Brigade, General Taylor, who held McCall's deserted ground, and General Caldwell." (+)

A. P. Hill's division was held at rest several hours after the battle was pitched (Branch's brigade on guard on my right retired, and Gregg's on my left). Under our plan, that Huger was to assault the Federal right and Jackson the rear, the battle joined; Hill was to be put in fresh to crown it. As night approached without indications of attack from either of those columns, Hill was advanced to relieve the pressure against my worn troops. At the first <long_138>dash he again grasped and held Randol's battery, that had been the source of contention from the first onset. Field's brigade pushed on through the enemy's line, and, supported by Pender's and Branch's, drove back reinforcements coming to their succor from one of Sedgwick's brigades; pushed Caldwell's off to Kearny's position, where, with the additional aid of part of Slocum's division, Kearny succeeded in recovering his own ground and in putting Caldwell's brigade into part of McCall's original right, leaving the Confederates holding part of McCall's first line, Field's brigade some little distance in advance of it. Archer and Branch, on Field's right, made strong that part of it. Gregg's brigade on the left made little progress beyond holding most of the ground taken by the first assault. The battle thus' braced held its full and swelling volume on both sides. My right, thinned by the heavy fighting and tangled forest, found a way around the left of the contention, then gravitating towards its centre. In this effort Hooker's division came against its right flank. By change of front a clever fight was made, but Branch's brigade, ordered for service at that point, had been withdrawn by General Hill to support

his centre, so that Hooker pushed us off into closed ranks along our line in rear and back; but his gallant onset was checked and failed of progress. General Hooker claimed that he threw Longstreet over on Kearny, but General McCall said that by a little stretch of the hyperbole he could have said that he threw Longstreet over the moon. To establish his centre, Hill sent in J. R. Anderson's brigade astride the Long Bridge road, which held the battle till the near approach of night, when McCall, in his last desperate effort to reinforce and recover his lost ground, was caught in the dark of twilight and invited to ride to my head-quarters. Friends near him discovered his dilemma in time to avert their own capture, and aggressive battle ceased. The artillery combat, with occasional <long_139>exchanges of shots, held till an hour after the beat of tattoo.

It was the Forty-seventh Virginia Regiment that caught and invited General McCall to quarter with the Confederates. Although his gallant division had been forced from the fight, the brave head and heart of the general were not fallen till he found himself on his lonely ride. He was more tenacious of his battle than any one who came within my experience during the war, if I except D. H. Hill at Sharpsburg.

In years gone by I had known him in pleasant army service, part of the time as a brevet lieutenant of his company. When the name was announced, and as he dismounted, I approached to offer my hand and such amenities as were admissible under the circumstances, but he drew up with haughty mien, which forbade nearer approach, so that the courtesies were concluded by the offer of staff-officers to escort him to the city of Richmond.

It was during this affair that General Holmes's division advanced against the Federals at Turkey Bridge with a six-gun field battery and engaged, and was met by the fire of thirty field guns and the gunboat batteries, which drove him to confusion, abandoning two guns. Earlier in the day, Magruder's column had been ordered by a long détour to support the fight at Frayser's Farm, but the trouble encountered by Holmes's division seemed serious, and caused the Confederate commander to divert Magruder's march to support that point, through which a resolute advance might endanger our rear at Frayser's Farm. After night Magruder was called to relieve the troops on the front of my line. His march during the day was delayed by his mistaken guide.

The Confederates claimed as trophies of the battle ten pieces of artillery, some prisoners, and most of the field from which McCall's division had been dislodged. Holmes's division lost two guns in the affair at Turkey Bridge, <long_140>but other Confederates secured and afterwards made better use of them.

During this eventful day the Federals were anxiously pushing their trains to cover on the river, and before noon of July I all, except those of ammunition necessary for immediate use, had safely passed the field selected for their Malvern Hill battle.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XI.—Battle Of Malvern Hill.

Last Stand in the Great Retreat—Strength of McClellan's Position—The Confederates make Poor Use of their Artillery—A Mistake and Defeat for Lee's Army—The Campaign as a Whole a Great Success, but it should have been far greater—McClellan's Retreat showed him well equipped in the Science of War—Review of the Campaign—Jackson's and Magruder's Misunderstanding—Moral Effect of the Gunboats on the James River—"There should be a Gunboat in Every Family."

<long_141>

AT Malvern Hill, hardly a league away from Frayser's, now left to silence save for the moans of the unfortunate fallen, and standing south of the line to Turkey Bridge, was Fitz-John Porter with the reserve artillery massed, supported by the divisions of Sykes and Morell on the left and Couch's on the right, from the Crew House to J. W. Binford's. The field had been carefully selected and as judiciously guarded by well-posted commands, holding the only way left which gave hope of successful passage to cover under the gunboats. During the night of the 30th of June and early morn of the 1st of July this position was reinforced by the retreating Federals,—first by the Second and Third Corps, McCall's division of the Fifth, and W. F. Smith's of the Sixth, and later by other troops. Among the trains moving for the river was one of ten siege guns under Colonel Tyler. These were dropped in Porter's rear and put in battery, giving them a sweep of the avenues of approach and extensive rake of the woodlands, and a great number of lighter batteries bristled upon the brow and down the slopes of the hill. On either flank the plateau was somewhat guarded by ravines and tangled marsh lands, while the front approach was over ascending slopes, so broken as to make advancing artillery combat slow and hazardous.

<long_142>

Early on the 1st, the columns under Huger, Jackson, and Magruder met at the Charles City cross-roads, but the enemy had given up that position and marched away, leaving to them the abandoned forest land. The disappointment of the Confederate commander in the failure of combination ordered for the 30th was noted by those who were near him, while the composure with which it was borne indicated the grander elements of his character, and drew those who knew his plans and purposes closer to him.

Jackson was ordered to follow on the direct line of the enemy's retreat; Huger and Magruder marched to co-operate on his right; Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions were held in reserve. General Lee rode near Jackson's column to view the army on that front. Feeling unwell and much fatigued, he called me to temporary service near him. As he rode to the left, he ordered me, with the columns of Huger and Magruder, to make reconnoissance of the enemy's new position in that quarter, and to report of the feasibility of aggressive battle.

I found some difference between General Lee's maps and General Magruder's guides, but my authority was only for a reconnoissance, and posting the divisions. An elevated point was found off the enemy's left front, as high as the plateau upon which his army stood, from which a fair view was had of his position and down along his front and the open as far as Jackson's field, the latter just filing in by his batteries on much lower but

open ground.

Profound silence rested upon the field. Jackson's batteries, yet a little beyond the point of range, marched to their places as quietly as if taking positions for review. Porter's field seemed as little concerned at the developments along his flank and front, indicating that there was to be no waste of ammunition on that July day. His guns could not be counted, but blocking them off by batteries there seemed to be eighty on his front, besides the <long_143>siege battery in rear. His guns were all trailed to Jackson's front, thus presenting a flank towards the high point upon which I stood. From the crest at this little ridge the ground dropped off sharply some eighteen inches or two feet to a lower terrace, forming a natural parapet and terre-plein for forty or sixty guns, massed. The spacious open along Jackson's front appeared to offer a field for play of a hundred or more guns, and although his lower ground was not inviting of combat even by a hundred guns, it was yet judged that advancing combat by eighty or a hundred guns, in combination with the forty-gun battery of position, might justify assault, and the tremendous game at issue called for adventure.

I thought it probable that Porter's batteries, under the cross-fire of the Confederates thus posted on his left and front, could be thrown into disorder, and thus make way for combined assaults of the infantry. I so reported, and General Lee ordered disposition accordingly, sending the pioneer corps out to cut a road for the right batteries of position.

I suggested position to Magruder for his division, but he insisted that the Quaker road was not correctly located on General Lee's maps, so I left that part of the order to be looked after by General Lee's recognized staff. General Chilton, chief of staff, was then sent by General Lee to assist General Magruder in posting the troops, and I was ordered back to locate the batteries.

But eight guns came in proper time and were posted. These General Magruder proposed to supplement by thirty of his own under Colonel S. D. Lee, to be reinforced by the others as they came up. With this understanding I returned to head-quarters, made my report, and was permitted to go back to my command proper.

The most convenient point for observing the effect of the artillery fire was occupied by General Armistead's brigade. That officer was designated by General Lee to <long_144>give notice, if the combat was successful, by advancing his brigade, under the shouts of infantry charge, as the signal for general assault.

The eight guns for the right battery were all that got into position on time, and Jackson failed to open fire by advancing all of the batteries along his front, so that the practice from those quarters was not forcibly executed. When the eight guns finally opened, Porter shifted his aim from his proper front, which Jackson failed to combat, and put in the fire of forty guns against the eight-gun battery of our right. The gunboat batteries also came into that practice, but it was found that they damaged friends almost as much as the enemy, and were ordered to discontinue. Jackson's cross-fire, feeble at best and at long range, was finally drawn off by other batteries far on the enemy's right, so that the eight guns were soon piled a heterogeneous mass of caissons, guns, limbers, and horses. Some other batteries got into action at the same point, eight or ten at a time, but suffered like disaster.

So the plan for battle and order of the day were given over by the Confederate commander, who sent for me to ride with him over to his left in search of a route by which the enemy's right might be turned. This seemed feasible under the hasty

reconnaissance, and he ordered the reserves on that move. As we started on the march the noise of battle reached us and the march was arrested. Under the impression that his officers realized the failure and abandonment of his original plan, General Lee failed to issue orders specifically recalling the appointed battle.

It seems that just as the troops marched to the left under the last order, information was received by some of the officers at the front that the enemy was getting away from us.

To ascertain as to this matter, and anxious to atone for lost opportunities of the day before, part of the troops near our right moved forward, and soon encountered the enemy's <long_145>infantry, as well as the formidable artillery. This impact burst into the noise of battle, and was taken as the signal for assault under the original order of the day. From the right to the left, as far as and including D. H. Hill's division, the Confederates attacked in splendid style, making repeated brave charges, but they were as firmly met by the enemy, and their dead and wounded were mingled on the same lines. The Confederate ranks thinning rapidly, Magruder called on me for reinforcements, and Jackson was sent to reinforce D. H. Hill's left, but night closed in upon us before the reinforcements could get into action.

As the order for battle had been given about noon, and had been abandoned some hours before the opening, upon receiving Magruder's call, I supposed the conflict had been brought on by the enemy to force our right back and better clear the route of his retreat. I ordered A. P. Hill direct to Magruder, and my own division for support on our extreme right. The result of the battle was a repulse of the Confederates along the entire line and the sacrifice of several thousand brave officers and men, though some of our troops held ground nearer the enemy than at the onset of the battle. During the night the enemy resumed his march for the river, leaving his dead, some of his wounded, and exhibiting other marks of the precipitate character of his retreat.

Stuart's cavalry had been recalled from north of the Chickahominy on the 30th to join us on the south side, and reached Jackson's left Tuesday night after the battle.

The morning of the 2d opened heavy and oppressive. The storm front of bursting cannon and bristling bayonets was changed to a wide sweep of heavy clouds that covered the dead that had grappled and fallen together on Malvern Hill. The enemy was gone, and reached his lodgement at Harrison's Landing on James River, the old seat of that family which has given our country two Presidents. Jackson <long_146>stood on the direct route of the enemy's retreat, and was ordered to follow it; Magruder's and Huger's commands to follow Jackson. General Lee rode with them. D. H. Hill's division was left to care for the wounded and dead of Malvern Hill. To obviate pressure upon a single track, the reserve divisions were ordered by Nance's Store, but the heavy clouds soon began to let down a pelting rain that became more severe and delayed all movements.

The reports of Jackson and Stuart of the operations of the 3d are conflicting. The former claimed that he was near the landing on the morning of the 3d, and advanced his line of skirmishers. The latter reported that he found during the night of the 2d a fine position on Erlington Heights, from which the enemy could be shelled out of his new position by artillery; that he occupied and held that position by a squadron and howitzer until driven from it by the enemy at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d; that he reported of that position to Generals Lee and Jackson during the night of the 2d. Other accounts go with that of Stuart. It seems that the "foot cavalry" (*) and the reserve divisions met at the landing late in the afternoon of the 3d. The troops from the Valley district had not been

engaged in the battles of the march except that of Gaines's Mill.

At daylight of the 4th I rode to the front, and ordered General Jackson to drive in the enemy's skirmishers and prepare to attack. D. R. Jones's division of Magruder's command, coming up, was ordered on Jackson's left, A. P. Hill's on his right; my own division to support Jackson's direct move for Erlington Heights. After pushing the skirmish line back, Jackson reported his troops not in condition for the work, and asked delay until the commanding general was up. As General Lee was reported near, attack was delayed, and a note was sent asking him to <long_147>ride forward as soon as convenient. He rode up in about half an hour, and, after mature deliberation, decided that the attack should not be made. He reinforced his cavalry and horse artillery by a number of his choicest field batteries, and ordered General Stuart to use them against the enemy's transports on the lower James. This expedition did some damage, but the superior batteries of the gunboats, convoys of the transports, enabled them to maintain safe-conduct along the line of supplies and reinforcements. On the 8th he withdrew his army to points more convenient to supplies, and towards the open highway to Washington City.

Passing in critical review the events of the campaign, they fail to disclose a flaw as it was projected by the Confederate chief. It even opened up grander possibilities than came within his most hopeful anticipations at the period of projection.

The Union commander left his Fifth Corps engaged at Beaver Dam Creek while Jackson's column marched by it as far as Hundley's Corner and went into camp. The object and instructions of Jackson's advanced echelon were to have him file in against any force that he might pass and attack it in flank and rear. If, instead of going into camp at Hundley's Corner on the afternoon of the 26th of June, he had filed to his right behind the Fifth Corps, he would have had it surrounded by fifty thousand men beyond the reach of succor.

He was troubled by conflicting orders. The general order for the campaign and verbal instructions were intended to supersede all others, but General Lee's letter of the 11th was not recalled, so he marched with the two orders in his pocket, which made not a little trouble.

Before Jackson's army was called from the Valley, it was reinforced and organized for our working column. On the morning of the 27th of June it was further augmented by the division under D. H. Hill and Stuart's <long_148>cavalry. His line of march during the day led him around Porter's position near Gaines's Mill to the enemy's right, the most favorable point for attack. He partially engaged by D. H. Hill's division, then withdrew it, and posted his troops in a position selected to catch the Federals in their flight from A. P. Hill's division. Finally, when Porter's defence developed too much strength for A. P. Hill, he deployed into line of battle from left to right, overspreading the enemy's entire front.

On the morning of the 28th of June, General Lee thought to draw McClellan out from his works, force him to defend his base on the Pamunkey, and to so cripple him on his retreat as to warrant strong detachments from his army in the direction of Washington, and thus force him to defend his own capital.

Before marching to the opening of the campaign, he ordered a detachment of cavalry to the south side of White Oak Swamp, under careful watch for the enemy's movements by vedettes, even as far as Chickahominy River, so that on the night of the 27th he had a cordon of troops and vedettes extending completely around McClellan's army. Notwithstanding precautions so carefully laid, McClellan started to march for his new

base on the night of the 27th, continued his preparations and movements through the day and night of the 28th, and the first reliable information of the move towards James River came from Major Meade and Lieutenant Johnson, engineers. The information, though coming from a source least looked for, was more than gratifying to General Lee, for he thought the enemy had essayed a move not practicable; that General McClellan's army was in his power and must be our prize, never to reach the new base.

Just as he was mapping out orders of pursuit, a staff-officer of General Magruder's came from the other side of the river to report the Federal army in retreat, and <long_149>that General Magruder was preparing to assault the fort in his immediate front. General Lee said,—

"My compliments to General Magruder, and ask him not to hurt my young friends, Major Meade and Lieutenant Johnson, who are occupying that fort."

Uniformly military, but courteous in his bearing, it was very rare that he became facetious when on parade service, but anticipations that General McClellan was soon to be his prisoner excused the giving way to impulse born of this unexpected adventure.

Within an hour his troops on the east side were on the march for their crossings of the Chickahominy. He then rode across, gave orders to General Magruder, rode with him some distance, and repeated the orders before leaving him.

Following up the rear-guard, General Magruder came upon it in force at Savage Station. The Second Corps and Franklin's division under W. F. Smith of the Sixth, under General Sumner, were posted there to cover the retreat. Magruder planned battling with his own six brigades against their front, two brigades of Huger's division to come on the enemy's left down the Williamsburg road, Jackson's twelve or fifteen brigades to attack their right. But when Magruder thought his arrangements complete, he received a message from General Huger "that his brigades would be withdrawn."(*)

Then other information not anticipated came to him,-viz., that General Jones, commanding on Magruder's left, called for co-operation in that quarter. General Jackson sent word in reply that "*he* had other important duty to perform."

Referring to Jackson's orders of the 29th, General Lee wrote General Magruder:
<long_150>

*"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"June 29, 1862.*

"MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER,
"Commanding Division:

"GENERAL,—I regret much that you have made so little progress to-day in pursuit of the enemy. In order to reap the fruits of our victory the pursuit should be most vigorous. I must urge you, then, again to press on his rear rapidly and steadily. We must lose no time, or he will escape us entirely.

"Very respectfully yours, etc.,

"R. E. LEE,

"General.

"P.S.—Since the order was written, I learn from Major Taylor that you are under the impression that General Jackson has been ordered not to support you. On the contrary, he has been directed to do so, and to push the pursuit vigorously."(*)

Sumner, besides his greater force, having some advantage from the earthworks previously constructed, repulsed Magruder's attack, and the affair of cross-purposes failed of effect.

If Jackson could have joined against the right of Sumner with his brigades, the latter could have been dislodged, the Confederates passing the swamp with him, which would have marked the beginning of the end. The occasion was especially propitious, for Heintzelman's corps, that had been designated as part of the rear-guard with Sumner and Franklin, through some misconception had marched over the swamp, to camp near Charles City crossroads, leaving easy work for Jackson and Magruder.

When, on the forenoon of the 30th, Jackson found his way across the swamp blocked by Franklin, he had time to march to the head of and across it to the Charles City road in season for the engagement contemplated at Fray-ser's Farm, the distance being about four miles. General Wright, of Huger's division, marched his brigade from the head of the swamp to Jackson's line at the bridge, <long_151>and returned, making several halts and crossings to reconnoitre.

But little remains to be said of the engagements at Frayser's Farm and Malvern Hill. The former was a halting failure of combination of forces; the latter an accident resulting from the armies standing close abreast many hours. Malvern Hill left out, the two armies would have mingled their lines between that and Westover during the 3d and 4th of July.

The failure of concert of action by the Confederates should not discount the conduct of McClellan's masterly retreat. In the emergency he showed himself well equipped in the science of war, and prepared to cross swords with his able adversary. At the opening of the campaign he had in hand one hundred and five thousand men. General Lee's returns were not accurately made, but a fair estimate puts his numbers between eighty and eighty-five thousand.

The losses of the campaign were, on the Union side, 15,249; on the Confederate side, greater; in the absence of complete returns, it is fair to say that they were from 18,000 to 19,000. Up to the time of Malvern Hill the casualties were about equally divided between the two armies, but in that battle the Confederates lost not far from 5000 men, and the Federals not more than one-third that number.

Upon reaching the gunboats, General McClellan's power was about doubled. Although fire from the gunboats was not very effective against a land battle, the moral effect of fighting batteries that could not be reached was most powerful. It was reported on the Confederate side that General McClellan, on boarding one of the boats, where he spent most of the day of battle, said,

"There should be a gunboat in every family." Some critics say that McClellan should have taken Richmond during the campaign. The great Napoleon <long_152>would have done so after the disaster at Malvern Hill with his regularly organized army of veterans. They say, too, that Lee should have captured McClellan and his army. So thought General Lee, but some of his leaders were working at cross-purposes, and did not have that close attention that the times called for.

We may now consider the probable result of the plan mapped out and ordered by General Lee in his letter of June 11th to General Jackson had it been followed,—i.e., Jackson to march down the right bank of the Pamunkey with his troops from the Valley district and attack McClellan's rear east of the Chickahominy, while Lee attacked from the Richmond side with his army. On the Richmond side, McClellan had four army corps,

well fortified, supported by his powerful artillery. The battle of Gaines's Mill, where the troops from the Valley were reinforced by four of Lee's choice divisions and most of his cavalry,—more than doubling Jackson's column,—may be significant of the result of Jackson's attack on that side if it had been made as ordered. The battle of Malvern Hill, from an open field, may tell the result of an attack upon the four corps in their fortified position had the attack been made upon them from the Richmond front.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XII.—Halleck And Pope In Federal Command.

Centres of Activity gravitate towards Orange and Culpeper Counties—Pope's Unsoldierly Preliminary Orders—Jackson's and Pope's Encounter at Cedar Mountain—Confidence in and Esteem for General Lee—The Confederate Commander's Plans for cutting off Pope miscarry—Capture of Captain Fitzhugh with Important Orders—Long-street puts General Toombs under Arrest—General Pope withdraws.

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THE Federals had by this time organized the "Army of Virginia" from the independent forces in the State,—the First Corps under General Sigel, the Second under General Banks, the Third under General McDowell, commanded by Major-General John Pope, brought from the West for that object and appointed June 26. This army reported July 31, 46,858 strong, for field service.

On the 23d of July, General H. W. Halleck assumed command of the Federal armies as general-in-chief, by order of the President of July 11.

The quiet of General McClellan's army at Harrison's Landing assured General Lee of his opportunity for attention to the movements of the army under General Pope, working towards Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria Railway. On the 13th of July he ordered General Jackson, with his own and Ewell's division, to Gordonsville, to have a watch upon the Federal force operating in that quarter, promising reinforcements as soon as occasion should call for them. Stuart was at Hanover Court-House, in observation towards Fredericksburg, and Robertson's cavalry was ordered to Jackson, to reinforce his cavalry under Colonel Munford.

To engage attention pending these movements, General D. H. Hill, in command on the south side of the James, <long_154>was ordered to have all of his artillery on that side available put in battery on the banks of the river against McClellan's camps on the north side and his transports on the water.

General Pope immediately displayed bold front as a diversion, seeking to draw General Lee away from McClellan.

So General Lee sent General A. P. Hill with his division to reinforce Jackson, with orders to the latter to strike out for the enemy in his front.

The threatening attitude of the Confederates at Gordonsville caused apprehension at Washington, and induced the authorities to consider the withdrawal of McClellan's army to reinforce the army under Pope.

Upon receipt of an intimation to that effect, General McClellan ordered a strong force under General Hooker to advance in threatening move against General Lee on the 4th of August. Hooker marched on the 5th, and occupied the ground of the battle of Malvern Hill. General Lee ordered the divisions of McLaws, D. R. Jones, that under Ripley (D. H. Hill's), and my own to march against Hooker. It was night when our troops were posted, and before daylight of the next morning Hooker had marched back to his camp at Harrison's Landing.

Just here, as a digression from following the operations of the armies of Lee and Pope, it should be remarked that the latter, by injudicious and unsoldierly attitude assumed at the outstart of his campaign, intensely incensed the people of Virginia and the South

generally, the Confederate army to a man, and probably to a considerable degree discomfited the most considerate and thoughtful of his own officers and the authorities behind him. The exigencies of war did not demand some of the harsh measures that he promulgated,—such, for instance, as his notorious "General Orders No. 11" and several other of his pronouncements:

<long_155>

*"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
"WASHINGTON, July 23, 1862.*

"GENERAL ORDERS NO. 11.(*)

"Commanders of army corps divisions, brigades, and detached commands will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach in rear of their respective stations.

"Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted south beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that if found again anywhere within our lines, or at any point in rear, they will be considered spies, and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law.

"If any person, having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use.

"All communication with any person whatever living within the lines of the enemy is positively prohibited, except through the military authorities and in the manner specified by military law; and any person concerned in writing or in carrying letters or messages in any other way will be considered and treated as a spy within the lines of the United States army.

"By command of Major-General Pope.

"GEO. D. RUGGLES,

"Colonel, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Chief of Staff."

This was a measure of unnecessary severity towards non-combatants, and had an unsalutary effect. When men volunteer to fight in their country's cause they should be credited with faith in its righteousness, and with expectations of meeting soldiers worthy of their mettle. Appeals to turn their strength against women and children and non-combatants are offensive to manhood, demoralizing in influence, and more likely to aggravate and prolong war spirit than to open ways of order and amity. Besides, such orders indicate a flaw in the armor of the author.

<long_156>

General Scott set an example worthy of eternal emulation. In his march through Mexico he was as strict in the requirement of order and protection for non-combatants as he could have been in marching through his own civil communities. The result was speedy peace, respect from all the people, admiration and affection from many.

When A. P. Hill's division joined General Jackson at Gordonsville, General Pope's army was posted,—the First Corps (Sigel's) at Sperryville, the Second (Banks's) at Culpeper Court-House, the Third (McDowell's), one division near Culpeper Court-House, and one at Fredericksburg—these two under Ricketts and King respectively; his cavalry under Buford, Bayard, and Hatch along the Rapidan from the Blue Ridge to Fredericksburg.

The point held by his left was thought essential by the Washington authorities as holding the way for reinforcements from McClellan's army on the James to join in the contemplated march by General Pope's route to Richmond.

On the 2d of August, Jackson sent part of his cavalry forward as far as Orange Court-House, under Colonel W. E. Jones, who encountered at that point a formidable cavalry guard of the enemy, when a spirited affair occurred, creditable alike to both sides. This was followed up, on the 8th, by the advance of Jackson's entire force, his own division under Winder leading, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's following.

General Pope's outpost at Cedar Run, held by cavalry and Crawford's brigade of infantry, had meantime been reinforced by the balance of the Second Corps under Banks, and Ricketts's division put in supporting position of the advance post.

On the 9th, Jackson advanced and found the enemy in strong position at Cedar Run. His division under Ewell was posted on the northeast slope of Slaughter Mountain, his own division under Winder formed to the left. The <long_157>engagement was pitched and soon became severe. While yet posting his troops, Winder was mortally struck by a fragment of shell. Banks, gaining confidence in his battle, moved forward to closer and severe fight and held it an hour, at points putting Jackson's troops in disorder. Jackson, reinforced by A. P. Hill's brigades, recovered his lost ground, advanced and renewed attack, drove the enemy back, engaged against reinforcements of Ricketts's division, continued the fight till near midnight, then reorganized for battle away from the immediate front of the enemy, where he awaited next day. During the evening of the 9th, Pope received his First Corps under Sigel and called up McDowell's division, under King, from Fredericksburg. On the 10th both armies remained quiet. On the 11th a flag of truce was sent in asking for time to bury the dead, which Jackson granted, and extended to a late hour of the day. King's division coming up, Pope decided to engage again on the 12th, but Jackson, having information of the extent of reinforcements, decided to withdraw during the night.

The loss was severe on both sides,—Jackson's, 1276, including his most promising brigadier, Winder; Pope's, 2381, including three brigadiers, two wounded and one taken prisoner.

After drawing King's division to his field, General Pope had about thirty-six thousand present for service. Jackson's reports as to these forces were such that he accepted the advice of prudence and retired to stronger ground on the right bank of the Rapidan.

In the battle of the 9th the troops engaged were, according to official return of July 31, (*)—

Second Corps (Banks's), artillery and infantry	14,567
Ricketts's division, half of Third Corps, artillery and infantry.	9,287
Total	23,854

<long_158>

The absence of Lawton's brigade and one from Jackson's division reduced his force to something less than eighteen thousand. The troops engaged in battle, however, were not far from equal, Jackson probably the stronger.

That this was only a partial success—coming on the heels of the cruel orders of the Federal commander—was gratifying to the Confederates, and encouraging as well.

Inaction of the Army of the Potomac gave General Lee opportunity for movement of his

troops towards Washington and the army under General Pope. On the 15th I was ordered to Gordonsville by the Central Railroad with ten brigades. Two others under Hood at Hanover Junction were ordered to join me.

Before despatching my corps, General Lee expressed his thought to advance the right column and cavalry by the lower fords of the Rapidan, the left by the fords above the railroad bridge, but left the question open, with orders to me to work on it.

The brigades that moved with me were D. R. Jones's, Kemper's, Pickett's, Pryor's, Jenkins's, Featherston's, Wilcox's, Toombs's, Evans's, and Drayton's. Hood's and Whiting's joined us near Gordonsville, Hood commanding the demi-division,—his own and Whiting's brigades.

It may be well to write just here that experience during the seven days about Richmond established between General Lee and his first lieutenant relations of confidence and esteem, official and personal, which ripened into stronger ties as the mutations of war bore heavier upon us. He always invited the views of the latter in moves of strategy and general policy, not so much for the purpose of having his own views approved and confirmed as to get new light, or channels for new thought, and was more pleased when he found something that gave him new strength than with efforts to evade his questions by compliments. <long_159>When oppressed by severe study, he sometimes sent for me to say that he had applied himself so closely to a matter that he found his ideas running around in a circle, and was in need of help to find a tangent. Our personal relations remained as sincere after the war until politics came between us in 1867.

General Pope was industriously increasing his strength. The Ninth Corps, General Burnside, had been ordered to Fredericksburg *via* Acquia Creek, and a division under General Reno of eight thousand of that corps reported to the commander at Culpeper Court-House on the 14th. Besides reinforcements called to support him from General McClellan's army, Pope was authorized to call to his aid the greater part of the army in West Virginia under General Cox.

After reaching Gordonsville and learning something of the position of the armies, and more of the features of the country, it occurred to me that a move against General Pope's right would give us vantage-ground for battle and pursuit, besides the inviting foot-hills of the Blue Ridge for strategy, and this preference was expressed to General Lee. (*) He joined us on the 15th, and the brigades, including those under Hood, were advanced to position for a general march. He thought it better to strike in between General Pope's left and the reinforcements that could join him from Fredericksburg than to adopt the proposition to move his army by the upper fords of the Rapidan and strike down upon the enemy's right, and decided to throw his right wing forward by the Raccoon Ford, and his left by the Somerville Ford, the latter above the railroad,—Fitzhugh Lee and Robertson's cavalry with his right, and T. T. Munford's with the left wing; General Smart with the column on the right.

My command marched on the 16th to position for crossing <long_160>by the lower fords. Jackson was in position for the upper crossings. As all of the cavalry was not up, General Lee ordered his march for the 18th, to give time for the arrival of General Stuart and his marching troopers.

Leaving the cavalry on the march, under General Fitz-hugh Lee, with instructions to camp on the plank-road opposite Raccoon Ford on the 17th, General Stuart rode on the cars to General Lee's head-quarters, received his orders, and rode out on the plank-road to

join his command under Fitzhugh Lee, then due. The latter, however, "by failure to comply with instructions," as his commander expressed it subsequently, lost a day in a roundabout ride, which so jaded his horses that another day was sacrificed to give them rest. As if this were not sufficient misfortune, Captain Fitzhugh (General J. E. B. Stuart's adjutant) was captured, and, as a crowning disaster, the despatch of the Confederate commander giving instructions for the march of his army as ordered for the 18th was lost. The despatch was taken to General Pope, who, thus advised by accident, immediately set about retiring from Culpeper to the east bank of the Rappahannock. General Pope reported that

"The cavalry expedition sent out on the 16th in the direction of Louisa Court-House captured the adjutant-general of General Stuart, and was very near capturing that officer himself. Among the papers taken was an autograph letter of General Robert E. Lee to General Stuart, dated Gordonsville, August 15, which made manifest to me the position and force of the army, and their determination to overwhelm the army under my command before it could be reinforced by any portion of the Army of the Potomac."(*)

Thus on that day Pope put his army in retreat by the several crossings of the Rappahannock to its strong camps of the north side, leaving his cavalry in observation.
<long_161>

As Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry failed to get to position on my right on the 17th, I ordered two regiments of infantry to be posted as guard on the road to Raccoon Ford until the cavalry could relieve them. The detail fell upon Toombs's brigade. As we were to be in wait during the 17th, General Toombs rode off that morning to visit an old Congressional friend, and was absent when the order was received at his brigade head-quarters. The detail was filled by his next in rank, Colonel H. L. Benning, and duly posted. On his return, General Toombs rode upon his picket, claimed that his troops should not have been moved except by orders through himself, and ordered the detail back to their camps. Upon learning of General Stuart's mishap, and the ride of the Federal cavalry by Raccoon Ford, I sent to inquire how the cavalry happened to escape my picket-guard. Finding that the troops had been ordered off by General Toombs, the chief of staff was directed to put on his sword and sash and order him under arrest. Afterwards he was ordered to the rear, to confine himself to the limits of Gordonsville.

In addition to Reno's command, Stevens's division of the Ninth Corps joined General Pope on the 15th. On the 17th, Reno sent out a party of two hundred and fifty men and captured Jackson's signal-station on Clarke's Mountain; and it appears from the official report of this occurrence that the Federals were misinformed as to our position, and that up to the receipt of the captured despatch, General Pope knew nothing of the arrival of the troops of my command.

On the 18th report came from Clarke's Mountain of unusual stir in the Federal commands about Culpeper Court-House, and General Lee sent for me to ride with him to the mountain to observe the movements. From the summit we had a fair view of many points, and the camp-flags, as they opened their folds to the fitful breezes, seemed to mark places of rest. Changing our glasses to <long_162>the right and left and rear, the white tops of army wagons were seen moving. Half an hour's close watch revealed that the move was for the Rappahannock River. Changing the field of view to the bivouacs, they seemed serenely quiet, under cover from the noonday August sun. As we were there to learn from personal observation, our vigilance was prolonged until the wagons rolled

down the declivities of the Rappahannock. Then, turning again to view the bivouacs, a stir was seen at all points. Little clouds of dust arose which marked the tramp of soldiers, and these presently began to swell into dense columns along the rearward lines. Watching without comment till the clouds grew thinner and thinner as they approached the river and melted into the bright haze of the afternoon sun, General Lee finally put away his glasses, and with a deeply-drawn breath, expressive at once of disappointment and resignation, said, "General, we little thought that the enemy would turn his back upon us thus early in the campaign."

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XIII.—Making Ready For Manassas Again.

General Lee modifies his Order of March—Continuous Skirmishing—Cavalry Commander Stuart gets into General Pope's Head-quarters and captures his Personal Equipment—His Uniform Coat and Hat shown along the Confederate Lines—Jackson's Superb Flank Move-ment—Confederates capture Trains, Supplies, Munitions, and Prisoners—Hooker and Ewell at Bristoe Station—Jackson first on the Old Field of Bull Run—Longstreet's Command joins passing Thoroughfare Gap—Pope practically throws Responsibility for Aggressive Action on McDowell—Preliminary Fighting—General Pope surprised by Jackson—Pope's Orders to Fitz-John Porter.

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UNDER the retrograde of the Union army, General Lee so modified his order of march as to meet the new conditions. On the 20th of August the march was made, the right wing to the vicinity of Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock River, the left to the railroad bridge and fords above. At Kelly's Ford it seemed possible to force a crossing. As we were preparing for it, an order came reporting the upper crossings too well defended, and calling for the right wing to march to that point, while the left marched up in search of more favorable points. As we were leaving Kelly's the enemy made a dash to cross, and engaged some of the brigades in a sharp fight, intending to delay our movements, but the main column marched on, while this affair was still in progress. By mutual consent the fight subsided, both parties joined their proper commands and proceeded on their upward march, each on its own side of the stream. At Beverley's Ford, Stuart's cavalry under Rosser crossed and made a lodgement on the east bank, but the near approach of the enemy's column threatening, before the infantry could get up in support, made necessary the abandonment of the ground, and the left wing continued to feel along higher <long_164>up for a crossing. Passing up, Trimble's brigade was left at Beverley's as guard to Jackson's rear. The enemy, conceiving an opportunity, crossed at Freeman's Ford and attacked Trimble. Meanwhile, a detachment had been called for from the right wing. Hood, with his own and Whiting's brigade, was ordered, and was in time to join in Trimble's fight, which ended in repulse of the adventurous force.

The east banks of the Rappahannock lifted quite above those occupied by the Confederates, giving advantageous position to the Union artillery fire, and offering no point above Kelly's Ford to force a crossing.

When the left wing marched from Rappahannock Bridge, the enemy crossed a considerable force to the west bank, and covered it with a number of superior batteries well posted on the east side. To dislodge that force I put a number of batteries into action, including the Washington Artillery, and, later, part of the reserved battalion under Colonel S. D. Lee. The combat consumed much of the day of the 23d, when the enemy withdrew from that bank and burned some of the dwellings as he left.

Riding along the line of batteries during the combat, we passed a soldier-lad weeping over his brother, who had just been killed; just then a shell came screaming by, exploded, and dashed its fragments into the ground near enough to dust us a little. "Dad drat those Yankees!" he said; "if I had known that they were going to throw such things as that at a fellow, I would have stayed in Texas." He had travelled a thousand miles to volunteer in

the same company with his brother.

Assured of the transfer of McClellan's forces from the James, General Lee called up the divisions of Generals D. H. Hill, McLaws, the half division under J. G. Walker, and Hampton's cavalry from Richmond. Anderson's division was marching from Orange Court-House as our reserve force.

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On the 22d, Munford's cavalry reported the Warrenton road open as far as the vicinity of General Pope's headquarters. General Stuart was ordered over, with parts of his brigades, to investigate and make trouble in the enemy's rear. He crossed at Waterloo and Hunt's Mill with fifteen hundred troopers and Pelham's horse artillery, and rode to Warrenton. Passing through, he directed his ride towards Catlett's Station to first burn the bridge over Cedar Creek.

Before reaching Catlett's a severe storm burst upon him, bogging the roads and flooding the streams behind him. The heavy roads delayed his artillery so that it was after night when he approached Catlett's. He caught a picket-guard and got into a camp about General Pope's head-quarters, took a number of prisoners, some camp property, and, meeting an old acquaintance and friend in a colored man, who conducted him to General Pope's tents, he found one of the general's uniform coats, a hat, a number of official despatches, a large amount of United States currency, much of the general's personal equipments, and one of the members of his staff, Major Goulding. He made several attempts to fire the bridge near Catlett's, but the heavy rains put out all fires that could be started, when he sought axes to cut it away. By this time the troops about the camps rallied and opened severe fire against him, but with little damage. The heavy rainfall admonished him to forego further operations and return to the army while yet there was a chance to cross Cedar Creek and the Rappahannock before the tides came down. On the night of the 23d he reached Sulphur Springs, where he met General Jackson's troops trying to make comfortable lodgement on the east bank, passed over, and resumed position outside General Lee's left. The despatch-book of General Pope gave information of his troops and his anxiety for reinforcements, besides mention of those that had joined him, but General Stuart's <long_166>especial pleasure and pride were manifested over the possession of the uniform coat and hat of General Pope. Stuart rode along the line showing them, and proclaiming that he was satisfied with the exchange that made even his loss at Verdierville before the march; but the despatch lost at Verdierville was the tremendous blow that could not be overestimated.

All of the 23d was spent in severe artillery combat. General Jackson had gained the east bank at Warrenton (Sulphur Springs) crossing, and there seemed a fair prospect of making a permanent lodgement, but the tides from the severe storm of the day and night previous were coming down in torrents, threatening floods at all of the fords.

On the 22d, Pope had formed a plan of concentrating his forces to cross and attack Lee's right by the lower fords, but the freshet had shut him off in that quarter; so he turned to the detachment of Jackson, on the east side, just cut off from support. Marching up the river bank, Jackson succeeded in so reinforcing his detachment as to defend it to an upper crossing till it found safe footing on the west bank. The high water cut off all operations by direct moves on the 24th. Meanwhile, General Pope had received the divisions of Kearny and Reynolds from McClellan's army, forty-five hundred and twenty-five hundred respectively.

About this time a letter came to head-quarters of the right wing from General Toombs, expressing regret at his unfortunate mistake in relieving his troops from picket service, and asking to be released from arrest, that he might have the opportunity to show in the approaching conflicts his deep interest in the cause. The adjutant-general was instructed to say in reply that the chief of corps was pleased to know that the malefeasance was from want of experience, not intentional breach of authority, and that he would be more than welcome back by the general and the troops of his brigade.

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On the 25th, Jackson was ordered to pull away from our main force with the left wing, march by the crossings of the upper tributaries through Thoroughfare Gap, and strike the railway in the enemy's rear at Manassas Junction, his supply depot. Stuart's cavalry was ordered to follow during the night.

By a rapid march Jackson crossed the fords of the upper streams and made his bivouac near Salem. Forcing his march on the 26th, he passed Thoroughfare Gap to Gainesville, where Stuart joined him with all of his cavalry. From Gainesville he inclined to the right for Bristoe Station, the cavalry holding the curtain between his column and Pope's. A little after sunset he reached the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, a march of thirty miles. Approaching the station, trains were heard on the rails. General Ewell divided his force and took two points on the rails, so as to cut off the trains. Mun-ford's cavalry assisted in the job. Two trains and a number of prisoners were taken, the greater part of the detachment at the station making safe retreat. His plans against General Lee's right cut off by the high water, General Pope extended his right, under Sigel, Banks, and Reno, in search of Jackson up the river, who meanwhile had spirited himself away looking towards Pope's rear. I was left on the river bank in front, the reserve infantry, R. H. Anderson's division, and artillery near at hand.

Although the night of the 26th was very dark, and his troops were severely worn, to be sure of his opportunity, Jackson sent a detachment to Manassas Junction (seven miles). The gallant Trimble, with five hundred of his men, volunteered for the service, and set out at once on the march. Smart was afterwards ordered to join Trimble with his cavalry, and as ranking officer to command the operations of the entire force. The infantry advanced and attacked the enemy as soon as it could be formed for work, captured <long_168>three hundred prisoners, an eight-gun battery complete, and immense quantities of army supplies.

Feeling the main force of his adversary in his front awaiting opportunity, General Pope became anxious about his left and rear, and was further hampered by instructions from the Washington authorities to hold his Fredericksburg connections and "fight like the devil." (It may have been fortunate for the Confederates that he was not instructed to *fight like Jackson*.) On the 23d he was informed of strong reinforcements to reach him at Warrenton Junction on the next day, and that larger forces would be shipped him on the 24th, to join him on the 25th.

Nevertheless, he began to realize, as he felt Jackson's march to his right, that he must abandon the line of the Rappahannock and attend on the movements of that command gone astray by the mountains. He concentrated the Army of Virginia, to which Reynolds's division had been assigned, at and near Warrenton under McDowell; Reno east of Warrenton about three miles, on the turnpike; Porter's (Fifth) corps near Bealton, ordered to join Reno, and Heintzelman's (Third) corps, ten thousand strong, at Warrenton

Junction. The Sixth (Franklin's) Corps, ten thousand strong, Army of the Potomac, was at Alexandria awaiting transportation, as were the divisions of Sturgis, ten thousand, and Cox, seven thousand,—the latter from West Virginia. General Pope asked to have Franklin's corps march by the Warrenton turnpike to join him, and sent instructions to different parties to see that the guards in his rear were strengthened; that at Manassas Junction by a division.

Under assurances from Washington of the prompt arrival of forces from that quarter, he looked for the approach of Franklin as far as Gainesville, marching by the Warrenton turnpike, and a division to reinforce the command at Manassas Junction, so that when Jackson cut in <long_169>on his rear and captured the detachment at the Junction, he was not a little surprised. He was in position for grand tactics, however, midway between the right and left wings of his adversary's forces, that in his rear worn by severe marches and some fighting, that in his front behind a river, the crossings of which were difficult, and the lines of march to bring the distant wings to co-operation over routes that could be defended by small commands.

Communication with Washington being severed, the forces at and near Alexandria were thrown in the dark. To move by rail they were liable to run into the wrong camps, and the rapid change by water to the new position left them short of land transportation.

Pope stood on the evening of the 27th: McDowell's corps, including Reynolds's division, 15,500; Sigel's corps, 9000; Banks's, 5000; Reno's, 7000; Heintzelman's and Porter's corps, 18,000,—in all 54,500 men, with 4000 cavalry; Platt's brigade, Sturgis's division, which joined him on the 26th, not included. In his rear was Jackson, 20,000; in front on the Rappahannock was my 25,000; R. H. Anderson's reserve division, 5000; total, 50,000, with 3000 of cavalry under Stuart.

On the 26th I moved up to and crossed at Hinson's Mill Ford, leaving Anderson's division on the Warrenton Sulphur Springs route.

On the 27th, Jackson marched at daylight to Manassas Junction with his own division, under Taliaferro, and A. P. Hill's, leaving Ewell's at Bristoe Station, with orders to withdraw if severely pressed. Approaching the Junction, a cavalry regiment came in, threatening attack, and was driven off by Colonel Baylor's regiment. A field battery came from the direction of Centreville, and tried to make trouble at long range, but was driven off by superior numbers. Then a brigade of infantry under General Taylor, of New Jersey, just landed from the cars from Alexandria, advanced and made a desperate effort <long_170>to recover the lost position and equipage at Manassas Junction. Field's, Archer's, Pender's, and Thomas's brigades, moving towards the railroad bridge, met Taylor's command and engaged it, at the same time moving towards its rear, threatening to cut off its retreat. It was driven back after a fierce struggle, General Taylor, commanding, mortally wounded. Part of the Kanawha division under General Scammon was ordered to its support, but was only in time to assist in its retreat. Reporting this affair, General Jackson said,—

"The advance was made with great spirit and determination, and under a leader worthy of a better cause."

The spoils were then quietly divided, such as could be consumed or hauled off, and the balance given to the torch.

I marched from the Rappahannock, following on Jackson's trail, and camped at White Plains. The march during the day was delayed about an hour by a large force of cavalry

which showed itself on my right front. As I had no cavalry, a little time was spent in learning of its import and following.

General Pope ordered McDowell, with his own corps, including Reynolds's division and Sigel's corps, to march so as to be at Gainesville at nightfall; Reno's corps and Kearny's division of the Third to Greenwich to support McDowell. He rode with Hooker's division of the Third along the route by the railroad for Bristoe Station, ordered Porter's Fifth Corps to remain at Warrenton Junction till relieved by Banks's corps, then to push on towards Gainesville, Banks to follow by the railroad route.

In the afternoon, Hooker encountered Ewell at Bristoe Station, where the divisions engaged in a severe fight, which was handsomely maintained till after night. Ewell, under his orders, withdrew to join Jackson. The conduct of the affair was about equally creditable to the commands.

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After this affair, General Pope so far modified his order of the day as to call Porter to him by direct route, to march at one A.M. and join him at daylight. Kearny's division was ordered for Bristoe Station, Reno's corps for Manassas Junction, and McDowell, from Gainesville, was ordered to swing around to his right and march, guided by the Manassas Gap Railroad, to Manassas Junction.

Ewell made his way along the railroad to Jackson in time to refresh his men on the good things of the captures and for several hours of sleep. Fitzhugh Lee, with three regiments of cavalry, was ordered on to Fairfax Court-House and along the railroad towards Alexandria to cut off rail connection.

General McClellan reached Alexandria, Virginia, on the 27th. On the 28th, Jackson was first to move at 12.20 A.M. He applied the torch to the stores of provisions, and marched with his division, under Taliaferro, by the New Market Sudley Springs road across the Warrenton turnpike, and pitched bivouac on a line from near Groveton, towards Sudley Mills, on the field of first Manassas, at daylight.

At one A.M., A. P. Hill marched from Manassas Junction, crossed Bull Run, and halted at Centreville. Ewell followed at daylight towards Centreville, crossed Bull Run, marched up some distance, recrossed, and joined Jackson, forming on Taliaferro's left. After the morning fires of the bivouac burned out, Jackson's position could not be seen except upon near approach. He was hid away under the cuts and embankments of an unfinished railroad.

The road upon which Porter marched was crowded during the night, so that he and his officers thought that they would make better time and be in better condition by marching at three A.M. He reached Bristoe at ten A.M., Kearny at eight, and Reno in due season. But it was late in the morning when McDowell was ready to march, <long_172>and later in the day when his left swung out on the march to the Junction.

At twelve o'clock, General Pope reached Manassas Junction. Misled by the movements of A. P. Hill and Ewell, he ordered Reno's corps and Kearny's and Hooker's divisions of the Third to Centreville, in search of Jackson, while the latter was little more than a league from him, resting quietly in his hiding-place, and his detached divisions had doubled on their courses and were marching to join him. McDowell, having information of my approach, delayed his march, detaching Ricketts's division to hold me in check at Thoroughfare Gap.

The first passage at arms of the day was between part of Stuart's cavalry, supported by

B. T. Johnson's infantry, and Meade's brigade of McDowell's command. As the latter swung around for his march to the Junction, the brigade approached Jackson's right. A detachment was pushed out against Meade, and some artillery practice followed. The Confederates retired, but reported no loss. Under the impression that the force encountered was some cavalry rear-guard or reconnoitring party, McDowell resumed his march "as soon as the killed and wounded were cared for."

The noise made by this affair caused Sigel to counter-march his corps, and otherwise delayed the march of McDowell's entire forces, while it gave no inconvenience to the Confederates further than a change of front of part of Jackson's command to receive battle, not intended, by his adversary. Jackson changed his front, but finding the direction of the enemy changed so as to march away from him, he took the move for a general retreat, made report of it to A. P. Hill, who was yet north of Bull Run, and ordered him to intercept the retreat by manning the lower fords of Bull Run. The order was received at ten A.M., but General Hill had intercepted despatches of General Pope giving notice of his preparation for battle at Manassas <long_173>the next day, and thought it better to march on and join Jackson. He filed into line on Jackson's left about noon.

General Jackson was right. If General Hill had moved as ordered, he would have met detachments ordered by General Pope to Centreville, and held them back to the south side until Jackson could join him to hold the line. The natural sequence of Confederate operations was position to intercept General Pope's return to Washington. The scenes were shifting and inviting of adventure, and the marches should have followed them. General Hill was justified by the circumstances that influenced his march.

When General Pope reached the Junction with Heintzelman's and Reno's corps, the game was on other fields. As the last of the Confederate columns had hied away towards Centreville, he ordered thither those corps, and called up the Fifth to join him. He then changed the orders of McDowell's column, directing it towards Centreville, to mass his cavalry, and find Jackson, and presently (at two P.M.) so far modified these as to direct McDowell to use his own judgment, and give him the benefit of his views, as he knew the country better, but ordered that he should not go farther towards Manassas Junction. These instructions were urgent, with assurances that McDowell's moves should be supported by other columns. Had these been promptly executed, McDowell's entire force should have encountered Jackson before four o'clock, but McDowell did not find Jackson. As his division, under King, marched along the turnpike a little before night, Jackson saw and engaged it in battle, as we shall see.

The head of my column reached Thoroughfare Gap early in the afternoon. Reports from General Jackson were that he was resting quietly on the flank of the enemy, and between him and Washington. Parties from the Gap reported it clear, and the Confederate commander called a rest for the night, but D. R. Jones's division was ordered on to occupy the Gap.

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As we approached it, officers riding to the front returned reporting the enemy coming in heavy columns on the other side. Jones was ordered to halt his division till he could advance his skirmishers. The Ninth Georgia Regiment, G. T. Anderson's brigade, was sent and followed at proper distance by the division. The skirmishers met the enemy's pickets in the Gap, drove them off, and followed till they in turn were met by a strong force and pushed back. The enemy's leading brigade reached the plateau running along the eastern

side of the mountain, which, with his batteries and infantry, gave him command at that end. Anderson reinforced his Ninth by the First, then by his other regiments on the mountain-side, to the left of the Gap, and advanced till arrested by the impenetrable tangle of the mountain undergrowth.

The Gap is a pass cut through Bull Run Mountain for the flow of a streamlet, through Occoquan Creek, to the waters of the Potomac. Its mean width is eighty yards. Its faces of basaltic rock rise in vertical ascent from one hundred to three hundred feet, relieved hither and thither by wild ivy, creeping through their fissures and from the tops of boulders in picturesque drapery. It was in the midst of this bold and beautiful scenery, in this narrow gorge where the Indians had doubtless often contested ages ago, that the seasoned soldiers of our civilized armies now battled for right of way.

Finding his passage over the mountain by the left side of the Gap blocked by the mountain tangle, Jones called up Toombs's brigade, under command of Colonel Benning, and ordered it over the mountain obstacle by the south side. Drayton's brigade was held in rear. By the time the troops were so disposed, Ricketts's division was well deployed along the plateau on the east.

Benning put Major Waddell, with the Twentieth Georgia, on the mountain-side as skirmishers, and strengthened it by another under Colonel Holmes, in double time, to <long_175>gain the crest on that side. The Twentieth gained the crest while the Federals were yet about eighty yards below on their side. The Georgians knew how to maintain their

advantage, and their fire arrested farther advance of the enemy, when, after a spirited fusillade, reinforcements joined them in good season, and extended the line and held it, driving back the second assaulting force and following down the eastern slope.

As soon as the fire of the Federal batteries opened, Hood was ordered with his two brigades to cross the mountain on the north side of the Gap away by a cattle-trail, and three other brigades were despatched under General Wilcox to Hopewell Pass, about three miles north of Thoroughfare Gap.

Advancing his men, selected for their long-range rifles, Benning drove off a battery seeking position to play upon the mountain slope and eastern end of the gorge, and moved forward under cover of a ravine until he gained a flank fire upon the enemy's batteries. This, with the march of Wilcox through Hopewell Pass and the crossing of one of Hood's brigades, gave the Confederates commanding position, and Ricketts withdrew in time to escape disaster.

About six o'clock McDowell put his troops on the countermarch, Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division back by the New Market road for its crossing of the Warrenton turnpike, and King's division of his own corps down the turnpike. A. P. Hill's and Ewell's divisions, returning from the north of Bull Run, hardly had time for rest, when the march of King's division was reported. About the same time the divisions that had been ordered by Pope to Centreville reached that point, driving off some Confederate cavalry loitering along the way.

As King's division was marching by, Jackson thought to come out from his lurking-place to learn the meaning of the march. The direction of the move again impressed <long_176>him that Pope was retreating, and that his escape to the north. side of Bull Run would put his army in a position of safety before General Lee could join him. It was late, the sun had set, but Jackson was moved to prompt action, as the only means of

arresting and holding Pope for General Lee's arrival. He was in plain view of the white smoke of the rifles of my infantry as they climbed over Bull Run Mountain, seven miles away, and in hearing of our artillery as the boom of the big guns, resounding along the rock-faced cliffs, gathered volume to offer salutations and greetings for the union of comrades and commands. He changed the front of his right division, and, noting the movement of Sigel's troops along the New Market road, called out Ewell with his brigades under Lawton and Trimble, and in addition to the artillery of these commands used the horse artillery under Pelham. As formed, this new line was broadside against the turnpike, his left a little way from Groveton.

The ground upon which the action occurred had been passed an hour before by the division commander, General Hatch, who saw no indication of the presence of a foe. As the division marched, the column was made up of the brigades of Hatch, Gibbon, Doubleday, and Patrick. The action fell against the brigade commanded by General Gibbon, who, taking it for a cavalry annoyance to cover retreat, opened against it, and essayed aggressive fight, till he found himself engaged against a formidable force of infantry and artillery. He was assisted by part of Doubleday's brigade, and asked for other assistance, which failed to reach him, till night came and ended the contest. His fight was desperate and courageous against odds, but he held it and his line till dark. His loss was seven hundred and fifty-one, including Colonel O'Connor and Major May, mortally wounded, with many other officers with lighter hurts. (*)

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General Doubleday joined the fight with his brigade, and reported his loss nearly half of the troops engaged. General Gibbon called it "a surprise." (*) And well he might, after his division commander had just passed over the route and failed to find any indication of the lurking foe.

General Jackson reported, "The conflict here was firm and sanguinary." He fails to give his number lost, but acknowledges his severe loss in the division commanders, General Ewell losing a leg, and Taliaferro severely wounded.

During the night the Federal commander reported to his subordinates that McDowell had "intercepted the retreat of Jackson, and ordered concentration of the army against him," (+) whereas it was, of course, Jackson who had intercepted McDowell's march. He seems to have been under the impression that he was about to capture Jackson, and inclined to lead his subordinates to the same opinion.

Of the time, Major Edward Pye reported,—

"We were sent forward towards evening to pursue the enemy, who were said to be retreating. Found the enemy, but did not see them retreat. A deadly fire from three sides welcomed and drove us back." (++)

After night Gibbon held his front by a line of skirmishers, and withdrew his command to a place of rest. At one A.M. the division was withdrawn and marched back to Manassas. Ricketts, finding himself in isolated position at Gainesville, left at daylight and marched to Bristoe. Jackson moved his forces at daylight, and re-established his line behind the unfinished railroad, his own division under General Stark, Ewell's under General Lawton, with A. P. Hill on his left.

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General Pope's orders for the night directed the march of Kearny's division from Centreville by the turnpike at one A.M., to reinforce the troops against Jackson; the other

division of Heintzelman's corps (Hooker's) to march by the same route at daylight, and to be followed by the corps under Reno. These orders were urgent, and directed that the commands should move promptly, leaving fragments behind if all could not be got together in time; Kearny to attack at daylight, to be supported by Hooker.

McDowell's operations of the afternoon left Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division in the vicinity of the field of King's fight. General Pope's orders were given under the impression that King's division was still occupying the ground of the late conflict, and that Ricketts's division was not far away; but these divisions had been removed to points before mentioned, though special instructions had been sent McDowell and King to hold the position "at all hazards, to prevent the retreat of Jackson," with assurances that at daylight in the morning the entire force from Centreville and Manassas Junction should be up and in prompt co-operation.

But McDowell had probably learned that Jackson had no thought of retreating, and King had found that his ground was not tenable. The order intended for King failed to reach him.

Before he was advised of the withdrawal of King's division, General Pope sent orders to General Porter directing movements for the 29th, informing him of the orders of Kearny and Hooker, and directing Porter to move at daylight towards Centreville, for position in cooperation of the projected battle, and ordering Reno to march for the battle by the Warrenton turnpike. Under the orders, Porter marched towards Centreville, and Reno towards the field for battle. Kearny deferred his march till daylight, and was followed by Hooker's division at convenient <long_179>marching distance. Reno's column followed the march of the latter.

As soon as advised of the withdrawal of King's division from the ground of the 28th, General Pope sent as substitutes for his orders of the early morning that General Porter should push forward with his corps and King's division of McDowell's command to Gainesville, to co-operate with his movements along the Warrenton turnpike. (*) This order was received by Porter at 9.30 A.M., (+) but General McDowell joined this column, and as ranking officer objected to the transfer of his division under King to other authority, which brought out the joint order to McDowell and Porter to have their joint commands execute the move towards Gainesville.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XIV.—Second Battle Of Manassas (Bull Run)

Battle opened by the Federals on Jackson's Right, followed by Kearny—
Longstreet's Reconnoissance—Stuart, the Cavalry Leader, sleeps on the Field
of Battle—Pope thought at the Close of the 29th that the Confederates were
retreating—Second Day—Fitz-John Porter struck in Flank—Longstreet takes
a Hand in the Fight late in the Day—Lee under Fire—The Federal Retreat to
Centreville—That Point turned—Pope again dislodged—"Stonewall"
Jackson's Appearance and Peculiarities—Killing of "Fighting Phil" Kearny—
Losses—Review of the Campaign.

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GENERAL POPE at daylight sent orders to General Sigel's corps, with Reynolds's division, to attack as soon as it was light enough to see, and bring the enemy to a stand if possible. At the same time orders were sent Heintzelman and Reno for their corps to hurry along the turnpike and join on the right of Sigel. The batteries opened in an irregular combat on the left, centre, and right a little after eight o'clock, and drew from Jackson a monotonous but resolute response. And thus early upon the 29th of August was begun the second battle upon this classic and fateful field.

I marched at daylight and filed to the left at Gainesville at nine o'clock. As the head of the column approached Gainesville the fire of artillery became more lively, and its volume swelled to proportions indicating near approach to battle. The men involuntarily quickened step, filed down the turnpike, and in twenty minutes came upon the battle as it began to press upon Jackson's right, their left battery partially turning his right. His battle, as before stated, stood upon its original line of the unfinished railroad.

As my columns approached, the batteries of the leading brigades were thrown forward to ground of superior sweep. This display and the deploy of the infantry were <long_181>so threatening to the enemy's left batteries that he thought prudent to change the front of that end of his line more to his left and rear. Hood's two brigades were deployed across the turnpike at right angles, supported by the brigade under Evans. A battery advanced on their right to good position and put in some clever work, which caused the enemy to rectify all that end of his line. Kemper deployed two of his brigades, supported by the third, on the right of Hood. The three brigades under Wilcox were posted in rear of Hood and Evans, and in close supporting distance. On Hood's left and near Jackson's right was open field, of commanding position. This was selected by Colonel Walton, of the Washington Artillery, for his battalion, and he brought it bounding into position as soon as called. The division under D. R. Jones was deployed in the order of the others, but was broken off to the rear, across the Manassas Gap Railroad, to guard against forces of the enemy reported in the direction of Manassas Junction and Bristoe. As formed, my line made an obtuse angle forward of Jackson's, till it approached Manassas Gap Railroad, where D. R. Jones's division was broken in echelon to the rear. At twelve o'clock we were formed for battle.

About eleven o'clock, Hooker's division filed to the right from the turnpike, to reinforce the Federal right under Kearny, who, with Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division, were engaged in a desultory affair against Jackson's left, chiefly of artillery.

R. H. Anderson's division marched at daylight along the Warrenton turnpike for

Gainesville.

When I reported my troops in order for battle, General Lee was inclined to engage as soon as practicable, but did not order. All troops that he could hope to have were up except R. H. Anderson's division, which was near enough to come in when the battle was in progress. I asked him to be allowed to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's <long_182>ground, and along his left. After an hour's work, mounted and afoot, under the August sun, I returned and reported adversely as to attack, especially in view of the easy approach of the troops reported at Manassas against my right in the event of severe contention. We knew of Ricketts's division in that quarter, and of a considerable force at Manassas Junction, which indicated one corps.

At two o'clock Kearny made an earnest opening against Jackson's left, but no information of battle reached us on the right. He made severe battle by his division, and with some success, but was checked by Jackson's movements to meet him. General Stevens supported his battle, but his numbers were not equal to the occasion. General Sigel joined in the affair, and part of General Hooker's division, making a gallant fight, but little progress. General Grover's brigade made a gallant charge, but a single brigade was a trifle, and it met with only partial success, and was obliged to retire with heavy loss of killed and wounded,—four hundred and eighty-four.

At one time the enemy broke through the line, cutting off the extreme left brigade, and gained position on the railroad cut; but Jackson and A. P. Hill reinforced against that attack, and were in time to push it back and recover the lost ground.

Their attacks were too much in detail to hold even the ground gained, but they held firmly to the battle and their line until after night, when they withdrew to await orders for the next day.

Though this fight opened at two o'clock, and was fiercely contested till near night, no account of it came from head-quarters to my command, nor did General Jackson think to send word of it. General Lee, not entirely satisfied with the report of my reconnoissance, was thinking of sending some of the engineers for more critical survey of his right front, when his chief of cavalry sent to inform him of the approach of a formidable column of infantry and artillery <long_183>threatening his right. Wilcox's division was changed to supporting position of our right, under Jones, and I rode to look at this new force, its strength, and the ground of its approach. It was the column of McDowell's and Porter's corps, marching under the joint order. Porter's corps in advance deployed Morell's division, and ordered Butterfield's brigade, preceded by a regiment of skirmishers, to advance on their right, Sykes's division to support Morell. As this was in process of execution, McDowell, whose corps was in rear, rode to the front and objected to the plan and attack so far from the main force.

A few shots were exchanged, when all became quiet again. We saw nothing of McDowell's corps, and our cavalry had not been able to get far enough towards their rear to know of its presence or force. He afterwards drew off from Porter's column and marched by the Sudley Springs road to join the main force on the turnpike. I rode back and reported to General Lee that the column was hardly strong enough to mean aggressive work from that quarter, and at the same time reported a dust along the New Market road which seemed to indicate movement of other troops from Manassas.

General Stuart rode up, making similar report, and asked for orders. As our chief was not ready with his orders at the moment, Stuart was asked to wait. The latter threw

himself on the grass, put a large stone under his head, asked the general to have him called when his orders were ready for him, and went sound asleep.

Our chief now returned to his first plan of attack by his right down the turnpike. Though more than anxious to meet his wishes, and anticipating his orders, I suggested, as the day was far spent, that a reconnoissance in force be made at nightfall to the immediate front of the enemy, and if an opening was found for an entering wedge, that we have all things in readiness at daylight for a good day's work. After a moment's hesitation he assented, <long_184>and orders were given for the advance at early twilight.

This gave General Stuart half an hour *siesta*. When called, he sprang to his feet, received his orders, swung into his saddle, and at a lope, singing, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," his banjo-player, Sweeny, on the jump behind him, rode to his troopers.

Wilcox was recalled and ordered to march in support of Hood and Evans when they advanced on the recon-noissance. It so happened that our advance had been anticipated by an order to move from the enemy's side against us. They attacked along the turnpike by King's division about sunset.

To the Confederates, who had been searching for an opportunity during the greater part of the day, and were about to march through the approaching darkness to find it, this was an agreeable surprise. Relieved of that irksome toil, and ready for work, they jumped at the presence, to welcome in countercharge the enemy's coming. A fierce struggle of thirty minutes gave them advantage which they followed through the dark to the base of the high ground held by bayonets and batteries innumerable as compared with their limited ranks. Their task accomplished, they were halted at nine o'clock to await the morrow. One cannon, a number of flags, and a few prisoners were taken.

Generals Wilcox and Hood were ordered to carefully examine the position of the enemy and report of the feasibility of attack at daylight. They came to corps head-quarters a little before twelve o'clock, and made separate reports, both against attack, with minute items of their conclusions. Hood was ordered to have the carriage of the captured gun cut up and left, and both were ordered to withdraw their commands to their first positions.

Meanwhile, General Pope had sent orders to General Porter, dated 4.30 P.M., to attack upon my right flank, but <long_185>the order was not received until it was too late for battle, and the force was not strong enough, and a fight at that hour might have been more unfortunate than the fights by detail on their right. If it had been sent to General McDowell before he left, the two corps, if he could have been induced to go in, might have given serious trouble. The field on their left was favorable for tactics, but on Porter's front it was rough, and R. H. Anderson's division was in striking distance of their left, if that effort had been made.

Anderson marched in the dark as far as Hood's front before reporting for position, and was ordered back to Gainesville.

The 4.30 order was issued under the impression that my troops, or the greater part of them, were still at Thoroughfare Gap, and General Pope said, in his official report,—

"I believe, in fact I am positive, that at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, General Porter had in his front no considerable body of the enemy. I believed then, as I am very sure now, that it was easily practicable for him to have turned the right flank of Jackson and to have fallen upon his rear; that if he had done so, we should have gained a decisive victory over the army under Jackson before he could have been joined by any of the

forces of Longstreet."(*)

After night, Porter's column marched by its right to follow the route of McDowell.

The morning of the 30th broke fair, and for the Federal commander bright with anticipations for the day. He wired the Washington authorities of success, that "the enemy was retreating to the mountains," and told of his preparations for pursuit. It seems that he took my recon-noissance for a fight, and my withdrawal for retreat, also interpreting reports from the right as very favorable. He reported,—

"General Hooker estimated the loss of the enemy as at least two to one, and General Kearny as at least. three to one?

<long_186>

He construed the operations of the night of the 29th and the reports of the morning of the 30th as indications of retreat of the Confederates. Prisoners captured during the night, paroled and returning to him, so reported on the morning of the 30th, and his general officers had impressions of the Confederate left that confirmed the other accounts, and convinced him that we were in retreat.

The forces threatening our right the day before having marched around towards the turnpike, D. R. Jones's division was advanced to position near Kemper's right. Colonel S. D. Lee's artillery battalion was advanced to relieve the Washington Artillery, making our line complete, in battle front.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, General Pope ordered attack against Jackson's front by the corps under General Porter, supported by King's division, Heintzelman and Reno to move forward and attack Jackson's left, to turn it and strike down against the flank, Ricketts's division in support of it; but Ricketts was recalled and put near the turnpike, to support that part of Porter's field.

During the early part of this severe battle not a gun was fired by my troops, except occasional shots from S. D. Lee's batteries of reserve artillery, and less frequent shots from one or two of my other batteries.

Developments appearing unfavorable for a general engagement, General Lee had settled upon a move by Sudley Springs, to cross Bull Run during the night and try to again reach Pope's rear, this time with his army.

About three P.M. I rode to the front to prepare to make a diversion a little before dark, to cover the plan proposed for our night march. As I rode, batteries resting on the sides of the turnpike thought that battle was at hand, and called their officers and men to stand to their guns and horses. Passing by and beyond my lines, a message came from General Jackson reporting his lines heavily <long_187>pressed, and asking to be reinforced. Riding forward a few rods to an open, which gave a view of Jackson's field, I came in sight of Porter's battle, piling up against Jackson's right, centre, and left. At the same time an order came from General Lee for a division to be sent General Jackson. Porter's masses were in almost direct line from the point at which I stood, and in enfilade fire. It was evident that they could not stand fifteen minutes under the fire of batteries planted at that point, while a division marching back and across the field to aid Jackson could not reach him in an hour, more time probably than he could stand under the heavy weights then bearing down upon him. Boldness was prudence! Prompt work by the wing and batteries could relieve the battle. Reinforcements might not be in time, so I called for my nearest batteries. Ready, anticipating call, they sprang to their places and drove at speed, saw the opportunity before it could be pointed out, and went into action. The first fire was by

Chapman's battery, followed in rolling practice by Boyce's and Reilly's. Almost immediately the wounded began to drop off from Porter's ranks; the number seemed to increase with every shot; the masses began to waver, swinging back and forth, showing signs of discomfiture along the left and left centre.

In ten or fifteen minutes it crumbled into disorder and turned towards the rear. Although the batteries seemed to hasten the movements of the discomfited, the fire was less effective upon broken ranks, which gave them courage, and they made brave efforts to rally; but as the new lines formed they had to breast against Jackson's standing line, and make a new and favorable target for the batteries, which again drove them to disruption and retreat. Not satisfied, they made a third effort to rally and fight the battle through, but by that time they had fallen back far enough to open the field to the fire of S. D. Lee's artillery battalion. As the line began to take shape, this <long_188>fearful fire was added to that under which they had tried so ineffectually to fight. The combination tore the line to pieces, and as it broke the third time the charge was ordered. The heavy fumes of gunpowder hanging about our ranks, as stimulating as sparkling wine, charged the atmosphere with the light and splendor of battle. Time was culminating under a flowing tide. The noble horses took the spirit of the riders sitting lightly in their saddles. As orders were given, the staff, their limbs already closed to the horses' flanks, pressed their spurs, but the electric current overleaped their speedy strides, and twenty-five thousand braves moved in line as by a single impulse. My old horse, appreciating the importance of corps head-quarters, envious of the spread of his comrades as they measured the green, yet anxious to maintain his *rôle*, moved up and down his limited space in lofty bounds, resolved to cover in the air the space allotted his more fortunate comrades on the plain.

Leaving the broken ranks for Jackson, our fight was made against the lines near my front. As the plain along Hood's front was more favorable for the tread of soldiers, he was ordered, as the column of direction, to push for the plateau at the Henry House, in order to cut off retreat at the crossings by Young's Branch. Wilcox was called to support and cover Hood's left, but he lost sight of two of his brigades,—Featherston's and Pryor's,—and only gave the aid of his single brigade. Kemper and Jones were pushed on with Hood's right, Evans in Hood's direct support. The batteries were advanced as rapidly as fields were opened to them, Stribling's, J. B. Richardson's, Eshleman's, and Rogers's having fairest field for progress.

At the first sound of the charge, General Lee sent to revoke his call in favor of Jackson, asked me to push the battle, ordered R. H. Anderson's division up, and rode himself to join me.

<long_189>

In the fulness of the battle, General Toombs rode up on his iron-gray under sweat and spur, his hat off, and asked for his command. He was told that a courier was about to start with an order for the division commander, and would guide him. He asked to be the bearer of the order, received it, and with the guide rode to find his post in the battle. The meeting of the brigade and its commander was more than joyful.

Jackson failed to pull up even on the left, which gave opportunity for some of the enemy's batteries to turn their fire across the right wing in enfilade, as we advanced, and the enemy strongly reinforced against us from troops drawn from Jackson's front, but we being on the jump, the fire of the batteries was not effective. It was severely threatening upon General Lee, however, who would ride under it, notwithstanding appeals to avoid it,

until I thought to ride through a ravine, and thus throw a traverse between him and the fire. He sent orders to Jackson to advance and drive off or capture the batteries standing in his front and firing across our line, but it was not in season to relieve us. Hood's aggressive force was well spent when his troops approached the Chinn House, but R. H. Anderson was up and put in to reinforce and relieve his battle.

General Pope drew Ricketts's division from his right to brace his left, then Reno's command to aid in checking our march, but its progress, furiously resisted, was steady, though much delayed. Piatt's brigade was also put against us. This made time for Porter to gather his forces. His regulars of Sykes's division, particularly, made desperate resistance, that could only be overcome by our overreaching lines threatening their rear.

When the last guns were fired the thickening twilight concealed the lines of friend and foe, so that the danger of friend firing against friend became imminent. The hill of the Henry House was reached in good time, but <long_190>darkness coming on earlier because of thickening clouds hovering over us, and a gentle fall of rain closely following, the plateau was shut off from view, and its ascent only found by groping through the darkening rainfall. As long as the enemy held the plateau, he covered the line of retreat by the turnpike and the bridge at Young's Branch. As he retired, heavy darkness gave safe-conduct to such of his columns as could find their way through the weird mists.

Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, wrote of his experience,—

"As we filed from the battle-field into the turnpike leading over the stone bridge, we came upon a group of mounted officers, one of whom wore a peculiar style of hat which had been seen on the field that day, and which had been the occasion of a great deal of comment in the ranks. As we passed these officers, the one with the peculiar hat called out in a loud voice,—

"What troops are those?"

"The regulars,' answered somebody.

"Second Division, Fifth Corps,' replied another.

"God bless them! they saved the army,' added the officer.

"Subsequently we learned that he was General Irvin McDowell."

"As we neared the bridge we came upon confusion. Men singly and in detachments were mingled with sutlers' wagons, artillery caissons, supply wagons, and ambulances, each striving to get ahead of the other. Vehicles rushed through organized bodies and broke the columns into fragments. Little detachments gathered by the road-side after crossing the bridge, crying out to members of their regiments as a guide to scattered comrades. And what a night it was! Dark, gloomy, and beclouded by the volumes of smoke which had risen from the battle-field.(*)

At six o'clock, General Pope received report of the Sixth Corps, that had marched from Alexandria under General Franklin to the vicinity of Centreville, and ordered the several commands to concentrate about that <long_191>hamlet during the night. The Second Corps from the Army of the Potomac under General Sumner also joined him at Centreville.

But for the dropping off of two of Wilcox's brigades from close connection with the right wing, and the deflection of Drayton's brigade, which was taken off by some unauthorized and unknown person from my right to the support of cavalry, it is possible that my working column could have gained the plateau of the Henry House before it was dark. Or if Jackson had been fresh enough to pull up even with us, he could have retained

the commands under Reno and Sykes's regulars in his front, which could have given us safe sweep to the plateau, an hour before sundown, and in sight of great possibilities.

By morning of the 31st everything off the turnpike was nasty and soggy. Stuart's cavalry, followed by Pryor's brigade, were ordered across the Run at Stone Bridge as a diversion, while we were trying another move to reach the enemy's rear. The Confederates had worked all of the winter before, fortifying this new position, just taken by Pope at Centreville. Direct pursuit by the turnpike against these fortifications would therefore be fruitless.

General Jackson was called to head-quarters early in the morning. Upon receiving General Lee's orders to cross Bull Run at Sudley's and march by Little River turnpike to intercept the enemy's march, he said, "Good!" and away he went, without another word, or even a smile.

Though the suggestion of a smile always hung about his features, it was commonly said that it never fully developed, with a single exception, during his military career, though some claim there were other occasions on which it ripened, and those very near him say that he always smiled at the mention of the names of the Federal leaders whom he was accustomed to encounter over <long_192>in the Valley behind the Blue Ridge. Standing, he was a graceful figure, five feet ten inches in height, with brown wavy hair, full beard, and regular features. At first glance his gentle expression repelled the idea of his severe piety, the full beard concealing the lower features, which had they been revealed would have marked the character of the man who claimed "his first duty to God, and his next to Jackson and General Lee." Mounted, his figure was not so imposing as that of the bold dragoon, Charley May, on Black Tom. He had a habit of raising his right hand, riding or sitting, which some of his followers were wont to construe into invocation for Divine aid, but they do not claim to know whether the prayers were for the slain, or for the success of other fields. The fact is, he received a shot in that hand at the First Bull Run, which left the hand under partial paralysis and the circulation through it imperfect. To relieve the pressure and assist the circulation he sometimes raised his arm.

I was ordered to look after the dead and those whose misfortune it was to be wounded, till Jackson could have time to stretch out on his new march, then to follow him, leaving the work to details and to General D. H. Hill's division, just coming in from Richmond.

After giving orders for the day, General Lee rode out towards Centreville for personal observation, halted, and dismounted at a point which seemed safe from danger or observation. Suddenly alarm was given of "The enemy's cavalry !" The group dispersed in hot haste to have the heels of their animals under them. The rush and confusion frightened the general's horse, so that he pulled him violently to the ground, severely spraining his right wrist, besides breaking some of the bones of the hand.

On reaching his head-quarters, Jackson ordered the assembly sounded, mounted his horse, and marched for the Sudley Springs crossing. He cleared the way in time for my column to reach that point at dark, the head of his <long_193>own column tapping Little River turnpike. The march was over a single-track country road, bad enough on the south side of the river, much worn through a post-oak forest over quicksand subsoil on the north side. If Jackson had been followed by an enemy whose march he wished to baffle, his gun-carriages could not have made deeper cuts through the mud and quicksand.

Stuart was ordered over to the Little River turnpike, and advanced to the vicinity of Ox Hill and Fairfax Court-House. He made some interesting captures and reports of

movements by the enemy. He slept near their lines, north of the turnpike, east of Chantilly.

The Little River and Warrenton turnpikes converge and join as they near Fairfax Court-House. At vulnerable points on the latter, General Pope posted parts of his command to cover his rearward march. At Ox Hill (Chantilly) were stationed Heintzelman's and Reno's corps, the divisions of Hooker, Kearny, Stevens, and Reno.

Early on the 1st of September the Confederates resumed their march. Jackson reached Ox Hill late in the afternoon, and deployed by inversion,—A. P. Hill's division on his right, Ewell's under Lawton next, his own under Stuart on his left, on the right of the road. On the left of the road were Stuart's cavalry and the artillery. Two of Hill's brigades were thrown out to find the enemy, and were soon met by his advance in search of Jackson, which made a furious attack, driving back the Confederate brigades in some disorder. Stevens, appreciating the crisis as momentous, thought it necessary to follow the opportunity by aggressive battle, in order to hold Jackson away from the Warrenton turnpike. Kearny, always ready to second any courageous move, joined in the daring battle. At the critical moment the rain and thunder-storm burst with great violence upon the combatants, the high wind beating the storm in the faces of the Confederates. So firm was the unexpected battle that part of Jackson's line yielded to the onslaught. At one moment his artillery seemed in danger. Stevens was killed when the storm of battle, as well as that of the elements, began to quiet down. Stuart's cavalry drew near Jackson's left during the progress of the battle. As I rode up and met General Jackson, I remarked upon the number of his men going to the rear:

"General, your men don't appear to work well to-day." "No," he replied, "but I hope it will prove a victory in the morning."

His troops were relieved as mine came up, to give them a respite till morning. While my reliefs were going around, General Philip Kearny rode to the line in search of his division. Finding himself in the presence of Confederates, he wheeled his horse and put spurs, preferring the danger of musket-balls to humiliating surrender. Several challenges called, but not heeded, were followed by the ring of half a dozen muskets, when he fell mortally hurt, and so perished one of the most gallant and dashing of the Union generals.

"September 2, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE,

"United States Army:

"SIR,—The body of General Philip Kearny was brought from the field last night, and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,

"General." ()*

The rain so concealed the fight in its last struggles that the troops escaped before we were aware that it had been abandoned.

As both Federal division commanders fell, the accounts fail to do justice to their fight. Stevens in his short career gave evidence of courage, judgment, skill, and genius not far below his illustrious antagonist.

During the fight Stuart had parties out seeking information, and early on the second had his troopers in the saddle in pursuit. The army, ready to move, awaited reports of the cavalry, which came from time to time, as they followed on the line of retreat. From Fairfax Court-House came the report that the enemy's rear had passed in rapid retreat quite out of reach, approaching the fortifications of Alexandria and Washington City. Arms were ordered stacked, and a good rest was given the troops. Stuart's cavalry pursued and engaged the retreating army.

In the afternoon the First Corps started on the march via Dranesville for Leesburg and the Potomac River, followed on the third by the Second.

The results to the Confederates of the several engagements about Manassas Plains were seven thousand prisoners, two thousand of the enemy's wounded, thirty pieces of artillery, many thousand small-arms picked up from the field, and many colors, besides the captures made at Manassas Junction by General Jackson. (*)

\\table

A fair estimate of forces engaged:

<u>Federal army, aggregate</u>	63,000
Confederates	53,500

Losses between Rappahannock River and Washington:

<u>Federals, aggregate</u>	15,000
Confederates	10,000

The figures are given in round numbers, as the safest approximate estimate, but the records now accessible give <long_196>accurate details of losses in each command about the same as these.

And so it came to pass that from Cedar Run and Bull Run we had the term *All Run*. It is due to the gallant Sumner and his brave corps, however, to say that they so covered the last as to save disgraceful retreat.

A cursory review of the campaign reveals the pleasure ride of General Fitzhugh Lee by Louisa Court-House as most unseasonable. He lost the fruits of our summer's work, and lost the Southern cause. Proud Troy was laid in ashes. His orders were to meet his commander on the afternoon of the 17th, on the plank-road near Raccoon Ford, and upon this appointment was based General Lee's order of march for the 18th. If the march had been made as appointed, General Lee would have encountered the army of General Pope upon weak ground from Robertson River to near Raccoon Ford of the Rapidan, and thus our march would have been so expedited that we could have reached Alexandria and Washington before the landing of the first detachment of the Army of the Potomac at Alexandria on the 24th. The artillery and infantry were called to amend the delinquency by severe marches and battles.

It would have been possible to make good the lost time, but the despatch lost in the Stuart escapade was handed to General Pope that morning (the 18th), and gave him notice of our plans and orders. The delay thus brought about gave time for him to quit his weaker ground and retire to strong defensive heights behind the Rappahannock River, where he held us in check five days.

Referring to the solid move proposed before opening the campaign by the upper Rapidan to strike Pope's right, it may be said that it was not so dependent upon the cavalry that was marching behind us. That used by Jackson in his battle of the 9th was enough for immediate use. Jackson could have passed the upper Rapidan <long_197>on

the 16th, and followed by the right wing in time to strike Pope's right on the 17th in solid phalanx, when *time was mightier than cannon-balls*. After losing eight days between Orange Court-House and the Rappahannock, we found at last that we must adopt the move by our left to get around the strong ground of the Rappahannock, *and the move must now be made by detachments, not so approved of the usages of war*. I was west of the Rappahannock when the command should have been at Washington City.

The conduct of General Pope's army after his receipt of the captured despatch was good, especially his plans and orders for the 27th and 28th. The error was his failure to ride with his working columns on the 28th, to look after and conduct their operations. He left them in the hands of the officer who lost the first battle of Manassas. His orders of the 28th for General McDowell to change direction and march for Centreville were received at 3.15 P.M. Had they been promptly executed, the commands, King's division, Sigel's corps, and Reynolds's division, should have found Jackson by four o'clock. As it was, only the brigades of Gibbon and Doubleday were found passing by Jackson's position after sunset, when he advanced against them in battle. He reported it "sanguinary." With the entire division of King and that of Reynolds, with Sigel's corps, it is possible that Pope's campaign would have brought other important results. On the 29th he was still away from the active part of his field, and in consequence failed to have correct advice of the time of my arrival, and quite ignored the column under R. H. Anderson approaching on the Warrenton turnpike. On the 30th he was misled by reports of his officers and others to believe that the Confederates were in retreat, and planned his movements upon false premises.

Jackson's march to Bristoe and Manassas Junction was hazardous, or seemed so, but in view of his peculiar talent <long_198>for such work (the captured despatch of General Pope giving information of his affairs), and Lee's skill, it seemed the only way open for progressive manoeuvre. The strength of the move lay in the time it gave us to make issue before all of the Army of the Potomac could unite with the army under General Pope. His game of hide-and-seek about Bull Run, Centreville, and Manassas Plains was grand, but marred in completeness by the failure of General A. P. Hill to meet his orders for the afternoon of the 28th. As a leader he was fine; as a wheel-horse, he was not always just to himself. He was fond of the picturesque.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XV.—The Maryland Campaign.

General Lee continues Aggressive Work—From Foraged Fields of Virginia into a Bounteous Land—Longstreet objected to the Movement on Harper's Ferry—Lee thinks the Occasion Timely for Proposal of Peace and Independence—Confederates singing through the Streets of Fredericktown—McClellan's Movements—Cautious Marches—Lee's Lost Order handed to the Federal Chief at Frederick.

<long_199>

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat."

As our columns approached Leesburg, "Maryland, my Maryland" was in the air, and on the lips of every man from General Lee down to the youngest drummer. Our chief could have safely ordered the ranks to break in Virginia and assemble in Fredericktown. All that they would ask was a thirty minutes' plunge in the Potomac to remove some of the surplus dust, before they encountered the smiles of the winsome lasses of Maryland. Yet he expressed doubt of trusting so far from home solely to untried and unknown resources for food-supplies. Receiving his anxious expressions really as appeals for reinforcement of his unexpressed wish, but warm to brave the venture, I related my Mexican War experiences with Worth's division, marching around the city of Monterey on two days' rations of roasting-ears and green oranges, and said that it seemed to me that we could trust the fields of Maryland, laden with ripening corn and fruit, to do as much as those of Mexico; that we could in fact <long_200>subsist on the bounty of the fields until we could open communication with our organized base of supplies.

As factors in the problem, important as Lee's masterly science and Jackson's great skill, stood the fortitude and prowess of the Confederate soldiers, and their faith in the friendship and generosity of their countrymen. Hungry, sparsely clad, worn with continuous bivouac and battle since the 26th of June, proud of their record from the First to the honors of the Second Manassas, their cheery smiles and elastic step told better than words of anticipations of welcome from friends in Maryland, and of new fields of honor for their solid ranks,—of the day when they should be masters of the field and of a new-born republic.

Though a losing battle, the Union armies had made a splendid fight at Second Manassas. The stand at Ox Hill was severe; severe till the march of retreat, so that the Army of Northern Virginia should have held in profound respect its formidable adversary, seasoned by many bloody fields.

The policy of the Richmond government was defensive rather than aggressive warfare, but the situation called for action, and there was but one opening,—across the Potomac. General Lee decided to follow his success in its natural leading, and so reported to the Richmond authorities.

He was not so well equipped as an army of invasion should be, but the many friends in Maryland and the fields on the north side of the Potomac were more inviting than those of

Virginia, so freely foraged. He knew from events of the past that his army was equal to the service to which he thought to call it, and ripe for the adventure; that he could march into Maryland and remain until the season for the enemy's return into Virginia for autumn or winter work had passed, improve his transportation supplies, and the clothing of his army, and do <long_201>that, if not more, for relief of our Southern fields and limited means, besides giving his army and cause a moral influence of great effect at home and abroad. He decided to make his march by the most direct route from Chantilly, where he had last fought, to the Potomac, and so crossed by the fords near Leesburg. Marching by this route, he thought to cut off a formidable force of Union troops at Winchester, at Martinsburg, and a strong garrison occupying the fortified position at Harper's Ferry.

To summarize the situation, we were obliged to go into Maryland or retreat to points more convenient to supplies and the protection of Richmond.

At Leesburg Lee learned that the Union troops in the Valley had left Winchester, and sent back orders to have the crippled and feeble soldiers wending their way to the army march through the Valley to join us in Maryland. Trains of supplies were ordered to move by the same route.

On the 5th and 6th the columns crossed the Potomac by the fords near Leesburg. Stuart's cavalry, coming up from the line near Alexandria and the Long Bridge, passed to front and right flank of the army. General McLaws's division, General J. G. Walker, with two brigades of his division, and General Hampton's cavalry brigade, including Colonel Baker's North Carolina regiment, joined us on the march. On the 7th our infantry and artillery commands came together near Frederick City.

Riding together before we reached Frederick, the sound of artillery fire came from the direction of Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry, from which General Lee inferred that the enemy was concentrating his forces from the Valley, for defence at Harper's Ferry, and proposed to me to organize forces to surround and capture the works and the garrison.

I thought it a venture not worth the game, and suggested, as we were in the enemy's country and presence, <long_202>that he would be advised of any move that we made in a few hours after it was set on foot; that the Union army, though beaten, was not disorganized; that we knew a number of their officers who could put it in order and march against us, if they found us exposed, and make serious trouble before the capture could be accomplished; that our men were worn by very severe and protracted service, and in need of repose; that as long as we had them in hand we were masters of the situation, but dispersed into many fragments, our strength must be greatly reduced. As the subject was not continued, I supposed that it was a mere expression of passing thought, until, the day after we reached Frederick, upon going over to head-quarters, I found the front of the general's tent closed and tied. Upon inquiring of a member of the staff, I was told that he was inside with General Jackson. As I had not been called, I turned to go away, when General Lee, recognizing my voice, called me in. The plan had been arranged. Jackson, with his three divisions, was to recross the Potomac by the fords above Harper's Ferry, march *via* Martinsburg to Bolivar Heights; McLaws's division by Crampton's Gap to Maryland Heights; J. G. Walker's division to recross at Cheek's Ford and occupy Loudoun Heights, these heights overlooking the positions of the garrison of Harper's Ferry; D. H. Hill's division to march by the National road over South Mountain at Turner's Gap, and halt at the western base, to guard trains, intercept fugitives from Harper's Ferry, and support the cavalry, if needed; the cavalry to face the enemy and embarrass his

movements. I was to march over the mountain by Turner's Gap to Hagerstown.

As their minds were settled firmly upon the enterprise, I offered no opposition further than to ask that the order be so modified as to allow me to send R. H. Anderson's division with McLaws and to halt my own column near the point designated for bivouac of General D. H. Hill's command. <long_203>These suggestions were accepted, and the order(*) so framed was issued.

It may be well to digress from my narrative for a moment just here to remark that General Lee's confidence in the strength of his army, the situation of affairs, and

(*)"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"September 9, 1862.

"SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 191.

"The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and, by Friday night, take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

"General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

"General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

"General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear-guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, supply-trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

"General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

"The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

"Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, etc.

"By command of General R. E. Lee.

"R. H. CHILTON,

"Assistant Adjutant-General.

"MAJOR-GENERAL D. H. HILL,
"Commanding Division."

<long_204>

the value of the moral effect upon the country, North and South, was made fully manifest by the nature of the campaign he had just entered upon, especially that portion of it directed against Harper's Ferry, which, as events were soon to prove, weakened the effectiveness of his army in the main issue, which happened to be Antietam.

In another and a very different way, and with even greater plainness, his high estimate of opportunity and favoring condition of circumstances existing at the time was indicated

to the authorities, though of course not at that time made public. This was his deliberate and urgent advice to President Davis to join him and be prepared to make a proposal for peace and independence from the head of a conquering army. Fresh from the Second Manassas, and already entered upon the fateful Maryland campaign, he wrote the President this important letter:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, MD.,
"September 8, 1862.*

"HIS EXCELLENCY JEFFERSON DAVIS,
"President of the Confederate States, Richmond, Va.:

"MR. PRESIDENT,—The present position of affairs, in my opinion, places it in the power of the government of the Confederate States to propose with propriety to that of the United States the recognition of our independence. For more than a year both sections of the country have been devastated by hostilities which have brought sorrow and suffering upon thousands of homes, without advancing the objects which our enemies proposed to themselves in beginning the contest. Such a proposition, coming from us at this time, could in no way be regarded as suing for peace; but, being made when it is in our power to inflict injury upon our adversary, would show conclusively to the world that our sole object is the establishment of our independence and the attainment of an honorable peace. The rejection of this offer would prove to the country that the responsibility of the continuance of the war does not rest upon us, but that the party in power in the United States elect to prosecute it for purposes of their own. The proposal of peace would enable the people of the United States to determine at their coming elections whether they will support those who favor a prolongation of the <long_205>war, or those who wish to bring it to a termination, which can but be productive of good to both parties without affecting the honor of either.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,
"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE,

"General." ()*

And now I return to my narrative.

General Walker's division was on detached service at the time of the order, trying to cut the canal. He marched, however, at the appointed time, found Cheek's Ford under the severe fire of the enemy's batteries, and marched on up the left bank as far as the Point of Rocks, where he crossed and rested on the 11th. On the 12th he marched to and bivouacked at Hillsboro'; on the 13th, to the foot of the Blue Ridge and occupied Loudoun Heights by a detachment under Colonel Cooke.

Not satisfied with the organization of McLaws's column, I asked and obtained permission on the 10th to strengthen it by three other brigades,—Wilcox's, under Colonel Alfred Cumming; Featherston's, and Pryor's, which were attached to R. H. Anderson's division.

The different columns from Frederick marched as ordered, except in the change authorized for Anderson's division. It was a rollicking march, the Confederates playing and singing, as they marched through the streets of Frederick, "The Girl I left behind me."

Jackson recrossed the Potomac on the 11th, at Light's Ford, ordered A. P. Hill's division

by the turnpike to Martinsburg, his own and Ewell's northwest to North Mountain Depot to intercept troops that might retreat in that direction from Martinsburg. General White, commanding the Union troops, abandoned Martinsburg the night of the 11th, having timely advice of Jackson's movements, and retreated to Harper's Ferry. On the <long_206>12th, Jackson's troops came together at Martinsburg, found some stores of bacon and bread rations, and marched on the 13th for Harper's Ferry, where he found the Union troops in battle array along Bolivar Heights.

I marched across South Mountain at Turner's Pass, and bivouacked near its western base. General Lee ordered my move continued to Hagerstown. The plans of the Confederates, as blocked out, anticipated the surrender of Harper's Ferry on Friday, the 12th, or Saturday, the 13th, at latest. The change of my position from Boonsborough to Hagerstown further misled our cavalry commander and the commanders of the divisions at Boonsborough and Harper's Ferry into a feeling of security that there could be no threatening by the army from Washington.

D. H. Hill's division crossed by Turner's Gap and halted near Boonsborough. McLaws took the left-hand road, marched through Burkittsville, and halted for the night at the east base of the mountain, near Crampton's and Brownsville Passes.

Near Crampton's Pass on the west the mountain unfolds into two parallel ridges, the eastern, the general range of South Mountain, the western, Elk Ridge, opening out Pleasant Valley, about three miles from crest to crest.

Crampton's is the northern of the two passes, and about eight miles south of Turner's. One mile south of Cramp-ton is the Brownsville Pass, and four miles from that the river pass, which cuts in between the Blue Ridge of Virginia and South Mountain of Maryland. Through the river pass the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, the canal, and the Fredericktown turnpike reach out to the west, and at the pass is the little town of Riverton. Between Riverton and Harper's Ferry was the hamlet Sandy Hook, occupied by about fifteen hundred Federal troops. Two roads wind through Pleasant Valley, one close under <long_207>South Mountain, the other hugging the foot-hills of Elk Ridge,—the latter rugged, little used.

Harper's Ferry, against which Lee's new movement was directed, nestles at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers, on the Virginia side, under the towering cliffs of Maryland or Cumberland Heights. At Harper's Ferry the river cuts in so close under Maryland Heights that they stand almost perpendicularly over it. The crowded space between the heights and the river, filled by the railway, canal, and turnpike, was made by blastings from the southern extremities of Maryland Heights. Under the precipice the railroad bridge crosses the Potomac, and a pontoon bridge was laid a few yards above it.

McLaws marched over into Pleasant Valley on the 11th, through Brownsville Pass, near which and over Elk Ridge a road passes through Solomon's Gap of Elk Ridge. From the top of this gap is a rugged way along the ridge leading down to its southern projections and limits, by which infantry only could find foothold. That southern point is called Maryland Heights. Two brigades—Kershaw's and Barksdale's—under General Kershaw were ordered to ascend Elk Ridge, march along its summit, driving off opposition, and capture the enemy's position on the heights. General Semmes was left near the pass, over which the troops had marched with his own and Mahone's brigades, the latter under Colonel Parham with orders to send a brigade to the top of Solomon's Gap to cover

Kershaw's rear. General Wright, of Anderson's division, was ordered with his brigade and two pieces of artillery along the crest ridge of South Mountain to its projection over Riverton. General Cobb was ordered with his brigade along the base of Elk Ridge, to be abreast of Kershaw's column. With the balance of his command, General McLaws moved down the Valley by the South Mountain road, connecting his march, by signal, <long_208>with General Kershaw's. Kershaw soon met a strong force of skirmishers, which was steadily pushed back till night. General Wright, without serious opposition, reached the end of the mountain, when R. H. Anderson sent another brigade—Pryor's—to occupy Weverton. On the 13th, Kershaw renewed his fight against very strong positions, forced his way across two abatis, along a rugged plateau, dropping off on both sides, in rocky cliffs of forty or fifty feet, encountered breastworks of logs and boulders, struggled in a severe fight, captured the position, the enemy's signal station, and at four P.M. gained possession of the entire hold. Cobb's brigade was advanced, and took possession of Sandy Hook without serious opposition. The column near South Mountain was advanced to complete the grasp against the enemy at Harper's Ferry. Up to this hour General McLaws had heard nothing direct from Generals Jackson and Walker, though from the direction of the former sounds of artillery reached him, and later a courier told that Jackson thought his leading division would approach at two o'clock that afternoon. During the day heavy cannonading was heard towards the east and northeast, and rumors reached McLaws of the advance of the enemy from Frederick, but the signal-parties and cavalry failed to discover movements, so the firing was not credited as of significance. The morning of the 14th was occupied in cutting a road for his artillery up to the point overlooking Harper's Ferry, and at two P.M. Captains Read and Carlton had their best guns in position over the town. But during these progressions the Confederates on other fields had been called to more serious work.

General McClellan, moving his columns out from the vicinity of Washington City on the 5th, made slow and very cautious marches to save fatigue of his men and at the same time cover the capital against unforeseen contingency; so slow and cautious was the march that he only covered forty or fifty miles in seven days. On the 12th <long_209>his head-quarters were at Urbana, where he received the following telegram from President Lincoln:

"Governor Curtin telegraphs me, 'I have advices that Jackson is crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, and probably the whole rebel army will be drawn from Maryland.'"

The President added,—

"Receiving nothing from Harper's Ferry or Martinsburg today, and positive information from Wheeling that the line is cut, corroborates the idea that the enemy is recrossing the Potomac. Please do not let him get off without being hurt."(*)

Elsewhere General McClellan has written of the 12th:

"During these movements I had not imposed long marches on the columns. The absolute necessity of refitting and giving some little rest to the troops worn down by previous long-continued marches and severe fighting, together with the uncertainty as to the actual position, strength, and intentions of the enemy, rendered it incumbent upon me to move slowly and cautiously until the head-quarters reached Urbana, where I first

obtained reliable information that the enemy's object was to move upon Harper's Ferry and the Cumberland Valley, and not upon Washington and Baltimore."

His army was organized: Right wing, under General Burnside: First and Ninth Corps; the Kanawha Division, under General J. D. Cox, was assigned with the Ninth Corps about the 8th instant.

Centre column: Second and Twelfth Corps, under General Sumner.

Left wing: Sixth Corps and Couch's division of the Fourth under General Franklin; Sykes's division, Fifth Corps, independent.(+)

Besides the despatches of the 11th and 12th, his cavalry under General Pleasonton, which was vigilant and <long_210>pushing, sent frequent reports of his steady progress. In the afternoon Pleasonton and the Ninth Corps under General Reno entered Fredericktown. This advance, by the National road, threatened to cut off two of Stuart's cavalry regiments left at the Monocacy Bridge. To detain the enemy till these were withdrawn, the outpost on that road was reinforced. Hampton retired his cavalry beyond Frederick and posted his artillery to cover the line of march, where he was soon attacked by a formidable force. To make safe the retreat of the brigade, a cavalry charge was ordered, under Colonel Butler, Lieutenant Meaghan's squadron leading. Colonel Moore, of the Twenty-eighth Ohio Cavalry, and a number of other prisoners were captured. This so detained the enemy as to give safe withdrawal for the brigade to Middletown, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Martin's cavalry and two guns on guard at the gap of the Catoctin range of mountains.

Before withdrawing from Frederick on the 12th, General Stuart sent orders for the brigade under General Fitzhugh Lee to move around the right of the Union army and ascertain the meaning and strength of its march.

Following his orders of the 12th, General Pleasonton detached a cavalry brigade on the 13th and section of artillery under Colonel McReynolds to follow Fitzhugh Lee, and Rush's Lancers were sent to Jefferson for General Franklin's column. With his main force he pursued the Confederates towards Turner's Pass of South Mountain. Midway between Frederick and South Mountain, running parallel, is a lesser range, Catoctin, where he encountered Stuart's rear-guard. After a severe affair he secured the pass, moved on, and encountered a second force near Middletown. Reinforced by Gibson's battery, he attacked and forced the way to a third stand. This in turn was forced back and into the mountain at Turner's Pass.

<long_211>

On that day McClellan's columns marched: Ninth Corps, to and near Middletown, eight miles; First Corps, to the Monocacy, eight miles; Twelfth Corps, to Frederick, nine miles; Second Corps, to Frederick, eight miles; Sixth Corps, to Buckeystown, seven miles; Couch's division, to Licksville, six miles; Sykes's division, to Frederick, eight miles.

At Frederick, General Lee's special order No. 191 was handed to General McClellan at his head-quarters with his centre (Sumner's) column.

How lost and how found we shall presently see, and see that by the mischance and accident the Federal commander came in possession of information that gave a spur, and great advantage, to his somewhat demoralized army.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XVI.—"The Lost Order"—South Mountain.

How the Federals found the Despatch—With every Advantage McClellan "made haste slowly"—Lee turns back to meet him at South Mountain—Longstreet preferred that the Stand should be made at Sharpsburg—The Battle at the Pass—Many killed—General Garland of the Confederate and General Reno of the Union side—A future President among the wounded—Estimate of Forces engaged.

<long_212>

THE strange losing and stranger finding of Lee's "General Order No. 191," commonly referred to as "the lost despatch," which he had issued September 9 for the movement of his army, made a difference in our Maryland campaign for better or for worse.

Before this tell-tale slip of paper found its way to McClellan's head-quarters he was well advised by his cavalry, and by despatches wired him from east and west, of the movements of Lee's army, and later, on that eventful 13th day of September, he received more valuable information, even to a complete revelation of his adversary's plans and purpose, such as no other commander, in the history of war, has had at a time so momentous. So well satisfied was he that he was master of the military zodiac that he despatched the Washington authorities of Lee's "gross mistake" and exposure to severe penalties. There was not a point upon which he wanted further information nor a plea for a moment of delay. His army was moving rapidly; all that he wished for was that the plans of the enemy would not be changed. The only change that occurred in the plans was the delay of their execution, which worked to his greater advantage. By following the operations of the armies through the complications of the campaign we may form better judgment of the work of the commanders in finding ways through its intricacies: <long_213>of the efforts of one to grasp the envied crown so haplessly tendered; of the other in seeking refuge that might cover catastrophe involved in the complexity of misconceived plans.

The copy of the order that was lost was sent by General Jackson to General D. H. Hill under the impression that Hill's division was part of his command, but the division had not been so assigned, and that copy of the order was not delivered at Hill's head-quarters, but had been put to other use. The order sent to General Hill from general head-quarters was carefully preserved.

When the Federals marched into Frederick, just left by the Confederates, General Sumner's column went into camp about noon, and it was then that the despatch was found by Colonel Silas Colgrove, who took it to division head-quarters, whence it was quickly sent to the Federal commander.

General McClellan reported to General Halleck that the lost order had been handed him in the evening, but it is evident that he had it at the time of his noonday despatch to the President, from his reference to the facts it exposed.

It is possible that it was at first suspected as a *ruse de guerre*, and that a little time was necessary to convince McClellan of its genuineness, which may account for the difference between the hinted information in his despatch to General Halleck and the confident statement made at noonday to the President.

Some of the Confederates were a little surprised that a matter of such magnitude was intrusted to pen-and-ink despatches. The copy sent me was carefully read, then used as

some persons use a little cut of tobacco, to be assured that others could not have the benefit of its contents.

It has been in evidence that the copy that was lost had been used as a wrapper for three fragrant Confederate cigars <long_214>in the interim between its importance when issued by the Confederate chief and its greater importance when found by the Federals.

General Halleck thought the capital in imminent peril before he heard from McClellan on the 13th, as shown on that day by a despatch to General McClellan:

"The capture of this place will throw us back six months, if it should not destroy us."

But later, the "lost despatch" having turned up at head-quarters of General McClellan, that commander apprised the authorities of the true condition of affairs in the following:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS FREDERICK, September 13, 1862, 12 M.
("Received 2.35 A.M., September 14.)"*

"TO THE PRESIDENT:

"I have the whole rebel force in front of me, but am confident, and no time shall be lost. I have a difficult task to perform, but with God's blessing will accomplish it. I think Lee has made a gross mistake, and that he will be severely punished for it. The army is in motion as rapidly as possible. I hope for a great success if the plans of the rebels remain unchanged. We have possession of Catoclin. I have all the plans of the rebels, and will catch them in their own trap if my men are equal to the emergency. I now feel that I can count on them as of old. All forces of Pennsylvania should be placed to co-operate at Chambersburg. My respects to Mrs. Lincoln. Received most enthusiastically by the ladies. Will send you trophies. All well, and with God's blessing will accomplish it.

"GEO. B. MCCLELLAN."

*"FREDERICK CITY, MD., September 13, 1862, 11 P.M.
("Received 1 P.M., September 14.)"*

"MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK,

"General-in-Chief:

"An order from General R. E. Lee, addressed to General D. H. Hill, which has accidentally come into my hands this evening,—the authenticity of which is unquestionable,—discloses some of <long_215>the plans of the enemy, and shows most conclusively that the main rebel army is now before us, including Longstreet's, Jackson's, the two Hills's, McLaws's, Walker's, R. H. Anderson's, and Hood's commands. That army was ordered to march on the 10th, and to attack and capture our forces at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg yesterday, by surrounding them with such a heavy force that they conceived it impossible they could escape. They were also ordered to take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; afterwards to concentrate again at Boonsborough or Hagerstown. That this was the plan of campaign on the 9th is confirmed by the fact that heavy firing has been heard in the direction of Harper's Ferry this afternoon, and the columns took the roads specified in the order. It may, therefore, in my judgment, be regarded as certain that this rebel army, which I have good reasons for believing amounts to 120,000 men or more, and know to be commanded by Lee in person, intended to attempt penetrating Pennsylvania. The officers told their friends here that they were going to Harrisburg and Philadelphia. My advance has pushed forward to-day and overtaken the

enemy on the Middletown and Harper's Ferry roads, and several slight engagements have taken place, in which our troops have driven the enemy from their position. A train of wagons, about three-quarters of a mile long, was destroyed to-day by the rebels in their flight. We took over fifty prisoners. This army marches forward early to-morrow morning, and will make forced marches, to endeavor to relieve Colonel Miles, but I fear, unless he makes a stout resistance, we may be too late.

"A report came in just this moment that Miles was attacked to-day, and repulsed the enemy, but I do not know what credit to attach to the statement. I shall do everything in my power to save Miles if he still holds out. Portions of Burnside's and Franklin's corps move forward this evening.

"I have received your despatch of ten A.M. You will perceive, from what I have stated, that there is but little probability of the enemy being in much force south of the Potomac. I do not, by any means, wish to be understood as undervaluing the importance of holding Washington. It is of great consequence, but upon the success of this army the fate of the nation depends. It was for this reason that I said everything else should be made subordinate to placing this army in proper condition to meet the large rebel force in our front. Unless General Lee has changed his plans, I expect a severe general engagement to-morrow. I feel confident that there is now no rebel force immediately threatening <long_216>Washington or Baltimore, but that I have the mass of their troops to contend with, and they outnumber me when united.

"GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,

"Major-General."()*

With the knowledge afforded by securing Lee's "lost order" the passes of the South Mountain became important points. If he could force them, McClellan might fall on the divided columns of the Confederates and reach Harper's Ferry in time to save its garrison; but Lee received intelligence of his only moderate forward movement, and, without knowing then how it came to be made, recalled a force to make resistance, and, so supplementing or complementing by his rapid moves the Federal commander's slowness, saved his campaign from the disastrous failure that threatened it.

General McClellan claimed to have been more vigorous in pursuit after he received the "lost despatch," but events do not support the claim. He had time after the despatch was handed him to march his army to the foot of South Mountain before night, but gave no orders, except his letter to General Franklin calling for vigorous action, which was afterwards tempered by caution to wait for developments at Turner's Pass. He gave no intimation of the despatch to his cavalry leader, who should have been the first to be advised of the points in his possession. General Pleasonton had pushed the Confederate cavalry back into the mountains long before night of the 13th under his instructions of the 12th. Had he been informed of the points known by his chief in the afternoon, he would have occupied South Mountain at Turner's Pass before any of the Confederate infantry was there or apprised of his approach. General McClellan's orders for the 14th were dated,—

<long_217>

"13th, 6.45 P.M., Couch to move to Jefferson with his whole division, and join Franklin.

"13th, 8.45 P.M., Sumner to move at seven A.M.

"13th, 11.30 P.M., Hooker to march at daylight to Middletown.

"13th, 11.30 P.M., Sykes to move at six A.M., after Hooker on the Middletown and

Hagerstown road.

"14th, one A.M., artillery reserve to follow Sykes closely.

"14th, nine A.M., Sumner ordered to take the Shockstown road to Middletown.

"Franklin's corps at Buckeystown to march for Burkittsville."(*)

He wrote General Franklin at 6.20 P.M., giving the substance of information of the despatch, but not mentioning when or how he came by it, and ordered him to march for the mountain pass at Crampton's Gap, to seize the pass if it was not strongly guarded, and march for Rohrersville, to cut off the command under McLaws about Maryland Heights, capture it, and relieve the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and return to co-operate in capturing the balance of the Confederate army north of the Potomac; but, in case the gap was occupied by a strong force, to await operations against it until he heard the engagement of the army moving upon Turner's Pass. He wrote General Franklin that General Pleasonton had cleared the field east of the mountain of Confederate cavalry. After relieving Harper's Ferry, Franklin was to destroy bridges and guard against crossing of the Confederates to the north side, his idea being to cut the Confederate army in two and capture or break it up in detail. His appeal was urgent for the best work that a general could exercise. The division under General Couch was ordered to General Franklin, without waiting for all of its forces to join. This is the only order of the records that indicates unusual action on the part of the Union commander, and General Franklin's evidence before the Committee on the Conduct <long_218>of the War shows that his orders of the 13th were so modified on the 14th as to direct his wait for Couch's division to join him, and the division joined him after nightfall.

The divisions of the Ninth Corps reached Middletown on the 13th, under the orders of the 12th, issued before the lost despatch was found, one of them supporting Pleasonton's cavalry; but Rodman's, under misconception of orders, marched back towards Frederick.

South Mountain range, standing between the armies, courses across Maryland northeast and southwest. Its average height is one thousand feet; its rugged passes give it strong military features. The pass at Turner drops off about four hundred feet. About a mile south of this the old Sharpsburg road crosses at a greater elevation through rugged windings; a fork of this road, on the mountain-side, makes a second way over below Fox's Pass, while another turns to the right and leads back into the turnpike at the summit, or Mountain House.

On the north side of the turnpike a road leads off to the right, called the old Hagerstown road, which winds its course through a valley between a spur and the mountain, and courses back to the turnpike along the top. A more rugged route than this opens a way to the mountain-top by a route nearer the pike.

General Pleasonton, not advised of the lost despatch, did not push for a careful reconnoissance on the 13th. At the same time, General Stuart, forced back into the mountains, finding his cavalry unserviceable, advised General D. H. Hill of severe pressure, called for a brigade of infantry, ordered Hampton's cavalry down to Cramp-ton's Pass to assist Robertson's brigade, Colonel Munford commanding, leaving the Jeff Davis Legion, under Colonel Martin, Colonel Rosser with another cavalry detachment, and Stuart's horse artillery to occupy the passes by the old Sharpsburg road. Colquitt's brigade of infantry <long_219>reported to him under his call. After posting it near the east base of the mountain to hold the pass, he rode to join his other cavalry detachments down at Crampton's Pass. He only knew of two brigades of infantry pressing him back, and so

reported. His cavalry, ordered around the Union right under General Fitzhugh Lee, for information of the force in his front, had failed to make report. General Hill ordered two brigades, Garland's and Colquitt's, into the pass to report to Stuart, and drew his other three near the foot of the mountain. Garland's brigade filed to the right after ascending the mountain, and halted near the turnpike. Colquitt's brigade took its position across the turnpike and down towards the base of the mountain, Lane's batteries at the summit.

It seems that up to the night of the 13th most of the Confederates were looking with confidence to the surrender at Harper's Ferry on the 13th, to be promptly followed by a move farther west, not thinking it possible that a great struggle at and along the range of South Mountain was impending; that even on the 14th our cavalry leader thought to continue his retrograde that day. General Hill's attention was given more to his instructions to prevent the escape of fugitives from Harper's Ferry than to trouble along his front, as the instructions covered more especially that duty, while information from the cavalry gave no indication of serious trouble from the front.

A little after dark of the 13th, General Lee received, through a scout, information of the advance of the Union forces to the foot of South Mountain in solid ranks. Later information confirmed this report, giving the estimated strength at ninety thousand. General Lee still held to the thought that he had ample time. He sent for me, and I found him over his map. He told of the reports, and asked my views. I thought it too late to march on the 14th and properly man the pass at Turner's, and expressed preference for concentrating D. H. Hill's and <long_220>my own force behind the Antietam at Sharpsburg, where we could get together in season to make a strong defensive fight, and at the same time check McClellan's march towards Harper's Ferry, in case he thought to relieve the beleaguered garrison by that route, forcing him to first remove the obstacle on his flank. He preferred to make the stand at Turner's Pass, and ordered the troops to march next morning, ordering a brigade left at Hagerstown to guard the trains. No warning was sent McLaws to prepare to defend his rear, either by the commanding general or by the chief of cavalry. The hallucination that McClellan was not capable of serious work seemed to pervade our army, even to this moment of dreadful threatening.

After retiring to my couch, reflecting upon affairs, my mind was so disturbed that I could not rest. As I studied, the perils seemed to grow, till at last I made a light and wrote to tell General Lee of my troubled thoughts, and appealed again for immediate concentration at Sharpsburg. To this no answer came, but it relieved my mind and gave me some rest.

At daylight in the morning the column marched (eight brigades with the artillery), leaving Toombs's brigade. A regiment of G. T. Anderson's that had been on guard all night was not relieved in time to join the march, and remained with Toombs. The day was hot and the roads dry and beaten into impalpable powder, that rose in clouds of dust from under our feet as we marched.

Before sunrise of the 14th, General Hill rode to the top of the mountain to view the front to which his brigade had been called the day before. As he rode he received a message from General Stuart, informing him that he had sent his main cavalry force to Crampton's Pass, and was then *en route* to join it. He found Garland's brigade at the summit, near the Mountain House, on the right of the road, and Colquitt's well advanced down the <long_221>east side. He withdrew the latter to the summit, and posted two regiments on the north side of the pike behind stone walls, the others on the south side under cover of a

woodland. Upon learning of the approaches to his position, he ordered the brigade under G. B. Anderson and one of Ripley's regiments up, leaving Rodes's brigade and the balance of Ripley's to watch for refugees from Harper's Ferry.

While he was withdrawing and posting Colquitt's brigade, General Pleasonton was marching by the road three-fourths of a mile south, feeling his way towards Fox's Gap, with the brigade of infantry under Colonel Scammon. Co-operating with this advance, Pleasonton used his cavalry along the turnpike. His batteries were put in action near the foot of the mountain, except one section of McMullen's under Lieutenant Crome, which advanced with the infantry. The battle was thus opened by General Pleasonton and General Cox without orders, and without information of the lost despatch. The latter had the foresight to support this move with his brigade under Colonel Crook. Batteries of twenty-pound Parrott guns were posted near the foot of the mountain in fine position to open upon the Confederates at the summit.

After posting Colquitt's brigade, General Hill rode off to his right to examine the approach to Fox's Gap, near the point held by Rosser's cavalry and horse artillery. As he passed near the gap he heard noise of troops working their way towards him, and soon artillery opened fire across the gap over his head. He hurried back and sent Garland's brigade, with Bondurant's battery, to meet the approaching enemy. Garland made connection with Rosser's detachment and engaged in severe skirmish, arresting the progress of Scammon's brigade till the coming of Crook's, when Cox gave new force to his fight, and after a severe contest, in which Garland fell, the division advanced in a gallant charge, which broke the ranks of the <long_222>brigade, discomfited by the loss of its gallant leader, part of it breaking in confusion down the mountain, the left withdrawing towards the turnpike. G. B. Anderson's brigade was in time to check this success and hold for reinforcements. Ripley's brigade, called up later, came, but passed to the right and beyond the fight. General Hill had posted two batteries on the summit north of the turnpike, which had a destructive cross fire on Cox as he made his fight, and part of Colquitt's right regiments were put in, in aid of G. B. Anderson's men. About two P.M., General Cox was reinforced by the division under General Wilcox, and a little after three o'clock by Sturgis's division, the corps commander, General Reno, taking command with his last division under Rodman.

As Sturgis's division came into the fight, the head of my column reached the top of the pass, where the brigades of G. T. Anderson and Drayton, under General D. R. Jones, filed to the right to meet the battle, and soon after General Hood with two brigades. The last reinforcement braced the Confederate fight to a successful stand, and held it till after night in hot contest, in which many brave soldiers and valuable officers were lost on both sides.

The fight was between eight brigades on the Union side, with a detachment of cavalry and superior artillery attachments, against two of D. H. Hill's and four of my brigades, with Rosser's detachment of cavalry and artillery. Ripley's brigade of Hill's division marched for the fight, but lost its direction and failed to engage. The Confederate batteries made handsome combat, but were of inferior metal and munitions. Numerically, the Union brigades were stronger than the Confederates, mine having lost more than half its numbers by the wayside, from exhaustion under its forced march. It seems that several brigades failed to connect closely with the action. Ripley's, on the Confederate side, General Hill said, "didn't pull a trigger." G. T. Anderson claimed that some of his

<long_223>skirmishers pulled a few triggers, while Harland's Union brigade of Rodman's division seems to have had little use for its guns. Lieutenant Crome brought a section of McMullen's battery up in close connection with Cox's advance, put it in, and held it in gallant action till his gunners were reduced to the minimum of working force, when he took the place of cannoneer and fought till mortally wounded.

On the Union side the officers had their time to organize and place their battle, and showed skill in their work. The Confederates had to meet the battle, as it was called, after its opening, on Rosser's detachment. The lamented Garland, equal to any emergency, was quick enough to get his fine brigade in, and made excellent battle, till his men, discouraged by the loss of their chief, were overcome by the gallant assault under Cox. General Reno, on the Union side, an officer of high character and attainments, was killed about seven o'clock P.M. Among the Union wounded was Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States.

The pass by the lower trail, old Sharpsburg road, was opened by this fight, but the Confederates standing so close upon it made it necessary that they should be dislodged before it could be utilized.

The First Corps marched from the Monocacy at daylight and approached the mountain at one P.M. General Hooker had three divisions, under Generals Hatch, Ricketts, and Meade. General Hatch had four brigades, Generals Ricketts and Meade three each, with full artillery appointments. At two o'clock, General Hooker was ordered north of the turnpike to make a diversion in favor of the troops operating on the south side under General Reno. Meade's division was marched, followed by Hatch's and Ricketts's,—Meade's on the right, Hatch on Meade's left, Ricketts in reserve. Meade's division was deployed along the foot-hills. A cavalry regiment under <long_224>Colonel Williams, First Massachusetts, was sent to the far right in observation. Meade's advance was followed by Hatch and Ricketts.

General Hill's only available force to meet this formidable move was his brigade under General Rodes. He ordered Rodes to his left to a prominent position about a mile off which commanded that part of the field. Cutts's battalion of artillery had been posted on the left of the turnpike, to cover by its fire the route just assigned for Hooker's march. The weight of the attack fell upon Rodes's brigade, and was handsomely received. Evans's brigade, fortunately, came up, and was sent to General Hill, who ordered it out to connect with Rodes's right. Before making close connection it became engaged, and operated near Rodes's right, connecting with his fight and dropping back as the troops on his left were gradually forced from point to point.

As the brigades under Generals Kemper, Garnett, and Colonel Walker (Jenkins's brigade) approached the mountain, a report reached general head-quarters that the enemy was forcing his way down the mountain by the old Sharpsburg road. To meet this General Lee ordered those brigades to the right, and they marched a mile and more down a rugged way along the base of the mountain before the report was found to be erroneous, when the brigades were ordered back to make their way to the pike and to the top of the mountain in double time. General Rodes had five regiments, one of which he left to partially cover the wide opening between his position and the turnpike. In view of the great force approaching to attack him his fight seemed almost hopeless, but he handled his troops with skill, and delayed the enemy, with the little help that finally came, till night, breaking from time to time as he was forced nearer our centre at the turnpike.

Gibbon's brigade had been called from Hooker's corps, <long_225>and was ordered up the mountain by the direct route as the corps engaged in its fight farther off on the right.

A spur of the mountain trends towards the east, opening a valley between it and the mountain. Through this valley and over the rising ground Meade's division advanced and made successful attack as he encountered the Confederates. Cooper's battery marched, and assisted in the several attacks as they were pushed up the mountain slope. The ground was very rough, and the Confederates worked hard to make it too rough, but the divisions, with their strong lines of skirmishers, made progress. Rodes made an effort to turn the right of the advancing divisions, but Hooker put out a brigade from Hatch's division, which pushed off the feeble effort, and Rodes lost his first position.

It was near night when the brigades under Generals Kemper and Garnett and Colonel Walker returned from their march down the foot of the mountain and reached the top. They were put in as they arrived to try to cover the right of Rodes and Evans and fill the intervening space to the turnpike. As they marched, the men dropped along the road, as rapidly as if under severe skirmish. So manifest was it that nature was exhausted, that no one urged them to get up and try to keep their ranks. As the brigades were led to places along the line, the divisions of Hatch and Ricketts were advancing; the former, in range, caught the brigades under fire before their lines were formed. At the same time Meade's division was forcing Rodes and Evans from their positions, back towards the turnpike.

General McClellan claimed fifteen hundred prisoners taken by his troops, and that our loss in killed and wounded was greater than his own, which was fifteen hundred. He estimated the forces as about equal, thirty thousand each. General D. H. Hill does not admit that the Confederates had more than nine thousand.

<long_226>

Several efforts have been made to correctly report the numerical strength of my column, some erroneously including the brigades detached with R. H. Anderson's, and others the brigade of General Toombs and the regiment of G. T. Anderson's brigade, that were left at Hagerstown. General Hill concedes reluctantly that four thousand of my men came to his support in detachments, but does not know how to estimate the loss. Considering the severe forced march, the five brigades that made direct ascent of the mountain were in good order. The three that marched south of the turnpike, along a narrow mountain trail part of the way, through woodlands and over boulders, returning, then up the mountain, the last march at double time, were thinned to skeletons of three or four hundred men to a brigade when they reached the Mountain House. That they succeeded in covering enough of the position to conceal our retreat after night is sufficient encomium of their valorous spirit.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XVII.—Preliminaries Of The Great Battle.

Confederates retreat from South Mountain—Federals follow and harass them—Franklin and Cobb at Crampton's Pass—A spirited Action—Fighting around Harper's Ferry—Its Capitulation—The Confederates take Eleven Thousand Prisoners—Jackson rejoins Lee—Description of the Field of Antietam—McClellan posts his Corps—Lee's Lines advantageously placed—Hooker's Advance on the Eve of Battle should have been resisted.

<long_227>

AT first sight of the situation, as I rode up the mountain-side, it became evident that we were not in time nor in sufficient force to secure our holding at Turner's Gap, and a note was sent General Lee to prepare his mind for disappointment, and give time for arrangements for retreat.

After nightfall General Hill and I rode down to head-quarters to make report. General Lee inquired of the prospects for continuing the fight. I called upon General Hill to demonstrate the situation, positions and forces. He explained that the enemy was in great force with commanding positions on both flanks, which would give a cross-fire for his batteries, in good range on our front, making the cramped position of the Confederates at the Mountain House untenable. His explanation was too forcible to admit of further deliberation. General Lee ordered withdrawal of the commands to Keedysville, and on the march changed the order, making Sharpsburg the point of assembly. General Hill's troops were first withdrawn, and when under way, the other brigades followed and were relieved by General Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry on the mountain at three o'clock in the morning, Hood's two brigades, with G. T. Anderson's, as rear-guard.

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General Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry was ordered to cover our march, but Pleasonton pushed upon him so severely with part of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and Tidball's battery that he was forced off from our line through Boons-borough and found his way to the Potomac off the rear of General Lee's left, leaving his killed and wounded and losing two pieces of artillery. Otherwise our march was not disturbed. In addition to his regular complement of artillery, General D. H. Hill had the battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cutts. The batteries were assigned positions near the ridge under the crest, where they could best cover the fields on the farther side of the stream. A few minutes after our lines were manned, information came of the capitulation of Harper's Ferry, and of the withdrawal of the troops to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

General Toombs's brigade joined us early on the 15th, and was posted over the Burnside Bridge. He was subsequently ordered to detach two regiments, as guard for trains near Williamsport.

As long as the armies were linked to Harper's Ferry, the heights in front of Sharpsburg offered a formidable defensive line, and in view of possible operations from Harper's Ferry, through the river pass, east of South Mountain, formed a beautiful point of strategic diversion. But when it transpired that Harper's Ferry was surrendered and the position was not to be utilized, that the troops there were to join us by a march on the south side, its charms were changed to perplexities. The threatening attitude towards the enemy's rear vanished, his line of communication was open and free of further care, and his army,

relieved of entanglements, was at liberty to cross the Antietam by the upper fords and bridges, and approach from vantage-ground General Lee's left. At the same time the Federal left was reasonably secured from aggression by cramped and rugged ground along the Confederate <long_229>right. Thus the altered circumstances changed all of the features of the position in favor of the Federals.

Approaching Crampton's Gap on the morning of the 14th, Hampton's cavalry encountered the enemy's and made a dashing charge, which opened his way to Munford's, both parties losing valuable officers and men. When General Stuart rode up, he saw nothing seriously threatening, and ordered Hampton south to the river pass; thinking that there might be something more important at that point, he rode himself to Maryland Heights to see General McLaws, and to witness the operations at Harper's Ferry, posting Colonel Munford with two regiments of cavalry, two regiments of Mahone's brigade under Colonel Parham, part of the Tenth Georgia Infantry, Chew's battery of four guns, and a section of navy howitzers, to guard the pass. The infantry regiments were posted behind stone walls at the base of the mountain, the cavalry dismounted on the flanks acting as sharp-shooters.

At noon General Franklin marched through Burkittsville with his leading division under General Slocum, holding the division under General W. F. Smith in reserve. His orders were to wait until Couch's division joined him, but he judged that the wait might be more favorable to the other side. Slocum deployed his brigades, Bartlett's, Newton's, and Torbert's, from right to left, posted Wolcott's battery of six guns on his left and rear, and followed the advance of his skirmish line, the right brigade leading. When the Confederate position was well developed, the skirmishers were retired, and the order to assault followed,—the right regiments of Newton's brigade supporting Bartlett's assault, the regiments on the left supporting Torbert's. The Confederates made a bold effort to hold, but the attack was too well organized and too cleverly pushed to leave the matter long in doubt. Their flanks, being severely crowded upon, soon began to drop off, when a sweeping charge of Slocum's line gained <long_230>the position. The brigades of General Brooks and Colonel Irwin of General Smith's division were advanced to Slocum's left and joined in pursuit, which was so rapid that the Confederates were not able to rally a good line; the entire mountain was abandoned to the Federals, and the pursuit ended. Some four hundred prisoners, seven hundred stand of arms, and one gun were their trophies in this affair. General Franklin's total loss was five hundred and thirty-three. (*)

General McLaws had ordered General Cobb's brigade and the other regiments of Mahone's to reinforce the troops at the gap, but they only came up as the Federals were making their sweeping charge, and were driven back with their discomfited comrades. General Semmes's brigade at the Brownsville .Pass, a mile south, with five or six guns, attempted to relieve their comrades, but the range was too great for effective work. That McLaws was not prepared for the sudden onslaught is evident from the assurances made him by the cavalry commander. His orders for Cobb were severe enough, but Franklin was too prompt to allow Cobb to get to work. Upon hearing the noise of battle, he followed his orders, riding with General Stuart, but the game was played before he could take part in it. Night came and gave him time to organize his forces for the next day. Had the defenders been posted at the crest of the mountain it is probable they could have delayed the assaulting forces until reinforced. But cavalry commanders do not always post artillery and infantry to greatest advantage.

General Cobb made worthy effort to arrest the retreat and reorganize the forces, but was not able to fix a rallying-point till after the pass was lost and the troops were well out of fire of the pursuers. General Semmes came to his aid, with his staff, but could accomplish nothing <long_231>until he drew two of his regiments from Brownsville Pass and established them with a battery as a rallying-point. General McLaws reformed his line about a mile and a half south of the lost gap, and drew all of his force not necessary to the bombardment at Harper's Ferry to that line during the night.

Under cover of the night, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Davis, at the head of the Union cavalry, left Harper's Ferry, crossed the Potomac, marched up the left bank, through Sharpsburg, and made good his escape, capturing some forty or fifty Confederate wagons as they were moving south from Hagerstown.

We left McLaws in possession of Maryland Heights, on the 14th, with his best guns planted against the garrison at Harper's Ferry. The Potomac River was between his and Jackson's and Walker's forces, and the Shenandoah divided Jackson's and Walker's commands. Walker posted his division to defend against the escape from Harper's Ferry, and planted three Parrott guns of Captain French's battery and two rifle pieces of Captain Branch's on Loudoun Heights, having effective fire along Bolivar Heights. General Jackson sent word to McLaws and Walker that the batteries were not to open till all were ready, but the latter, hearing the engagement along South Mountain drawing nearer, and becoming impatient lest delay should prove fatal, ordered his guns to open against the batteries along Bolivar Heights, and silenced those under range.

General Jackson ordered A. P. Hill's division along the left bank of the Shenandoah to turn the enemy's left, the division under Lawton down the turnpike in support of Hill, and his own division to threaten against the enemy's right. Hill's division did its work in good style, securing eligible positions on the enemy's left and left rear of Bolivar Heights, and planted a number of batteries upon them during the night; and Jackson had some of <long_232>his best guns passed over the Shenandoah to commanding points near the base of Loudoun Heights. At daylight Lawton's command moved up close to the enemy. At the same time the batteries of Hill's division opened fire, and a little later all the batteries, including those of McLaws and Walker. The signal ordered for the storming columns was to be the cessation of artillery fire. In about one hour the enemy's fire ceased, when Jackson commanded silence upon his side. Pender's brigade started, when the enemy opened again with his artillery. The batteries of Pegram and Crenshaw dashed forward and renewed rapid fire, when the signal of distress was raised.

Colonel D. H. Miles, the Federal commander at Harper's Ferry, was mortally wounded, and the actual surrender was made by General White, who gave up eleven thousand prisoners, thirteen thousand small-arms, seventy-two cannon, quantities of quartermaster's stores and of subsistence.(*)

General Franklin had posted his division under General Couch at Rohrer'sville on the morning of the 15th, and proceeded to examine McLaws's line established the night before across Pleasant Valley. He found the Confederates strongly posted covering the valley, their flanks against the mountain-side. Before he could organize for attack the firing at Harper's Ferry ceased, indicating surrender of that garrison and leaving the troops operating there free to march against him. He prepared, therefore, for that eventuality.

The "lost order" directed the commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they had been detached, to join the main body

of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown. Under the order and the changed condition of affairs, they were expected, in case of early capitulation at Harper's Ferry, <long_233>to march up the Rohrersville-Boonsborough road against McClellan's left. There were in those columns twenty-six of General Lee's forty brigades, equipped with a fair apportionment of artillery and cavalry. So it seemed to be possible that Jackson would order McLaws and Walker up the Rohrersville road, and move with his own corps through the river pass east of South Mountain, against McClellan's rear, as the speedier means of relief to General Lee's forces. But prudence would have gone with the bolder move of his entire command east of the mountain against McClellan's rear, with a fair field for strategy and tactics. This move would have disturbed McClellan's plans on the afternoon of the 15th, while there seemed little hope that McClellan would delay his attack until Jackson could join us, marching by the south side.

The field, and extreme of conditions, were more encouraging of results than was Napoleon's work at Arcola.

General Jackson judged it better to join us by the south side, marched promptly with two of his divisions (leaving A. P. Hill with six brigades to receive the surrender and captured property), then ordered Walker's and McLaws's troops to follow his march. With his report of surrender of the garrison he sent advice of his march by the south side to join us.

At daylight on the 15th the head of General Lee's column reached the Antietam. General I). H. Hill, in advance, crossed and filed into position to the left of the Boonsborough turnpike, G. B. Anderson on his right, Garland's brigade under Colonel McRae, Ripley, and Colquitt, Rodes in rear near Sharpsburg, my command on his right. The two brigades under Hood were on my right, Kemper, Drayton, Jenkins (under Colonel Walker), Washington Artillery, on the ridge near the turnpike, and S. D. Lee's artillery. Pickett's brigade (under Garnett) was in a second line, G. T. Anderson's brigade in rear of the battalions, Evans's brigade on the north side of the <long_234>turnpike; Toombs's brigade joined and was posted at bridge No. 3 (Burnside Bridge). As the battalions of artillery attached to the divisions were all that could find places, General Lee sent the reserve artillery under General Pendleton across the Potomac.

As soon as advised of the surrender and Jackson's march by the south side, my brigades under Hood were moved to the extreme left of the line, taking the division of General D. H. Hill within my limits, while three of S. D. Lee's batteries were sent in support of Hood's brigades. The pursuit ordered by General McClellan was the First, Second, and Twelfth Corps by the Boonsborough turnpike, the Ninth Corps and Sykes's division of the Fifth by the old Sharpsburg road;(*) the Ninth and Fifth to reinforce Franklin by the Rohrersville road, or move to Sharpsburg.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the advance of the Union army came in sight. General Porter had passed the Ninth Corps with his division under Sykes and joined Richardson's division of the Second. These divisions deployed on the right and left of the turnpike and posted their batteries, which drew on a desultory fire of artillery, continuing until night. The morning of the 16th opened as the evening of the previous day closed, except for the arrival of the remainder of the Union troops. The Ninth Corps took post at the lower bridge opposite the Confederate right, the First, the other divisions of the Second, and the Twelfth Corps resting nearer Keedysville. The display of their finely appointed batteries was imposing, as seen from Sharpsburg Heights.

Before maturing his plans, General McClellan had to make a careful reconnoissance, and to know of the disposition to be made of the Confederate forces from Harper's Ferry. <long_235>

Of the latter point he was informed, if not assured, before he posted the Ninth Corps. Four batteries of twenty-pound Parrotts were planted on the height overlooking the Antietam on their right; on the crest near the Burnside Bridge, Weed's three-inch guns and Benjamin's twenty-pound Parrotts. At intervals between those were posted some ten or more batteries, and the practice became more lively as the day wore on, till, observing the unequal combat, I ordered the Confederates to hold their ammunition, and the batteries of the other side, seeming to approve the order, slackened their fire.

The Antietam, hardly worthy the name river, is a sluggish stream coming down from Pennsylvania heights in a flow a little west of south till it nears the Potomac, when it bends westward to its confluence. It is spanned by four stone bridges—at the Williamsport turnpike, the Boonsborough-Sharpsburg turnpike, the Rohrersville turnpike, and another near its mouth. The third was afterwards known as the Burnside Bridge. From the north suburbs of Sharpsburg the Hagerstown turnpike leads north a little west two miles, when it turns east of north to the vanishing point of operations. A mile and a half from Sharpsburg on the west of this road is the Dunker chapel, near the southern border of a woodland, which spreads northward half a mile, then a quarter or more westward. East of the pike were open fields of corn and fruit, with occasional woodlands of ten or twenty acres, as far as the stream, where some heavier forests cumbered the river banks. General Lee's line stood on the Sharpsburg Heights, his right a mile southeast of the village, the line extending parallel with the Hagerstown turnpike, three miles from his right, the left curved backward towards the rear, and towards the great eastern bend of the Potomac, near which were the cavalry and horse artillery. Along the broken line were occasional ridges of limestone cropping out in such shape as to give partial cover to <long_236>infantry lying under them. Single batteries were posted along the line, or under the crest of the heights, and the battalions of the Washington Artillery, Cutts's, and S. D. Lee's.

In forming his forces for the battle, General McClellan divided his right wing, posted the Ninth Corps on his left, at the Burnside Bridge, under General Cox, and assigned the First Corps, under General Hooker, for his right flank. General Burnside was retained on his left. The plan was to make the main attack against the Confederate left, or to make that a diversion in favor of the main attack, and to follow success by his reserve.

At two P.M. of the 16th, Hooker's First Corps crossed the Antietam at the bridge near Keedysville and a nearby ford, and marched against my left brigades, Generals Meade, Ricketts, and Doubleday commanding the divisions, battalions, and batteries of field artillery. The sharp skirmish that ensued was one of the marked preliminaries of the great battle; but the Federals gained nothing by it except an advanced position, which was of little benefit and disclosed their purpose.

General Jackson was up from Harper's Ferry with Ewell's division and his own, under Generals Lawton and Jones. They were ordered out to General Lee's left, and took post west of the Hagerstown turnpike, the right of his line resting on my left, under Hood, Winder's and Jones's brigades on the front, Starke's and Taliaferro's on the second line, Early's brigade of Ewell's division on the left of Jackson's division, with Hays's brigade for a second; Lawton's and Trimble's brigades were left at rest near the chapel; Poague's

battery on Jackson's front; five other batteries prepared for action. Following Jackson's march to the left, General J. G. Walker came up with his two brigades, and was posted on my extreme right in the position left vacant by the change of Hood's brigades.

<long_237>

General Hooker was joined, as he marched that afternoon, by his chief, who rode with him some little distance conversing of pending affairs. It subsequently transpired that Hooker thought the afternoon's work ordered for his corps (thirteen thousand) so far from support extremely venturesome, and he was right. Jackson was up and in position with two divisions well on the flank of the attack to be made by Hooker. Hood with S. D. Lee's batteries received Hooker's attack, and arrested its progress for the day. If Jackson could have been put into this fight, and also the brigades under J. G. Walker, Hooker's command could have been fought out, if not crushed, before the afternoon went out. He was beyond support for the day, and the posting along the Antietam was such—we will soon see—as to prevent effective diversion in his favor. Events that followed authorize the claim for this combination, that it would have so disturbed the plans of General McClellan as to give us one or two days more for concentration, and under that preparation we could have given him more serious trouble.

Hood's skirmish line was out to be driven, or drawn in, but throughout the severe engagement his line of battle was not seriously disturbed. After night General Jackson sent the brigades of Trimble and Lawton, under General Lawton, to replace Hood's men, who were ordered to replenish ammunition, and, after getting food, to resume their places on my right. Preparing for battle, General Jackson sent the brigade under General Early to support Stuart's cavalry and horse artillery, and Lawton drew his brigade, under General Hays, to support his others on the right of Jackson's division.

General Mansfield crossed during the night with the Twelfth Corps and took position supporting General Hooker's command, with the divisions of Generals A. S. Williams and George S. Greene, and field batteries.

A light rain began to fall at nine o'clock. The troops <long_238>along either line were near enough to hear voices from the other side, and several spats occurred during the night between the pickets, increasing in one instance to exchange of many shots; but for the most part there was silence or only the soft, smothered sound of the summer rain over all that field on which was to break in the morning the storm of lead and iron.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XVIII.—Battle Of Sharpsburg, Or Antietam.

Bloodiest Single Day of the War—Comparison of Casualties—Hooker opens the Fight against Jackson's Centre—Many Officers among the Fallen early in the Day—McLaws and Walker in time to meet Sumner's Advance under Sedgwick—Around Dunker Chapel—Richardson's splendid Advance against the Confederate Centre the Signal of the bursting of another Storm—Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's Troops stood before it—Fall of General G. B. Anderson—General Richardson mortally wounded—Aggressive Spirit of his Command broken—Wonderful Cannon-shot—General D. H. Hill's Third Horse killed under him.

<long_239>

THE field that I have described—the field lying along the Antietam and including in its scope the little town of Sharpsburg—was destined to pass into history as the scene of the bloodiest single day of fighting of the war, and that 17th of September was to become memorable as the day of greatest carnage in the campaigns between the North and South.

Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war, but it was for three days, and its total of casualties on either side, terrible as it was, should be one-third larger to make the average per diem equal to the losses at Sharpsburg. Viewed by the measure of losses, Antietam was the fourth battle of the war, Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, as well as Gettysburg, exceeding it in number of killed and wounded, but each of these dragged its tragedy through several days.

Taking Confederate losses in killed and wounded as the criterion of magnitude in battles, the Seven Days' Battle (following McClellan's retreat), Gettysburg, and Chickamauga exceeded Sharpsburg, but each of these occupied several days, and on no single day in any one of them was there such carnage as in this fierce struggle.

<long_240>

The Confederates lost in killed and wounded in the Seven Days' Battle 19,739,—more, it will be observed, than at Gettysburg (15,298), though the total loss, including 5150 captured or missing, at the latter, brought the figures up to those of the former (20,614), in which the captured or missing were only 875. Our killed and wounded at Chickamauga were 16,986, but that was in two days' battle, while at Chancellorsville in three days the killed and wounded were 10,746. It is impossible to make the comparison with absolute exactness for the Confederate side, for the reason that our losses are given for the entire campaign in Maryland, instead of separately for the single great battle and several minor engagements. Thus computed they were 12,187. (*) But nearly all of these are known to have been losses at Sharpsburg, and, making proper deductions for the casualties in other actions of the campaign, the Confederate loss in this single day's fighting was still in excess of that at the *three days' fight* at Chancellorsville (10,746), and for the single day far larger proportionally than in the two days at Chickamauga, three days at Gettysburg, or seven days on the bloody Chickahominy.

But the sanguinary character of this battle is most strikingly exhibited by a comparison of the accurate figures of the Federal losses, returned specifically for the day. These show a total killed and wounded of 11,657 (or, including the captured and missing, 12,410), as contrasted with 17,567 killed and wounded in *three* days at Gettysburg, 16,141 in *eight*

days at Spottsylvania, and 14,283 in the *three* days at the Wilderness, while the *three* and *two* days' fighting respectively at Chancellorsville and Chickamauga were actually productive of less loss than this battle of *one* day. The exceeding losses <long_241>of this battle are further shown by the fact that of the 11,657 Federals stricken on the field, the great number of 2108 were actually slain,—more than two-thirds of the number killed in three days at Gettysburg (3070). And this tremendous tumult of carnage was entirely compassed in the brief hours from dawn to four o'clock in the afternoon.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 17th firing along the picket lines of the confronting and expectant armies became quite frequent, and before daylight the batteries began to plough the fields in front of them, feeling, as it were, for the ranks of men whose destruction was better suited to their ugly purpose.

As the dawn came, the fire spread along both lines from left to right, across the Antietam and back again, and the thunder of the big guns became continuous and increased to mighty volume. To this was presently added the sharper rattling of musketry, and the surge of mingling sound sweeping up and down the field was multiplied and confused by the reverberations from the rocks and hills. And in this great tumult of sound, which shook the air and seemed to shatter the cliffs and ledges above the Antietam, bodies of the facing foes were pushed forward to closer work, and soon added the clash of steel to the thunderous crash of cannon-shots.

The first impact came from Hooker's right division under Doubleday, led by the choice brigade under Gibbon. It was deployed across the turnpike and struck the centre of Jackson's division, when close engagement was strengthened by the brigades of Patrick, Phelps, and part of Hofmann's, Ricketts's division, engaged in close connection along Lawton's front. Hooker supported his battle by his division under Meade, which called into action three of D. H. Hill's brigades,—Ripley's, Colquitt's, and McRae's. Hartsuff, the leading spirit of Ricketts's division, was the first general officer to fall severely hurt, <long_242>and later fell the commander of the corps, wounded also. General Starke, commanding Jackson's division, was killed. At six o'clock the Twelfth Corps came in, when General Lawton called for Hood's brigades, "and all the help he could bring." Hood's and G. T. Anderson's brigades were put in, and the brigades from my right, under J. G. Walker, marched promptly in response to this call.

The weight of Mansfield's fight forced Jackson back into the middle wood at the Dunker chapel, and D. H. Hill's brigades to closer lines. Hood was in season to brace them, and hold the line as he found it. In this fight the corps commander, General Mansfield, fell, mortally wounded, which took from that corps some of its aggressive power.

Jackson, worn down and exhausted of ammunition, withdrew his divisions at seven A.M., except Early's brigade, that was with the cavalry. This he called back to vacant ground on Hood's left. Two detachments, one under Colonel Grigsby, of Virginia, the other under Colonel Stafford, of Louisiana, remained on the wooded ground off from the left of Jackson's position. One of the regiments of Early's brigade was left with the cavalry. Stuart retired to position corresponding to the line of Jackson's broken front. The brigade under G. T. Anderson joined on Hood's right, and the brigades under J. G. Walker coming up took place on Hood's left, Walker leaving two regiments to fill a vacant place between Anderson's brigade and Hood's right. Walker, Hood, and D. H. Hill attacked against the Twelfth Corps; worn by its fight against Jackson, it was driven back as far as

the post-and-rail fence in the east open, where they were checked. They were outside of the line, their left in the air and exposed to the fire of a thirty-gun battery posted at long range on the Hagerstown road by General Doubleday. Their left was withdrawn, and the <long_243>line rectified, when Greene's brigade of the Twelfth resumed position in the northeast angle of the wood, which it held until Sedgwick's division came in bold march.

In these fights offensive and defensive the artillery battalions under Lieutenant-Colonel S. D. Lee and Major Frobel were in active combat, the former from the first shot made before daylight. They had been severely worked, and were nearly exhausted of ammunition. The Washington Artillery was called on for a battery to assist them, and some of the guns of that battalion were sent for ammunition. Miller's battery of four Napoleon guns came.

As Jackson withdrew, General Hooker's corps retired to a point on the Hagerstown road about three-quarters of a mile north of the battle-ground, where General Doubleday established his thirty-gun battery. Jackson's and Hooker's men had fought to exhaustion, and the battle of the Twelfth Corps, taken up and continued by Mansfield, had taken defensive relations, its chief mortally wounded.

Generals Lawton, Ripley, and J. R. Jones were severely wounded, and Colonel Douglas, commanding Lawton's brigade, killed. A third of the men of Lawton's, Hays's, and Trimble's brigades were reported killed or wounded. Four of the field officers of Colquitt's brigade were killed, five were wounded, the tenth and last contused by a shell. All of Jackson's and D. H. Hill's troops engaged suffered proportionally. Hood's, Walker's, and G. T. Anderson's, though longer engaged, did not lose so severely.

General Hooker's aggregate of loss was 2590; General Mansfield's, 1746.

The Federal batteries, of position, on the east side were more or less busy during the engagement, having occasional opportunities for a raking fire on the troops along Jackson's line and my left. The horse artillery under <long_244>Stuart was strengthening to the Confederate left, and had occasional opportunities for destructive fire across the Union right when coming into action.

Although the battle along the line of contention had become defensive, there were threatening movements on the Boonsborough pike by Sykes's division and the horse artillery under Pleasonton, and Burnside was busy at his bridge, working to find his way across.

At the close of the Walker-Hood-Hill affair, Hood found his line making a large angle with the line of the latter, which was rectified, drawing in the angle. Early's regiments were in the wood between Walker and the cavalry, and tile detachments under Colonels Grigsby and Stafford in the wood some distance in advance of Early's left.

The line thus organized was thin and worn by severe attrition. The men were losing strength and the ammunition getting low. Some gathered cartridges from their fallen comrades and distributed them as far as they would go, others went for fresh supplies.

McLaws's column came up at nine o'clock. He reported at General Lee's head-quarters, where he was ordered at rest, and afterwards reported to me, with General Lee's orders for his own division, and asked the disposition to be made of R. H. Anderson's. He was ordered to send the latter to report to General D. H. Hill.

Coincident with these arrivals, heavy columns of Federal infantry and artillery were seen crossing the Antietam. Morell's division of the Fifth Corps was up and relieved Richardson's of the Second, which had been in our front since its arrival on the 15th.

Richardson's following the march of the troops by the upper crossing advised us that the next engagement would be by the Second Corps, under General Sumner; Sedgwick's division was in the lead as they marched. Our left centre was almost exhausted of men and ammunition. The divisions of French and Richardson <long_245>followed in left echelon to Sedgwick. Hood's brigades had retired for fresh supply of ammunition, leaving the guard to Walker's two brigades, G. T. Anderson's brigade on Walker's right, part of Early's brigade on Walker's left, and the regiments under Colonels Grigsby and Stafford off the left front. McLaws's division was called for, and on the march under conduct of Major Taylor of general head-quarters staff.

At sight of Sumner's march, General Early rode from the field in search, as he reported, of reinforcements. His regiments naturally waited on the directions of the leader.

General Sumner rode with his leading division under General Sedgwick, to find the battle. Sedgwick marched in column of brigades, Gorman, Dana, and Howard. There was no officer on the Union side in charge of the field, the other corps commanders having been killed or wounded. General Sumner testified,—

"On going upon the field I found that General Hooker's corps had been dispersed and routed. I passed him some distance in the rear, where he had been carried wounded, but I saw nothing of his corps at all, as I was advancing with my command on the field. There were some troops lying down on the left which I took to belong to Mansfield's command. In the mean time General Mansfield had been killed, and a portion of his corps (formerly Banks's) had also been thrown into confusion."(*)

He passed Greene's brigade of the Twelfth, and marched through the wood, leaving the Dunker chapel on his left.

As McLaws approached, General Hood was sent to give him careful instructions of the posture, of the grounds, and the impending crisis. He marched with his brigades,—Cobb's, Kershaw's, Semmes's, and Barksdale's. The leading brigade filed to the right, before the approaching <long_246>march. Kershaw's leading regiment filed into line as Sedgwick's column approached the south side of the Dunker chapel wood,—the latter on a diagonal march,—while Kershaw's regiment was in fair front against it.

\\graphic

Relative positions of McLaws and other Confederates and Sedgwick at their opening.

The regiment opened prompt fire, and the other regiments came into line in double time, opening fire by company as they came to the front. The other brigades came into line by companies, and forward into line by regiments. Armistead's brigade had been drawn from R. H. Anderson's column to reinforce McLaws.

Sedgwick's diagonal march exposed his left to a scattering fire from Walker's left brigade under M. Ransom, but he kept his steady march while Walker increased his fire. McLaws increasing his fire staggered the march of Sedgwick, and presently arrested it. The regiments under Colonels Stafford and Grigsby, coming from their lurking-places, opened fire on Sedgwick's right rear. At McLaws's opening Sedgwick essayed to form line of battle; the increasing fire on his right and left <long_247>rear, with the terrible fire in front, was confusing, but the troops were eager to return the fire they found pouring into their lines from three-quarters of a circle. To counter the rear fire of Walker, General Sumner ordered the rear brigade to face about. The troops, taking this to mean a rearward march, proceeded to execute it without awaiting further orders, which was soon followed

by the other brigades.

McLaws and Walker, pushing their success, were joined by G. T. Anderson's, the brigades of D. H. Hill's left, and those of R. H. Anderson's division, making strong battle through the woodland and open to the post-and-rail fence and to the Roulette House, where they encountered Sumner's division under French, and parts of the Twelfth Corps rallied on that part of the field. This contention was firm and wasting on both sides, but held with persevering courage until Richardson's reserve, under Brooke, was put against Hill's right and broke the Confederate line back to the woodlands south of the chapel, where Early's regiments had formed a rallying line.

When Hill's right was struck and pressed so severely, Rodes's brigade, the reserve of his division, was ordered out to support his right. The brigade advanced in good strong battle, but General Rodes reported that he could not move his Sixth Alabama Regiment in time, notwithstanding his personal efforts; that with the support of that regiment the battle line of the Confederates could have waited other supports.

General Sumner was eager in riding with his leading division. He was always anxious to get in in time to use all of his power, and thought others like himself. Had he formed the corps into lines of divisions, in close echelon, and moved as a corps, he would have marched through and opened the way for Porter's command at bridge No. 2, and Pleasonton's cavalry, and for Burnside at the third bridge, and forced the battle back to the river bank.

<long_248>

He was criticised for his opposition to Franklin's proposed attack, but the chances are even that he was right. The stir among Franklin's troops was observed from a dead angle of our lines, and preparations were made to meet it. General Jackson was marching back to us, and it is possible that the attack might have resulted in mingling our troops with Franklin's down on the banks of the Antietam.

After this fight the artillery battalions of S. D. Lee and Frobel, quite out of ammunition, retired to replenish. The battery of Napoleons was reduced to one section, that short of ammunition and working hands.

General Hill rallied the greater part of G. B. Anderson's and Rodes's brigades in the sunken road. Some of Ripley's men came together near Miller's guns at the Hagerstown pike. General R. H. Anderson and his next in rank, General Wright, were wounded. The next officer, General Pryor, not advised of his new authority, the brigades assembled at points most suited to their convenience, in rear of D. H. Hill's brigades.

But time was up. Confederate affairs were not encouraging. Our men were all leg-weary and heavy to handle, while McClellan, with his tens of thousands, whom he had marched in healthful exercise the past two weeks, was finding and pounding us from left to right under converging fire of his batteries east and west of the Antietam.

The signal of the approaching storm was the bursting of Richardson's command, augmented by parts of French's division, through the field of corn, hardly ruffled by the affair at the Roulette House, spreading its grand march against our centre. They came in brave style, in full appreciation of the work in hand, marched better than on drill, unfolded banners making gay their gallant step.

The Fifth Corps and Pleasonton's cavalry were in active preparation to cross at the second bridge and join <long_249>on Richardson's left, and Burnside at the third bridge was pressing his claim for a passage against our right.

I had posted G. T. Anderson's brigade behind a stone fence near the Hagerstown pike, about the safest spot to be found on the field of Sharpsburg,—a dead angle, so to speak. The batteries on the field north and the long-range thirty-gun battery of General Doubleday were playing their fire down the pike, taking their aim by the direction of the road, where they stood. This brought their fire into the field about one hundred yards in rear of Anderson's line. As the fire came from an enfilade direction, the troops assumed that they were under enfilade fire, and General Anderson changed position without reporting. General D. H. Hill got hold of him and moved him to the Boonsborough pike to defend against Sykes's and Pleasonton's forces, advancing in that quarter. Thus, when Richardson's march approached its objective, the Confederates had Boyce's battery, well out in the corn-field, facing the march; Miller's section of Napoleons in the centre, and a single battery at McLaws's rear, with fragments of scattered brigades along the pike, and the Twenty-seventh North Carolina Regiment to hold the left centre, besides the brigades in the sunken road, and the brigades of R. H. Anderson's division awaiting the bloody struggle. They received the severe attack in firm holding for a long half-hour, the enemy pressing closer at intervals, until an order of General Rodes's was misconstrued and part of his brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot, of the Sixth Alabama Regiment, was forced to the rear, and marched off, informing others that that was the order.

General G. B. Anderson fell mortally wounded. The enemy pressed in on his outer flank and called for surrender of the forces cut off and outflanked. Meagher's brigade was retired to replenish ammunition, and Barlow swung to his right and came against our fragments about <long_250>Miller's guns, standing near his flank. Miller had two guns, the others off for a supply of ammunition. Cooke's Twenty-seventh North Carolina Regiment was well organized, but short of ammunition; fragments of Ripley's brigade and some others were on the turnpike; Miller was short of hands and ammunition, even for two guns; McLaws's division and the other part of Walker's were in front of threatenings of parts of French's division and of troops rallying on their front, and the Sixth Corps was up and coming against them, so that it seemed hazardous to call them off and leave an open way. Our line was throbbing at every point, so that I dared not call on General Lee for help. Sergeant Ellis thought that he could bring up ammunition if he was authorized to order it. He was authorized, and rode for and brought it. I held the horses of some of my staff who helped to man the guns as cannoneers.

As the attacking forces drew nearer, Colonel Cooke reported his ammunition exhausted. He was ordered to hold on with the bayonet, and sent in return that he would "hold till ice forms in regions where it was never known," or words to that effect. As Richardson advanced through the corn he cut off the battery under Boyce, so that it was obliged to retire to save itself, and as Barlow came upon our centre, the battery on our left was for a time thrown out of fire lest they might injure friend as much as foe. Barlow marched in steady good ranks, and the remnants before him rose to the emergency. They seemed to forget that they had known fatigue; the guns were played with life, and the brave spirits manning them claimed that they were there to hold or to go down with the guns.

As our shots rattled against the armored ranks, Colonel Fairfax clapped his hands and ran for other charges. The mood of the gunners to a man was one of quiet but unflinching resolve to stand to the last gun. Captain Miller <long_251>charged and double-charged with spherical case and canister until his guns at the discharge leaped in the air from ten to twelve inches.

When the crest was reached, the rush that was expected to sweep us away paused,—the Confederates became hopeful. Soon the advancing ranks lay behind the crest, and presently drew nearer Richardson's part of the line, then mounting the crest over the Piper House. This latter point, once established, must cut and break the Confederate position as effectually as our centre just saved. He occupied the Piper House with two regiments under Colonel Brooke in advance of his line along the crest, and called up some of his batteries.

The Confederates meanwhile were collecting other batteries and infantry in defence, when a shot from one of our batteries brought Richardson down, mortally wounded. His taking-off broke the aggressive spirit of the division and reduced its fight to the defensive. The regiments at the Piper House found their position thus advanced too much exposed, and withdrew to the stronger line of the crest. General Meagher's brigade came up with ammunition replenished. General Hancock was despatched to take command of the division. In the midst of the tragedy, as Richardson approached the east crest, there was a moment of amusement when General Hill, with about fifty men and a battle-flag, ran to gain a vantage-point for flank fire against Richardson's left. Colonel Ross, observing the move and appreciating the opportunity, charged with two regiments for the same and secured it. General Hill claimed (and rightly) that it had effect in giving the impression that there were other forces coming to support him.

Another regiment came to the relief of the Twenty-seventh, under Cooke. The movement of troops in that quarter was construed by the enemy as a threatened flank move against Richardson, which caused some little delay <long_252>in his march. Though the Confederates had but fragments here and there, the enemy were kept busy and watchful lest they should come upon another surprise move.

The Confederates were surprised but much relieved when they found this affair reduced to the defensive, and assumed that every missile they sent must have found one or more victims. But accounts of the other side make clear that the result was due to accidental artillery shots that cut down Colonel Barlow, the aggressive spirit of Richardson's right column, and General Richardson himself at his culminating moment. Barlow fell from a case-or canister-shot, as did Richardson. All the Union accounts refer to a battery on their right throwing shell, and the "two brass guns in front throwing case and canister," and this latter was the only artillery at work against them at the time of Barlow's fall. When Barlow's command drew nearer the division the brass guns were turned upon Richardson, but at the moment of his taking-off another battery was in action on his left. General D. H. Hill thought that Carter's battery was in time to divide the honor of the last shot with the section of Napoleons under Miller.

Orders were given General Pleasonton, at the second bridge, to be ready to enter the battle as soon as the attack by Richardson should open the way. To meet these orders skirmishers were advanced, and Tidball's battery, by piece, using canister, to drive back the Confederate sharp-shooters. The Fifth Corps (General Porter's) was ordered to be ready for like service.

When Richardson swung his line up along the crest at the Piper House, Pleasonton advanced troopers and batteries, crossed the bridge at a gallop by the Fifth Regular Cavalry, Farnsworth's brigade, Rush's brigade, two regiments of the Fifth Brigade under B. F. Davis, and the batteries of Tidball, Robertson, Hains, and Gibson. The <long_253>batteries were put into action under the line of skirmishers, that were

reinforced by Sykes's division of the Fifth and Tenth Infantry under Lieutenant Poland.

General Hill seized a musket and by example speedily collected a number of men, who joined him in reinforcing the line threatened by this heavy display. The parts of brigades under General Pryor, Colonels Cummings, Posey, and G. T. Anderson afterwards got up to help the brigade of Evans already there. By these, with the batteries of Squires, Gardner, and Richardson, this threatening demonstration was checked. Then it was reinforced by the batteries of Randol, Kusserow, and Van Reed, and the Fourth United States Infantry, Captain Dryer; the first battalion of the Twelfth, Captain Blount; second battalion of the Twelfth, Captain Anderson; first battalion of the Fourteenth, Captain Brown, and second battalion of the Fourteenth, Captain McKibbin, of Sykes's division; the batteries posted to command the field, right and left, to cover Sumner's and Burnside's fronts, as soon as they could rise to the plateau. S. D. Lee's batteries were back on the crest, replenished of ammunition, while the Union batteries were on low ground, near the river. A very clever well-organized advance was made, but their advantages of position and the tenacious hold of the Confederates, even after the attack reached the crest, enabled them to drive back the assaulting forces. The horse batteries went back to positions on the west side after replenishing with ammunition, except Gibson's, which was put in defensive attitude on the east. Pleasonton, with a comprehensive view of the opportunity, called for additional force, but two of Morell's brigades had been ordered by the upper crossing to Sumner's relief, and a detachment had been sent to assist Burnside, which reduced the Fifth Corps to the minimum of force necessary to the service to which it was assigned; not equal to the aggressive fight to which it was invited. But for the breaking up of Richardson's aggression, this last advance could have gained the field.

The Third Brigade of the Second Division, Sixth Corps, made an erratic march across part of the field, the Seventh Maine Regiment leading, and retired like a meteor that loses its own fire.

A little after one o'clock this and other parts of the line, except at the Burnside Bridge, settled down to defensive. Burnside was still hard at work in search of a practical line of advance, Toombs standing manfully against him.

During the lull, after the rencounter of Walker's, Hill's, and Hood's divisions against Mansfield's last fight, General Lee and myself, riding together under the crest of General D. H. Hill's part of the line, were joined by the latter. We were presently called to the crest to observe movements going on in the Union lines. The two former dismounted and walked to the crest; General Hill, a little out of strength and thinking a single horseman not likely to draw the enemy's fire, rode. As we reached the crest I asked him to ride a little apart, as he would likely draw fire upon the group. While viewing the field a puff of white smoke was seen to burst from a cannon's mouth about a mile off. I remarked, "There is a shot for General Hill," and, looking towards him, saw his horse drop on his knees. Both forelegs were cut off just below the knees. The dropping forward of the poor animal so elevated his croup that it was not an easy matter for one not an expert horseman to dismount *à la militaire*. To add to the dilemma, there was a rubber coat with other wraps strapped to the cantle of the saddle. Failing in his attempt to dismount, I suggested that he throw his leg forward over the pommel. This gave him easy and graceful dismount. This was the third horse shot under him during the day, and the shot was one of the best I ever witnessed. An equally good one was made by a Confederate at Yorktown.

An officer of the Topographical Engineers <long_255>walked into the open, in front of our lines, fixed his plane table and seated himself to make a map of the Confederate works. A non-commissioned officer, without orders, adjusted his gun, carefully aimed it, and fired. At the report of the gun all eyes were turned to see the occasion of it, and then to observe the object, when the shell was seen to explode as if in the hands of the officer. It had been dropped squarely upon the draw-ing-table, and Lieutenant Wagner was mortally wounded.(*). Of the first shot, Major Alfred A. Woodhull, under date of June 8, 1886, wrote,—

"On the 17th of September, 1862, I was standing in Weed's battery, whose position is correctly given in the map, when a man on, I think, a gray horse, appeared about a mile in front of us, and footmen were recognized near. Captain Weed, who was a remarkable artillerist, himself sighted and fired the gun at the horse, which was struck."

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XIX.—Battle Of Sharpsburg, Or Antietam (Continued).

Closing Events of the Great Struggle—Burnside crosses the Bridge he made famous—Toombs made Gallant Defence, but was outnumbered and dislodged—The Confederate Brigades from Harper's Ferry under A. P. Hill in Time for the Final Crisis—Burnside's Advance arrested by them—The Battle against Burnside "appeared to spring from the Earth"—"Lee's old War Horse"—The Killing of a Kinsman at the Bridge seriously affects General D. R. Jones—The Sharp Fight at Shepherdstown—Confederates retreat—Casualties of the Battle—Confederate Losses in the Campaign—Neither McClellan's Plan nor Execution was strong.

<long_256>

AT one or two points near our centre were dead angles into which I rode from time to time for closer observation of the enemy when his active aggression was suspended. General Burnside was busy at his crossing, but no report of progress had been sent me. One of my rides towards the Dunker chapel revealed efforts of the enemy to renew his work on that part of the field. Our troops were ordered to be ready to receive it. Its non-aggression suggested an opportunity for the Confederates, and I ordered McLaws and Walker to prepare to assault. Hood was back in position with his brigades, and Jackson was reported on his way, all in full supply of ammunition. It seemed probable that by concealing our movements under cover of the wood from the massed batteries of Doubleday's artillery on the north, and the batteries of position on the east, we could draw our columns so near to the enemy in front before our move could be known that we would have but a few rods to march before we could mingle our ranks with those of the enemy; that our columns massed and in goodly numbers, pressing severely upon a single point, would give the enemy much trouble, and might cut him in two, and break up his battle arrangements at the <long_257>lower bridge; but just then General Jackson reported, with authority from General Lee, that he with the cavalry was ordered to march around and turn the entire position of the enemy by his right flank, and strike at his rear. He found that the march would be long and extremely hazardous, and abandoned his orders. So it appears that counsels were divided on both sides, General McClellan disapproving the attack proposed by Franklin, and General Lee preferring a flank move.

Of the proposed attack from the Union side, General Franklin reported,—

"Slocum's division arrived on the field about eleven o'clock. Immediately after its arrival two of his brigades (Newton's and Torbert's) were formed in column of attack to carry the wood in the immediate vicinity of the White Church. The other brigade (Bartlett's) had been ordered by General Sumner to keep near his right. As this brigade was to form the reserve for the column of attack, I waited until it came up. About the same time General Sumner arrived on the spot and directed the attack to be postponed, and the enemy at once proceeded to fill the wood with infantry, and planted a battery there which opened a severe fire upon us. Shortly afterwards the commanding general came to the position, and decided that it would not be prudent to make the attack, our position on the right being then considerably in advance of what it had been in the morning."(*)

General McClellan claimed that his batteries on the east side dispersed a column marching in the afternoon to reinforce against General Sumner. This was probably Jackson's command marching to their position on the line. The fire only hurried the march of the troops to the front, where they resumed their position.

We left General Toombs defending the crossing at the Burnside Bridge, with the Second, Twentieth, and Fiftieth Georgia Regiments, and a company of Jenkins's brigade of South Carolina troops, against the Ninth Corps, commanded <long_258>by General J. D. Cox, General Burnside, the commander of the right wing present, commanding. Toombs had in his line of infantry five hundred and fifty men part way up the swell of Sharpsburg Heights. Behind him he posted Eubank's battery, and overlooking were J. B. Richardson's and Eshleman's to rake the bridge; others near. The road on the Union side leading to the bridge runs parallel to the river about three hundred yards before it reaches the bridge, and turns up-stream after crossing. On the parallel to this line of march on the Confederate side Toombs posted his infantry, the South Carolina company in a marginal woodland above the bridge. Above and near the bridge was a fording-place for infantry; a thousand yards below was a practicable ford for infantry and artillery, by a country road. Toombs's orders were, when dislodged, to retire south so as to open the field of fire to all the troops on the heights behind him, the fire of his batteries to be concentrated upon the bridge, and his infantry arranged for a like converging fire. The ravines cutting the swells of the foot-hills gave him fair ground for retreat when he found his position no longer tenable. He was to so manoeuvre as to have a flank fire on the advancing columns, and gradually encircle so as to join his division after passing the crest.

Early in the morning, General Burnside had been ordered to prepare the Ninth Corps for attack at the bridge, but to await further orders. At eight o'clock orders were sent to carry the bridge, gain possession of the heights, and to advance along their crest upon Sharpsburg and its rear. The order was repeated, and, finally, losing patience, General McClellan sent the inspector-general (Colonel Sackett)

"To deliver to General Burnside my positive order to push forward his troops without a moment's delay, and if necessary to carry the bridge at the point of the bayonet, and I ordered <long_259>Colonel Sackett to remain with General Burnside and see that the order was promptly executed."(*)

Upon receipt of the first order General Burnside advanced his troops, General Crook's brigade, supported by General Sturgis's division, to the bridge and ford just above it. These were preceded by the Eleventh Connecticut Regiment as skirmishers under Colonel Kingsbury, who essayed crossing by the upper ford, but after severe skirmish Colonel Kingsbury was killed and the effort failed. The division under General Rodman supported by Scammon's brigade (commanded by Colonel Ewing) moved towards the lower ford. Colonel Scammon, commanding the Kanawha division, moved with this column.

Wilcox's division was in rear of Sturgis, in reserve, and near the left of Benjamin's battery. Clark's and Durell's batteries were posted on the right. One section of Simmonds's battery was with Crook's brigade, the other with Benjamin's battery. Dahlgren's boat-howitzers covered the ford at Rodman's crossing. The last order was received at ten o'clock. The line of skirmishers advanced and engaged across the river. Crook's brigade marched for the bridge. After a severe engagement of some hours, General Crook posted two of Simmonds's guns in position to cover the bridge, and after some little time General Sturgis's division approached the bridge, led by Naglee's brigade. The Second Brigade,

General Ferrero, was posted a little in reserve. The Second Maryland, Colonel Duryea, and Sixth New Hampshire Regiments were ordered forward in double time with bayonets fixed to carry the bridge. They made a gallant, dashing charge, crowding the bridge almost to its western *débouché*, but the fire concentrated a storm that stunned their ranks, thinned and cut them down until they were <long_260>forced to retire. General Burnside repeated the order to force the way at all hazards. Arrangements were made, and when concluded the Fifty-first New York and Fifty-first Pennsylvania Regiments were sent. They found a route better covered from the Confederate fire than that of the first column while marching for the bridge.

By a dashing charge on double time they passed it under exulting hurrahs and most gallant work, and gained the west bank. The crossing by Rodman's division at the lower ford made our position at the bridge untenable, and General Toombs was prepared to retire the moment the west bank was gained in his rear.

Union troops were hurried over, and organized for advance over Sharpsburg Heights, but Sturgis's division had suffered, and, the ammunition getting low, it was found necessary to replace it by the division under General Wilcox, and Sturgis was ordered to hold position near the bridge in reserve. The brigades under Rodman made their crossing sooner, and waited a little for those at the bridge. As soon as the latter formed on the west bank, Rodman drew nearer. He was supported by the Scammon brigade of the Kanawha division, the brigade under General Crook to move with the troops from the bridge.

Clark's, Durell's, Cook's, Muhlenberg's, and part of Simmonds's batteries crossed with the infantry. About four o'clock the troops were over and advanced under very severe fire of artillery and infantry, increasing in force as they ascended the heights, but the march was continued in bold, admirable style, the troops engaging in steady, brave fight as they marched. Overreaching my right, they forced it back, breaking off Jones's right brigades under Drayton, Kemper, and Garnett. Toombs, working his way to the rear, managed to encircle the advancing column and join the other brigades under D. R. Jones as they were forced back. Jones used some of them in organizing a stand on the flank of the Union columns. <long_261>Toombs was joined in his rearward move by his regiments that had been sent off as train guards, by a battalion of the Eleventh Georgia under Major Little, and sent the regiments with him to replenish ammunition. Meanwhile, steady advancing battle was made by the Federals.

Batteries from all parts of our field drove to General Lee, as well as detachments of infantry, including some with fresh wounds from the morning battle, but the battle moved bravely on.

When General Lee found that General Jackson had left six of his brigades under General A. P. Hill to receive the property and garrison surrendered at Harper's Ferry, he sent orders for them to join him, and by magic spell had them on the field to meet the final crisis. He ordered two of them guided by Captain Latrobe to guard against approach of other forces that might come against him by bridge No. 4, Pender's and Brockenbrough's, and threw Branch's, Gregg's and Archer's against the fore-front of the battle, while Toombs's, Kemper's, and Garnett's engaged against its right. McIntosh's battery, sent in advance by A. P. Hill, was overrun and captured. Pegram's and Crenshaw's batteries were put in with Hill's three brigades. The Washington Artillery, S. D. Lee's, and Frobels found places for parts of their batteries, ammunition replenished. D.H. Hill found opportunity to put in parts of his artillery under Elliott, Boyce, Carter, and Maurin.

Toombs's absent regiments returned, as he made his way around to the enemy's right, and joined the right of General D. R. Jones. The strong battle concentrating against General Burnside seemed to spring from the earth as his march bore him farther from the river. Outflanked and staggered by the gallant attack of A. P. Hill's brigades, his advance was arrested.

The contention about the heights and suburbs of Sharpsburg was anxiously held. General Cox, reinforced by his reserve under General Sturgis, handled well his <long_262>left against A. P. Hill; but, assailed in front and on his flank by concentrating fires that were crushing, he found it necessary to recover his lines and withdraw. A.P. Hill's brigades, Toombs and Kemper, followed. They recovered McIntosh's battery and the ground that had been lost on the right before the slow advancing night dropped her mantle upon this field of seldom equalled strife.

When the Ninth Corps dropped back under the crest they had so bravely won, the battle of Sharpsburg virtually ended, though the fire between the lines was continued till nine o'clock. The field made classic by a struggle of eighteen hours, too fearful to contemplate, was yet cumbered by the dead and wounded. After the firing ceased, parties from both sides, by mutual consent, went in search of fallen comrades.

After riding along the lines, giving instructions for the night and morning, I rode for general head-quarters to make report, but was delayed somewhat, finding wounded men hidden away under stone walls and in fence corners, not yet looked after, and afterwards in assisting a family whose home had been fired by a shell, so that all the other officers had arrived, made their reports, and were lounging about on the sod, when I rode up. General Lee walked up as I dismounted, threw his hands upon my shoulders, and hailed me with, "Here is my old war-horse at last!"

One of those peculiarly painful personal experiences which are innumerable in war, but seldom get into print (save in fiction), came under my observation in this battle. Colonel H. W. Kingsbury, who was killed while gallantly leading the Eleventh Connecticut Regiment at the ford near the Burnside Bridge, was a brother-in-law of General D. R. Jones, who commanded the Confederates immediately opposing him. His taking-off was a severe blow to Jones, and one from which he never recovered. His health had not been strong for some time. He asked <long_263>leave of absence shortly after this occurrence, and, gradually but hopelessly sinking, in a few months passed over to the silent majority to join his fallen kinsman.

A few shots were exchanged early on the 18th, but a kindly feeling seemed to take possession of the troops, as they were not ordered into action, and excuses were passed between the lines for looking after wounded comrades, which resulted in a *quasi* truce for the day.

The Burnside battle may be likened to that contemplated for Fitz-John Porter under his 4.30 order at the Second Manassas. The latter, however, had the smaller force, while Burnside's numbers were greater.

In the afternoon General Lee was advised of new arrivals in General McClellan's army, and, thinking the few stragglers who came up to swell his own ranks were not sufficient to justify him in renewing the battle on the 19th, ordered his trains back, and after night marched his troops across the Potomac at the ford near Shepherdstown.

General Stuart was ordered to cross ahead of the general move, recross the Potomac at Williamsport, and stand guard to the rear of the columns in case of danger to their

crossing. The road being clear at nine o'clock, the army marched; the First Corps, in advance, crossed about two A.M. on the 19th, awaited to guard the crossing, and at daylight was deployed on the south side. A. P. Hill's division covered the retreat of the army, and the cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee was to follow, relieving lines of picket guards and helping the feeble footmen. The rear of the Confederate column crossed into Virginia at ten A.M, unmolested. As the pursuit was not threatening, General Lee ordered his army to continue the march to proper points of bivouac, holding the artillery reserve under General Pendleton and an infantry detail of the brigades of Armistead and Lawton, commanded by Colonels Hodges and Lamar, as guard at the ford. General Pendleton <long_264>posted some thirty guns in position for converging fire at the ford, and put a line of skirmishers near it, holding the infantry reserve and eleven guns at the rear.

About noon the Union cavalry appeared on the other bank. The batteries of Gibson, Tidball, and Robertson were put in action, but relieved about two o'clock by artillery of the Fifth Corps. After a severe combat the Fourth Michigan Regiment and parts of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania and Eighteenth and Twenty-second Massachusetts were ordered over under General Griffin. They forced the passage under artillery and infantry fire, scaled the heights, and got possession of five guns of different batteries and a number of small-arms, when, night approaching, the detachment was recalled.

General Pendleton reported the result to general head-quarters, and General Lee ordered General Jackson to send his nearest division back to the ford early in the morning.

A. P. Hill's division was ordered. He was fortunate in approaching the ford (Boteler's) before the Federals had crossed all of their advancing column; formed his brigades in two lines and advanced to attack. General Porter, upon the report of this advance, found that his troops could not get position on the south bank in time to meet this threatening, ordered the troops withdrawn to cover about the canal and adjacent heights, and succeeded in getting most of his men safely back.

General Hill deployed the brigades of Gregg, Thomas, and Pender as his front line, under command of General Gregg. Lane's (Branch's brigade), Archer's, and Brock-enbrough's brigades were of his second line, commanded by General Archer. In this order the division advanced and engaged in a severe struggle. Finding the fight on his front heavy, General Pender called to General Archer for support, and the latter, moving by his left, brought his <long_265>brigade on Pender's left, when the advance was pushed to successful issue. The One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Regiment was thrown into confusion and suffered heavy loss. One of the guns lost the day before was recovered and two hundred prisoners taken. The losses were between two hundred and fifty and three hundred on each side, the Federals losing about twenty more than the Confederates. The Confederate accounts of this affair were overdrawn, but they were reassuring after the severe experience about South Mountain and Sharpsburg.

The Army of Northern Virginia was then marched to the vicinity of Martinsburg, where it remained in repose for several days, then retired to the vicinity of Winchester. The Army of the Potomac concentrated about Harper's Ferry, refitting its supplies and transportation.

We may say of the battle of Sharpsburg that the Confederates foiled every attack that was made, and brought the Army of the Potomac to a stand at night, yet the Federal commander scored a success that was startling.

The commander of the Army of the Potomac reported his strength as 87,164. His estimate of the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia was 97,445. The Confederate commander estimated his own strength for battle at 37,000, and that of his adversary at 90,000.

The Confederates fought all of their men that were on the field, except two brigades of A. P. Hill's division and some of their field batteries.

Of the Federals, the Fifth Corps, except about one brigade of infantry, was not in action; and the Sixth Corps, except Irwin's brigade, seems to have had little serious work.

It is generally conceded that the Federals, in addition to advantage of numbers, had their organizations in hand, were better fed and clothed, and better prepared, therefore, to muster a larger portion of their number for battle. The casualties of the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, <long_266>in the engagements at South Mountain, Cramp-ton's Gap, Maryland Heights, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg, as tabulated in the official report, were 7508.(*). Neither General Jackson's report nor General D. H. Hill's furnishes a detailed account of casualties. The former gives aggregate figures 2438, the latter 3241,- making a grand aggregate of 13,187.(+) None of these reports include the losses of the cavalry command, nor is there a report of them found among the Records.

The Army of Northern Virginia concentrated at and near Fredericktown on the 9th of September, 1862, numbered a trifle over 61,000, all arms. General Lee's estimate of his troops engaged at Sharpsburg was 37,000. This may not include his cavalry arm, conceding which, his force on the field should have been about 41,000. Estimating the cavalry loss at 500, our losses of battle should be 13,687, which leaves 20,000 to be accounted for as lost by severe continuous labor and marches. This, added to the losses in action, makes a grand total of 33,687 lost in the Maryland campaign. The losses from overwork were only temporary. Most of them were back in the ranks within fifteen days after the return to Virginia. But all of these large figures are trifles compared to the lamentable loss of the fruits of devoted service from the Chickahominy campaign to the Potomac.

The casualties of the Union side, reported by official count, were 12,410.

The best tactical moves at Antietam were made by Generals McLaws, A. P. Hill, Gibbon, and Patrick, and Colonels Barlow and Cross. Generals D. H. Hill and Hood were like game-cocks, fighting as long as they could stand, engaging again as soon as strong enough to rise. <long_267>General Toombs and Colonel Benning performed very clever work at the Burnside Bridge. Of Colonel Cooke, the Twenty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, Captain Miller, Sergeant Ellis, and their men of the Washington Artillery, General Lee said, "They were heroic."

General McClellan's plan of the battle was not strong, the handling and execution were less so. Battles by the extreme right and left, divided by a river, gave us the benefit of interior lines, and it was that that saved the Confederate army, for it became manifest early in the day that his reserves were held at the bridge No. 2, which gave us freer use of our inner lines.

Following is a condensed but accurate presentation of the organization of the contending armies in the battle of Sharpsburg and the Maryland campaign:(*)

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMMANDING.

LONGSTREET'S CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

McLAWS'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Lafayette McLaws:—*Kershaw's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. B. Kershaw; 2d S.C., Col. John D. Kennedy; 3d S.C., Col. James D. Nance; 7th S.C., Col. D. Wyatt Aiken and Capt. John S. Hard; 8th S.C., Lieut.-Col. A. J. Hoole. *Cobb's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Howell Cobb, Lieut.-Col. C. C. Sanders, Lieut.-Col. William MacRae; 16th and 24th Ga., Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, 15th N. C. *Semmes's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Paul J. Semmes; 10th Ga., Capt. P. H. Loud; 53d Ga., Lieut.-Col. Thomas Sloan and Capt. S. W. Marshborne; 15th Va., Capt. E. M. Morrison and E. J. Willis; 32d Va., Col. E. B. Montague. *Barksdale's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Barksdale; 13th Miss., Lieut.-Col. Kennon McElroy; 17th Miss., Lieut.-Col. John C. Fiser; 18th Miss., Maj. J. C. Campbell and Lieut.-Col. William H. Luse; 21st Miss., Capt. John Sims and Col. Benjamin G. Humphreys. *Artillery*, Maj. S. P. Hamilton, Col. H. C. Cabell; Manly's (N.C.) battery, Capt. B. C. Manly; Pulaski (Ga.) Art., Capt. J. P. W. Read; Richmond (Fayette) Art., Capt. M. C. Macon; Richmond Howitzers (1st Co.), Capt. E. S. McCarthy; Troup (Ga.) Art., Capt. H. H. Carlton.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Richard H. Anderson:—*Wilcox's Brigade*, Col. Alfred Cumming; 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Ala. *Mahone's Brigade*, Col. William A. Parham; 6th, 12th, 16th, 41st, and 61st Va. *Featherston's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Winfield S. Featherston, Col. Carnot Posey; 12th Miss., 16th Miss., Capt. A. M. Feltus; 19th Miss., 2d Miss. Battn. *Armistead's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Lewis A. Armistead, Col. J. G. Hodges; 9th, 14th, 38th, 53d, and 57th Va. *Pryor's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Roger A. Pryor; 14th Ala., 2d and 8th Fla., 3d Va. *Wright's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. R. Wright; 44th Ala., 3d, 22d, and 48th Ga. *Artillery*, Maj. John S. Saunders; Donaldsonville (La.) Art. (Maurin's battery), Huger's (Va.) battery, Moorman's (Va.) battery, Thompson's (Grimes's) (Va.) battery.

JONES'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. David R. Jones:—*Toombs's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Robert Toombs, Col. Henry L. Benning; 2d Ga., Lieut.-Col. William R. Holmes and Major Skidmore Harris; 15th Ga., Col. W. T. Millican; 17th Ga., Capt. J. A. McGregor; 20th Ga., Col. J. B. Cumming. *Drayton's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Thomas F. Drayton; 50th Ga., Lieut.-Col. F. Kearse; 51st Ga., 15th S. C., Col. W. D. De Saussure. *Pickett's Brigade*, Col. Eppa Hunton, Brig.-Gen. R. B. Garnett; 8th Va., Col. Eppa Hunton; 18th Va., Maj. George C. Cabell; 19th Va., Col. J. B. Strange, Lieut. W. N. Wood, and Capt. J. L. Cochran; 28th Va., Capt. Wingfield; 56th Va., Col. William D. Stuart and Capt. McPhail. *Kemper's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J.L. Kemper; 1st, 7th, 11th, 17th, and 24th Va. *Jenkins's Brigade*, Col. Joseph Walker; 1st S. C. (Vols.), Lieut.-Col. D. Livingston; 2d S. C. Rifles, 5th S. C., Capt. T. C. Beckham; 6th S. C., Lieut.-Col. J. M. Steedman, Capt. E. B. Cantey; 4th S. C. (Battn.), Palmetto (S. C.) Sharpshooters. *Anderson's Brigade*, Col. George T. Anderson; 1st Ga. (Regulars), Col. W. J. Magill; 7th, 8th, and 9th Ga.; 11th Ga., Maj. F. H. Little. *Artillery*, Fauquier (Va.) Art. (Stribling's battery),(*) Loudoun (Va.) Art. (Rogers's battery),(*) Turner (Va.) Art. (Leake's battery),(*) Wise (Va.) Art. (J. S. Brown's battery).

WALKER'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John G. Walker:—*Walker's Brigade*, Col. Van

H. Manning, Col. E. D. Hall; 3d Ark., Capt. John W. Reedy; 27th N. C., Col. J. R. Cooke; 46th N. C., Col. E. D. Hall; 48th N. C., Col. R. C. Hill; 30th Va., French's (Va.) battery, Capt. Thomas B. French. *Ransom's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Robert Ransom, Jr.; 24th N. C., Lieut.-Col. John L. Harris; 25th N. C., Col. H. M. Rutledge; 35th N. C., Col. M. W. Ransom; 49th N. C., Lieut.-Col. Lee M. McAfee; Branch's Field Art. (Va.), Capt. Branch.

HOOD'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John B. Hood:—*Hood's Brigade*, Col. W. T. Wofford; 18th Ga., Lieut.-Col. S. Z. Ruff; Hampton (S. C.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. M. W. Gary; 1st Tex., Lieut.-Col. P. A. Work; 4th Tex., Lieut.-Col. B. F. Carter; 5th Tex., Capt. I. N. M. Turner. *Law's Brigade*, Col. E. M. Law; 4th Ala., Lieut.-Col. O. K. McLemore; 2d Miss., Col. J. M. Stone; 11th Miss., Col. P. F. Liddell; 6th N. C., Maj. Robert F. Webb. *Artillery*, Maj. B. W. Frobel; German Art. (S. C.), Capt. W. K. Bachman; Palmetto Art. (S. C.), Capt. H. R. Garden; Rowan Art. (N. C.), Capt. James Reilly.

EVANS'S BRIGADE, Brig.-Gen. Nathan G. Evans, Col. P. F. Stevens;(+) 17th S. C., Col. F. W. McMaster; 18th S. C., Col. W. H. Wallace; 22d S. C., Lieut.-Col. T. C. Watkins and Maj. M. Hilton; 23d S. C., Capt. S. A. Durham <long_269>and Lieut. E. R. White; Holcombe (S. C.) Legion, Col. P. F. Stevens; Macbeth (S. C.) Art., Capt. R. Boyce.

ARTILLERY:—*Washington* (La.) *Artillery*, Col. J. B. Walton; 1st Co., Capt. C. W. Squires; 2d Co., Capt. J. B. Richardson; 3d Co., Capt. M. B. Miller; 4th Co., Capt. B. F. Eshleman. *Lee's Battalion*, Col. S. D. Lee; Ashland (Va.) Art., Capt. P. Woolfolk, Jr.; Bedford (Va.) Art., Capt. T. C. Jordan; Brooks (S. C.) Art., Lieut. William Elliott; Eu-bank's (Va.) battery, Capt. J. L. Eubank; Madison (La.) Light Art., Capt. (G. V. Moody; Parker's (Va.) battery, Capt. W. W. Parker.

JACKSON'S CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON. EWELL'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. A. R. Lawton, Brig.-Gen. Jubal A. Early:—*Lawton's Brigade*, Col. M. Douglass, Maj. J. H. Lowe, Col. John H. Lamar; 13th and 26th Ga., 31st Ga., Lieut.-Col. J. T. Crowder; 38th, 60th, and 61st Ga. *Early's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Jubal A. Early, Col. William Smith; 13th Va., Capt. F. V. Winston; 25th, 31st, and 44th Va.; 49th Va., Col. William Smith; 52d Va., Col. M. G. Harman; 58th Va. *Trimble's Brigade*, Col. James A. Walker; 15th Ala., Capt. I. B. Feagin; 12th Ga., Capt. Rogers; 21st Ga., Maj. Thomas C. Glover; 21st N. C., Capt. Miller; 1st N. C. Battn.(*). *Hays's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Harry T. Hays; 5th La., 6th La., Col. H. B. Strong; 7th, 8th, and 14th La. *Artillery*;(+) Maj. A. R. Courtney; Charlottesville (Va.) Art. (Carrington's battery), Chesapeake (Md.) Art. (Brown's battery), Courtney (Va.) Art. (Latimer's battery), Johnson's (Va.) battery, La. Guard Art. (D'Aquin's battery), 1st Md. Batt. (Dement's battery), Staunton (Va.) Art. (Balthis's battery).

HILL'S LIGHT DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Ambrose P. Hill:—*Branch's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. Branch, Col. James H. Lane; 7th N.C., 18th N.C., Lieut.-Col. Purdie; 28th, 33d, and 37th N. C. *Gregg's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Maxcy Gregg; 1st S.C. (provisional army), Maj. E. McCrady, Jr., Col. D. H. Hamilton; 1st S.C. Rifles, Lieut.-Col. James M. Perrin; 12th S.C., Col. Dixon Barnes, Lieut.-Col. C. Jones, and Maj. W. H. McCorkle; 13th S.C., Col. O. E.

Edwards; 14th S.C., Lieut.-Col. W. D. Simpson. *Field's Brigade*, Col. Brockenbrough; 40th, 47th, and 55th Va., 22d Va. Battn. *Archer's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. J. Archer, Col. Peter Turney; 5th Ala. Battn., Captain Hooper; 19th Ga., Maj. J. H. Neal and Capt. F. M. Johnston; 1st Tenn. (provisional army), Col. Peter Turney; 7th Tenn., Maj. S. G. Shepard and Lieut. G. A. Howard; 14th Tenn., Lieut.-Col. J. W. Lockert. *Pender's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William D. Pender, Col. R. H. Brewer; 16th N. C., Lieut.-Col. Stowe; 22d N.C., Maj. C. C. Cole; 34th and 38th N.C. *Thomas's Brigade*, Col. Edward L. Thomas; 14th Ga., Col. R. W. Folsom; 35th Ga., 45th Ga., Maj. W. L. Grice; 49th Ga., Lieut.-Col. S. M. Manning. *Artillery*, (++) Maj. R. L. Walker; Branch (N.C.) Art. (A. C. Latham's battery), <long_270>Crenshaw's (Va.) battery, Fredericksburg (Va.) Art. (Braxton's battery), Letcher (Va.) Art. (Davidson's battery), Middlesex (Va.) Art. (Fleet's battery), Pee Dee (S.C.) Art. (McIntosh's battery), Purcell (Va.) Art. (Pegram's battery).

JACKSON'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John R. Jones, Brig.-Gen. W. E. Starke, Col. A. J. Grigsby:—Winder's *Brigade*, Col. A. J. Grigsby, Lieut.-Col. R. D. Gardner (4th Va.), Maj. H. J. Williams; 2d Va., Capt. R. T. Colston; 4th Va., Lieut.-Col. R. D. Gardner; 5th Va., Maj. H. J. Williams; 27th Va., Capt. F. C. Wilson; 33d Va., Capt. Golladay and Lieut. Walton. *Taliaferro's Brigade*, Col. E. T. H. Warren, Col. J. W. Jackson, Col. J. L. Sheffield; 47th and 48th Ala., 10th, 23d, and 37th Va. *Jones's Brigade*, Col. B. T. Johnson, Brig.-Gen. J. R. Jones, Capt. J. E. Penn, Capt. A. C. Page, Capt. R. W. Withers; 21st Va., Capt. A. C. Page; 42d Va., Capt. R. W. Withers; 48th Va., Capt. Chandler; 1st Va. Battn., Lieut. C. A. Davidson. *Starke's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William E. Starke, Col. L. A. Stafford, Col. E. Pendleton; 1st La., Lieut.-Col. M. Nolan; 2d La., Col. J. M. Williams; 9th La., 10th La., Capt. H. D. Monier; 15th La., Coppens's (La.) battalion. *Artillery*, Maj. L. M. Shumaker; Alleghany (Va.) Art. (Carpenter's battery), Brocken-brough's (Md.) battery, Danville (Va.) Art. (Wooding's battery), Hampden (Va.) Art. (Caskie's battery), Lee (Va.) Batt. (Raines's), Rockbridge (Va.) Art. (Poague's battery).

HILL'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Daniel H. Hill :—*Ripley's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Roswell S. Ripley, Col. George Doles; 4th Ga., Col. George Doles; 44th Ga., Capt. Key; 1st N. C., Lieut.-Col. H. A. Brown; 3d N. C., Col. William L. De Rosser. *Rodes's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Rodes; 3d Ala., Col. C. A. Battle; 5th Ala., Maj. E. L. Hobson; 6th Ala., Col. J. B. Gordon; 12th Ala., Col. B. B. Gayle and Lieut.-Col. S. B. Pickens; 26th Ala., Col. E. A. O'Neal. *Garland's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Samuel Garland, Jr., Col. D. K. McRae; 5th N. C., Col. D. K. McRae and Capt. T. M. Garrett; 12th N. C., Capt. S. Snow; 13th N. C., Lieut.-Col. Thomas Ruffin, Jr.; 20th N. C., Col. Alfred Iverson; 23d N. C., Col. D. H. Christie. *Anderson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George B. Anderson, Col. R. T. Bennett; 2d N. C., Col. C. C. Tew and Capt. G. M. Roberts; 4th N. C., Col. Bryan Grimes and Capts. W. T. Marsh and D. P. Latham; 14th N. C., Col. R. T. Bennett; 30th N. C., Col. F. M. Parker and Maj. W. W. Sillers. *Colquitt's Brigade*, Col. A. H. Colquitt; 13th Ala., Col. B. D. Fry; 6th Ga., Lieut.-Col. J. M. Newton; 23d Ga., Col. W. P. Barclay; 27th Ga., Col. L. B. Smith; 28th Ga., Maj. T. Graybill and Capt. N. J. Garrison. *Artillery*, (*) Maj. Pierson;

Hardaway's (Ala.) battery, Capt. R. A. Hardaway; Jeff Davis (Ala.) Art., Capt. J. W. Bondurant; Jones's (Va.) battery, Capt. William B. Jones; King William (Va.) Art., Capt. T. H. Carter.

RESERVE ARTILLERY, Brig.-Gen. William N. Pendleton:—*Brown's Battalion*, (+) Col. J. Thompson Brown; Powhatan Art. (Dance's battery), <long_271>Richmond Howitzers, 2d Co. (Watson's battery), Richmond Howitzers, 3d Co. (Smith's battery), Salem Art. (Hupp's battery), Williamsburg Art. (Coke's battery). *Cutts's Battalion*, (*) Lieut.-Col. A. S. Cutts; Blackshears's (Ga.) battery, Irwin (Ga.) Art. (Lane's battery), Lloyd's (N. C.) battery, Patterson's (Ga.) battery, Ross's (Ga.) battery. *Jones's Battalion*, (*) Maj. H. P. Jones. Morris (Va.) Art. (R. C. M. Page's battery), Orange (Va.) Art. (Peyton's battery), Turner's (Va.) battery, Wimbish's (Va.) battery. *Nelson's Battalion*, Maj. William Nelson; Amherst (Va.) Art. (Kirkpatrick's battery), Fluvanna (Va.) Art. (Ansell's battery), Huckstep's (Va.) battery, Johnson's (Va.) battery, Milledge (Ga.) Art. (Milledge's battery). *Miscellaneous*, Cutshaw's (Va.) battery, Dixie (Va.) Art. (Chapman's battery), Magruder (Va.) Art. (T. J. Page, Jr.'s, battery), Rice's (Va.) battery, Capt. W. H. Rice; Thomas's (Va.) Art. (E. J. Anderson's battery).(+)

CAVALRY, Maj.-Gen. James E. B. Stuart:—*Hampton's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Wade Hampton; 1st N. C., Col. L. S. Baker; 2d S. C., Col. M. C. Butler; 10th Va., Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. P. M. B. Young; Jeff Davis Legion, Lieut.-Col. W. T. Martin. *Lee's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; 1st Va., Lieut.-Col. L. Tiernan Brien; 3d Va., Lieut.-Col. John T. Thornton; 4th Va., Col. William C. Wickham; 5th Va., Col. T. L. Ros-ser; 9th Va. *Robertson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. B. H. Robertson, Col. Thomas T. Munford; 2d Va., Col. T. T. Munford and Lieut.-Col. Burks; 6th Va.; 7th Va., Capt. S. B. Myers; 12th Va., Col. A. W. Harman; 17th Va. Battn.

HORSE ARTILLERY, Capt. John Pelham:—Chew's (Va.) battery, Hart's (S. C.) battery, Pelham's (Va.) battery.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,(++) MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, U. S. ARMY.

GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS:—*Escort*, Capt. James B. McIntyre; Independent Company Oneida (N.Y.) Cav., Capt. Daniel P. Mann; 4th U.S. Cav., Co. A, Lieut. Thomas H. McCormick; 4th U.S. Cav., Co. E, Capt. James B. McIntyre. *Regular Engineer Battalion*, Capt. James C. Duane. *Provost Guard*, Maj. William H. Wood. 2d U.S. Cav., Cos. E, F, H, and K, Capt. George A. Gordon; 8th U.S. Inf., Cos. A, D, F, and G, Capt. Royal T. Frank; 19th U.S. Inf., Co. G, Capt. Edmund L. Smith; 19th U.S. Inf., Co. H, Capt. Henry S. Welton. *Headquarters Guard*, Maj. Granville O. Hailer; 93d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Benjamin C. Butler. *Quartermaster's Guard*, 1st U.S. Cav., Cos. B, C, H, and I, Capt. Marcus A. Reno. <long_272>

FIRST ARMY CORPS,(*) (1) MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER,(+) (2) BRIG-ADIER-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE. *Escort*, 2d N.Y. Cav., Cos. A, B, I, and K, Capt. John E. Naylor.

FIRST DIVISION, (1) Brig.-Gen. Rufus King,(++) (2) Brig.-Gen. John P. Hatch, (§) (3) Brig.-Gen. Abner Doubleday:—*First Brigade*, Col. Walter Phelps, Jr.; 22d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. John McKie, Jr.; 24th N.Y., Capt. John D. O'Brian; 30th

N.Y., Col. William M. Searing; 84th N.Y. (14th Militia), Maj. William H. de Bovoise; 2d U.S. Sharpshooters, Col. Henry A. V. Post. *Second Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Abner Doubleday, (2) Col. William P. Wainwright,(+) (3) Lieut.-Col. J. William Hofmann; 7th Ind., Maj. Ira G. Grover; 76th N.Y., Col. William P. Wainwright, Capt. John W. Young; 95th N.Y., Maj. Edward Pye; 56th Pa., Lieut.-Col. J. William Hofmann, Capt. Frederick Williams. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Marsena R. Patrick; 21st N.Y., Col. William F. Rogers; 23d N.Y., Col. Henry C. Hoffman; 35th N.Y., Col. Newton B. Lord; 80th N.Y. (20th Militia), Lieut.-Col. Theodore B. Gates. *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. John Gibbon; 19th Ind., Col. Solomon Meredith, Lieut.-Col. Alois O. Bachman, Capt. William W. Dudley; 2d Wis., Col. Lucius Fairchild, Lieut.-Col. Thomas S. Allen; 6th Wis., Lieut.-Col. Edward S. Bragg, Maj. Rufus R. Dawes; 7th Wis., Capt. John B. Callis. *Artillery*, Capt. J. Albert Monroe; N. H. Light, First Batt., Lieut. Frederick M. Edgell; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. D., Capt. J. Albert Monroe; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. L, Capt. John A. Reynolds; 4th U.S., Batt. B, Capt. Joseph B. Campbell, Lieut. James Stewart.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. James B. Ricketts:—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Abram Duryea; 97th N.Y., Maj. Charles Northrup; 104th N.Y., Maj. Lewis C. Skinner; 105th N.Y., Col. Howard Carroll; 107th Pa., Capt. James Mac Thomson. *Second Brigade*, (1) Col. William A. Christian, (2) Col. Peter Lyle; 26th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Richard H. Richardson; 94th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Calvin Littlefield; 88th Pa., Lieut.-Col. George W. Gile, Capt. Henry R. Myers; 90th Pa., Col. Peter Lyle, Lieut.-Col. William A. Leech. *Third Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. George L. Hartsuff,(+) (2) Col. Richard Coulter; 16th Me.,(III) Col. Asa W. Wildes; 12th Mass., Maj. Elisha Burbank, Capt. Benjamin F. Cook; 13th Mass., Maj. J. Parker Gould; 83d N.Y. (9th Militia), Lieut.-Col. William Atterbury; 11th Pa., Col. Richard Coulter, Capt. David M. Cook. *Artillery*, 1st Pa. Light, Batt. F, Capt. Ezra W. Matthews; Pa. Light, Batt. C, Capt. James Thompson.

THIRD DIVISION, (1) Brig.-Gen. George G. Meade, (2) Brig.-Gen. Truman Seymour:—*First Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Truman Seymour, (2) Col. R. Biddle Roberts; 1st Pa. Reserves, Col. R. Biddle Roberts, Capt. William C. Talley; 2d Pa. Reserves, Capt. James N. Byrnes; 5th Pa. Reserves, <long_273>Col. Joseph W. Fisher; 6th Pa. Reserves, Col. William Sinclair; 13th Pa. Reserves (1st Rifles), Col. Hugh W. McNeil, Capt. Dennis McGee. *Second Brigade*, Col. Albert L. Magilton; 3d Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. John Clark; 4th Pa. Reserves, Maj. John Nyce; 7th Pa. Reserves, Col. Henry C. Bolinger, Major Chauncey M. Lyman; 8th Pa. Reserves, Maj. Silas M. Baily. *Third Brigade*, (1) Col. Thomas F. Gallagher,(*) (2) Lieut.-Col. Robert Anderson; 9th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Robert Anderson, Capt. Samuel B. Dick; 10th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Adoniram J. Warner, Capt. Jonathan P. Smith; 11th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Samuel M. Jackson; 12th Pa. Reserves, Capt. Richard Gustin. *Artillery*, 1st Pa. Light, Batt. A, Lieut. John G. Simpson; 1st Pa. Light, Batt. B, Capt. James H. Cooper; 1st Pa. Light, Batt. G,(+) Lieut. Frank P. Amsden; 5th U.S., Batt. C, Capt. Dunbar R. Ransom.

SECOND ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER. *Escort*, 6th N.Y. Cav., Co. D,

Capt. Henry W. Lyon; 6th N.Y. Cav., Co. K, Capt. Riley Johnson.

FIRST DIVISION, (1) Maj.-Gen. Israel B. Richardson,(++) (2) Brig.-Gen. John C. Caldwell, (3) Brig.-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock; *First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. John C. Caldwell; 5th N.H., Col. Edward E. Cross; 7th N. Y., Capt. Charles Brestel; 61st and 64th N.Y., Col. Francis C. Barlow, Lieut.-Col. Nelson A. Miles; 81st Pa., Maj. H. Boyd McKeen. *Second Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, (2) Col. John Burke; 29th Mass., Lieut.-Col. Joseph H. Barnes; 63d N.Y., Col. John Burke, Lieut.-Col. Henry Fowler, Maj. Richard C. Bentley, Capt. Joseph O'Neill; 69th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. James Kelly, Maj. James Cavanagh; 88th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Patrick Kelly. *Third Brigade*, Col. John R. Brooke; 2d Del., Capt. David L. Stricker; 52d N.Y., Col. Paul Frank; 57th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Philip J. Parisen, Maj. Alford B. Chapman; 66th N.Y., Capt. Julius Wehle, Lieut.-Col. James H. Bull; 53d Pa., Lieut.-Col. Richards McMichael. *Artillery*, 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. B, Capt. Rufus D. Pettit; 4th U.S., Batts. A and C, Lieut. Evan Thomas.

SECOND DIVISION, (1) Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick,(++) (2) Brig.-Gen. Oliver O. Howard:—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Willis A. Gorman; 15th Mass., Lieut.-Col. John W. Kimball; 1st Minn., Col. Alfred Sully; 34th N.Y., Col. James A. Suiter; 82d N.Y. (2d Militia), Col. Henry W. Hudson; Mass. Sharpshooters, 1st Co., Capt. John Saunders; Minn. Sharpshooters, 2d Co., Capt. William F. Russell. *Second Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Oliver O. Howard, (2) Col. Joshua T. Owen, (3) Col. De Witt C. Baxter; 69th Pa., Col. Joshua T. Owen; 71st Pa., Col. Isaac J. Wistar, Lieut. Richard P. Smith (adjutant), Capt. Enoch E. Lewis; 72d Pa., Col. De Witt C. Baxter; 106th Pa., Col. Turner G. Morehead. *Third Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Napoleon J. T. Dana,(++) (2) Col. Norman J. Hall; 19th Mass., Col. Edward W. Hinks, Lieut.-Col. Arthur F. Devereux; 20th Mass., Col. William R. Lee; 7th Mich., Col. Norman J. Hall, Capt. Charles J. Hunt; <long_274>42d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. George N. Bomford, Maj. James E. Mallon; 59th N.Y., Col. William L. Tidball. *Artillery*, 1st R. I. Light, Batt. A, Capt. John A. Tompkins; 1st U.S., Batt. I, Lieut. George A. Woodruff.

THIRD DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. William H. French:—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Nathan Kimball; 14th Ind., Col. William Harrow; 8th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Franklin Sawyer; 132d Pa., Col. Richard A. Oakford, Lieut.-Col. Vincent M. Wilcox; 7th W. Va., Col. Joseph Snider. *Second Brigade*, Col. Dwight Morris; 14th Conn., Lieut.-Col. Sanford H. Perkins; 108th N.Y., Col. Oliver H. Palmer; 130th Pa., Col. Henry I. Zinn. *Third Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Max Weber,(*) (2) Col. John W. Andrews; 1st Del., Col. John W. Andrews, Lieut.-Col. Oliver H. Hopkinson; 5th Md., Maj. Leopold Blumenberg, Capt. E. F. M. Faehtz; 4th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. John D. McGregor. *Unattached Artillery*, 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. G, Capt. John D. Frank; 1st R.I. Light, Batt. B, Capt. John G. Hazard; 1st R. I. Light, Bat., G, Capt. Charles D. Owen.

FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

FIRST DIVISION,(+) Maj.-Gen. Darius N. Couch :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Charles Devens, Jr.; 7th MASS, Col. David A. Russell; 10th Mass., Col. Henry L. Eustis; 36th N.Y., Col. William H. Browne; 2d R. I, Col. Frank Wheaton.

Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. Albion P. Howe; 62d N. Y, Col. David J. Nevin; 93d Pa., Col. James M. McCarter; 98th Pa., Col. John F. Ballier; 102d Pa., Col. Thomas A. Rowley; 139th Pa.,(++) Col. Frank H. Collier. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. John Cochrane; 65th N. Y, Col. Alexander Shaler; 67th N. Y, Col. Julius W. Adams; 122d N.Y., Col. Silas Titus; 23d Pa., Col. Thomas H. Neill; 61st Pa., Col. George C. Spear; 82d Pa., Col. David H. Williams. *Artillery*, N.Y. Light, 3d Batt.,(sq) Capt. William Stuart; 1st Pa. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Jeremiah McCarthy; 1st Pa. Light, Batt. D, Capt. Michael Hall, 2d U.S., Batt. G, Lieut. John H. Butler.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER. *Escort*,1st Maine Cavalry (detachment), Capt. George J. Summat.

FIRST DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. George W. Morell :—*First Brigade*, Col. James Barnes; 2d Me., Col. Charles W. Roberts; 18th Mass., Lieut.-Col. Joseph Hayes; 22d Mass, Lieut.-Col. William S. Tilton; 1st Mich., Capt. Emory W. Belton; 13th N.Y., Col. Elisha G. Marshall; 25th N. Y, Col. Charles A. Johnson; 118th Pa., Col. Charles M. Prevost; Mass. Sharpshooters, 2d Co., Capt. Lewis E. Wentworth. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Charles Griffin; 2d D. of C, Col. Charles M. Alexander; 9th Mass., Col. Patrick R. Guiney; 32d Mass., Col. Francis J. Parker; 4th Mich., Col. Jonathan W. Childs; 14th N.Y., Col. James McQuade; 62d Pa., Col. Jacob B. Sweitzer. *Third Brigade*, Col. T. B. W. Stockton; 20th Me., <long_275>Col. Adelbert Ames; 16th Mich., Lieut.-Col. Norval E. Welch; 12th N.Y., Capt. William Huson; 17th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Nelson B. Bartram; 44th N.Y., Maj. Freeman Conner; 83d Pa., Capt. Orpheus S. Woodward; Mich. Sharp-shooters, Brady's co., Lieut. Jonas H. Titus, Jr. *Artillery*, Mass. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Augustus P. Martin; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Richard Waterman; 5th U.S., Batt. D, Lieut. Charles E. Hazlett. *Sharp-shooters*, 1st U.S., Capt. John B. Isler.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. George Sykes :—*First Brigade*, Lieut.-Col. Robert C. Buchanan; 3d U.S., Capt. John D. Wilkins; 4th U.S., Capt. Hiram Dryer; 12th U.S., 1st Battn., Capt. Matthew M. Blunt; 12th U.S., 2d Battn., Capt. Thomas M. Anderson; 14th U.S., 1st Battn., Capt. W. Harvey Brown; 14th U.S., 2d Battn., Capt. David B. McKibbin. *Second Brigade*, Maj. Charles S. Lovell; 1st and 6th U.S., Capt. Levi C. Bootes; 2d and 10th U.S., Capt. John S. Poland; 11th U.S., Capt. DeL. Floyd-Jones; 17th U.S., Maj. George L. Andrews. *Third Brigade*, Col. Gouverneur K. Warren; 5th N.Y., Capt. Cleveland Winslow; 19th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. John W. Marshall. *Artillery*, 1st U.S., Batts. E and G, Lieut. Alanson M. Randol; 5th U.S., Batt. I, Capt. Stephen H. Weed; 5th U.S., Batt. K, Lieut. William E. Van Reed.

THIRD DIVISION, (*) Brig.-Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Erastus B. Tyler; 91st Pa., Col. Edgar M Gregory; 126th Pa., Col. James G. Elder; 129th Pa., Col. Jacob G. Frick; 134th Pa., Col. Matthew S. Quay. *Second Brigade*, Col. Peter H. Allabach; 123d Pa., Col. John B. Clark; 131st Pa., Lieut.-Col. William B. Shaut; 133d Pa., Col. Franklin B. Speakman; 155th Pa., Col. Edward J. Allen. *Artillery*, Capt. Lucius N. Robinson; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Almont Barnes; 1st Ohio Light, Batt. L, Capt. Lucius N. Robinson. *Artillery Reserve*, Lieut.-Col. William Hays; 1st Battn. N.Y. Light,

Batt. A, Lieut. Bernhard Wever; 1st Battn. N.Y. Light, Batt. B, Lieut. Alfred von Kleiser; 1st Battn. N.Y. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Robert Langner; 1st Battn. N.Y. Light, Batt. D, Capt. Charles Kusserow; N.Y. Light, 5th Batt., Capt. Elijah D. Taft; 1st U.S., Batt. K, Capt. William M. Graham; 4th U.S., Batt. G, Lieut. Marcus P. Miller.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN. *Escort*, 6th Pa. Cav., Cos. B and G, Capt. Henry P. Muirheid.

FIRST DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Slocum :—*First Brigade*, Col. Alfred T. A. Torbert; 1st N.J., Lieut.-Col. Mark W. Collet; 2d N.J., Col. Samuel L. Buck; 3d N.J., Col. Henry W. Brown; 4th N.J., Col. William B. Hatch. *Second Brigade*, Col. Joseph J. Bartlett; 5th Me., Col. Nathaniel J. Jackson; 16th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Joel J. Seaver; 27th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Alexander D. Adams; 96th Pa., Col. Henry L. Cake. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. John Newton; 18th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. George R. Myers; 31st N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Francis E. Pinto; 32d N.Y., Col. Roderick Matheson; Maj. George F. Lemon; 95th Pa., Col. Gustavus W. Town. Artillery, Capt. Emory Upton; Md. Light, Batt. A, Capt. John W. Wolcott; <long_276>Mass. Light, Batt. A, Capt. Josiah Porter; N.J. Light, Batt. A, Capt. William Hexamer; 2d U.S., Batt. D, Lieut. Edward B. Williston.

SECOND DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. William F. Smith :—*First Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, (*) (2) Col. Amasa Cobb; 6th Me., Col. Hiram Burnham; 43d N.Y., Maj. John Wilson; 49th Pa., Lieut.-Col. William Brisbane; 137th Pa., Col. Henry M. Bossert; 5th Wis., Col. Amasa Cobb. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. W. T. H. Brooks; 2d Vt., Maj. James H. Walbridge; 3d Vt., Col. Breed N. Hyde; 4th Vt., Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Stoughton; 5th Vt., Col. Lewis A. Grant; 6th Vt., Maj. Oscar L. Tuttle. *Third Brigade*, Col. William H. Irwin; 7th Me., Maj. Thomas W. Hyde; 20th N.Y., Col. Ernest von Vegesack; 33d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Joseph W. Corning; 49th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. William C. Al-berger, Maj. George W. Johnson; 77th N.Y., Capt. Nathan S. Babcock. *Artillery*, Capt. Romeyn B. Ayres; Md. Light, Batt. B, Lieut. Theodore J. Vanneman; N.Y. Light, 1st Batt., Capt. Andrew Cowan; 5th U.S., Batt. F, Lieut. Leonard Martin.

NINTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, (+) MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO, (++) BRIGADIER-GENERAL JACOB D. Cox. *Escort*, 1st Me. Cav., Co. G, Capt. Zebulon B. Blethen.

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Orlando B. Willcox :—*First Brigade*, Col. Benjamin C. Christ; 28th Mass., Capt. Andrew P. Carraher; 17th Mich., Col. William H. Withington; 79th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. David Morrison; 50th Pa., Maj. Edward Overton, Capt. William H. Diehl. *Second Brigade*, Col. Thomas Welsh; 8th Mich, Lieut.-Col. Frank Graves, Maj. Ralph Ely; 46th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Joseph Gerhart; 45th Pa., Lieut.-Col. John I. Curtin; 100th Pa., Col. David A. Leckey. *Artillery*, Mass. Light, 8th Batt., Capt. Asa M. Cook; 2d U.S., Batt. E, Lieut. Samuel N. Benjamin.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James Naglee; 2d Md., Lieut.-Col. J. Eugene Duryea; 6th N.H., Col. Simon G. Griffin; 9th N, H., Col. Enoch Q. Fellows; 48th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Joshua K.

Sigfried. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Edward Ferrero; 21st Mass., Col. William S. Clark; 35th Mass., Col. Edward A. Wild, Lieut.-Col. Sumner Carruth; 51st N.Y., Col. Robert B. Potter; 51st Pa., Col. John F. Hartranft. *Artillery*, Pa. Light, Bart. D, Capt. John W. Durell; 4th U.S., Batt. E, Capt. Joseph C. Clark, Jr.

THIRD DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Isaac P. Rodman: (*sq*)—*First Brigade*, Col. Harrison S. Fairchild; 9th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Edgar A. Kimball; 89th N. Y, Maj. Edward Jardine; 103d N.Y., Maj. Benjamin Ringold. *Second Brigade*, Col. Edward Harland; 8th Conn., Lieut.-Col. Hiram Appelman, <long_277>Maj. John E. Ward; 11th Conn., Col. Henry W. Kingsbury; 16th Conn., Col. Francis Beach; 4th R. I., Col. William H. P. Steere, Lieut.-Col. Joseph B. Curtis. *Artillery*, 5th U.S., Batt. A, Lieut. Charles P. Muhlenberg.

KANAWHA DIVISION, (1) Brig.-Gen. Jacob D. Cox, (2) Col. Eliakim P. Scammon. *First Brigade*, (1) Col. Eliakim P. Scammon, (2) Col. Hugh Ewing; 12th Ohio, Col. Carr B. White; 23d Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Rutherford B. Hayes, Maj. James M. Comly; 30th Ohio, Col. Hugh Ewing, Lieut.-Col. Theodore Jones, Maj. George H. Hildt; Ohio Light Art., 1st Batt., Capt. James R. McMullin; Gilmore's co. W. Va. Cav., Lieut. James Abraham; Harrison's co. W. Va. Cav., Lieut. Dennis Delaney. *Second Brigade*, Col. George Crook; 11th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Augustus H. Coleman, Maj. Lyman J. Jackson; 28th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Gottfried Becker; 36th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Melvin Clarke; Schambeck's co. Chicago Dragoons, Capt. Frederick Schambeck; Ky. Light Art., Simmonds's battery, Capt. Seth J. Simmonds. *Unattached*, 6th N.Y. Cav. (8 cos.), Col. Thomas C. Devin; Ohio Cav., 3d Ind. Co., Lieut. Jonas Seamen; 3d U.S. Art., Batts. L and M, Capt. John Edwards, Jr.

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS, (*) (1) MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH K. F. MANSFIELD, (+) (2) BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS. .Escort, 1st Mich. Cav., Co. L, Capt. Melvin Brewer.

FIRST DIVISION, (1) Brig.-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams, (2) Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford, (++) (3) Brig.-Gen. George H. Gordon. *First Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford, (2) Col. Joseph F. Knipe; 5th Conn., Capt. Henry W. Daboll; 10th Me., Col. George L. Beal; 28th N.Y., Capt. William H. H. Mapes; 46th Pa., Col. Joseph F. Knipe, Lieut.-Col. James L. Selfridge; 124th Pa., Col. Joseph W. Hawley, Maj. Isaac L. Halde-man; 125th Pa., Col. Jacob Higgins; 128th Pa., Col. Samuel Croasdale, Lieut.-Col. William W. Hamersly, Maj. Joel B. Wanner. *Third Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. George H. Gordon, (2) Col. Thomas H. Ruger; 27th Ind., Col. Silas Colgrove; 2d Mass., Col. George L. Andrews; 13th N.J., Col. Ezra A. Carman; 107th N.Y., Col. R. B. Van Valkenburgh; Zouaves d'Afrique, (*sq*) Pa.; 3d Wis., Col. Thomas H. Ruger.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. George S. Greene :—*First Brigade*, (1) Lieut.-Col. Hector Tyndale, (++) (2) Maj. Orrin J. Crane; 5th Ohio, Maj. John Collins; 7th Ohio, Maj. Orrin J. Crane, Capt. Frederick A. Seymour; 29th Ohio, (||) Lieut. Theron S. Winship; 66th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Eugene Powell; 28th Pa., Maj. Ario Pardee, Jr. *Second Brigade*, Col. Henry J. Stainrock; 3d Md., Lieut.-Col. Joseph M. Sudsburg; 102d N.Y., <long_278>Lieut.-Col. James C. Lane; 109th Pa., (*) Capt. George E. Seymour; Illth Pa., Maj. Thomas M. Walker.

Third Brigade, (1) Col. William B. Goodrich,(±) (2) Lieut.-Col. Jonathan Austin; 3d Del., Maj. Arthur Maginnis; Purnell Legion, Md., Lieut.-Col. Benjamin L. Simpson; 60th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Charles R. Brundage; 78th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Jonathan Austin, Capt. Henry R. Stagg. *Artillery*, Capt. Clermont L. Best; Me. Light, 4th Batt., Capt. O'Neil W. Robinson; Me. Light, 6th Bart., Capt. Freeman McGilvery; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. M., Capt. George W. Cothran; N.Y. Light, 10th Batt., Capt. John T. Bruen; Pa. Light, Batt. E, Capt. Joseph M. Knap; Pa. Light, Batt. F, Capt. Robert B. Hampton; 4th U. S., Batt. F, Lieut. Edward D. Muhlenberg.

CAVALRY DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Alfred Pleasonton :—*First Brigade*, Maj. Charles J. Whiting; 5th U.S., Capt. Joseph H. McArthur; 6th U. S., Capt. William P. Sanders. *Second Brigade*, Col. John F. Farnsworth; 8th Ill., Maj. William H. Medill; 3d Ind., Maj. George H. Chapman; 1st Mass., Capt. Casper Crowninshield; 8th Pa, Capt. Peter Keenan. *Third Brigade*, Col. Richard H. Rush; 4th Pa., Col. James H. Childs, Lieut.-Col. James K. Kerr; 6th Pa., Lieut.-Col. C. Ross Smith. *Fourth Brigade*, Col. Andrew T. McReynolds; 1st N.Y., Maj. Alonzo W. Adams; 12th Pa., Major James A. Congdon. *Fifth Brigade*, Col. Benj. F. Davis; 8th N.Y., Col. Benjamin F. Davis; 3d Pa., Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Owen. *Artillery*, 2d U.S., Batt. A, Capt. John C. Tidball; 2d U.S., Batts. B and L, Capt. James M. Robertson; 2d U.S., Batt. M. Lieut. Peter C. Hains; 3d U.S., Batts. C and G, Capt. Horatio G. Gibson. *Unattached*, 1st Me. Cav.,(++) Col. Samuel H. Allen; 15th Pa. Cav. (detachment), Col. William J. Palmer.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XX.—Review Of The Maryland Campaign

Confederate Expectations—General Lee's Salutatory to the People of Maryland—
The "Lost Despatch"—McClellan's Movements—Turn in the Tide of War—A
Miracle great as the throwing down of the Walls of Jericho—In Contempt of the
Enemy the Confederate Army was dispersed—Harper's Ferry a "Man-Trap"—
It diverted the Army from the Main Issue—Lee and McClellan compared and
contrasted—Tribute to the Confederate Private Soldier.

<long_279>

FOR conveying to the reader a comprehensive view of the military zodiac at the time we crossed the quiet Potomac, the 5th day of September, 1862, and an understanding of the logical sequence of the events following, something should be added here to the plain narrative of occurrences, and so I undertake a review of the Maryland campaign.

The Army of Northern Virginia was afield without a foe. Its once grand adversary, discomfited under two commanders, had crept into cover of the bulwarks about the national capital. The commercial, social, and blood ties of Maryland inclined her people to the Southern cause. A little way north of the Potomac were inviting fields of food and supplies more plentiful than on the southern side; and the fields for march and manoeuvre, strategy and tactics, were even more inviting than the broad fields of grain and comfortable pasture-lands. Propitious also was the prospect of swelling our ranks by Maryland recruits.

At the head of the army of sixty thousand men encouraged, matured, and disciplined by victory stood the Confederate chief, challenging on its own soil the army that had marched to conquer the Southern capital. On the 7th he pitched his bivouac about Frederick City. On <long_280>the 8th he made his salutatory to the people in these words:

*" HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
" NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, MD., September 8, 1862.*

"TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND:

"It is right that you should know the purpose that brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves. The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties. They have seen with profound indignation their sister State deprived of every right and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and manly protest against this outrage made by the venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt; the government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the

Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak. Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of free-men, and to restore independence and sovereignty to your State. In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled.

"This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned. No constraint upon your free will is intended; no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army, at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all, of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint. This army will respect <long_281>your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

"R. E. LEE,

" General, Commanding."

At this very time the recently displaced commander, General McClellan, reinstated in command, was marching for an opportunity to recover his good name, and the Union cavalry was active and aggressive in work against the Confederates at Poolesville.

On the 9th the Confederate commander organized his plans for the surrounding and capture of Harper's Ferry, and put his army in motion on the 10th. Close upon the heels of the march followed the Army of the Potomac, only twenty-five miles behind the rear of the Confederate army, with the cavalry of the armies in contact. The march of the former was as cautious as that of the latter was venturesome. On the 10th the Union commander was informed of the march of J. G. Walker's brigades up the river from Cheek's Ford. On the 11th his signal service reported the camp across the river at Point of Rocks. On the 12th, at Urbana, he was informed of the combination against Harper's Ferry, and the march towards the Cumberland Valley, and ordered pressing pursuit to force the Confederates to a stand. Under that order General Pleasanton, the Federal cavalry leader, hurried his troops and cleared the way to South Mountain on the 13th. From day to day the Confederates marched their dispersing columns, from day to day the Union columns converged in easy, cautious marches. At noon of the 13th, General Lee's order distributing his forces and a despatch from the Governor of Pennsylvania were handed General McClellan,—the former the celebrated "lost despatch," given on a previous page,—the latter reading as follows:

<long_282>

"HARRISBURG, PA., September 13, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN:

"When may we expect General Reynolds here? Services needed immediately. Longstreet's division is said to have reached Hagerstown last night. Jackson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport to capture Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. We are assembling militia rapidly at Chambersburg. Can we do anything to aid your movements?"

"A. G. CURTIN,

"Governor of Pennsylvania."

This told of the change of march of my brigades from Turner's Pass to Hagerstown, and, with the "lost despatch," revealed that Hill's five brigades were the only troops at the former place.

The same afternoon General McClellan's signal service despatched him that the Union signal station on Maryland Heights had gone down. General Lee's signals failed to connect,

so that General McClellan was better informed of the progress of the Confederate movements than was the Confederate commander. That afternoon the Union army was in hand for battle. The Confederates were dispersed and divided by rivers, and drifting thirty and forty and fifty miles apart. Under similar circumstances General Scott, or General Taylor, or General Worth would have put the columns at the base of South Mountain before night, and would have passed the unguarded gaps before the sun's rays of next morning could have lighted their eastern slopes.

The Union commander claims to have ordered more vigorous pursuit after the "lost despatch" was handed him, but there is nothing to support the claim except his call on General Franklin, and in that he only ordered preparation at Crampton's to await events at Turner's Pass.

General Pleasonton was at Turner's Pass on the afternoon of the 13th, and made a reconnoissance of the ways leading up the east side of the mountain. He was not <long_283>informed of the despatches received by his chief, nor had he any information of Confederate movements except such as he had gleaned in closely following their rear. At daylight of the 14th he led General Cox and the Ninth Corps to attack, and in this manner the battle was opened.

His orders to call the Confederates to a stand did not anticipate the provocation of a general engagement, but a wait for his chief, who rode up about one o'clock. He thought that he was battling against seventeen brigades, while there were but five; and, had the battle been held in wait for McClellan, his well-known habit of careful reconnoissance would have consumed the balance of the day. His last orders for General Franklin directed a wait for Couch's division, which joined him at eight o'clock in the evening. It is difficult to find that a quicker move was given the Union army in consequence of the "lost despatch ;" but one may rather concede General Hill's claim, that in consequence of that despatch the Union army was so delayed as to give the Confederates time to make their way back to the soil of "Old Virginia." Without it, the main column of the Union forces could have marched through Crampton's Pass, and relieved Harper's Ferry on the 14th, but, guided by it, their commander found it important to first guard against the seventeen brigades that should be at Turner's Pass, on the right rear of a column, moving against Crampton's.

The razing of the walls of Jericho by encircling marches of priests and soldiers, at the signal of long-drawn blasts of sacred horns and shouts of the multitude, was scarcely a greater miracle than the transformation of the conquering army of the South into a horde of disordered fugitives before an army that two weeks earlier was flying to cover under its homeward ramparts.

Providence helps those who can avail themselves of <long_284>His tender care, but permits those who will to turn from Him to their own arrogance. That His gracious hand was with the Confederates in their struggles on the Chicka-hominy, and even through the

errors of the Bull Run campaign, cannot be questioned. When, however, in self-confidence, they lost sight of His helping hand, and in contempt of the enemy dispersed the army, they were given up to the reward of vainglory. That the disaster was not overwhelming they have to thank the plodding methods of the Union commander. With as much faith as Captain Joshua, his success would have been as complete.

But for the proper solution of the campaign we must turn again to the condition of the Confederate army when it crossed into Maryland. It was then all that its leaders could ask, and its claim as master of the field was established, but it was worn by severe marches and battles, and in need of rest. Its record before and after shows that, held in hand and refreshed by easy marchings and comfortable supplies, it would have been prepared to maintain its supremacy. The first necessity was a little time to refresh, while the grand object was to draw the enemy from his intrenched lines to free and open battle. These facts carefully observed, the Confederate army would have been assured of its claim and prestige.

In the confusion about Washington incident to the Bull Run campaign, General McClellan was ordered to receive the retreating columns and post them to defend and hold their fortified lines. He had not emerged from the clouds that hung about his untoward campaign in Virginia, but, familiar with the provisions that had been made for defence, he was most available for the service. He had hardly posted the troops and arranged the garrison when he found that the Confederates, instead of moving against his fortifications, had turned the head of their columns north, and were marching to invade Union <long_285>territory. He was quick to discover his opportunity, and, after posting guards for the works about the capital, assumed command of the army and took the field, lest another commander should be assigned. His clouded fame and assumption of authority committed him to early aggressive work. He had nothing to lose, but the world to gain, and that upon the field of battle.

All that the Confederates had to do was to hold the army in hand and draw the enemy to a field wide enough for manoeuvre; then call him to his battle. It is possible that ragged affairs about the mountain passes might have given him safe retreat to his capital, leaving the army of the South afield, a free lance.

It had been arranged that the Southern President should join the troops, and from the head of his victorious army call for recognition. Maryland would have put out some of her resources, and her gallant youth would have helped swell the Southern ranks,—the twenty thousand soldiers who had dropped from the Confederate ranks during the severe marches of the summer would have been with us. Volunteers from all parts of the South would have come, swimming the potomac to find their President and his field-marshal, while Union troops would have been called from Kentucky and Tennessee, and would have left easy march for the Confederate armies of the West to the Ohio River.

Even though the Confederates were not successful, the fall elections were against the Federal administration. With the Southern armies victorious, the results of the contest at the polls would have been so pronounced as to have called for recognition of the Confederacy.

General McClellan wrote General Halleck of the effect, in case of defeat of his army,—

"But if we should be so unfortunate as to meet with defeat, our country is at their mercy."

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So much has been said and written about Harper's Ferry and the surrender of the garrison, that it seems difficult to pass it without notice. In more than one report General McClellan mentioned it as a "shameful" surrender. He had disapproved the position as false, and asked if it could not be given up. Colonel Miles, the commander, who gave his life in its defence, was acting under the following order from the department commander,—viz.:

" BALTIMORE, September 5, 1862.

"COLONEL MILES, HARPER'S FERRY:

"The position on the heights ought to enable you to punish the enemy passing up the road in the direction of Harper's Ferry. Have your wits about you, and do all you can to annoy the rebels should they advance on you. Activity, energy, and decision must be used. You will not abandon Harper's Ferry without defending it to the last extremity.

"JOHN E. WOOL,

"Major- General." (*)

The simple truth is, it was defended to the last extremity. The nearer the approach of the succoring army, the more imperative would have been the demand for action on the part of the Confederate columns, and had battle been forced it could not possibly have resulted in any save one way,—Confederate victory, and an overwhelming one at that.

The position was denounced as a "man-trap," and so it proved to Colonel Miles and his eleven thousand troops, but it was in fact a far more formidable trap for the Confederates, who to seize it sacrificed the fruits of heavy war,—victory in the main battle of the campaign,—and were forced to draw their crippled ranks to homeward defence. General Jackson wanted it till he got possession; then gave it up. General McClellan wanted to give it up before it was taken. After it had been taken <long_287>and given up, he reoccupied it. It was left severely alone in the Gettysburg campaign,—an admission by both sides of its uselessness as a *point d'appui*.

A word in closing about the chiefs opposed in this great campaign. General Lee and General McClellan were both graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The former took the second honor of the class of 1829, the latter the second honor of the class of 1846. Their service in the United States army was as military engineers. In 1854 they were both selected by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis for promotion to the new cavalry regiments as lieutenant-colonel and captain respectively. Their early opportunities, social and educational, were superior. They studiously improved them in youth, and applied them with diligence in after-life. Aspirations leading to the higher walks of social and professional life seem to have been alike controlling forces in the character and career of each. They were not unmindful that physical development was important in support of mental improvement. In moral tone and habits they may be called exemplars. In his service, General Lee's pride was duty to his government and to the army under his command. He loved admiration of the outside world, but these duties better. General McClellan's ambition was not so limited.

In stature General Lee stood five feet ten inches, was of well-developed muscular figure, as trim as a youth, and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. In features he was a model of manly beauty. His teeth were of ivory whiteness; his mouth handsome and expressive of frankness, kindness, and generosity. His nose and chin were full, regular,

strong, and gave his face force and character. 'Twas seldom that he allowed his mind to wander to the days of his childhood, and talk of his father and his early associates, but when he did, he was far more charming than he thought. As a commander he was much of the <long_288>Wellington "*Up-and-at-'em*" style. He found it hard, the enemy in sight, to withhold his blows. With McClellan it was more difficult to strike than to march for the enemy.

General McClellan was of short, stout figure, but was of soldierly presence, graceful, and handsome-featured.

In their mounts neither of the great commanders lost anything of his admirable presence. Both were masters of the science but not of the art of war. Lee was successful in Virginia; McClellan in Maryland.

Unjust criticism has been passed upon the Confederate soldiers in the Maryland campaign, based principally upon the great number of absentees. To those who have spent their lives near the ranks of soldiers and learned from experience that there is a limit to physical endurance, explanation is not called for; to those who look upon the soldier as a machine, not even needing oil to facilitate motive power, I will say, try to put yourselves in the soldiers' places. Another point to be noted was, that in the Confederate ranks there were thousands of soldiers who had been wounded once, twice, and in some instances three times, who in any other service would have been on the pension-rolls at their comfortable homes.

Sickness and weakness that creep into an army from irregular food, collected in the stress of march, were no trifling impediments to the maintenance of our ranks in vigorous form.

When, in mature judgment, the historian builds monuments of words for the leaders of the campaign in Maryland, there will be flowers left for the private soldiers, and for the private soldiers' graves.

The full significance of Sharpsburg to the Federal authorities lay in the fact that they needed a victory on which to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, which President Lincoln had prepared two months before and had held in abeyance under advice of members of his <long_289>Cabinet until the Union arms should win a success. Although this battle was by no means so complete a victory as the President wished, and he was sorely vexed with General McClellan for not pushing it to completion, it was made the most of as a victory, and his Emancipation Proclamation was issued on the 22d of September, five days after the battle. This was one of the decisive political events of the war, and at once put the great struggle outwardly and openly upon the basis where it had before only rested by tacit and covert understanding. If the Southern army had been carefully held in hand, refreshed by easy marches and comfortable supplies, the proclamation could not have found its place in history. On the other hand, the Southern President would have been in Maryland at the head of his army with his manifesto for peace and independence.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXI.—Reorganization And Rest For Both Armies

The Confederates appoint Seven Lieutenant-Generals—The Army of Northern Virginia organized in Corps—General McClellan relieved, and General Burnside appointed Commander of the Army of the Potomac—A Lift for the South—McClellan was growing—Burnside's "Three Grand Divisions"—The Campaign of the Rappahannock—Getting Ready for Fredericksburg—Longstreet occupies Fredericks-burg—The Town called to surrender by General Sumner—Exodus of the Inhabitants under a Threat to shell the Town.

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UNDER an act not long before passed by the Confederate Congress authorizing the appointment of seven

lieutenant-generals, the authorities at Richmond about this time sent commissions to Lieutenant-Generals Longstreet, Polk, Holmes, Hardee, E. K. Smith, Jackson, and Pemberton, and made appointments of a number of major-generals. Under these appointments General Lee organized the Army of Northern Virginia into corps substantially as it subsequently fought the battle of Fredericksburg. (*)

The Confederate army rested along the lines between the Potomac and Winchester till late in October. On the 8th, General Stuart was ordered across to ride around the Union army, then resting about Sharpsburg and Harper's Ferry. His ride caused some excitement among the Union troops, and he got safely to the south side with the loss of a few men slightly wounded, on the 12th. On the 26th, General McClellan marched south and crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge. Jackson was assigned the duty of guarding the passes. I marched south, corresponding with the march of the Army of the Potomac. <long_291>A division crossed at Ashby's Gap to Upperville to look for the head of McClellan's army. He bore farther eastward and marched for Warrenton, where he halted on the 5th of November. The division was withdrawn from Upperville and marched for Culpeper Court-House, arriving at that point at the same time as McClellan's at Warrenton,—W. H. F. Lee's cavalry the day before me. Soon after the return to Culpeper Court-House, Evans's brigade was relieved of duty with the First Corps and ordered south. Hood had a brush with a cavalry force at Manassas Gap, and part of McLaws's division a similar experience at the east end of Chester Gap.

I reached Culpeper Court-House with the divisions of McLaws, R. H. Anderson, and Pickett. Hood's division was ordered behind Robertson River, and Ransom to Madison Court-House, General Jackson with the Second Corps remaining in the Shenandoah Valley, except one division at Chester Gap of the Blue Ridge.

The Washington authorities issued orders on the 5th of November relieving General McClellan of, and assigning General Burnside to, command of the Army of the Potomac. On the 9th the army was put under General Burnside, in due form.

When informed of the change, General Lee expressed regret, as he thought that McClellan could be relied upon to conform to the strictest rules of science in the conduct of war. He had been McClellan's preceptor, they had served together in the engineer corps, and our chief thought that he thoroughly understood the displaced commander. The change was a good lift for the South, however; McClellan was growing, was likely to exhibit far greater powers than he had yet shown, and could not have given us opportunity

to recover the morale lost at Sharpsburg, as did Burnside and Hooker.

General Burnside, soon after assuming command, and while waiting at Warrenton, made a radical change in the <long_292>organization of the army by consolidating the corps into three "Grand Divisions" as follows:

THE RIGHT GRAND DIVISION, GENERAL SUMNER COMMANDING.—Second Army Corps, General D. W. Couch; Ninth Army Corps, General O. B. Wilcox.

CENTRE GRAND DIVISION, GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER COMMANDING.—Third Army Corps, General George Stoneman; Fifth Army Corps, General Daniel Butterfield.

LEFT GRAND DIVISION, GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN COMMANDING.—First Army Corps, General J. F. Reynolds; Sixth Army Corps, General W. F. Smith.

CAVALRY DIVISION.—General Alfred Pleasonton.

Artillery, siege, and field batteries, 370 guns, General Henry J. Hunt, Chief.

At the time of the change of commanders the Confederates were looking for a Federal move north of Culpeper Court-House, and were surveying the ground behind Robertson River for a point of concentration of the two wings to meet that move.

General Burnside, however, promptly planned operations on other lines. He submitted to President Lincoln his proposition to display some force in the direction of Gordonsville as a diversion, while with his main army he would march south, cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and reach by a surprise march ground nearer Richmond than the holdings of the Confederates. This was approved by the President with the suggestion that its success depended upon prompt execution.

On the 15th light began to break upon the Confederates, revealing a move south from Warrenton, but it was not regarded as a radical change from the Orange and Alexandria Railroad line of advance. A battery of artillery was sent with a regiment of infantry to reinforce the Confederate outpost at Fredericksburg under Colonel Ball.

On the 17th information came that the Right Grand Division under General Sumner had marched south, leaving <long_293>the railroad, and General W. H. F. Lee's cavalry was ordered to Fredericksburg.

The next morning I marched with two divisions, Mc-Laws's and Ransom's, the former for Fredericksburg, the latter towards the North Anna. The same day, General Lee ordered a forced reconnoissance by his cavalry to Warrenton, found that the Union army was all on the march towards Fredericksburg, and ordered my other divisions to follow on the 19th.

At the first disclosure he was inclined to move for a position behind the North Anna, as at that time the position behind Fredericksburg appeared a little awkward for the Confederates, but, taking into careful consideration the position of the Union army on the Stafford side, the former appeared the less faulty of the two. Defence behind the Anna would have been stronger, but the advantage of the enemy's attack would also have been enhanced there. Then, too, anticipation of the effect of surprising the enemy in their intended surprise had some influence in favor of Fredericksburg.

The Burnside march was somewhat of the Horace Greeley "On-to-Richmond" *nolens-volens* style, which, if allowed to run on long enough, sometimes gains headway that is troublesome.

General Sumner reached Falmouth on the 17th, and proposed to cross, but his advance was met and forced back by Colonel Bali's command.

I rode with the leading division for Fredericksburg, and was on the heights on the 19th. My head-quarters were there when General Sumner called upon the civil authorities to surrender the city by the following communication:

*" HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
"November 21, 1862.*

"MAYOR AND COMMON COUNCIL OF FREDERICKSBURG:

"GENTLEMEN,—Under cover of the houses of your city shots have been fired upon the troops of my command. Your mills <long_294>and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed bodies in rebellion against the government of the United States. Your railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops. This condition of things must terminate, and, by direction of General Burnside, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon.

"Failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the hour indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, the sick and wounded and aged, etc., which period having expired, I shall proceed to shell the town. Upon obtaining possession of the city, every necessary means will be taken to preserve order and secure the protective operation of the laws and policy of the United States government.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"E. V. SUMNER,

"Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U.S. Army, commanding Right Grand Division." ()*

The officers who received the call, by consent of General Patrick, who delivered it, referred the paper to my head-quarters. I asked the civil authorities to reply that the city would not be used for the purposes complained of, but that neither the town nor the south side of the river could be occupied by the Union army except by force of arms.

General Sumner ordered two batteries into position commanding the town, but in a few hours received the following reply from the mayor:

*" MAYOR'S OFFICE,
"FREDERICKSBURG, November 21, 1862.*

" BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL E. V. SUMNER,

"Commanding U. S. Army:

"SIR,—I have received, at 4.40 o'clock this afternoon, your communication of this date. In it you state that, under cover of the houses of this town, shots have been fired upon the troops of your command; that our mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed bodies in <long_295>rebellion against the government of the United States; that our railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops; that this condition of things must terminate; that, by command of Major-General Burnside, you demand the surrender of this town into your

hands, as the representative of the government of the United States, at or before five o' clock this afternoon; that, failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the town of the women and children, the sick, wounded, and aged, which period having elapsed, you will proceed to shell the town.

"In reply I have to say that this communication did not reach me in time to convene the Council for its consideration, and to furnish a reply by the hour indicated (five P.M.). It was sent to me through the hands of the commanding officer of the Confederate States near this town, to whom it was first delivered, by consent of General Patrick, who bore it from you, as I am informed, and I am authorized by the commander of the Confederate army to say that there was no delay in passing it through his hands to me.

"In regard to the matters complained of by you, the firing of shot upon your troops occurred upon the northern suburbs of the town, and was the act of the military officer commanding the Confederate forces near here, for which matter (neither) the citizens nor civil authorities of this town are responsible. In regard to the other matters of complaint, I am authorized by the latter officer to say that the condition of things therein complained of shall no longer exist; that your troops shall not be fired on from this town; that the mills and manufactories here will not furnish any further supplies of provisions or material for clothing for the Confederate troops, nor will the railroads or other means of transportation here convey supplies from the town to the depots of said troops.

"Outside of the town the civil authorities of Fredericksburg have no control, but I am assured by the military authorities of the Confederate army near here that nothing will be done by them to infringe the conditions herein named as to matters within the town. But the latter authorities inform us that, while their troops will not occupy the town, they will not permit yours to do so.

"You must be aware that there will not be more than three or four hours of daylight within the sixteen hours given by you for the removal of the sick and wounded, the women and children, <long_296>the aged and infirm, from this place; and I have to inform you that, while there is no railroad transportation accessible to the town, because of the interruption thereof by your batteries, all other means of transportation within the town are so limited as to render the removal of the classes of persons spoken of within the time indicated as an utter impossibility.

" I have convened the Council, which will remain in session awaiting any further communications you may have to make.

" Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" M. SLAUGHTER,

" Mayor. "

To this General Sumner responded the same day,—

" MAYOR AND COMMON COUNCIL OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.:

" Your letter of this afternoon is at hand, and, in consideration of your pledges that the acts complained of shall cease, and that your town shall not be occupied by any of the enemy's forces, and your assertion that a lack of transportation renders it impossible to remove the women, children, sick, wounded, and aged, I am authorized to say to you that our batteries will not open upon your town at the hour designated.

"General Patrick will meet a committee or representative from your town to-morrow

morning, at nine o'clock, at the Lacy House.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" E. V. SUMNER,

" Brevet Major- General, U.S. Army, Commanding Division.'

As the inference from the correspondence was that the shelling was only postponed, the people were advised to move with their valuables to some place of safety as soon as possible. Without complaint, those who could, packed their precious effects and moved beyond reach of the threatened storm, but many preferred to remain and encounter the dangers rather than to leave their homes and valuables. The fortitude with which they bore their trials quickened the minds of the soldiers who were there to defend them. One train leaving with women and children was fired upon, making some confusion and dismay among them, but the two or three shells did no other mischief, and the firing ceased.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXII.—Battle Of Fredericksburg.

Description of the Field—Marye's Heights—Position of the Troops of Longstreet's Command—General Jackson called down from Orange Court-House, and Preparations made for a Determined Stand—Signal Guns at Three o'Clock in the Morning announce the Long-Expected Battle—Burnside's Bridge-Builders thrice driven back from their Work—The Crossing finally made by Boats—Federals under Hot Fire enter Fredericksburg—How they obtained their Foothold on the West Bank of the Rappahannock—Gallant Officers and Men—Ninety-seven killed or wounded in the Space of Fifty Yards—General Burnside's Plan of Battle—Strength of the Contending Forces.

<long_297>

McLAW'S division of my corps was posted on the heights in rear of the city, one brigade in the sunken road in front of the Marye mansion, the others extending across the Telegraph road through the wood of Lee's Hill. As the other divisions of the corps came up they were posted, R. H. Anderson on Taylor's Hill; Ransom in reserve, near corps head-quarters; Pickett in the wood, in rear of McLaws's right; Hood at Hamilton's Crossing.

The Federal Grand Divisions under Franklin and Hooker marched on the 18th of November, and on the 19th pitched their camps, the former at Stafford Court-House, and the latter at Hartwood, each about ten miles from Falmouth. A mile and a half above Fredericksburg the Rappahannock cuts through a range of hills, which courses on the north side in a southeasterly direction, nearly parallel, and close to its margin. This range (Stafford Heights) was occupied by the enemy for his batteries of position, one hundred and forty-seven siege guns and long-range field batteries. These heights not only command those of the west, but the entire field and flats opened by the spreading out of the range on the west side. At points, however, they stand so close beside the <long_298>river that the guns on their crest could not be so depressed as to plunge their fire to the water. The heights are cut at points by streamlets and ravines leading into the river, and level up gradually as they approach nearer to the Potomac on its west slope, and towards the sea on the south. The city of Fredericksburg nestles under those heights on the opposite bank. McLaws had a brigade on picket service, extending its guard up and down the banks of the river, in connection with details from R. H. Anderson's division above and Hood's below, the latter meeting Stuart's cavalry vedettes lower down.

At the west end of the ridge where the river cuts through is Taylor's Hill (the Confederate left), which stands at its highest on a level with Stafford Heights. From that point the heights on the south side spread, unfolding a valley about a mile in width, affording a fine view of the city, of the arable fields, and the heights as they recede to the vanishing limits of sight. Next below Taylor's is Marye's Hill, rising to half the elevation of the neighboring heights and dropping back, leaving a plateau of half a mile, and then swelling to the usual altitude of the range. On the plateau is the Marye mansion. Along its base is a sunken road, with retaining walls on either side. That on the east is just breast-high for a man, and just the height convenient for infantry defence and fire. From the top of the breast-work the ground recedes gradually till near the canal, when it drops off three or four feet, leaving space near the canal of a rod or two of level ground. The north end of

the sunken road cuts into the plank or Gordonsville road, which is an extension of Hanover Street from near the heart of the town. At the south end it enters the Telegraph road, extending out from the town limits and up over the third, or Telegraph Hill, called, in its bloody baptismal, "Lee's Hill." An unfinished railroad lies along the Telegraph road as far as the highlands. The Fredericksburg and <long_299>Potomac Railroad lies nearly parallel with the river four miles, and then turns south through the highlands. The old stage road from the city runs about half-way between the river and the railroad four miles, when it turns southwest and crosses the railroad at Hamilton's Crossing. The hamlet of Falmouth, on the north side of the river, was in front of the right centre of the Federal position, half a mile from Fredericksburg.

General Jackson, advised of General Burnside's move to Fredericksburg, drew his corps east of the Blue Ridge as far as Orange Court-House.

Before the end of November it became evident that Fredericksburg was to be our winter station and the scene of a severe battle before it could be relieved. General Lee advised the citizens who still remained in the place (and some who had returned) to remove their effects. Those who had friends found comfortable places of rest, but many took the little that they could get away with, and made their homes in the deep forest till the storm could pass. Still, none complained of the severe ordeal which they were called upon to endure.

Towards the latter part of the month General Jackson was called down and assigned position on the right near Hamilton's Crossing and the Massaponax. He objected to the position, preferring the North Anna, but General Lee had already weighed the matter, and had decided in favor of Fredericksburg. Hood's division, relieved at Hamilton's Crossing, was drawn to my right and stretched across the valley of Deep Run, a little to the rear of Jackson's left and McLaws's right.

Batteries of position were assigned from the reserve artillery along the heights, with orders to cover the guns, by epaulements or pitting them. The work was progressing while the guns were held under cover remote from the enemy's better appointed artillery until the positions were covered by solid banks or good pits. The small field <long_300>pieces were removed for safety to convenient points for field service in case opportunity called for them. The Confederates had three hundred and six guns, including two thirty-pound Parrotts of Richmond make. These were covered by epaulements on Lee's Hill.

On the 1st of December the batteries of reserve artillery were relieved from the First Corps by those of the Washington and Alexander's artillery. Orders were given to examine all lines of approach, and to measure particularly the distance of the crossings of the canal on the Plank and Telegraph roads; to inspect and improve the parapets and pits along the front, and to traverse all batteries not securely covered against the batteries opposite Taylor's Hill, and others within range of our lines, and McLaws was directed to open signal line with his brigade and guards along the river bank.

The day after Jackson joined us several gun-boats were reported in the lower river at Port Royal. D.H. Hill's division was detached with several select batteries to watch and guard at that point against a crossing, should it be attempted, and to engage and try the metal of the gun-boats. After some little practice the boats drew off and dropped downstream; but Hill's division was left near the point in observation with W. H. F. Lee's cavalry. The brigade of cavalry under General Hampton kept careful watch of the fords of the upper Rappahannock. To guard against further encroachments of the gun-boats, a battery was intrenched on the river bank under direction of Major T. M. R. Talcot, of the

general staff. At the river, sharp-shooters, by concealing themselves in the ravines and pits, could escape artillery fire and lie in secure readiness to attack parties engaged in laying bridges. After driving off working parties they were to seek cover till again needed. By such practice they were to delay the bridge-builders till the commands had time to assemble at their points of rendezvous. The narrow, <long_301>deep bed of the stream, a mile away from any point of the Confederate lines where batteries could be planted, and covered as it was by the guns of Stafford Heights, prevented the thought of successful resistance to laying bridges at any point from Falmouth to the extreme left of the Federal line; but the strong ground upon which the Confederates were to accept battle offset the uncomfortable feeling in regard to the crossing of the river.

General Burnside made some show of disposition to cross fourteen miles below, at Skinker's Neck, but that was under guard of D. H. Hill's division, and he saw that his purpose could not be effected. The plan which he finally adopted was to span the river by bridges near the centre and lower limits of the city, and two others a mile below the latter, and just below the mouth of Deep Run, the Right Grand Division to cross by the upper and second bridges, the Left Grand Division by the lower bridges, and the Centre Grand Division to be in position near the others to reinforce their battle.

The stir and excitement about the enemy's camps on the 10th of December, as well as the reports of scouts, gave notice that important movements were pending. Notice was given the commands, and the batteries were ordered to have their animals in harness an hour before daylight of the next morning, and to continue to hitch up daily at that hour until further orders.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 11th the deep boom of a cannon aroused both armies, and a second gun was recognized as the signal for battle. In a few minutes the commands were on the march for their positions. Orders were sent to call D. H. Hill's division and all of the Second Corps to their ground along the woodland over Hamilton's Crossing.

Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians was on picket duty in Fredericksburg at the time; the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Regiments, with the Eighth Florida, of R. H. Anderson's division, <long_302>were on the river line; the other regiments of the brigade and the Third Georgia, of R. H. Anderson's, in reserve.

The first noise made by the enemy's bridge-builders was understood by the picket guards, as was all of their early work of construction, but a heavy mist along the water concealed them from view until their work upon the bridge was well advanced. As soon as the forms of the workmen could be discerned the skirmishers opened fire, which was speedily answered from the other side in efforts to draw the fire from the bridge-builders, but the Confederates limited their attention to the builders till they were driven off, when they ceased firing. Another effort to lay the bridge met a like result. Then a third received the same stormy repulse, when it seemed that all the cannon within a mile of the town turned their concentrating fire of shot and shell upon the buildings of the devoted city, tearing, crushing, bursting, burning their walls with angry desperation that must have been gratifying to spirits deep down below.

Under the failures to lay the bridge, General Hunt suggested that the pontoon-boats be filled with infantry-men, rushed across and landed on the other bank until a sufficient force was in position to protect the bridge-builders. Barksdale had been notified before noon that the army was in position, and that he could withdraw his troops at any moment,

but he preferred his little fight in Fredericksburg. At four o'clock, when the landing was made by the boats, he thought the city safe against artillery practice, and was pleased to hold till night could cover his withdrawal.

Colonel Norman J. Hall, of the Seventh Michigan Regiment, commanded the troops working for a foothold on the west bank. After the several attempts to have the bridge built, he accepted General Hunt's proposition to load the boats and have the men push across. Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter, <long_303>commanding the regiment, volunteered to lead the party. Captain Weymouth, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, proposed to support the move. Under signal for artillery fire to cease, the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter pushed across. Under the best fire the pickets could bring to bear only one man was killed and Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter and several men were wounded. The party of seventy were rushed up the bank, gained position, captured some prisoners, and were soon reinforced. The enemy's fire over the west bank was so sweeping that Barksdale could not reinforce at the point of landing. The Nineteenth Massachusetts was deployed to the right, and the Seventh Michigan to the left. The Twenty-eighth Massachusetts reinforced them. The Twelfth and Fifty-ninth New York and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiments joined the command in the city. Colonel Hall found that he must prepare for some fighting, and speedily, as night was coming on. He sent to the rear to ask for time to prepare and make his fight to suit him, but was hurried on by the division pushing forward to get across the bridge, with orders to secure the streets at all hazards. The Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts had been brought to a stand, when the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts was rushed forward in gallant style. Colonel Hall reported, "Platoon after platoon were swept away, but the head of the column did not falter. Ninety-seven officers and men were killed or wounded in the space of about fifty yards." The eastern part of the town was occupied, and at a late hour of the night the Confederates retired.

As Barksdale's brigade withdrew, he was relieved at the sunken road by the Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiments and Cobb's Georgia Legion, General T. R. R. Cobb in command.

The Third Grand Division had no severe work in laying <long_304>the bridges below Deep Run, and were ready for co-operation some hours in advance of the right.

The Federals occupied the 12th in moving the Right Grand Division into the city by the upper bridges, and the Left Grand Division by the bridges below Deep Creek. One hundred and four guns crossed with the right, one hundred and twenty with the left. The Centre Grand Division was held in reserve. Two divisions of the Third Corps were sent to the lower bridges during the night to support the battle of the left, and were ordered over on the 13th.

The plan of battle by the Federal commander, in brief, was to drive the Confederate right back into the high-lands and follow that success by attacking the Confederate left by his Right Grand Division.

The beginning only of this plan was carried out. The Left Grand Division having duly crossed the river at the lower bridges on the 12th,—the Sixth Corps and Bayard's brigade of cavalry, then the First Corps,—the Sixth deployed two divisions, supported by the third, parallel to the old Richmond road; the First formed at right angles to the Sixth, its right on the left of the Sixth, its left on the river, two divisions on the front line, one in support. The cavalry was sent out to reconnoitre. The entire field of the command was an

open plain between the highlands and the river, traversed by the old Richmond road, which had well-formed embankments and ditches on both sides.

The Federal troops of their left divisions were in full view of the heights (Lee's Hill) occupied by the Confederates; those of the right were concealed by the buildings of Fredericksburg and under the river banks, and their bridges were under the steep also. The two brigades on the right of the Sixth Corps were to the right of Deep Run; the others, of the First and Sixth Corps, on the left. The batteries of the corps were under authority <long_305>of corps commanders. There were but few shots exchanged during the 12th, and these not of great damage.

On the Confederate side the First Corps (Longstreet's) was in position from Taylor's Hill across Deep Run Bottom. The Second Corps was in mass about the wooded heights at Hamilton's Crossing. His cavalry and horse artillery were on his right in the Massaponax Valley. General R. Ransom's division was posted in rear of the left of Marye's Hill; his Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment was advanced to the left of Cobb's line in the sunken road. His brigade under Colonel Cooke was deployed as sharpshooters on the crest of the hill. He was especially charged with looking after the left of Cobb's line. In front of this line and about six hundred yards from it was a canal, or large wet ditch, about four hundred yards out from the city limits. The crossings at the Plank and Telegraph roads had been bridged, and the bridges were ordered wrecked, but were only partially destroyed, the string-pieces being left in place. The corps in position, the Confederate commander prepared to stand and receive battle.

In concluding this account of the confronting armies on the eve of battle, let us glance at their relative strength as expressed in numbers.

The Army of the Potomac, as reported by General Burnside, had on December 10 an "aggregate present for duty" of 132,017 (*) officers and men (not including cavalry). The Army of Northern Virginia was reported by General Lee on the same date to have had an aggregate of 69,391 (+) (not including cavalry).

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXIII.—Battle Of Fredericksburg (Continued).

The Battle-field veiled by a Heavy Fog—Terrific Fighting of the 13th of December—Forlorn Hope of the Federals—General Meade's Division of Franklin's Command makes the First Advance—General French leads against the Confederate Left—Hancock follows—General Cobb killed—The Sunken Road and Stone Wall below Marye's Hill—Desperate Advances and Determined Repulses—Humphreys's Heroic Assault—The Stone Wall "a Sheet of Flame"—General Jackson loses his Opportunity to advance—The Charge of Meade's Divisions compared with that of Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble's Columns at Gettysburg—Forty Per Cent. killed in charging Lines here, and Sixty Per Cent. at Gettysburg—Total Losses—Peace to be declared because Gold had gone to 200—Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia.

<long_306>

ON the morning of the 13th of December the confronting armies, which were destined that day to clash in one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war, stood completely veiled from each other's sight by an impenetrable mist. The entire Confederate army was now for the first time upon the field, for General Jackson had during the night brought up his scattered divisions from down the river.

Before daylight I rode to view my line and troops from right to left. Hood's division on the right was found on the alert, as was the enemy near that point. The voices of the Union officers as they gave their commands were carried to us with almost startling clearness by the heavy fog that covered the field and surroundings. So heavy was this fog that nothing could be seen at a distance of ten or twelve rods, and yet so distinctly were the voices of the officers brought to us that they seemed quite near at hand, and General Hood was looking for assaulting columns against his front. He was told that such move would put the enemy's column in a *cul-de-sac*, and therefore his position was in no danger of attack; that <long_307>the attack would be aimed against Jackson's front; that in case it broke through there he should swing around to his right and take the attacking forces in reverse; that Pickett's division would be ordered to a corresponding move on his left, with the batteries of the two divisions in the plain off the left; that my front would be attacked, but it was safely posted, and not likely to need other than the troops on that ground. Pickett's command was under arms, expecting orders. They were given instructions similar to those just mentioned for Hood. The divisions of McLaws, Ransom, and R. H. Anderson were in readiness, as were all the batteries. But the fog, nothing abated, hung so heavy that not a sight for a cannon-shot was open till a late hour of the morning.

The front of the Second Corps was occupied by A. P. Hill's division, the brigades of Archer, Lane, and Pender on the first line; those of Thomas, Gregg, and Brockenbrough on the second. A third line was occupied by Taliaferro's and Early's divisions. D.H. Hill's division was off to the rear of the right. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker posted a fourteen-gun battery of the division artillery on A. P. Hill's right, and two other field batteries on the plain on his left. Stuart's horse artillery and cavalry were on the plain on the right, in the valley of the Massaponax, supporting the Second Corps.

About 7.45 in the morning General Hardie, of Burnside's staff, reported to General

Franklin that his orders would reach him in a few minutes by the hands of an aide-de-camp. Hardie was ordered to remain near General Franklin's head-quarters. At eight o'clock the order came, and at 8.30 Meade's division moved towards the general direction of Jackson's position.

At ten o'clock the fog lifted and revealed Meade's lines, six batteries on his left and four on his right, Gibbon's division supporting the right and Doubleday's covering the left. The order for the commander of the Left Grand Division <long_308> was to make the advance by at least one division. The divisions of the First Corps were thought to fully meet the terms of the order.

Meade's lines advanced in handsome, solid ranks, leaving heavy reserves of the Sixth Corps and two divisions of the Third that had been called over from the Centre Grand Division. The fire of Stuart's horse artillery against their left caused delay until some of the batteries of the left engaged and drove off the fire. After half an hour's delay the advance was resumed, the batteries thrown to the front to shell the field in search of the Confederate batteries. The latter had been ordered, for the most part, to reserve their fire for infantry. After an hour's heavy artillery practice Meade's march was resumed, and with great vigor, the batteries ploughing the way for the infantry columns. At the same time the fourteen-gun battery of A. P. Hill's right and his left batteries replied with equal spirit and practice, though with unequal metal.

The view of the battle of the enemy's left burst upon us at Lee's Hill, as the mist rolled away under the bright noonday sun. We noted the thin, pale smoke of infantry fire fading in the far away of their left, the heavy clouds rising from the batteries on both sides of the river, the bright armored ranks and banners, and our elevation seemed to draw them so close to us, on their right, that we thought to turn our best guns upon that part of the line, and General Lee authorized the test of their range. Only a few shots were sent when the troops that had been lying concealed in the streets of the city came flying out by both roads in swarms at double time and rushed towards us. Every gun that we had in range opened upon the advancing columns and ploughed their ranks by a fire that would test the nerves of the bravest soldiers. But the battle of the Federal left had the first opening, and calls for first notice.

<long_309>

Under a strong artillery combat Meade marched forward, with Gibbon's division in close support on his right, and Doubleday's farther off on his left. The line encountered Lane's brigade front in a steady, hard fight, and, developing against Archer's left, broke through, forcing the brigades back, encountered Thomas's and Gregg's brigades, threw the latter into confusion, and killed General Gregg. Brockenbrough's and Pender's brigades turned against the penetrating columns and were forced back. Under skilful handling the brigades finally brought the battle to steady work, but Meade's impetuous onward march was bravely made and pressed until three brigades of Early's division were advanced and thrown into action, commanded by Colonels Atkinson, Walker, and Hoke. These, with the combined fire of Hill's broken lines, forced Meade back. Two regiments of Berry's brigade of the Third Corps came to the relief of Meade and were driven back, when Gibbon's division which followed was met, and after severe battle was repulsed. The Confederates made a partial following of the success, beyond the railroad, and until they encountered the fire of the relieving divisions under Birney and Sickles and the reserve batteries. Doubleday's division protected Meade's left as Jackson's right under Taliaferro

partially engaged against them; both encountered loss. Hood got one of his brigades in in time to follow the troops as they retired towards their reserve line. At the first moment of the break on Jackson's lines Pickett rode to Hood and urged that the opportunity anticipated was at hand, but Hood failed to see it in time for effective work. About two P.M. the battle quieted into defensive practice of artillery and sharp-shooters.

The opening against the Confederate left, before referred to, was led by French's division of the Second Corps, about 10.30. The Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiments, Cobb's Georgia Legion, and the <long_310>Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment were in the sunken road, the salient point. On Marye's Hill, back and above, was the Washington Artillery, with nine guns, Ransom's and Cooke's North Carolina brigade in open field, the guns under partial cover, pitted. Other batteries on Taylor's and Lee's Hills posted to this defence as many as twenty guns, holding under range by direct and cross fire the avenues of approach and the open field along Cobb's front.

French's division came in gallant style, but somewhat hurried. He gathered his ranks behind the swell of ground near the canal and moved to the assault. An intervening plank fence gave the troops some trouble in crossing under fire, so that his ranks were not firm after passing it to the attack. Hancock, coming speedily with his division, was better organized and in time to take up the fight as French was obliged to retire. This advance was handsomely maintained, but the galling fire they encountered forced them to open fire. Under this delay their ranks were cut up as rapidly as they had collected at the canal, and when within a hundred yards of the stone wall they were so thinned that they could do nothing but surrender, even if they could leap to the road-bed. But they turned, and the fire naturally slackened, as their hurried steps took them away to their partial cover. The troops behind the stone wall were reinforced during this engagement by two of Cooke's regiments from the hill-top, ordered by General Ransom, and General McLaws ordered part of Kershaw's brigade in on their right.

After Hancock's engagement some minutes passed before arrangements were made for the next. Howard's division had been feeling for a way to get by Cobb's left, when he was called to the front attack, and ordered over the same ground. He arranged his forces with care, and advanced in desperate fight. Under the severe fire of the Confederates his troops were provoked to return fire, and <long_311>during the delay thus caused his ranks were so speedily decimated that they in turn were obliged to return to cover. The Confederate commander, General Cobb, was killed. General Kershaw, with the other regiments of his brigade, was ordered to the front. The Washington Artillery, exhausted of ammunition, was relieved by guns of Alexander's battalion. The change of batteries seemed to give new hope to the assaulting forces. They cheered and put in their best practice of sharpshooters and artillery. The greater part of Alexander's loss occurred while galloping up to his position. General Ransom advanced the other regiments of his brigade to the crest of the hill. At the suggestion of General Lee the brigades of Jenkins and Kemper of Pickett's division were called up and assigned, the former to General McLaws and the latter to General Ransom. A supply of ammunition was sent down to the troops in the road in time to meet the next attack, by Sturgis's division of the Ninth Corps, which made the usual brave fight, and encountered the same damaging results. Getty's division of the Ninth Corps came to his support on the left, but did not engage fiercely, losing less than eight hundred men. Carroll's brigade of Whipple's division, Third Corps, came in on Sturgis's left, but only to brace that part of the fight.

As the troops hurried forward from the streets of the city for the Telegraph road, they came at once under the fire of the long-range guns on Lee's Hill. The thirty-pound Parrotts were particularly effective in having the range and dropping their shells in the midst of the columns as they dashed forward. Frequently commands were broken up by this fire and that of other long-range guns, and sought shelter, as they thought, in the railroad cut, but that point was well marked, and the shots were dropped in, in enfilade fire, with precision, often making wide gaps in their ranks. The siege guns of Stafford Heights gave their especial attention to our <long_312>heavy guns and put their shots over the parapets very often.

One shell buried itself close under the parapet at General Lee's side, as he sat among the officers of his staff, but it failed to explode. Soon after this our big Parrott gun burst into many fragments. It was closely surrounded by General Lee and staff, officers of the First Corps head-quarters, and officers and gunners of the battery, but the explosion caused no other damage than the loss of the gun.

Griffin's division was next ordered to attack, and made the usual desperate struggle. The Confederates meanwhile had accumulated such force in the road that a single division, had it reached that point, would have found its equal in numbers, and of greater vigor, with Ransom at the top of the hill prepared to rush down and join in the *mêlée*. At that hour we could have safely invited one division into our midst, if assured it was to be the last.

The next attack was made by Humphreys's division. Its commander was a man of superior attainments and accomplishments in the walks of civil as well as military life. He measured justly the situation, and arranged his battle in the only order by which success could have been made possible, but he had only two brigades with which to take a position not assailable and held by more than three brigades of superior troops. His troops were new, so that he felt called to personal example as well as skilful handling. He ordered the attack with empty muskets, and led with his brigade commanders, but half-way up towards the goal his men stopped to load and open fire, which neither he nor his officers could prevent, so they were driven back. Then he made a like effort with his other brigade, under special orders from Generals Burnside and Hooker that the point must be carried before night, -and the dew was then falling. (Just then our second big <long_313>Parrott gun went into fragments, but without damage to the men.) The troops that had been driven back from previous attacks joined in trying to persuade Humphreys's men not to go forward. Notwithstanding the discouraging surroundings, he led his men on, encountered the same terrific and death-dealing opposition, and his men retired in greater confusion, going beyond his control to the vicinity of the city before he could get them again in ranks. His account of the last effort is interesting:

"The stone wall was a sheet of flame that enveloped the head and flanks of the column. Officers and men were falling rapidly, and the head of the column was at length brought to a stand when close up to the wall. Up to this time not a shot had been fired by the column, but now some firing began. It lasted but a minute, when, in spite of all our efforts, the column turned and began to retire slowly. I attempted to rally the brigade behind the natural embankment so often mentioned, but the united efforts of General Tyler, myself, our staff, and other officers could not arrest the retiring mass." (*)

At that time there were three brigades behind the stone wall and one regiment of Ransom's brigade. The ranks were four or five deep,—the rear files loading and passing

their guns to the front ranks, so that the volleys by brigade were almost incessant pourings of solid sheets of lead.

Two brigades of Sykes's division, First and Second Regulars, were sent to the front to guard the line. It was some time after nightfall, so that their line could only be distinguished by the blaze of their fire. Some of the batteries and infantry engaged against their fire till night was well advanced.

General Jackson thought to advance against the enemy's left late in the afternoon, but found it so well posted and guarded that he concluded the venture would be too hazardous. He lost his opportunity, failing to follow close upon the repulse of Meade's and Gibbon's divisions. His <long_314>command was massed and well in hand, with an open field for infantry and artillery. He had, including the divisions of Hood and Pickett,—ordered to work with him,—about fifty thousand men. Franklin had, including troops of the Centre Grand Division, about equal force.

The charge of Meade's division has been compared with that of Pickett's, Pettigrew's, and Trimble's at Gettysburg, giving credit of better conduct to the former. The circumstances do not justify the comparison.

When the fog lifted over Meade's advance he was within musket-range of A. P. Hill's division, closely supported on his right by Gibbon's, and guarded on his left by Doubleday's division. On Hill's right was a fourteen-gun battery, on his left eight guns. Meade broke through Hill's division, and with the support of Gibbon forced his way till he encountered part of Ewell's division, when he was forced back in some confusion. Two fresh divisions of the Third Corps came to their relief, and there were as many as fifty thousand men at hand who could have been thrown into the fight. Meade's march to meet his adversary was half a mile,—the troops of both sides fresh and vigorous.

Of the assaulting columns of Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble, only four thousand seven hundred under Pickett were fresh; the entire force of these divisions was only fifteen thousand strong. They had a mile to march over open field before reaching the enemy's line, strengthened by field-works and manned by thrice their numbers. The Confederates at Gettysburg had been fought to exhaustion of men and munitions. They lost about sixty per cent. of the assaulting forces,—Meade about forty. The latter had fresh troops behind him, and more than two hundred guns to cover his rallying lines. The Confederates had nothing behind them but field batteries almost exhausted of ammunition. That Meade made a brave, good fight is beyond question, but he had superior numbers and appointments. At Gettysburg the Confederate assault was <long_315>made against intrenched lines of artillery and infantry, where stood fifty thousand men.

A series of braver, more desperate charges than those hurled against the troops in the sunken road was never known, and the piles and cross-piles of dead marked a field such as I never saw before or since.

Between 1.30 and 2.30 of the afternoon several orders and messages were sent by General Burnside calling on General Franklin to renew the battle of the left. Before 2.30 he received from General Burnside, through his aide-de-camp, Captain Goddard, this despatch:

"Tell General Franklin, with my compliments, that I wish him to make a vigorous attack with his whole force. Our right is hard pressed."

Under ordinary circumstances this would be regarded as a strong order, but Franklin had

gone far enough in his first battle to be convinced that an attack by his "whole force," the other end of the army "hard pressed," would be extremely hazardous. If undertaken and proved disastrous, he could have been made to shoulder the whole responsibility, for a "wish" implies discretion. It is not just to the subordinate to use such language if orders are intended to be imperative. Men bred as soldiers have no fancy for orders that carry want of faith on their face.

The losses at Fredericksburg were as follows: (*)

UNION ARMY.

<u>Organization</u>	<u>Killed</u>	<u>Wounded</u>	<u>Captured</u> or <u>Missing</u>	<u>Total.</u>
Right Grand Division (Sumner)	523	4281	640	5,444
Centre Grand Division (Hooker)	352	2501	502	3,355
Left Grand Division (Franklin)	401	2761	625	3,787
Engineers	8	49	2	59
Artillery Reserves	8	8
Aggregate	1284	9600	1769	12,653

<long_316>

CONFEDERATE ARMY.

<u>Organization</u>	<u>Killed</u>	<u>Wounded</u>	<u>Captured</u> or <u>Missing</u>	<u>Total.</u>
First Army Corps (Longstreet)	251	1516	127	1894
Second Army Corps (Jackson)	344	2545	526	3415
Stuart's Cavalry	13	13
Aggregate	595	4074	653	5322

During the night, before twelve o'clock, a despatch-bearer lost his way and was captured. He had on his person a memorandum of the purpose of General Burnside for renewing the battle against Marye's Hill in the morning. The information was sent up to general head-quarters, and orders were sent General Ransom to intrench his brigade along the crest of the hill. Orders were sent other parts of the line to improve defences and prepare for the next day in ammunition, water, and rations, under conviction that the battle of next day, if made as ordered, would be the last of the Army of the Potomac.

Morning came and passed without serious demonstrations on the part of the enemy. Orders were sent out, however, for renewed efforts to strengthen the position. Colonel Alexander found a point at which he could pit a gun in enfilade position to the swell of ground behind which the enemy assembled his forces before advancing to the charge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Latrobe sunk a gun in similar position for fire across the field of their charges. We were so well prepared that we became anxious before the night of the 14th lest General Burnside would not come again. In the night he drew back to the river, and during the night of the 15th recrossed and sent his troops to their camps.

The stone wall was not thought before the battle a very important element. We assumed that the formidable advance would be made against the troops of McLaws's <long_317> division at Lee's Hill, to turn the position at the sunken road, dislodge my force stationed there, then to occupy the sunken road, and afterwards ascend to the plateau upon which the Marye mansion stands; that this would bring their forces under

cross and direct fire of all of our batteries—short-and long-range guns—in such concentration as to beat them back in bad disorder.

General Hood's failure to meet his orders to make counter to the anticipated attack upon Jackson was reported in the official accounts. As he was high in favor with the authorities, it did not seem prudent to attempt to push the matter, as called for under the ordinary usages of war. "*Bis peccare in bello non liter.*"

General Lee went down to Richmond soon after the battle to propose active operations, and returned with information that gold had advanced to 200 in New York; that the war was over and peace would be announced in sixty days; that it was useless to harass the troops by winter service. As gold had gone well up on the Southern side without bringing peace, it was difficult for soldiers to see the bearing that it could have on the other side; still, we had some trust and hope in the judgment of superiors.

The forces available for battle at Fredericksburg were: Federal (according to General Burnside's report), 116,683; Confederate, 78,000. About fifty thousand of the Union troops were put into battle, and less than twenty thousand of the Confederates were engaged.

The organization of the Confederate army at this time was as follows:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

FIRST CORPS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

McLAWS'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Lafayette McLaws :—*Kershaw's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw; 2d S.C., Col. John D. Kennedy; 2d S.C., Col. James D. Nance, Lieut.-Col. William D. Rutherford, Maj. Robert C. Maffett, Capt. William W. Hance, Capt. John C. Summer, Capt. John K. G. Nance; 7th S.C., Lieut.-Col. Elbert Bland; 8th S.C., <long_318>Capt. E. T. Stackhouse; 5th S.C., Col. W. D. DeSaussure; 3d S.C. Battn., Lieut.-Col. W. G. Rice. *Barksdale's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Barksdale; 13th Miss., Col. J. W. Carter; 17th Miss., Col. John C. Fiser; 18th Miss., Lieut.-Col. W. H. Luse; 21st Miss., Col. Benjamin G. Humphreys. *Cobb's Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, (2) Col. Robert McMillan; 16th Ga., Col. Goode Bryan; 18th Ga., Lieut.-Col. S. Z. Ruff; 24th Ga., Col. Robert McMillan; Cobb Legion; Phillips's Legion, Col. B. F. Cook. *Semmes's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Paul J. Semmes; 10th, 50th, 51st, and 53d Ga. *Artillery*, Col. H. C. Cabell; Manly's (N. c.) battery, Read's (Ga.) battery, Richmond Howitzers (1st), McCarthy's battery; Troup (Ga.) Art. (Carlton's battery).

ANDERSON'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Richard H. Anderson :—*Wilcox's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox; 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Ala. *Mahone's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Mahone; 6th, 12th, 16th, 41st, and 61st Va. *Featherston's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. W. S. Featherston; 12th, 16th, 19th, and 48th Miss. (5 cos.). *Wright's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. R. Wright; 3d (Col. Edward J. Walker), 22d, 48th (Capt. M. R. Hall), and 2d Ga. Battn. (Capt. C. J. Moffett). *Perry's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. E. A. Perry; 2d, 5th, and 8th Fla., Capt. David Lang, Capt. Thomas R. Love. *Artillery*, Donaldsonville (La.) Art., Capt. V. Maurin; Huger's (Va.) battery, Capt. Frank Huger; Lewis's (Va.) battery, Capt. John W. Lewis; Norfolk (Va.) Light Art. Blues, Lieut. William T. Peet.

PICKETT'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. George E. Pickett :—*Garnett's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Richard B. Garnett; 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, and 56th Va. *Armistead's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Lewis A. Armistead; 9th, 14th, 38th, 53d, and 57th Va. *Kemper's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James L. Kemper; 1st, 3d, 7th, 11th, and 24th Va. *Jenkins's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. M.

Jenkins; 1st (Hagood's), 2d (Rifles), 5th, and 6th S. C.; Hampton Legion; Palmetto Sharpshooters. *Corse's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Montgomery D. Corse; 15th, 17th, 30th, and 32d Va. *Artillery*, *Dearing's* (Va.) battery, Fauquier (Va.) Art. (Stribling's battery), Richmond (Fayette) Art. (Macon's battery).

HOOD'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. John B. Hood :—*Law's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. E. M. Law; 4th and 44th Ala.; 6th and 54th N. C. (Col. J. C. S. McDowell); 57th N. C., Col. A. C. Goodwin. *Robertson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. B. Robertson; 3d Ark.; 1st, 4th, and 5th Tex. *Anderson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George T. Anderson; 1st (Regulars), 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th Ga. *Toombs's Brigade*, Col. H. L. Benning; 2d, 15th, 17th, and 20th Ga. *Artillery*, German (S.C.) Art. (Bachman's battery), Palmetto (S. C.) Light Art. (Garden's battery), Rowan (N. C.) Art. (Reilly's battery).

RANSOM'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Robert Ransom, Jr. :—*Ransom's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Robert Ransom, Jr.; 24th, 25th (Lieut.-Col. Samuel C. Bryson), 35th, and 49th N. C.; Branch's (Va.) battery. *Cooke's Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. J. R. Cooke, (2) Col. E. D. Hall; 15th N. C.; 27th N. C, Col. John A. Gilmer, Jr.; 46th N. C, Col. E. D. Hall; 48th N. C., Lieut.-Col. Samuel H. Walkup; Cooper's (Va.) battery.

FIRST CORPS ARTILLERY: (*)—*Washington (La.) Artillery*, Col. J. B. Walton; <long_319>1st Co., Capt. C. W. Squires; 2d Co., Capt. J.B. Richardson; 3d Co., Capt. M. B. Miller; 4th Co., Capt. B. F. Eshleman. *Alexander's Battalion*, Lieut.-Col. E. Porter Alexander; Bedford (Va.) Art., Capt. Tyler C. Jordan; Eubank's (Va.) battery, Capt. J. L. Eubank; Madison Light Art. (La.), Capt. Geo. V. Moody; Parker's (Va.) battery, Capt. William W. Parker; Rhett's (S.c.) battery, Capt. A. B. Rhett; Wool-folk's (Va.) battery, Capt. P. Woolfolk, Jr.

SECOND CORPS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.

D. H. HILL'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Daniel H. Hill :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. R. E. Rodes; 3d, 5th, 6th, 12th, and 26th Ala. *Second (Ripley's) Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George Doles; 4th Ga.; 44th Ga., Col. John B. Estes; 1st and 3d N.C. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. H. Colquitt; 13th Ala.; 6th, 23d, 27th, and 28th Ga. *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Alfred Iverson; 5th, 12th, 20th, and 23d N.C. *Fifth (Ramseur's) Brigade*, Col. Bryan Grimes; 2d, 4th, 14th, and 30th N.C. *Artillery*, Maj. H. P. Jones; Hardaway's (Ala.) battery, Jeff Davis (Ala.) Art. (Bondurant's battery), King William (Va.) Art. (Carter's battery), Morris (Va.) Art. (Page's battery), Orange (Va.) Art. (Fry's battery).

A. P. HILL'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Ambrose P. Hill :—*First (Field's) Brigade*, Col. J. M. Brockenbrough; 40th, 47th (Col. Robert M. Mayo), 55th, and 22d Va. Battn., Lieut.-Col. E. P. Tayloe. *Second Brigade*, (1). Brig.-Gen. Maxey Gregg, (2) Col. D. H. Hamilton; 1st S.C. (P. A.), Col. D. H. Hamilton; 1st S.C. Rifles; 12th, 13th, and 14th S.C. (Col. Samuel McGowan). *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. E. L. Thomas; 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Ga. *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Lane; 7th N. C., Lieut.-Col. J. L. Hill; 18th N. C., Col. Thomas J. Purdie; 28th N. C., Col. S. D. Lowe; 33d N. C., Col. Clark M. Avery; 37th N. C., Col. W. M. Barbour. *Fifth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. J. Archer; 5th Ala. Battn., Maj. A. S. Van de Graaff, Capt. S. D. Stewart; 19th Ga., Lieut.-Col. A. J. Hutchins; 1st Tenn. (Pro. Army), Col. Peter Turney, Lieut.-Col. N.J. George, Capt. M. Turney, Capt. H. J. Hawkins; 7th Tenn., Col. John F. Goodner; 14th Tenn., Lieut.-Col. J. W. Lockert. *Sixth Brigade*, (1) Brig.-Gen. William D. Pender, (2) Col. A.M. Scales; 13th N. C., Col. A.M. Scales; 16th N. C., Col. John S. McElroy; 22d N. C., Maj. Christopher C. Cole; 34th and 38th N.C. *Artillery*, Lieut.-Col. R. L. Walker; Branch (N. C.) Art., Lieut. J. R. Potts; Crenshaw (Va.)

Batt., Lieut. J. Ellett; Fredericksburg (Va.) Art., Lieut. E. A. Marye; Johnson's (Va.) battery, Lieut. V. J. Clutter; Letcher (Va.) Art., Capt. G. Davidson; Pee Dee (S.c.) Art., Capt. D. G. McIntosh; Purcell (Va.) Art., Capt. W. J. Pegram.

EWELL'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Jubal A. Early :—*Lawton's Brigade*, (1) Col. E. N. Atkinson, (2) Col. C. A. Evans; 13th Ga., Col. J. M. Smith; 26th Ga., Capt. B. F. Grace; 31st Ga., Col. C. A. Evans; 38th Ga., Capt. William L. McLeod; 60th Ga., Col. W. H. Stiles; 61st Ga., Col. J. H. Lamar, Maj. C. W. McArthur. *Trimble's Brigade*, Col. R. F. Hoke; 15th Ala.; 12th Ga.; 21st Ga., Lieut.-Col. Thomas W. Hooper; 21st N. C. and 1st N.C. Battn. *Early's Brigade*, Col. J. A. Walker; 13th Va., Lieut.-Col. J. B. Terrill; 25th, 31st, 44th, 49th, 52d, and 58th Va. *Hays's (1st La.) Brigade*, Gen. Harry T. Hays; 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th La. *Artillery*, Capt. J. W. Latimer; Charlottesville (Va.) Art., Capt. J. McD. Carrington; Chesapeake (Md.) Art., Lieut. John E. Plater; Courtney (Va.) Art., Lieut. W. A. Tanner; 1st Md. Batt., Capt. William F. Dement; La. Guard Art., Capt. Louis E. D'Aquin; Staunton (Va.) Art., Lieut. Asher W. Garber.

JACKSON'S DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. William B. Taliaferro :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. E. F. Paxton; 2d Va., Capt. J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Va., Lieut.-Col. R. D. Gardner, Maj. William Terry ; 5th Va., Lieut.-Col. H. J. Williams; 27th Va., Lieut.-Col. J. K. Edmondson; 33d Va., Col. Edwin G. Lee. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. R. Jones; 21st, 42d, and 48th Va.; 1st Va. Battn. *Third (Taliaferro's) Brigade*, Col. E. T. H. Warren; 47th Ala., Capt. James M. Campbell; 48th Ala., Capt. C. B. St. John; 10th Va., Capt. W. B. Yancey; 23d Va., Capt. A. J. Richardson; 37th Va., Col. T. V. Williams. *Fourth (Starke's) Brigade*, Col. Edmund Pendleton; 1st La. (Vols.), Lieut.-Col. M. Nolan; 2d La., Maj. M. A. Grogan; 10th La., Maj. John M. Legett; 14th La., Capt. H. M. Verlander; 15th La., Lieut.-Col. MeG. Goodwyn; Coppens's (La.) Battn. *Artillery*, Capt. J. B. Brockenbrough; Carpenter's (Va.) battery, Lieut. George McKendree; Danville (Va.) Art., Capt. G. W. Wooding; Hampden (Va.) Art., Capt. W. H. Caskie; Lee (Va.) Art., Lieut. C. W. Statham; Lusk's (Va.) battery.

RESERVE ARTILLERY,(*) Brig.-Gen. W. N. Pendleton :—*Brown's Battalion*, Col. J. Thompson Brown; Brooke's (Va.) battery, Dance's battery, Powhatan Art., Hupp's battery, Salem Art., Poague's (Va.) battery, Rockbridge Art., Smith's battery, 3d Howitzers; Watson's battery, 2d Howitzers. *Cutts's (Ga.) Battalion*, Lane's battery, Patterson's battery, Ross's battery, Capt. H. M. Ross. *Nelson's Battalion*, Maj. William Nelson; Kirkpatrick's (Va.) battery, Amherst Art.; Massie's (Va.) battery, Fluvanna Art.; Milledge's (Ga.) battery. *Miscellaneous Batteries*, Ells's (Ga.) battery; Nelson's (Va.) battery, Hanover Art., Capt. G. W. Nelson; Breathed (Va.) battery, J. Breathed; Chew's (Va.) battery, R. P. Chew; Hart's (S.C.) battery, J.F. Hart; Henry's (Va.) battery, M. W. Henry; Moorman's (Va.) battery, M. N. Moorman.

CAVALRY,(+) Maj.-Gen. James E. B. Stuart :—*First Brigade*,(++) Brig.-Gen. Wade Hampton; 1st N. C., Col. L. S. Baker; 1st S.C., Col. J. L. Black; 2d S.C., Col. M. C. Butler; Cobb (Ga.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. P.M. B. Young; Phillips's (Ga.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. William W. Rich. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; 1st Va., Col. James H. Drake; 2d Va., Col. Thomas T. Munford; 3d Va., Col. T. H. Owen; 4th Va., Col. William C. Wickham; 5th Va. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. W. H. F. Lee; <long_321>2d N. C., Col. S. Williams; 9th Va., Col. R. L. T. Beale; 10th Va., Col. J. Lucius Davis; 13th Va., Col. J. R. Chambliss, Jr.; 15th Va., Col. William B. Ball. *Fourth Brigade*,(*) Brig.-Gen. W. E. Jones; 6th Va., Col. John S. Green; 7th Va., Col. R. H. Dulany; 12th Va., Col. A. W.

Harman; 17th (Va.) Battn., Lieut.-Col. O. R. Funsten; White's (Va.) Battn., Maj. E. V. White.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXIV.—Preparing For The Spring Of '63.

Burnside's Abortive Moves—The "Mud March"—General Hooker supersedes Burnside—The Confederates strengthen their Position for the Winter—Longstreet ordered to Petersburg—Secretary of War Seddon and the Author talk of General Grant and the Confederate Situation on the Mississippi and in the West—Longstreet makes a Radical Proposition for Confederate Concentration in Tennessee, thus to compel Grant to abandon Vicksburg—The Skilful Use of Interior Lines the Only Way of equalizing the Contest—Battle of Chancellorsville, Lee's Brilliant Achievement—Criticism—Death of "Stonewall" Jackson—The Resolve to march Northward—The Army reorganized in Three Corps—Ewell and A. P. Hill appointed Lieutenant-Generals.

<long_322>

BEFORE we were fully settled in our winter quarters, and when just beginning to enjoy our camp theatricals, we heard that General Burnside was looking for another crossing by the lower Rappahannock. We were not greatly concerned about that, however, as we thought the quicksands along the flats, made especially protective by the winter rains, would so delay his march as to allow us ample time to prepare for him. But the Washington authorities having received reports of it through some of the superior officers of the Army of the Potomac, the march was arrested by orders of the War Department.

Another move was set on foot a few weeks later, at a time when General Lee happened to be in Richmond. The information was forwarded to him and the army ordered under arms, prepared to take the field. A few weeks before, General Burnside had ordered material to be hauled to the point below, which he had chosen when preparing for his crossing that had been arrested by the War Department. When we found that his army was in motion,

General Jackson insisted that the crossing would be made <long_323>below, and proposed to march his corps down to meet it. He was told that the neck of land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock was so interlaced with wet-weather streams and ravines that the route leading below was not practicable at that season; that the quicksands on the flats of the west side were formidable obstacles to the march of an army; that the only possible route for crossing the river was by the fords of the highlands, and that he must hold his troops ready to move accordingly. He was not satisfied with the refusal to accept his construction of the enemy's purpose, and demurred against authority less than General Lee's, but found that the order must be obeyed.

Not many hours after the report came, the noise of the army working through the mud was distinctly heard by my picket guards along the upper river. Some of the guards called out derisively, offering help to get the batteries through the mud if they could only be assured that the army would cross. The bottomless roads and severe weather broke up the campaign, and the move back to camp was reported to me before the Confederates marched from their camps. This effort, called by Burnside's soldiers "The Mud March," was followed by the assignment of General Hooker to command of the Army of the Potomac.

Long and close study of the field from the Potomac to the James River, and the

experiences of former campaigns, made it clear that the Army of the Potomac had been drawn into a false position, and it became manifest that there were but two moves left open for its spring campaign,—first, by crossing the upper fords of the Rappahannock; secondly, by detaching forces to the south side of the James, and by that route moving against Richmond.

To guard against the former I laid out lines for field-works and rifle-pits covering all approaches by the upper <long_324>fords as far as the road leading from United States Ford. From that point the line broke to the rear, crossing the Plank road and extending back half a mile to command the road from Chancellorsville to Spottsylvania Court-House. When the lines for these works were well marked, I was ordered, with the divisions of Hood and Pickett and Dearing's and Henry's artillery battalions, to the south side near Petersburg, to be in position to meet the latter move, leaving the divisions of McLaws and R. H. Anderson to finish the work on the lines of defence.

After passing to the south side of James River, assigning the troops to points of observation near Blackwater River, and establishing head-quarters at Petersburg, I learned that there was a goodly supply of produce along the east coast of Virginia and North Carolina, inside the military lines of the Federal forces. To collect and transport this to accessible points for the Confederates, it was necessary to advance our divisions so as to cover the country, and to hold the Federal forces in and about their fortified positions while our trains were at work. To that end I moved with the troops in Virginia across the Blackwater to close lines about the forts around Suffolk, and ordered the troops along our line in North Carolina to a like advance. The movements were executed without serious trouble, and the work was prosecuted up to the time of my recall by General Lee.

While lying near Suffolk a couple of young men dressed as citizens entered my tent one night with letters from Secretary of War Seddon, recommending them as trustworthy and efficient scouts. They were sent off through the swamp to find their way to Norfolk and southward to report of roads or routes for our troops in case we should wish to make a détour for the capture of Suffolk. One of them, Harrison, proved to be an active, intelligent, enterprising scout, and was retained in service.

The accounts that we gained indicated that Suffolk <long_325>could be turned and captured with little loss, but as we had given it up the year before as untenable, and were liable to be called upon at any moment to give it up again, it appeared that the "cost of the whistle" would be too high.

The only occurrence of serious moment while we had our forces about Suffolk was the loss of Captain Stribling's battery, which had been inadvertently posted by the officer in charge of the artillery on a neck running out into a bend of the Nansemond River. The Federal gun-boats, seeing the opportunity, came into the river and took positions commanding the ground in rear of the battery so as to sweep the field against all succoring parties, while a direct attack was made upon the battery, resulting in its capture.

About this time the soldiers on both sides had considerable amusement over a Federal signal station that was inside our lines as we had laid them. The Union troops had some time previously trimmed up a tall pine-tree and built near the top a platform for use as a signal station, and, coming upon this, to gratify his curiosity a Confederate soldier climbed to the staging and seated himself for a leisurely view of the Federal forces inside their works. An artillerist of the other side, after allowing sufficient time to satisfy a reasonable curiosity, trained one of his rifle guns upon the platform, and sent a shell

screaming and bursting too near for the comfort of the "man up a tree." As he did not care to be seen in precipitate retreat, he thought to wait a little, but a second shot admonished him that hurry, if less graceful, might be more wise than deliberate retreat. Acting under pressure of the situation, his legs, to the amusement of the men on both sides, soon brought him to safe cover. When night closed in over the belligerents this soldier went to work on a scheme by which he hoped to get even with the Yankees. He carefully constructed and equipped a full-sized man, <long_326>dressed in a new suit of improved "butternut" (*) dry-goods, and, in due form christening him "Julius Cæsar," took him to the platform, adjusted him to graceful position, and made him secure to the framework by strong cords. A little after sunrise "Julius Cæsar" was discovered by some of the Federal battery officers, who prepared for the target,—so inviting to skilful practice. The new soldier sat under the hot fire with irritating indifference until the Confederates, not able to restrain their hilarity, exposed the joke by calling for "three cheers for Julius Cæsar." The other side quickly recognized the situation, and good-naturedly added to ours their cheers for the old hero.

About the 28th day of April the Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, took up its march for the fords of the upper Rappahannock to cross against General Lee at Fredericksburg. At the same time General Grant crossed the Mississippi below Vicksburg, marched against General Pemberton's army in Mississippi, and was driving it back upon its fortifications about Vicksburg.

When General Hooker's movements were so developed as to make sure of his purpose, repeated calls came to me over the wires to pull away from Suffolk and return to General Lee with all speed. These came from General Lee, and also from the Richmond authorities. In reply I despatched that our trains were at the front along the coast collecting supplies; that they would be hurried to our rear, and as soon as safe we would march. The calls became so frequent and urgent, however, that I inquired if we should abandon our trains. To this no answer came; and I was left to the exercise of my own judgment.

As soon as the trains were safely back, we drew off, marched back to the Blackwater, and thence *en route* for <long_327>Richmond and Fredericksburg. Before we reached the former place a telegram came announcing the great battle and victory of Chancellorsville.

Passing through Richmond, I called to report to Secretary of War Seddon, who referred to affairs in Mississippi, stating that the department was trying to collect an army at Jackson, under General Joseph E. Johnston, sufficient to push Grant away from his circling lines about Vicksburg. He spoke of the difficulty of feeding as well as collecting an army of that magnitude in Mississippi, and asked my views.

The Union army under General Rosecrans was then facing the Confederate army under General Bragg in Tennessee, at Murfreesboro' and Shelbyville.

I thought that General Grant had better facilities for collecting supplies and reinforcements on his new lines, and suggested that the only prospect of relieving Vicksburg that occurred to me was to send General Johnston and his troops about Jackson to reinforce General Bragg's army; at the same time the two divisions of my command, then marching to join General Lee, to the same point; that the commands moving on converging lines could have rapid transit and be thrown in overwhelming numbers on Rosecrans before he could have help, break up his army, and march for Cincinnati and the Ohio River; that Grant's was the only army that could be drawn to meet this move, and

that the move must, therefore, relieve Vicksburg.

It was manifest before the war was accepted that the only way to equalize the contest was by skilful use of our interior lines, and this was so impressed by two years' experience that it seemed time to force it upon the Richmond authorities. But foreign intervention was the ruling idea with the President, and he preferred that as the easiest solution of all problems.

The only objection offered by the Secretary was that <long_328>Grant was such an obstinate fellow that he could only be induced to quit Vicksburg by terribly hard knocks.

On the contrary, I claimed that *he was a soldier*, and would obey the calls of his government, but was not lightly to be driven from his purpose.

My march was continued, and we joined General Lee at Fredericksburg, where I found him in sadness, notwithstanding that he was contemplating his great achievement and brilliant victory of Chancellorsville, for he had met with great loss as well as great gains. The battle had cost heavily of his army, but his grief was over the severe wounding of his great lieutenant, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the head of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia; cut off, too, at a moment so much needed to finish his work in the battle so handsomely begun. With a brave heart, however, General Lee was getting his ranks together, and putting them in condition for other useful work.

At the time of the battle of Chancellorsville the Army of the Potomac, according to its return of a few days before, consisted of officers and men actually available for line of battle, 113,838, with 404 pieces of artillery. (*) The return of casualties showed the enormous loss of 17,287. Returns of the Army of Northern Virginia for March, 1863, showed an effective aggregate of 59,681 ;(+) batteries in action, about 160 guns. To this may possibly be added one thousand of troops returning during April in time for the battle. The casualties reported by the medical director numbered 10,281, but reports of the commanders showed over 12,000, not including artillery or cavalry, or slightly wounded and missing, which would probably add another thousand.

Chancellorsville is usually accepted as General Lee's most brilliant achievement, and, considered as an independent <long_329>affair, it was certainly grand. As I had no part in its active conduct, it is only apropos to this writing to consider the plan of battle as projected some four months previous,—i.e., to stand behind our intrenched lines and await the return of my troops from Suffolk.

Under that plan General Lee would have had time to strengthen and improve his trenches, while Hooker was intrenching at Chancellorsville. He could have held his army solid behind his lines, where his men would have done more work on the unfinished lines in a day than in months of idle camp life.

General Hooker had split his army in two, and was virtually in the condition which President Lincoln afterwards so graphically described in his letter addressed to him June 5 following,—viz.:

"I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or to kick the other.' "

My impression was, and is, that General Lee, standing under his trenches, would have been stronger against Hooker than he was in December against Burnside, and that he would have grown stronger every hour of delay, while Hooker would have grown weaker in morale and in confidence of his plan and the confidence of his troops. He had interior

lines for defence, while his adversary was divided by two crossings of the river, which made Lee's sixty thousand for defence about equal to the one hundred and thirteen thousand under General Hooker. By the time that the divisions of Pickett and Hood could have joined General Lee, General Hooker would have found that he must march to attack or make a retreat without battle. It seems probable that under the original plan the battle would have given fruits worthy of a general engagement. The Confederates would then have had <long_330>opportunity, and have been in condition to so follow Hooker as to have compelled his retirement to Washington, and that advantage might have drawn Grant from Vicksburg; whereas General Lee was actually so crippled by his victory that he was a full month restoring his army to condition to take the field. In defensive warfare he was perfect. When the hunt was up, his combativeness was overruling.

It was probably a mistake to draw McLaws away from his position at Marye's Hill, where he and Ransom had successfully held against six or seven severe attacks of the Burnside battle, with three brigades, two of his own and one of Ransom's. General Early was assigned to that position with five brigades. He was attacked by about one-fourth the number of McLaws's assailants, the position was carried, and Early was driven off in confusion, losing, besides large numbers as prisoners, many pieces of artillery. His especial assignment was to defend the Plank road against the enemy's march to attack General Lee's rear. Instead, he retreated by the Telegraph road, leaving the Plank road free for the enemy. After driving Early off, the enemy marched by the Plank road, and Early marched back to his late position at Marye's Hill. So General Lee was obliged to take McLaws and Anderson from his battle at Chancellorsville to drive back the force threatening his rear.

The battle as pitched and as an independent affair was brilliant, and if the war was for glory could be called successful, but, besides putting the cause upon the hazard of a die, it was crippling in resources and of future progress, while the wait of a few days would have given time for concentration and opportunities against Hooker more effective than we experienced with Burnside at Fredericksburg. This was one of the occasions where success was not a just criterion.

After reporting to General Lee, I offered the suggestions <long_331>made to Secretary Seddon, in regard to the means that should be adopted for the relief of Vicksburg. I thought that honor, interest, duty, and humanity called us to that service, and asked the aid of his counsels with the War Department, and reinforcements from his army for the West, to that end. I suggested that General Johnston, instead of trying to collect an army against General Grant, should be sent to reinforce General Bragg, then standing against the Union forces under General Rosecrans in Middle Tennessee; that at the same time he should send my divisions, just up from Suffolk, to join Johnston's reinforcements to Bragg's army; that the combination once made should strike immediately in overwhelming force upon Rosecrans, and march for the Ohio River and Cincinnati.

He recognized the suggestion as of good combination, and giving strong assurance of success, but he was averse to having a part of his army so far beyond his reach. He reflected over the matter one or two days, and then fell upon the plan of invading the Northern soil, and so threatening Washington as to bring about the same hoped-for result. To that end he bent his energies.

His plan or wishes announced, it became useless and improper to offer suggestions leading to a different course. All that I could ask was that the policy of the campaign

should be one of defensive tactics; that we should work so as to force the enemy to attack us, in such good position as we might find in his own country, so well adapted to that purpose,—which might assure us of a grand triumph. To this he readily assented as an important and material adjunct to his general plan. His confidence in making moves threatening Washington and the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania grew out of the known anxiety of the Washington authorities as to the safety of their capital and of quiet within the Union lines.

In the midst of his work of preparation came the announcement <long_332>that General Jackson's trouble had taken an unfortunate turn, that he was thought to be sinking, and not many hours after that the news came that he had gone to rest. But the full realization of all that this meant was delayed until, at the railroad station, the train that was to bear his remains to their final resting-place started upon its sad journey. Then officers and soldiers gathered to do last honors to their dead comrade and chieftain seemed suddenly to realize that they were to see "Stonewall" Jackson no more forever, and fully to measure the great misfortune that had come upon them. And as we turned away, we seemed to face a future bereft of much of its hopefulness.

General Jackson's death suggested to General Lee a reorganization of his army into three corps, and R. S. Ewell and A. P. Hill, appointed lieutenant-generals, were assigned to the Second and Third respectively.

As the senior major-general of the army, and by reason of distinguished services and ability, General Ewell was entitled to the command of the Second Corps, but there were other major-generals of rank next below Ewell whose services were such as to give them claims next after Ewell's, so that when they found themselves neglected there was no little discontent, and the fact that both the new lieutenant-generals were Virginians made the trouble more grievous.(*). Afterwards, when Early, noted as the weakest general officer of the Army of Northern Virginia, was appointed lieutenant-general over those who held higher rank than he, there was a more serious feeling of "too much Virginia." Longstreet and Jackson had been assigned by General Johnston.

In our anxious hours and hopeful anticipations the little <long_333>quarrel was soon lost sight of,—displaced by affairs of greater moment. Reaction began to show the effect of General Lee's strong hand and hard work. Hope and confidence impaired by the failure of the Maryland campaign were restored, and we prepared to abandon all uncomfortable thoughts with the graves of our fallen comrades.

As soon as affairs took such shape as to assure me that the advance northward was inevitable, I sent a requisition down to Richmond for gold coin for my scout Harrison, gave him what he thought he would need to get along in Washington, and sent him off with secret orders, telling him that I did not care to see him till he could bring information of importance,—that he should be the judge of that. He wanted to know where he would find us, and was told that the head-quarters of the First Corps were large enough for any intelligent man to find. With these orders he left us, and after about three weeks was arrested in Pennsylvania and brought under guard to my head-quarters.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXV.—Invasion Of Pennsylvania.

Plan of the Confederate March North—General Lee hoped to draw Troops from the South and develop Important Results North of the Potomac—He wanted Beauregard sent to support the Movement—The Authorities in Richmond failed to comprehend—The Value of the "Interior Lines" not appreciated—Spirited Cavalry Fight at Brandy Station between Stuart's and Pleasonton's Commands—Engagement of Ewell and Milroy at Winchester—The Question of Authority for the Cavalry Movements—Lieutenant-Colonel Fremantle of the Coldstream Guards, British Army, as a Guest and Observer—The Confederate Advance reaches Pennsylvania Soil—General Lee issues Orders for a March on Harrisburg—Municipal Authorities of York and Gettysburg surrender to General John B. Gordon.

<long_334>

THE absorbing study now was the projected campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, —the invasion of the enemy's country. The plan of defensive tactics gave some hope of success, and, in fact, I assured General Lee that the First Corps would receive and defend the battle if he would guard its flanks, leaving his other corps to gather the fruits of success. The First Corps was as solid as a rock—a great rock. It was not to be broken of good position by direct assault, and was steady enough to work and wait for its chosen battle.

The Valley of the Shenandoah gave us firm, broad roads for the march north, curtained by the solid range of the Blue Ridge and South Mountains. There were some Federal troops occupying points in the Valley of Virginia, but not more than enough to give healthful employment to our leading columns as they advanced. The army as reorganized in three corps had three divisions of each corps, with four brigades to the division, except R. H. Anderson's, Pickett's, and Rodes's, each of which had five. J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry consisted of the brigades <long_335>of Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, W. H. F. Lee, Beverly Robertson, and W. E. Jones. The cavalry of Jenkins and Imboden, operating in the Valley and West Virginia near our route, was to move, the former with Ewell, the latter on his left. Six batteries of horse artillery under Major R. F. Beckham were of Stuart's command, and to each army corps were attached five battalions of artillery of four guns to a battery, and four batteries to a battalion, making of the whole artillery organization, including batteries of reserve and the thirty guns of horse artillery, two hundred and eighty-seven guns. In the three army corps there were thirty-nine brigades, proper, of infantry.

In the Army of the Potomac were fifty-one brigades of infantry, eight brigades of cavalry, and three hundred and seventy guns of artillery. The artillery appointments were so superior that our officers sometimes felt humiliated when posted to unequal combat with their better metal and munitions. In small-arms also the Union troops had the most improved styles.

Notwithstanding, we were prepared to march forward and cheerfully accept the gage, hoping to overbalance these advantages through the morale afforded by brave hearts and the strategic skill to throw the onus of battle upon the enemy.

The plan of campaign as projected was by the march of the Second Corps through the

Valley of the Shenandoah to drive off or capture the Federal forces stationed along the Valley, and continue the march to Pennsylvania until further orders, meanwhile collecting supplies for the advance and for those who were to follow, Jenkins's brigade of cavalry working with the advance, and Imboden's on its left; the First Corps and main force of cavalry to march near the east base of the Blue Ridge, threatening towards the rear line of the Army of the Potomac, and occupy the Blue Ridge, while the trains and <long_336>other troops passed behind the mountains to follow the advance march. Stuart's cavalry brigades were to observe between the First Corps and the Union army. When the Third Corps had passed behind the First, the latter and the cavalry were to withdraw and follow the general march. Stuart, whose movements were to correspond to those of the First Corps, was to follow its withdrawal and cross the Potomac on our right flank at Shepherdstown. The brigades of Generals M. Jenkins and M.D. Corse of Pickett's division, left in Virginia near Petersburg and Hanover Junction, were to follow and join their division, as will soon appear.

General Beauregard was to be called from his post, in the South, with such brigades as could be pulled away temporarily from their Southern service, and thrown forward, with the two brigades of Pickett's division (Jenkins's and Corse's) and such others as could be got together, along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in threatening attitude towards Washington City, and he was to suddenly forward Pickett's brigades through the Valley to the division, and at his pleasure march on, or back towards Richmond.

As the season of fevers along the coast of the Carolinas was approaching, General Lee thought that active operations in the far South, especially along the seaboard, would be suspended, that his move northward might draw most of them towards him, and possibly troops operating in the Southwest, the latter being really a prominent part of the object of his northern march. He thought that Beauregard's appearance in Northern Virginia would increase the known anxiety of the Washington authorities and cause them to draw troops from the South, when in the progress of events other similar movements might follow on both sides until important results could be developed north of the Potomac.

His early experience with the Richmond authorities <long_337>taught him to deal cautiously with them in disclosing his views, and to leave for them the privilege and credit of approving, step by step, his apparently hesitant policy, so that his plans were disclosed little at a time; and, finding them slow in approving them, still slower in advancing the brigades of Pickett's division, and utterly oblivious of the effect of a grand swing north on our interior lines, he did not mention the part left open for Beauregard until he had their approval of the march of the part of his command as he held it in hand. The part assigned for Beauregard became the subject for correspondence between the authorities and the officers who knew nothing of the general ideas and plans. The latter failed to see any benefit to accrue by taking troops from their commands, and naturally offered objections to their going. The authorities, not comprehending the vast strength to be gathered by utilizing our interior lines, failed to bring about their execution, and the great possibility was not fully tested.

In pursuance of the plan for the northern campaign our march was taken up on Wednesday, the 3d of June, McLaws's division of the First Corps marching on that date from Fredericksburg, and Hood's from near Orange Court-House on the 4th; Rodes's division of the Second Corps followed, and on the 5th Johnson's and Early's of the Second. Pickett of the First, with three of his brigades, followed the course of Hood's

division. All were to assemble at Culpeper Court-House, near our cavalry head-quarters. The Third Corps, General A. P. Hill, was left in observation of the enemy at Fredericksburg.

When General Hooker discovered the thinning of our camps in rear of Fredericksburg, he put a bridge across the Rappahannock at Deep Run, crossed a considerable force of artillery and infantry, and constructed a line of rifle-pits along the river bank. At the report of these movements, General Lee thought to delay the movements <long_338>of the Second Corps, though he hurried those of the First to draw off the Federals from action against Hill, but holding the Second ready to go back to him should there be need. Hill made a similar demonstration against Hooker, threatening on the river below, though not so far as to cross it, which caused the Federals to draw their troops from the south side. The Second Corps was then hurried on to Culpeper Court-House.

The First and Second Corps waited at the court-house to know if indications about Fredericksburg were such as to warrant the onward march. General Hooker, not convinced that General Lee had left him, ordered his cavalry under General Pleasonton, supported by two brigades of infantry, to cross the Rappahannock in search of Stuart's cavalry, and to secure information of the Confederate plans. Pleasonton's force, including infantry, was eleven thousand. He divided his command, sending one half by Beverley's, the other by Kelly's Ford, to march on converging roads to Brandy Station, near Fleetwood, the latter point the head-quarters of our cavalry chief, five miles west of Rappahannock Bridge.

Happily for the Confederates, the cavalry brigades had been drawn together on the 8th for review by General Lee, and rested that night not remote from cavalry head-quarters. On the 9th, Pleasonton's columns made an unlooked-for advance and engaged the Confederates, before notice could be sent to the columns at their camps. The march resulted in a very severe and strongly disputed cavalry fight, ending in heavy losses on both sides. General Stuart called for infantry supports before the close of the conflict, but succeeded in recovering his position before the infantry reached him,—not, however, until some important despatches were taken by the enemy, which gave the information they were seeking. Stuart reported 485 officers and men lost; Pleasonton, 907, and three pieces of artillery. On the 10th, Ewell took up his <long_339>march for the Valley by Chester Gap. Now, General Milroy had a division of nine thousand Federals at Winchester, and sought to hold it contrary to his orders to retire to the command at Harper's Ferry. He had a brigade on outpost at Berryville under McReynolds. General Kelly had ten thousand men at Harper's Ferry, with a strong detachment of infantry and a battery at Martinsburg, under Colonel B. F. Smith.

Upon entering the Valley, General Ewell detached Rodes's division and Jenkins's cavalry to cut off and capture the force at Berryville, but McReynolds withdrew in time to join the forces at Winchester. This Confederate column then marched for Martinsburg, and got possession there on the 14th, the garrison marching out and joining the troops on Maryland Heights. The artillery trying to escape north towards Williamsport was followed so closely that they lost some three or four guns. With his divisions under Johnson and Early, General Ewell marched to Winchester and attacked and carried the outworks of Milroy's fortified position, when the latter, after calling a council, decided to retreat, leaving his artillery and wagon-trains. Ewell had anticipated this, and sent a part of Johnson's division, one brigade, to intercept him on the Martinsburg road. The commands

met about daylight, and there ensued a severe engagement, successful to the Federals till reinforcements came to the Confederates, when Milroy's command was broken up, part of his troops escaping to Harper's Ferry and part getting over the Potomac at Hancock. The Federals at Harper's Ferry abandoned their position in Virginia, seeking shelter on the heights on the Maryland side.

On his march through the Valley, General Ewell took 4000 prisoners and small-arms, 25 cannon, 11 standards, 250 wagons, 400 horses, and large quantities of subsistence and quartermaster's stores, with a loss of 269 of all arms. He crossed the Potomac on the 15th, occupying Hagerstown <long_340>and Sharpsburg, on the Maryland side, and sent the cavalry brigade, under Jenkins, north towards Chambersburg.

By the plan of march from the Valley of Virginia the leading corps (Second) was to divide and cross the Potomac River at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, the column through Williamsport to march through Hagerstown and Chambersburg towards Harrisburg, collecting produce and supplies for the army, Imboden's cavalry on its left flank. The eastern column was to march through Sharpsburg, Emmitsburg, and Gettysburg towards the bridge over the Susquehanna River at Wrightsville, Jenkins's cavalry brigade working with the two columns. The Third Corps, passing behind the Blue Ridge, was to cross at Shepherdstown and follow the march of the eastern column. The First Corps was to draw back from the Blue Ridge and cross the Potomac at Williamsport, to be followed by the cavalry, which was to cross at Shepherdstown and ride severely towards Baltimore, to force the enemy to eastern concentration.

The object of the march of the eastern columns, besides opening a wide field for foraging, was to draw the enemy from the route of travel of the supply trains, and to press him off east to give opportunity for the western columns to file in between him and Washington.

The reconnoissance and cavalry fight made against Stuart at Fleetwood gave General Hooker conclusive evidence of the march of the Army of Northern Virginia, and he drew off from Stafford Heights on the 13th, and marched towards the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and the Potomac River. The First Corps was ordered north along the east base of the Blue Ridge to guard our line of march and cover, in a measure, the Confederate plans, Stuart's cavalry to ride between the First Corps and the Union army. On the 19th the divisions of the First Corps were posted along the Blue Ridge from <long_341>Ashby's Gap on the right to Snicker's Gap on the left, McLaws at the former, Hood at the latter, Pickett's three brigades between the others. Under the impression that the cavalry was to operate with the First Corps, in the general plan, the commander was ordered to follow its withdrawal west of the Blue Ridge and cross the Potomac on its right at Shepherdstown, and make his ride towards Baltimore. He claimed that General Lee had given him authority to cross east of the Blue Ridge.

After the First Corps was in position on the Blue Ridge, and while the Third was passing our rear down the Valley, it seems that General Lee so far modified the plan of march north as to authorize his cavalry chief to cross the Potomac with part of his command east of the Blue Ridge, and to change the march of the Third Corps by Hagerstown and Chambersburg. The point at which the cavalry force should cross the river was not determined between the Confederate commander and his chief of cavalry, there being doubt whether the crossing could better be made at Point of Rocks, between the Union army and the Blue Ridge, or between that army and Washington City. That

question was left open, and I was ordered to choose between the two points named at the moment that my command took up its line of march.

The First Corps was withdrawn from the Blue Ridge on the 20th, forded the Shenandoah, and camped on its left bank. On the 21st, Pleasonton came, in full force, supported by infantry, against Stuart's cavalry brigades. The severe part of the fight came from Upperville, and succeeded in driving Stuart back into Ashby's Gap. Part of McLaws's division was sent back in time to support Stuart, and in the morning McLaws ordered Wofford's brigade down upon the plain, but Pleasonton had withdrawn. The infantry was recalled after an exchange of a few shots at great range.

Connected with the cavalry raid and orders authorizing <long_342>it are matters of more than usual interest. On the 22d the Confederate commander sent unsealed instructions to his cavalry chief, through head-quarters of the First Corps, to be forwarded, provided the cavalry could be spared from my front and could make the ride without disclosing our plans, expressing his preference for the ride through Hopewell Gap east of the Union army. As previously stated, I was to decide at the last moment between the two points that had been named. As my front was changed to the rear for the march north, the cavalry could be of no service there. The extent of authority with me, therefore, was to decide whether the crossing should be made at the Point of Rocks or around through Hopewell Gap east of the Union army. The crossing at Point of Rocks was not only hazardous, but more likely to indicate our plans than any move that could be made, leaving the ride through Hopewell Gap the only route for the raiding party. In my note to General Stuart enclosing General Lee's instructions was this item:

"P. S.—I think your passage of the Potomac by our rear at the present moment will, in a measure, disclose our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the route in rear of the enemy."

This has been put in italics and published as evidence that the raid was made by my orders, as well as by General Lee's. In the postscript three points are indicated:

First, the move along my rear to the crossing at Point of Rocks.

Second, my preferred march on my flank to the Shepherdstown crossing.

Third, the route indicated by General Lee.

All of which General Stuart understood as well as I did. Especially did he know that *my orders were that he should ride on the right of my column, as originally designed, to* <long_343>the Shepherdstown crossing. In the body of my note were orders that he should report to me of affairs along the cavalry line before leaving; that he should assign General Hampton to command of the cavalry to be left with us, with orders to report at my head-quarters. These orders, emanating properly from the commander of the rear column of the army, should not have been questioned, but they were treated with contumely. He assigned General Robertson to command the cavalry that was left on the mountain, without orders to report at my headquarters; and though left there to guard *passes* of the Blue Ridge, he rode on a raid, so that when the cavalry was most needed it was far away from the army. The raid and the absence of the cavalry at the critical moment were severely criticised through the army and the country. If General Stuart could have claimed authority of my orders for his action, he could not have failed to do so in his official account. He offered no such excuse, but claimed to act under the orders of his chief, and reported that General Lee gave consent to his application for leave to make the march. So our plans, adopted after deep study, were suddenly given over to gratify the

youthful cavalryman's wish for a nomadic ride.

About this time we entertained a distinguished visitor. An officer of the British service, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur J. L. Fremantle, of the Coldstream Guards, brought letters from the Secretary of War to General Lee and myself. He was seeking opportunity to observe the campaign as a non-combatant; he travelled with *us*, divided his time between general head-quarters and head-quarters of the First Corps, cheerfully adapted his tastes to the rough ways of Confederate soldiers, and proved to be an interesting companion. To avoid the blockade he came to the Confederacy through Mexico. He gave a graphic account of his experience in Texas and <long_344>travel after crossing the Rio Grande to the interior in a two-horse hack. The drivers of his conveyance were Mr. Sargeant and Judge Hyde, two characters whom I had met years before while in army service on the Texas frontier. They called their team Grant and Sherman, and enjoyed their glorious rides down the smooth slopes of the prairie roads, as they rattled their heels upon the box of the hack and plied their team, Grant and Sherman, with whips and oaths. But the great novelty to him was the position of the judge. In England there are few judges comparatively, and those of high estate. To find an American judge playing assistant to a hack-driver was refreshing, and Colonel Fremantle thoroughly enjoyed it. I now have the pleasure to salute our genial war-time visitor as governor at Malta and Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, K.C.M., G.C.B., and to offer congratulations to Her Most Noble Majesty upon her worthy subject.

On the 23d of June the divisions of the Third Corps passed on towards the Potomac, followed by those of the First, the former crossing at Shepherdstown, the latter at Williamsport. The corps came together at Hagerstown, in Maryland, continued their march till the 27th, and rested two days at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania. The cavalry under General Imboden, ordered on General Ewell's left, was due as far north as McConnellsburg, but had halted at Hancock.

On the 28th, General Lee issued orders for the march upon Harrisburg. General Ewell had marched his main column through Chambersburg to Carlisle. His column, intending to move east of the mountains through Emmits-burg and Gettysburg, had marched parallel to the main column as far as Greenwood, when orders were renewed for it to march east through Gettysburg. General Early, commanding, ordered Gordon's brigade and a detachment of cavalry through Gettysburg; but his other troops <long_345>marched north through Mummasburg. The failure of the Imboden cavalry on his left caused General Ewell to send General George H. Steuart through McConnellsburg as guard of that flank. Steuart's command rejoined him at Carlisle. As General Ewell marched he sent us three thousand head of beef cattle and information of five thousand barrels of flour. He halted at Carlisle on the 27th. The municipal authorities of Gettysburg and York surrendered to General Gordon, who took some prisoners of the State militia, and marched to the bridge over the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, where he had other prisoners, but the bridge was burned before him. His brigade returned to the vicinity of York, where the division had marched and bivouacked on the night of the 28th.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXVI.—Gettysburg—First Day.

Information of Federal Force and Positions brought by the Scout Harrison—
General Lee declines to credit it—General Longstreet suggests a Change of
Direction in Conformance with the Revelation—General Meade had
succeeded Hooker in Command Five Days before Battle—Positions on the
Eve of the First Day—Confederate Cavalry "not in sight"—"The Eyes of the
Army" sadly needed—A Description of the Fatuous Battle-field—Generals
Ewell and A. P. Hill engage the Federals—Death of General John F. Reynolds
—The Fight on Seminary Ridge—General Hancock in Federal Command on the
Field—Concerning the Absent Cavalry and Information given by the Scout—
Conditions at the Close of the First Day's Fight.

<long_346>

THE eve of the great battle was crowded with events. Movements for the concentration of the two vast armies went on in mighty force, but with a silence in strong contrast to the swift-coming commotion of their shock in conflict. It was the pent quiet of the gathering storm whose bursting was to shake the continent and suddenly command the startled attention of the world.

After due preparation for our march of the 29th, all hands turned in early for a good night's rest. My mind had hardly turned away from the cares and labors of the day, when I was aroused by some one beating on the pole of my tent. It proved to be Assistant Inspector-General Fairfax. A young man had been arrested by our outlying pickets under suspicious circumstances. He was looking for General Longstreet's head-quarters, but his comfortable apparel and well-to-do, though travel-stained, appearance caused doubt in the minds of the guards of his being a genuine Confederate who could be trusted about head-quarters. So he was sent up under a file of men to be identified. He proved to be Harrison, the valued scout. He had walked through the lines of the <long_347>Union army during the night of the 27th and the 28th, secured a mount at dark of the latter day to get in as soon as possible, and brought information of the location of two corps of Federals at night of the 27th, and approximate positions of others. General Hooker had crossed the Potomac on the 25th and 26th of June. On the 27th he had posted two army corps at Frederick, and the scout reported another near them, and two others near South Mountain, as he escaped their lines a little after dark of the 28th. He was sent under care of Colonel Fairfax to make report of his information at general head-quarters. General Lee declined, however, to see him, though he asked Colonel Fairfax as to the information that he brought, and, on hearing it, expressed want of faith in reports of scouts, in which Fairfax generally agreed, but suggested that in this case the information was so near General Longstreet's ideas of the probable movements of the enemy that he gave credit to it. I also sent up a note suggesting a change of direction of the head of our column east. This I thought to be the first and necessary step towards bringing the two armies to such concentration east as would enable us to find a way to draw the enemy into battle, in keeping with the general plan of campaign, and at the same time draw him off from the travel of our trains.

There were seven corps of the Army of the Potomac afield. We were informed on the 28th of the approximate positions of five of them,—three near Frederick and two near the

base of South Mountain. The others, of which we had no definite information, we now know were the Sixth (Sedgwick's), south of Frederick and east of the Monocacy, and the Twelfth, towards Harper's Ferry.

On the 26th, General Hooker thought to use the Twelfth Corps and the garrison of Harper's Ferry to strike the line of our communication, but General Halleck forbade the use of the troops of that post, when General Hooker <long_348>asked to be relieved of the responsibility of command, and was succeeded by General Meade on the night of the 27th.

If General Hooker had been granted the authority for which he applied, he would have struck our trains, exposed from Chambersburg to the Potomac without a cavalryman to ride and report the trouble. General Stuart was riding around Hooker's army, General Robertson was in Virginia, General Imboden at Hancock, and Jenkins's cavalry was at our front with General Ewell.

By the report of the scout we found that the march of Ewell's east wing had failed of execution and of the effect designed, and that heavy columns of the enemy were hovering along the east base of the mountain. To remove this pressure towards our rear, General Lee concluded to make a more serious demonstration and force the enemy to look eastward. With this view he changed direction of the proposed march north, by counter-orders on the night of the 28th, calling concentration east of the mountains at Cash-town, and his troops began their march under the last orders on the 29th.

It seems that General Hill misconstrued the orders of the day, or was confused by the change of orders, and was under the impression that he was to march by York and cross the Susquehanna towards Philadelphia or Harrisburg. He ordered his leading division under Heth to Cashtown, however, and followed with Pender's division on the 30th, leaving orders for the division of R. H. Anderson to follow on the 1st. The purpose of General Lee's march east was only preliminary,—a concentration about Cashtown.

General Ewell was ready to march for Harrisburg on the 29th, when orders reached him of the intended concentration at Cashtown. He was at Carlisle with Rodes's and E. Johnson's divisions and the reserve artillery; his other division under Early was at York. On the 30th, Rodes <long_349>was at Heidlersburg, Early near by, and Johnson, with the reserve artillery, near Green Village.

Pettigrew's brigade of Heth's division, advancing towards Gettysburg on the 30th, encountered Buford's cavalry and returned to Cashtown.

On the 29th, General Meade wired General Halleck,—

"If Lee is moving for Baltimore, I expect to get between his main army and that place. If he is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch, with his force, holding him, until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle, which I shall endeavor to do My endeavor will be, in my movements, to hold my force well together, with the hope of falling upon some portion of Lee's army in detail.(*)

As the change of orders made Gettysburg prominent as the point of impact, the positions of the commands relative thereto and their distances therefrom are items of importance in considering the culmination of events.

POSITIONS OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, NIGHT OF JUNE 30.

General Lee's headquarters, Greenwood.

First Corps, Chambersburg, twenty-four miles to Gettysburg; part at Greenwood,

sixteen miles.
Second Corps and Jenkins's cavalry, Heidlersburg, ten miles; part near Green Village, twenty-three miles (Johnson's division and trains).
Third Corps, near Greenwood, sixteen miles, and Cashtown, eight miles.
Stuart's cavalry, circling between York and Carlisle, out of sight.
Robertson's cavalry, in Virginia, beyond reach.
Imboden's cavalry, at Hancock, out of sight.
The Confederates not intending to precipitate battle.

POSITIONS OF ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General Meade's head-quarters, Taneytown, fourteen miles.
General Hunt, artillery reserve, Taneytown.
First Corps, Marsh Run, six miles. <long_350>
Second Corps, Uniontown, twenty-two miles.
Third Corps, Bridgeport, twelve miles.
Fifth Corps, Union Mills, fifteen miles.
Sixth Corps, Manchester, twenty-two miles.
Eleventh Corps, Emmitsburg, twelve miles.
Twelfth Corps, Littleton, nine miles.
Kilpatrick's cavalry, Hanover, thirteen miles.
Gregg's cavalry, Manchester, twenty-two miles.
Buford's cavalry, Gettysburg.

It should be borne in mind that the field of contention was south and east of Gettysburg, so that the Union troops were from two to four miles nearer their formation for battle than were the Confederates, who had to march from two to four miles *beyond the town*.

Referring to the map, it may be seen that the Confederate corps had two routes by which to march for concentration,—viz., from Heidlersburg to Cashtown, part of the Second Corps; on the road from Chambersburg, the First, Third, and part of the Second Corps (with all of the trains of the latter), with but a single track, the Chambersburg-Gettysburg turnpike. Some of their distances were greater than any of the columns of the enemy, while the Army of the Potomac had almost as many routes of march as commands, and was marching from day to day anticipating a general engagement, which they were especially cautioned on the 30th was imminent.

General Hill decided to go beyond Cashtown on the 1st to ascertain as to the enemy reported at Gettysburg. He gave notice of his intentions to General Ewell, and sent back to the commanding general to have Anderson's division sent forward. He was at Cashtown with Heth's and Pender's divisions and their batteries; his reserve artillery with Anderson's division at Fayetteville.

The armies on the night of June 30 stood thus:

The Confederate: First Corps, two divisions at Greenwood (except one brigade detached under orders from head-quarters at New Guilford); Pickett's three brigades <long_351> at Chambersburg, left under orders from head-quarters to guard trains; the Second Corps, two divisions near Heidlersburg, one near and north of Chambersburg; the Third Corps at Cashtown and Fayetteville; cavalry not in sight or hearing, except Jenkins's brigade and a small detachment.

The Union army: the First Corps on Marsh Run, the Second at Uniontown, the Third at

Bridgeport, the Fifth at Union Mills, the Sixth at Manchester, the Eleventh at Emmitsburg, the Twelfth at Littlestown, Fitzpatrick's cavalry at Hanover, Buford's at Gettysburg (except one brigade, detached, guarding his trains). General Meade's headquarters and reserve artillery were at Taneytown. His army, including cavalry, in hand.

General Lee's orders called his troops on converging lines towards Cashtown, but he found that part of his infantry must be left at Chambersburg to await the Imboden cavalry, not up, and one of Hood's brigades must be detached on his right at New Guilford to guard on that side in place of Robertson's cavalry (in Virginia). So that as he advanced towards his adversary, the eyes and ears of his army were turned afar off, looking towards the homes of non-combatants. It is bootless to this writing to restate whence came this mishap. There is no doubt it greatly disturbed General Lee's mind, and he would have called a halt under ordinary circumstances, but his orders did not contemplate immediate movements beyond Cash-town. In that he felt safe, depending upon his cavalry coming up in time to meet him there.

He was in his usual cheerful spirits on the morning of the 1st, and called me to ride with him. My column was not well stretched on the road before it encountered the division of E. Johnson (Second Corps) cutting in on our front, with all of Ewell's reserve and supply trains. He ordered the First Corps halted, and directed that Johnson's division and train should pass on to its corps, the <long_352>First to wait. During the wait I dismounted to give Hero a little respite. (The Irish groom had christened my favorite horse "Haro.")

After a little time General Lee proposed that we should ride on, and soon we heard reports of cannon. The fire seemed to be beyond Cashtown, and as it increased he left me and rode faster for the front.

The brigades of Gamble and Devin of Buford's cavalry were the force that met Pettigrew's brigade on the afternoon of the 30th, when the latter retired to the post of the divisions at Cashtown.

From Gettysburg roads diverge to the passes of the mountains, the borders of the Potomac and Susquehanna, and the cities of Baltimore and Washington; so that it was something of a strategic point. From the west side two broad roads run, one northwest to Chambersburg *via* Cashtown, the other southwest through Fairfield to Hagerstown. They cross an elevated ridge, a mile out north, and south of the Lutheran Seminary, known to the Confederates as Seminary Ridge, covered by open forests. At the northward, about two miles from the town, the ridge divides, a lesser ridge putting out west, and presently taking a parallel course with the greater. This was known as McPherson's Ridge, and was about five hundred yards from the first, where the road crosses it. Nearly parallel with the Chambersburg pike and about two hundred yards distant was the cut of an unfinished railroad. Willoughby's Run flows south in a course nearly parallel to and west of the ridge, and is bordered by timbered lands. North of Gettysburg the grounds are open and in fair fields. Directly south of it a bold ridge rises with rough and steep slopes. The prominent point of the south ridge is Cemetery Hill, and east of this is Culp's Hill, from which the ridge turns sharply south half a mile, and drops off into low grounds. It was well wooded and its eastern ascent steep. East of it and flowing south <long_353>is Rock Creek. From Cemetery Hill the ground is elevated, the ridge sloping south to the cropping out of Little Round Top, Devil's Den, and the bolder Round Top, the latter about three miles south of the town. Cemetery Hill is nearly parallel to Seminary Ridge, and is more elevated.

At five o'clock on the morning of July 1, General A. P. Hill marched towards Gettysburg with the divisions of Heth and Pender, and the battalions of artillery under Pegram and McIntosh, Heth's division and Pegram's artillery in advance. R.H. Anderson's division, with the reserve artillery left at Fayetteville, was ordered to march and halt at Cashtown. About ten o'clock Heth encountered Buford's cavalry. Archer's brigade, leading, engaged, and Davis's brigade came up on his left with part of Pegram's artillery. The cavalry was forced back till it passed Willoughby's Run.

On the 30th of June, General John F. Reynolds had been directed to resume command of the right wing of the Union army,—First, Third, and Eleventh Corps. He was advised that day of the threatening movements of the Confederates on the Cashtown and Mummasburg roads. At the same time the indications from General Meade's headquarters pointed to Pipe Creek as the probable line in case of battle. Reynolds, however, prepared to support Buford's line of cavalry, and marched at eight o'clock on the 1st of July with Wadsworth's division and Hall's battery, leaving the other divisions of Doubleday and Robinson with the artillery to follow under General Doubleday, who became commander of the corps upon the assignment of Reynolds to command of the wing.

As Reynolds approached Gettysburg, in hearing of the cavalry fight, he turned the head of his column to the left and marched through the fields towards the engagement. As the cavalry skirmish line retired and passed Willoughby's Run, he approached with his reinforcements, <long_354>Brigadier-General Cutter in advance, and was put in on the north of the Cashtown road, followed by Hall's battery. Brigadier-General Meredith following, his brigade was put into line on the left. As fast as the troops got into line they became severely engaged. Doubleday, in advance of the divisions under him, put Meredith's brigade in formidable position on a strip of woodland on the left.

As the Confederate left advanced through the railroad cut they came upon Hall's battery, and were about to get it, when it was saved by speedy withdrawal, which caused the Union right to retire, while Archer's brigade of the Confederate right, in pushing to the front, came in open space before Meredith's brigade, which in turn made a gallant advance, drove Archer back, followed across the run, and captured General Archer and one thousand of his men. The other two brigades of Pender's division, Petti-grew's and Brockenbrough's, were put in on the right of Archer's men. During the severe engagement on his right the advance of the Confederate infantry got in so close along the railroad cut that General Reynolds, in efforts to extricate his right, was shot, when the right, still under severe pressure, was forced to retire towards Seminary Ridge. Hall's battery, severely crippled, succeeded in getting away as the right retired.

Doubleday's other divisions came up about the moment General Reynolds was killed. The Second (Robinson's) and Third (Rowley's) Divisions deployed on the right and left. Cooper's battery of four three-inch guns followed the left division. At the same time Hill reinforced by his division under Pender, Thomas's brigade on his left, Lane, Scales, and Perrin to the right. These restored the Confederate right, overlapping the Federal left; at the same time Thomas's brigade made successful battle on the left, pushing off Wadsworth's right and Hall's battery, when the two brigades of the <long_355>Second Division (Robinson's) were sent to their support, but were, in turn, forced back towards Seminary Ridge. The Confederate sharpshooters cut down the horses of one of Hall's guns and forced him to drop it. Hill advanced Pegram's and McIntosh's artillery to Mc-

Pherson's Ridge, forcing the entire Union line back to Seminary Ridge. General Doubleday, anticipating such contingency, had ordered trenches made about Seminary Ridge, and sent his three other batteries under Colonel Wainwright to that point. He formed his line along the ridge and occupied the trenches by part of his infantry. At this period Ewell's divisions under Rodes approached against Doubleday's right.

General Howard, upon his first approach to the battle, marched the Eleventh Corps to Cemetery Hill, and there posted it until called upon by General Doubleday for assistance. To meet the call he ordered his divisions under Generals Barlow and Schurz to Doubleday's right, to occupy a prominent point at the north end of Seminary Ridge, reserving his division under Steinwehr and part of his artillery on Cemetery Hill.

As the divisions of the Eleventh Corps approached the Confederate left, Rodes's division of Ewell's corps advanced. The Federals then stood across the Cashtown road, their left in advance of the Seminary, their right thrown or standing more to the rear. Rodes was in season to sweep the field of approach to the high point intended to be occupied by the divisions sent by Howard, and came in good position to enfilade Robinson's division of the First Corps. As Rodes approached he was threatened by Buford's cavalry, but, finding cover under woodland, he made advance by three brigades in line till he came to the point of view which gave him command of that end of the field in elevated position, and in plunging fire down Robinson's line and in advance of the divisions sent by General Howard to occupy that point. While posting <long_356>his infantry, Rodes ordered Carter's battery of artillery into action against Robinson's lines stretched out and engaged against Hill's corps. At that moment the divisions of the Eleventh Corps were not in full front of Rodes, so that his fire upon Robinson's line was something of a surprise, as well as most discomfiting. The divisions and artillery of the Eleventh came to the front, however, almost simultaneously with Robinson's necessitated change of right front rearward towards Rodes.

These changes and dispositions gave Hill opportunity to press on by his front, when Doubleday was obliged to call for help, and Schurz called for support on his right. Coster's brigade was sent from Steinwehr's reserve, and Buford's cavalry was ordered to brace as far as practicable the centre of the First Corps, and another battery was sent to Schurz's division. At 2.45 another call for help by the First Corps was received, and General Schurz was asked to answer it if he could by a regiment or more. Calls were sent to hurry Slocum's (Twelfth) corps, some miles away, but then Ewell was swinging his division under Early into line nearer to Gettysburg, Gordon's brigade and Jones's battery coming in in good time to make strong Rodes's left, and Hill's corps had overlapped the left of the First Corps, so that General Howard found himself forced to command a steady, orderly retreat to Cemetery Hill.

The Confederates pushed rapidly on, particularly the fresher troops of Ewell, cleared the field, and followed on through the streets of Gettysburg at four o'clock. The retreat began and continued in good order till they passed Gettysburg, when the ranks became so scattered that the final march was little better than "*Sauve qui peut.*"

As the troops retreated through Gettysburg, General Hancock rode upon the field, and under special assignment assumed command at three o'clock. As the retreating troops arrived, Wadsworth's division on the right, the <long_357>Eleventh Corps across the Baltimore pike, the balance of the First under Doubleday on the left of the Eleventh, General Howard and others assisted in forming the new line.

The total effectives of the First and Eleventh Corps, according to the consolidated moving report of June 30, was 19,982. From the latest returns of General Lee's army, an average estimate of his four divisions gave his total as 25,252. Part of the reserve division of the Eleventh Corps was not engaged, but Buford had two brigades of cavalry, and so the foregoing may be a fair estimate of the forces engaged, less the reserve on Cemetery Hill.

At Cashtown, General Lee found that General Hill had halted his division under R. H. Anderson and his reserve artillery. He had General Anderson called, who subsequently wrote me of the interview as follows:

"About twelve o'clock I received a message notifying me that General Lee desired to see me. I found General Lee intently listening to the fire of the guns, and very much disturbed and depressed. At length he said, more to himself than to me, 'I cannot think what has become of Stuart. I ought to have heard from him long before now. He may have met with disaster, but I hope not. In the absence of reports from him, I am in ignorance as to what we have in front of us here. It may be the whole Federal army, or it may be only a detachment. If it is the whole Federal force, we must fight a battle here. If we do not gain a victory, those defiles and gorges which we passed this morning will shelter us from disaster.'"

He ordered Anderson forward, and rode on to Seminary Ridge in time to view the closing operations of the engagement. The Union troops were in disorder, climbing Cemetery Heights, the Confederates following through the streets of Gettysburg. Two other divisions of Confederates were up soon after, E. Johnson's of the Second and R. H. Anderson's of the Third Corps.

After a long wait I left orders for the troops to follow <long_358>the trains of the Second Corps, and rode to find General Lee. His head-quarters were on Seminary Ridge at the crossing of the Cashtown road. Anderson's division was then filed off along the ridge, resting. Johnson's had marched to report to the corps commander. Dismounting and passing the usual salutation, I drew my glasses and made a studied view of the position upon which the enemy was rallying his forces, and of the lay of the land surrounding. General Lee was engaged at the moment. He had announced beforehand that he would not make aggressive battle in the enemy's country. After the survey and in consideration of his plans,—noting movements of *detachments* of the enemy on the Emmitsburg road, the relative positions for manoeuvre, the lofty perch of the enemy, the rocky slopes from it, all marking the position clearly defensive,—I said, "We could not call the enemy to position better suited to our plans. All that we have to do is to file around his left and secure good ground between him and his capital." This, when said, was thought to be the opinion of my commander as much as my own. I was not a little surprised, therefore, at his impatience, as, striking the air with his closed hand, he said, "If he is there to-morrow I will attack him."

In his official account, General Lee reported,—

"It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked. But coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous."

When he rode away from me in the forenoon he made no mention of his absent cavalry, nor did he indicate that it was not within call. So I was at a loss to understand his nervous

condition, and supported the suggestion so far as to say, "If he is there to-morrow it will be because he wants you to attack," and queried, "If that height has become the objective, why not take it at once ? <long_359>We have forty thousand men, less the casualties of the day; he cannot have more than twenty thousand." Then it was that I heard of the wanderings of the cavalry and the cause of his uneven temper. So vexed was he at the halt of the Imboden cavalry at Hancock, *in the opening of the campaign*, that he was losing sight of Pickett's brigades as a known quantity for battle. His manner suggested to me that a little reflection would be better than further discussion, and right soon he suggested to the commander of the Second Corps to take Cemetery Hill if he thought it practicable, but the subordinate did not care to take upon himself a fight that his chief would not venture to order. (*)

The following circular orders were sent the commanders of columns of the First Corps:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
"NEAR GETTYSBURG, July 1, 5.30 P.M.*

" COLONEL,—The commanding general desires you to come on to-night as fast as you can without distressing your men and animals. Hill and Ewell have sharply engaged the enemy, and you will be needed for to-morrow's battle. Let us know where you will stop to-night.

"Respectfully,

"G. M. SORREL,

A. A. General.

" COLONEL WALTON,
" *Chief of Artillery.*"

(*) From General Lee's official report:"... It was ascertained from the prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by General Hooker, and that the remainder of that army, under General Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. General Ewell was, therefore, instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy, if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnson's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountains to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour "

<long_360>

At 12.15 of the afternoon of the 1st, General Halleck sent a cipher despatch to General Meade approving his tactics, but asking, as to his strategy, "Are you not too far east, and may not Lee attempt to turn your left and cut you off from Frederick ?"

In this connection may be noted the plan that General Meade had mapped in his own mind and given to some of his generals for battle to be formed behind Pipe Creek, a position that would have met the views of General Halleck, as well as his own, covering Washington and Baltimore under close lines that could not be turned. At Gettysburg the Confederates had comparatively an open field.

Reports coming in to head-quarters about six o'clock that the enemy was in some force off our right towards Fairfield, General Lee ordered General Anderson to put one of his brigades out on the right as picket-guard. Wilcox's brigade and Ross's battery were marched and posted near Black Horse Tavern.

Nothing coming from the *centre troops* about Cemetery Hill, General Lee ordered the Second Corps, *after night, from his left to his right*, for work in that direction, but General Ewell rode over and reported that another point—Culp's Hill—had been found on his left, which had commanding elevation over Cemetery Hill, from which the troops on the latter could be dislodged, by artillery, and was under the impression that his troops were in possession there. That was accredited as reported and approved, and the corps commander returned, and ordered the hill occupied if it had not been done. But the officer in charge had waited for specific orders, and when they were received he had made another reconnoissance. It was then twelve o'clock. By the reconnoissance it was found that the enemy was there, and it was thought that this should be reported, and further orders waited.

General Ewell's troops and trains passed the junction <long_361>of the roads at four o'clock. The train was fourteen miles long. It was followed by the troops of the First Corps that had been waiting all day. After night the Washington Artillery and McLaws's division camped at Marsh Run, four miles from Gettysburg. Here is Hood's account of his march:

"While lying in camp near Chambersburg information was received that Hill and Ewell were about to come into contact with the enemy near Gettysburg. My troops, together with McLaws's division, were at once put in motion upon the most direct road to that point, which we reached after a hard march at or before sunrise on July 2. So imperative had been our orders to hasten forward with all possible speed that on the march my troops were allowed to halt and rest only about two hours during the night from the 1st to the 2d of July."

When I left General Lee, about seven o'clock in the evening, he had formed no plans beyond that of seizing Culp's Hill as his point from which to engage, nor given any orders for the next day, though his desperate mood was painfully evident, and gave rise to serious apprehensions. He had heard nothing of the movements of the enemy since his crossing the Potomac, except the report of the scout. His own force on the field was the Second Corps, Rodes's, Early's, and E. Johnson's divisions from right to left through the streets of Gettysburg around towards Culp's Hill; on Rodes's right, Pender's division of the Third; on Seminary Ridge, R. II. Anderson's division of the Third (except Wilcox's brigade at Black Horse Tavern); behind Seminary Ridge, Heth's division of the Third; on the march between Cashtown and Greenwood, the First Corps.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

CHAPTER XXVII. GETTYSBURG—SECOND DAY.

The Confederate Commander reviews the Field and decides on Plan of Battle— Positions on the Morning of July 2—Night March of the Federal Sixth Corps —It was excelled by Law's Brigade of Confederates—The Battle was opened after Mid-day—General Hood appeals for Permission to turn the Federal Left— Failure to make the Flanking Movement by the Confederate Right was a Serious Mistake—Hood, in his usual Gallant Style, led his Troops forward among the Rocks—Desperate Charges against an Earnest Adversary—Hood wounded—General Law succeeds him in command of the Division—" Little Round Top" an Important Point—" The Citadel of the Field"—It was a Fight of Seventeen Thousand Confederates against twice their Number—Quiet along the Lines of other Confederate Commands—" A Man on the Left who didn't care to make the Battle win"—Evidence against the Alleged Order for "Battle at Sunrise"—The "Order" to Ewell was Discretionary—Lee had lost his Balance.

<long_362>

THE stars were shining brightly on the morning of the 2d when I reported at General Lee's head-quarters and asked for orders. After a time Generals McLaws and Hood, with their staffs, rode up, and at sunrise their commands filed off the road to the right and rested. The Washington Artillery was with them, and about nine o'clock, after an all-night march, Alexander's batteries were up as far as Willoughby's Run, where he parked and fed, and rode to head-quarters to report.

As indicated by these movements, General Lee was not ready with his plans. He had not heard from his cavalry, nor of the movements of the enemy further than the information from a despatch captured during the night, that the Fifth Corps was in camp about five miles from Gettysburg, and the Twelfth Corps was reported near Culp's Hill. As soon as it was light enough to see, however, the enemy was found in position on his formidable heights awaiting us. <long_363>

The result of efforts during the night and early morning to secure Culp's Hill had not been reported, and General Lee sent Colonel Venable of his staff to confer with the commander of the Second Corps as to opportunity to make the battle by his left. He was still in doubt whether it would be better to move to his 'far-off right. About nine o'clock he rode to his left to be assured of the position there, and of the general temper of affairs in that quarter. After viewing the field, he held conference with the corps and division commanders. They preferred to accept his judgment and orders, except General Early, who claimed to have learned of the topographical features of the country during his march towards York, and recommended the right of the line as the point at which strong battle should be made. About ten o'clock General Lee returned to his head-quarters, but his engineer who had been sent to reconnoitre on his right had not come back. To be at hand for orders, I remained with the troops at his head-quarters. The infantry had arms stacked; the artillery was at rest.

The enemy occupied the commanding heights of the city cemetery, from which point, in irregular grade, the ridge slopes southward two miles and a half to a bold outcropping height of three hundred feet called Little Round Top, and farther south half a mile ends in

the greater elevation called Round Top. The former is covered from base to top by formidable boulders. From the cemetery to Little Round Top was the long main front of General Meade's position. At the cemetery his line turned to the northeast and east and southeast in an elliptical curve, with his right on Culp's Hill.

At an early hour of the 2d the Union army was posted: the Twelfth Corps at Culp's Hill, extending its left to Wadsworth's division of the First; on Wadsworth's left the Eleventh Corps; on the left of the Eleventh the other troops of the First; on their left the Second, and left of <long_364>that to Little Round Top the Third Corps; the Fifth Corps stood in reserve across the bend from the right of the Twelfth to the left of the Second Corps. Thus there was formed a field of tremendous power upon a convex curve, which gave the benefit of rapid concentration at any point or points. The natural defences had been improved during the night and early morning. The Sixth Corps was marching from Manchester, twenty-two miles from Gettysburg. Its first order, received near Manchester before night of the 1st, was to march for Taneytown, but after passing the Baltimore pike the orders were changed, directing a prompt march to Gettysburg. The march has been variously estimated from thirty to thirty-five miles, but the distance from Manchester *via* Taney-town to Gettysburg is only twenty-nine miles, and as the ground for which the corps marched was three miles east of Gettysburg, the march would have been only twenty-six miles *via* Taneytown; as the corps marched back and took the Baltimore pike, some distance must have been saved. It was on the field at three o'clock of the afternoon,—the Union cavalry under General Pleasonton in reach.

The Confederate left was covering the north and east curve of the enemy's line, Johnson's division near Culp's Hill, Early's and Rodes's extending the line to the right through Gettysburg; Pender's division on the right of Rodes's; the other divisions of the Third Corps resting on Seminary Ridge, with McLaws's division and Hood's three brigades near general head-quarters; Pickett's brigades and Law's of Hood's division at Chambersburg and New Guilford, twenty-two and twenty-four miles away. Law had received orders to join his division, and was on the march. The cavalry was not yet heard from. The line so extended and twisted about the rough ground that concentration at any point was not possible.

It was some little time after General Lee's return from his ride to the left before he received the reports of the <long_365>reconnoissance ordered from his centre to his right. His mind, previously settled to the purpose to fight where the enemy stood, now accepted the explicit plan of making the opening on his right, and to have the engagement general. He ordered the commander of the Third Corps to extend the centre by Anderson's division, McLaws's and Hood's divisions to extend the deployment to his right. Heth's division of the Third was drawn nearer the front, and notice of his plans was sent the commander of the Second Corps.

At the intimation that the battle would be opened on the right by part of the First Corps, Colonel Alexander was asked to act as director of artillery, and sent to view the field in time to assign the batteries as they were up. It was eleven o'clock when General Lee's order was issued, but he had ordered Law's brigade to its division, and a wait of thirty minutes was necessary for it to get up. Law had received his orders at three in the morning, and had marched twenty-three miles. The battle-ground was still five miles off by the route of march, but Law completed his march of twenty-eight miles in eleven hours,—the best marching done in either army to reach the field of Gettysburg.

The battle was to be opened on the right by two divisions of the First Corps, supported on their left by four of the brigades of Anderson's division; the opening to be promptly followed on Lee's left by the Second Corps, and continued to real attack if the opportunity occurred; the Third (centre) Corps to move to severe threatening and take advantage of opportunity to attack; the movements of the Second and Third Corps to be prompt, and in close, severe co-operation, so as to prevent concentration against the battle of the right. The little cavalry that was with the army was kept on the extreme left. Not so much as one trooper was sent us.

General Lee ordered his reconnoitring officer to lead <long_366>the troops of the First Corps and conduct them by a route concealed from view of the enemy. As I was relieved for the time from the march, I rode near the middle of the line. General Lee rode with me a mile or more. General Anderson marched by a route nearer the enemy's line, and was discovered by General Sickles, who commanded the Third Corps, the left of the Union line. A little uncomfortable at his retired position, and seeing that the battle was forming against him, General Sickles thought to put the Third Maine Regiment and the Berdan Sharpshooters on outpost in a bold woodland cover, to develop somewhat of the approaching battle, and presently threw his corps forward as far as the Peach Orchard, half a mile forward of the position assigned to it in the general line. The Tenth Alabama Regiment was sent against the outpost guard, and, reinforced by the Eleventh Regiment, drove it back, and Anderson's division found its place in proper line.

General Birney's account of the affair at the outpost puts it at twelve o'clock, and the signal accounts, the only papers dated on the field, reported,—

"The enemy's skirmishers advancing from the west one mile from here—11.45."

And presently,—

"The rebels are in force; our skirmishers give way—12.55."

There is no room for doubt of the accuracy of these reports, which go to show that it was one o'clock in the afternoon when the Third Corps, upon which the First Corps was to form, was in position.

Under the conduct of the reconnoitring officer, our march seemed slow,—there were some halts and countermarches. To save time, I ordered the rear division to double on the front, and we were near the affair of Anderson's regiments with the outpost guard of Sickles. Anderson's <long_367>division deployed,—Wilcox's, Perry's, Wright's, Posey's, and Mahone's brigades from right to left.

General Hood was ordered to send his select scouts in advance, to go through the woodlands and act as vedettes, in the absence of cavalry, and give information of the enemy, if there. The double line marched up the slope and deployed,—McLaws on the right of Anderson, Hood's division on his right, McLaws near the crest of the plateau in front of the Peach Orchard, Hood spreading and enveloping Sickles's left. The former was readily adjusted to ground from which to advance or defend. Hood's front was very rugged, with no field for artillery, and very rough for advance of infantry. As soon as he passed the Emmitsburg road, he sent to report of the great advantage of moving on by his right around to the enemy's rear. His scouting parties had reported that there was nothing between them and the enemy's trains. He was told that the move to the right had been proposed the day before and rejected; that General Lee's orders were to guide my left by the Emmitsburg road.

In our immediate front were the divisions of the Third Corps under Generals Humphreys and Birney, from right to left, with orders for supports of the flanks by divisions of the Second and Fifth Corps. The ground on the left of Birney's division was so broken and obstructed by boulders that his left was dropped off to the rear, forming a broken line. In rear of the enemy, and between his lines and Little Round Top, was a very rough elevation of eighty feet formed by upheavals that left open passage deep down Devil's Den. Smith's battery was on Birney's left, Winslow's between the right and next brigade. Other batteries in position were Clark's, Ames's, Randolph's, Seeley's, and Turnbull's.

As McLaws's division came up on line, Barksdale's brigade was in front of a battery about six hundred yards off. He appealed for permission to charge and capture it, <long_368>but was told to wait. On his right was Kershaw's brigade, the brigades of Semmes and Wofford on the second line. Hood's division was in two lines,—Law's and Robertson's brigades in front, G. T. Anderson's and Ben-ning's in the second line. The batteries were with the divisions,—four to the division. One of G. T. Anderson's regiments was put on picket down the Emmitsburg road.

General Hood appealed again and again for the move to the right, but, to give more confidence to his attack, he was reminded that the move to the right had been carefully considered by our chief and rejected in favor of his present orders.

The opportunity for our right was in the air. General Halleck saw it from Washington. General Meade saw and was apprehensive of it. Even General Pendleton refers to it in favorable mention in his official report. Failing to adopt it, General Lee should have gone with us to his right. He had seen and carefully examined the left of his line, and only gave us a guide to show the way to the right, leaving the battle to be adjusted to formidable and difficult grounds without his assistance. If he had been with us, General Hood's messengers could have been referred to general head-quarters, but to delay and send messengers five miles in favor of a move that he had rejected would have been contumacious. The opportunity was with the Confederates from the assembling on Cemetery Hill. It was inviting of their preconceived plans. It was the object of and excuse for the invasion as a substitute for more direct efforts for the relief of Vicksburg. Confederate writers and talkers claim that General Meade could have escaped without making aggressive battle, but that is equivalent to confession of the inertia that failed to grasp the opportunity.

Beaten in the battle of the 1st, dislodged of position, and outgeneralled, the Union army would have felt the want of spirit and confidence important to aggressive <long_369>battle; but the call was in the hands of the Confederates, and these circumstances would have made their work more facile, while the Union commander would have felt the call to save his capital most imperative. Even as events passed it was thought helpful to the Union side to give out the report that General McClellan was at hand and would command the army.

Four of the brigades of Anderson's division were ordered to advance in echelon in support of my left.

At three o'clock the artillery was ordered to open practice. General Meade was then with General Sickles discussing the feasibility of withdrawing his corps to the position to which it was originally assigned, but the opening admonished him that it was too late. He had just sent a cipher telegram to inform General Halleck, commander-in-chief, that in the

event of his having no opportunity to attack, and should he find the Confederates moving to interpose between him and Washington, he would fall back on his supplies at Westminster. (*) But my right division was then nearer to Westminster, and our scouting parties of infantry were within rifle range of the road leading to that point and to Washington. So it would have been convenient, after holding our threatening attitude till night, to march across his line at dark, in time to draw other troops to close connection before the next morning.

Prompt to the order the combat opened, followed by artillery of the other corps, and our artillerists measured up to the better metal of the enemy by vigilant work. Hood's lines were not yet ready. After a little practice by the artillery, he was properly adjusted and ordered to bear down upon the enemy's left, but he was not prompt, and the order was repeated before he would strike down. (+)

In his usual gallant style he led his troops through the rocky fastnesses against the strong lines of his earnest <long_370>adversary, and encountered battle that called for all of his power and skill. The enemy was tenacious of his strong ground; his skilfully-handled batteries swept through the passes between the rocks; the more deadly fire of infantry concentrated as our men bore upon the angle of the enemy's line and stemmed the fiercest onset, until it became necessary to shorten their work by a desperate charge. This pressing struggle and the cross-fire of our batteries broke in the salient angle, but the thickening fire, as the angle was pressed back, hurt Hood's left and held him in steady fight. His right brigade was drawn towards Round Top by the heavy fire pouring from that quarter, Benning's brigade was pressed to the thickening line at the angle, and G. T. Anderson's was put in support of the battle growing against Hood's right.

I rode to McLaws, found him ready for his opportunity, and Barksdale chafing in his wait for the order to seize the battery in his front. Kershaw's brigade of his right first advanced and struck near the angle of the enemy's line where his forces were gathering strength. After additional caution to hold his ranks closed, McLaws ordered Barksdale in. With glorious bearing he sprang to his work, overriding obstacles and dangers. Without a pause to deliver a shot, he had the battery. Kershaw, joined by Semmes's brigade, responded, and Hood's men, feeling the impulsion of relief, resumed their bold fight, and presently the enemy's line was broken through its length. But his well-seasoned troops knew how to utilize the advantage of their grounds and put back their dreadful fires from rocks, depressions, and stone fences, as they went for shelter about Little Round Top.

That point had not been occupied by the enemy, nor marked as an important feature of the field. The broken ranks sought shelter under its rocks and defiles as birds fly to cover. General Hood fell seriously hurt, and General Law succeeded to command of the division, but the well-seasoned <long_371>troops were not in need of a close guiding hand. The battle was on, and they knew how to press its hottest contention.

General Warren, chief engineer of the Federal army, was sent at the critical moment to Little Round Top, and found that it was the citadel of the field. He called for troops to occupy it. The Fifth Corps (Sykes's) was hurried to him, and General Hancock sent him Caldwell's division of the Second Corps. At the Brick House, away from his right, General Sickles had a detachment that had been reinforced by General Hancock. This fire drew Anderson's brigade of direction (Wilcox) a little off from support of Barksdale's left. General Humphreys, seeing the opportunity, rallied such of his troops as he could, and, reinforced by Hays's division (Willard's brigade) of Hancock's corps, came against

Barksdale's flank, but the latter moved bravely on, the guiding spirit of the battle. Wright's Georgia and Perry's Florida brigades were drawn in behind Wilcox and thrown against Humphreys, pushing him off and breaking him up.

The fighting had by this time become tremendous, and brave men and officers were stricken by hundreds. Posey and Wilcox dislodged the forces about the Brick House.

General Sickles was desperately wounded!

General Willard was dead!

General Semmes, of McLaws's division, was mortally wounded !

Our left relieved, the brigades of Anderson's division moved on with Barksdale's, passed the swale, and moved up the slope. Caldwell's division, and presently those of Ayres and Barnes of the Fifth Corps, met and held our strongest battle. While thus engaged, General Sykes succeeded in putting Vincent's and Weed's brigades and Hazlett's battery on the summit of Little Round Top, but presently we overreached Caldwell's division, broke it off, and pushed it from the field. Of his brigade commanders, <long_372>Zook was killed, and Brooke and Cross were wounded, the latter mortally. General Hancock reported sixty per cent. of his men lost. On our side, Barksdale was down dying, and G. T. Anderson wounded.

We had carried Devil's Den, were at the Round Tops and the Wheat-Field, but Ayres's division of regulars and Barnes's division were holding us in equal battle. The struggle throughout the field seemed at its tension. The brigades of R. H. Anderson's division could hold off other troops of Hancock's, but were not strong enough to step to the enemy's lines. When Caldwell's division was pushed away, Ayres's flank and the gorge at Little Round Top were only covered by a sharp line of picket men behind the boulders. If we could drive in the sharp-shooters and strike Ayres's flank to advantage, we could dislodge his and Barnes's divisions, occupy the gorge behind Sykes's brigades on Round Top, force them to retreat, and lift our desperate fighters to the summit. I had one brigade—Wofford's—that had not been engaged in the hottest battle. To urge the troops to their reserve power in the precious moments, I rode with Wofford. The rugged field, the rough plunge of artillery fire, and the piercing musket-shots delayed somewhat the march, but Alexander dashed up with his batteries and gave new spirit to the worn infantry ranks. By a fortunate strike upon Ayres's flank we broke his line and pushed him and Barnes so closely that they were obliged to use most strenuous efforts to get away without losing in prisoners as well as their killed and wounded. We gained the Wheat-Field, and were so close upon the gorge that our artillery could no longer venture their fire into it. We were on Little Round Top grappling for the crowning point. The brigade commanders there, Vincent and Weed, were killed, also the battery commander, Hazlett, and others, but their troops were holding to their work as firmly as the mighty boulders that helped them. General Meade thought that <long_373>the Confederate army was working on my part of the field. He led some regiments of the Twelfth Corps and posted them against us, called a division of Newton's corps (First) from beyond Hancock's, and sent Crawford's division, the last of the Fifth Corps, splitting through the gorge, forming solid lines, in places behind stone fences, and making steady battle, as veterans fresh in action know so well how to make. While Meade's lines were growing my men were dropping; we had no others to call to their aid, and the weight against us was too heavy to carry. The extreme left of our lines was only about a mile from us across the enemy's concentric position, which brought us within hearing of that battle, if engaged, and near enough to feel its

swell, but nothing was heard or felt but the clear ring of the enemy's fresh metal as he came against us. No other part of our army had engaged! My seventeen thousand against the Army of the Potomac! The sun was down, and with it went down the severe battle. I ordered recall of the troops to the line of Plum Run and Devil's Den, leaving picket lines near the foot of the Round Tops. My loss was about six thousand, Meade's between twelve and fourteen thousand; but his loss in general and field officers was frightful. When General Humphreys, who succeeded to Barksdale's brigade, was called back to the new line, he thought there was some mistake in the orders, and only withdrew as far as a captured battery, and when the order was repeated, retired under protest.

General Stuart came down from Carlisle with his column of cavalry late in the afternoon of the 2d. As he approached he met a cavalry force of the enemy moving towards the Confederate left rear, and was successful in arresting it. He was posted with Jenkins's three thousand cavalry (*) on the Confederate left.

<long_374>

Notwithstanding the supreme order of the day for general battle, and the reinforcement of the cavalry on our left, the Second and Third Corps remained idle during all of the severe battle of the Confederate right, except the artillery, and the part of that on the extreme left was only in practice long enough to feel the superior metal of the enemy, when it retired, leaving a battery of four guns in position. General Early failed to even form his division in battle order, leaving a brigade in position remote from the line, and sending, later, another to be near Stuart's cavalry. The latter returned, however, before night.

At eight o'clock in the evening the division on our extreme left, E. Johnson's, advanced. The brigades were J. M. Jones's, Nicholls's, Steuart's, and Walker's. Walker's was detached, as they moved, to look for a detachment of the enemy reported threatening the far away left. When the three brigades crossed Rock Creek it was night. The enemy's line to be assaulted was occupied by Greene's brigade of the Twelfth Corps. It was reinforced by three regiments of Wadsworth's division and three from the Eleventh Corps. After brave attack and defence, part of the line was carried, when the fight, after a severe fusillade between the infantry lines, quieted, and Walker's brigade returned to the division. Part of the enemy's trenches, east of the point attacked (across a swale), vacated when the corps moved over to the left, General Johnson failed to occupy.

Before this, General Rodes discovered that the enemy, in front of his division, was drawing off his artillery and infantry to my battle of the right, and suggested to General Early that the moment had come for the divisions to attack, and drew his forces from entanglements about the streets to be ready. After E. Johnson's fight on our extreme left, General Early ordered two brigades under General Harry T. Hays to attack. Hays had with <long_375>his Louisiana brigade Hoke's North Carolina brigade under Colonel Avery. He made as gallant a fight as was ever made. Mounting to the top of the hill, he captured a battery, and pushed on in brave order, taking some prisoners and colors, until he discovered that his two brigades were advancing in a night affair against a grand army, when he found that he was fortunate in having · night to cover his weakness, and withdrew. The gallant Colonel Avery, mortally wounded and dying, wrote on a slip of paper, *"Tell father that I died with my face to the enemy."* When Rodes was prepared, Hays had retired, and the former did not see that it was part of the order for general engagement to put his division in night attack that could not be supported.

Thus the general engagement of the day was dwarfed into the battle of the right at three o'clock, that on the left at eight by a single division, and that nearer the centre at nine o'clock by two brigades.

There was a man on the left of the line who did not care to make the battle win. He knew where it was, had viewed it from its earliest formation, had orders for his part in it, but so withheld part of his command from it as to make co-operative concert of action impracticable. He had a prurient for the honors of the field of Mars, was eloquent, before the fires of the bivouac and his chief, of the glory of war's gory shield; but when its envied laurels were dipping to the grasp, when the heavy field called for bloody work, he found the placid horizon, far and away beyond the cavalry, more lovely and inviting. He wanted command of the Second Corps, and, succeeding to it, held the honored position until General Lee found, at last, that he must dismiss him from field service.

General Lee ordered Johnson's division of his left, occupying part of the enemy's trenches about Culp's Hill, to be reinforced during the night of the 2d by two brigades of Rodes's division and one of Early's division. Why the <long_376>other brigades of those divisions were not sent does not appear, but it does appear that there was a place for them on Johnson's left, in the trenches that were vacated by the Federal Twelfth Corps when called over to reinforce the battle of Meade's left. Culp's Hill bore the same relations to the enemy's right as Little Round Top did to his left. General Fitzhugh Lee quotes evidence from General Meade that had Culp's Hill been occupied, in force, by Confederates, it would have compelled the withdrawal of the Federal troops.(*).

General Meade, after the battle of his left, ordered the divisions of his Twelfth Corps back to their trenches, to recover the parts occupied by the Confederate left. It was night when the First Division approached. General Ruger, commanding, thought to feel his way through the dark by a line of skirmishers. He found the east end of his trenches, across the swale, unoccupied, and took possession. Pressing his adventure, he found the main line of his works occupied by the Confederates in force, and disposed his command to wait for daylight. The Second Division came during the night, when General Williams, commanding the corps, posted it on the left of the First, and the division commanders ordered batteries in proper positions.

During the night, General Meade held a council, which decided to fight it out. So it began to look as if the vicissitudes of the day had so worked as to call General Meade from defensive to aggressive battle for Culp's Hill. But the Confederates failed to see the opportunity and force the issue as it was presented.

In General Meade's evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he puts his losses of the first and second days at twenty thousand, and assigns two-thirds of these to the battle of the 2d. As the fighting <long_377>against the three brigades of our left after night, and two brigades, later in the night, from our centre, could not have been very severe, I claim that his loss in the battle of his left was from twelve to fourteen thousand.

As events of the battle of the 2d passed, it seems fair to claim that with Pickett's brigades present at the moment of Wofford's advance for the gorge at Little Round Top, we could have had it before Crawford was there.

Under ordinary circumstances this account of the second day, made from the records, would be complete and conclusive; but the battle of Gettysburg, which may be called the epitome of the war, has been the subject of many contentions of words. Knights of the quill have consumed many of their peaceful hours in publishing, through books,

periodicals, and newspapers, their plans for the battle, endeavoring to forestall the records and to find a scapegoat, and their representations may be given, though they do not deserve it, a word of reply.

General W. N. Pendleton led off when making a lecturing tour through the South for a memorial church for General Lee. He claims that he made a reconnoissance on the afternoon of the 1st of July, and that upon his reporting it, General Lee ordered General Longstreet to attack at sunrise the next day. He did not venture to charge that the Second and Third Corps, that were on the field and had had a good night's rest, were part of the command ordered for the early battle, for the commanders, both Virginians, and not under the political ban, could have brought confusing evidence against him; nor did he intend to put General Lee in the anomalous position, inferentially, of ordering part of the First Corps—that should march through the night and all night—to make the battle alone. The point of battle was east of the Emmitsburg road; to find it, it was necessary to cross that road, but General Sickles was moving part of his <long_378>corps over the road during that afternoon, and rested there the latter part of the day and during the night. So, to make the reconnoissance, General Pendleton passed the Union troops in Confederate uniform—he was military in his dress—and found the point of battle. Giving him credit, for the moment, for this delicate work and the mythical order, let us find the end to which it would lead.

The only troops that could come under the order were McLaws's division, part of Hood's, and the artillery,—about ten thousand men. These, after a hurried all-night's march, reached General Lee's head-quarters about sunrise of the 2d, and by continued forced march could have reached the point of battle, about five miles away, by seven o'clock, where they would have encountered a division of the Third Corps (Birney's); presently the Second and Fifth Corps under Hancock and Sykes; then the First, Eleventh, and Twelfth under Newton, Howard, and Slocum; then the balance of the Third coming in on our rear along the Emmitsburg road,—making sixty thousand men and more. There was reason to be proud of the prowess of the troops of the First Corps, but to credit a part of it with success under the circumstances was not reasonable.

That the Confederate Second Corps did not have orders for the alleged sunrise battle is evidenced by the report of its commander, who, accounting for his work about Culp's Hill during the night of the 1st and morning of the 2d, reported of the morning, "It was now daylight, and too late," meaning that it was too late for him to attack and carry that hill, as General Lee had authorized and expected him to do during the night before. If he had been ordered to take part in the sunrise battle, he would have been in the nick of time. That the Third Corps was not to be in it is evidenced by the position of the greater part of it on Seminary Ridge until near noon of the 2d. So General Lee must have ordered a position carried, at sunrise, <long_379>by ten thousand men, after it had gathered strength all night,—a position that he would not assault on the afternoon of the 1st with forty thousand men, lest they should encounter "overwhelming numbers." (*)

As the other corps, after receiving their orders for the afternoon battle of the 2d, failed to engage until after nightfall, it is not probable that they would have found the sunrise battle without orders.

General Pendleton's official report is in conflict with his memorial lecture. In the former he makes no reference to the sunrise-battle order, but mentions a route by which the left of the enemy could be turned.

Letters from the active members of General Lee's staff and from his military secretary, General A. L. Long, show that the sunrise battle was not ordered, and a letter from Colonel Fairfax shows that the claim that it was so ordered. was set up after General Lee's death. (+)

(+) Following are the essential portions of the letters referred to, affording unquestionable and overwhelming testimony against the claim that General Longstreet was ordered to give battle "at sunrise":

"NORFOLK, VA., April 28, 1875.

"DEAR GENERAL,—... I can only say that I never before heard of the ' sunrise attack' you were to have made, as charged by General Pendleton. If such an order was given you I never knew of it, or it has strangely escaped my memory. I think it more than probable that if General Lee had had your troops available the evening previous to the day of which you speak, he would have ordered an early attack, but this does not touch the point at issue. I regard it as a great mistake on the part of those who, perhaps because of political differences, now undertake to criticise and attack your war record. Such conduct is most ungenerous, and I am sure meets the disapprobation of all good Confederates with whom I have had the pleasure of associating in the daily walks of life.

"Yours, very respectfully,

"W. H. TAYLOR."

" UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 11, 1875. "

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET:

"DEAR GENERAL,—... I did not know of any order for an attack on the enemy at sunrise on the 2d, nor can I believe any such order was issued by General Lee. About sunrise on the 2d of July I was sent by General Lee to General Ewell to ask him what he thought of the advantages of an attack on the enemy from his position. (Colonel Marshall had been sent with a similar order on the night of the 1st.) General Ewell made me ride with him from point to point of his lines, so as to see with him the exact position of things. Before he got through the examination of the enemy's position, General Lee came himself to General Ewell's lines. In sending the message to General Ewell, General Lee was explicit in saying that the question was whether he should move all the troops around on the right and attack on that side. I do not think that the errand on which I was sent by the commanding general is consistent with the idea of an attack at sunrise by any portion of the army.

"Yours, very truly,

" CHARLES S. VENABLE."

" BALTIMORE, MD., May 7, 1875.

" DEAR GENERAL,—... I have no personal recollection of the order to which you refer. It certainly was not conveyed by me, nor is there anything in General Lee's official report to show the attack on the 2d was expected by him to begin earlier, except that he notices that there was not proper concert of action on that day

"Respectfully,

" CHARLES MARSHALL."

" BIG ISLAND, BEDFORD, VA., May 31, 1875.

" DEAR GENERAL,—... I do not recollect of hearing of an order to attack at sunrise, or at any other designated hour, pending the operations at Gettysburg during the first three days of July, 1863

"Yours truly,

" A. L. LONG."

" FREESTONE P. O., PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA.,

"November 12, 1877.

"MY DEAR GENERAL LONGSTREET,— . . . The winter after the death of General Lee I was in Lexington, visiting my sons at the V. M. I. General Pendleton called to see me at the hotel. General Custis Lee was in my room when he came in. After General Lee left, General Pendleton asked me if General Longstreet was not ordered to attack on the 2d of July at Gettysburg at six o'clock in the morning, and did not attack until four o'clock in the evening. I told him it was not possible. When he left me I was under the impression I had convinced him of his mistaken idea. I told General Pendleton that you and General Lee were together the greater part of the day up to about three o'clock or later; that you separated at the mouth of a lane not long thereafter. You said to me, ' Those troops will be in position by the time you get there; tell General Hood to attack.' When I gave the order to General Hood he was standing within a step or two of his line of battle. I asked him to please delay his attack until I could communicate to General Longstreet that he can turn the enemy, —pointing to a gorge in the mountain, where we would be sheltered from his view and attack by his cavalry. General Hood slapped me on the knee and said, 'I agree with you,—bring General Longstreet to see for himself.' When I reported to you, your answer was, ' It is General Lee's order; the time is up,—attack at once.' I lost no time in repeating the same to General Hood, and remained with him to see the attack, which was made instantly. We had a beautiful view of the enemy's left from Hood's position, which was close up to him. He gave way quickly. General Hood charged, and I spurred to report to you; found you with hat in hand cheering on General McLaws's division

"Truly your friend,

" JOHN W. FAIRFAX."

<long_380>

In a published account, General Long mentions my suggestion on the afternoon of the 1st for the turning <long_381>march around the enemy's left, which he says, after consideration, was rejected.(*)

Colonel Taylor claims that the attack by the Confederate right should have been sooner, and should have met the enemy back on his first or original line, and before Little Round Top was occupied. But Little Round Top was not occupied in force until after my battle opened, and General Sickles's advance to his forward lines was made in consequence of the Confederate threatening, and would have been sooner or later according as that threatening was made. He calls the message of General Lee to General Ewell on the afternoon of the 1st an order. General Lee says,—

"The strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. General Ewell was thereupon instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy if he found it practicable."

It is the custom of military service to accept instructions of a commander as orders, but when they are coupled with conditions that transfer the responsibility of battle and defeat to the subordinate, they are not orders, and General Ewell was justifiable in not making attack that his commander would not order, and the censure of his failure is unjust and *very ungenerous*. <long_382>

The Virginia writers have been so eager in their search for a flaw in the conduct of the battle of the First Corps that they overlook the only point into which they could have thrust their pens.

At the opening of the fight, General Meade was with General Sickles discussing the feasibility of moving the Third Corps back to the line originally assigned for it, but the discussion was cut short by the opening of the Confederate battle. If that opening had been delayed thirty or forty minutes the corps would have been drawn back to the general

line, and my first deployment would have enveloped Little Round Top and carried it before it could have been strongly manned, and General Meade would have drawn off to his line selected behind Pipe Creek. The point should have been that the battle was opened too soon.

Another point from which they seek comfort is that Sedgwick's corps (Sixth) was not up until a late hour of the 2d, and would not have been on the field for an earlier battle. But Sedgwick was not engaged in the late battle, and could have been back at Manchester, so far as the afternoon battle was concerned. And they harp a little on the delay of thirty minutes for Law's brigade to join its division. But General Lee called for the two divisions, and had called for Law's brigade to join his division. It was therefore his order for the division that delayed the march. To have gone without it would have justified censure. As we were not strong enough for the work with that brigade, it is not probable that we could have accomplished more without it.

Colonel Taylor says that General Lee urged that the march of my troops should be hastened, and was chafed at their non-appearance. Not one word did he utter to me of their march until he gave his orders at eleven o'clock for the move to his right. Orders for the troops to hasten their march of the 1st were sent without even a <long_383>suggestion from him, but upon his announcement that he intended to fight the next day, if the enemy was there.(*)

(* Upon the various matters of this momentous day, which have been subject of controversy, the following testimony from J. S. D. Cullen is interesting and important:

"RICHMOND, VA., May 18, 1875.

" GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET:

" DEAR GENERAL,— . . . It was an astounding announcement to the survivors of the First Army Corps that the disaster and failure at Gettysburg was alone and solely due to its commander, and that had he obeyed the orders of the commander-in-chief Meade's army would have been beaten before its entire force had assembled, and its final discomfiture thereby made certain. It is a little strange that these charges were not made while General Lee was alive to substantiate or disprove them, and that seven years or more were permitted to pass by in silence regarding them. You are fortunate in being able to call upon the adjutant-general and the two confidential officers of General Lee's staff for their testimony in the case, and I do not think that you will have any reason to fear their evidence. They knew every order that was issued for that battle, when and where attacks were to be made, who were slow in attacking, and who did not make attacks that were expected to be made. I hope, for the sake of history and for your brave military record, that a quietus will at once be put on this subject. I distinctly remember the appearance in our head-quarters camp of the scout who brought from Frederick the first account that General Lee had of the definite whereabouts of the enemy; of the excitement at General Lee's head-quarters among couriers, quartermasters, commissaries, etc., all betokening some early movement of the commands dependent upon the news brought by the scout. That afternoon General Lee was walking with some of us in the road in front of his head-quarters, and said, ' To-morrow, gentlemen, we will not move to Harrisburg as we expected, but will go over to Gettysburg and see what General Meade is after.' Orders had then been issued to the corps to move at sunrise on the morning of the next day, and promptly at that time the corps was put on the road. The troops moved slowly a short distance when they were stopped by Ewell's wagon-trains and Johnson's division turning into the road in front of them, making their way from some point north to Cashtown or Gettysburg. How many hours we were detained I am unable to say, but it must have been many, for I remember eating a lunch or dinner before moving again. Being anxious to see you, I rode rapidly by the troops (who, as soon as they could get into the road, pushed hurriedly by us also), and overtook you about dark at the hill this side of Gettysburg, about half a mile from the town. You had been at the front with General Lee, and were returning to your camp, a mile or two back. I spoke very exultingly of the victory we were thought to have obtained that day,

but was surprised to find that you did not take the same cheerful view of it that I did, and presently you remarked that it would have been better had we not fought than to have left undone what we did. You said that the enemy were left occupying a position that it would take the whole army to drive them from and then at a great sacrifice. We soon reached the camp, three miles, perhaps, from Gettysburg, and found the column near by. Orders were issued to be ready to march at 'daybreak,' or some earlier hour, next morning. About three o'clock in the morning, while the stars were shining, you left your head-quarters and rode to General Lee's, where I found you sitting with him *after sunrise* looking at the enemy on Cemetery Hill"

"I am yours, very truly,

"J. S. D. CULLEN."

<long_384>

That he was excited and off his balance was evident on the afternoon of the 1st, and he labored under that oppression until enough blood was shed to appease him.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXVIII.—Gettysburg—Third Day.

The Stroke of Arms that shook the Continent—Longstreet opposed the Attack as planned and made—The Confederate Column of Assault—It was weak in Numbers but strong in Spirit—Tremendous Artillery Combat begins the Day's Fighting—Charge of Generals Pickett, Trimble, and Pettigrew—Armistead falls by the Side of the Federal Guns—The Federal Cavalry Charge of General Farnsworth—The Commander falls with Five Mortal Wounds—Could the Assaulting Column have been safely augmented from Longstreet's Right ?—Testimony as to that Point—Where rested the Responsibility for Disaster ?—Criticism of the Battle as a whole—Cemetery Hill stronger than Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg—Controverted Points—Casualties of the Three Days' Fight—Organization of the Forces engaged.

<long_385>

GENERAL LEE has reported of arrangements for the day,—

"The general plan was unchanged. Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battle-field during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack the next morning, and General Ewell was ordered to attack the enemy's right at the same time. The latter during the night reinforced General Johnson with two brigades from Rodes's and one from Early's division." (*)

This is disingenuous. He did not give or send me orders for the morning of the third day, nor did he reinforce me by Pickett's brigades for morning attack. As his head-quarters were about four miles from the command, i did not ride over, but sent, to report the work of the second day. In the absence of orders, I had scouting parties out during the night in search of a way by which we might strike the enemy's left, and push it down towards his centre. I found a way that gave some promise of results, and was about to move the command, when he rode <long_386>over after sunrise and gave his orders. His plan was to assault the enemy's left centre by a column to be composed of McLaws's and Hood's divisions reinforced by Pickett's brigades.(*). I thought that it would not do; that the point had been fully tested the day before, by more men, when all were fresh; that the enemy was there looking for us, as we heard him during the night putting up his defences; that the divisions of McLaws and Hood were holding a mile along the right of my line against twenty thousand men, who would follow their withdrawal, strike the flank of the assaulting column, crush it, and get on our rear towards the Potomac River; that thirty thousand men was the minimum of force necessary for the work; that even such force would need close co-operation on other parts of the line; that the column as he proposed to organize it would have only about thirteen thousand men (the divisions having lost a third of their numbers the day before); that the column would have to march a mile under concentrating battery fire, and a thousand yards under long-range musketry; that the conditions were different from those in the days of Napoleon, when field batteries had a range of six hundred yards and musketry about sixty yards.

He said the distance was not more than fourteen hundred yards. General Meade's estimate was a mile or a mile and a half (Captain Long, the guide of the field of Gettysburg in 1888, stated that it was a trifle over a mile). He then concluded that the

divisions of McLaws and Hood could remain on the defensive line; that he would reinforce by divisions of the Third Corps and Pickett's brigades, and stated the point to which the march should be directed. I asked the strength of the column. He stated fifteen thousand. Opinion was then expressed that the fifteen thousand men who could make successful assault <long_387>over that field had never been arrayed for battle; but he was impatient of listening, and tired of talking, and nothing was left but to proceed. General Alexander was ordered to arrange the batteries of the front of the First and Third Corps, those of the Second were supposed to be in position; Colonel Walton was ordered to see that the batteries of the First were supplied with ammunition, and to prepare to give the signal-guns for the opening combat. The infantry of the Third Corps to be assigned were Heth's and Pettigrew's divisions and Wilcox's brigade.

At the time of the conversation and arrangement of the assault by the Confederate right, artillery fire was heard on our extreme left. It seems that General Lee had sent orders to General Ewell to renew his battle in the morning, which was intended, and directed, as a co-operation of the attack he intended to order on his right, but General Ruger, anticipating, opened his batteries against Ewell at daylight. The Union divisions—Ruger's and Gary's—were on broken lines, open towards the trenches held by the Confederates, so that assault by our line would expose the force to fire from the enemy's other line. Ruger had occupied the trenches left vacant on his right, and Gary reached to his left under Greene, who held his line against the attack of the day before. It seems that the Confederates failed to bring artillery up to their trenches, and must make their fight with infantry, while on the Union side there were some fifteen or twenty guns playing, and many more at hand if needed.

As the Union batteries opened, Johnson advanced and assaulted the enemy's works on his right towards the centre and the adjacent front of the new line, and held to that attack with resolution, putting in fresh troops to help it from time to time. Ruger put two regiments forward to feel the way towards Johnson's left. They got into hot engagement and were repulsed; Johnson tried to follow, but was <long_388>in turn forced back. He renewed his main attack again, but unsuccessfully, and finally drew back to the trenches. Ruger threw a regiment forward from his left which gained the stone wall; his division was then advanced, and it recovered the entire line of trenches.

While this contention was in progress the troops ordered for the column of assault were marching and finding positions under the crest of the ridge, where they could be covered during the artillery combat. Alexander put a battery of nine guns under the ridge and out of the enemy's fire to be used with the assaulting column.

General Lee said that the attack of his right was not made as early as expected,—which he should not have said. He knew that I did not believe that success was possible; that care and time should be taken to give the troops the benefit of positions and the grounds; and he should have put an officer in charge who had more confidence in his plan. Two-thirds of the troops were of other commands, and there was no reason for putting the assaulting forces under my charge. He had confidence in General Early, who advised in favor of that end of the line for battle. Knowing my want of confidence, he should have given the benefit of his presence and his assistance in getting the troops up, posting them, and arranging the batteries; but he gave no orders or suggestions after his early designation of the point for which the column should march. Fitzhugh Lee claims evidence that General Lee did not even appear on that part of the field while the troops

were being assigned to position.

As the commands reported, Pickett was assigned on the right, Kemper's and Garnett's brigades to be supported by Armistead's; Wilcox's brigade of the Third Corps in echelon and guarding Pickett's right; Pettigrew's division on Pickett's left, supported by the brigades of Scales and Lane, under command of General Trimble. The brigades of Pettigrew's division were Archer's, Pettigrew's, <long_389>Brockenbrough's, and Davis's. (General Archer having been taken prisoner on the 1st, his brigade was under command of Colonel Fry; General Scales being wounded on the same day, his brigade was commanded by Colonel Lowrance.) The ridge upon which the commands were formed was not parallel to that upon which the enemy stood, but bending west towards our left, while the enemy's line bore northwest towards his right, so that the left of the assaulting column formed some little distance farther from the enemy's line than the right. To put the troops under the best cover during the artillery combat they were thus posted for the march, but directed to spread their steps as soon as the march opened the field, and to gain places of correct alignment.

Meanwhile, the enemy's artillery on his extreme right was in practice more or less active, but its meaning was not known or reported, and the sharp-shooters of the command on the right had a lively fusillade about eleven o'clock, in which some of the artillery took part. The order was that the right was to make the signal of battle. General Lee reported that his left attacked before due notice to wait for the opening could be given, which was a mistake, inasmuch as the attack on his left was begun by the Federals, which called his left to their work. General Meade was not apprehensive of that part of the field, and only used the two divisions of the Twelfth Corps, Shaler's brigade of the Sixth, and six regiments of the First and Eleventh Corps in recovering the trenches of his right, holding the other six corps for the battle of his centre and left. He knew by the Confederate troops on his right just where the strong battle was to be.

The director of artillery was asked to select a position on his line from which he could note the effect of his practice, and to advise General Pickett when the enemy's fire was so disturbed as to call for the assault. General Pickett's was the division of direction, and he was ordered <long_390>to have a staff-officer or courier with the artillery director to bear notice of the moment to advance.

The little affair between the skirmish lines quieted in a short time, and also the noise on our extreme left. The quiet filing of one or two of our batteries into position emphasized the profound silence that prevailed during our wait for final orders. Strong battle was in the air, and the veterans of both sides swelled their breasts to gather nerve and strength to meet it. Division commanders were asked to go to the crest of the ridge and take a careful view of the field, and to have their officers there to tell their men of it, and to prepare them for the sight that was to burst upon them as they mounted the crest.

Just then a squadron of Union cavalry rode through detachments of infantry posted at intervals in rear of my right division. It was called a charge, but was probably a reconnoissance.

Colonel Black had reported with a hundred of the First South Carolina Cavalry, not all mounted, and a battery of horse artillery, and was put across the Emmitsburg road, supported by infantry, in front of Merritt's brigade of cavalry.

When satisfied that the work of preparation was all that it could be with the means at hand, I wrote Colonel Walton, of the Washington Artillery,—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, July 3, 1863.

"COLONEL,—Let the batteries open. Order great care and precision in firing. When the batteries at the Peach Orchard cannot be used against the point we intend to attack, let them open on the enemy's on the rocky hill.

"Most respectfully,

"JAMES LONGSTREET,
"Lieutenant- General, Commanding.'

At the same time a note to Alexander directed that Pickett should not be called until the artillery practice <long_391>indicated fair opportunity. Then I rode to a woodland hard by, to lie down and study for some new thought that might aid the assaulting column. In a few minutes report came from Alexander that he would only be able to judge of the effect of his fire by the return of that of the enemy, as his infantry was not exposed to view, and the smoke of the batteries would soon cover the field. He asked, if there was an alternative, that it be carefully considered before the batteries opened, as there was not enough artillery ammunition for this and another trial if this should not prove favorable.

He was informed that there was no alternative; that I could find no way out of it; that General Lee had considered and would listen to nothing else; that orders had gone for the guns to give signal for the batteries; that he should call the troops at the first opportunity or lull in the enemy's fire.

The signal-guns broke the silence, the blaze of the second gun mingling in the smoke of the first, and salvos rolled to the left and repeated themselves, the enemy's fine metal spreading its fire to the converging lines, ploughing the trembling ground, plunging through the line of batteries, and clouding the heavy air. The two or three hundred guns seemed proud of their undivided honors and organized confusion. The Confederates had the benefit of converging fire into the enemy's massed position, but the superior metal of the enemy neutralized the advantage of position. The brave and steady work progressed.

Before this the Confederates of the left were driven from their captured trenches, and hope of their effective co-operation with the battle of the right was lost, but no notice of it was sent to the right of the battle. They made some further demonstrations, but they were of little effect. Merritt's brigade of cavalry was in rear of my right, threatening on the Emmitsburg road. Farnsworth's brigade took position between Merritt's and close on my right <long_392>rear. Infantry regiments and batteries were broken off from my front line and posted to guard on that flank and rear.

Not informed of the failure of the Confederates on the left and the loss of their vantage-ground, we looked with confidence for them to follow the orders of battle.

General Pickett rode to confer with Alexander, then to the ground upon which I was resting, where he was soon handed a slip of paper. After reading it he handed it to me. It read:

"If you are coming at all, come at once, or I cannot give you proper support, but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all. At least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself.

" ALEXANDER. "

Pickett said, "General, shall I advance?"

The effort to speak the order failed, and I could only indicate it by an affirmative bow.

He accepted the duty with seeming confidence of success, leaped on his horse, and rode gayly to his command. I mounted and spurred for Alexander's post. He reported that the batteries he had reserved for the charge with the infantry had been spirited away by General Lee's chief of artillery; that the ammunition of the batteries of position was so reduced that he could not use them in proper support of the infantry. He was ordered to stop the march at once and fill up his ammunition-chests. But, alas ! there was no more ammunition to be had.

The order was imperative. The Confederate commander had fixed his heart upon the work. Just then a number of the enemy's batteries hitched up and hauled off, which gave a glimpse of unexpected hope. Encouraging messages were sent for the columns to hurry on,—and they were then on elastic springing step. The officers saluted as they passed, their stern smiles expressing confidence. General Pickett, a graceful horseman, sat <long_393>lightly in the saddle, his brown locks flowing quite over his shoulders. Pettigrew's division spread their steps and quickly rectified the alignment, and the grand march moved bravely on. As soon as the leading columns opened the way, the supports sprang to their alignments. General Trimble mounted, adjusting his seat and reins with an air and grace as if setting out on a pleasant afternoon ride. When aligned to their places solid march was made down the slope and past our batteries of position.

Confederate batteries put their fire over the heads of the men as they moved down the slope, and continued to draw the fire of the enemy until the smoke lifted and drifted to the rear, when every gun was turned upon the infantry columns. The batteries that had been drawn off were replaced by others that were fresh. Soldiers and officers began to fall, some to rise no more, others to find their way to the hospital tents. Single files were cut here and there, then the gaps increased, and an occasional shot tore wider openings, but, closing the gaps as quickly as made, the march moved on. The divisions of McLaws and Hood were ordered to move to closer lines for the enemy on their front, to spring to the charge as soon as the breach at the centre could be made. The enemy's right overreached my left and gave serious trouble. Brockenbrough's brigade went down and Davis's in impetuous charge. The general order required further assistance from the Third Corps if needed, but no support appeared. General Lee and the corps commander were there, but failed to order help.

Colonel Latrobe was sent to General Trimble to have his men fill the line of the broken brigades, and bravely they repaired the damage. The enemy moved out against the supporting brigade in Pickett's rear. Colonel Sorrel was sent to have that move guarded, and Pickett was drawn back to that contention. McLaws was ordered to press his left forward, but the direct fire of infantry and <long_394>cross-fire of artillery was telling fearfully on the front. Colonel Fremantle ran up to offer congratulations on the apparent success, but the big gaps in the ranks grew until the lines were reduced to half their length. I called his attention to the broken, struggling ranks. Trimble mended the battle of the left in handsome style, but on the right the massing of the enemy grew stronger and stronger. Brigadier Garnett was killed, Kemper and Trimble were desperately wounded; Generals Hancock and Gibbon were wounded. General Lane succeeded Trimble, and with Pettigrew held the battle of the left in steady ranks.

Pickett's lines being nearer, the impact was heaviest upon them. Most of the field officers were killed or wounded. Colonel Whittle, of Armistead's brigade, who had been shot through the right leg at Williamsburg and lost his left arm at Malvern Hill, was shot

through the right arm, then brought down by a shot through his left leg.

General Armistead, of the second line, spread his steps to supply the places of fallen comrades. His colors cut down, with a volley against the bristling line of bayonets, he put his cap on his sword to guide the storm. The enemy's massing, enveloping numbers held the struggle until the noble Armistead fell beside the wheels of the enemy's battery. Pettigrew was wounded, but held his command.

General Pickett, finding the battle broken, while the enemy was still reinforcing, called the troops off. There was no indication of panic. The broken files marched back in steady step. The effort was nobly made, and failed from blows that could not be fended. Some of the files were cut off from retreat by fire that swept the field in their rear. Officers of my staff, sent forward with orders, came back with their saddles and bridles in their arms. Latrobe's horse was twice shot.

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Looking confidently for advance of the enemy through our open field, I rode to the line of batteries, resolved to hold it until the last gun was lost. As I rode, the shells screaming over my head and ploughing the ground under my horse, an involuntary appeal went up that one of them might take me from scenes of such awful responsibility; but the storm to be met left no time to think of one's self. The battery officers were prepared to meet the crisis,-no move had been made for leaving the field. My old acquaintance of Sharpsburg experience, Captain Miller, was walking up and down behind his guns, smoking his pipe, directing his fire over the heads of our men as fast as they were inside of the danger-line; the other officers equally firm and ready to defend to the last. A body of skirmishers put out from the enemy's lines and advanced some distance, but the batteries opened severe fire and drove it back. Our men passed the batteries in quiet walk, and would rally, I knew, when they reached the ridge from which they started.

General Lee was soon with us, and with staff-officers and others assisted in encouraging the men and getting them together.

As the attack failed, General Kilpatrick put his cavalry brigade under General Farnsworth on the charge through the infantry detachment in rear of my right division. The regiments of G. T. Anderson's brigade had been posted at points in rear as guards against cavalry, and the First Texas, Fourth and Fifteenth Alabama, and Bach-man's and Reilly's batteries were looking for that adventure. Farnsworth had a rough ride over rocks and stone fences, but bore on in spite of all, cutting and slashing when he could get at the skirmishers or detachments. He made a gallant ride along the rear of our right, but was obliged to come under the infantry and artillery fire at several points. He fell, pierced, it is said, by five mortal wounds. Calls for him to surrender were made, <long_396>but the cavalry were not riding for that. The command lost heavily, but claimed captives equal to their loss.

Kilpatrick's mistake was in not putting Farnsworth in on Merritt's left, where he would have had an open ride, and made more trouble than was ever made by a cavalry brigade. Had the ride been followed by prompt advance of the enemy's infantry in line beyond our right and pushed with vigor, they could have reached our line of retreat. General Meade ordered his left, but delay in getting the orders and preparing to get through the rough grounds consumed time, and the move was abandoned. The Fifth and Sixth Corps were in convenient position, and would have had good ground for marching after getting out of the rocky fastnesses of Round Top.

As we had no cavalry on our right, the Union cavalry was held on their right to observe the Confederates under Stuart, except Kilpatrick's division (and Custer's brigade of that division was retained on their right). A little while after the repulse of our infantry column, Stuart's cavalry advanced and was met by Gregg's, and made one of the severest and most stubborn fights of cavalry on record. General Wade Hampton was severely wounded. The Union forces held the field.

When affairs had quieted a little, and apprehension of immediate counter-attack had passed, orders were sent the divisions of McLaws and Hood to draw back and occupy the lines from which they had advanced to engage the battle of the second. Orders sent Benning's brigade by the division staff were not understood, and Benning, under the impression that he was to relieve part of McLaws's division, which he thought was to be sent on other service, ordered the Fifteenth Georgia Regiment to occupy that position. When he received the second order he sent for his detached regiment. Meanwhile, the enemy was feeling the way to his front, and before Colonel DuBose received his second order, the enemy was on his front and had <long_397>passed his right and left flanks. The moment he received the final order, Colonel DuBose made a running fight and escaped with something more than half his men.

In regard to this, as to other battles in which the First Corps was concerned, the knights of peaceful later days have been busy in search of points on which to lay charges or make innuendoes of want of conduct of that corps. General Early has been a picturesque figure in the combination, ready to champion any reports that could throw a shadow over its record, but the charge most pleasing to him was that of *treason* on the part of its commander. The subject was lasting, piquant, and so consoling that one is almost inclined to envy the comfort it gave him in his latter days.

Colonel Taylor and members of the staff claim that General Lee ordered that the divisions of McLaws and Hood should be a part of the assaulting column. Of this General Lee says,—

"General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hill on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked from reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previously from the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which Major-General Trimble was assigned. General Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of the command, to afford General Longstreet further assistance if required, and to avail himself of any success that might be gained."

Colonel Taylor says,—

"As our extreme right was comparatively safe, being well posted, and not at all threatened, one of the divisions of Hood and McLaws, and a greater part of the other, could be moved out of the lines and be made to take part in the attack."

On this point I offer the evidence of General Warren before the Committee of Investigation:

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"General Meade had so arranged his troops on our left during the third day that nearly one-half of our army was in reserve in that position. It was a good, sheltered position, and a convenient one from which to reinforce other points of the line, and when the repulse of

the enemy took place on that day, General Meade intended to move forward all the forces he could get in hand and assault the enemy in line. He ordered the advance of the Fifth Corps, but it was carried so slowly that it did not amount to much, if anything."

General Hancock's evidence on that point is:

"General Meade told me before the fight that if the enemy attacked me, he intended to put the Fifth and Sixth Corps on the enemy's flank."

From which it is evident that the withdrawal of the divisions of my right, to be put in the column of assault, would have been followed by those corps swinging around and enveloping the assaulting columns and gaining Lee's line of retreat.

Colonel Venable thinks it a mistake to have put Heth's division in the assaulting column. He says,—

"They were terribly mistaken about Heth's division in this planning. It had not recuperated, having suffered more than was reported on the first day."

But to accept for the moment Colonel Taylor's premises, the two divisions referred to would have swelled the columns of assault to twenty-three thousand men. We were alone in the battle as on the day before. The enemy had seventy-five thousand men on strong ground, with well-constructed defences. The Confederates would have had to march a mile through the blaze of direct and cross fire and break up an army of seventy-five thousand well-seasoned troops, well defended by field-works !

A rough sketch of the positions of the forces about my right and rear will help to show if it "was comparatively safe, and not at all threatened."

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General Gibbon's testimony in regard to the assaulting columns of the 3d:

"I was wounded about the time I suppose the enemy's second line got into our batteries, —probably a little before that. As described to me afterwards, the result, I think, will carry out my idea in regard to it, because the enemy broke through, forced back my weakest brigade under General Webb, got into our batteries, and the men were so close that the officers on each side were using their pistols on each other, and the men frequently clubbed their muskets, and the clothes of men on both sides were burned by the powder of exploding cartridges. An officer of my staff, Lieutenant Haskell, had been sent by me, just previously to the attack, to General Meade with a message that the enemy were coming. He got back on the top of the hill hunting for me, and was there when this brigade was forced back, and, without waiting orders from me, he rode off to the left and ordered all the troops of the division there to the right. As they came up helter-skelter, everybody for himself, with their officers among them, they commenced firing upon these rebels as they were coming into our lines."

Had the column been augmented by the divisions of my right, it is probable that its brave men would have penetrated far enough to reach Johnson's Island as prisoners; hardly possible that it could have returned to General Lee by any other route.

When engaged collecting the broken files after the repulse, General Lee said to an officer who was assisting, "It is all my fault."

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A letter from Colonel W. M. Owen assures me that General Lee repeated this remark at a roadside fire of the Washington Artillery on the 5th of July. A letter from General Lee during the winter of 1863-64 repeated it in substance.

And here is what Colonel T. J. Goree, of Texas, has to say upon the subject:

"I was present, however, just after Pickett's repulse, when General Lee so magnanimously took all the blame of the disaster upon himself. Another important circumstance, which I distinctly remember, was in the winter of 1863—64, when you sent me from East Tennessee to Orange Court-House with some despatches to General Lee. Upon my arrival there, General Lee asked me into his tent, where he was alone, with two or three Northern papers on the table. He remarked that he had just been reading the Northern reports of the battle of Gettysburg; that he had become satisfied from reading those reports *that if he had permitted you to carry out your plan, instead of making the attack on Cemetery Hill, he would have been successful.*"

Further testimony to this effect comes from another source:

"In East Tennessee, during the winter of 1863-64, you called me into your quarters, and asked me to read a letter just received from General Lee in which he used the following words: 'Oh, general, *had I but followed your advice, instead of pursuing the course that I did, how different all would have been !*' You wished me to bear this language in mind as your correspondence might be lost.

" ERASMUS TAYLOR.

" ORANGE COUNTY, VA."

A contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* reported,—

"But Lee's inaction after Fredericksburg was, as we have called it, an unhappy or negative blunder. Undoubtedly the greatest positive blunder of which he was ever guilty was the unnecessary onslaught which he gratuitously made against the strong position into which, by accident, General Meade fell back at Gettysburg. We have good reason for saying that during the five years of calm reflection which General Lee passed at Lexington, after the conclusion of the American war, his maladroit manipulation <long_401>of the Confederate army during the Gettysburg campaign was to him a matter of ceaseless self. reproach.

"' If,' said he, on many occasions, ' I had taken General Longstreet's advice on the eve of the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, and filed off the left corps of my army behind the right corps, in the direction of Washington and Baltimore, along the Emmitsburg road, the Confederates would to-day be a free people.' "(*)

It should be stated that kindest relations were maintained between General Lee and myself until interrupted by politics in 1867.

It is difficult to reconcile these facts with the reports put out after his death by members of his family and of his staff, and *post-bellum* champions, that indicate his later efforts to find points by which to so work up public opinion as to shift the disaster to my shoulders.

Some of the statements of the members of the staff have been referred to. General Fitzhugh Lee claims evidence that General Lee said that he would have gained the battle if he had had General Jackson with him. But he had Jackson in the Sharpsburg campaign, which was more blundering than that of Gettysburg.(+) In another account Fitzhugh Lee wrote of General Lee,—

"He told the father of the writer, his brother, that he was controlled too far by the great confidence he felt in the fighting qualities of his people, and by assurances of most of his higher officers."

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No assurances were made from officers of the First Corps, but rather objections. The only assurances that have come to light, to be identified, are those of General Early, who advised the battle, but *from the other end of the line from his command*, which should have given warning that it did not come from the heart of a true soldier.

And this is the epitome of the Confederate battle. The army when it set out on the campaign was all that could be desired, (except that the arms were not all of the most approved pattern), but it was despoiled of two of its finest brigades, Jenkins's and Corse's of Pickett's division, and was fought out by detail. The greatest number engaged at any one time was on the first day, when twenty-six thousand engaged twenty thousand of the First and part of the Eleventh Corps. On the afternoon of the second day about seventeen thousand were engaged on the right, and at night about seven thousand on the left; then later at night about three thousand near the centre. On the third day about twelve thousand were engaged at daylight and until near noon, and in the afternoon fifteen thousand,—all of the work of the second and third days against an army of seventy thousand and more of veteran troops in strong position defended by field-works.

General Lee was on the field from about three o'clock of the afternoon of the first day. Every order given the troops of the First Corps on that field up to its march on the forenoon of the 2d was issued in his presence. If the movements were not satisfactory in time and speed of moving, it was his power, duty, and privilege to apply the remedy, but it was not a part of a commander's duty or privilege to witness things that did not suit him, fail to apply the remedy, and go off and grumble with his staff-officers about it. In their efforts to show culpable delay in the movements of the First Corps on the 2d, some of the Virginia writers endeavor to show <long_403>that General Lee did not even give me a guide to lead the way to the field from which his battle was to be opened. He certainly failed to go and look at it, and assist in selecting the ground and preparing for action.

Fitzhugh Lee says of the second day, "*Longstreet* was attacking the Marye's Hill of the position." * At Fredericksburg, General Burnside attacked at Marye's Hill in six or more successive assaults with some twenty or thirty thousand against three brigades under McLaws and Ransom and the artillery; he had about four hundred yards to march from his covered ways about Fredericksburg to Marye's Hill. When his last attack was repulsed in the evening, he arranged and gave his orders for the attack to be renewed in the morning, giving notice that he would lead it with the Ninth Corps, but upon reports of his officers abandoned it. General Lee's assaulting columns of fifteen or twenty thousand had a march of a mile to attack double their numbers, better defended than were the three brigades of Confederates at Marye's Hill that drove back Burnside. The enemy on Cemetery Hill was in stronger position than the Confederates at Marye's Hill.

Fitzhugh Lee writes in the volume already quoted,—

"Over the splendid scene of human courage and human sacrifice at Gettysburg there arises in the South an apparition, like Banquo's ghost at Macbeth's banquet, which says the battle was lost to the Confederates because some one blundered."

Call them Banquo, but their name is Legion. Weird spirits keep midnight watch about the great boulders, while unknown comrades stalk in ghostly ranks through the black

fastnesses of Devil's Den, wailing the lament, "Some one blundered at Gettysburg! Woe is me, whose duty was to die !"

"General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee. Marye's Hill was the stronghold at Fredericksburg.

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Fitzhugh Lee makes his plans, orders, and movements to suit his purpose, and claims that they would have given Gettysburg to the Confederates, but he is not likely to convince any one outside of his coterie that over the heights of Gettysburg was to be found honor for the South.

General Meade said that the suggestion to work towards his line of communication was sound "military sense." That utterance has been approved by subsequent fair judgment, and it is that potent fact that draws the spiteful fire of latter-day knights.

Forty thousand men, unsupported as we were, could not have carried the position at Gettysburg. The enemy was there. Officers and men knew their advantage, and were resolved to stay until the hills came down over them. It is simply out of the question for a lesser force to march over broad, open fields and carry a fortified front occupied by a greater force of seasoned troops.

Referring to the proposed move around the Union left to cut the line of communication, a parallel in the Franco-German war is appropriate. When the manoeuvres of the campaign had pushed Marshal MacMahon's army back to the road between Paris and Metz, the latter fortified and occupied by the army under Marshal Bazaine, MacMahon hesitated between Paris and Metz, and was manoeuvred out of position to a point north of the line. Von Moltke seized the opportunity and took position on the line, which gave him shorter routes east and west. So that MacMahon, to reach either point, must pass the German forces under Von Moltke. He made a brave effort to reach Metz, and Von Moltke, to maintain his advantage, was called to skilful manoeuvre and several gallant affairs, but succeeded in holding his advantage that must call MacMahon to general engagement or surrender. Out-generalled, and with a demoralized army, he thought the latter his proper alternative.

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The relative conditions of the armies were similar. The Union army, beaten at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and drawn from its aggressive campaign to defensive work in Pennsylvania, had met disaster in its battle of the 1st. If it had been out-generalled, and dislodged of position without further attack, it would have been in poor condition to come in aggressive battle against its adversary in well-chosen defensive grounds.

Again, in our own war, when the Union army carried the Confederate works west of Petersburg on the 2d of April, 1865, General Meade got his army together and was about to march east to finish his work by the capture of Petersburg: General Grant objected,— that the Confederates would retreat during the night; at Petersburg he would be behind them; in his then position he would be alongside of them, and have an even start, with better prospect to strike across their march and force them to general battle or surrender; and he ordered arrangements for the march west at daylight.

Even Napoleon Bonaparte, the first in the science and greatest in the execution of the art of war, finally lost grasp of his grandest thought:

"In war men are nothing; a man is everything."(*)

The Confederate chief at Gettysburg looked something like Napoleon at Waterloo.

Fitzhugh Lee quotes evidence of Governor Carroll, of Maryland, that General Lee said, "Longstreet is the hardest man to move in my army."

It does not look like generalship to lose a battle and a cause and then lay the responsibility upon others. He held command and was supported by his government. If his army did not suit him, his word could have changed it in a minute. If he failed to apply the remedy, it was his <long_406>fault. Some claim that his only fault as a general was his tender, generous heart. But a heart in the right place looks more to the cause intrusted to its care than for hidden ways by which to shift its responsibility to the shoulders of those whose lives hang upon his word.

When he set out on his first campaign (Chickahominy) with the army, the key of the campaign was intrusted to General Jackson, who named the hour for the opening and failed to meet his own appointment. At the time he appointed, A. P. Hill's, D. H. Hill's, and Longstreet's commands were in position waiting. About eight hours after his time he was up, but deliberately marched past the engagement and went into camp, a mile or more behind the hot battle. He remained in his camp next morning, and permitted the enemy, dislodged of his position of the day before, to march by him to a strong position at Gaines's Mill. When his column reached that position, his leading division (D. H. Hill's) engaged the enemy's right without orders. He called the division off and put his command in position to intercept the enemy's retreat towards the Pamunkey, from which he was afterwards called to his part in the general engagement. The next day he had the cavalry and part of his infantry in search of the enemy's next move. At my head-quarters were two clever young engineers who were sent to find what the enemy was about. They were the first to report the enemy's retreat towards James River. Orders were given for Jackson to follow on the direct line of retreat, also Magruder and Huger. My command was ordered around through the outskirts of Richmond by the Darby-town road to interpose between McClellan's army and the James River, about twenty miles; the other troops marching by routes of about nine miles. We were in position on the evening of the 29th of June, and stood in front of the enemy all of the 30th, fighting a severe battle in the <long_407>afternoon. Magruder and Huger got up after night, and Jackson on the morning of the 1st. After the battle of the 1st, Jackson, Magruder, and Huger were ordered in direct pursuit along the route of retreat, my command by the longer route of Nance's Store. Jackson's column and mine met on the evening of the 3d near Westover, the enemy's new position.

At the Second Manassas my command relieved the pressure against Jackson. He called on me for relief by a route that would have taken an hour or an hour and a half. A way was found by which he was relieved in about thirty minutes. When relieved, he left the battle on my hands. I was at Sharpsburg all day; Jackson only about two and a half hours. At Fredericksburg, anticipating the move against him, half of my command was ordered to swing off from my right and join in his battle.

But General Lee's assertion seems to refer to the operations at Gettysburg, after Jackson had found his Happy Home. Let us see how far this assertion is supported by events. General Lee reported,—

"The advance of the enemy to the latter place (Gettysburg) was unknown, and, the weather being inclement, the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops."

When, on the forenoon of the 2d, he decided upon his plan, the Second Corps was

deployed in the immediate front of the enemy's line on our left, except two brigades sent off by General Early. One division of the Third was close on the right of the Second, all within thirty minutes' march of the enemy's lines. Two divisions of the Third Corps and two of the First were on Seminary Ridge. When the order was announced the divisions on Seminary Ridge had to find their positions and deploy to the right. By the route ordered for the march it was five or six miles to the point at which the battle was to be opened. The <long_408>troops of the Third had a shorter route. The march of the First was made in time for prompt deployment on the right of the Third.

We were left to our own resources in finding ground upon which to organize for battle. The enemy had changed position somewhat after the march was ordered, but as we were not informed of his position before the march, we could not know of the change. The Confederate commander did not care to ride near us, to give information of a change, to assist in preparing for attack, nor to inquire if new and better combinations might be made.

Four brigades of the right of the Third Corps were assigned as part of my command. The engagement was to be general. My artillery combat was opened at three P.M., followed in half an hour by the infantry, and I made progressive battle until sundown. A division of the Second Corps attacked on our left at nightfall, and later two brigades. Other parts of the Second and Third Corps did not move to the battle.

On the 3d I was ordered to organize the column of assault, the other corps to co-operate and assist the battle. There was an affair on the Confederate left before the assaulting columns were organized, brought on by attack of the enemy. The assaulting force marched at one P.M. Its work has been described, but it is important to note that neither of the other corps took part in the battle while the Southern chief stood in view of the attack and near the rear of those corps. So it looks as if the commander of the First Corps was easier to move than any one in his army, rather than harder, and his chief left him to fight the battles alone.

After the retreat, and when resting on the south banks of the Rapidan, reading of the progress of the march of General Rosecrans's army towards Georgia, it seemed sinful to lie there idle while our comrades in the West <long_409>were so in need of assistance, and I wrote the Secretary of War suggesting that a detachment should be sent West from the idle army. General Lee objected, but the suggestion was ordered to be executed. In this instance the subordinate was easier to move than his chief, though the interests of the cause depended largely on the movement of the latter.

The forces engaged at Gettysburg were:

CONFEDERATE.—According to the latest official accounts, the Army of Northern Virginia, on the 31st of May, numbered 74,468. The detachments that joined numbered 6400, making 80,868. Deducting the detachments left in Virginia,—Jenkins's brigade, Pickett's division, 2300; Corse's brigade, Pickett's division, 1700; detachments from Second Corps and of cavalry, 1300, in all 5300,—leaves the actual aggregate 75,568.

UNION.—According to the reports of the 30th of June, and making allowance for detachments that joined in the interim in time to take part in the battle, the grand aggregate was 100,000 (*) officers and men.

The Confederates lost many men after the battle, and before they recrossed the Potomac, from the toils of the march and the continuous and severe harassment of the

enemy's cavalry, which followed closely and in great force. The casualties were:

CONFEDERATE.(+)

First Corps	7,539
Second Corps	5,937
Third Corps	6,735
Cavalry	1,426
Aggregate	21,637

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UNION.(*)

First Corps	6,059
Second Corps	4,369
Third Corps	4,211
Fifth Corps	2,187
Sixth Corps	242
Eleventh Corps	3,801
Twelfth Corps	1,082
Cavalry	1,094
Staff	4
Aggregate	23,049

The organization of the contending armies at Gettysburg was as follows:

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDING.

FIRST ARMY CORPS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

McLAWS'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Lafayette McLaws :—*Kershaw's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. B. Kershaw; 2d S.C., Col. J. D. Kennedy, Lieut.-Col. F. Gaillard; 3d S.C., Maj. R. C. Maffett, Col. J. D. Nance; 7th S.C., Col. D. Wyatt Aiken; 8th S.C., Col. J. W. Henagan; 15th S.C., Col. W. D. De Saussure, Maj. William M. Gist; 3d S.C. Battn., Lieut.-Col. W. G. Rice. *Barksdale's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Barksdale, Col. B. G. Humphreys; 13th Miss., Col. J. W. Carter; 17th Miss., Col. **W. D.** Holder, Lieut.-Col. John C. Fiser; 18th Miss., Col. T. M. Griffin, Lieut.-Col. W. H. Luse; 21st Miss., Col. B. G. Humphreys. *Semmes's Brigade*, (+) Brig.-Gen. P. J. Semmes, Col. Goode Bryan; 10th Ga., Col. John B. Weems; 50th Ga., Col. W. R. Manning; 51st Ga., Col. E. Ball; 53d Ga., Col. James P. Simms. *Wofford's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. W.T. Wofford; 16th Ga., Col. Goode Bryan; 18th Ga., Lieut.-Col. S. Z. Ruff; 24th Ga., Col. Robert McMillan; Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. Luther J. Glenn; Phillips (Ga.) Legion, Lieut.-Col. E. S. Barclay. *Artillery*, Col. H. C. Cabell; 1st N. C. Art., Batt. A, Capt. B.C. Manly; Pulaski (Ga.) Art., Capt. J. C. Fraser, Lieut. W. J. Furlong; 1st Richmond Howitzers, Capt. E. S. McCarthy; Troup (Ga.) Art., Capt. H. H. Carlton, Lieut. C. W. Motes.

PICKETT'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. George E. Pickett :—*Garnett's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. R. B. Garnett, Maj. C. S. Peyton; 8th Va., Col. Eppa Hunton; 18th Va., Lieut.-Col. H. A. Carrington; 19th Va., Col. Henry <long_411>Gantt, Lieut.-Col. John T. Ellis; 28th Va., Col. R. C. Allen, Lieut.-Col. William Watts; 56th

Va., Col. W. D. Stuart, Lieut.-Col. P. P. Slaughter. *Kemper's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. L. Kemper, Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr.; 1st Va., Col. Lewis B. Williams, Lieut.-Col. F. G. Skinner; 3d Va., Col. Joseph Mayo, Jr., Lieut.-Col. A. D. Callcote; 7th Va., Col. W. T. Patton, Lieut.-Col. C. C. Flowerree; 11th Va., Maj. Kirkwood Otey; 24th Va., Col. William R. Terry. *Armistead's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. L. A. Armistead, Col. W. R. Aylett; 9th Va., Maj. John C. Owens; 14th Va., Col. James G. Hodges, Lieut.-Col. William White; 38th Va., Col. E. C. Edmonds, Lieut.-Col. P. B. Whittle; 53d Va., Col. W. R. Aylett; 57th Va., Col. John Bowie Magruder. *Artillery*, Maj. James Dearing; Fauquier (Va.) Art., Capt. R. M. Stribling; Hampden (Va.) Art. Capt. W. H. Caskie; Richmond Fayette Art., Capt. M. C. Macon; Virginia Batt., Capt. Joseph G. Blount.

HOOD'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. John B. Hood, Brig.-Gen. E. M. Law :—*Law's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. E. M. Law, Col. James L. Sheffield; 4th Ala., Lieut.-Col. L. H. Scruggs; 15th Ala., Col. William C. Oates, Capt. B. A. Hill; 44th Ala., Col. William F. Perry; 47th Ala., Col. James W. Jackson, Lieut.-Col. M. J. Bulger, Maj. J. M. Campbell; 48th Ala., Col. James L. Sheffield, Capt. T. J. Eubanks. *Robertson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. B. Robertson; 3d Ark., Col. Van H. Manning, Lieut.-Col. R. S. Taylor; 1st Tex., Lieut.-Col. P. A. Work; 4th Tex., Col. J. C. G. Key, Maj. J. P. Bane; 5th Tex., Col. R. M. Powell, Lieut.-Col. K. Bryan, Maj. J. C. Rogers. *Anderson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George T. Anderson, Lieut.-Col. William Luffman; 7th Ga., Col. W. W. White; 8th Ga., Col. John R. Towers; 9th Ga., Lieut.-Col. John C. Mounger, Maj. W. M. Jones, Capt. George Hillyer; 11th Ga., Col. F. H. Little, Lieut.-Col. William Luffman, Maj. Henry D. McDaniel, Capt. William H. Mitchell; 59th Ga., Col. Jack Brown, Capt. M. G. Bass. *Benning's Brigade*. Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Benning; 2d Ga., Lieut.-Col. William T. Harris, Maj. W. S. Shepherd; 15th Ga., Col. D. M. DuBose; 17th Ga., Col. W. C. Hodges; 20th Ga., Col. John A. Jones, Lieut.-Col. J. D. Waddell. *Artillery*, Maj. M. W. Henry; Branch (N. C.) Art., Capt. A. C. Latham; German (S. C.) Art., Capt. William K. Bachman; Palmetto (S. c.) Light Art., Capt. Hugh R. Garden; Rowan (N. C.) Art., Capt. James Reilly.

ARTILLERY RESERVE, Col. J. B. Walton :—*Alexander's Battalion*, Col. E. P. Alexander; Ashland (Va.) Art., Capt. P. Woolfolk, Jr., Lieut. James Woolfolk; Bedford (Va.) Art., Capt. T. C. Jordan; Brooks (S. c.) Art., Lieut. S. C. Gilbert; Madison (La.) Light Art., Capt. George V. Moody; Va. Batt., Capt. W. W. Parker; Va. Batt., Capt. O. B. Taylor. *Washington (La.) Artillery*, Maj. B. F. Eshleman; First Co., Capt. C. W. Squires; Second Co., Capt. J. B. Richardson; Third Co., Capt. M. B. Miller; Fourth Co., Capt. Joe Norcom, Lieut. H. A. Battles.

SECOND ARMY CORPS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL. *Escort, Randolph's Company Virginia Cavalry, Capt. William F. Randolph.*

EARLY'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Jubal A. Early :—*Hays's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Harry T. Hays; 5th La., Maj. Alexander Hart, Capt. T. H. Biscoe; 6th La., Lieut.-Col. Joseph Hanlon; 7th La., Col. D. B. Penn; 8th La., Col. T. D. Lewis, Lieut.-Col. A. de Blanc, Maj. G. A. Lester; 9th La., Col. Leroy A. Stafford. *Smith's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Smith; 31st Va., Col. John S.

Hoffman; 49th Va., Lieut.-Col. J. Catlett Gibson; 52d Va., Lieut.-Col. James H. Skinner. *Hoke's Brigade*, Col. Isaac E. Avery, Col. A. C. Godwin; 6th N.C., Maj. S. McD. Tate; 21st N. C., Col. W. W. Kirkland; 57th N. C., Col. A. C. Godwin. *Gordon's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. B. Gordon; 13th Ga., Col. James M. Smith; 26th Ga., Col. E.N. Atkinson; 31st Ga., Col. Clement A. Evans; 38th Ga., Capt. William L. McLeod; 60th Ga., Capt. W. B. Jones; 61st Ga., Col. John H. Lamar. *Artillery*, Lieut.-Col. H. P. Jones; Charlottesville (Va.) Art., Capt. James McD. Carrington; Courtney (Va.) Art., Capt. W. A. Tanner; Louisiana Guard Art., Capt. C. A. Green; Staunton (Va.) Art., Capt. A. W. Garber.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Edward Johnson :—*Steuart's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George H. Steuart; 1st Md. Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. J. R. Herbert, Maj. W. W. Goldsborough, Capt. J.P. Crane; 1st N. C., Lieut. Col. H. A. Brown; 3d N. C., Maj. W. M. Parsley; 10th Va., Col. E. T. II. Warren; 23d Va., Lieut.-Col. S. T. Walton; 37th Va., Maj. H. C. Wood. *Stonewall Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James A. Walker; 2d Va., Col. J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Va., Maj. William Terry; 5th Va., Col. J. H. S. Funk; 27th Va., Lieut.-Col. D. M. Shriver; 33d Va., Capt. J. B. Gol-laday. *Nicholls's Brigade*, (*) Col. J. M. Williams; 1st La., Capt. E. D. Willett; 2d La., Lieut.-Col. R. E. Burke; 10th La., Maj. T. N. Powell; 14th La., Lieut.-Col. David Zable; 15th La., Maj. Andrew Brady. *Jones's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. John M. Jones, Lieut.-Col. R. H. Dungan; 21st Va., Capt. W. P. Moseley; 25th Va., Col. J. C. Higginbotham, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Robinson; 42d Va., Lieut.-Col. R. W. Withers, Capt. S. H. Saunders; 44th Va., Maj. N. Cobb, Capt. T. R. Buckner; 48th Va., Lieut.-Col. R. H. Dungan, Maj. Oscar White; 50th Va., Lieut.-Col. L. H. N. Salyer. *Artillery*, Maj. J. W. Latimer, Capt. C. I. Raine; 1st Md. Batt., Capt William F. Dement; Alleghany (Va.) Art., Capt. J. C. Carpenter; Chesapeake (Md.) Art., Capt. William D. Brown; Lee (Va.) Batt., Capt. C. I. Raine, Lieut. William W. Hardwicke.

RODES'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. R. E. Rodes :—*Daniel's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Junius Daniel; 32d N. C., Col. E. C. Brabble; 43d N. C., Col. T. S. Kenan, Lieut.-Col. W. G. Lewis; 45th N. C., Lieut.-Col. S. H. Boyd, Maj. John R. Winston, Capt. A. H. Gallaway, Capt. J. A. Hopkins; 53d N. C., Col. W. A. Owens; 2d N. C. Battn., Lieut.-Col. H. L. Andrews, Capt. Van Brown. *Doles's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George Doles; 4th Ga., Lieut.-Col. D. R.E. Winn, Maj. W. H. Willis; 12th Ga., Col. Edward Willis; 21st Ga., Col. John T. Mercer; 44th Ga., Col. S. P. Lumpkin, Maj. W. H. Peebles. *Iverson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Alfred Iverson; 5th N. C., (+) Capt. Speight B. West, Capt. Benjamin Robinson; 12th N. C., <long_413>Lieut.-Col. W. S. Davis; 20th N. C., (*) Lieut.-Col. Nelson Slough, Capt. Lewis T. Hicks; 23d N. C., (+) Col. D. H. Christie, Capt. William H. Johnston. *Ramseur's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. S. D. Ramseur; 2d N. C., Maj. D. W. Hurtt, Capt. James T. Scales; 4th N. C, Col. Bryan Grimes; 14th N. C., Col. R. Tyler Bennett, Maj. Joseph H. Lambeth; 30th N. C., Col. Francis M. Parker, Maj. W. W. Sillers. *O'Neal's Brigade*, Col. E. A. O'Neal; 3d Ala., Col. C. A. Battle; 5th Ala., Col. J. M. Hall; 6th Ala., Col. J. N. Lightfoot, Capt. M. L. Bowie; 12th Ala., Col. S. B. Pickens; 26th Ala., Lieut.-Col. John C. Goodgame. *Artillery*, Lieut.-Col. Thomas H. Carter;

Jeff Davis (Ala.) Art., Capt. W. J. Reese; King William (Va.) Art., Capt. W. P. Carter; Morris (Va.) Art., Capt. R. C. M. Page; Orange (Va.) Art., Capt. C. W. Fry. *Artillery Reserve*, Col. J. Thompson Brown; 1st Va. Art., Capt. Willis J. Dance; 2d Richmond (Va.) Howitzers, Capt. David Watson; 3d Richmond (Va.) Howitzers, Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr.; Powhatan (Va.) Art., Lieut. John M. Cunningham; Rockbridge (Va.) Art., Capt. A. Graham; Salem (Va.) Art., Lieut. C. B. Griffin; Nelson's Battn., Lieut.-Col. William Nelson; Amherst (Va.) Art., Capt. T. J. Kirkpatrick; Fluvanna (Va.) Art., Capt. J. L. Massie; Ga. Batt., Capt. John Milledge, Jr.

THIRD ARMY CORPS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AMBROSE P. HILL.

ANDERSON'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. R. H. Anderson :—Wilcox's *Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox; 8th Ala., Lieut.-Col. Hilary A. Herbert; 9th Ala., Capt. J. H. King; 10th Ala., Col. William H. Forney, Lieut.-Col. James E. Shelley; 11th Ala., Col. J. C. C. Sanders, Lieut.-Col. George E. Tayloe; 14th Ala., Col. L. Pinckard, Lieut.-Col. James A. Broome. *Mahone's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Mahone; 6th Va., Col. George T. Rogers; 12th Va., Col. D. A. Weisiger; 16th Va., Col. Joseph H. Ham; 41st Va., Col. William A. Parham; 61st Va., Col. V. D. Groner. *Wright's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. R. Wright, Col. William Gibson; 3d Ga., Col. E. J. Walker; 22d Ga., Col. Joseph Wasden, Capt. B. C. McCurry; 48th Ga., Col. William Gibson, Capt. M. R. Hall; 2d Ga. Battn, Maj. George W. Ross, Capt. Charles J. Moffett. *Perry's Brigade*, Col. David Lang; 2d Fla., Maj. W. R. Moore; 5th Fla., Capt. R. N. Gardner; 8th Fla., Col. David Lang. *Posey's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Carnot Posey; 12th Miss., Col. W. H. Taylor; 16th Miss., Col. Samuel E. Baker; 19th Miss., Col. N. H. Harris; 48th Miss., Col. Joseph M. Jayne. *Artillery (Sumter Battalion)*, Maj. John Lane; Co. A, Capt. Hugh M. Ross; Co. B, Capt. George M. Patterson; Co. C, Capt. John T. Wingfield.

HETH'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. Henry Heth, Brig.-Gen. J. J. Pettigrew:—First Brigade, Brig.-Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, Col. J. K. Marshall; 11th N. C., Col. Collett Leventhorpe; 26th N. C., Col. Henry K. Burgwyn, Jr., Capt. H. C. Albright; 47th N. C., Col. G. H. Faribault; 52d N. C., Col. J. K. Marshall, Lieut.-Col. Marcus A. Parks. *Second Brigade*, Col. J. M. Brockenbrough; 40th Va., Capt. T. E. Betts, Capt. R. B. Davis; 47th Va., Col. Robert M. Mayo; 55th Va., Col. W. S. Christian; 22d Va. Battn., Maj. John S. Bowles. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James J. Archer, Col. B. D. Fry, Lieut.-Col. S. G. Shepard; 13th Ala., Col. B. D. Fry; 5th Ala. Battn., Maj. A. S. Van de Graaff; 1st Tenn. (provisional army), Maj. Felix G. Buchanan; 7th Tenn., Lieut.-Col. S. G. Shepard; 14th Tenn., Capt. B. L. Phillips. *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Joseph R. Davis; 2d Miss., Col. J. M. Stone; 11th Miss., Col. F. M. Green; 42d Miss., Col. H. R. Miller; 55th N. C., Col. J. K. Connally. *Artillery*, Lieut.-Col. John J. Garnett; Donaldsonville (La.) Art., Capt. V. Mau-rin; Huger (Va.) Art., Capt. Joseph D. Moore; Lewis (Va.) Art., Capt. John W. Lewis; Norfolk Light Art. Blues, Capt. C. R. Grandy.

PENDER'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. William D. Pender, Maj.-Gen. I. R. Trimble, Brig.-Gen. James H. Lane :—*First Brigade*, Col. Abner Per-rin; 1st S. C. (provisional army), Maj. C. W. McCreary; 1st S. C. Rifles, Capt. William M.

Hadden; 12th S.C., Col. John L. Miller; 13th S.C., Lieut.-Col. B. T. Brockman; 14th S.C., Lieut.-Col. Joseph N. Brown. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. James H. Lane, Col. C. M. Avery; 7th N. C., Capt. J. McLeod Turner, Capt. James G. Harris; 18th N.C., Col. John D. Barry; 28th N. C., Col. S. D. Lowe, Lieut.-Col. W. H. A. Speer; 33d N. C, Col. C. M. Avery; 37th N. C., Col. W. M. Barbour. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Edward L. Thomas; 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Ga., Col. S. T. Player. *Fourth Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A.M. Scales, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Gordon, Col. W. Lee J. Lowrance; 13th 7. C., Col. J. H. Hyman, Lieut.-Col. H. A. Rogers; 16th N. C., Capt. L. W. Stowe; 22d N.C., Col. James Conner; 34th N. C., Col. William Lee J. Lowrance, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Gordon; 38th N. C., Col. W. J. Hoke, Lieut.-Col. John Ash-ford. *Artillery*, Maj. William T. Poague; Albemarle (Va.) Art., Capt. James W. Wyatt; Charlotte (N. c.) Art., Capt. Joseph Graham; Madison (Miss.) Light Art., Capt. George Ward; Virginia Batt., Capt. J. V. Brooke.

ARTILLERY RESERVE, Col. R. Lindsay Walker :—*McIntosh's Battalion*, Maj. D. G. Mcintosh; Danville (Va.) Art., Capt. R. S. Rice; Hardaway (Ala.) Art., Capt. W. B. Hurt; 2d Rockbridge (Va.) Art., Lieut. Samuel Wallace; Virginia Batt., Capt. M. Johnson. *Pegram's Battalion*, Maj. W. J. Pegram, Capt. E. B. Brunson; Crenshaw (Va.) Batt.; Fredericksburg (Va.) Art., Capt. E. A. Marye; Letcher (Va.) Art., Capt. T. A. Brander; Pee Dee (S.c.) Art., Lieut. William E. Zimmerman; Purcell (Va.) Art., Capt. Joseph McGraw.

CAVALRY.

STUART'S DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart :—*Hampton's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Wade Hampton, Col. L. S. Baker; 1st N. C., Col. L. S. Baker; 1st and 2d S.C.; Cobb's (Ga.) Legion, Jeff. Davis Legion, Phillips (Ga.) Legion. *Robertson's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Beverly H. Robertson ;(*) 4th N. C., Col. D. D. Ferebee; 5th N.C. *Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee; 1st Md. Battn.,(+) Maj. Harry Gilmor, Maj. Ridgely Brown; <long 415>1st Va., Col. James H. Drake; 2d Va., Col. T. T. Munford; 3d Va., Col. Thomas H. Owen; 4th Va., Col. William C. Wickham; 5th Va., Col. T. L. Rosser. *Jenkins's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. G. Jenkins, Col. M. J. Ferguson; 14th, 16th, and 17th Va.; 34th Va. Battn., Lieut.-Col. V. A. Witcher; 36th Va. Battn.; Jackson's (Va.) Batt., Capt. Thomas E. Jackson. *Jones's Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William E. Jones; 6th Va., Maj. C. E. Flournoy; 7th Va., Lieut.-Col. Thomas Marshall; 11th Va., Col. L. L. Lomax. *W.H.F. Lee's Brigade*, Col. J. R. Chambliss, Jr.; 2d N. C.; 9th Va., Col. R. L. T. Beale; 10th Va., Col. J. Lucius Davis; 13th Va. *Stuart's Horse Artillery*, Maj. R. F. Beckham; Breathed's (Va.) Batt., Capt. James Breathed; Chew's (Va.) Batt., Capt. R. P. Chew; Griffin's (Md.) Batt., Capt. W. H. Griffin; Hart's (S.c.) Batt., Capt. J. F. Hart; McGregor's (Va.) Batt., Capt. W. M. McGregor; Moorman's (Va.) Bart., Capt. M. N. Moorman.

IMBODEN'S COMMAND,(*) Brig.-Gen. J. D. Imboden; 18th Va. Cav., Col. George W. Imboden; 62d Va. Inf. (mounted), Col. George H. Smith; Virginia Partisan Rangers, Capt. John H. McNeill; Virginia Batt., Capt. J. H. McClanahan.

ARTILLERY,(+) Brig.-Gen. W. N. Pendleton.

**ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, U.S. ARMY,
COMMANDING.**

GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS :—*Command of the Provost-Marshal-General*, Brig.-General Marsena R. Patrick; 93d N. Y.,(++) Col. John S. Crocker; 8th U.S. (8 cos.),(++) Capt. Edwin W. H. Reed; 2d Pa. Cav., Col. R. Butler Price; 6th Pa. Cav., Cos. E and I, Capt. James Starr; Regular Cav. (detachments from 1st, 2d, 5th, and 6th Regiments).

SIGNAL CORPS, Capt. Lemuel B. Norton.

GUARDS AND ORDERLIES, Oneida (N. Y.) Cav., Capt. Daniel P. Mann.

ARTILLERY,(§) Brig.-Gen. Henry J. Hunt.

ENGINEER BRIGADE, (||) Brig.-Gen. Henry W. Benham :—15th N.Y. (3 cos.), Maj. Walter L. Cassin; 50th N.Y., Col. William H. Pettes; U.S. Battn., Capt. George H. Mendell.

**FIRST ARMY CORPS,(¶) MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY, MAJOR-GENERAL
JOHN NEWTON. *General Head-quarters, 1st Me. Cav., Co. L, Capt. Constantine Taylor.***

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. James S. Wadsworth :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Solomon Meredith, Col. William W. Robinson; 19th Ind., <long_416>Col. Samuel J. Williams; 24th Mich., Col. Henry A. Morrow, Capt. Albert M. Edwards; 2d Wis., Col. Lucius Fairchild, Maj. John Mansfield, Capt. George H. Otis; 6th Wis., Lieut.-Col. Rufus R. Dawes; 7th Wis., Col. William W. Robinson, Maj. Mark Finnicum. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Lysander Cutler; 7th Ind., Col. Ira G. Grover; 76th N.Y., Maj. Andrew J. Grover, Capt. John E. Cook; 84th N.Y. (14th Militia), Col. Edward B. Fowler; 95th N.Y., Col. George H. Biddle, Maj. Edward Pye; 147th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Francis C. Miller, Maj. George Harney; 56th Pa. (9 cos.), Col. J. William Hofmann.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John C. Robinson :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Gabriel R. Paul, Col. Samuel H. Leonard, Col. Adrian R. Root, Col. Richard Coulter, Col. Peter Lyle; 16th Me., Col. Charles W. Tilden, Maj. Archibald D. Leavitt; 13th Mass., Col. Samuel H. Leonard, Lieut.-Col. N. Walter Batchelder; 94th N.Y., Col. Adrian R. Root, Maj. Samuel A. Moffett; 104th N. Y., Col. Gilbert G. Prey; 107th Pa., Lieut.-Col. James MacThomson, Capt. Emanuel D. Roath. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Henry Baxter; 12th Mass., Col. James L. Bates, Lieut.-Col. David Allen, Jr.; 83d N.Y. (9th Militia), Lieut.-Col. Joseph A. Moesch; 97th N.Y., Col. Charles Wheelock, Maj. Charles Northrup; 11th Pa.,(*) Col. Richard Coulter, Capt. Benjamin F. Haines, Capt. John V. Overmyer, 88th Pa., Maj. Benezet F. Foust, Capt. Henry White-side; 90th Pa., Col. Peter Lyle, Maj. Alfred J. Sellers.

THIRD DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Thomas A. Rowley, Maj.-Gen. Abner Doubleday :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Thomas A. Rowley, Col. Chapman Biddle; 80th N.Y. (20th Militia), Col. Theodore B. Gates; 121st Pa., Maj. Alexander Biddle, Col. Chapman Biddle; 142d Pa., Col. Robert P. Cummins, Lieut.-Col. A. B. McCalmont; 151st Pa., Lieut.-Col. George F. McFarland, Capt. Walter L. Owens, Col. Harrison Allen. *Second Brigade*, Col. Roy Stone, Col. Langhorne Wister, Col. Edmund L. Dana; 143d Pa., Col. Edmund L. Dana, Lieut.-Col. John D. Musser; 149th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Walton Dwight, Capt. James Glenn; 150th Pa., Col. Langhorne Wister, Lieut.-Col. H. S. Huidekoper, Capt.

Cornelius C. Widdis. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George J. Stannard, Col. Francis V. Randall; 12th Vt.,(+) Col. Asa P. Blunt; 13th Vt., Col. Francis V. Randall, Maj. Joseph J. Boynton, Lieut.-Col. William D. Munson; 14th Vt., Col. William T. Nichols; 15th Vt.,(+) Col. Redfield Proctor; 16th Vt., Col. Wheelock G. Veazey. *Artillery Brigade*, Col. Charles S. Wainwright; Me. Light, 2d Batt. B, Capt. James A. Hall; Me. Light, 5th Batt. E, Capt. Greenleaf T. Stevens, Lieut. Edward N. Whittier; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. L,(++) Capt. Gilbert H. Reynolds, Lieut. George Breck; 1st Pa. Light, Batt. B, Capt. James H. Cooper; 4th U.S., Batt. B, Lieut. James Stewart.

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SECOND ARMY CORPS,(*) MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON. *General Headquarters, 6th N.Y. Cav., Cos. D and K, Capt. Riley Johnson.*

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John C. Caldwell :*First Brigade*, Col. Edward E. Cross, Col. H. Boyd McKeen; 5th N.H., Lieut.-Col. Charles E. Hapgood; 61st N.Y., Lieut.-Col. K. Oscar Broady; 81st Pa., Col. H. Boyd McKeen, Lieut.-Col. Amos Stroh; 148th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Robert McFarlane. *Second Brigade*, Col. Patrick Kelly; 28th Mass., Col. R. Byrnes; 63d N.Y. (2 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Richard C. Bentley, Capt. Thomas Touhy; 69th N.Y. (2 cos.), Capt. Richard Moroney, Lieut. James J. Smith; 88th N.Y. (2 cos.), Capt. Denis F. Burke; 116th Pa. (4 cos.), Maj. St. Clair A. Mulholland. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Samuel K. Zook, Lieut.-Col. John Fraser; 52d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. C. G. Freudenberg, Capt. William Scherrer; 57th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Alford B. Chapman; 66th N.Y., Col. Orlando H. Morris; Lieut.-Col. John S. Hammell, Maj. Peter Nelson; 140th Pa., Col. Richard P. Roberts, Lieut.-Col. John Fraser. *Fourth Brigade*, Col. John R. Brooke; 27th Conn. (2 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Henry C. Merwin, Maj. James H. Coburn; 2d Del., Col. William P. Baily, Capt. Charles H. Christman; 64th N.Y., Col. Daniel G. Bingham, Maj. Leman W. Bradley; 53d Pa., Lieut.-Col. Richards McMichael; 145th Pa. (7 cos.), Col. Hiram L. Brown, Capt. John W. Reynolds, Capt. Moses W. Oliver.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.:Gen. John Gibbon, Brig.-Gen. William Harrow :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. William Harrow, Col. Francis E. Heath; 19th Me., Col. Francis E. Heath, Lieut.-Col. Henry W. Cunningham; 15th Mass., Col. George H. Ward, Lieut.-Col. George C. Joslin; 1st Minn.,(+) Col. William Colvill, Jr., Capt. Nathan S. Messick, Capt. Henry C. Coates; 82d N. Y. (2d Militia), Lieut.-Col. James Huston, Capt. John Darrow. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Alexander S. Webb; 69th Pa., Col. Dennis O'Kane, Capt. William Davis; 71st Pa., Col. Richard Penn Smith; 72d Pa., Col. DeWitt C. Baxter, Lieut.-Col. Theodore Hesser; 106th Pa., Lieut.-Col. William L. Curry. *Third Brigade*, Col. Norman J. Hall; 19th Mass., Col. Arthur F. Devereux; 20th Mass., Col. Paul J. Revere, Lieut.-Col. George N. Macy, Capt. Henry L. Abbott; 7th Mich., Lieut.-Col. Amos E. Steele, Jr., Maj. Sylvanus W. Curtis; 42d N.Y., Col. James E. Mallon; 59th N.Y. (4 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Max A. Thoman, Capt. William McFadden. *Unattached*, Mass. Sharpshooters, 1st Co., Capt. William Plumer, Lieut. Emerson L. Bicknall. <long_418>

THIRD DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Alexander Hays *First Brigade*, Col. Samuel S.

Carroll; 14th Ind., Col. John Coons; 4th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Leonard W. Carpenter; 8th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Franklin Sawyer; 7th W. Va., Lieut. Col. Jonathan H. Lockwood. *Second Brigade*, Col. Thomas A. Smyth, Lieut.-Col. Francis E. Pierce; 14th Conn., Maj. Theodore G. Ellis; 1st Del., Lieut.-Col. Edward P. Harris, Capt. Thomas P. Hizar, Lieut. William Smith, Lieut. John T. Dent; 12th N.J., Maj. John T. Hill; 10th N.Y. (Battn.), Maj. George F. Hopper; 108th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Francis E. Pierce. *Third Brigade*, Col. George L. Willard, Col. Eliakim Sherrill, Lieut.-Col. James M. Bull; 39th N.Y. (4 cos.), Maj. Hugo Hildebrandt; 111th N.Y., Col. Clinton D. McDougall, Lieut.-Col. Isaac M. Lusk, Capt. Aaron P. Seeley; 125th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Levin Crandell; 126th N.Y., Col. Eliakim Sherrill, Lieut.-Col. James M. Bull. *Artillery Brigade*, Capt. John G. Hazard; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. B, (*) Lieut. Albert S. Sheldon, Capt. James McKay Rorty, Lieut. Robert E. Rogers; 1st R. I. Light, Bart. A, Capt. William A. Arnold; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. B, Lieut. T. Fred. Brown, Lieut. Walter S. Per-rin; 1st U.S., Batt. I, Lieut. George A. Woodruff, Lieut. Tully Mc-Crea; 4th U.S., Batt. A, Lieut. Alonzo H. Cushing, Sergt. Frederick Fuger.

THIRD ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. David B. Birney, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Charles K. Graham, Col. Andrew H. Tippin; 57th Pa. (8 cos.), Col. Peter Sides, Capt. Alanson H. Nelson; 63d Pa., Maj. John A. Danks; 68th Pa., Col. Andrew H. Tippin, Capt. Milton S. Davis(?), 105th Pa., Col. Calvin A. Craig; 114th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Frederick F. Cavada, Capt. Edward R. Bowen; 141st Pa., Col. Henry J. Madill. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. J. H. Hobart Ward, Col. Hiram Berdan; 20th Ind., Col. John Wheeler, Lieut.-Col. William C. L. Taylor; 3d Me., Col. Moses B. Lakeman; 4th Me., Col. Elijah Walker, Capt. Edwin Libby; 86th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Benjamin L. Higgins; 124th N. Y., Col. A. Van Horne Ellis, Lieut.-Col. Francis M. Cummins; 99th Pa., Maj. John W. Moore; 1st U.S. Sharp-shooters, Col. Hiram Berdan, Lieut.-Col. Caspar Trepp; 2d U.S. Sharp-shooters (8 cos.), Maj. Homer R. Stoughton. *Third Brigade*, Col. P. Regis de Trobriand; 17th Me., Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Merrill; 3d Mich., Col. Byron R. Pierce, Lieut.-Col. Edwin S. Pierce; 5th Mich., Lieut.-Col. John Pulford; 40th N.Y., Col. Thomas W. Egan; 110th Pa. (6 cos.), Lieut.-Col. David M. Jones, Maj. Isaac Rogers.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Carr; 1st Mass., Lieut.-Col. Clark B. Baldwin; 11th Mass., Lieut.-Col. Porter D. Tripp; 16th Mass., Lieut.-Col. Waldo Merriam, Capt. Matthew Donovan; 12th Mass., Capt. John F. Langley; 11th N.J., Col. Robert McAllister, Capt. Luther Martin, <long_419>Lieut. John Schoonover, Capt. William H. Lloyd, Capt. Samuel T. Sleeper; 26th Pa., Maj. Robert L. Bodine; 84th Pa., (*) Lieut.-Col. Milton Opp. *Second Brigade*, Col. William R. Brewster; 70th N.Y., Col. J. Egbert Farnum; 71st N.Y., Col. Henry L. Potter; 72d N.Y., Col. John S. Austin, Lieut.-Col. John Leonard; 73d N.Y., Maj. Michael W. Burns; 74th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Thomas Holt; 120th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Cornelius D. Westbrook, Maj. John R. Tappen. *Third Brigade*, Col.

George C. Burling; 2d N.H., Col. Edward L. Bailey; 5th N. J., Col. William J. Sewell, Capt. Thomas C. Godfrey, Capt. Henry H. Woolsey; 6th N.J., Lieut.-Col. Stephen R. Gilkyson; 7th N. J., Col. Louis R. Francine, Maj. Frederick Cooper; 8th N.J., Col. John Ramsey, Capt. John G. Langston; 115th Pa., Maj. John P. Dunne. *Artillery Brigade*, Capt. George E. Randolph, Capt. A. Judson Clark; N. J. Light, 2d Bath, Capt. A. Judson Clark, Lieut. Robert Sims; 1st N.Y. Light, Ball. D, Capt. George B. Winslow; N.Y. Light, 4th Bath, Capt. James E. Smith; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. E, Lieut. John K. Bucklyn, Lieut. Benjamin Freeborn; 4th U.S., Batt. K, Lieut. Francis W. Seeley, Lieut. Robert James.

FIFTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES. *General Head-quarters, 12th N.Y. Inf., Cos. D and E, Capt. Henry W. Rider; 17th Pa. Cav., Cos. D and II, Capt. William Thompson.*

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. James Barnes :—*First Brigade*, Col. William S. Tilton; 18th Mass., Col. Joseph Hayes; 22d Mass., Lieut.-Col. Thomas Sherwin, Jr.; 1st Mich., Col. Ira C. Abbott, Lieut.-Col. William A. Throop; 118th Pa., Lieut.-Col. James Gwyn. *Second Brigade*, Col. Jacob B. Sweitzer; 9th Mass., Col. Patrick R. Guiney; 32d Mass., Col. G. L. Prescott; 4th Mich., Col. Harrison H. Jeffords, Lieut.-Col. George W. Lumbard; 62d Pa., Lieut.-Col. James C. Hull. *Third Brigade*, Col. Strong Vincent, Col. James C. Rice; 20th Me., Col. Joshua L. Chamberlain; 16th Mich., Col. Norval E. Welch; 44th N.Y., Col. James C. Rice, Lieut.-Col. Freeman Conner; 83d Pa., Capt. Orpheus S. Woodward.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Romeyn B. Ayres :—*First Brigade*, Col. Hannibal Day; 3d U.S. (6 cos.), Capt. Henry W. Freedley, Capt. Richard G. Lay; 4th U.S. (4 cos.), Capt. Julius W. Adams, Jr.; 6th U.S. (5 cos.), Capt. Levi C. Bootes; 12th U.S. (8 cos.), Capt. Thomas S. Dunn; 14th U.S. (8 cos.), Maj. Grotius R. Giddings. *Second Brigade*, Col. Sidney Burbank; 2d U.S. (6 cos.), Maj. Arthur T. Lee, Capt. Samuel A. McKee; 7th U.S. (4 cos.), Capt. David P. Hancock; 10th U.S. (3 cos.), Capt. William Clinton; 11th U.S. (6 cos.), Maj. De Lancey Floyd-Jones; 17th U.S. (7 cos.), Lieut.-Col. J. Durell Greene. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Stephen H. Weed, Col. Kenner Garrard; 140th N.Y., Col. Patrick H. O'Rorke, Lieut.-Col. Louis Ernst; 146th N.Y., Col. Kenner Garrard, Lieut.-Col. David T. Jenkins; 91st Pa., Lieut.-Col. Joseph H. Sinex; 155th Pa., Lieut.-Col. John H. Cain.

THIRD DIVISION, (+) Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford :—*First Brigade*, Col. William McCandless; 1st Pa. Reserves (9 cos.), Col. William C. Talley; 2d Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. George A. Woodward; 6th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. Wellington H. Ent; 13th Pa. Reserves, Col. Charles F. Taylor, Maj. William R. Hartshorne. *Third Brigade*, Col. Joseph W. Fisher; 5th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. George Dare; 9th Pa. Reserves, Lieut.-Col. James McK. Snodgrass; 10th Pa. Reserves, Col. Adoniram J. Warner; 11th Pa. Reserves, Col. Samuel M. Jackson; 12th Pa. Reserves (9 cos.), Col. Martin D. Hardin. *Artillery Brigade*, Capt. Augustus P. Martin; Mass. Light, 3d Batt. C, Lieut. Aaron F. Walcott; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Almont Barnes; 1st Ohio Light, Bat., L, Capt. Frank C. Gibbs; 5th U.S., Batt. D, Lieut. Charles E. Hazlett, Lieut. Benjamin F. Rittenhouse; 5th U.S., Batt. I, Lieut. Malbone F.

Watson, Lieut. Charles C. MacConnell.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK. *General Head-quarters, 1st N.J. Cav., Co. L, 1st Pa. Cav., Co. H, Capt. William S. Craft.*

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Horatio G. Wright :—*Provost Guard*, 4th N.J. (3 cos.), Capt. William R. Maxwell. *First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. A. T. A. Torbert; 1st N. J., Lieut.-Col. William Henry, Jr.; 2d N. J., Lieut.-Col. Charles Wiebecke; 3d N.J., Col. Edward L. Campbell; 15th N.J., Col. William H. Penrose, *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Joseph J. Bartlett ;(*) 5th Me., Col. Clark S. Edwards; 121st N.Y., Col. Emory Upton; 95th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Edward Carroll; 96th Pa., Maj. William H. Lessig. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. David A. Russell; 6th Me., Col. Hiram Burnham; 49th Pa. (4 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Thomas M. Hulings; 119th Pa., Col. Peter C. Ellmaker; 5th Wis., Col. Thomas S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION,(+) Brig.-Gen. Albion P. Howe :—*Second Brigade*, Col. Lewis A. Grant; 2d Vt., Col. James H. Walbridge; 3d Vt., Col. Thomas O. Seaver; 4th Vt., Col. Charles B. Stoughton; 5th Vt., Lieut.-Col. John R. Lewis; 6th Vt., Col. Elisha L. Barney. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Neill; 7th Me. (6 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Selden Connor; 33d N.Y. (detachment), Capt. Henry J. Gifford; 43d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. John Wilson; 49th N.Y., Col. Daniel D. Bidwell; 77th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Winsor B. French; 61st Pa., Lieut.-Col. George F. Smith.

THIRD DIVISION, Maj.-Gen. John Newton,(++) Brig.-Gen. Frank Wheaton:—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Alexander Shaler; 65th N.Y., Col. Joseph E. Hamblin; N.Y., Col. Nelson Cross; 122d N.Y., Col. Silas Titus; 23d Pa., Lieut.-Col. John F. Glenn; 82d Pa., Col. Isaac C. Bassett. *Second Brigade*, Col. Henry L. Eustis; 7th Mass., Lieut.-Col. Franklin P. Harlow; Tenth Mass., Lieut.-Col. Joseph B. Parsons; 37th Mass., Col. Oliver Edwards; 2d R. I., Col. Horatio Rogers, Jr. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Frank Wheaton, Col. David J. Nevin; 62d N.Y., Col. David J. Nevin, Lieut.-Col. Theodore B. Hamilton; 93d Pa., Maj. John L. Nevin; 98th Pa., Maj. John B. Kohler; 102d Pa., (§) Col. John W. Patterson; <long_421>139th Pa., Col. Frederick H. Collier, Lieut.-Col. William H. Moody. *Artillery Brigade*, Col. Charles H. Tompkins; Mass. Light, 1st Batt. (A), Capt. William H. McCartney; N.Y. Light, 1st Batt., Capt. Andrew Cowan; N.Y. Light, 3d Bart., Capt. William A. Harn; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Richard Waterman; 1st R. I. Light, Batt. G, Capt. George W. Adams; 2d U.S., Bart. D, Lieut. Edward B. Williston; 2d U.S., Batt. G, Lieut. John H. Butler; 5th U.S., Batt. F, Lieut. Leonard Martin.

ELEVENTH ARMY CORPS,(*) MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD. *General Head-quarters, 1st Ind. Cav., Cos. I and K, Capt. Abram Sharra; 8th N.Y. Inf. (1 co.), Lieut. Herman Foerster.*

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Francis C. Barlow, Brig.-Gen. Adelbert Ames :—*First Brigade*, Col. Leopold von Gilsa; 41st N.Y. (9 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Detleo von Einsiedel; 54th N.Y., Maj. Stephen Kovacs, Lieut. Ernst Poth(?); 68th N.Y., Col. Gotthilf Bourry; 153d Pa., Maj. John F. Frueauff. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Adelbert Ames, Col. Andrew L. Harris; 17th Conn., Lieut.-Col. Douglas Fowler, Maj. Allen G. Brady; 25th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Jeremiah Williams; Capt. Nathaniel J. Manning, Lieut. William Maloney, Lieut. Israel

White; 75th Ohio, Col. Andrew L. Harris, Capt. George B. Fox; 107th Ohio, Col. Seraphim Meyer, Capt. John M. Lutz.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Adolph von Steinwehr :—*First Brigade*, Col. Charles R. Coster; 134th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Allan H. Jackson; 154th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. D. B. Allen; 27th Pa., Lieut.-Col. Lorenz Cantador; 73d Pa., Capt. D. F. Kelley. *Second Brigade*, Col. Orland Smith; 33d Mass., Col. Adin B. Underwood; 136th N.Y., Col. James Wood, Jr.; 55th Ohio, Col. Charles B. Gambee; 73d Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Richard Long.

THIRD DIVISION, MaJ.-Gen. Carl Schurz :—*First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Alex. Schimmelfennig, Col. George von Amsberg; 82d Ill., Lieut.-Col. Edward S. Salomon; 45th N.Y., Col. George von Amsberg; Lieut.-Col. Adolphus Dobke; 157th N.Y., Col. Philip P. Brown, Jr.; 61st Ohio, Col. Stephen J. McGroarty; 74th Pa., Col. Adolph von Hartung; Lieut.-Col. Alexander von Mitzel, Capt. Gustav Schleiter, Capt. Henry Krauseneck. *Second Brigade*, Col. W. Krzyzanowski; 58th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. August Otto, Capt. Emil Koenig; 119th N.Y., Col. John T. Lock-man, Lieut.-Col. Edward F. Lloyd; 82d Ohio, Col. James S. Robinson, Lieut.-Col. David Thomson; 75th Pa., Col. Francis Mahler, Maj. August Ledig; 26th Wis., Lieut.-Col. Hans Boebel, Capt. John W. Fuchs. *Artillery Brigade*, Maj. Thomas W. Osborn; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. I, Capt. Michael Wiedrich; N.Y. Light, 13th Batt., Lieut. William Wheeler; 1st Ohio Light, Bart. I., Capt. Hubert Dilger; 1st Ohio Light, Bart. K, <long_422>Capt. Lewis Heckman; 4th U.S., Batt. G, Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson, Lieut. Eugene A. Bancroft.

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, (*) BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS. *Provost Guard*, 10th Me. (4 cos.), Capt. John D. Beardesley.

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams, Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Ruger :—*First Brigade*, Col. Archibald L. McDougall; 5th Conn., Col. W. W. Packer; 20th Conn, Lieut.-Col. William B. Wooster; 3d Md., Col. Jos. M. Sudsburg; 123d N. Y, Lieut.-Col. James C. Rogers, Capt. Adolphus H. Tanner; 145th N.Y. Col. E. L. Price; 46th Pa., Col. James L. Selfridge. *Second Brigade*, (+) Brig.-Gen. Henry H. Lockwood; 1st Md., Potomac Home Brigade, Col. William P. Maulsby; 1st Md., Eastern Shore, Col. James Wallace; 150th N.Y., Col. John H. Ketcham. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Thomas H. Ruger, Col. Silas Colgrove; 27th Ind., Col. Silas Colgrove, Lieut.-Col. John R. Fesler; 2d Mass., Lieut. Col. Charles R. Mudge, Maj. Charles F. Morse; 13th N.J., Col. Ezra A. Carman; 107th N.Y., Col. Nirom M. Crane; 3d Wis., Col. William Hawley.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John W. Geary :—*First Brigade*, Col. Charles Candy; 5th Ohio, Col. John H. Patrick; 7th Ohio, Col. William R. Creighton; 29th Ohio, Capt. Wilbur F. Stevens, Capt. Edward Hayes; 66th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Eugene Powell; 28th Pa., Capt. John Flynn; 147th Pa. (8 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Ario Pardee, Jr. ,*Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Thomas L. Kane, Col. George A. Cobham, Jr.; 29th Pa., Col. William Rickards, Jr.; 109th Pa., Capt. F. L. Gimber; Illth Pa., Lieut.-Col. Thomas M. Walker, Col. George A. Cobham, Jr. *Third Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George S. Greene; 60th N.Y., Col. Abel Godard; 78th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Herbert von Hammerstein; 102d N.Y., Col. James C. Lane, Capt. Lewis R. Stegman; 137th N. Y, Col. David Ireland; 149th N.Y.,

Col. Henry A. Barnum, Lieut.-Col. Charles B. Randall. *Artillery Brigade*, Lieut. Edward D. Muhlenberg; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. M, Lieut. Charles E. Winegar; Pa. Light, Batt. E, Lieut. Charles A. Atwell; 4th U. S, Batt. F, Lieut. Sylvanus T. Rugg; 5th U.S., Batt. K, Lieut. David H. Kinzie.

CAVALRY CORPS, MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON.

FIRST DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. John Buford :—*First Brigade*, Col. William Gamble; 8th Ill., Maj. John L. Beveridge; 12th Ill. (4 cos.), 3d Ind. (6 cos.), Col. George H. Chapman; 8th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. William L. Markell. *Second Brigade*, Col. Thomas C. Devin; 6th N.Y., Maj. William E. Beardsley; 9th N.Y., Col. William Sackett; 17th Pa., Col. J. H. Kellogg; 3d W. Va. (2 cos.), Capt. Seymour B. Conger. *Reserve Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Wesley Merritt; 6th Pa., Maj. James H. Haseltine; <long_423>1st U.S., Capt. Richard S.C. Lord; 2d U.S., Capt. T. F. Rodenbough; 5th U. S, Capt. Julius W. Mason; 6th U.S., Maj. Samuel H. Starr, Lieut. Louis H. Carpenter, Lieut. Nicholas Nolan, Capt. Ira W. Claflin.

SECOND DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. David McM. Gregg :—*Headquarters Guard*, 1st Ohio, Co. A, Capt. Noah Jones. *First Brigade*, Col. John B. McIntosh; 1st Md. (11 cos.), Lieut.-Col. James M. Deems; Purnell (Md.) Legion, Co. A, Capt. Robert E. Duvall; 1st Mass.,(*) Lieut.-Col. Greely S. Curtis; 1st N.J., Maj. M. H. Beaumont; 1st Pa., Col. John P. Taylor, 3d Pa., Lieut.-Col. E. S. Jones; 3d Pa. Heavy Art., Section Batt. H,(+) Capt. W. D. Rank. *Second Brigade*,:(++) Col. Pennock Huey; 2d N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Otto Harhaus; 4th N.Y., Lieut.-Col. Augustus Pruyn; 6th Ohio (10 cos.), Maj. William Stedman; 8th Pa., Capt. William A. Corrie. *Third Brigade*, Col. J. Irvin Gregg; 1st Me. (10 cos.), Lieut.-Col. Charles H. Smith; 10th N.Y., Maj. M. Henry Avery; 4th Pa., Lieut.-Col. William E. Doster; 16th Pa., Lieut.-Col. John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION, Brig.-Gen. Judson Kilpatrick :—*Head-quarters Guard*, 1st Ohio, Co. C, Capt. Samuel N. Stanford. *First Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. Elon J. Farnsworth, Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond; 5th N.Y., Maj. John Hammond; 18th Pa., Lieut.-Col. William P. Brinton; 1st Vt., Lieut.-Col. Addison W. Preston; 1st W. Va. (10 cos.), Col. Nathaniel P. Richmond, Maj. Charles E. Capehart. *Second Brigade*, Brig.-Gen. George A. Custer; 1st Mich., Col. George H. Town; 5th Mich., Col. Russell A. Alger; 6th Mich., Col. George Gray; 7th Mich. (10 cos.), Col. William D. Mann.

HORSE ARTILLERY :—*First Brigade*, Capt. James M. Robertson; 9th Mich. Batt, Capt. Jabez J. Daniels; 6th N.Y. Batt., Capt. Joseph W. Martin; 2d U. S, Batts. B and L, Lieut. Edward Heaton; 2d U.S., Batt. M, Lieut. A. C. M. Pennington, Jr. ;4th U.S., Batt. E, Lieut. Samuel S. Elder. *Second Brigade*, Capt. John C. Tidball; 1st U.S., Batts. E and G, Capt. Alanson M. Randol; 1st U.S., Batt. K, Capt. William M. Graham; 2d U.S., Batt. A, Lieut. John H. Calef; 3d U.S., Batt. C., Lieut. William D. Fuller.(§)

ARTILLERY RESERVE, Brig.-Gen. Robert O. Tyler, Capt. James M. Robertson. *Head-quarters Guard*, 32d Mass. Inf., Co. C, Capt. Josiah C. Fuller. *First Regular Brigade*, Capt. Dunbar R. Ransom; 1st U.S., Batt. H, Lieut. Chandler P. Eakin, Lieut. Philip D. Mason; 3d U.S., Batts. F and K, Lieut. John G. Turnbull; 4th U.S., Batt. C, Lieut. Evan Thomas; 5th U.S., Batt. C, Lieut.

Gulian V. Weir. *First Volunteer Brigade*, Lieut.-Col. Freeman McGilvery; Mass. Light, 5th Batt. (E), (I) Capt. Charles A. Phillips; Mass. Light, 9th Batt., Capt. John Bigelow, Lieut. Richard S. Milton; N.Y. Light, 15th Batt., Capt. Patrick Hart; Pa. Light, Batts. C and F, Capt. James Thompson. *Second Volunteer Brigade*, Capt. Elijah D. Taft; 1st Conn. Heavy, Batt. B, (I) Capt. Albert F. Brooker; 1st Conn. Heavy, Batt. M, (p) Capt. Franklin A. Pratt; <long_424>Conn. Light, 2d Batt., Capt. John W. Sterling; N.Y. Light, 5th Batt., Capt. Elijah D. Taft. *Third Volunteer Brigade*, Capt. James F. Huntington; N.H. Light, 1st Batt., Capt. Frederick M. Edgell; 1st Ohio Light, Bart. H, Lieut. George W. Norton; 1st Pa. Light, Batts. F and G, Capt. R. Bruce Ricketts; W. Va. Light, Batt. C, Capt. Wallace Hill. *Fourth Volunteer Brigade*, Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh; Me. Light, 6th Batt. (F), Lieut. Edwin B. Dow; Md. Light, Batt. A, Capt. James H. Rigby; N.J. Light, 1st Batt., Lieut. Augustus N. Parsons; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. G, Capt. Nelson Ames; 1st N.Y. Light, Batt. K, (*) Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh. *Train Guard*, 4th N.J. Inf. (7 cos.), Maj. Charles Ewing.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

Called into Service during the Gettysburg Campaign.(+)

Emergency Militia.—Ind. Co. Cav. (Murray Troop), Capt. Frank A. Murray; Ind. Co. Cav. (First Philadelphia City Troop), Capt. Samuel J. Randall; Ind. Co. Cav. (Luzerne Rangers), Capt. Henry H. Brown; Ind. Co. Cav. (Wissahiekon Cav.), Capt. Samuel W. Comly; Ind. Co. Cav. (Continental Troop), Capt. Alban H. Myers; Ind. Co. Cav. (Curtin Horse Guards), Capt. John W. Jones; Ind. Batt., Capt. E. Spencer Miller; Ind. Batt., Capt. Henry D. Landis; 20th Inf., Col. William B. Thomas; 26th Inf., Col. William W. Jennings; 27th Inf., Col. Jacob G. Frick; 28th Inf., Col. James Chamberlin; 29th Inf., Col. Joseph W. Hawley; 30th Inf., Col. William N. Monies; 31st Inf., Col. John Newkumet; 33d Inf. (Blue Reserves), Col. William W. Taylor; Ind. Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. Robert Litzinger; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. John Spear; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. William B. Mann; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. James B. German.

Ninety-Days' Militia.—1st Battn. Cav., Lieut.-Col. Richard F. Mason; Ind. Co. Cav., Capt. James M. Bell; Ind. Co. Cav., Capt. William B. Dick; Ind. Co. Cav. (Dana Troop), Capt. R. W. Hammell; Ind. Bart., Capt. Joseph M. Knap; Ind. Bart., Capt. Benoni Frishmuth; Ind. Bart., Capt. W. C. Ermentrout; Ind. Batt. (2d Keystone Batt.), Capt. Edward Fitzki; Ind. Batt. (Chester Co. Art.), Capt. George R. Guss; 32d Inf. (Gray Reserves), Col. Charles S. Smith; 34th Inf., Col. Charles Albright; 35th Inf., Col. Henry B. McKean; 36th Inf., Col. Henry C. Alleman; 37th Inf., Col. John Trout; 38th Inf., Col. Melchior H. Horn; 39th Inf., Col. James Nagle; 40th Inf. (1st Coal Regt.), Col. Alfred Day; 41st Inf., Col. Edward R. Mayer; 42d Inf.; Col. Charles H. Hunter; 43d Inf., Col. William W. Stott; 44th Inf. (Merchants' Regt.), Col. Enos Woodward; 45th Inf., Col. James T. Clancy; 46th Inf., Col. John J. Lawrence; 47th Inf., Col. James P. Wickersham; 48th Inf., Col. John B. Embich; 49th Inf. (2d Corn Exchange), Col. Alexander Murphy; <long_425>50th Inf., Col. Emlen Franklin; 51st Inf. (2d Coal Regt.), Col. Oliver Hopkinson; 52d Inf. (2d Union League), Col.

William A. Gray; 53d Inf., Col. Henry Royer; 54th Inf., Col. Thomas F. Gallagher; 55th Inf., Col. Robert B. McComb; 56th Inf., Col. Samuel B. Dick; 57th Inf., Col. James R. Porter; 58th Inf., Col. George H. Bemus; 59th Inf. (3d Union League), Col. George P. McLean; 60th Inf., Col. William F. Small; Ind. Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. John McKeage; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. Joseph K. Helmbold; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. Horace A. Beale; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. Benjamin T. Green; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. David Mitchel; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. Osborn E. Stephens; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. William F. Rich.

Months' Volunteers.—20th Cav., Col. John E. Wynkoop; 21st Cav., Col. William H. Boyd; 22d Cav. (Battn.), Maj. B. Mortimer Morrow; 1st Battn. Cav., Lieut.-Col. Richard C. Dale; Ind. Batt. (Park Bart.), Capt. Horatio K. Tyler; Ind. Batt., Capt. W. H. Woodward; Ind. Batt., Capt. Robert J. Nevin; 1st Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. Joseph F. Ramsey; 2d Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. John C. Lininger; 3d Battn. Inf., Lieut.-Col. T. Ellwood Zell; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. Samuel T. Griffith; Ind. Co. Inf., Capt. William M. Schrock.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXIX.—The Wave Rolls Back.

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Confederates retreat from Gettysburg—The Federals pursue—Crossing the Potomac under Difficulties—Kilpatrick's Cavalry Dash on Pettigrew's Command—General Lee thought to rest his Army in the Valley of Virginia, but Meade followed too fast—Engagements that harassed the Retreat—General Lee wished to be relieved of Command, but President Davis would not consent to the Appointment of Joseph E. Johnston or General Beauregard.

THE armies rested on the "Fourth,"—one under the bright laurels secured by the brave work of the day before, but in profound sorrow over the silent forms of the host of comrades who had fallen during those three fateful days, whose blood bathed the thirsty fields of Gettysburg, made classic by the most stupendous clash of conflict of that long and sanguinary war; while gentle rain came to mellow the sod that marked the honored rest of friend and foe; the other, with broken spirits, turned from fallen comrades to find safety away from the fields that had been so promising of ennobling fruits. The enemy had cast his lines on grounds too strong for lead and steel, and, exhausted alike of aggressive force and means of protracted defence, there was nothing left for the vanquished but to march for distant homeward lines.

The cavalry left on the Blue Ridge joined the Confederate left late on the afternoon of the 3d. Orders for retreat were issued before noon of the 4th, and trains of wounded and other impedimenta were put in motion by the Chambersburg and Fairfield routes, the army to march after night by the latter,—the Second Corps as rear-guard, the First to follow the Third and push on to secure the crossings of the Potomac at Williamsport and Falling Waters. It was daylight of the 5th when the road was <long_427>open for the march of the First, and a later hour of the morning before the Second could follow.

Pursuit was made by the enemy, led by cavalry and the Sixth Corps, and the rear-guard had to deploy near Fairfield to check it. Rain was helping us. Before the enemy could get through the mud and push his batteries over the boggy fields, our trains had reached the mountain gorge, and the rear-guard was on the march following. Direct pursuit of the solid ranks was changed to march down the east of the mountains, but the firmer broad road gave the Confederates easier march. Kilpatrick got his cavalry in on the wagon-trains and destroyed a number, but did not delay the march of the column.

On this retreat the army, already crippled of its pride, was met by the dispiriting news of another defeat at Vicksburg, which meant that the Mississippi was free to the Federals from its source to the Gulf. Diverting incidents occurred, but we were in poor mood for them. As we approached Hagerstown, two grotesque figures stepped into the road about a hundred yards in front of us,—one a negro of six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds, the other a white man of about five feet seven. The negro was dressed in full uniform of the Union infantry, the white man in travel-stained butternut dry-goods. The negro had a musket on his shoulder. Riding up to them, it was observed that the musket was at the cock-notch. The negro was reminded that it was unsoldier-like to have the gun at a cock, but said that he wanted to be ready to save and deliver his prisoner to the guard; it was his proudest capture during the march, and he wanted credit for it. The man was a recruit lately from abroad, and did not seem to care whether or not he was with his comrades.

However, there were doubts if he understood a word that was said. The uniform was a tight fit, and the shoes were evidently painful, but the black man said that he could exchange them. He was probably <long_428>the only man of the army who had a proud story to take home.

The Union cavalry came severely upon our left flank at Hagerstown, forcing Stuart to call for infantry support. Parts of Semmes's and G. T. Anderson's brigades were sent, crossed the Antietam, and had uncomfortable experience with the horse artillery near Funkstown. They had dire complaints to make of the way cavalymen put them in columns of fours against batteries, when they could have advanced more rapidly and effectively in line of battle and saved half of their men lost.

Halting for rest near Falling Waters, a sudden alarm was brought down the road by a cavalryman riding at speed, who reported all of the enemy's cavalry on a sweeping ride against us. The troops were thrown together to wait, but the cavalry charge proved to be a carriage-load of lady refugees. Some of the cavalry did get over upon the trains parked at Williamsport, but there were many wounded near there who could handle their muskets, many infantry up from Winchester, and some of Imboden's cavalry, besides some batteries who held the ground, and Stuart eventually got up, when the enemy drew off.

On the 6th and 7th the commands were up, and deployed their lines from Falling Waters to cover the bridge and ford at Williamsport. But the river was full, past fording at Williamsport, and a raiding party from Harper's Ferry had partially destroyed the bridge at Falling Waters. Infantry trenches were made along the lines, batteries were put in position, and we were ready in a day or two to receive our successful adversary. He found some mud along his route, and was not up until the 12th, when he appeared and spread his lines along the Confederate front, but positions were changed,—he had the longer outer curve, while the Confederates were on the concentrating inner lines. He made his field-works and other <long_429>arrangements, had some reinforcements since his battle, and was well organized.

On the forenoon of the 13th, General Lee sent for me, and announced that the river was fordable and the bridge repaired, that the trains would be started at once, and the troops would follow when night could conceal the move. The First and Third Corps were to cross by the bridge, the Second by the ford. As the lines were comfortable, the roads heavy, it occurred to me that the hurried move during a single night would be troublesome; suggestion was offered that the trains and wounded should move over during the night, and give us easy march the next night, but the waters on the other side were high, and only enough mills running to supply food from day to day, and the weather treacherous, so the general thought it better to hurry on. The march by the Williamsport crossing over 'the firm, broad turnpike was made without trouble. The route to the bridge was over a new road; at the ends of the bridge were green willow poles to prevent the wheels cutting through the mud, but the soil underneath was wet and soggy under the long season of rain, and before night rain again began to fall.

General Lee, worn by the strain of the past two weeks, asked me to remain at the bridge and look to the work of the night. And such a night is seldom experienced even in the rough life of the soldier. The rain fell in showers, sometimes in blinding sheets, during the entire night; the wagons cut deep in the mud during the early hours, and began to "stall" going down the hill, and one or two of the batteries were "stalled" before they reached the bridge. The best standing points were ankle-deep in mud, and the roads half-way to the

knee, puddling and getting worse. We could only keep three or four torches alight, and those were dimmed at times when heavy rains came. Then, to crown our troubles, a load of the wounded came down, missed the end of the bridge, and plunged <long_430>the wagon into the raging torrent. Right at the end of the bridge the water was three feet deep, and the current swift and surging. It did not seem possible that a man could be saved, but every one who could get through the mud and water rushed to their relief, and Providence was there to bring tears of joy to the sufferers. The wagon was righted and on the bridge and rolled off to Virginia's banks. The ground under the poles became so puddled before daylight that they would bend under the wheels and feet of the animals until they could bend no farther, and then would occasionally slip to one side far enough to spring up and catch a horse's foot and throw him broadside in the puddled mud. Under the trials and vexations every one was exhausted of patience, the general and staff were ready for a family quarrel as the only relief for their pent-up trouble, when daylight came, and with it General Lee to relieve and give us opportunity for a little repose.

The division of the Third Corps under General Petti-grew formed the rear of the infantry line, which was to be covered by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. But the cavalry brigadier rode off and crossed the river, leaving, it is said, a squadron for the duty, and the squadron followed the example of the brigadier. The consequence was that when Kilpatrick's cavalry rode up it was taken to be the Confederates ordered for their rear-guard. Instead of friends, however, General Pettigrew found a foe. He was surprised by a dashing cavalry charge, was wounded, and died after a few days. Some artillery, three standards (of the Virginia infantry), and a large number of prisoners were taken. General Meade claimed two thousand.

General Lee thought to occupy the gaps of the Blue Ridge by his cavalry, and rest his army in the Valley of Virginia, in threatening lines against Washington City, but found the Shenandoah River full and past fording, and before the tide began to recede General Meade crossed the <long_431>Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and began to occupy the gaps, which called for a southern march of the Confederates. On the 19th my command was ordered to Millwood to secure, if possible, Ashby's Gap, but as the enemy's cavalry was on the opposite bank, and the waters were too high for us to get over, we marched on to Manassas, then for Chester Gap. As high up as Front Royal the river was found past fording, but part of a pontoon bridge was at hand. General Corse, who had joined us, hurried and succeeded in getting his brigade over in time to occupy Chester Gap, and putting his regiment under Colonel Arthur Herbert in the west end of Manassas Gap. The balance of Pickett's men crossed by putting the arms and ammunition in the boats, the men swimming, and sent reinforcements to General Corse and Colonel Herbert, when the enemy's cavalry withdrew. One bridge was laid and spliced, and the march southward was resumed.

The next day another demonstration was made by the enemy's cavalry at Manassas Gap, but Hood's division was there and McLaws's was at the Chester Gap, where another heavy body of cavalry approached. An effort was made to get behind the latter by hidden lines of march, but the plan of catching cavalry with infantry was not successful, though General Wofford thought for a time that his trap was well laid. The march was continued, and the head of the column reached Culpeper Court-House on the 24th. Benning's brigade, left on guard at Gaines's Cross-Roads till the Third Corps could relieve him, was attacked by a strong cavalry force. On the approach of the Third Corps he thought to

organize, with General A. P. Hill, another plan to entrap the cavalry in a thick wood, but the riders found little difficulty in getting away. General Ewell was detained a little, and found, upon approaching Front Royal, that General Wright's brigade, left there to hold the gaps for him, was engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's infantry. He reinforced the <long_432>brigade, held the enemy back, then changed his march west, crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap, and ordered Early's division, that was not yet up, through the Valley by Strasburg. He reached Madison Court-House on the 29th.

General Meade got his army together near Warrenton on the 31st of July, and ordered a detachment of artillery, cavalry, and infantry across the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and the railroad bridge. The command drove our cavalry back till it was reinforced by infantry, when the enemy was pushed back beyond Brandy Station.

General Ewell was called down from Madison CourtHouse, behind the Rapidan, and the First and Third Corps were marched into position behind the river on the 3d of August, leaving the cavalry at Culpeper CourtHouse.

General Lee suffered during the campaign from his old trouble, sciatica, and as soon as he found rest for his army applied to the authorities for a change of commanders. The President refused, pleading that he had no one to take his place. At the time he had two generals of his own choosing who were not in authority adequate to their rank,—Joseph E. Johnston, the foremost soldier of the South, who had commanded the army from its organization until he was wounded at Seven Pines, and G. T. Beauregard, the hero of Sumter and the first Bull Run, well equipped and qualified for high command. But the President was jealous of Johnston, and nourished prejudice against Beauregard.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXX.—Longstreet Moves To Georgia.

The Author reverts to the Perils and Opportunities in the West—Pro-poses to the Secretary of War to reinforce against Rosecrans from the Army of Northern Virginia—Makes Plan known to General Lee—The Move finally effected—Difficulties of Transportation—A Roundabout Route—General Longstreet narrowly escapes capture when seeking Bragg's Head-quarters—General Bragg assigns Longstreet to Command of the Left—Instructions for the Battle of Chickamauga—The Armies in Position—Federals in Command of Generals Rosecrans, Crittenden, McCook, and George H. Thomas.

<long_433>

WHILE the army was lying idle on the south bank of the Rapidan my mind reverted to affairs in the West, and especially to the progressive work of the Union army in Tennessee towards the northern borders of Georgia. Other armies of the South were, apparently, spectators, viewing those tremendous threatenings without thought of turning minds or forces to arrest the march of Rosecrans.

To me the emergency seemed so grave that I decided to write the Honorable Secretary of War (excusing the informality under the privilege given in his request in May) expressing my opinion of affairs in that military zone. I said that the successful march of General Rosecrans's army through Georgia would virtually be the finishing stroke of the war; that in the fall of Vicksburg and the free flow of the Mississippi River the lungs of the Confederacy were lost; that the impending march would cut through the heart of the South, and leave but little time for the dissolution; that to my mind the remedy was to order the Army of Northern Virginia to defensive work, and send detachments to reinforce the army in Tennessee; to call detachments of other commands to the same ser-

vice, and strike a crushing blow against General Rosecrans <long_434>before he could receive reinforcing help; that our interior lines gave the opportunity, and it was only by the skilful use of them that we could reasonably hope to equalize our power to that of the better-equipped adversary; that the subject had not been mentioned to my commander, because like all others he was opposed to having important detachments of his army so far beyond his reach; that all must realize that our affairs were languishing, and that the only hope of reviving the waning cause was through the advantage of interior lines.

A few days after the letter was despatched the subject happened up while discussing affairs with General Lee, when I felt warranted in expressing my views and relieving my mind of the serious apprehensions that haunted me. He inquired if I was willing to go West and take charge there. To that I consented, provided the change could be so arranged as to give me an opportunity, by careful handling of the troops before accepting battle, to gain their confidence; providing, at the same time, that means could be arranged for further aggressive march in case of success.

At that time the railway passing our camps on the Rapidan through Virginia and East Tennessee to Chattanooga was open and in good working order. General Bragg's army was near Chattanooga, General Buckner's in East Tennessee, near Knoxville, General Samuel Jones's army, or parts of an army, in Southwest Virginia. There was but one railway,—from Cincinnati *via* Louisville and Nashville to Chattanooga. On that road General Rosecrans was marching against General Bragg. On the direct route to East

Tennessee over the Cumberland Mountains General Burnside was moving into East Tennessee against General Buckner's forces.

A few days after the conversation with General Lee, he was called down to Richmond. In the course of a week he wrote, viz.:

<long_435>

"[Confidential.]

"RICHMOND, August 31, 1863.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET,

"Head-quarters Army of Northern Virginia:

" GENERAL,—I have wished for several days past to return to the army, but have been detained by the President. He will not listen to my proposition to leave to-morrow. I hope you will use every exertion to prepare the army for offensive operations, and improve the condition of our men and animals. I can see nothing better to be done than to endeavor to bring General Meade out and use our efforts to crush his army while in its present condition.

* * * * *

"Very respectfully and truly yours,

R. E. LEE,

"General. "

REPLY.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, September 2, 1863.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE,

"Commanding:

"GENERAL,—Your letter of the 31st is received. I have expressed to Generals Ewell and Hill your wishes, and am doing all that can be done to be well prepared with my own command. Our greatest difficulty will be in preparing our animals. I do not see that we can reasonably hope to accomplish much by offensive operations, unless you are strong enough to cross the Potomac. If we advance to meet the enemy on this side he will in all probability go into one of his many fortified positions. These we cannot afford to attack.

"I know but little of the condition of our affairs in the West, but am inclined to the opinion that our best opportunity for great results is in Tennessee. If we could hold the defensive here with two corps and send the other to operate in Tennessee with that army, I think that we could accomplish more than by an advance from here.

* * * * *

"I remain, general, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

" JAMES LONGSTREET,

"Lieutenant- General."

General Lee next wrote to inquire as to the time necessary for the movement of my corps into Tennessee. As <long_436>there were but two divisions, McLaws's and Hood's, and Alexander's batteries, two days was supposed to be ample time. The transportation was ordered by the quartermaster's department at Richmond, and the divisions were made ready to board the trains as soon as they could reach us.

The success of the plan was thought from the first to depend upon its prompt and vigorous execution, and it was under those conditions that General Lee agreed to reinforce the army in Tennessee, together with the assurance that vigorous pursuit, even to the Ohio River, should follow success. The onward march was repeatedly urged, not only in return for the use of part of the army, but to relieve General Lee of apprehension from the army in front of him; but it was not until the 9th of September that the first train came to Orange Court-House to start with its load of troops. Meanwhile, General Buckner had left his post in East Tennessee and marched south to draw nearer the army under General Bragg about Chattanooga, leaving nothing of his command in East Tennessee except two thousand men at Cumberland Gap, under General Frazer, partially fortified. General Burnside had crossed the mountains, and was not only in East Tennessee, but on that very day General Frazer surrendered to him his command at Cumberland Gap without a fight.

These facts were known to the Richmond authorities at the time of our movements, but not to General Lee or myself until the move was so far advanced as to prevent recall. So that we were obliged to make the circuit through the Carolinas to Augusta, Georgia, and up by the railroad, thence through Atlanta to Dalton and Ringgold. It was the only route of transit left us. There were two routes between Richmond and Augusta, one via Wilmington, the other through Charlotte, North Carolina, but only a single track from Augusta to Chattanooga. The gauges <long_437>of the roads were not uniform, nor did the roads connect at the cities (except by drays and other such conveyances). The roads had not been heavily worked before the war, so that their rolling stock was light and limited.

Instead of two days of moving, it was not until the 25th that our artillery joined us near Chattanooga. Hood's division was first shipped, and three brigades, or the greater part of three, were landed at the railroad station, and joined General Bragg's army on the 18th and 19th of September, but that army had been manoeuvred and flanked out of Chattanooga, Buckner's out of East Tennessee, and both were together down below the borders of Georgia.

As I left General Lee's tent, after bidding him good-by, he walked out with me to my horse. As my foot was in the stirrup he said again, "Now, general, you must beat those people out in the West." Withdrawing my foot to respectful position I promised, "If I live; but I would not give a single man of my command for a fruitless victory." He promised again that it should be so; said that arrangements had been made that any success that we had would be followed; that orders to that effect had been given; that transportation was also ordered to be prepared, and the orders would be repeated.

While the troops were in transit, Jenkins's South Carolina brigade was transferred to Hood's division, so that we had two South Carolina and four Georgia brigades of the two divisions, which gave us some little trouble in keeping our men on the cars passing by their homes. The people crowded every station to give us their all in most acceptable rations, and to cheer us with wishes for a happy issue.

The train upon which I rode reached Catoosa about two o'clock of the afternoon of the

19th of September. That upon which our horses were came up at four o'clock. Only part of the staff of the corps was with me, and General Alexander was with his batteries far away in South Carolina. <long_438>As soon as our horses could be saddled we started, Lieutenant-Colonels Sorrel and Manning and myself, to find the head-quarters of the commanding general. We were told to follow the main road, and did so, though there were many men coming into that road from our right bearing the wounded of the day's battle; the firing was still heard off to the right, and wagons were going and coming, indicating our nearness to the field. Nothing else occurring to suggest a change of the directions given us, we followed the main road.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the woodlands on the sides of the broad highway were quite open, so that we could see and be seen. After a time we were challenged by an outlying guard, "Who comes there?" We answered, "Friends." The answer was not altogether satisfying to the guard, and after a very short parley we asked what troops they were, when the answer gave the number of the brigade and of the division. *As* Southern brigades were called for their commanders more than by their numbers, we concluded that these friends were the enemy. There were, too, some suspicious obstructions across the road in front of us, and altogether the situation did not look inviting. The moon was so bright that it did not seem prudent to turn and ride back under the fire that we knew would be opened on us, so I said, loudly, so that the guard could hear, "Let us ride down a little way to find a better crossing." Riding a few rods brought us under cover and protection of large trees, sufficiently shading our retreat to enable us to ride quietly to the rear and take the road over which we had seen so many men and vehicles passing while on our first ride.

We reached General Bragg's head-quarters at eleven o'clock, reported, and received orders, which he had previously given other commanders, for attack early in the morning. Our bivouac was made near the general head-quarters, <long_439>and we rode at daylight to find the troops. Hood's brigades that had arrived before us had been at work with the left of the army, which was assigned as my command. Lieutenant-General Polk was commanding the right wing.

Two brigades of McLaws's division, Kershaw's and Humphreys's, came in the afternoon, and marched during the night and across the Chickamauga River.

The army had forced its way across the Chickamauga under severe skirmishes, little less than a battle, during the greater part of the 19th, and some of the commands had been engaged on the 18th working on the same plan.

The written order giving the plan was issued on the 18th. In general terms, it was to cross the Chickamauga, strike the enemy's left, and roll it back on his right by a wheel to the left so as to come in between the enemy and Chattanooga. The work had been so persistent and assiduous during part of the 18th and all of the 19th, that General Rosecrans came to understand the plan as well as his adversary, and to arrange accordingly.

With my instructions for the 20th the commanding general gave me a map showing prominent topographical features of the grounds from the Chickamauga River to Mission Ridge, and beyond to the Lookout Mountain range.

At early dawn I found the left wing. It was composed of Buckner's corps (Stewart's and Preston's divisions), a new division under General Bushrod R. Johnson, the division of General T. C. Hindman, and three of Hood's brigades. Buckner's corps had been cut in

two. His division on the right of the left wing was under General Stewart, while Preston's division, on the extreme left, on the bank of the Chickamauga, was assigned, by the order for battle, as the pivot upon which the battle should wheel. The commands stood: Stewart's, Johnson's, Hindman's, and Preston's divisions; Hood's brigades in rear <long_440>of Johnson's line. General Buckner reported his artillery as amounting to about thirty guns. Three batteries were reported, of four guns each, with Hindman's division, Johnson's and Hood's commands being without artillery. The brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys were ordered, with Hood's, to be used as a column of assault, by brigades, at a hundred paces interval.

As the battle was ordered for daylight, it seemed too late to draw Buckner's divisions into reciprocal relations, and we had yet to find the right wing. As it was not in touch or sight, General Stewart was ordered to find it. He marched about half a mile to his right and found that he was nearly half a mile in advance of the right wing. His move made place for Hood's column, which was called to the line, and General Stewart broke his right to rear to guard that flank until the right wing could get to the front. The divisions were formed in two lines, two brigades on the front line, others of the second line in support, except Hood's five brigades in column. General McLaws and two of his brigades, two of Hood's, and Alexander's artillery were on the rails, speeding for the battle as fast as steam could carry them, but failed to reach it. When organized for battle the left wing stood about three hundred yards east of the Lafayette-Chattanooga dirt road. As the battle was ordered for wheel to the left on Preston's division as pivot, his (Trigg's) brigade was echeloned on the left of Hindman's division. The purpose of the commander in ordering the wheel on the left as pivot was to push in, from the start, between the enemy and his new base at Chattanooga.

No chief of artillery for the command reported, and a brief search failed to find one. The field, so far as it could be surveyed, however, was not a field, proper, but a heavy woodland, not adapted to the practice of artillery. The hour of battle was at hand, but the right wing was not yet organized. Some of the troops were without rations, <long_441>their wagons, having lost the lines of march through the woodlands, failing to reach them until after daylight, when they were further delayed cooking their food.

The right wing was formed of D. H. Hill's corps, Breckenridge's and Cleburne's divisions, W. H. T. Walker's corps of Walker's and Liddell's divisions, Cheatham's division of Polk's corps, artillery battalions of Majors Melancthon Smith, T. R. Hotchkiss, and R. E. Groves, and batteries of Lieutenant R. T. Beauregard, Captain E. P. Howell, Captain W. H. Fowler, and Lieutenant Shannon.

As it formed it stood with D. H. Hill's corps on the right, Breckenridge's and Cleburne's divisions from right to left, Cheatham's division on the left of Cleburne's rear, and Walker's reserve corps behind Hill's corps; but when arranged for battle it was about half a mile in rear of the line upon which the left wing was established. The Confederate commander rode early in the morning to hear the opening of the battle. As the sounds failed to reach him, he became anxious, sent orders of inquiry for the cause of delay, and repeated his orders for attack, and finally rode to his right wing and gave peremptory orders.

Marching through the woods to line up on the left wing, the left of the right wing was found to overlap my division on the right, yet our extreme right was found to overreach the left of the enemy's field-works by two brigades, and reconnoissance found the road

between the enemy and Chattanooga open and free of obstructions or troops to defend it. On the right of Breckenridge's division was Armstrong's division of cavalry dismounted, and beyond his right was Forrest's other division of cavalry, Pegram's. Some miles off from our left was Wheeler's division of cavalry, under Wharton and Martin.

The Union army from left to right was: first the Fourteenth Corps, General George H. Thomas commanding, four divisions,—Baird's division on the left, then Reynolds's <long_442>and Brannan's, the latter retired to position of reserve, and Negley's. (The last named had been left, on the night of the 19th, on guard near the Glen House, but was ordered early on the 20th to join General Thomas, and one of the brigades did move promptly under the order; the other brigades (two) failed to receive the order.) Then the Twentieth Corps, three divisions,—Jefferson C. Davis's, R. W. Johnson's, and P. H. Sheridan's,—on the right, General A. McD. McCook commanding the corps. Next was the Twenty-first Corps, three divisions,—T. J. Wood's, J. M. Palmer's, and H. P. Van Cleve's,—General T. L. Crittenden commanding the corps. It was in position on the east slope of Mission Ridge, ordered to be prepared to support the corps of the right or left, or both; one of its brigades had been left to occupy Chattanooga. Wilder's mounted infantry, on the right of the Twentieth Corps, was ordered to report to the commander of that corps for the day's work. A reserve corps under General Gordon Granger was off the left of the Union army to cover the gap in Mission Ridge at Rossville and the road from the Union left to that gap. Minty's cavalry was with this corps, and posted at Mission Mills. General Granger had Steedman's division of two brigades and a brigade under Colonel D. McCook. General R. B. Mitchell, commanding Union cavalry, was on their right at Crawfish Springs, with orders to hold the crossings of the Chickamauga against the Confederate cavalry.

It seems that parts of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, Johnson's and Van Cleve's divisions, were under General Thomas in the fight of his left on the 19th, and remained with him on the 20th. The purpose of the posting of the Union army was to hold open its routes for Chattanooga by the Rossville and Dry Valley roads. As before stated, the Confederate commander's design was to push in between the Union army and Chattanooga, recover his lost ground, and cut the enemy's line of supplies.

<long_443>

The commanders of the armies were on the field early on the 20th. The failure of the opening of the Confederates at daylight gave opportunity for a reconnoissance by light of day, by which it was learned that the road from the Union left was open, not guarded nor under close observation; but the commander ordered direct assault under the original plan,—his back to the river, the Union army backing on Mission Ridge. The Chickamauga River, rising from the mountains south, flows in its general course a little east of north to conflux with the Tennessee River. The Ridge runs nearly parallel with the river, and opens up a valley a mile wide. It is a bold outcropping of limestone about one hundred feet above the valley, with occasional passes, or gaps, that are strong points of guard for defence. Four miles northwest from the Union left was the gap at Rossville, called for the old Cherokee chief. On its right was the pass of the Dry Valley road, and immediately in its rear was the McFarland Gap. The line of the Lafayette road lies about parallel with the Ridge to within a mile of the Union left, when it bends westward and leads to the Rossville Gap. The Dry Valley road crosses the Chickamauga at Glass's Mills, courses along the east slope of the Ridge, crosses it, and joins on the west the road that crosses at

the McFarland Gap.

The Union left was east of the Chattanooga-Rossville road, but crossed the road to the west and formed in broken front. The left and right of Thomas's line was retired or broken to the rear. The Union commander rode over his lines on the afternoon of the 19th and ordered his front covered by such field-works as could be constructed during the night.

General Thomas covered his lines by log and rail obstructions. The corps of Rosecrans's right formed two lines of rail defences for infantry. The batteries had the ascending slopes of the Ridge for positions, and their field <long_444>was more favorable otherwise for artillery practice than was that of the Confederates advancing from the valley and more densely timbered forests. They had two hundred and forty-six guns. The records do not give satisfactory accounts of the number of Confederate guns, but they probably numbered not less than two hundred.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXI.—Battle Of Chickamauga.

Tactical Features—The Battle opened by Direct Attack on the Federals in the Early Morning of September 20—Repeated and Determined Front Assaults—Brigadiers Helm killed and Adams wounded—The Union Commands lay behind Defences—Hood's Brigades surged through the Forest against the Covered Infantry and Artillery—Hood wounded—Longstreet suggests a Plan for Progressive Action—Halting Tactics at High Tide of Success—The Confederate Left fought a Separate Battle—General Thomas retreats—First Confederate Victory in the West, and one of the Bloodiest Battles of the War—Forces engaged—Losses.

<long_445>

SATISFIED that the opening of the battle was to be the attack against his left, the Union commander ordered Negley's division out from its position near the Glen House to report to General Thomas and assist in meeting the attack, but only Beattie's brigade was in time for that service, the other brigades waiting to be relieved from their positions in line. Meanwhile, Baird's left had been extended by Dodge's brigade of Johnson's division of the Twentieth Corps.

Before the Confederate commander engaged his battle he found the road between the enemy's left and Chattanooga open, which gave him opportunity to interpose or force the enemy from his works to open battle to save his line. But he preferred his plan of direct attack as the armies stood, and opened his battle by attack of the right wing at 9.30 A.M. of the 20th. He was there, and put the corps under Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to the work. Breckenridge's and Cleburne's divisions, Brecken-ridge on the right, overreached the enemy's left by two brigades, Stovall's and Adams's, but the other brigade, Helm's, was marched through the wood into front assault

of the enemy behind his field-works. This brigade made <long_446>desperate repeated and gallant battle until the commander, Benjamin H. Helm, one of the most promising brigadiers, was killed, when its aggressive work was suspended.

The other brigades crossed the Chattanooga road, changed front, and bore down against the enemy's left. This gave them favorable ground and position. They made resolute attack against Baird's left, threatening his rear, but he had troops at hand to meet them. They had a four-gun battery of Slocum's of the Washington Artillery, (*) and encountered Dodge's brigade and parts of Wil-lick's, Berry's, and Stanley's, and superior artillery. In the severe contention General Adams fell seriously hurt, and the brigades were eventually forced back to and across the road, leaving General Adams on the field.

A separate attack was then made by Cleburne's division, the brigades of Polk and Wood assaulting the breast-works held by the divisions of Johnson and Palmer. These brigades, after severe fight, were repulsed, and their positions were covered by Deshler's brigade. General Deshler received a mortal wound from a fragment of shell, leaving the brigade in the hands of the gallant Colonel Roger Q. Mills (our afterwards distinguished statesman). General Thomas called repeatedly for reinforcement, and received assurances that they were coming, even to include the army if necessary to hold the left.

Johnson's brigade of Cheatham's division was ordered to support the brigade under Colonel Mills, and the reserve corps under General W. H. T. Walker (Gist's and Liddell's

divisions) was ordered into the Breckenridge battle, Gist's brigade against the left angle of the breastworks, and Walthall's to the place of Cleburne's division. The other brigade of Gist's division supported the battle of his own brigade, and General Liddell was ordered with Govan's brigade to advance, passing beyond the enemy's <long_447>left to the Chattanooga road, and wheel to the left against his left rear. The troops, without exception, made a brave, desperate fight, but were unsuccessful, and forced to suspend aggressive work.

As the grand wheel to the left did not progress, I sent, at eleven o'clock, to say to General Bragg that my column of attack could probably break the enemy's line if he cared to have it go in. Before answer came, General Stewart, commanding my right division, received a message from General Bragg to go in and attack by his division, and reported that the Confederate commander had sent similar orders to all division commanders. He advanced, and by his severe battle caused the Union reserve division under General Brannan to be drawn to the support of that front, and this attack, with that of the divisions of our right against those of Baird, Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds, so disturbed General Thomas that other reinforcements were called to support his defence.

General Stewart was in hot engagement before word reached me that the battle had been put in the hands of division commanders; but my orders reached General Hood in time to hold him and commanders on his left before he received notice from the commanding general, and the brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys were ordered nearer the rear of his column. The divisions of B. R. Johnson and Hindman were ordered to follow in close echelon on Hood's left. Buckner's pivoting division under Preston was left to the position to which the Confederate chief had assigned it.

In our immediate front were the parts of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps in two lines covered by rail de-fences and well-posted batteries. At the early surging of his lines through the forest, General Hood came under the fire of this formidable array of artillery and infantry, and found his lines staggering under their galling missiles, and fast losing strength as the fire thickened. His leading <long_448>brigade was decimated, but his others pushed to the front to take and pursue the assault. The divisions of B. R. Johnson and Hindman were pressed hard on Hood's left, and the brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys closed to his support, when a bold push gave us the first line of the enemy and a large number of his guns; but General Hood was fearfully wounded, supposed to be fatally; General Benning, of his "Rock Brigade," lost his horse, and thought General Hood was killed. He cut a horse loose from a captured gun, mounted, and using part of a rope trace as his riding whip, rode to meet me and report disaster. He had lost his hat in the mêlée, and the brigade disappeared under the steady crushing fire so quickly that he was a little surprised. He reported, "General Hood killed, my horse killed, my brigade torn to pieces, and I haven't a man left." I asked if he didn't think he could find one man. The question or the manner seemed to quiet somewhat his apprehensions and brought affirmative answer, when he was told to collect his men and join us at the front; that we had broken and carried the first line; that Johnson's division, on his left, was then in the breach and pushing on, with Hindman on his left, spreading battle to the enemy's limits; that Stewart's division would hold it on our right, and the brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys then on the quick step would be with us in a minute and help restore the battle to good organization. Just then these two brigades burst through the brush in cheerful, gallant march, and brought him back to his usual courageous, hopeful confidence.

As we approached a second line, Johnson's division happened to strike it while in the act of changing position of some of the troops, charged upon and carried it, capturing some artillery, Hood's and Hindman's troops pressing in close connection. This attack forced the parts of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps from that part of the field, back over Missionary Ridge, in disordered retreat, <long_449>and part of Negley's division of the Fourteenth Corps by the same impulsion. As our right wing had failed of the progress anticipated, and had become fixed by the firm holding of the enemy's left, we could find no practicable field for our work except by a change of the order of battle from wheel to the left, to a swing to the right on my division under General Stewart. The fire of the enemy off my right readily drew Hood's brigades to that bearing. Johnson's and Hindman's divisions were called to a similar move, and Buckner's pivotal division under General Preston, but General Buckner objected to having his left "in the air."

Presently a discouraging account came from General Hindman, that in the progress of his battle his left and rear had been struck by a formidable force of cavalry; that Manigault's brigade was forced back in disorder, and his other brigades exposed on their open left could not be handled. I wrote him a note commending the brave work of his division, and encouraging renewed efforts; urged him to have his brigades in hand, and bring them around to close connection on Johnson's left.

On the most open parts of the Confederate side of the field one's vision could not reach farther than the length of a brigade. Trigg's brigade was ordered to the relief of Manigault's, which had been forced back to the Lafayette road, and the balance of Preston's division was ordered to follow, if necessary, to support that part of the field, and our cavalry far away from my left was called to clean it up and pursue the retreating columns. It seems that Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry had struck Manigault's left and put it back in disorder, and a brigade, or part of a brigade, of cavalry coming against the rear, increased the confusion and drove it back to the Lafayette road, when Trigg's brigade advanced to its relief. The two put the attacking forces back until they found it necessary to retire beyond the ridge and cover the <long_450>withdrawal of trains left exposed by the retreat of troops of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps. General Hindman gathered his forces and marched for the left of Johnson's division, and Preston's brigade under General Trigg was returned to the point of its first holding.

Our front, cleared of opposing forces, was soon changed forward, and formed at right angle to its first line to seek the enemy's line standing against our right wing. Calls were repeated for the cavalry to ride in pursuit of the retreating forces, and guard the gaps of the ridge behind the enemy standing in front of our right wing. In the new position of the left wing its extreme left encountered the enemy rallying in strong position that was heavily manned by field batteries. At the same time my left was approaching the line of fire of one of our batteries of the right wing.

General Johnson thought that he had the key of the battle near Snodgrass Hill. It was a key, but a rough one. He was ordered to reorganize his own brigades and those of Hindman's division for renewed work; to advance a line of skirmishers, and give time to the troops for refreshment, while I rode along the line to observe the enemy and find relations with our right wing.

It was after one o'clock, and the hot and dry and dusty day made work fatiguing. My lunch was called up and ordered spread at some convenient point while I rode with General Buckner and the staffs to view the changed conditions of the battle. I could see

but little of the enemy's line, and only knew of it by the occasional exchange of fire between the lines of skirmishers, until we approached the angle of the lines. I passed the right of our skirmishers, and, thinking I had passed the enemy's, rode forward to be accurately assured, when I suddenly found myself under near fire of his sharpshooters concealed behind the trees and under the brush. I saw enough, however, to mark the ground <long_451>line of his field-works as they were spread along the front of the right wing, and found that I was very fortunate in having the forest to cover the ride back until out of reach of their fire. In the absence of a chief of artillery, General Buckner was asked to establish a twelve-gun battery on my right to enfilade the enemy's works and line standing before our right wing, and then I rode away to enjoy my spread of Nassau bacon and Georgia sweet potatoes. We were not accustomed to potatoes of any kind in Virginia, and thought we had a luxury, but it was very dry, as the river was a mile and more from us, and other liquids were over the border. Then, before we had half finished, our pleasures were interrupted by a fragment of shell that came tearing through the woods, passed through a book in the hands of a courier who sat on his horse hard by reading, and struck down our chief of ordnance, Colonel P. T. Manning, gasping, as was supposed, in the struggles of death. Friends sprang forward to look for the wound and to give some aid and relief. In his hurry to enjoy and finish his lunch he had just taken a large bite of sweet potato, which seemed to be suffocating him. I suggested that it would be well to first relieve him of the potato and give him a chance to breathe. This done, he revived, his breath came freer, and he was soon on his feet ready to be conveyed to the hospital. In a few days he was again on duty.

After caring for and sending him off, and before we were through with our lunch, General Bragg sent for me. He was some little distance in rear of our new position. The change of the order of battle was explained, and the necessity under which it came to be made. We had taken some thirty or more field-pieces and a large number of small-arms, and thought that we had cut off and put to disorder the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps that had retreated through the pass of the Ridge by the Dry Valley road. He was informed of orders given General Johnson <long_452>for my left, and General Buckner for a battery on the right. I then offered as suggestion of the way to finish our work that he abandon the plan for battle by our right wing, or hold it to defence, draw off a force from that front that had rested since the left wing took up the battle, join them with the left wing, move swiftly down the Dry Valley road, pursue the retreating forces, occupy the gaps of the Ridge behind the enemy standing before our right, and call that force to its own relief.

He was disturbed by the failure of his plan and the severe repulse of his right wing, and was little prepared to hear suggestions from subordinates for other moves or progressive work. His words, as I recall them, were: "There is not a man in the right wing who has any fight in him." From accounts of his former operations I was prepared for halting work, but this, when the battle was at its tide and in partial success, was a little surprising. His humor, however, was such that his subordinate was at a loss for a reopening of the discussion. He did not wait, nor did he express approval or disapproval of the operations of the left wing, but rode for his head-quarters at Reed's Bridge.

There was nothing for the left wing to do but work along as best it could. The right wing ceased its active battle as the left forced the enemy's right centre, and the account of the commanding general was such as to give little hope of his active use of it in supporting

us. After his lunch, General Johnson was ordered to make ready his own and Hindman's brigades, to see that those of Hood's were in just connection with his right, and await the opening of our battery. Preston's division was pulled away from its mooring on the river bank to reinforce our worn battle. (*) The battery not opening as promptly as expected, General Johnson was finally ordered into *strong, steady* <long_453>battle. He pushed through part of the woodland, drove back an array of artillery and the supporting infantry, and gained other elevated ground. The sound of battle in his rear, its fire drawing nearer, had attracted the attention of General Granger of the reserve corps, and warned him that it was the opportunity for his command. He marched, without orders, towards the noise, and passed by the front of Forrest's cavalry and the front of our right wing, but no report of his march was sent us. Day was on the wane. Night was advancing. The sun dipped to the palisades of Lookout Mountain, when Lieutenant-Colonel Claiborne reported that the cavalry was not riding in response to my calls. He was asked to repeat the order *in writing*, and despatched as follows:

“*BATTLE-FIELD*” September 20, 1863, 5.09 P.M.

“GENERAL WHEELER:

"Lieutenant-General Longstreet orders you to proceed down the road towards the enemy's right, and with your artillery endeavor to enfilade his line, with celerity.

"By order of Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

“ **THOMAS CLAIBORNE,**

"Lieutenant- Colonel Cavalry."

Then our foot-scouts reported that there was nothing on the road taken by the enemy's retreating columns but squads of footmen. Another written order for the cavalry was despatched at 5.30. (*)

General Preston reinforced us by his brigade under Gracie, pushed beyond our battle, and gained a height and intervening dell before Snodgrass Hill, but the enemy's reserve was on the hill, and full of fight, even to the aggressive. We were pushed back through the valley and up the slope, until General Preston succeeded in getting his brigade under Trigg to the support. Our battery got up at last under Major Williams <long_454>and opened its destructive fire from eleven guns, which presently convinced General Thomas that his position was no longer tenable. He drew Reynolds's division from its trenches near the angle, for assignment as rearguard. Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, of the staff, reported this move, and was sent with orders to General Stewart to strike down against the enemy's moving forces. It seems that at the same time Liddell's division of the extreme right of our right wing was ordered against the march of the reserves. Stewart got into part of Reynolds's line and took several hundred prisoners. Meanwhile, Reynolds was used in meeting the attack and driving *back* the division of General Liddell. That accomplished, he was ordered to position to cover the retreat. As no reports came to the left from the commanding general or from the right wing, the repulse of Liddell's division was thought to indicate the strong holding of the enemy along his intrenched front line, and I thought that we should wait to finish the battle on the morrow.

The direct road to Chattanooga was practically closed. McFarland Gap, the only *débouché*, was supposed to be occupied by the cavalry. Another blind road was at the base of the mountain on its east side. During the artillery practice the fire of some of the guns

of our battery was turned to the contest at Snodgrass Hill, which disturbed part of our infantry fiercely struggling for that ground, and they complained, but the fire was effective. As the woods were full of the enemy, a shot would find a mark.

The intrenched line was crumbling faster than we supposed, and their reserve was engaged in hot defensive battle to hold secure the Gap while yet there were two hours of daylight. Had the four brigades of Cheatham's division that had not been in action gone in at the same time as Liddell's division, it is hardly possible that the <long_455>Confederate commander could have failed to find the enemy's empty lines along the front of his right wing, and called both wings into a grand final sweep of the field to the capture of Thomas's command; but he was not present, and the condition of affairs was embarrassing to the subordinate commanders.

A reconnoissance made just before the first strokes of the morning engagement discovered an open way around the enemy's left by turning his intrenched line in reverse, which General Hill thought to utilize by change of tactics, but General Bragg present, and advised of the opportunity, preferred his tactics, and urged prompt execution. At the later hour when Liddell's division was passed beyond the enemy's intrenchments to strike at his reinforcing march under General Granger, the subordinate of the right wing could not see how he was to be justified in using a greater force in that direction, affairs of the wing being similar to those of the opening, while the relations of the right and left were in reverse of tactical orders; but a vigilant chief present and caring for the weaker part of his battle, advised that the enemy was on his last legs, with his reserves could well have sprung the right wing into the opening beyond his right, securing crushing results. Earlier in the afternoon he did send an order for renewed efforts of the right wing under his plan of parallel assault, but the troops had tested the lines in their first battle, and were not in condition for a third effort, at parallel battle.

The contention by our left wing was maintained as a separate and independent battle. The last of my reserve, Trigg's brigade, gave us new strength, and Preston gained Snodgrass Hill. The trampled ground and bushy woods were left to those who were too much worn to escape the rapid strides of the heroic Confederates. The left wing swept forward, and the right sprang to the broad Chattanooga highway. Like magic the Union army had <long_456>melted away in our presence. A few hundred prisoners were picked up by both wings as they met, to burst their throats in loud huzzas. The Army of Tennessee knew how to enjoy its first grand victory. The dews of twilight hung heavy about the trees as if to hold down the voice of victory; but the two lines nearing as they advanced joined their continuous shouts in increasing volume, not as the burstings from the cannon's mouth, but in a tremendous swell of heroic harmony that seemed almost to lift from their roots the great trees of the forest.

Before greetings and congratulations upon the success had passed it was night, and the mild beams of the quartering moon were more suggestive of Venus than of Mars. The haversacks and ammunition supplies were ordered replenished, and the Confederate army made its bivouac on the ground it had gained in the first pronounced victory in the West, and one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the war.

Our cavalry had failed to close McFarland Gap, and through that General Thomas made his march for the stand at Rossville Gap.

It has been stated that this retreat was made under the orders of the Union commander. General Thomas did, in fact, receive a message from his chief a little after four o'clock,

saying that he was riding to Chattanooga to view the position there; that he, General Thomas, was left in command of all of the organized forces, and should seek strong and threatening position at Rossville, and send the other men back to Chattanooga to be reorganized. This was a suggestion more than an order, given under the conviction that the Confederates, having the Dry Valley road, would pass the ridge to the west side, cut General Thomas off, and strike his rear at pleasure. The order to command of the troops in action, and the conditions referring to duties at Chattanooga, carried inferential discretion. That General Thomas so construed it was evidenced by his <long_457>decision to hold "until nightfall if possible." But directly, under the practice of our enfilading battery, he became convinced that it was not possible, changed his purpose, and at 5.30 gave orders for his commanders to prepare to retire, and called Reynolds's division from its trenches to be posted as rear-guard to cover the retreat.

General Granger was then engaged in severe contention against my left at Snodgrass Hill. His march along the front of our cavalry and right wing suggested the advance of Liddell's division to the Chattanooga road to try to check it. The withdrawal of Reynolds's division was in season to aid in driving Liddell's division back to its former ground. Reynolds was posted on eminent ground as rear-guard, and organized retreat followed. It was not until after sunset that Rosecrans's *order* for retreat was issued, as appears from the letter written from Rossville by General James A. Garfield, chief of staff, dated 8.40, three hours and more after the move was taken up, viz.:

"Your order to retire to this place was received a little after sunset and communicated to Generals Thomas and Granger. The troops are now moving back, and will be here in good shape and strong position before morning." (*)

So events and the evidence seem conclusive that it was our artillery practice that made the confusion of Chickamauga forests unbearable, and enforced retreat before Rosecrans order was issued.

The Union army and reserve had been fought, and by united efforts we held the position at Snodgrass Hill, which covered McFarland Gap and the retreat. There were yet five brigades of Confederates that had not been in active battle. The Confederate commander was not present, and his next in rank thought night pursuit without authority a heavy, unprofitable labor, while a flank move, <long_458>after a night's rest, seemed promising of more important results. The Confederate chief did not even know of his victory until the morning of the 21st, when, upon riding to his extreme right, he found his commander at that point seeking the enemy in his immediate front, and commended the officer upon his vigilance,—twelve hours after the retreat of the enemy's forces.

The forces engaged and their respective casualties follow:

General Bragg's returns of the 20th of August—the last of record—reported his aggregate of all arms.	43,866
Reinforced from J. E. Johnston's army in August..	9,000
Reinforced from J. E. Johnston's army in September (Gregg and McNair)	2,500
Reinforced from General Lee's army, September 18 and 19 (a large estimate)	5,000
Total	60,366
Losses on the 18th and 19th	1,124
Aggregate for battle on the 20th	59,242

General Rosecrans's return of September 20, 1863, showed:	
Aggregate of infantry, equipped	46,561
Aggregate of cavalry, equipped	10,114
Aggregate of artillery, equipped	4,192
Total	60,867
Confederate losses (estimated; returns imperfect)	
Union losses by returns (infantry, artillery, and cavalry)	16,550

The exceeding heaviness of these losses will be better understood, and the desperate and bloody character of the Chickamauga battle more fully appreciated, upon a little analysis. The battle, viewed from the stand-point of the Union losses, was the fifth greatest of the war, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, and Chancellorsville alone exceeding it, but each of these battles were of much longer time. Viewed by comparison of Confederate losses, Chickamauga occupies similar place—fifth—in the scale of magnitude among the battles of the war.

But the sanguinary nature of the contention is best [illustrated](#) by a simple suggestion of proportions. Official reports show that on both sides the casualties—killed, wounded, and missing—embraced the enormous proportion of thirty-three per cent. of the troops actually engaged.

On the Union side there were over a score of regiments in which the losses in this single fight exceeded 49.4 per cent., which was the heaviest loss sustained by a German regiment at any time during the Franco-German war. The "charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava has been made famous in song and history, yet there were thirty Union regiments that each lost ten per cent. more men at Chickamauga, and many Confederate regiments whose mortality exceeded this.

Longstreet's command in less than two hours lost nearly forty-four per cent. of its strength, and of the troops opposed to a portion of their splendid assaults, Steedman's and Brannan's commands lost respectively forty-nine and thirty-eight in less than four hours, and single regiments a far heavier percentage.

Of the Confederate regiments sustaining the heaviest percentages of loss (in killed, wounded, and missing,—the last a scarcely appreciable fraction) the leading ones were:

Regiment.	Per cent.
Tenth Tennessee	68.0
Fifth Georgia	61.1
Second Tennessee	60.2
Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee	59.9
Sixteenth Alabama	58.6
Sixth and Ninth Tennessee	57.9
Eighteenth Alabama	56.3
Twenty-second Alabama	55.2
Twenty-third Tennessee	54.1
Twenty-ninth Mississippi	52.7
Fifty-eighth Alabama	51.7
Thirty-seventh Georgia	50.1
Sixty-third Tennessee	49.7

Forty-first Alabama	48.6
Thirty-second Tennessee	48.3
Twentieth Tennessee	48.0
First Arkansas	45.1
Ninth Kentucky	44.3

<long_460>

These are only a few of the cases in which it was possible to compute percentages of casualties, the number of effectives taken into battle not having been mentioned, but they serve to illustrate the sanguinary severity of the fight and the heroism of the troops.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXII.—Failure To Follow Success.

Longstreet differs with General Bragg as to Movements of Pursuit—The Confederates on Lookout Mountain—Federals gain Comfortable Positions around it—Superior Officers of Bragg's Command call for his Removal—Bragg seeks Scapegoats—President Davis visits the Army—Tests the Temper of the Officers towards Bragg—He offers the Command to Longstreet—He declines—His Reasons—General Bragg ignores Signal-Service Reports and is surprised—General Joe Hooker's Advance—Night Attack beyond Lookout Mountain—Colonel Bratton's Clever Work—Review of the Western Movement and Com-bination-It should have been effected in May instead of September—Inference as to Results had the First Proposition been promptly acted upon.

<long_461>

ABOUT sunrise of the next morning, General Bragg rode to my bivouac, when report was made to him of orders of the night before, to replenish supplies and prepare to take up pursuit at daylight. He asked my views of the next step to be taken, explaining that there were some defensive works about Chattanooga to cover the enemy in that position.

I knew nothing of the country except of its general geographical features, but the hunt was up and on the go, when any move towards his rear was safe, and a speedy one encouraging of great results. I suggested that we cross the Tennessee River north of Chattanooga and march against the line of the enemy's rear; that if, after so threatening as to throw General Rosecrans to full retreat, we found it inconvenient to pursue him, we turn back with part of the army and capture or disperse the Union army in East Tennessee under General Burnside.

He stated that he would follow that course, ordered the <long_462>right wing to march, (*) and the left wing to follow as soon as the way was clear,—the left to care for the dead and wounded during the wait. As it was night when the rear of the right wing stretched out on the road, my march was not taken up until the morning of the 22d. General McLaws joined me on the 21st with his other brigades, and General Jenkins joined Hood's division. Afterwards G. T. Anderson's brigade joined the latter. When our march reached General Bragg's head-quarters and reported on the 22d, he gave me orders to direct a division from the line of march to follow the enemy towards Chattanooga.

When asked if he had abandoned the course upon which his march was ordered, he said the people would be greatly gratified to know that his army was marching through the streets of Chattanooga with bands of music and salutations of the soldiers. I thought, and did not fail to say, that it would give them greater pleasure to know that he had passed the Tennessee River, turned the enemy out of Chattanooga in eager flight, to save his rearward lines, whilst we marched hammering against the broken flanks of his columns. But the cavalry had reported that the enemy was in hurried and confused retreat, his trains crossing the river and passing over the nose of Lookout Mountain in disorder.

The praise of the inhabitants of a city so recently abandoned to the enemy, and a parade through its streets with bands of music and flaunting banners, were more alluring to a spirit eager for applause than was the tedious march for fruition of our heavy labors.

General Rosecrans prepared, no doubt, to continue his retreat, anticipating our march

towards his rear, but finding <long_463>that we preferred to lay our lines in front of him, concluded that it would be more comfortable to rest at Chattanooga, reinforce, repair damages, and come to meet us when ready for a new trial.

When General Bragg found that the enemy had changed his mind, and was not inclined to continue his rearward march, he stretched his army in a semicircle of six miles along the southeast front of Chattanooga, from the base of Lookout Mountain on his left, to his right resting on the Tennessee River, and ordered Alexander's batteries to the top of the mountain, my command, McLaws's, Hood's, and Walker's divisions, occupying the left of his line of investment. His plan was to shell the enemy

from his works by field batteries, but the works grew stronger from day to day on all sides of the city. Our infantry was posted along the line, as supports for the batteries, with orders not to assault unless especially ordered.

The northern point of Lookout Mountain, upon which Alexander's batteries were posted, abuts upon the Tennessee River. The city lies east of the abutment and nestles close under it. The base of the mountain has a steep, rugged grade of five hundred feet above the plateau, and from its height the mountain crops out into palisades of seven hundred feet. General Alexander managed to drop an occasional shell or shot about the enemy's lines by lifting the trails of his guns, but the fire of other batteries was not effective.

At the end of a week's practice the Confederate commander found the enemy getting more comfortable in his works, and thought to break him up by a grand cavalry raid. On the 30th he ordered General Wheeler to organize a force of his effective mounts, cross the river, and ride against the railway and such depots and supply-trains as he could reach. The cavalry destroyed some wagon-trains and supplies, and gave the enemy more <long_464>trouble than the artillery practice, yet failed to convince him that it was time to abandon his position, but, on the contrary, satisfied him that he was safe from further serious trouble.

At that time the shortest line of the enemy's haul of provisions from the depot at Stevenson was along the road on the north bank of the river. The Confederate chief conceived, as our cavalry ride had failed of effect, that a line of sharp-shooters along the river on our side could break up that line of travel, and ordered, on the 8th of October, a detail from my command for that purpose. As the line was over the mountain about seven miles beyond support, by a rugged road not practicable for artillery, I ordered a brigade of infantry detailed to go over and protect the sharp-shooters from surprise or capture. The detail fell upon Law's brigade. The line for this practice extended from the east side of Lookout Creek some ten miles down the river. The effect of the fire was about like that of the cavalry raid. It simply put the enemy on shorter rations until he could open another route for his trains.

But more to be deplored than these novel modes of investment was the condition of the Confederate army. After moving from Virginia to try to relieve our comrades of the Army of Tennessee, we thought that we had cause to complain that the fruits of our labor had been lost, but it soon became manifest that the superior officers of that army themselves felt as much aggrieved as we at the halting policy of their chief, and were calling in letters and petitions for his removal. A number of them came to have me write the President for them. As he had not called for my opinion on military affairs since the Johnston conference of 1862, I could not take that liberty, but promised to write to the Secretary of

War and to General Lee, who I thought could excuse me under the strained condition of affairs. About the same <long_465>time they framed and forwarded to the President a petition praying for relief.(*) It was written by General D. H. Hill (as he informed me since the war).

While the superior officers were asking for relief, the Confederate commander was busy looking along his lines for victims. Lieutenant-General Polk was put under charges for failing to open the battle of the 20th at daylight; Major-General Hindman was relieved under charges for conduct before the battle, when his conduct of the battle with other commanders would have relieved him of any previous misconduct, according to the customs of war, and pursuit of others was getting warm.

On the Union side the Washington authorities thought vindication important, and Major-Generals McCook and Crittenden, of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, were relieved and went before a Court of Inquiry; also one of the generals of division of the Fourteenth Corps.

The President came to us on the 9th of October and called the commanders of the army to meet him at General Bragg's office. After some talk, in the presence of General Bragg, he made known the object of the call, and asked the generals, in turn, their opinion of their commanding officer, beginning with myself. It seemed rather a stretch of authority, even with a President, and I gave an evasive answer and made an effort to turn the channel of thought, but he would not be satisfied, and got back to his question. The condition of the army was briefly referred to, and the failure to make an effort to get the fruits of our success, when the opinion was given, in substance, that our commander could be of greater service elsewhere than at the head of the Army of Tennessee. Major-General Buckner was called, and gave opinion somewhat similar. So did Major-General Cheat-ham, who was then commanding the corps recently commanded <long_466>by Lieutenant-General Polk, and General D. H. Hill, who was called last, agreed with emphasis to the views expressed by others.

The next morning the President called me to private conference, and had an all day talk. He thought to assign me to command, but the time had passed for handling that army as an independent force. Regarding this question, as considered in Virginia, it was understood that the assignment would be made at once, and in time for opportunity to handle the army sufficiently to gain the confidence of the officers and soldiers before offering or accepting battle. The action was not taken, a battle had been made and won, the army was then seriously entangled in a *quasi* siege, the officers and soldiers were disappointed, and disaffected in *morale*. General Grant was moving his army to reinforce against us, and an important part of the Union army of Virginia was moving to the same purpose.

In my judgment our last opportunity was lost when we failed to follow the success at Chickamauga, and capture or disperse the Union army, and it could not be just to the service or myself to call me to a position of such responsibility. The army was part of General Joseph E. Johnston's department, and could only be used in strong organization by him in combining its operations with his other forces in Alabama and Mississippi. I said that under him I could cheerfully work in any position.(*) The suggestion of that name only served to increase his displeasure, and his severe rebuke.

I recognized the authority of his high position, but called to his mind that neither his words nor his manner were so impressive as the dissolving scenes that foreshadowed the

dreadful end. He referred to his worry and troubles with politicians and non-combatants. In that <long_467>connection, I suggested that all that the people asked for was success; with that the talk of politicians would be as spiders' webs before him. And when restored to his usual gracious calm I asked to have my resignation accepted, to make place for some one who could better meet his ideas of the important service. He objected that my troops would not be satisfied with the. change. I suggested a leave of absence, as winter was near, when I would go to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and after the troops were accustomed to their new commander, send in my written resignation, from Texas, but he was not minded to accept that solution of the premises.

Finally, I asked his aid in putting the divisions that were with me in more efficient working order, by assigning a major-general to command Hood's division. He had been so seriously crippled that he could not be in condition to take the field again even if he recovered, and a commander for the division was essential to its proper service. As he had no one, or failed to name any one, for the place, I suggested the promotion of the senior brigadier then in command of it, General M. Jenkins, who was a bright, gallant, and efficient officer of more than two years' experience in active warfare, loved by his troops, and all acquaintances as well. He had been transferred, recently, by the War Department to the division, upon application of General Hood, and in consequence there was some feeling of rivalry between him and Briga-dier-General Law, the next in rank, who had served with the division since its organization, and had commanded it at Gettysburg after General Hood was wounded, and after his taking off in the battle of Chickamauga. The President referred to the services of General Law with the division, but failed to indicate a preference. I thought it unwise and not military to choose a junior for assignment to command over his senior officers, and prejudicial to the *esprit de corps* and *morale* of any army, except under <long_468>most eminent services, and in this instance where service, high military character, and equipment were on the side of the senior it was more objectionable, but consented that it would be better to have General Law promoted, and the feeling of rivalry put at rest; General Jenkins's heart was in the service, and could submit to anything that seemed best for its interests; but the President was pleased to remain negative, and failed to assign a commander.

The interview was exciting, at times warm, but continued until Lookout Mountain lifted above the sun to excuse my taking leave. The President walked as far as the gate, gave his hand in his usual warm grasp, and dismissed me with his gracious smile; but a bitter look lurking about its margin, and the ground-swell, admonished me that clouds were gathering about head-quarters of the First Corps even faster than those that told the doom of the Southern cause.

A day or two after this interview the President called the commanders to meet him again at General Bragg's head-quarters. He expressed desire to have the army pulled away from the lines around Chattanooga and put to active work in the field, and called for suggestions and plans by which that could be done, directing his appeal, apparently, to me as first to reply.

I suggested a change of base to Rome, Georgia, a march of the army to the railway bridge of the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, and the crossing of the river as an easy move,—one that would cut the enemy's rearward line, interrupt his supply train, put us between his army at Chattanooga and the reinforcements moving to join him, and force him to precipitate battle or retreat.

General Bragg proposed that we march up and cross the river and swing around towards the enemy's rear and force him out by that means. No other plans were offered, nor did other officers express preference for either of the plans that were submitted.

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Maps were called for and demonstrations given of the two plans, when the President ordered the move to be made by the change of base to Rome, and in a day or two took leave of us. He had brought General Pemberton with him to assign to the corps left by General Polk, but changed his mind. General D. H. Hill was relieved of duty; after a time General Buckner took a leave of absence, and General Hardee relieved General Cheatham of command of the corps left to him by General Polk.

About this time General Lee wrote me, alluding to the presence of the President, the questions under consideration, my proposition for him to leave the army in Virginia in other hands and come West to grander, more important fields, to his purpose in sending me West to be assigned to command them, and expressing anticipation of my return to Virginia. (*)

(*) *"CAMP RAPPAHANNOCK, October 26, 1863.*

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your three letters, September 26, October 6, and October 11. The first was received Just as I was about to make a move upon General Meade, to prevent his detaching reinforcements to Rosecrans. The second when I had gone as far as I thought I could advantageously go; and the third since my return to this place. I have read them all with interest and pleasure, but have not had time to reply till now.

"I rejoice at your great victory deeply. It seemed to me to have been complete. I wish it could have been followed up by the destruction of the Federal army. As regards your proposition as to myself, I wish that I could feel that it was prompted by other reasons than kind feelings to myself. I think that you could do better than I could. It was with that view I urged your going. The President, being on the ground, I hope will do all that can be done. He has to take a broad view of the whole ground, and must order as he deems best. I will cheerfully do anything in my power.

"In addition to other infirmities, I have been suffering so much from rheumatism in my back that I could scarcely get about. The first two days of our march I had to be hauled in a wagon, and subsequently every motion of my horse, and indeed of my body, gave much pain. I am rather better now, though I still suffer. We could not come up with Meade. We had to take circuitous and by-roads, while he had broad and passable routes on either side of the railroad. We struck his rear-guards three times,—the last at Bristoe, where Hill with his advance of two brigades fell too precipitately on one of his corps,—suffered a repulse and loss. He was finally driven beyond Bull Run. I saw he could easily get behind his intrenchments in front of Alexandria. Our men were dreadfully off for shoes, blankets, and clothes. One division alone had over a thousand barefooted men. We had failed to take any, and I fear had failed to manage as well as we might. The country was a perfect waste. A northeast storm broke upon us. There was neither shelter nor food for man or beast. I saw no real good I could accomplish by manoeuvring. The enemy had destroyed the bridge over the Rappahannock and blown up one of the piers. The freshet after we left the Rapidan carried away the railroad bridge over that river. I therefore withdrew to the Rappahannock, destroying the railroad from Cub Run (this side Manassas Junction) to the Rappahannock River.

"We inflicted some punishment upon the enemy,—captured upward of two thousand four hundred prisoners.

"But I missed you dreadfully, and your brave corps. Your cheerful face and strong arms would have been invaluable. I hope you will soon return to me. I trust we may soon be together again. May God

preserve you and all with you.

"Very truly yours,

"R. E. LEE.

“GENERAL LONGSTREET.”

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The President left the army more despondent than he found it. General Pemberton's misfortune at Vicksburg gave rise to severe prejudice of the people and the army, and when the troops heard of the purpose of the President to assign him to command of Polk's corps, parts of the army were so near to mutiny that he concluded to call General Hardee to that command. A few days after he left us a severe season of rain set in, and our commander used the muddy roads to excuse his failure to execute the campaign that the President had ordered.

Late on the 20th of September and during the 21st, General Rosecrans reported his condition deplorable, and expressed doubt of his holding at Chattanooga, and called to General Burnside in East Tennessee, to whom he looked for aid; but finding only feeble efforts to follow our success he recovered hope, prepared defensive works, and was looking to renewal of his aggressive work when he was relieved.

From accounts made public since the war it appears that his animals were so reduced from want of forage at <long_471>the time of the October rains that General Rosecrans could not move his artillery over the muddy roads, which suggests mention that the campaign ordered by the President for the change of base could have forced him from his works in his crippled condition, and given us comfortable operations between him and his reinforcements coming from Virginia and Mississippi.

In his official account, General Bragg said that the road on the south side was left under my command, which is misleading. My command—three divisions—was on his line of investment, east of the city and of the mountain; the road was west of the mountain from six to twenty miles from the command. We were in support of his batteries, to be ready for action at the moment his artillery practice called for it. We held nearly as much of his line as the other eight divisions. None of the commanders had authority to move a man from the lines until the 8th of October, when he gave orders for posting the sharpshooters west of the mountain. The exposure of this detachment was so serious that I took the liberty to send a brigade as a rallying force for it, and the exposure of these led me to inquire as to the assistance they could have from our cavalry force operating on the line from the mountain to Bridgeport, some eight or ten miles behind them. The cavalry was not found as watchful as the eyes of an army should be, and I reported them to the general, but he thought otherwise, assured me that his reports were regular, daily and sometimes oftener.

Nevertheless, prudence suggested more careful guard, and I ordered Captain Manning, who brought from Virginia part of my signal force, to establish a station in observation of Bridgeport and open its communication with my head-quarters. General Bragg denied all reports sent him of the enemy from my signal party, treated them with contempt, then reported that the road was under my command.

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His report is remarkable in that he failed to notice the conduct of his officers, except of the killed and wounded and one division commander whom he found at daylight of the 21st advancing his line of skirmishers in careful search of the enemy who had retreated at early twilight the evening before under shouts from the Confederate army that made the heavy wood reverberate with resounding shouts of victory. That officer he commended as the "*ever* vigilant." He gave due credit to his brave soldiers for their gallant execution of his orders to charge and continue to charge against the enemy's strongholds, as he knew

that they would under his orders until their efforts were successful, but the conduct of the battle in all of its phases discredits this claim. When the right wing of his army stepped into the Lafayette-Rossville road the enemy's forces were in full retreat through McFarland Gap, and all fighting and charging had ceased, except the parting blows of Preston's division with Granger's reserve corps. A peculiar feature of the battle was the early ride of both commanders from the field, leaving the battle to their troops. General Rosecrans was generous enough to acknowledge that he left his battle in other hands. General Bragg claimed everything for himself, failing to mention that other hands were there.

While General Rosecrans was opening a route beyond reach of our sharp-shooters, his chief engineer, General W. F. Smith, was busy upon a plan for opening the line of railway on the south side, and his first step was to break up the line of sharp-shooters. On the 19th he made a survey of the river below Chattanooga. On the same day General Rosecrans was superseded in command by General George H. Thomas. A day or two after that my signal party reported some stir about the enemy's camps near Bridgeport, and the cavalry reported a working force at Nicojack Cave.

The cavalry was put under my orders for a reconnoissance, <long_473>and I was ordered to send a brigade of infantry scouting for the working party. Nothing was found at the Cave or by the reconnoissance, and the cavalry objected to my authority. On the 25th orders came to me to hold the mountain by a brigade of infantry. After ordering the brigade, I reported a division necessary to make possession secure, suggesting that the enemy's best move was from Bridgeport and along the mountain crest; that we should assume that he would be wise enough to adopt it, unless we prepared against it. But our commander was disturbed by suggestions from subordinates, and thought them presumptuous when they ventured to report of the probable movements of the enemy.

On the night of the 27th of October, General Smith moved to the execution of his plan against our line of sharp-shooters. He put fifty pontoon-boats and two fiat-boats in the river at Chattanooga, the former to take twenty-five men each, the latter from forty to seventy-five,—the boats to float quietly down the river eight miles to Brown's Ferry, cross and land the troops. At the same time a sufficient force was to march by the highway to the same point, to be in readiness for the boats to carry them over to their comrades. The sharp-shooters had been posted for the sole purpose of breaking up the haul along the other bank, and not with a view of defending the line, nor was it defensible, while the enemy had every convenience for making a forced crossing and lodgement.

The vigilant foe knew his opportunity, and only waited for its timely execution. It is needless to say that General Smith had little trouble in establishing his point. He manned his boats, floated them down to the crossing, landed his men, and soon had the boats cross back for his other men, pushed them over, and put them at work intrenching the strong ground selected for their holding. By daylight he was comfortably intrenched, and had his <long_474>artillery on the other side in position to sweep along the front.

The Confederate commander did not think well enough of his line when he had it to prepare to hold it, but when he found that the enemy proposed to use it, he thought to order his infantry down to recover the ground just demonstrated as indefensible, and ordered me to meet him on the mountain next morning to learn his plans and receive his instructions for the work.

That afternoon the signal party reported the enemy advancing from Bridgeport in force,

—artillery and infantry. This despatch was forwarded to head-quarters, but was discredited. It was repeated about dark, and again forwarded and denied.

On the morning of the 28th I reported as ordered. The general complained of my party sending up false alarms. The only answer that I could make was that they had been about two years in that service, and had not made such mistakes before.

While laying his plans, sitting on the point of Lookout rock, the enemy threw some shells at us, and succeeded in bursting one about two hundred feet below us. That angered the general a little, and he ordered Alexander to drop some of his shells about their heads. As this little practice went on, a despatch messenger came bursting through the brushwood, asking for General Longstreet, and reported the enemy marching from Bridgeport along the base of the mountain,—artillery and infantry. General Bragg denied the report, and rebuked the soldier for sensational alarms, but the soldier said, "General, if you will ride to a point on the west side of the mountain I will show them to you.". We rode and saw the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under General Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac, marching quietly along the valley towards Brown's Ferry. The general was surprised. So was I. But my surprise was that he did not march along the <long_475>mountain top, instead of the valley. It could have been occupied with as little loss as he afterwards had and less danger. He had marched by our line of cavalry without their knowing, and General Bragg had but a brigade of infantry to meet him if he had chosen to march down along the top of the mountain, and that was posted twenty miles from support.

My estimate of the force was five thousand. General Bragg thought it not so strong, and appearance from the elevation seemed to justify his estimate. Presently the rear-guard came in sight and made its bivouac immediately in front of the point upon which we stood. The latter force was estimated at fifteen hundred, and halted about three miles in rear of the main body.

A plan was laid to capture the rear-guard by night attack. He proposed to send me McLaws's and Jenkins's divisions for the work, and ordered that it should be done in time for the divisions to withdraw to the point of the mountain before daylight, left me to arrange details for attack, and rode to give orders for the divisions, but changed his mind without giving me notice, and only ordered Jenkins's division. After marching his command, General Jenkins rode to the top of the mountain and reported.

The route over which the enemy had marched was along the western base of a series of lesser heights, offering strong points for our troops to find positions of defence between his main force and his rear-guard. After giving instructions to General Jenkins, he was asked to explain the plan of operations to General McLaws in case the latter was not in time to view the position from the mountain before night. A point had been selected and ordered to be held by one of Jenkins's brigades supported by McLaws's division, while General Jenkins was to use his other brigades against the rear-guard, which rested in the edge of a woodland of fair field of approach. The point at which Law's brigade rested after being forced <long_476>from its guard of the line of sharp-shooters was near the northern base of the mountain about a mile east of the route of the enemy's line of march. As General Law's detached service had given him opportunity to learn something of the country, his brigade was chosen as the brigade of position between the parts of the enemy's forces. General Law was to move first, get into position by crossing the bridge over Lookout Creek, to be followed by Jenkins's other brigades, when McLaws's division

was to advance to position in support of Law's brigade.

I waited on the mountain, the only point from which the operations could be seen, until near midnight, when, seeing no indications of the movements, I rode to the point that had been assigned for their assembly, found the officers in wait discussing the movements, and, upon inquiry, learned that McLaws's division had not been ordered. Under the impression that the other division commander understood that the move had miscarried, I rode back to my head-quarters, failing to give countermanding orders.

The gallant Jenkins, however, decided that the plan should not be abandoned, and went to work in its execution by his single division. To quiet the apprehensions of General Law he gave him Robertson's brigade to be posted with his own, and Benning's brigade as their support, and ordered his own brigade under Colonel Bratton to move cautiously against the rear-guard, and make the attack if the opportunity was encouraging.

As soon as Colonel Bratton engaged, the alarm spread, the enemy hastened to the relief of his rear, encountered the troops posted to receive them, and made swift, severe battle. General Law claimed that he drove off their fight, and, under the impression that Colonel Bratton had finished his work and recrossed the bridge, withdrew his command, leaving Colonel Bratton at the tide of his engagement. General Jenkins and Colonel Bratton were <long_477>left to their own cool and gallant skill to extricate the brigade from the swoop of numbers accumulating against them, and, with the assistance of brave Benning's Rock brigade, brought the command safely over, Benning's brigade crossing as Bratton reached the bridge.

The conduct of Bratton's forces was one of the cleverest pieces of work of the war, and the skill of its handling softened the blow that took so many of our gallant officers and soldiers.

Colonel Bratton made clever disposition of his regiments, and handled them well. He met gallant resistance, and in one instance had part of his command forced back, but renewed the attack, making his line stronger, and forced the enemy into crowded ranks and had him under converging circular fire, with fair prospects, when recalled under orders to hasten to the bridge. So urgent was the order that he left the dead and some of the wounded on the field.

<u>General Law lost of his own brigade (aggregate)</u>	43
<u>General Robertson (1 wounded and 8 missing)</u>	9
<u>Colonel Bratton lost (aggregate)</u>	356
<u>Confederate loss</u>	408
<u>Union loss (aggregate)</u>	420

It was an oversight of mine not to give definite orders for the troops to return to their camps before leaving them.

General Jenkins was ordered to inquire into the conduct of the brigades of position, and reported evidence that General Law had said that he did not care to win General Jenkins's spurs as a major-general. He was ordered to prepare charges, but presently when we were ordered into active campaign in East Tennessee he asked to have the matter put off to more convenient time.

We may pause here to reflect upon the result of the combination against Rosecrans's army in September, after our lines of transit were seriously disturbed, and after the <long_478>severe losses in Pennsylvania, Mississippi, and Tennessee; and to consider in contrast the probable result of the combination if effected in the early days of May, when

it was first proposed (see strategic map).

At that time General Grant was marching to lay siege upon Vicksburg. The campaign in Virginia had *been* settled, for the time, by the battle of Chancellorsville. Our railways were open and free from Virginia through East Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, to Central Mississippi. The armies of Rosecrans and Bragg were standing near Murfreesboro' and Shelbyville, Tennessee. The Richmond authorities were trying to collect a force at Jackson, Mississippi, to drive Grant's army from the siege. Two divisions of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia were marching from Suffolk to join General Lee at Fredericksburg. Under these circumstances, positions, and conditions, I proposed to Secretary Seddon, and afterwards to General Lee, as the only means of relief for Vicksburg, that Johnston should be ordered with his troops to join Bragg's army; that the divisions marching for Fredericksburg should be ordered to meet Johnston's, the transit over converging lines would give speedy combination, and Johnston should be ordered to strike Rosecrans in overwhelming numbers and march on to the Ohio River.

As the combination of September and battle of Chickamauga drew General Grant's army from its work in Mississippi to protect the line through Tennessee and Kentucky, and two Federal corps from the Army of the Potomac, the inference is fair that the earlier, more powerful combination would have opened ways for grand results for the South, saved the eight thousand lost in defending the march for Vicksburg, the thirty-one thousand surrendered there, Port Hudson and its garrison of six thousand, and the splendid Army of Northern Virginia the twenty thousand lost at Gettysburg. And <long_479>who can say that with these sixty-five thousand soldiers saved, and in the ranks, the Southern cause would not have been on a grand ascending grade with its bayonets and batteries bristling on the banks of the Ohio River on the 4th day of July, 1863!

The elections of 1862 were not in support of the Emancipation Proclamation. With the Mississippi River still closed, and the Southern army along the banks of the Ohio, the elections of 1864 would have been still more pronounced against the Federal policy, and a new administration could have found a solution of the political imbroglio. "Blood is thicker than water."

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXIII.—The East Tennessee Campaign.

General Bragg's Infatuation—General Grant in Command of the Federal Forces—Longstreet ordered into East Tennessee—His Plans for the Campaign—Poorly supported by his Superior—Foraging for Daily Rations—General Burnside's Forces—Advance upon Knoxville—Affairs at Lenoir's and Campbell's Stations—Engagement near Knoxville an Artillery Combat—Reprehensible Conduct of Officers—Allege-ment that One was actuated by Jealousy—Federals retire behind their Works—Laying the Confederate Lines about Knoxville.

<long_480>

ABOUT the 1st of November it was rumored about camp that I was to be ordered into East Tennessee against General Burnside's army. At the moment it seemed impossible that our commander, after rejecting a proposition for a similar move made just after his battle, when flushed with victory and the enemy discomfited, could now think of sending an important detachment so far, when he knew that, in addition to the reinforcements that had joined the Union army, another strong column was marching from Memphis under General Sherman, and must reach Chattanooga in fifteen or twenty days. But on second thoughts it occurred to me that it might, after all, be in keeping with his peculiarities, and then it occurred to me that there are many ways to compass a measure when the spirit leads. So I set to work to try to help his plans in case the report proved true.

After a little reflection it seemed feasible that by withdrawing his army from its lines about Chattanooga to strong concentration behind the Chickamauga River, and recalling his detachment in East Tennessee (,the latter to give the impression of a westward move), and at the moment of concentration sending a strong force for swift march against General Burnside.—strong enough to crush <long_481>him,—and returning to Chattanooga before the army under General Sherman could reach there (or, if he thought better, let the detachment strike into Kentucky against the enemy's communications), something worth while could be effected.

Presently I was called, with Lieutenant-General Hardee and Major-General Breckenridge, the other corps commanders, to learn his plans and receive his orders. He announced his purpose in general terms to send me into East Tennessee, then paused as if inviting the opinions of others, when I stated that the move could be made, but it would be hazardous to make a detachment strong enough for rapid work while his army was spread along a semicircle of six miles, with the enemy concentrated at the centre, whence he could move in two or three threatening columns, to hold his line to its extension, and give his real attack such power that it must break through by its weight. Then I suggested the operations herein just mentioned.

He ordered the move to be made by my two divisions, Alexander's and Leydon's artillery, and Wheeler's cavalry and horse artillery. We had the promise of a force, estimated from three to five thousand, that was to come from Southwest Virginia and meet us, but that command was to start from a point two hundred miles from our starting, march south as we marched north, and meet us at Knoxville. General Bragg estimated General Burnside's force south of Knoxville at fifteen thousand. I repeated the warning that the move as ordered was not such as to give assurances of rapid work, saying that my

march and campaign against the enemy's well-guarded positions must be made with care, and that would consume so much time that General Grant's army would be up, when he would organize attack that must break through the line before I could return to him. His sardonic smile seemed to say that I knew little of his army or of himself <long_482>in assuming such a possibility. So confident was he of his position that I ventured to ask that my column should be increased to twenty thousand infantry and artillery, but he intimated that further talk was out of order.

General Grant had in the mean time joined the army and assumed command on the 22d of October, and it was known that General Sherman was marching to join him.

On the 20th of October General Burnside reported by letter (*) to General Grant an army of twenty-two thousand three hundred men, with ninety-odd guns, but his returns for November show a force of twenty-five thousand two hundred and ninety and over one hundred guns. Eight thousand of his men were on service north of Knoxville and about Cumberland Gap.

To march, and capture or disperse this formidable force, fortified at points, I had McLaws's and Hood's divisions of infantry, Colonel Alexander's and Major Leydon's artillery, and four brigades of General Wheeler's cavalry. Kershaw's, Humphreys's, Wofford's, and Bryan's brigades constituted McLaws's division. Hood's division, which was commanded during the campaign by Brigadier-Gen-eral M. Jenkins, was made up of Jenkins's, Anderson's, Benning's, Law's, and Robertson's brigades. General Wheeler's cavalry was organized into two divisions of two brigades each,—General John T. Morgan's Alabama and Colonel Cruse's Georgia brigades, under Major-General W. T. Martin; Colonels G. G. Dibrell's Tennessee and Thomas Harrison's Texas brigades, under Brigadier-Gen-eral Frank Armstrong. This made about fifteen thousand men, after deducting camp guards and foraging parties. The remote contingent that was to come from Southwest Virginia was an unknown quantity, not to be considered until it could report for service.

As soon as the conference at head-quarters adjourned <long_483>orders were issued for Alexander's artillery to be withdrawn from Lookout Mountain, and General McLaws was ordered to withdraw his division from the general line after night. Both commands were ordered to Tyner's Station to take the cars for Sweetwater on the 4th.

Control of the trains was under General Bragg's quartermaster, who had orders for the cars to be ready to transport the troops on their arrival, but the trains were not ready until the 5th. The brigades arrived at Sweet-water on the 6th, 7th, and 8th. Alexander's batteries were shipped as soon as cars were ready. To expedite matters, his horses and wagons were ordered forward by the dirt road; the batteries found cars, the last battery getting to Sweetwater on the 10th. Jenkins's division and Leydon's batteries were drawn from the lines on the 5th and ordered to meet the cars at the tunnel through Missionary Ridge. They reached the station in due season, but the cars were not there. After waiting some days, the battery horses and horses of mounted officers were ordered by the wagon road. Tired of the wait, I advised the troops to march along the road and find the cars where they might have the good fortune to meet them, the officers, whose horses had been sent forward, marching with the soldiers.

General Bragg heard of the delay and its cause, but began to urge the importance of more rapid movements. His effort to make his paper record at my expense was not pleasing, but I tried to endure it with patience. He knew that trains and conductors were

under his exclusive control, but he *wanted papers that would throw the responsibility of delay upon other shoulders.*

On the 8th and 9th the infantry marched as far as Cleveland, about thirty miles, where the train-masters gave notice that the trains could meet them, but it was not until the 12th that the last of the brigades reached Sweetwater.

<long_484>

While waiting for transportation, I wrote some of my friends to excuse my failure to stop and say good-by. The letter written to General Buckner was returned to me some months after, endorsed by him as having important bearing upon events as they transpired,—viz.:

“WEDNESDAY, November 5, 1863.

“MY DEAR GENERAL,—I start to-day for Tyner's Station, and expect to get transportation to-morrow for Sweetwater. The weather is so bad, and I find myself so much occupied, that I shall not be able to see you to say good-by.

“When I heard the report around camp that I was to go into East Tennessee, I set to work at once to try and plan the means for making the move with security and the hope of great results. As every other move had been proposed to the general and rejected or put off until time had made them inconvenient, I came to the conclusion, as soon as the report reached me, that it was to be the fate of our army to wait until all good opportunities had passed, and then, in desperation, seize upon the least favorable movement.

“As no one had proposed this East Tennessee campaign to the general, I thought it possible that we might accomplish something by encouraging his own move, and proposed the following plan,—viz.: to withdraw from our present lines and our forces in East Tennessee (the latter to be done in order to give the impression to the enemy that we were retiring from East Tennessee and concentrating near him for battle or for some other movement) and place our army in a strong concentrated position behind Chickamauga River. The moment the army was together, to make a detachment of twenty thousand to move rapidly against Burnside and destroy him; and by continued rapid movements to threaten the enemy's rear and his communications to the extent that might be necessary to draw him out from his present position. This at best, is but a tedious process, but I thought it gave promise of some results, and was, therefore, better than being here destroying ourselves. The move, as I proposed it, would have left this army in a strong position and safe, and would have made sure the capture of Burnside,—that is the army could spare twenty thousand, if it were in the position that I proposed, better than it can spare twelve, occupying the lines that it now does. Twenty thousand men, well handled, could surely have captured Burnside and his forces. Under <long_485>present arrangements, however, the lines are to be held as they now are and the detachment is to be of twelve thousand. We thus expose both to failure, and really take no chance to ourselves of great results. The only notice my plan received was a remark that General Hardee was pleased to make, 'I don't think that that is a bad idea of Longstreet's.' I undertook to explain the danger of having such a long line under fire of the enemy's batteries, and he concentrated, as it were, right in our midst, and within twenty minutes' march of any portion of our line. But I was assured that he would not disturb us. I repeated my ideas, but they did not even receive notice. It was not till I had repeated them, however, that General Hardee noticed me. Have you any maps that you can give or lend me? I shall need everything of the kind. Do you know any reliable people, living near and east of Knoxville, from whom I might

get information of the condition, strength, etc., of the enemy ? I have written in such hurry and confusion of packing and striking camp (in the rain and on the head of an empty flour barrel) that I doubt if I have made myself understood. I remain

"Sincerely your friend,

“ J. LONGSTREET,

"Lieutenant- General.

“TO MAJOR-GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER,
"Commanding Division."

Three months thereafter General Buckner returned the letter with the following:

(Endorsement.)

"MORRISTOWN, TENN., February 1, 1864.

"GENERAL,—It seems to me, after reading this letter again, that its predictions are so full a vindication of your judgment of the movements then ordered, that it should remain in your possession, with a view that at some future day it may serve to 'vindicate the truth of history.' I place it at your disposal with that view.

"Truly your friend,

"S. B. BUCKNER,

"Major- General.

“TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET."

I asked at general head-quarters for maps and information of the country through which I was to operate, for a <long_486>quartermaster and commissary of subsistence who knew of the resources of the country, and for an engineer officer who had served with General Buckner when in command of that department. Neither of the staff-officers was sent, nor a map, except one of the topographical outlines of the country between the Hiawasee and Tennessee Rivers, which was much in rear of the field of our proposed operations. General Buckner was good enough to send me a plot of the roads and streams between Loudon and Knoxville.

We were again disappointed at Sweetwater. We were started from Chattanooga on short rations, but comforted by the assurance that produce was abundant at that point, and so it proved to be; but General Stevenson, commanding the outpost, reported his orders from the commanding general were to ship all of his supplies to his army, and to retire with his own command and join him upon our arrival. In this connection it should be borne in mind that we were recently from Virginia,—coming at the heated season,—where we left most of our clothing and blankets and all of our wagon transportation; and by this time, too, it was understood through the command that the Richmond authorities were holding thunder-clouds over the head of the commander, and that General Bragg was disposed to make them more portentous by his pressing calls for urgency.

Thus we found ourselves in a strange country, not as much as a day's rations on hand, with hardly enough land transportation for ordinary camp equipage, the enemy in front to be captured, and our friends in rear putting in their paper bullets. This sounds more like romance than war, but I appeal to the records for the facts, including reports of my chiefs of quartermaster and subsistence departments and General Alexander's account of the condition of some of the battery horses and ammunition.

Our foraging parties were lively, and we lost but a day <long_487>and part of another in gathering in rations for a start. Anticipating proper land transportation, plans were laid for march across the Little Tennessee above its confluence with the greater river, through Marysville to the heights above Knoxville on the east bank, by forced march. This would have brought the city close under fire of our field batteries and forced the enemy into open grounds. A guide had been secured who claimed to be familiar with the country, and was useful in laying our plans. But when our pontoon bridge came up it was without a train for hauling. So our plan must be changed.

Fortunately, we found a point in a bend of the river near the railroad at which we could force a crossing. At dark the cars were rolled up to that point by hand, and we learned that the Little Tennessee River above us was fordable for cavalry. General Wheeler had been ordered to have vedettes along the river from Loudon to some distance below Kingston, where a considerable body of Union troops occupied the north bank. He was ordered with his other troops to prepare for orders to cross the Little Tennessee at its fords, ride to Marysville, capture the enemy's cavalry outpost at that point, ride up the east side of the river to Knoxville, and seize the heights overlooking the city; or, finding that not feasible, to endeavor to so threaten as to hold the enemy's forces there to their works, while we marched against the troops of the west side; but when he found his service on that side ceased to be effective or co-operative with our movements, to cross the river and join the main column.

As just now explained, the failure of wagons for our pontoon bridge forced us to cross at Loudon, and to make direct march upon Knoxville by that route.

Weary of the continual calls of General Bragg for hurried movements, it seemed well to make cause for him to assign another commander or to move him to discontinue his work at a paper record; so I wired to remind him that <long_488>he assured me before sending me away that he was safe in his position, and that he was told before my leaving that the command was not strong enough to excuse any but a careful, proper campaign; that he had since been informed that all delays of our movements were due to his inefficient staff corps, and that we were dependent upon foraging for our daily rations for men and animals. It began to look more like a campaign against Longstreet than against Burnside.

As General Burnside's orders were to hold Knoxville, he decided to act on the defensive. Leaving the troops in the northern district of his department in observation of that field, he withdrew his division on the south side of Tennessee River as we marched for Loudon, took up his pontoon bridge, and broke up the railroad bridge.

Orders were issued on the 12th for the general move of my cavalry by Marysville, the infantry and artillery along the railroad route. Pains were taken to have the bridge equipments carried by hand to the river, and skirmishing parties put in the boats and drifted to the opposite bank. The troops in rear were marched during the night to the vicinity of Loudon and held in readiness in case the enemy came to oppose our crossing. The bridge was laid under the supervision of General Alexander and Major Clark, our chief engineer, at Huff's Ferry, without serious resistance.

A few miles east of Loudon the Holston (*) and Little Tennessee Rivers come together, making the Tennessee River, which flows from the confluence west to Kingston, where it resumes its general flow southwest. The Holston rises in the mountains north and flows south to the junction. The Little Tennessee rises in the mountains east and flows west to the junction. The railroad crosses the main river at Loudon, thirty miles from Knoxville,

and runs about <long_489>parallel to the Holston River, and near its west bank. West of the railroad and parallel is a broken spur of the Clinch Mountain range, with occasional gaps or passes for vehicles, and some other blind wagon-roads and cattle-trails. West of this spur, and near its base, is the main wagon-road to Knoxville, as far as Campbell Station, about seventeen miles, where it joins the Kingston road, passes a gap, and unites with the wagon-road that runs with the railroad east of the mountain spur at Campbell Station. South of this gap, about eleven miles, is another pass at Lenoir's Mill, and three miles south of that another pass, not used.

A detail of sharpshooters under Captain Foster, of Jenkins's brigade, manned the first boats and made a successful lodging, after an exchange of a few shots with the enemy's picket-guard on the north bank. They intended to surprise and capture the picket and thus secure quick and quiet passage, but in that they were not successful. The north bank was secured, however, without loss, and troops were passed rapidly over to hold it, putting out a good skirmish line in advance of the bridge-head. As we advanced towards Loudon, the part of General White's Union division that had been on the opposite bank of the river was withdrawn to Lenoir's Station.

During the 13th and 14th the command was engaged in making substantial fastenings for the bridge and constructing its defences. General Vaughn's regiments and a battery of Major Leydon's (with broken-down horses) were assigned to guard the bridge.

On the afternoon of the 14th the enemy appeared on our front in strong force, drove our skirmish line back, and seemed prepared to give battle. As we were then waiting the return of our foraging wagons, we could only prepare to receive him. Some of the provisions looked for came in during the night, and we advanced on the 15th, finding that the enemy had retired. The force that <long_490>came back to meet us on the 15th was part of White's division (Chapin's brigade) sent by General Burnside, and General Potter, commanding the Ninth Corps, sent General Ferrero with his division. The move was intended probably to delay our march. It was Chapin's brigade that made the advance against our skirmishers, and it probably suffered some in the affair. We lost not a single man.

General Wheeler crossed the Little Tennessee River at Motley's Ford at nightfall on the 13th, and marched to cut off the force at Marysville. He came upon the command, only one regiment, the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, that was advised in time to prepare for him. He attacked as soon as they came under fire, dispersed them into small parties that made good their escape, except one hundred and fifty taken by Dibbrell's brigade. Colonel Wolford brought up the balance of his brigade and made strong efforts to support his broken regiment, but was eventually forced back, and was followed by the Eighth and Eleventh Texas and Third Arkansas Cavalry and General John T. Morgan's brigade. The next day he encountered Sanders's division of cavalry and a battery, and, after a clean cavalry engagement of skilful manoeuvres on both sides, succeeded in reaching the vicinity of the city of Knoxville, but found it too well guarded to admit of any very advantageous work.

On the 15th our advance was cautiously made by Hood's division and Alexander's artillery leading; McLaws's division and Leydon's artillery following. All along the route of the railroad the valley between the mountain and the river is so narrow and rough that a few thousand men can find many points at which they can make successful stands against great odds. Our course was taken to turn all of those points by marching up the road on

the west side of the mountain. A few miles out from our bridge we encountered a skirmishing party near the lower gap of the mountain, which, when pressed back, passed <long_491>through the gap. General Jenkins continued his march—leaving a guard at the gap till it could be relieved by General McLaws—to Lenoir's Station.

The enemy was looking for us to follow through the lower gaps and attack his strong front, and was a little surprised to find us close on his right flank. He was well guarded there, however, against precipitate battle by the mountain range and narrow pass and the heavy, muddy roads through which our men and animals had to pull. Arrangements were made for a good day's work from early morning.

Our guide promised to lead part of our men through a blind route during the night by which we could cut off the enemy's retreat, so that they would be securely hemmed in. Generals Jenkins and McLaws came up during the night. The former was ordered to advance part of his command to eligible points at midnight and hold them ready for use at daylight. The guide was sent with a brigade to the point which was to intercept the enemy's retreat. McLaws was held on the road, ready for use east or west of the ridge. Jenkins was ordered to have parties out during the night to watch that the enemy did not move, and report. As no report came from them, all things were thought to be properly adjusted, when we advanced before daylight. In feeling our way through the weird gray of the morning, stumps seen on the roadside were taken to be sharpshooters, but we were surprised that no one shot at us, when, behold! before it was yet quite light, we came upon a park of eighty wagons, well loaded with food, camp equipage, and ammunition, with the ground well strewn with spades, picks, and axes.(*)

(*) Writing of these operations since the war, General E. M. Law, in an article in the *Philadelphia Weekly Press* of July 18, 1888, said,—

"During the night the sounds of retreat continued, and when daylight came the valley about Lenoir presented the scene of an encampment deserted with ignominious haste."

But he did not take the trouble to report the retreat until nearly twenty-five years after the war. Had he done so at the proper time the work at Campbell's Station would have been in better season.

<long_492>The animals had been taken from the wagons to double their teams through the mud. General Potter had sent the division under General Hartranft back to the Campbell Station Pass to occupy the junction of his line of retreat with the Kingston road and the road upon which we were marching, and was well on the march with the balance of the Ninth Corps, Ferrero's division and his cavalry, before we knew that there was an opening by which he could escape.

Our guide, who promised to post the brigade so as to command the road in rear of the enemy, so far missed his route as to lead the brigade out of hearing of the enemy's march during the night.

Hart's cavalry brigade that was left in observation near Kingston had been called up, and with McLaws's division advanced on the roads to Campbell Station, while General Jenkins followed the direct line of retreat on double time, and right royally did his skirmishers move. He brought the rear to an occasional stand, but only leaving enough to require him to form line for advance, when the enemy again sped away on their rearward march at double time. General Jenkins made the march before noon, but the enemy had passed the gap and the junction of the roads, and was well posted in battle array in rear of them. General McLaws was not up. He was not ordered on double time, as it was thought to first bring the enemy to bay on the east road, when some of his infantry could be called over the mountain on the enemy's flank. General Ferrero, who covered the retreat,

reported that it was necessary to attach from sixteen to twenty animals to a piece to make the haul through the mud.

The retreat was very cleverly conducted, and was in time to cover the roads into Campbell's Station, forming into line of battle to meet us. Jenkins's division, being in advance, was deployed on the right with Alexander's <long_493>battalion. As soon as the line was organized the batteries opened practice in deliberate, well-timed combat, but General Alexander had the sympathy of his audience. His shells often exploded before they reached the game, and at times as they passed from the muzzles of his guns, and no remedy could be applied that improved their fire.

As General McLaws came up his division was put upon our left with the other batteries, and Hart's brigade of cavalry was assigned in that part to observe the enemy's, farther off. It was not yet past meridian. We had ample time to make a battle with confident hope of success, by direct advance and the pressing in on the enemy's right by McLaws's left, but our severe travel and labor after leaving Virginia were not to find an opportunity to make a simply successful battle. As the rear of the enemy was open and could be covered, success would have been a simple victory, and the enemy could have escaped to his trenches at Knoxville, leaving us crippled and delayed; whereas as he stood he was ours. How we failed to make good our claim we shall presently see.

McLaws was ordered to use one of his brigades well out on his left as a diversion threatening the enemy's right, and to use Hart's cavalry for the same purpose, while General Jenkins was ordered to send two of his brigades through a well-covered way off our right to march out well past the enemy's left and strike down against that flank and rear. General Law, being his officer next in rank, was ordered in charge of his own and Anderson's brigades. General Jenkins rode with the command, and put it in such position that the left of this line would strike the left of the enemy's, thus throwing the weight of the two brigades past the enemy's rear. I rode near the brigades, to see that there could be no mismove or misconception of orders. After adjusting the line of the brigades, and giving their march the points of direction, General Jenkins rode to his brigades on the <long_494>front to handle them in direct attack. I remained near the front of the flanking brigades for complete assurance of the adjustment of their march, and waited until they were so near that it was necessary to ride at speed, close under the enemy's line, to reach our main front, to time its advance with the flanking move. The ride was made alone, as less likely to draw the enemy's fire, the staff riding around.

As I approached the front, the men sprang forward without orders to open the charge, but were called to await the appearance of the flanking move of our right. But General Law had so changed direction as to bring his entire force in front instead of in the rear of the enemy's left. This gave him opportunity to change position to strong ground in rear, which made other movements necessary in view of the objective of the battle. There was yet time for successful battle, but it would have been a fruitless victory. Before other combinations suited to our purpose could be made it was night, and the enemy was away on his march to the fortified grounds about Knoxville.

The demonstration of our left under General McLaws was successful in drawing the enemy's attention, and in causing him to change front of part of his command to meet the threatening.

In his official account General Jenkins reported,—

"In a few minutes, greatly to my surprise, I received a message from General Law that

in advancing his brigades he had obliqued so much to the left as to have gotten out of its line of attack. This careless and inexcusable movement lost, us the few moments in which success from this point could be attained." (*)

Apropos of this the following memorandum of a staff-officer is interesting and informative:

<long_495>"I know at the time it was currently reported that General Law said he might have made the attack successfully, but that Jenkins would have reaped the credit of it, and hence he delayed until the enemy got out of the way."

This has been called a battle, by the other side, but it was only an artillery combat, little, very little, musket ammunition being burnt. The next day the enemy was safely behind his works about Knoxville, except his cavalry under General Sanders and his horse artillery left to delay our march. McLaws's division reached the suburbs of the city a little after noon, and was deployed from near the mouth of Third Creek as his right, the enemy holding a line of dismounted cavalry skirmishers about a thousand yards in advance of his line of works. Alexander's artillery was disposed near McLaws's deployment. Jenkins got up before night and was ordered to deploy on McLaws's left as far as the Tazewell road, preceded by Hart's cavalry, which was to extend the line north to the Holston River. General Wheeler came up later and was assigned to line with Colonel Hart.

The city stands on the right bank of the Holston River, on a plateau about one and a half miles in width and extending some miles down south. At Knoxville the plateau is one hundred and twenty feet above the river, and there are little streams called First, Second, and Third Creeks, from the upper to the lower suburbs of the city,—First Creek between the city and East Knoxville, or Temperance Hill; Second Creek between the city and College Hill; Third Creek below and outside the enemy's lines of defence. The plateau slopes down to the valley through which the railway passes, and west of the valley it rises to the usual elevation. The Confederates were posted on the second plateau, with their batteries of position. The line of the enemy's works, starting at its lower point on the west bank of the river, was just above the mouth of Second Creek, <long_496>lying at right angles to the river. It ran to a fort constructed by the Confederates, when occupied by them years before, called Fort Loudon, above the Kingston road, and about a thousand yards in front of the college. East from that point it was about parallel with the river, reaching to Temperance Hill, to Mabry's Hill, and to the Holston, below the glass-works. An interior line extended from Temperance Hill to Flint Hill on the east, and another on the west, between the outer line and Second Creek. Dams were built across First and Second Creeks, flooding and forming formidable wet ditches over extensive parts of the line. Abatis, chevaux-de-frise, and wire entanglements were placed where thought to be advantageous for the defenders.

The heights on the northeast across the river are much more elevated than the plateaux of the city side, and command all points of the west bank. These were defended at some points by earthworks well manned. From the lower point of the enemy's line the Confederates extended to his right at the river, conforming to his defensive lines. The part of our line occupied by the cavalry was a mere watch-guard.

Our move was hurried, and our transportation so limited that we had only a few tools in the hands of small pioneer parties, and our wagons were so engaged in collecting daily rations that we found it necessary to send our cavalry down to Lenoir's for the tools

captured there for use in making rifle-pits for our sharp-shooters.

When General Burnside rode to the front to meet us at Lenoir's he left General Parke in command at Knoxville, and he and Captain Poe, of the engineers, gave attention to his partially-constructed works.

Upon laying our lines about Knoxville, the enemy's forces in the northeast of his department were withdrawn towards Cumberland Gap, but we had no information of the troops ordered to meet us from Southwest Virginia.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXIV.—Besieging Knoxville.

Closing on the Enemy's Lines—A Gallant Dash—The Federal Positions—Fort Loudon, later called Fort Sanders—Assault of the Fort carefully planned—General McLaws advises Delay—The Order reiterated and emphasized—Gallant Effort by the Brigades of Generals Wofford, Humphreys, and Bryan at the Appointed Time—A Recall ordered, because carrying the Works was reported impossible—General Longstreet is ordered by the President to General Bragg's Relief—Losses during the Assault and the Campaign.

<long_497>

THE enemy's line of sharp-shooters and Fort Sanders stood in our direct line of advance,—the fort manned by the heaviest and best field guns. Benjamin's battery, an old familiar acquaintance who had given us many hard knocks in our Eastern service, opened upon us as soon as we were in its reach. It was not until night of the 17th that our line was well established, and then only so as to enclose the enemy's front, leaving the country across the river to be covered when the troops from Virginia should join us.

When General McLaws advanced on the morning of the 18th he found the enemy's line of skirmishers—cavalry dismounted—behind a line of heavy rail defences. General Alexander was ordered to knock the rails about them and drive them out, and was partially successful, but the enemy got back before our infantry could reach them, so we had to carry the line by assault. Part of our line drove up in fine style, and was measurably successful, but other parts, smarting under the stiff musket fire, hesitated and lay down under such slight shelter as they could find, but close under fire,—so close that to remain inactive would endanger repulse. Captain Winthrop, of Alexander's staff, appreciating the crisis, dashed forward on his horse and

led the halting lines successfully over the works. In his <long_498>gallant ride he received a very severe hurt. Neither our numbers nor our condition were such as to warrant further aggressive action at the moment, nor, in fact, until the column from Virginia joined us. Our sharp-shooters were advanced from night to night and pitted before daylight, each line being held by new forces as the advance was made. The first line occupied was a little inside of the rail piles.

It seemed probable, upon first examination of the line along the northwest, that we might break through, and preparations were made for that effort, but, upon closer investigation, it was found to be too hazardous, and that the better plan was to await the approach of the other forces.

When within six hundred yards of the enemy's works, our lines well pitted, it seemed safe to establish a battery on an elevated plateau on the east (or south) side of the river. Some of our troops were sent over in flat-boats, and the reconnoissance revealed an excellent point commanding the city and the enemy's lines of works, though parts of his lines were beyond our range. Some of our best guns were put in position, and our captured pontoon bridges down at Lenoir's were sent for, to be hauled up along the river, but impassable rapids were found, and we were obliged to take part of our supply-train to haul them. They were brought up, and communication between the detachment and main force was made easy. The brigades of Law and Robertson were left on the east (or south) side as guard for that battery.

The Union forces were posted from left to right,—the Ninth Corps, General R. D. Potter commanding. General Ferrero's division extended from the river to Second Creek; General Hartranft's along part of the line between Second and First Creeks; Chapin's and Reilly's brigades over Temperance Hill to near Bell's house, and the brigades of Hoskins and Casement to the river. The <long_499>interior line was held by regiments of loyal Tennesseans recently recruited. The positions on the south (or east) side of the river were occupied by Cameron's brigade of Hascall's division and Shackelford's cavalry (dismounted), Reilly's brigade in reserve,—two sections of Wilder's battery and Konkle's battery of four three-inch rifle guns.

The batteries of the enemy's front before the city were Romer's four three-inch rifles at the university, Benjamin's four twenty-pound Parrotts and Beecher's six twelve-pound Napoleons (at the fort), Gittings's four ten-pound Parrotts, Fifteenth Indiana Battery of six rifle guns (three-inch), James's (Indiana) Battery of six rifle guns, Henshaw's battery of two (James's) rifle guns and four six-pounders, Shields's battery of six twelve-pound Napoleons, and one section of Wilder's three-inch rifle guns, extending the line from the fort to the river on the north.

In his official account, General Burnside reported "about twelve thousand effective men, exclusive of the recruits and loyal Tennesseans." He had fifty-one guns of position, including eight on the southeast side.

Fort Loudon, afterwards called for the gallant Sanders, who fell defending it, was a bastion earthwork, built upon an irregular quadrilateral. The sides were, south front, one hundred and fourteen yards; west front, ninety-five yards; north front, one hundred and twenty-five yards; east front, eighty-five yards. The eastern front was open, intended to be closed by a stockade. The south front was about half finished; the western front finished, except cutting the embrasures, and the north front nearly finished. The bastion attacked was the only one that was finished. The ditch was twelve feet wide, and generally seven to eight feet deep. From the fort the ground sloped in a heavy grade, from which the trees had been cut and used as abatis, and wire net-work was stretched between the stumps.

<long_500>

General Burnside reported,—

"Many citizens and persons who had been driven in by the enemy volunteered to work on the trenches and did good service, while those who were not inclined from disloyalty to volunteer were pressed into service. The negroes were particularly efficient in their labors during the siege. On the 20th of November our line was in such condition as to inspire the entire command with confidence."

General Poe reported,—

"The citizens of the town and all contrabands within reach were pressed into service and relieved the almost exhausted soldiers, who had no rest for more than a hundred hours. Many of the citizens were Confederates and worked with a very poor grace, which blistered hands did not tend to improve. "

On the 22d, General McLaws thought his advance near enough the works to warrant assault. He was ordered to it with assaulting columns supported by the division. General Jenkins was also ordered up, and General Wheeler was ordered to push his troops and his horse artillery forward as McLaws's attack opened, so that the entire line would engage and hold to steady work till all the works were carried. After consulting his officers,

General McLaws reported that they preferred to have daylight for their work. On the 23d reports came of a large force of the enemy at Kingston advancing. General Wheeler was sent with his main force of cavalry to look after them. He engaged the enemy on the 24th, and after a skirmish withdrew. Soon afterwards, receiving orders from General Bragg to join him, leaving his cavalry under command of Major-General Martin, he rode to find his commander. General Martin brought the brigades back and resumed position on our left. Colonel Hart, who was left at Kingston with his brigade, reported that there were but three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, that engaged General Wheeler on the 24th.

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On the night of the 24th the enemy made a sortie against a point of General Wofford's line which broke through, but was speedily driven back with a loss of some prisoners and a number of killed and wounded. General Wofford's loss was five wounded, two mortally.

Our cavalry, except a brigade left at Kingston, resumed its position on the left of our line on the 26th. On the 23d a telegram came from General Bragg to say that the enemy had moved out and attacked his troops at Chattanooga. Later in the day he announced the enemy still in front of him, but not engaging his forces.

On the 25th I had a telegram from General Bushrod R. Johnson at Loudon, who was marching with two brigades to reinforce us, saying that the enemy was throwing his cavalry forward towards Charleston. This, in connection with the advance of the enemy towards General Bragg, reported by his despatch of the 23d, I took to be an effort to prevent reinforcements coming to us, or to cut in and delay their march.

That night General Leadbetter, chief engineer of General Bragg's army, reported at head-quarters with orders from General Bragg that we should attack at Knoxville, and very promptly. I asked him to make the reconnoissance and designate the assailable points. At the same time he was asked to consider that the troops from Virginia were on the march and would join us in eight or ten days, when our investment could be made complete; that the enemy was then on half rations, and would be obliged to surrender in two weeks; also whether we should assault fortifications and have the chance of repulse, rather than wait for a surrender. From his first reconnoissance he pronounced Fort Sanders the assailable point, but, after riding around the lines with General Jenkins and General Alexander, he pronounced in favor of assault from our left at Mabry's Hill. On the 27th, after more thorough reconnoissance in company with my officers, he came back to <long_502>his conclusion in favor of assault at Fort Sanders. I agreed with him that the field at Mabry's Hill was too wide, and the march under fire too long, to warrant attack at that point. He admitted that the true policy was to wait and reduce the place by complete investment, but claimed that the crisis was on, the time imperative, and that the assault must be tried.

Meanwhile, rumors reached us, through the telegraph operator, of a battle at Chattanooga, but nothing official, though outside indications were corroborative. In the afternoon Colonel Giltner, of the command from Virginia, reported with his cavalry, and next day (28th) General W. E. Jones, of that command, reported with his cavalry. The brigades from Chattanooga under General B. R. Johnson were at hand, but not yet up. The artillery and infantry coming from Virginia were five or six days' march from us; but General Leadbetter was impatient.

General McLaws was ordered to double his force of sharpshooters and their reserve, advance during the night and occupy the line of the enemy's pickets, and arrange for

assault. The artillery was to open on the fort as soon as the weather cleared the view. After ten minutes' practice the assaulting column was to march, but the practice was to hold until the near approach of the storming party to the Fort. The assault was to be made by three of McLaws's brigades, his fourth, advancing on his right, to carry the line of works in its front as soon as the fort was taken. Three brigades of Jenkins's division were to follow in echelon on the left of McLaws's column, G. T. Anderson's, of his right, leading at two hundred yards' interval from McLaws's, Anderson to assault the line in his front, and upon entering to wheel to his left and sweep up that line, followed by Jenkins's and Benning's brigades; but, in case of delay in McLaws's assault, Anderson was to wheel to his right and take the fort through its rear opening, leaving the brigades <long_503>of Jenkins and Benning to follow the other move to their left.

The ditch and parapets about the fort were objects of careful observation from the moment of placing our lines, and opinions coincided with those of reconnoitring officers that the former could be passed without ladders. General Alexander and I made frequent examinations of them within four hundred yards.

After careful conference, General McLaws ordered,—

“First. Wofford's Georgia and Humphreys's Mississippi brigades to make the assault, the first on the left, the second on the right, this latter followed closely by three regiments of Bryan's brigade; the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment to lead the first and the Thirteenth Mississippi the second assaulting column.

“Second. The brigades to be formed for the attack in columns of regiments.

“Third. The assault to be made with fixed bayonets, and without firing a gun.

“Fourth. Should be made against the northwest angle of Fort Loudon or Sanders.

“Fifth. The men should be urged to the work with a determination to succeed, and should rush to it without hallooing.

“Sixth. The sharp-shooters to keep up a continuous fire into the embrasures of the enemy's works and along the fort, so as to prevent the use of the cannon, and distract, if not prevent, the fire of all arms.”

General B. R. Johnson was in time to follow the main attack by General McLaws with his own and Gracie's brigades (two thousand six hundred and twenty-five effectives).

The order was given for the 28th, but the weather became so heavy and murky as to hide the fort from view of our artillery, so operations were put off until the 29th.

On the 28th reports were brought of an advance of Union troops from the direction of Cumberland Gap. The cavalry under General W. E. Jones was sent to arrest their march pending operations ordered for the 29th, and <long_504>he was authorized to call the artillery and infantry marching from Virginia to his assistance if the force proved formidable.

After arranging his command, General McLaws wrote me as follows:

*“HEAD-QUARTERS DIVISION,
“November 28, 1863.*

“GENERAL,—It seems to be a conceded fact that there has been a serious engagement between General Bragg's forces and those of the enemy; with what result is not known so far as I have heard. General Bragg may have maintained his position, may have repulsed the enemy, or may have been driven back. If the enemy has been beaten at Chattanooga, do we not gain by delay at this point? If we have been defeated at Chattanooga, do we not

risk our entire force by an assault here? If we have been defeated at Chattanooga, our communications must be made with Virginia. We cannot combine again with General Bragg, even if we should be successful in our assault on Knoxville. If we should be defeated or unsuccessful here, and at the same time General Bragg should have been forced to retire, would we be in condition to force our way to the army in Virginia! I present these considerations, and with the force they have on my mind I beg leave to say that I think we had better delay the assault until we hear the result of the battle of Chattanooga. The enemy may have cut our communication to prevent this army reinforcing General Bragg, as well as for the opposite reason,—viz., to prevent General Bragg from reinforcing us, and the attack at Chattanooga favors the first proposition. (*)

"Very respectfully,

"L. McLAWS,

" Major. General. "

In reply I wrote,—

" HEAD-QUARTERS, November 28, 1863.

"MAJOR-GENERAL McLAWS:

" GENERAL,—Your letter is received. I am not at all confident that General Bragg has had a serious battle at Chattanooga, but there is a report that he has, and that he has fallen back to Tunnel Hill. Under this report I am entirely convinced that our only safety is in making the assault upon the enemy's position to-morrow at daylight, and it is the more important that I should <long_505>have the entire support and co-operation of the officers in this connection; and I do hope and trust that I may have your entire support and all the force you may be possessed of in the execution of my views. It is a great mistake to suppose that there is any safety for us in going to Virginia if General Bragg has been defeated, for we leave him at the mercy of his victors, and with his army destroyed our own had better be, for we will be not only destroyed, but disgraced. There is neither safety nor honor in any other course than the one I have chosen and ordered.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" JAMES LONGSTREET,

"Lieutenant- General Commanding.

" P.S.—The assault must be made at the time appointed, and must be made with a determination which will insure success."

After writing the letter it occurred to me to show it to General Leadbetter, who was stopping at our head-quarters, when he suggested the postscript which was added.

The assault was made by the brigades of Generals Wofford, Humphreys, and Bryan at the appointed time and in admirable style. The orders were, that not a musket should be discharged except by the sharpshooters, who should be vigilant and pick off every head that might appear above the parapets until the fort was carried. The troops marched steadily and formed regularly along the outside of the works around the ditch. I rode after them with the brigades under General B. R. Johnson until within five hundred yards of the fort, whence we could see our advance through the gray of the morning. A few men were coming back wounded. Major Goggin, of General McLaws's staff, who had been at the fort, rode back, met me, and reported that it would be useless for us to go on; that the

enemy had so surrounded the fort with network of wire that it was impossible for the men to get in without axes, and that there was not an axe in the command. Without a second thought I ordered the recall, and ordered General Johnson to march his brigades back to their camps. He begged to be allowed to go on, but, <long_506>giving full faith to the report, I forbade him. I had known Major Goggin many years. He was a classmate at West Point, and had served with us in the field in practical experience, so that I had confidence in his judgment.

Recall was promptly sent General Jenkins and his advance brigade under General Anderson, but the latter, seeing the delay at the fort, changed his direction outside the enemy's works and marched along their front to the ditch, and was there some little time before he received the order. In his march and countermarch in front of the enemy's line he lost four killed and thirty-three wounded.

As a diversion in favor of the assaulting columns, our troops on the south side were ordered to a simultaneous attack, and to get in on that side if the opportunity occurred. They were reinforced by Russell's brigade of Morgan's division of cavalry, and Harrison's brigade of Armstrong's division, dismounted, General Morgan commanding. This demonstration had the effect anticipated in detaining troops to hold on that side that were intended as reserve for the fort.

Just after the troops were ordered back it occurred to me that there must be some mistake about the wire network, for some of our men had been seen mounting and passing over the parapets, but it was too late to reorganize and renew the attack, and I conceived that some of the regimental pioneers should have been at hand prepared to cut the wires, but all had been armed to help swell our ranks.

Since reading the accounts of General Poe, the engineer in charge of the works, I am convinced that the wires were far from being the serious obstacle reported, and that we could have gone in without the use of axes; and from other accounts it appears that most of the troops had retired from the fort, leaving about a hundred and fifty <long_507>infantry with Benjamin's battery. Our muskets from the outside of the parapet could have kept the infantry down, and the artillery practice, except the few hand-grenades, prepared at the time by the artillerists. Johnson's brigades would have been at the ditch with me in ten minutes, when we would have passed over the works. Hence it seems conclusive that the failure was due to the order of recall. It is not a part of my nature to listen to reports that always come when stunning blows are felt, but confidence in the conduct of the war was broken, and with it the tone and spirit for battle further impaired by the efforts of those in authority to damage, if not prevent, the success of work ordered in their own vital interest: a poor excuse for want of golden equipoise in one who presumes to hold the lives of his soldiers, but better than to look for ways to shift the responsibility of a wavering spirit that sometimes comes unawares.

After the repulse, General Burnside was so considerate as to offer a "flag of truce" for time to remove our killed and wounded about his lines.

About half an hour after the repulse, and while yet on the slope leading up to the fort, Major Branch, of Major-General Ransom's staff, came with a telegram from the President informing me that General Bragg had been forced back by superior numbers, and ordering me to proceed to co-operate with his army.

Orders were issued at once for our trains to move south, and preparations were begun for a move of the troops after nightfall. In the afternoon word came from General

Wheeler, authorized by General Bragg, that I should join him, if practicable, at Ringgold. But our first step was to be relieved of the threatening from the direction of Cumberland Gap. General Martin was sent to reinforce General Jones, with orders to hurry his operations, and return in time to cover anticipated movements. His brigades which had done their clever work on the south side <long_508>were withdrawn to go with him. When he came up with Jones, the latter was severely engaged, but it was then night, too late for other operations.

Their arrangements were made during the night and battle renewed at early dawn and severely contested, the Union troops giving from point to point until they crossed the ford at Walker's and were beyond further threatening. They lost some fifty killed and wounded and one company captured at Colonel Graham's camp.

Generals Martin and Jones joined us in good season after their affair of the morning. Their loss was slight, but not detailed in separate reports.

<hr/> Confederate loss in the assault	822
<hr/> Union loss in the assault	673
<hr/> Confederate losses during the campaign	1296
<hr/> Union losses during the campaign	1481

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXV.—Cut Off From East And West.

Impracticability of joining General Bragg—Wintering in East Tennessee—General Longstreet given Discretionary Authority over the Department by President Davis—Short Rations—Minor Movements of Hide-and-Seek in the Mountains—Longstreet's Position was of Strategic Importance—That Fact fully appreciated by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and Generals Halleck and Grant—" Drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee and keep him out"—Generals Robertson and McLaws—The Charges against them and Action taken—Honorable Mention for Courage and Endurance—The Army finally fares sumptuously on the Fat Lands of the French Broad.

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As General Wheeler's note indicated doubt of the feasibility of the move towards General Bragg, it occurred to me that our better course was to hold our lines about Knoxville, and in that way cause General Grant to send to its relief, and thus so reduce his force as to stop, for a time, pursuit of General Bragg.

Under this impression, I ordered our trains back, and continued to hold our lines. The superior officers were called together and advised of affairs, and asked for suggestions. The impression seemed to be that it would not be prudent to undertake to join General Bragg. At the same time reports came from him to inform me that he had retired as far as Dalton, and that I must depend upon my own resources.

We were cut off from communication with the army at Dalton, except by an impracticable mountain route, and the railway to the north was broken up by the removal of bridges and rails for a distance of a hundred miles and more.

Deciding to remain at Knoxville, I called on General Ransom to join us with his main force, to aid in reinvesting it, or to hold it while we could march against a succoring <long_510>force if the numbers should warrant. On the 1st of December, Colonel Giltner, commanding one of General Ransom's cavalry brigades, reported that he had orders to join General Ransom with his brigade. On the same day a courier going from General Grant to General Burnside was captured, bearing an autograph letter for the latter, stating that three columns were advancing for his relief,—one by the south side under General Sherman, one by Decherd under General Elliott, the third by Cumberland Gap under General Foster.

When General Leadbetter left us on the 29th of November, he was asked to look after affairs at Loudon, and to order General Vaughn to destroy such property as he could not haul off, and retire through the mountains to General Bragg's army. Finding that General Vaughn had not been moved, he was ordered on the 1st of December to cross the river to our side with everything that he could move, and to be ready to destroy property that he must leave, and march to join us as soon as the pressure from General Sherman's force became serious. At the same time an order came from General Bragg that his cavalry be ordered back to his army. As I had relieved the pressure against him in his critical emergency, and affairs were getting a little complicated about my position, I felt warranted in retaining the cavalry for the time.

Reports coming at the same time of reinforcements for the enemy at Kingston, pressing towards General Vaughn at Loudon, he was ordered to join us. As he had no horses for the

battery, he tumbled it from the bridge into the middle of the Tennessee River, burned the bridge, and marched.

Under the circumstances there seemed but one move left for us,—to march around Knoxville to the north side, up the Holston, and try to find the column reported to be marching down from Cumberland Gap, the mountain ranges and valleys of that part of the State offering beautiful <long_511>fields for the manoeuvre of small armies. The order was issued December 2. Trains were put in motion on the 3d, and ordered up the railroad route under escort of Law's and Robertson's brigades and one of Alexander's batteries. On the night of the 4th the troops were marched from the southwest to the north side of the city, and took up the march along the west bank of the Holston. General Martin, with his own and General W. E. Jones's cavalry, was left to guard the rear of our march and pick up weak men or stragglers. He was ordered to cross part of his cavalry to the east bank at Strawberry Plains and march up on that side, and General W. E. Jones to follow on our rear with his and the balance of Martin's corps. As we were not disturbed, we reached Blain's Cross-roads on the afternoon of the 5th, where we met General Ransom with his infantry and the balance of his artillery. On the 6th we marched to Rutledge, halting two days to get food and look for the succoring column by Cumberland Gap, which failed to appear. However, it was time for us to be looking for better fields of food for men and animals, who had not had comfortable rations for weeks. It seemed, too, that General Bragg's call for his cavalry could not be longer left in abeyance. To get away from convenient march of the enemy we went up the river as far as Rogersville, where we might hope to forage under reduced cavalry force. We marched on the 8th, ordering our cavalry, except Giltner's brigade, across the Holston near Bean's Station, General Ransom's command to cover our march, General Bragg's cavalry to go by an eastern route through the mountains to Georgia. We halted at Rogersville on the 9th, where we were encouraged to hope for full rations for a few days, at least; but to be sure of accumulating a few days' extra supply (the mills being only able to grind a full day's rations for us), every man and animal was put on short rations until we could get as much as three days' supply on hand.

<long_512>

On the 7th of December the Union army, under Major-General John G. Parke, took the field along the rear of our march, and reached Rutledge on the 9th, the enemy's cavalry advancing as far as Bean's Station. The object was supposed to be the securing of the forage and subsistence stores of the country; but of these movements we were not fully advised until the 11th. On the 10th of December, General Morgan's brigade of cavalry was attacked at Russellville while engaged in foraging, but got force enough, and in time, to drive the enemy away.

On the 10th a telegram from the President gave me discretionary authority over the movements of the troops of the department, and I ordered the recall of General Martin, and put his command between us and the enemy. On the 12th we had information that General Sherman had taken up his march for return to General Grant's army with the greater part of his troops. At the same time we had information of the force that had followed our march as far as Rutledge and Blain's Cross-roads, under General Parke, who had posted a large part of the force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry at Bean's Station, a point between the Clinch Mountain and the Holston River. The mountain there is very rugged, and was reported to be inaccessible, except at very rough passes. The valley

between it and the river is about two miles wide, at some places less.

I thought to cut off the advance force at Bean's Station by putting our main cavalry force east of the river, the other part west of the mountain (except Giltner's), so as to close the mountain pass on the west, and bar the enemy's retreat by my cavalry in his rear,—which was to cross the Holston behind him,—then by marching the main column down the valley to capture this advance part of the command. My column, though complaining a little of short rations and very muddy roads, made its march in good season. So also did Jones on the west of the <long_513>mountain, and Martin on the other side of the Holston; but the latter encountered a brigade at May's Ford, which delayed him and gave time for the enemy to change to a position some four miles to his rear.

As we approached the position in front of the Gap, Giltner's cavalry in advance, General B. R. Johnson met and engaged the enemy in a severe fight, but forced him back steadily. As we were looking for large capture more than fight, delay was unfortunate. I called Kershaw's brigade up to force contention till we could close the west end of the Gap. The movements were nicely executed by Johnson and Kershaw, but General Martin had not succeeded in gaining his position, so the rear was not closed, and the enemy retired. At night I thought the army was in position to get the benefit of the small force cut off at the Gap, as some reward for our very hard work. We received reports from General Jones, west of the mountain, that he was in position at his end of the Gap, and had captured several wagon-loads of good things. As his orders included the capture of the train, he had failed of full comprehension of them, and after nightfall had withdrawn to comfortable watering-places to enjoy his large catch of sugar and coffee, and other things seldom seen in Confederate camps in those days. Thus the troops at the Gap got out during the night, some running over the huge rocks and heavy wood tangles along the crest, by torch-light, to their comrades, some going west by easier ways. So when I sent up in the morning, looking for their doleful surrender, my men found only empty camp-kettles, mess-pans, tents, and a few abandoned guns, and twelve prisoners, while the Yankees were, no doubt, sitting around their camp-fires enjoying the joke with the comrades they had rejoined.

During our march and wait at Rogersville, General Foster passed down to Knoxville by a more southern <long_514>route and relieved General Burnside of command of the department on the 12th.

General Jenkins was ordered to follow down the valley to the new position of the enemy. His brigades under Generals Law and Robertson had been detached guarding trains. General Law, commanding them, had been ordered to report to the division commander on the 13th, but at night of the 14th he was eight miles behind. Orders were sent him to join the division at the earliest practicable moment on the 15th. He reported to the division commander between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. If he started at the hour he should have marched, six A.M. at the latest, he was about eight hours making as many miles.

Meanwhile, the enemy had been reinforced by a considerable body of infantry, and later it appeared that he was advancing to offer battle. General McLaws was ordered to reinforce our front by a brigade. He sent word that his men had not yet received their bread rations. He sent Kershaw's brigade, however, that had captured rations the day before, but then it was night, and the appearance of General Martin's cavalry on or near the enemy's flank caused a change of his plans. During the night he retreated, and we occupied his trenches. I could have precipitated an affair of some moment, both at this

point and at Bean's Station Gap, but my purpose was, when I fought, to fight for all that was on the field. The time was then for full and glorious victory; a fruitless one we did not want.

The enemy retired to Blain's Cross-roads, where General Foster, after reinforcing by the Fourth Corps, decided to accept battle. He reported his force as twenty-six thousand, and credited the Confederates with equal numbers, but twenty thousand would have been an overestimate for us. He assigned the true cause of our failure to follow up and find him:

<long_515>

"General Longstreet, however, did not attack, in consequence, probably, of the very inclement weather, which then set in with such severity as to paralyze for a time the efforts of both armies."

And now the weather grew very heavy, and the roads, already bad, became soft and impracticable for trains and artillery. The men were brave, steady, patient. Occasionally they called pretty loudly for *parched corn*, but always in a bright, merry mood. There was never a time when we did not have enough of corn, and plenty of wood with which to keep us warm and parch our corn. At this distance it seems almost incredible that we got along as we did, but all were then so healthy and strong that we did not feel severely our really great hardships. Our serious trouble was in the matter of clothing and shoes. As winter had broken upon us in good earnest, it seemed necessary for us to give up the game of war for the time, seek some good place for shelter, and repair railroads and bridges, to open our way back towards Richmond.

General Bragg had been relieved from command of the army at Dalton by Lieutenant-General W. J. Hardee, who declined, however, the part of permanent commander, to which, after a time, General Joseph E. Johnston was assigned.

On his return from Knoxville, General Sherman proposed to General Grant to strike at General Hardee and gain Rome and the line of the Oostenaula. He wrote,—

"Of course we must fight if Hardee gives us battle, but he will not. Longstreet is off and cannot do harm for a month. Lee, in Virginia, is occupied, and Hardee is alone."

But General Halleck was much concerned about the Confederate army in East Tennessee, the only strategic field then held by Southern troops. It was inconveniently near Kentucky and the Ohio River, and President Lincoln and his War Secretary were as anxious as Halleck <long_516>on account of its politico-strategic bearing. General Halleck impressed his views upon General Grant, and despatched General Foster that it was of first importance to "drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee and keep him out." General Grant ordered, "Drive Longstreet to the farthest point east that you can." And he reported to the authorities,—

"If Longstreet is not driven out of the valley entirely and the road destroyed east of Abingdon, I do not think it unlikely that the last great battle of the war will be fought in East Tennessee. Reports of deserters and citizens show the army of Bragg to be too much demoralized and reduced by desertions to do anything this winter. I will get everything in order here in a few days and go to Nashville and Louisville, and, if there is still a chance of doing anything against Longstreet, to the scene of operations there. I am deeply interested in moving the enemy beyond Salt-ville this winter, so as to be able to select my own campaign in the spring, instead of having the enemy dictate it to me."

Referring to his orders, General Foster reported his plan to intrench a line of infantry along Bull's Gap and Mulberry Gap, and have his cavalry ready for the ride against Saltville, but the Confederates turned upon him, and he despatched General Grant on the 11th,—

"Longstreet has taken the offensive against General Parke, who has fallen back to Blain's Cross-roads, where Granger is now concentrating his corps. I intend to fight them if Longstreet comes."

The failure to follow has been explained.

The summing up of the plans laid for General Hardee and Saltville is brief. Hardee was not disturbed. The ride towards Saltville, made about the last of the month, was followed by General W. E. Jones and came to grief, as will be elsewhere explained.

Upon relinquishing command of his army, General Bragg was called to Richmond as commander-in-chief near the President.

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Before General Hood was so seriously hurt at the battle of Chickamauga, he made repeated complaints of want of conduct on the part of Brigadier-General J. B. Robertson. After the *fiasco* in Lookout Valley on the night of the 28th of October, I reported to General Bragg of the representations made by General Hood, and of want of conduct on the part of General Robertson in that night attack, when General Bragg ordered me to ask for a board of officers to examine into the merits of the case. The board was ordered, and General Robertson was relieved from duty by orders from General Bragg's headquarters, "while the proceedings and actions of the examining board in his case were pending."

On the 8th, without notice to my head-quarters, General Bragg ordered, "Brigadier-General Robertson will rejoin his command until the board can renew its session." (*)

On the 18th of December the division commander preferred "charges and specifications" against Brigadier-General Robertson, in which he accused him of calling the commanders of his Texas regiments to him and saying there were but

"Three days' rations on hand, and God knows where more are to come from; that he had no confidence in the campaign; that whether we whipped the enemy in the immediate battle or not, we would be compelled to retreat, the enemy being believed by citizens and others to be moving around us, and that we were in danger of losing a considerable part of our army; that our men were in no condition for campaigning; that General Longstreet had promised shoes, but how could they be furnished? that we only had communication with Richmond, and could only get a mail from there in three weeks; that he was opposed to the movement; would require written orders, and would obey under protest."

General Robertson was ordered to Bristol to await the action of the Richmond authorities, who were asked for a court-martial to try the case.

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On the 17th the following orders concerning General McLaws were issued:

" *HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR BEAN'S STATION,*
December 17, 1863.

"SPECIAL ORDERS No. 27.

"Major-General L. McLaws is relieved from further duty with this army, and will proceed to Augusta, Georgia, from which place he will report by letter to the adjutant- and

inspector-general. He will turn over the command of the division to the senior brigadier present.

"By command of Lieutenant-General Longstreet.

"G. MOXLEY SORREL,

"Lieutenant- Colonel and Assistant Adjutant- General.

“ MAJOR-GENERAL McLaws,
"Confederate States Army."

On the same day he wrote,—

“*CAMP ON BEAN'S STATION GAP ROAD,*
"December 17, 1863.

“ LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SORREL,
"Assistant Adjutant-General:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Special Orders No. 27, from your headquarters, of this date, relieving me from further duty with this army. If there is no impropriety in making inquiry, and I cannot imagine there is, I respectfully request to be informed of the particular reason for the order.

"Very respectfully,

"L. MCLAWS,

"Major- General."

In reply the following was sent:

“*HEAD-QUARTERS NEAR BEAN'S STATION,*
"December 17, 1863.

“ MAJOR-GENERAL McLaws,
"Confederate States Army :

"GENERAL,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of to-day, asking for the particular reason for the issue of the order relieving you from duty with this army. In reply I am directed to say that throughout the campaign on which we are engaged you have exhibited a want of confidence in the efforts and plans which the commanding general has thought proper to <long_519>adopt, and he is apprehensive that this feeling will extend more or less to the troops under your command. Under these circumstances the commanding general has felt that the interest of the public Service would be advanced by your separation from him, and as he could not himself leave, he decided upon the issue of the order which you have received.

"I have the honor to be, general, with great respect,

“ G. MOXLEY SORREL,

"Lieutenant- Colonel and Assistant Adjutant- General."

On the 19th, General Law handed in his resignation at head-quarters, and asked leave of absence on it. This was cheerfully granted. Then he asked the privilege of taking the resignation with him to the adjutant-general at Richmond. This was a very unusual request, but the favor he was doing the service gave him some claim to unusual consideration, and his request was granted.

The Law disaffection was having effect, or seemed to be, among some of the officers, but most of them and all of the soldiers were true and brave, even through all of the hardships of the severest winter of the four years of war. Marching and fighting had been almost daily occupation from the middle of January, 1863, when we left Fredericksburg to move down to Suffolk, Virginia, until the 16th of December, when we found bleak winter again breaking upon us, away from our friends, and dependent upon our own efforts for food and clothing. It is difficult for a soldier to find words that can express his high appreciation of conduct in officers and men who endured so bravely the severe trials they were called to encounter.

Orders were given to cross the Holston River and march for the railroad, only a few miles away. Before quitting the fields of our arduous labors mention should be made of General Bushrod R. Johnson's clever march of sixteen miles, through deep mud, to Bean's Station on the 13th, when he and General Kershaw attacked and pushed the enemy back from his front at the Gap before <long_520>he could get out of it. Honorable mention is also due General Jenkins for his equally clever pursuit of the enemy at Lenoir's Station; Brigadier-General Humphreys and Bryan for their conduct at the storming assault; Colonel Ruff, who led Wofford's brigade, and died in the ditch; Colonel McElroy, of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, and Colonel Thomas, of the Sixteenth Georgia, who also died in the ditch; Lieutenant Cumming, adjutant of the Sixteenth Georgia Regiment, who overcame all obstacles, crowned the parapet with ten or a dozen men, and, entering the fort through one of the embrasures, was taken prisoner; and Colonel Fiser, of the Eighteenth Mississippi, who lost an arm while on the parapet. Not the least of the gallant acts of the campaign was the dash of Captain Winthrop, who led our once halting lines over the rail defences at Knoxville.

The transfer of the army to the east bank of the river was executed by diligent work and the use of such fiat-boats and other means of crossing as we could collect and construct. We were over by the 20th, and before Christmas were in our camps along the railroad, near Morristown. Blankets and clothes were very scarce, shoes more so, but all knew how to enjoy the beautiful country in which we found ourselves. The French Broad River and the Holston are confluent at Knoxville. The country between and beyond them contains as fine farming lands and has as delightful a climate as can be found. Stock and grain were on all farms. Wheat and oats had been hidden away by our Union friends, but the fields were full of maize, still standing. The country about the French Broad had hardly been touched by the hands of foragers. Our wagons immediately on entering the fields were loaded to overflowing. Pumpkins were on the ground in places like apples under a tree. Cattle, sheep, and swine, poultry, vegetables, maple-sugar, honey, were all abundant for immediate wants of the troops.

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When the enemy found we had moved to the east bank, his cavalry followed to that side. They were almost as much in want of the beautiful foraging lands as we, but we were in advance of them, and left little for them. With all the plenitude of provisions and many things which seemed at the time luxuries, we were not quite happy. Tattered blankets, garments, and shoes (the latter going—many gone) opened ways, on all sides, for piercing winter blasts. There were some hand-looms in the country from which we occasionally picked up a piece of cloth, and here and there we received other comforts, some from kind and some from unwilling hands, which nevertheless could spare them.

For shoes we were obliged to resort to the raw hides of beef cattle as temporary protection from the frozen ground. Then we began to find soldiers who could tan the hides of our beeves, some who could make shoes, some who could make shoe-pegs, some who could make shoe-lasts, so that it came about that the hides passed rapidly from the beeves to the feet of the soldiers in the form of comfortable shoes. Then came the opening of the railroad, and lo and behold! a shipment of three thousand shoes from General Lawton, quartermaster-general ! Thus the most urgent needs were supplied, and the soldier's life seemed passably pleasant,—that is, in the infantry and artillery. Our cavalry were looking at the enemy all of this while, and the enemy was looking at them, both frequently burning powder between their lines.

General Sturgis had been assigned to the cavalry of the other side to relieve General Shackelford, and he seemed to think that the dead of winter was the time for cavalry work; and our General Martin's orders were to have the enemy under his eye at all hours. Both were vigilant, active, and persevering.

About the 20th of December a raid was made by General Averill from West Virginia upon a supply depot of General Sam Jones's department, at Salem, which was partially <long_522>successful, when General Grant, under the impression that the stores were for troops of East Tennessee, wired General Foster, December 25, "This will give you great advantage," and General Foster despatched General Parke, commanding his troops in the field, December 26, "Longstreet will feel a little timid now, and will' bear a little pushing."

Under the fierce operations of General Sturgis's cavalry against General Martin's during the latter days of December, General W. E. Jones's cavalry was on guard for my right and rear towards Cumberland Gap. While Sturgis busied himself against our front and left, a raiding party rode from Cumberland Gap against the outposts of our far-off right, under Colonel Pridemore. As W. E. Jones was too far to support Martin's cavalry, he was called to closer threatenings against Cumberland Gap, that he might thus draw some of Sturgis's cavalry from our front to strengthen the forces at the Gap. Upon receipt of orders, General Jones crossed Clinch River in time to find the warm trail of the raiders who were following Pridemore. He sent around to advise him of his ride in pursuit of his pursuers, and ordered Pridemore, upon hearing his guns, to turn and join in the attack upon them.

The very cold season and severe march through the mountain fastnesses stretched Jones's line so that he was in poor condition for immediate attack when he found the enemy's camp at daylight on the 3d of January; but he found a surprise: not even a picket guard out in their rear. He dashed in with his leading forces and got the enemy's battery, but the enemy quickly rallied and made battle, which recovered the artillery, and got into strong position about some farm-houses and defended with desperate resolution. Finding the position too strong, Jones thought to so engage as to make the enemy use his battery until his ammunition was exhausted, and then put in <long_523>all of his forces in assault. Towards night the enemy found himself reduced to desperate straits and tried to secure cover of the mountains, but as quick as he got away from the farm-houses Jones put all of his forces in, capturing three pieces of artillery, three hundred and eighty prisoners, and twenty-seven wagons and teams of the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry and Twenty-second Ohio Light Artillery. A number of the men got away through the mountains.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXVI.—Strategic Importance Of The Field.

Longstreet again considers Relief from Service—General Grant at Knoxville—Shoeless Soldiers leave Bloody Trails on Frozen Roads—A Confederate Advance—Affair at Dandridge—Federals retreat—Succession of Small Engagements—General Grant urges General Foster's Army to the Offensive—(General Foster relieved—General Schofield in Command of Federals—General Grant's Orders—General Halleck's Estimate of East Tennessee as a Strategic Field—Affair of Cavalry—Advance towards Knoxville—Longstreet's Command called back to Defensive for Want of Cavalry.

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DURING the last few days of the year 1863 the cold of the severest winter of the war came on, and constantly increased until the thermometer approached zero, and on New Year's dropped below, hanging near that figure for about two weeks. The severe season gave rest to every one. Even the cavalry had a little quiet, but it was cold comfort, for their orders were to keep the enemy in sight.

The season seemed an appropriate one for making another effort to be relieved from service,—that service in which the authorities would not support my plans or labors,—for now during the lull in war they would have ample time to assign some one to whom they could give their confidence and aid. But this did not suit them, and the course of affairs prejudicial to order and discipline was continued. It was difficult under the circumstances to find apology for remaining in service.

The President asked Congress to provide for another general officer when he had five on his rolls,—one of whom was not in command appropriate to his rank,—and appointed Lieutenant-General Smith, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, of lower rank than mine, to hold rank above me. A soldier's honor is his all, and of that they would rob him and degrade him in the eyes of <long_525>his troops. The occasion seemed to demand resignation, but that would have been unsoldierly conduct. Dispassionate judgment suggested, as the proper rounding of the soldier's life, to stay and go down with faithful comrades of long and arduous service.

On the other side of the picture affairs were bright and encouraging. The disaffected were away, and with them disappeared their influence. The little army was bright and cheerful and ready for any work to which it could be called.

General Grant made his visit to Knoxville about New Year's, and remained until the 7th. He found General Foster in the condition of the Confederates,—not properly supplied with clothing, especially in want of shoes. So he authorized a wait for the clothing, then in transit and looked for in a week; and that little delay was a great lift for the Confederates. We were not timid, but were beginning to think ourselves comfortable and happy, and were expectant of even better condition. We were receiving a hundred pairs of shoes a day of our own make, the hand-looms of the farmers were giving help towards clothing our men, promises from Richmond were encouraging, and we were prepared to enjoy rest that we had not known for a twelvemonth. The medical inspector of the Cis-Mississippi District came to see us, and after careful inspection told us that the army was in better health and better heart than the other armies of the district.

Before leaving General Foster, General Grant ordered him on the receipt of the clothing

to advance and drive us "at least beyond Bull's Gap and Red Bridge." And to prepare for that advance he ordered the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps to Mossy Creek, the Fourth Corps to Strawberry Plains, and the cavalry to Dandridge.

The Union army—equipped—marched on the 14th and 15th of January. The Confederate departments were not so prompt in <long_526>filling our requisitions, but we had hopes. The bitter freeze of two weeks had made the rough angles of mud as firm and sharp as so many freshly-quarried rocks, and the poorly protected feet of our soldiers sometimes left bloody marks along the roads.

General Sturgis rode in advance of the army, and *occupied* Dandridge by Elliott's, Wolford's, and Garrard's divisions of cavalry and Mott's brigade of infantry. The Fourth and Twenty-third Corps followed the cavalry, leaving the Ninth Corps to guard at Strawberry Plains.

General Martin gave us prompt notice that the march was at Dandridge, and in force. The move was construed as a flanking proceeding, but it was more convenient to adopt the short march and meet it at Dandridge than to leave our shoe factory and winter huts and take up the tedious rearward move. The army was ordered under arms, the cavalry was ordered concentrated in front of General Sturgis, and the divisions of Jenkins and B. R. Johnson and Alexander's batteries were marched to join General Martin. McLaws's division under General Wofford, and Ransom's under General Carr, with such batteries as they could haul, were assigned to positions on the Morristown (Strawberry Plains) road, to strike forward or reinforce at Dandridge as plans developed. The men without shoes were ordered to remain as camp guards, but many preferred to march with their comrades.

I rode in advance to be assured that our cavalry had not mistaken a strong cavalry move for one by the enemy. We found General Martin on the Bull's Gap road sharply engaged with the enemy, both sides on strong defensive grounds and using their horse batteries, but no infantry was in sight. General Martin was ordered to push on, gain the opposing plateau, and force the enemy to show his infantry.

He found the enemy in strong fight, but got the plateau, when the enemy deployed in stronger force; but his <long_527>infantry did not appear. When asked to take the next hill, he thought it could not be done without infantry, but my idea was to save the infantry the trying march, if possible, and to that end it was necessary to push with the cavalry. He was called to send me a detachment of his troopers, and about six hundred came,—Harrison's brigade, as I remember.

We rode away from the enemy's left, concealing our march under traverse of an elevated woodland, while General Martin engaged their front attention. At a secluded spot, a little beyond the enemy's left, the men dismounted, leaving their animals under guards, moved under cover to good position, deployed into single line, and marched for the second plateau. Part of the march was over a small opening, near a farm-house. The exposure brought us under fire of some sharp-shooters, but we hadn't time to stop and shoot. As our line marched, a chicken, dazed by the formidable appearance, crouched in the grass until it was kicked up, when it flew and tried to clear the line, but one of the troopers jumped up, knocked it down with the end of his gun, stooped, picked it up, put it in his haversack, and marched on without losing his place or step and without looking to his right or left, as though it was as proper and as much an every-day part of the exercise of war as shooting at the enemy. Presently we got up the hill, and General Martin advanced his mounts to meet us. We lost but two men,—wounded,—an officer and a soldier. The officer was at

my side, and, hearing the thud of the blow, I turned and asked if he was much hurt. He said it was only a flesh-wound, and remained with his command until night. From that point we saw enough to tell that a formidable part of the army was before us, and orders were sent for the command to speed their march as much as they could without severe trial.

When General Martin made his bold advance General Sturgis thought to ride around by a considerable *détour* and strike at his rear, but in his ride was surprised to encounter our marching columns of infantry, and still more surprised when he saw a thousand muskets levelled and sending whistling bullets about his men, and our batteries preparing something worse for him. His troopers got back faster than they came. In trying by a rapid ride to find position for handling his men he lost a number of his staff, captured, and narrowly escaped himself.

It was near night when the command got up skirmishers from the advance division, reinforced the cavalry, and pushed the enemy back nearer the town.

Dandridge is on the right bank of the French Broad River, about thirty miles from Knoxville. Its topographical features are bold and inviting of military work. Its other striking characteristic is the interesting character of its citizens. The Confederates—a unit in heart and spirit—were prepared to do their share towards making an effective battle, and our plans were so laid.

At the time ordered for his advance, General Foster was suffering from an old wound, and General Parke became commander of the troops in the field. The latter delayed at Strawberry Plains in arranging that part of his command, and General Sheridan, marching with the advance, became commander, until superseded by the corps commander, General Gordon Granger.

Our plans were laid before the army was all up. Our skirmish line was made stronger and relieved the cavalry of their dismounted service. A narrow unused road, practicable for artillery, was found, that opened a way for us to reach the enemy's rearward line of march. Sharpshooters were organized and ordered forward by it, to be followed by our infantry columns. It was thought better to move the infantry alone, as the ringing of the iron axles of the guns might give notice of our purpose; the artillery to be called as our sharp-shooters approached the junction of the roads. The head of the turning force encountered a picket-guard, some of whom escaped without firing, but speedily gave notice of our feeling towards their rear. General Granger decided to retire, and was in time to leave our cross-road behind him, his rear-guard passing the point of intersection before my advance party reached it about midnight.

The weather moderated before night, and after dark a mild, gentle rain began to fall.

When I rode into Dandridge in the gray of the morning the ground was thawing and hardly firm enough to bear the weight of a horse. When the cavalry came at sunrise the last crust of ice had melted, letting the animals down to their fetlocks in heavy limestone soil. The mud and want of a bridge to cross the Holston made pursuit by our heavy columns useless. The cavalry was ordered on, and the troops at Morristown, on the Strawberry Plains road, were ordered to try that route, but the latter proved to be too heavy for progress with artillery.

While yet on the streets of Dandridge, giving directions for such pursuit as we could make, a lady came out upon the sidewalk and invited us into her parlors. When the orders for pursuit were given, I dismounted, and with some members of my staff walked in.

After the compliments of the season were passed, we were asked to be seated, and she told us something of General Granger during the night before. She had never heard a person swear about another as General Granger did about me. Some of the officers proposed to stop and make a battle, but General Granger swore and said it "*was* no use to stop and fight Longstreet. You can't whip him. It don't make any difference whether he has one man or a hundred thousand." Presently she brought out a flask that General Granger had forgotten, and thought that I should have it. It had about two refreshing inches left in it. Though not left with compliments, it was accepted. Although the weather had moderated, it was very wet and <long_530>nasty, and as we had taken our coffee at three o'clock, it was resolved to call it noon and divide the spoils. Colonel Fairfax, who knew how to enjoy good things, thought the occasion called for a sentiment, and offered, "*General Granger—may his shadow never grow less.*"

The cavalry found the road and its side-ways so cut up that their pursuit was reduced to labored walk. The previous hard service and exposure had so reduced the animals that they were not in trim for real effective cavalry service. They found some crippled battery forges and a little of other plunder, but the enemy passed the Holston and broke his bridges behind him. Our army returned to their huts and winter homes.

Part of our cavalry was ordered to the south side of the French Broad, and General Martin was ordered to press close on the enemy's rear with the balance of his force. General Armstrong followed the line of retreat, and by the use of fiat-boats passed his cavalry over the Holston and rode to the vicinity of Knoxville. He caught up with some stragglers, equipments, ammunition, and remains of some caissons, and at last made a grand haul of a herd of eight hundred beef cattle and thirty-one wagons.

Upon getting his cavalry back to Knoxville, General Foster crossed them over the bridge at the city below the French Broad to foraging grounds about Louisville, and called his Dandridge march a foraging excursion, saying that he was building a bridge to cross to the south side when we bore down against him. But the strategy of his tedious march by our front to find a crossing point at Dandridge and build a bridge in our presence, when he could have crossed to the south side of the French Broad by his bridge at Knoxville and reached those foraging grounds unmolested, was not like Napoleon. He claimed that he recovered two hundred of the lost herd of beef cattle. In that our reports do not agree. It is possible <long_531>that his officers may have confounded that adventure with another. My explanation of the discrepancy—from memory—is that another of our parties undertook to get in a herd of swine, with which there was a smaller herd of beef cattle; that all of the latter herd were recovered, and the reports of the two adventures were confounded.

On the 14th, General Vance came down from the mountains of North Carolina on a raid towards Sevierville. He captured a number of wagons, but was promptly pursued by the enemy, his prize recovered, and he and a number of his staff were taken prisoners, with the loss of a hundred or more horses and equipments. They were not a part of my command, and failed to give us notice of their ride. The first intimation we had of them was of their unfortunate adventure.

On the 21st orders came from Richmond to send Corse's brigade back to Petersburg, in Virginia. It was so ordered, and Hodges's brigade was ordered to us from the department of West Virginia, in place of Corse's.

To seek some of the fruits of our advantage at Dandridge, the roads being a little firmer,

our leading division, under General Jenkins, was ordered on the 21st to prepare to march towards Strawberry Plains, and the Richmond authorities were asked to send us a pontoon bridge, tools of construction, and to hurry forward such shoes as they could send.

On the 24th, as the Official Records show, General Grant sent word to General Halleck of our return towards Knoxville, that he had ordered General Foster to give battle, if necessary, and that he would send General Thomas with additional troops to insure that we would be driven from the State. He also directed General Thomas to go in person and take command, and said, "I want Longstreet routed and pursued beyond the limits of the State of Tennessee." And he ordered General Foster to <long_532>put his cavalry on a raid from Cumberland Gap to cut in upon our rear.

On the 26th we were advised of the advance of the enemy's cavalry up the south side of the French Broad to some of the fords above Dandridge. General Martin was ordered to cross in force below it, get in rear of the enemy, and endeavor to put him to confusion. He crossed with Morgan's division, and called Armstrong's to follow, but the enemy, finding opportunity to put his force against the division, advanced and made a severe battle on the 27th, which became desperate as developed until, in their successive gallant charges, our ranks were broken to confusion, when the enemy made a dash and got two of our guns and two hundred prisoners, driving us towards the river.

General Armstrong crossed pending these operations and received the enemy's attack on the 28th. General B. R. Johnson's infantry division had been ordered near Dandridge, and crossed while Armstrong's command held the enemy. The latter was caught in battle from which there was no escape but to fight it out. Johnson's infantry crossed in time to march towards the enemy's rear before he could dislodge Armstrong. I rode a little in advance of Johnson's command. The enemy, advised of the approach of infantry, made his final charge and retired south towards Marysville. In his last effort one of his most reckless troopers rode in upon head-quarters, but Colonel Fairfax put spurs into his horse, dashed up against him, had his pistol at his head, and called "*surrender*" before the man could level his gun. The trooper was agreeably surprised to find it no worse. The enemy's move to Marysville left us in possession of the foraging

grounds. On the 30th, General Grant urged General Foster's army to the offensive, and called for the cavalry raid through the Powell River Valley and Cumberland Gap <long_533>towards our rear, and General Foster called on General Thomas for a force of ten thousand infantry and working details to repair the railroad and bridges between Knoxville and Chattanooga. General Thomas was willing to respond to the call for troops, but asked timely notice so that he could call Sherman's forces from Mississippi to replace those to be sent and make a co-operative move against General Johnston at Dalton. At the same time General Foster called for a pontoon bridge to make his crossing of the Holston at Strawberry Plains, which was ordered.

General Sturgis could not approve the ride through Powell River Valley, and expressed preference for a route through the mountains of North Carolina towards Asheville, to find our rear. General Grant had suggested raids from both these points on the 24th of January, but General Foster decided against the raid from Cumberland Gap, explaining that General Jones was at Little War Gap to intercept a column that might ride from that point. He found, too, upon counting his effectives for the raid, that he could only mount fifteen hundred men, and that our guards at weak points had been doubled.

Our railroad was in working order on the 26th of January, and the part of the pontoon

bridge ordered for us was on the road. General Jenkins was ordered with the leading division down towards Strawberry Plains to collect such material as he could, and be prepared to throw the bridge across the Holston as soon as it was up and ready for us. Notice was given General A. E. Jackson of indications of raids; to Captain Osborn, commanding scouts; to General Wharton; to Rucker's Cavalry Legion and Jones's cavalry; and General Vaughn was ordered to collect his command at Rogersville, to be prepared to threaten Cumberland Gap if the forces there should be reduced.

Due notice was sent our outlying parties and scouts to be on the watch for the reported raiding parties, and the guards of bridges in our rear were reinforced.

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On the 6th of February, General Grant reported from Nashville,—

MAJOR GENERAL H.W. HALLECK

"General-in- Chief:

"I am making every effort to get supplies to Knoxville for the support of a large force—large enough to drive Longstreet out. The enemy have evidently fallen back with most of their force from General Thomas's front, some going to Mobile. Has there been any movement in that direction by our troops

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major- General, Commanding."

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS:

"Reports of scouts make it evident that Joe Johnston has removed most of his force from your front, two divisions going to Longstreet. Longstreet has been reinforced by troops from the East. This makes it evident the enemy intends to secure East Tennessee if they can, and I intend to drive them out or get whipped this month. For this purpose you will have to detach at least ten thousand men besides Stanley's division (more will be better). I can partly relieve the vacuum at Chattanooga by troops from Logan's command. It will not be necessary to take artillery or wagons to Knoxville, but all the serviceable artillery horses should be taken to use on artillery there. Six mules to each two hundred men should also be taken, if you have them to spare. Let me know how soon you can start.

"GRANT,

"Major- General."

On the 9th, Major-General J. M. Schofield arrived at Knoxville,, and assumed command of the Army of the Ohio.

General Grant reported on the 11th,—

“ MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK,

"General-in- Chief:

"I expect to get off from Chattanooga by Monday next a force to drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee. It has been impossible heretofore to subsist the troops necessary for this work.

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major- General."

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“ MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD,
"Knoxville, Tenn.:"

“ I deem it of the utmost importance to drive Longstreet out immediately, so as to furlough the balance of our veterans, and to prepare for a spring campaign of our own choosing, instead of permitting the enemy to dictate it for us. Thomas is ordered to start ten thousand men, besides the remainder of Granger's corps, at once. He will take no artillery, but will take his artillery horses, and three mules to one hundred men. He will probably start next Monday.

“ U.S. GRANT,

“ Major- General.”

General Schofield ordered preparations for the eastern raid continued, but to await further orders of execution, and reported that its execution would require all of his effective mounts, break his animals down, and leave him without cavalry.

General Grant wired these several despatches from Nashville on February 12:

“ MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS:

"Conversation with Major-General Foster has undecided me as to the propriety of the contemplated move against Longstreet. Schofield telegraphs the same views. I will take the matter into consideration during the day, after further talk with Foster, and give you the conclusion arrived at. If decided that you do not go I will instruct Schofield to let Granger send off his veterans at once.

"Should you not be required to go into East Tennessee, could you not make a formidable reconnoissance towards Dalton, and, if successful in driving the enemy out, occupy that place and complete the railroad up to it this winter !

“ GRANT,

"Major- General.”

“MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS:

"Logan's troops started yesterday morning. If I decide not to make the move at present into East Tennessee, I will send them back, unless you require them to aid in advance on Dalton. (See my telegram of this morning.)

"GRANT,

"Major- General.”

<long_536>

"MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD:

"No movement will be made against Longstreet at present. Give your men and animals all the rest you can preparatory to early operations in the spring. Furlough all the veterans you deem it prudent to let go.

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major- General.”

"MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD,
"Knoxville, Tenn.:"

"You need not attempt the raid with the cavalry you now have. If that in Kentucky can recruit up it may do hereafter to send it on such an expedition. I have asked so often for a cooperative movement from the troops in West Virginia that I hardly expect to see anything to help us from there. General Halleck says they have not got men enough. Crook, however, has gone there, and may undertake to strike the road about New River.

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major- General."

“ MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,

"General-in- Chief, Washington :

"GENERAL,—I have got General Thomas ready to move a force of about fourteen thousand infantry into East Tennessee to aid the force there in expelling Longstreet from the State. He would have started on Monday night if I had not revoked the order. My reasons for doing this are these: General Foster, who is now here (or left this morning), says that our possession of the portion of East Tennessee is perfectly secure against all danger. The condition of the people within the rebel lines cannot be improved now after losing all they had. Longstreet, where he is, makes more secure other parts of our possessions. Our men, from scanty clothing and short rations, are not in good condition for an advance. There are but very few animals in East Tennessee in condition to move artillery or other stores. If we move against Longstreet with an overwhelming force he will simply fall back towards Virginia until he can be reinforced or take up an impregnable position. The country being exhausted, all our supplies will have to be carried from Knoxville the whole distance advanced. We would be obliged to advance rapidly and return soon whether the object of the expedition was accomplished or not. Longstreet could return with impunity on the heels of our returning column, at least as far down the valley as he can supply himself from the road in his rear. Schofield telegraphs to the same effect. All these seem to be good reasons for abandoning the movement, and I have therefore suspended it. Now that our men are ready for an advance, however, I have directed it to be made on Dalton, and hope to get possession of that place and hold it as a step towards a spring campaign. Our troops in East Tennessee are now clothed; rations are also accumulating. When Foster left most of the troops had ten days' supplies, with five hundred barrels of flour and forty days' meat in store, and the quantity increasing daily.

"I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“U. S. GRANT,

"Major- General."

Later despatches from General Grant and Commander-in-Chief Halleck were as follows:

“NASHVILLE, TENN., February 13, 1864.

“ MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK,

"General-in- Chief:

"Despatches just received from General Schofield and conversation with General Foster, who is now here, have determined me against moving immediately against Longstreet. I will write more fully. No danger whatever to be apprehended in East

Tennessee.

“ U.S. GRANT,

"Major- General."

"KNOXVILLE, February 15, 1864, 6.30 P.M.

“ MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS:

"In consequence of Longstreet's movement in this direction I have ordered one division of Granger's corps to this place. I think Stanley should move up as far as Athens and Sweet Water so as to protect the railroad. Longstreet has not advanced farther than Strawberry Plains. No further news from him to-day.

"J. M. SCHOFIELD,

"Major- General."

"[Confidential.]

"WASHINGTON, D.C., February 17, 1864.

“ MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT,

"Nashville, Tenn.:"

"GENERAL,—Your letter of the 12th instant is just received. I fully concur with you in regard to the present condition of <long_538>affairs in East Tennessee. It certainly is very much to be regretted that the fatal mistake of General Burnside has permitted Longstreet's army to winter in Tennessee. It is due to yourself that a full report of this matter should be placed on file, so that the responsibility may rest where it properly belongs.

“ H. W. HALLECK,

" General-in- Chief."

The raids ordered north and south of us were 'now given over. General Thomas made his advance towards Dalton, and retired, unsuccessful.

General Halleck was right in his estimate of East Tennessee as a strategic field essential to the Union service, the gate-way to Kentucky, to the Union line of communication, and the Ohio River; but General Grant found it so far from his lines of active operations that it could not be worked without interrupting plans of campaigns for the summer, and giving his adversary opportunity to dictate the work of the year. He thought it better to depend upon the conservative spirit that controlled at the South, to draw the army in East Tennessee off to meet threatenings in Virginia and Georgia, when he was prepared for them.

On the 10th of February, General Jenkins was ordered with his division at Strawberry Plains to use the pontoon and fiat-boats in bridging the Holston River. Other columns were ordered to approximate concentration, including Wharton's brigade from Bull's Gap, and Hodges's brigade coming from the Department of West Virginia. Rucker's cavalry was ordered to Blain's Cross-roads on the west bank, and outlying forces were advised of the advance. General Jenkins was ordered to put some of the cavalry over to be in observation towards Knoxville, and a brigade of infantry as supporting force; batteries on the hither bank to cover the troops and the bridge in case the enemy was disposed to dispute our crossing, and await my arrival and further orders. The army being ready <long_539>for the crossing and move for Knoxville, inquiry was made of General

Johnston as to the condition of affairs with the enemy at Chattanooga. In answer he said,
—

"Our scouts report that troops have been sent from Chattanooga to Loudon. They could not learn the number."

On the 17th I asked the Richmond authorities for ten thousand additional men, and General Lee, approving our work, asked to have Pickett's division sent, and other detachments to make up the number.

On the 19th I was informed from General Johnston's head-quarters that "eight trains loaded with troops went up from Chattanooga on the night of the 17th." A telegram came on the 19th from Richmond to say that the additional troops called for could not be sent, and on the same day a telegram from the President ordered me to send General Martin with his cavalry to General Johnston. In reply I reported that the order depriving me of the cavalry would force me to abandon the move, then in progress, against Knoxville, and draw the troops back towards Bristol. Then came other despatches from General Johnston that the enemy was still drawing forces from Chattanooga, but no authority came from Richmond authorizing me to retain the cavalry, so we were obliged to draw back to fields that could be guarded by smaller commands.

Referring to the proposed advance, General Grant said, "Longstreet cannot afford to place his force between Knoxville and the Tennessee." It was not so intended, but to put the army alongside of Knoxville to hold the enemy to his intrenched lines, while the troops asked for would be employed in breaking the railroad and bridges between that point and Chattanooga. It was thought that the army at Chattanooga could not afford sufficient detachments to drive me from that work without exposing that position to danger from General Johnston at Dalton, <long_540>but upon inquiry of General Johnston if he could avail himself of such opportunity, he replied that he was ordered to reinforce General Polk, who was operating in Mississippi in front of General Sherman. Instead of reinforcing General Polk, the latter should have been ordered to General Johnston. That would have drawn General Sherman to General Thomas, but Polk, having interior lines of transit, could have been in time for Johnston to strike and break up the road and bridge behind Thomas before Sherman could reach him. The break could have forced Thomas to care for his own position, and the want of the bridge behind him might have forced him to abandon it, in search of safe communication with his supplies. But the authorities could not be induced to abandon the policy of placing detachments to defend points to which the enemy chose to call us. We had troops enough in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, if allowed to use them in co-operative combination, to break the entire front of the Federal forces and force them back into Kentucky before the opening of the spring campaign, when we might have found opportunity to "dictate" their campaign. The enemy was in no condition for backward move at the time of my advance upon Knoxville, so simultaneous advance of our many columns could have given him serious trouble, if not confusion.

The order for the return of Martin's cavalry to Georgia, and the notice that other troops could not be sent me, called for the withdrawal of the command east, where we could find safer lines of defence and good foraging. The order to retire was issued, and the march was taken up on the 22d of February, Jenkins's division and the cavalry to cover the march. He was ordered to reship the pontoon-boats, destroy trestlings, flat-boats, the railroad bridge, and march in advance of the cavalry. He inquired if he should cut the

wires and crossings of small streams, but was ordered to leave them undisturbed, as the <long_541>enemy would not be so likely to trouble us when he found we were disposed to be accommodating.

The march was not seriously disturbed. The enemy's cavalry, reduced by severe winter service, was in poor condition to follow, and the roads we left behind us were too heavy for artillery. A good position was found behind Bull's Gap, and the army was deployed to comfortable camps from the Holston River on the right to the Nolachucky on the left.

The prime object of the second advance upon Knoxville was to show the strategic strength of the field, and persuade the authorities that an army of twenty thousand in that zone could be of greater service than double that force on the enemy's front or elsewhere, but they could not or would not hear of plans that proposed to take them from the settled policy of meeting the enemy where he was prepared for us.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXVII.—Last Days In Tennessee

Longstreet's Army at Bull's Gap—U. S. Grant made Lieutenant-Gen-eral-Richmond Authorities awake to the Gravity of the Situation—Longstreet's Proposition for Campaign—Approved by General Lee—Richmond Authorities fail to adopt it—General Bragg's Plan—A Memorable and Unpleasant Council at the Capital—Orders from President Davis—The Case of General Law—Longstreet ordered to the Army of Northern Virginia—Resolutions of Thanks from Confederate Congress.

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IT would be difficult to find a country more inviting in agriculture and horticulture than East Tennessee, and its mineral resources are as interesting, but for those whose mission was strategic, its geographical and topographical features were more striking. Our position at Bull's Gap was covered by a spur of the mountains which shoots out from the south side of the Holston River towards the north bend of the Nolachucky, opening gaps that could be improved by the pick and shovel until the line became unassailable. In a few days our line was strong enough, and we looked for the enemy to come and try our metal, until we learned that he was as badly crippled of the cavalry arm as we. General Martin was ordered with his division to General Johnston in Georgia, and Colonel Gary with his legion was ordered to South Carolina to be mounted for cavalry service.

The armies under General Lee in Virginia and General Johnston in Georgia were in defensive positions, with little prospect of striking by their right or left flanks in search of a way to break their bounds, and the army in East Tennessee had been called back to the defensive for want of cavalry, but the latter still covered gate-ways through the mountains that offered routes to Kentucky for strategic <long_543>manoeuvres. The Trans-Mississippi Department was an open field of vast opportunities, but was lying fallow.

An officer of the Union service had worked his way during three years of severe field service from obscure position with a regiment, to command of armies, and had borne his banners in triumph through battle and siege, over the prejudice of higher officers, until President Lincoln's good judgment told him that Grant was the man for the times. Congress provided the place, and the President sent his commission as lieutenant-general to the United States Senate, where it was promptly confirmed, and the lieutenant-general was presently assigned as commander over half a million of men, to the surprise of many, more than all to the bureau general-in-chief. He was soon at work arranging his combination for the campaign of the coming year. He was a West Point boy, and we had been together during three years of academic service, then two years in the United States Fourth Regiment of Infantry, and later in Worth's division in Mexico.

Forced to extremities, the Richmond authorities began to realize the importance of finding a way out of our pent-up borders before the Union commander could complete his extensive arrangements to press on with his columns. They called upon General Lee, General Johnston, and myself for plans or suggestions that could anticipate the movements of the enemy, disconcert his plans, and move him to new combinations. In front of General Lee and on his right and left the country had been so often foraged by both Union and Confederate armies that it was denuded of supplies. Besides, a forced advance of Lee's army could only put the enemy back a few miles to his works about

Washington. General Johnston's opportunities were no better, and in addition to other difficulties, he was working under the avowed displeasure of the authorities, more trying than his trouble with the enemy.

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I was under the impression that we could collect an army of twenty thousand men in South Carolina by stripping our forts and positions of all men not essential for defence; that that army could be quietly moved north by rail through Greenville to the borders of North Carolina, and promptly marched by Abingdon, Virginia, through the mountain passes, while my command covered the move by its position in East Tennessee. That army passing the mountains, my command could drop off by the left to its rear and follow into Kentucky,—the whole to march against the enemy's only line of railway from Louisville, and force him to loose his hold against General Johnston's front, and give the latter opportunity to advance his army and call all of his troops in Alabama and Mississippi to like advance, the grand junction of all of the columns to be made on or near the Ohio River,—General Beauregard to command the leading column, with orders not to make or accept battle until the grand junction was made. That General Johnston should have like orders against battle until he became satisfied of fruitful issues. The supplies and transportation for Beauregard to be collected at the head of the railroad, in advance of the movement of troops, under the ostensible purpose of hauling for my command. The arrangements perfected, the commander of the leading column to put his troops on the rail at or near Charleston and march with them as they arrived at the head of the road.

With this proposition I went to Virginia and submitted it to General Lee. He approved, and asked me to take it to the Richmond authorities. I objected that the mere fact of its coming from me would be enough to cause its rejection, and *asked*, if he approved, that he would take it and submit it as his own. He took me with him to Richmond, but went alone next morning to see the President. He met, besides the President, the Secretary of War and General Bragg. Conference was held during the forenoon, <long_545>but was not conclusive. In the afternoon he called me with him for further deliberation.

At the opening of the afternoon council it appeared that General Bragg had offered a plan for early spring campaign, and that it had received the approval of the President,—viz.:

“ General Johnston to march his army through the mountains of Georgia and East Tennessee to the head-waters of Little Tennessee River; my command to march through the mountains east of Knoxville to join General Johnston. The commands united, to march west, cross the river into Middle Tennessee, and march for the enemy's line of supplies about Nashville.”

When asked an opinion of this, I inquired as to General Johnston's attitude towards it, and was told that he objected; that he thought the sparsely-settled country of the mountains through which he would move could not supply his army; that he would consume all that he could haul before turning westward for the middle country, and would be forced to active foraging from his first step between the two armies of the enemy.

General Lee inquired if General Johnston had maturely considered the matter. I thought that he had, and that the objections of the officer who was to conduct the campaign were, of themselves, reasons for overruling it; but its advocates were not ready to accept a summary disposal of their plans, and it began to transpire that the President had serious objections to General Beauregard as a commander for the field.

But General Lee called us back to business by asking if there was anything more to be added than General Johnston's objections. I called attention to General Bragg's official account of the battle of Chickamauga, in which he reported that a similar move had been proposed for him through Middle Tennessee towards the enemy's line of communication at Nashville early on <long_546>the morning after the battle; that he rejected it, reported it "visionary"; said that it would leave his rear open to the enemy, and alluded to the country through which the march was proposed as "affording no subsistence to men or animals." This at harvest season, too ! the enemy demoralized by the late battle, and the Confederates in the vigor of success! Now, after a winter of foraging by the Union armies, the country could not be so plethoric of supplies as to support us, while an active army was on each flank, better prepared to dispute our march.

General Lee wore his beard full, but neatly trimmed. He pulled at it nervously, and more vigorously as time and silence grew, until at last his suppressed emotion was conquered. The profound quiet of a minute or more seemed an hour. When he spoke, it was of other matters, but the air was troubled by his efforts to surrender hopeful anticipations to the caprice of empirics. He rose to take leave of the august presence, gave his hand to the President, and bowed himself out of the council chamber. His assistant went through the same forms, and no one approached the door to offer parting courtesy.

I had seen the general under severe trial before, especially on his Pennsylvania campaign when he found the cavalry under General Imboden had halted for rest at Hancock, at the opening of an aggressive movement. My similar experience with the President in the all-day talk, on Missionary Ridge, six months before, had better prepared me for the ordeal, and I drew some comfort from the reflection that others had their trials. General Lee took the next train for his army on the Rapidan, and I that by the direct route to my command by the Southside Railway.

When ordered from Virginia in September my wife remained in Petersburg with her good friend Mrs. Dunn. On the 20th of October following a son was born, and christened Robert Lee. After continuous field service <long_547>since the 1st of July, 1861, I thought to avail myself of the privilege as department commander to take a two days' leave of absence to see the precious woman and her infant boy. While there it occurred to me to write to the President, and try to soften the asperities of the Richmond council; also to find a way to overcome the objections to General Beauregard. I suggested, too, that General Lee be sent to join us, and have command in Kentucky. In reply the President sent a rebuke of my delay.

On my return to head-quarters at Greenville the other division of General Johnston's cavalry was ordered to him through the mountains. Just then a severe snow,storm came upon us and blocked all roads. Meanwhile, the enemy had mended his ways, secured munitions, and thought to march out from Mossy Creek as far as Morristown. Orders were given for a march to meet him, but we found ourselves in need of forage, so we rested in position, and presently learned that the enemy had retired towards his works.

Our reduced cavalry force made necessary a change of position behind the Holston River, where a small force could at least observe our flanks, and give notice of threatenings on either side.

A letter from the President under date of the 25th ordered that we be prepared to march to meet General Johnston for the campaign through Middle Tennessee. He was informed that we were ready, only needing supplies for the march and his orders; that I had cared

for the bridges in that direction, so that there was no reason with us for delay.

On the 7th of April I was ordered, with the part of my command that had originally served with the Army of Northern Virginia, back to service with General Lee on the Rapidan. The move was made as soon as cars could be had to haul the troops, halting under orders at Charlottesville to meet a grand flanking move then anticipated.

<long_548>On the 22d we were ordered down as far as Mechanicsville, five miles west of Gordonsville, watching there for a lesser flank move. On the 29th, General Lee came out and reviewed the command.

Referring to the general officers who had been put under charges while in East Tennessee, General Robertson had been sentenced to suspension, and an excellent officer, General Gregg, had been sent to report, and was assigned to the Texas brigade. In the case of General McLaws, the court-martial ordered official reprimand, but the President disapproved the proceedings, passing reprimand upon the court and the commanding general, and ordered the officer to be restored to duty, which was very gratifying to me, who could have taken several reprimands to relieve a personal friend of embarrassing position. General McLaws was a classmate, and had been a warm personal friend from childhood. I had no desire to put charges against him, and should have failed to do so even under the directions of the authorities. I am happy to say that our personal relations are as close and interesting as they have ever been, and that his heart was big enough to separate official duties and personal relations.

Charges had been preferred against Brigadier-General E. M. Law for surreptitiously disposing of an official communication to the War Department that had been intrusted to his care, in which was enclosed his pretended resignation from the Confederate army. The President refused to entertain the charges, and ordered the officer released from arrest and restored to his command.

Of the paper that was improperly disposed of, General Cooper, adjutant and inspector-general of the army, reported,—

“The resignation within referred to never came to the office. It appears from inquiry at the War Department that it was presented by a friend of General Law, unofficially, to the Secretary <long_549>of War, and never came through the regular channels as an official paper.” (*)

General Lee wrote to the Department of the charges,—

"I examined the charges against General Law and find them of a very grave character. I think it due to General Law, as well as to the interest of the service, that they should be investigated and his innocence or guilt should be declared by a court-martial. There have been instances of officers obtaining indulgences on not true grounds, which I think discreditable and prejudicial to military discipline, and should be stopped." (+)

The indorsement of General Cooper shows that the paper was fraudulently handled. The letter of General Lee shows the offence a high crime and misdemeanor.

General Lee wrote to inform me that the authorities at Richmond had ordered General Law to be restored to duty with his command. The limit of endurance had thus been reached and passed. I ordered the rearrest of General Law upon his appearance within the limits of the command. To hold me at the head of the command while encouraging mutinous conduct in its ranks was beyond all laws and customs of war, and I wrote General Lee that my orders were out to have General Law again put under arrest, and that

the case should be brought before a military tribunal, or I must be relieved of duty in the Confederate States service. The authorities then thought to find their way by transferring me to another command, but on that point General Lee became impatient, and inclined to serious thought and action. The commander of the army was involved as well as the commander of the First Corps, and both or neither must be relieved. The authorities halted, and that was the last that I heard of General Law until his newspaper articles began to appear, years after the surrender.

The following vote of thanks given by the Congress at <long_550>this juncture affords a remarkable commentary upon the conduct of the authorities, as well as constituting a compliment most heartily appreciated by the recipients:

“THANKS OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET AND HIS COMMAND.(*)

“NO. 42.—JOINT RESOLUTIONS of thanks to Lieutenant-General Longstreet and the officers and men of his command.

“ Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are due, and hereby cordially tendered, to Lieutenant-General James Longstreet and the officers and men of his command, for their patriotic services and brilliant achievements in the present war, sharing as they have the arduous fatigues and privations of many campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee, and participating in nearly every great battle fought in those States, the commanding general ever displaying great ability, skill, and prudence in command, and the officers and men the most heroic bravery, fortitude, and energy, in every duty they have been called upon to perform.

“ Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolution to Lieutenant-General Longstreet for publication to his command.

“ Approved February 17, 1864.”

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXVIII.—Battle Of The Wilderness.

Campaign of 1864—General Grant in the Field—Strength of the Armies—Their Positions—Description of the Wilderness—The Battle opened—A Brisk Day's Fighting—Longstreet's Command faces Hancock's on the Morning of the Second Day—An Effective Flank Movement—General Wadsworth mortally wounded—General Jenkins falls under Fire of Friends, and Longstreet is seriously wounded—Carried from the Field on a Litter—Tribute to General Jenkins—Criticism and Controversy.

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AFTER reporting the return of my command to service with the Army of Northern Virginia, I took the earliest opportunity to suggest that the preliminaries of the campaign should be carefully confined to strategic manoeuvre until we could show better generalship. That accomplished, I argued, the enemy's forces would lose confidence in the superiority of their leader's skill and prowess; that both armies were composed of intelligent, experienced veterans, who were as quick to discover the better handling of their ranks as trained generals; that by such successful manoeuvres the Confederates would gain confidence and power as the enemy began to lose prestige; that then we could begin to look for a favorable opportunity to call the enemy to aggressive work, while immediate aggression from us against his greater numbers must make our labors heavy and more or less doubtful; that we should first show that the power of battle is in generalship more than in the number of soldiers, which, properly illustrated, would make the weaker numbers of the contention the stronger force.

In this connection I refer to the policy of *attrition* which became a prominent feature during part of the campaign, and showed that the enemy put his faith in numbers more than in superior skill and generalship. <long_552>

General Grant made his head-quarters near the Army of the Potomac, in Culpeper County, Virginia, commanded by Major-General George G. Meade. It had been organized into three corps, Second, Fifth, and Sixth, commanded respectively by Major-General W. S. Hancock, Major-General G. K. Warren, and Major-General John Sedgwick, all in cantonment near Culpeper CourtHouse. The Ninth Corps was a distinct body reorganized under Major-General A. E. Burnside, and posted in cooperative position near the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock River. The aggregate of the two commands was about one hundred and thirty thousand men, classified as follows:

\\table	
Army of the Potomac:	
Infantry present for duty, equipped (aggregate)	73,390
Cavalry (aggregate)	12,424
Artillery and engineers	2,764
Quartermaster's, subsistence, and medical departments, extra-duty men, and engineer brigade	19,183
Ninth Corps, present for duty, equipped	19,486
Total	127,247
But deducting extra-duty men, claimed as non-combatants	19,183
Leaves	108,064

These figures are from Major-General A. A. Humphreys, chief of staff of the Army of

the Potomac. But General Badeau, in his "Military History of U.S. Grant," p. 94, gives as the exact numbers put into battle (after deducting a division of colored troops, not then used for battle service) the following:

Army of the Potomac	97,273
Ninth Corps	22,708
Total	119,981
From which he deducts the division of colored troops	3,095
Leaving	116,886

The Army of Northern Virginia stood on the west side of Rapidan River, Mine Run on its right, extending <long_553>north, the left division, R. H. Anderson's, looking towards Madison Court-House; the Second and Third Corps, commanded by Lieutenant-Generals R. S. Ewell and A. P. Hill; two divisions and Alexander's artillery of Longstreet's (First) corps being held at Mechanicsville.

Colonel Taylor, chief of staff with the Army of Northern Virginia, gives the strength of the army at the opening of the campaign, from the returns of April 20, the latest up to date, as follows: (*)

Second Corps	17,093
Third Corps	22,199
Unattached commands, Maryland Line, etc	1,125
"A liberal estimate," as he calls it, of my command.	10,000
Total	50,417
Cavalry	8,727
Artillery corps	4,854
Making a total of	63,998

But General Badeau objects, on authority of a letter from General Bragg to General Joseph E. Johnston, stating that I had fourteen thousand men in my command. If General Bragg's letter referred to my command in East Tennessee it was accurate enough. But Buckner's division of that command, the cavalry, and other detachments were left in East Tennessee. General Badeau claims, besides, six thousand furloughed men and conscripts as joining the army between the 20th of April and the 4th of May. Of this there is no official record, and it is more than probable that new cases of sick and furloughed men of that interval were as many at least as the fragmentary parties that joined us. General Humphreys reported me as having fifteen thousand men. If he intended those figures as the strength of the First Corps, he is accurate enough, but Pickett's division of that corps was not with it, nor did it return to the Army of Northern Virginia until late in the campaign. So I find no <long_554>good reason for changing the figures of Colonel Taylor, except so far as to add Johnson's brigade of Rodes's division, which is reported to have joined the Second Corps on the 6th of May,—estimated at 1500, which, added to 63,998, would make the total 65,498. But General Ewell's official account of numbers on the morning of the 6th of May puts his force at 15,500, which is better authority than Colonel Taylor's from the return of April 20, or General Badeau's computation. To these figures should be added Johnson's brigade, that reported later of the day, estimated by General Badeau at 1500, which makes the aggregate of the Second Corps 17,000, and brings that of the Army of Northern Virginia back to 65,405.

However, the numerical strength of armies should not be considered as of exclusive bearing upon the merits of the campaign. The commanders had chosen their battle after mature deliberation. They knew of each other's numbers and resources before they laid their plans, and they had even known each other personally for more than twenty years. Each had the undivided support and confidence of his government and his army, and it was time now to leave the past and give attention to the future.

General Lee had acquired fame as a strategist in his two years' service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and General Grant, by his three years' service in the West, had come to be known as an all-round soldier, seldom if ever surpassed; but the biggest part of him was his heart. They were equally pugnacious and plucky,—Grant the more deliberate.

Six months before the opening of the impending campaign, in November, 1863, General Meade, essaying a blow at the Army of Northern Virginia, crossed the Rapidan below General Lee's right, and deployed along the south side of Mine Run, but found Lee's line so strong and so improved by field-works that he felt constrained to withdraw without making battle. <long_555>

As the purpose of this writing is to convey ideas of personal observations and experience, it will be confined, as far as practicable, to campaigns or parts of them with which I was directly or indirectly connected. So, when participants and partisans have passed away, I shall have contributed my share towards putting the historian in possession of evidence which he can weigh with that of other actors in the great drama.

At midnight of the 3d of May, 1864, the Army of the Potomac took its line of march for the lower crossings of the Rapidan River at Germania and Ely's Fords, the Fifth and Sixth Corps for the former, the Second for the latter, Wilson's division of cavalry leading the first, Gregg's the second column. The cavalry was to secure the crossings and lay bridges for the columns as they came up. Wilson's cavalry crossed at Germania ford, drove off the Confederate outpost, and began the construction of a bridge at daylight. Gregg also was successful, and the bridges were ready when the solid columns came. Warren's (Fifth Corps) crossed after Wilson's cavalry, marching westward as far as Wilderness Tavern. Sedgwick's corps followed and pitched camp near the crossing. Hancock's corps followed Gregg's cavalry, and made camp at Chancellors-ville. Generals Grant and Meade went over after Warren's column and established head-quarters near the crossing. General Grant despatched for Burnside's corps to come and join him by night march. Sheridan was expected to engage Stuart's cavalry at Hamilton's Crossing near Fredericksburg.

General Grant had no fixed plan of campaign beyond the general idea to avoid the strong defensive line occupied by General Lee behind Mine Run, and find a way to draw him out to open battle.

The Wilderness is a forest land of about fifteen miles square, lying between and equidistant from Orange CourtHouse and Fredericksburg. It is broken occasionally by <long_556>small farms and abandoned clearings, and two roads,—the Orange Plank road and the turnpike, which are cut at right angles by the Germania road,—in general course nearly parallel, open ways through it between Fredericksburg and the Court-House. The Germania Ford road joins the Brock road, the strategic line of the military zone, and crosses the turnpike at Wilderness Tavern and the Plank road about two miles south of that point.

Though the march was set on foot at midnight it was soon made known to General Lee, and its full purport was revealed by noon of the 4th, and orders were sent the different

commanders for their march to meet the enemy,—the Second Corps (Ewell's), consisting of Rodes's, Johnson's, and Early's divisions, by the Orange Turnpike; the Third (A. P. Hill's)—R. H. Anderson's, Heth's, and Wilcox's divisions—by the Orange Plank road.

General Lee's signals were interpreted and sent to General Grant, who so far modified his plans as to prepare for immediate battle. The commands of the First Corps, Field's and Kershaw's divisions and Alexander's batteries, were stationed, Field's north of Gordonsville, where he had been posted on the 1st of May in anticipation of a move around our left, the other commands near Mechanicsville. We were ordered forward by the Plank road to Parker's Store; the order was received after one o'clock, and sent out for information of the commanders, who were ordered to prepare and march. But I asked for and received authority to march by a shorter route that would at the same time relieve the Plank road of pressure of troops and trains (for we had been crowded off the road once before by putting too many troops upon a single track). By the same despatch I asked and subsequently obtained leave to go on to the Brock road, where we could look for and hope to intercept the enemy's march, and cause him to develop plans before he could <long_557>get out of the Wilderness. We marched at four o'clock by the Lawyer's road. Our chief quartermaster, Colonel Taylor, whose home was between Orange Court-House and the Wilderness, had been ordered to secure the services of the most competent guide to be found. We halted at Brock's Bridge for rest, and there Colonel Taylor brought up our guide, James Robinson, who had been for several years the sheriff of the county, and whose whole life had been spent in the Wilderness. The march was resumed, and continued with swinging step, with occasional rests, until we reached Richard's Shops, at five P.M. of the 5th. There we overtook Rosser's cavalry, engaged in severe encounter with part of Sheridan's. The enemy abandoned the contest and rode away, leaving his dead with some of ours on the field.

The distance of march was twenty-eight miles. Soon after my arrival at the shops, Colonel Venable, of general head-quarters staff, came with orders for a change of direction of the column through the wood to unite with the troops of the Third Corps on the Plank road. The rear of my column closed up at dark, and orders were sent to prepare to resume march at twelve o'clock. The accounts we had of the day's work were favorable to the Confederates; but the change of direction of our march was not reassuring.

In accordance with the general plan of turning the Confederate right without touching our intrenched line along Mine Run, the Army of the Potomac had been put in motion early on the 5th, the Second Corps towards Shady Grove Church by the Todd's Tavern road, the Fifth by the dirt road towards Parker's Store on the

Plank road, the Sixth on the right, to follow the Fifth as movements developed. General Warren moved with three divisions, leaving Griffin's on the turnpike. Presently, after taking up his march towards Parker's Store, the Confederates were discovered on the Plank road, and <long_558>General Meade ordered the corps made ready for battle. The Sixth, except Getty's division, was ordered to make connection on the right of the Fifth by wood roads, and prepare for the battle. Getty's division was ordered to the Plank road at the Brock road crossing, to hold that point at all hazards until the Second Corps could join it, the latter being recalled from Todd's Tavern for that holding and developments there indicated.

At noon General Warren was prepared on the turnpike and attacked with Griffin's and Wadsworth's divisions.

General Lee's orders were against a general engagement until his forces were in hand, but the troops had met and action could not wait. Warren's attack had some success, as by his orders General Ewell felt called upon to delay battle, but a sudden dash of the enemy broke into disorder his brigade under J. M. Jones, also Battle's brigade; but other of his troops joined them, recovered his ground, drove off the attacking forces, taking two guns, and called Warren's corps to better concentration. The Sixth was to be with Warren, but was delayed by the narrow, tangled roads till night. General Ewell prepared for the next day by intrenching his front.

Meanwhile, General Hill had pushed the divisions under Heth and Wilcox along the Plank road until they were near the Brock road crossing, occupied by Getty's division of the Sixth Corps.

General Getty was in time to drive back a few of our men who had reached the Brock road in observation, and Hancock's corps joined him at two P.M., fronting his divisions—Birney's, Mott's, Gibbon's, and Barlow's—along the Brock road, on the left of Getty's. His artillery was massed on his left, near Barlow, except a battery nearer the Plank road, and one section at the crossing. He ordered his line intrenched.

As soon as he found his troops in hand at the crossroads, <long_559>General Meade ordered them into action. Getty's division, supported by the Second Corps, was to drive Hill back, occupy Parker's Store, and connect with Warren's line. He afterwards learned of the repulse of Warren on the turnpike, but repeated his orders for the advance on the Plank road. At 4.15 Getty's division advanced, and met the divisions of Heth and Wilcox a few hundred yards in advance of their trenches.

In the fierce engagement that followed, Birney's and Mott's divisions were engaged on Getty's left, and later the brigades of Carroll and Owen, of Gibbon's division. Wadsworth's division and Baxter's brigade of the Fifth Corps were put in to aid Getty's right. The combination forced Heth and Wilcox back about half a mile, when the battle rested for the night. Hancock reinforced his front by Webb's brigade of Gibbon's division, and was diligently employed at his lines during the night putting up field-works.

About eleven o'clock in the night the guide reported from General Lee to conduct my command through the wood across to the Plank road, and at one o'clock the march was resumed. The road was overgrown by the bushes, except the side-tracks made by the draft animals and the ruts of wheels which marked occasional lines in its course. After a time the wood became less dense, and the unused road was more difficult to follow, and presently the guide found that there was no road under him; but no time was lost, as, by ordering the lines of the divisions doubled, they were ready when the trail was found, and the march continued in double line. At daylight we entered the Plank road, and filed down towards the field of strife of the afternoon of the 5th and daylight of the 6th.

R. H. Anderson's division of the Third Corps, marching on the Plank road, had rested at Verdierville during the night, and was called to the front in the morning. <long_560>The divisions of Heth and Wilcox rested during the night of the 5th where the battle of that day ceased, but did not prepare ammunition nor strengthen their lines for defence, because informed that they were to be relieved from the front. Both the division commanders claim that they were to be relieved, and that they were ordered not to intrench or replenish supplies. So it seems that they were all night within hearing of the voices of Hancock's men, not even reorganizing their lines so as to offer a front of battle ! General Heth has stated that he proposed to arrange for battle, but was ordered to give his

men rest. While Hancock was sending men to his advanced line during the night and intrenching there and on his second line, the Confederates were all night idle.

Hancock advanced and struck the divisions before sunrise, just as my command reported to General Lee. My line was formed on the right and left of the Plank road, Kershaw on the right, Field on the left. As the line deployed, the divisions of Heth and Wilcox came back upon us in disorder, more and more confused as their steps hurried under Hancock's musketry. As my ranks formed the men broke files to give free passage for their comrades to the rear. The advancing fire was getting brisk, but not a shot was fired in return by my troops until the divisions were ready. Three of Field's brigades, the Texas, Alabama, and Benning's Georgia, were formed in line on the left of the road, and three of Kershaw's on the right. General Lee, appalled at the condition of affairs, thought to lead the Texas brigade alone into desperate charge, before my lines were well formed. The ordeal was trying, but the steady troops, seeing him off his balance, refused to follow, begged him to retire, and presently Colonel Venable, of his staff, reported to me General Lee's efforts to lead the brigade, and suggested that I should try to call him from it. I asked that he would say, with my compliments, that his line would be <long_561>recovered in an hour if he would permit me to handle the troops, but if my services were not needed, I would like to ride to some place of safety, as it was not quite comfortable where we were.

As full lines of battle could not be handled through the thick wood, I ordered the advance of the six brigades by heavy skirmish lines, to be followed by stronger supporting lines. Hancock's lines, thinned by their push through the wood, and somewhat by the fire of the disordered divisions, weaker than my line of fresh and more lively skirmishers, were checked by our first steady, rolling fire, and after a brisk fusillade were pushed back to their intrenched line, when the fight became steady and very firm, occasionally swinging parts of my line back and compelling the reserves to move forward and recover it.

General Lee sent General M. L. Smith, of the engineers, to report to me. He was ordered through the wood on my right to the unfinished railroad to find a way around the left of the enemy's line, while we engaged his front. R. H. Anderson's division of the Third Corps came up about eight o'clock and was ordered to report to me.

Hancock's early advance was under a general order including the Army of the Potomac. The Ninth Corps that had been called up reported to General Grant, and was ordered in between the Plank and Turnpike roads. At eight o'clock Hancock was reinforced by Stevenson's division of the Ninth, and Wadsworth of the Fifth was put under his orders. At nine o'clock he attacked with Wadsworth's, Birney's, Stevenson's, and Mott's divisions, and the brigades of Webb, Carroll, and Owen, of Gibbon's division, making as formidable battle as could be organized in the wood, but the tangle thinned his lines and our fire held him in desperate engagement.

Two divisions of the Ninth Corps, at the same time marching for Parker's Store, were encountered between <long_562>the Plank and Turnpike roads by our Second Corps (Ewell's). Under this combination the forces struggled an hour at the extreme tension of skill and valor.

About ten o'clock General Smith returned and reported favorably of his reconnoissance: that the heavy woodland concealed the route of the proposed flank march, and that there was no force of the enemy in observation. Hancock's left on the Brock road was in strong,

well-guarded position, but there was room along its front for our troops to march near the unfinished railroad beyond view of that left on the Brock road.

General Smith was then asked to take a small party and pass beyond the Brock road and find a way for turning the extreme Union left on that road. There were two brigades of Field's division and one of Kershaw's not on the line of battle, but on flank march as supports, and R. H. Anderson's division of the Third Corps. Colonel Sorrel, chief of staff, was ordered to conduct three brigades, G. T. Anderson's of Field's, Mahone's of R. H. Anderson's, and Wofford's of Kershaw's division, by the route recommended by General Smith, have them faced to the left, and marched down against Hancock's left. Davis's brigade of the Third Corps also got into this command.

As soon as the troops struck Hancock his line began to break, first slowly, then rapidly. Somehow, as they retreated, a fire was accidentally started in the dry leaves, and began to spread as the Confederates advanced. Mahone's brigade approached the burning leaves and part of it broke off a little to get around, but the Twelfth Virginia was not obstructed by the blaze and moved directly on. At the Plank road Colonel Sorrel rode back to join us. All of the enemy's battle on the right of the Plank road was broken up, and General Field was fighting severely with his three brigades on the left against Wadsworth and Stevenson, pushing them a little.

<long_563>

The Twelfth Virginia Regiment got to the Plank road some little time before the other regiments of the brigade, and, viewing the contention on the farther side between Field's and Wadsworth's divisions, dashed across and struck the left of Wadsworth's line. This relieved Field a little, and, under this concentrating push and fire, Wadsworth fell mortally wounded. In a little while followed the general break of the Union battle. The break of his left had relieved Kershaw's troops, and he was waiting for the time to advance, and Jenkins's brigade that had been held in reserve and that part of R. H. Anderson's division not in use were ready and anxious for opportunity to engage, and followed as our battle line pushed forward.

General Smith then came and reported a way across the Brock road that would turn Hancock's extreme left. He was asked to conduct the flanking brigades and handle them as the ranking officer. He was a splendid tactician as well as skilful engineer, and gallant withal. He started, and, not to lose time or distance, moved by inversion, Wofford's left leading, Wofford's favorite manoeuvre. As Wofford's left stepped out, the other troops moved down the Plank road, Jenkins's brigade by the road, Kershaw's division alongside. I rode at the head of the column, Jenkins, Kershaw, and the staff with me. After discussing the dispositions of their troops for reopening battle, Jenkins rode closer to offer congratulations, saying, "I am happy; I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but am relieved, and feel assured that we will put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night." Little did he or I think these sanguine words were the last he would utter.

When Wadsworth fell the Union battle broke up in hasty retreat. Field's brigades closed to fresh ranks, the flanking brigades drew into line near the Plank road, and with them the other regiments of Mahone's brigade; but <long_564>the Twelfth Regiment, some distance in advance of the others, had crossed the road to strike at Wadsworth's left before the other regiments were in sight, and was returning to find its place in line. The order for the flanking brigades to resume march by their left had not moved those brigades of the right. As the Twelfth Regiment marched back to find its place on the other side of the

Plank road, it was mistaken, in the wood, for an advance of the enemy, and fire was opened on it from the other regiments of the brigade. The men threw themselves to the ground to let the fire pass. Just then our party of officers was up and rode under the fire. General Jenkins had not finished the expressions of joyful congratulations which I have quoted when he fell mortally wounded.

Captain Doby and the orderly, Bowen, of Kershaw's staff, were killed. General Kershaw turned to quiet the troops, when Jenkins's brigade with levelled guns were in the act of returning the fire of the supposed enemy concealed in the wood, but as Kershaw's clear voice called out "F-r-i-e-n-d-s !" the arms were recovered, without a shot in return, and the men threw themselves down upon their faces.

At the moment that Jenkins fell I received a severe shock from a minie ball passing through my throat and right shoulder. The blow lifted me from the saddle, and my right arm dropped to my side, but I settled back to my seat, and started to ride on, when in a minute the flow of blood admonished me that my work for the day was done. As I turned to ride back, members of the staff, seeing me about to fall, dismounted and lifted me to the ground.

Orders were given General Field, the senior officer present, to push on before the enemy could have time to rally. The two lines marching along the Plank road, southward, in pursuit, and the flanking brigades to move in the other direction, were, for the moment, a little perplexing, as he was not accurately advised of the combinations, <long_565>but he grasped the situation. Before he was prepared, however, General R. H. Anderson came into command as senior, and then General Lee came up. The plans, orders, and opportunity were explained to him, but the woods concealed everything except the lines of troops alongside the road. General Lee did not care to handle the troops in broken lines, and ordered formation in a general line for parallel battle. The change in the forest tangle consumed several hours of precious time, and gave General Hancock time to collect his men into battle order, post his heavy reinforcements, and improve his intrenchments.

After several hours of work our new line was finally adjusted and ordered forward. It approached the enemy's stronghold (in ranks a little thinned by the march through the wood and the enemy's fire), made desperate and repeated charges, and Jenkins's gallant brigade mounted their breastworks, but the solid ranks behind them threw it off, with the lines that essayed to give it support, and the whole were forced back from their fight. Thus the battle, lost and won three times during the day, wore itself out.

General Ewell found opportunity before night to push some of his brigades around the enemy's right, and did clever work in taking a number of prisoners,—Generals Seymour and Shaler among them,—but it was too late in the day to follow his work with a strong fight. He handled his troops with skill and care, putting defensive works before them whenever they halted.

Like attention by General Hancock may be noted; while in marked contrast was the conduct of the Third Corps after their affair on the afternoon of the 5th. The commanders of the leading divisions of the Third had proposed to prepare their troops for the next day, but were ordered to give their men rest, (*) and told that they <long_566>were to be relieved and withdrawn from the battle. Not even a line of battle was formed, so that they were in disorder when they were struck in the morning, and speedily fell into confusion.

My command, less than ten thousand, had found the battle on the Plank road in retreat,

little less than a panic. In a few hours we changed defeat to victory, the broken divisions of the Third Corps rallying in their rear.

As my litter was borne to the rear my hat was placed over my face, and soldiers by the road-side said, "He is dead, and they are telling us he is only wounded." Hearing this repeated from time to time, I raised my hat with my left hand, when the burst of voices and the flying of hats in the air eased my pains somewhat.

But Micah Jenkins, who fell by the same fire, was no more. He was one of the most estimable characters of the army. His taste and talent were for military service. He was intelligent, quick, untiring, attentive, zealous in discharge of duty, truly faithful to official obligations, abreast with the foremost in battle, and withal a humble, noble Christian. In a moment of highest earthly hope he was transported to serenest heavenly joy; to that life beyond that knows no bugle call, beat of drum, or clash of steel. May his beautiful spirit, through the mercy of God, rest in peace ! Amen !

"L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace." An Americanism which seems an appropriate substitute is, *A level head, a level head, always a level head.* With patience to wait ten minutes to see my flanking brigades stretched out on their march to retrieve my *aplomb*, we could have found a good battle against Hancock's strong left, while we broke over his confused front. Fearing another change of plan, I hurried on to execute before it could be ordered.

There were twenty-two thousand men in the Third Corps. It is not claiming too much, therefore, to say that <long_567>that corps, carefully prepared during the night of the 5th, could have held Hancock's battle on the morning of the 6th until my attack. of his left could have relieved them.

Under that plan events support the claim that the Third Corps, intrenched in their advanced position, with fresh supplies and orders to hold their ground, could have received and held against Hancock's early battle until my command could have come in on his left rear and completed our strongly organized battle by which we could have carried the Wilderness, even down and into the classic Rapidan.

General Field says in his account of the day,—

“ I was at Longstreet's side in a moment, and in answer to my anxious inquiry as to his condition, he replied that he would be looked after by others, and directed me to take command of the corps and push ahead. Though at this moment he could not have known the extent or character of his wounds (that they were severe was apparent), he seemed to forget himself in the absorbing interest of the movement he was making.

"Had our advance not been suspended by this disaster, I have always believed that Grant would have been driven across the Rapidan before night; but .General Lee was present, and ordered that our line, which was nearly a right angle (my division being the base, and Kershaw's and the other flanking force the perpendicular), should first be straightened out. The difficulty of manoeuvring through the brush made this a tedious operation, so that when we did advance with large reinforcements from Ewell's corps placed under my orders, the enemy was found awaiting us behind new breastworks, thoroughly prepared."

Colonel Fairfax says,-

"On reaching the line of troops you were taken off the horse and propped against a tree. You blew the bloody foam from your mouth and said, 'Tell General Field to take

command, and move forward with the whole force and gain the Brock road,' but hours were lost." (*)

<long_568>

A Northern historian says,—

"It seemed, indeed, that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack it suddenly ceased and all was still. What could cause this surcease of effort at the very height of success was then wholly unknown to us." (*)

Some years after the affair on the Plank road, General Hancock said to me,—

"You rolled me up like a wet blanket, and it was some hours before I could reorganize for battle."

He explained that reinforcements crowding up through the wood, the retreating troops, and confusion caused by mixing in with wagon-trains and horses, made a troublesome tangle, but it was unravelled and his troops at rest when the final attack was made. He had sixty thousand men in hand.

Bad as was being shot by some of our own troops in the battle of the Wilderness,—that was an honest mistake, one of the accidents of war,—being shot at, since the war, by many officers, was worse. Fitzhugh Lee wrote of me in the Southern Historical Society papers, vol. v., No. 4, April, 1878, saying, among other things, "He lost his way and reached the Wilderness twenty-four hours behind time."

Now, from Mechanicsville to Parker's Store by our line of march was thirty-four miles,—by the Plank road, thirty-five; from Parker's Store to the battle, three miles. From the time of our march to going into battle was thirty-six hours, including all of two nights. Deducting twenty-four hours alleged as lost leaves twelve hours, including all night of the 4th, for the march of thirty-seven miles!

His logic and method of injury remind one of the French teacher who, when out of patience with the boys, used to say, "I will give you zero and mark you absent."

<long_569>

Another report started by Fitzhugh Lee as coming from his cousin, G. W. C. Lee, was that General Lee said that he "sent an officer to Longstreet to stay with and show him the roads."

This, like all other reported sayings of General Lee in regard to me, was not published until after General Lee's death. When it was first published I wrote General G. W. C. Lee for the name of the officer sent. He referred me to the members of General Lee's staff. Not one of them knew of the circumstance or the officer, but referred me to General Lee's engineers. After long search I found the engineers and applied for information, but not one of them knew anything of the alleged fact. I had the letters published as an advertisement for the officer who was claimed as my guide. No response came. I inquired of the members of the staff, First Corps; not one had seen or heard of such a person. The quartermaster, Colonel Taylor, who was ordered to secure a competent guide at the first moment of receipt of orders to march, reported of the matter thus:

"MEADOW FARM, ORANGE COURT-HOUSE,

" July 1, 1879.

“GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET:

"DEAR GENERAL,—Your favor of the 30th ultimo is this moment to hand, and I reply at once. I think General Fitzhugh Lee entirely in error as to any engineer or other officer being sent to guide you in the spring of 1864 from your camp near Gordons-ville to the Wilderness. I well remember your sending for me, and directing me to procure a guide for you, which I did after some difficulty in the person of Mr. James Robinson, the then sheriff of the county. I saw no such person, nor can I think that any such was at any time at our quarters before we broke

"Sincerely yours,

“ ERASMUS TAYLOR.”

These efforts to secure one witness in support of the allegation, or rather to prove a negation, were all that occurred <long_570>to me at the time, and now I can think of but one more chance, which is for Fitzhugh Lee to offer a liberal reward. It is not probable that he would fail to find a false witness who could answer for a time to support the false charges.

It may be added that the accounts of the march by other officers agree with mine, as already given. I present here a letter from General Alexander and an extract from one written me by Colonel Venable. The former says,-

"AUGUSTA, GA., June 12, 1879.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—Absence prevented an earlier response to your favor of the 5th. My recollection of the events is as follows: My command, the artillery, got orders to move about noon on May 4, 1864, being in camp near Mechanicsville, some four or five miles west of Gordonsville. We marched about four P.M., and with only short rests all night and all next day till about five P.M., when we halted to rest and bivouac at a point which I cannot remember; but our cavalry had had a skirmish there with the enemy's cavalry just before our arrival, and I remember seeing some killed and wounded of each side. Your whole corps, Hood's and McLaws's, and the artillery, I think, was concentrated at that point, and my recollection is that we had orders to move on during the night, or before daylight the next morning, to get on the enemy's left flank on the Brock road.

"But whatever the orders were, I remember distinctly that during the night news of the fight on the Plank road came, and with it a change of orders, and that we marched at one A.M., or earlier, and turned to the left and struck the Plank road at Parker's Store, and pushed rapidly down it to where the battle had already begun. I remember, too, that the march was so hurried that at one point, the head of the leading division (I forget which it was, however) having lost a little distance by taking the wrong road, the rear division was not allowed to halt, but pushed right on, so that it got abreast of the leading division, and the two came down the road side by side, filling the whole road and crowding the retreating men of the divisions which were being driven back into the woods on each side.

"These are facts as I recollect them, and while I don't know what your orders were, I remember that there was a change in them during the night, according to my understanding, and that <long_571>the change was as promptly and vigorously and successfully carried out as time and distance could possibly permit. There was certainly *no loss of time* from the moment we received orders to the moment we went under fire in the Wilderness, as the distance covered will show.

"Very truly yours,

“ E. P. ALEXANDER.

“ GENERAL LONGSTREET.”

Colonel Venable writes,—

“ July 25, 1879.

“ DEAR GENERAL—... Well, the morning came. The enemy attacked Wilcox and Heth before your arrival. Disaster seemed imminent. I was sent to meet you and hasten your march. I met your two divisions within less than half a mile of the battlefield coming up in parallel columns very rapidly (I was going to say in double-quick) on the Plank road, side by side, and that they came in grandly, forming line of battle, Kershaw on the right and Field on the left, restoring the battle. It was superb, and my heart beats quicker to think about it even at this distance of time

"Yours, very truly,

“ CHARLES S. VENABLE.

“ GENERAL LONGSTREET.”

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XXXIX.—Again In Front Of Richmond.

Longstreet absent on Leave, nursing his Wounds—Hears of the Death of Cavalry Leader J. E. B. Stuart—Returns to Virginia—Assigned to Command on the North Side of James River—Affair on the Williamsburg Road—Lee's Apprehension of Grant's March into Richmond—Closing Scenes of the Campaign of 1864 about the Confederate Capital—General Benjamin F. Butler's Move against Fort Fisher—Remote Effects on the Situation in Virginia.

<long_572>

FROM the Wilderness I was taken to the Meadow Farm home of my friend Erasmus Taylor, and carefully nursed by his charming wife until put on board of a train for Lynchburg and taken to my good kinswoman, Mrs. Caroline Garland, who had lost her only son and child, General Samuel Garland, killed two years before at South Mountain. From her hospitable home, when strong enough for a ride in the fresh air, I was taken to the home of a cherished friend, Colonel John D. Alexander, at Campbell Court-House. But a raiding party rode through the village early one morning, which suggested a change, and I was taken to my kinsfolk, the Sibleys, at Augusta, Georgia, and after a time to other good friends, the Harts and Daniels, at and near Union Point, on the Georgia Railroad.

Before I was strong enough to sit more than a few minutes news came of the change of commanders in the Army of Georgia,—the superseding of General Joseph E. Johnston by assignment of General J. B. Hood, and I was asked to take command of the corps left vacant by assignment of General Hood. Answer was made that when able for duty I would be prepared to obey orders.

Later came sadder news from Virginia announcing the fall of our Cavalier J. E. B. Stuart. The most famous <long_573>American rider fell mortally wounded on the 18th of May, 1864, near Yellow Tavern, in a cavalry engagement with General Sheridan, just then budding into fame. Stuart, endowed by nature with the gifts that go to make a perfect cavalryman, improved and cultivated through years of active warfare, experience, and discipline, was the embodiment of all that goes to make up the ideal soldierly character,—the bold, dashing dragoon. His death was possibly a greater loss to the Confederate army even than that of the swift-moving General "*Stonewall*" Jackson. Through all the vicissitudes of war he held his troopers beside him peerless in prowess and discipline. After his fall their decline came swifter than their up-building had been accomplished by his magic hand.

In society he was gay, bright, and genial, abstemious to a degree. In idle hours of week-days he was fond of his banjo-player, Sweeny, but he was devout withal, and to him the grandest, sweetest music was "Rock of Ages." To this day that sublime air never fails to bring before my mind's vision his noble figure. May his great spirit rest near "The Rock of Ages" always! Amen!

About the 1st of October I was strong enough to ride horseback, and after a little practice, and having become weary of idle hours, took leave of wife and children, and travelled back to Richmond to find our great commander and his noble followers.

The general seemed worn by past labor, besides suffering at seasons from severe sciatica, while his work was accumulating and his troubles multiplying to proportions that should have employed half a dozen able men. The military staff of his head-quarters was

made up of excellent, intelligent, active, zealous young men, more than anxious to anticipate his wants and to meet their official obligations, and it is a source of gratification to write that they were efficient, affectionate, admirable, and polite. But facts will not justify like commendation of the purveying <long_574>department. Complaints had been made early in the war and continued of our inefficient subsistence department at Richmond. The diminishing resources of the country called for exceptionally earnest, methodical, business faculties in these departments, especially that of subsistence, but, unfortunately, as our resources became more circumscribed, the officers, instead of putting forth stronger efforts in their business, seemed to lose the energy of their former service, and General Lee found himself called upon to feed as well as fight his army. Although anxious to assist in his severe trials, and relieve him of part of his work, I feared that he might think a cripple an additional incumbrance, and wrote the chief of staff,—

“ *RANDOLPH'S HOUSE,*
“ *NEAR RICHMOND, VA., October 18, 1864.*

“ COLONEL W. H. TAYLOR,
“ *Assistant Adjutant- General:*

“ SIR,—I have not reported formally for duty, because I doubted the propriety of being assigned, in my crippled condition, to position now filled by officers of vigorous health. If I can be of service in any position, I prefer to go to duty. If there is nothing to which I can be assigned on this side of the Mississippi River, without displacing an efficient officer, I will cheerfully accept service in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

“The doctors give me little reason to hope to recover the use of my arm even within a year; hence my desire to be assigned for duty, or to have an extended leave of absence.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“J. LONGSTREET,
“*Lieutenant- General.*”

An order came assigning me to command on the north side of James River and Drury's Bluff, and Pickett's division on the south side, along Bermuda Hundred front as far as Swift Creek. On the north side were the local defence troops under Lieutenant-General Ewell, and Hoke's and Field's divisions and Gary's brigade of one thousand cavalry.

<long_575>

There had been severe fighting on that side a few days previous, in an attack of the Federals upon Fort Harrison of our line, which resulted in the capture of the fort; then a more desperate fight of the Confederates to recover it, which was not successful. The loss of Fort Harrison broke our line off a little near the river, and caused a new line to be taken from that point to our left, where it joined the line occupied in 1862, when General McClellan was against us. The line of the north side extended from Chapin's Bluff on the James River, by Fort Gilmer, across north of White Oak Swamp to the vicinity of the Chickahominy at New Bridge. Hoke's and Field's divisions occupied the line from Fort Gilmer, covering Charles City road on the left, and Gary's cavalry had a strong picket force on the Nine Miles road, with vedettes, to guard and patrol the west side of the swamp and the south side of the Chickahominy. The crossings of the swamp were heavily obstructed by fallen timber. The batteries at Chapin's and Drury's Bluffs were manned by officers of the navy and sailors, and other organized artillery and infantry, and the local

defence contingent lined out towards Fort Gilmer. My men had become experts in fortifying, so that parapets and dams along the front grew apace. Our officers during their experience in East Tennessee had become skilled as foragers, and soon began to find in nooks and corners of Northern Virginia food and forage which relieved General Lee of the trouble of supplying the men on the north side, and my troops were beginning to feel comfortable. But there were more serious embarrassments on the south side, and desertions were becoming more numerous from day to day.

Towards the latter part of October, General Grant conceived a plan by which he proposed to extend and advance his left, so as to get the Southside Railroad and connect this new point with his line of intrenchments. At the same time he thought to have General Butler on his extreme <long_576>right break through the lines on the north side into Richmond. For his left attack he ordered the Second Corps, under Hancock, to be supported by parts of the Fifth and Ninth Corps. General Lee had his Third Corps (A. P. Hill's), Heth's and Wilcox's divisions and Mahone's in reserve. Hancock's advance was met by Mahone's division, and the entire march of the different commands was arrested after a severe rencounter, in which Mahone got a number of prisoners and some pieces of artillery,—the latter not brought off, as the enemy held the bridge.

According to the reports of the Adjutant-General's Office the Federal losses were 1284. The Confederate losses were not accurately accounted for, but the Federal accounts claimed two hundred prisoners taken at one time, and other losses equal to their own.

I was informed of troops crossing the bridge to the north side on the 25th, and that the crossings continued at intervals till after the night of the 26th. The plan of operations contemplated that General Butler should have "twenty thousand men north of the James where Longstreet was now in command." (*) These were parts of the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, commanded by Generals Terry and Weitzel. General Terry was to make a fierce demonstration against our front along the Darby and Charles City roads with the Tenth, while General Weitzel was to march the Eighteenth across White Oak Swamp and get in the unoccupied lines on the Williamsburg road, or between that and Gary's cavalry on the Nine Miles road.

Early on the 27th, General Terry moved out with the Tenth Corps and made demonstration for formidable attack, putting his infantry in sharp practice along the outer edge of our abatis, and his artillery in practice near <long_577>the roads. Our sharpshooters opened in reply from behind. their breastworks and held a lively rattle of musketry for quite a time. The delay in making more serious work told me that some other was the point of danger, which must mean the unoccupied lines beyond White Oak Swamp. Field was ordered to pull his division out of the works and march for the Williamsburg road, Hoke to cover the line of Field by extending and doubling his sharpshooters.

When the head of General Field's column got to the Williamsburg road the enemy's skirmishers were deployed and half-way across the field approaching our line. Just behind the trenches was a growth of pines which concealed our troops until a line of sharpshooters stepped into the works. Their fire surprised the enemy somewhat, as they had seen nothing but part of Gary's cavalry, and their skirmish line gave up the field for their heavy infantry.

The open in front of the breastworks was about six hundred yards wide and twelve hundred in length, extending from the York River Railroad on the north to a ditch draining

towards the head of White Oak Swamp on the south. About midway of the field is a slight depression or swale of five or six feet depth.

Quickly following the repulse of the skirmish line, and just as Field had adjusted the infantry and artillery to their trenches, came the Eighteenth Corps bursting into the open and deploying on both sides of the road in solid ranks. They were at once in fair canister range, and soon under the terrific fire of a solid line of infantry,—infantry so experienced that they were not likely to throw as much as one bullet without well-directed aim. At the first fire they began to drop, and they fell more rapidly until they reached the swale, when the entire line dropped to the ground. They had just enough cover there for their bodies as they spread themselves closely to the <long_578>ground, but not enough to permit them to load or rise to deliver fire without exposing their persons to our fire. To attempt to retreat would have been as disastrous as to advance; so they were entrapped.

General Gary reported that the field of the Nine Miles road was clear, and was ordered to come in on the flank Of the entrapped infantry and order surrender; but before he was there another report reached him of a formidable force advancing against his squadron on the Nine Miles road. He was sent on a gallop to meet this. Meanwhile, the troops hiding under the swell of ground found ways to drop off on their right under the railroad cut, and many others got away down the dry ditch on their left, until Captain Lyle, of the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, got a force out on the flank and secured the surrender of the remainder. He picked up about six hundred prisoners.

General Gary's guard on the Nine Miles road held an open work by a section of artillery and a squadron of cavalry. The advance against it was so well executed, and our cavalry so interested in the operations on the Williamsburg road, that the guard was taken by surprise and pushed away from its post by the first attack, losing its field-works and a piece of artillery. Gary soon made amends for the careless watch by dismounting his brigade and marching in line of battle at right angles to the line of the enemy, striking him in flank, recovering the lost cannon, and driving him back the way he came. Under cover of the night the Federals returned to their fortified lines, where they were as strong as were the lines held by the Confederates in their front.

The Confederates lost: Field's division, 45; Gary's cavalry, 8; artillery, 11; total, 64. Federal "losses, killed, wounded, and missing, 1103." (*)

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General Grant sent orders to have the positions gained by his left held and intrenched, but they were abandoned because they were weak in the too extended line.

After the loss of Fort Harrison, General Lee became more anxious for his line on the north side, and rode out to witness the operations on that front, under the threatening of Butler's forces; and as our cavalry had made no report of the enemy crossing the swamp, he was not quite satisfied to have the troops moved over to the Williamsburg road, but did not order them retained. His idea was that the north side was the easier route of Grant's triumphal march into Richmond, and that sooner or later he would make his effort there in great force.

These were the closing scenes between the armies about Richmond and Petersburg for the year 1864. The defeat of General Early in the Valley of Virginia on the 19th of October concluded active work in that quarter. Most of Sheridan's infantry was sent back to the Army of the Potomac, and the greater part of Early's to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Kershaw's division of the First Corps had been left with General Early for his battle of the 19th of October. In his account of the battle, General Early alludes to its outcome and finality as a causeless panic started by the break of his left division under General Gordon, followed by Kershaw's and other troops. It is sufficient for this writing to say that the general called the rout "thorough and disgraceful, mortifying beyond measure: we had within our grasp a great and glorious victory, and lost it by the uncontrollable propensity of our men for plunder." (*)

Kershaw's division was restored to duty with the First Corps in November. Late in December I was informed of a move of the <long_580>enemy's land and naval forces against Fort Fisher in Wilmington harbor. The information was despatched to General Lee at Petersburg, and brought a midnight order for me to send Hoke's division to Wilmington. Hoke was relieved and on the move before daylight. General Bragg was relieved of duty at Richmond and ordered to Wilmington.

General Butler was in command of the land forces and Admiral Porter of the navy. Between them, or under the direction of one or the other, was the steamer "Louisiana," freighted with about two hundred and fifty tons of gunpowder intended to blow up Fort Fisher. But its only tangible effect was to relieve the commander of the land forces from further service in the field.

In Georgia, General Hood led his army off from the front of General Sherman at Atlanta, and marched west and north, and the latter took up his line of march south for Savannah on the 16th of November.

These moves brought Sherman's army into remote bearing upon our army at Richmond, and as a matter of course it began to receive more careful attention from General Lee. In order to better guard our position on the north side, I ordered, in addition to the timber obstructions over White Oak Swamp, the roads leading around towards our left to be broken up by subsoil ploughs, so as to make greater delay of any movements in that direction during the winter rains, and wrote to ask General Lee if he could not. order the roads upon which General Grant would probably march against the Southside Railroad broken in the same way; also suggesting that the roads in Georgia upon which General Sherman was marching could be obstructed in this and other ways so as to delay and annoy his march, with the possibility that it might eventually be broken up.

The pickets along our lines were in more or less practice shooting at each other from their rifle-pits until I <long_581>ordered it stopped on the north end of the line, as an annoyance, and not a legitimate part of war to carry on the shooting of sentinels on guard duty. The example was soon followed by the army on our front, so that the men on the picket lines became friendly, and afterwards came to mutual agreements to give the other side notice, in case of battle, in time for the pickets to get to their pits before the batteries could open on them. Before the winter was half gone the pickets established quite a bartering trade, giving tobacco for sugar and coffee.

Our foraging parties of the north side were fortunate in collecting supplies, and at times were in condition to aid our comrades of the south side. But the officers found that they could only get a small portion of the produce by impressment or tax in kind. They were ordered to locate all supplies that they could not collect.

The chief of staff of the First Corps, Colonel Sorrel, was appointed brigadier-general, and relieved of his duties by Colonel Osman Latrobe.

The Army of Tennessee, under General Hood, pursuing its march northward late in

November and early in December, came upon the Federal forces under General Schofield at Franklin, and General Thomas at Nashville, Tennessee, where desperate battles were fought, until Hood's army was reduced to skeleton commands and forced to retreat. And thus with Sherman's progressive movements in the extreme South, our own ill success in Virginia, and an apparent general strengthening of the Federal cause, the year 1864 drew to a close with little of happy omen for the Confederacy.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XL.—Talk Of Peace.

Second Federal Move against Fort Fisher and Wilmington Harbor—Confederate Disaffection—Act of Congress appointing a Supreme Commander of the Armies—Montgomery Blair's Peace Conference—Longstreet has a Meeting with General Ord, Commander of the Army of the James—Military Convention proposed—Correspondence between General Grant and General Lee—Longstreet's Suggestions for Measures in the Critical Juncture near the Close of the War.

<long_582>

THE second expedition against Wilmington was sent in January, 1865, General Terry commanding the land and Rear-Admiral Porter the naval forces. After very desperate work the fort and outworks were carried, the commander, General Whiting, being mortally and Colonel Lamb severely wounded. All points of the harbor were captured by the enemy, the Confederates losing, besides most of the armaments of the forts, about two thousand five hundred officers and men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. General Terry's loss was about five hundred. A remarkable success,—the storming of a position fortified during months and years of labor and by most approved engineering. (*)

As the first months of 1865 passed, the Confederate Congress realized the extreme tension of affairs, and provided, among other expedients, for the enrollment of negroes as Confederate soldiers. Other measures for giving confidence and strength to the cause were adopted.

On the 21st of January the Confederate President was informed of disaffection in the Virginia Legislature, and, <long_583>what was more significant, in the Confederate Congress, where a resolution expressive of want of confidence in the Chief Executive was under informal consideration, and would undoubtedly pass by a large vote if introduced. At this critical juncture it seems that a compromise was effected. It was agreed that Congress should enact a law providing a supreme commander of the Confederate armies, this law to be approved by the President, who should then call General Lee to the exercise of the functions of that office. The intention was to invest him with dictatorial power.

During the early days of February, Hon. Montgomery Blair visited Richmond upon a mission of peace, and brought about a meeting at Hampton Roads between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward and the Confederate Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, and the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter and Judge J. A. Campbell. President Lincoln was firm for the surrender of the Confederate armies and the abolition of slavery, which the Confederate President did not care to consider.

About the 15th of February, Major-General J. C. Breckenridge was appointed Secretary of War, and Brigadier-General F. M. St. John was appointed commissary-general of subsistence.

General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, sent me a note on the 20th of February to say that the bartering between our troops on the picket lines was irregular; that he would be pleased to meet me and arrange to put a stop to such intimate intercourse. As a soldier he knew his orders would stop the business; it was evident, therefore, that there was other matter he would introduce when the meeting could be had. I wrote in reply, appointing a time and place between our lines.

We met the next day, and presently he asked for a side interview. When he spoke of the purpose of the meeting, I mentioned a simple manner of correcting the matter, <long_584>which he accepted without objection or amendment. Then he spoke of affairs military and political.

Referring to the recent conference of the Confederates with President Lincoln at Hampton Roads, he said that the politicians of the North were afraid to touch the question of peace, and there was no way to open the subject except through officers of the armies. On his side they thought the war had gone on long enough; that we should come together as former comrades and friends and talk a little. He suggested that the work as belligerents should be suspended; that General Grant and General Lee should meet and have a talk; that my wife, who was an old acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Grant in their girlhood days, should go into the Union lines and visit Mrs. Grant with as many Confederate officers as might choose to be with her. Then Mrs. Grant would return the call under escort of Union officers and visit Richmond; that while General Lee and General Grant were arranging for better feeling between the armies, they could be aided by intercourse between the ladies and officers until terms honorable to both sides could be found.

I told General Ord that I was not authorized to speak on the subject, but could report upon it to General Lee and the Confederate authorities, and would give notice in case a reply could be made.

General Lee was called over to Richmond, and we met at night at the President's mansion. Secretary-of-War Breckenridge was there. The report was made, several hours were passed in discussing the matter, and finally it was agreed that favorable report should be made as soon as another meeting could be arranged with General Ord. Secretary Breckenridge expressed especial approval of the part assigned for the ladies.

As we separated, I suggested to General Lee that he should name some irrelevant matter as the occasion of his call for the interview with General Grant, and that <long_585>once they were together they could talk as they pleased. A telegram was sent my wife that night at Lynchburg calling her to Richmond, and the next day a note was sent General Ord asking him to appoint a time for another meeting.

The meeting was appointed for the day following, and the result of the conference was reported. General Ord asked to have General Lee write General Grant for an interview, stating that General Grant was prepared to receive the letter, and thought that a way could be found for a military convention, while old friends of the military service could get together and seek out ways to stop the flow of blood. He indicated a desire on the part of President Lincoln to devise some means or excuse for paying for the liberated slaves, which might be arranged as a condition and part of the terms of the convention, and relieve the matter of political bearing; but those details were in the form of remote probabilities to be discussed when the parties became advanced in their search for ways of settlement.

On the 1st of March I wrote General Lee giving a report of the second interview, and on the 2d he wrote General Grant as follows:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
"March 2, 1865.*

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U.S. GRANT,
"Commanding United States Armies:

" GENERAL,—Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that, in a recent conversation between himself and Major-General Ord as to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, General Ord states that if I desired to have an interview with you on the subject you would not decline, provided I had authority to act. Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found <long_586>practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned. In such event I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable. Should you accede to this proposition, I would suggest that, if agreeable to you, we meet at the place selected by Generals Ord and Longstreet for their interview, at eleven A.M. on Monday next.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General

The letter was sent to me open, with instructions to read, seal, and forward. I rode into Richmond to ask that some other business should be named as the cause of the call for the interview, but he was not disposed to approach his purpose by diplomacy, and ordered the letter to be delivered.

He sent another letter, however:

*" HEAD-QUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
"March 2, 1865.*

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U.S. GRANT,
"Commanding United States Armies:

"GENERAL,—Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that in an interview with Major-General Ord, that officer expressed some apprehension lest the general terms used by you with reference to the exchange of political prisoners should be construed to include those charged with capital offences.

"General Ord further stated that you did not intend to embrace that class of cases in the agreement to exchange. I regret to learn that such is your interpretation, as I had hoped that by exchanging those held under charges by each party it would be possible to diminish, to some extent, the sufferings of both without detriment to their interests. Should you see proper to assent to the interview proposed in my letter of this date, I hope it may be found practicable to arrive at a more satisfactory understanding on this subject.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" R. E. LEE,

General

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To which General Grant replied,—

*"CITY POINT, VIRGINIA,
"March 4, 1865.*

" GENERAL R. E. LEE,
"Commanding Confederate States Armies :

"Your two letters of the 2d instant were received yesterday. In regard to any apprehended misunderstanding in reference to the exchange of political prisoners, I think there need be none. General Ord and General Longstreet have probably misunderstood what I said to the former on the subject, or I may have failed to make myself understood possibly. A few days before the interview 'between Generals Longstreet and Ord I had received a despatch from General Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners, stating in substance that all prisoners of war who were or had been in close confinement or irons, whether under charges or sentence, had been ordered to City Point for exchange. I forwarded the substance of that despatch to Lieutenant-Colonel Mulford, Assistant Agent of Exchange, and presumed it probable that he had communicated it to Colonel Robert Ould. A day or two after, an officer who was neither a prisoner of war nor a political prisoner, was executed, after a fair and impartial trial, and in accordance with the laws of war and the usage of civilized nations. It was in explanation of this class of case I told General Ord to speak to General Longstreet. Reference to my letter of February 16 will show my understanding on the subject of releasing political or citizen prisoners.

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th instant, I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as are purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges which has been intrusted to me.

(Signed)

" U.S. GRANT,

" *Lieutenant- General.*"

Under the impression that General Lee would construe the act of Congress in its broad sense and proceed to handle the Confederate armies and affairs under his own good judgment, I wrote, begging that he would call <long_588>General Joseph E. Johnston back to service and command, and presently suggested and then wrote that I was credibly informed that there was plenty of produce in the country which the farmers would cheerfully deliver at Richmond or Petersburg if liberal prices *in gold* could be paid them; that the authority given to impress bread and meat stuffs should be applied as including gold; that right or wrong the emergency called for it, and that I would undertake to secure the gold upon his authority. I suggested that as Grant's combinations were looking to concentration against the Army of Northern Virginia and Richmond, we should use the railways for collecting and drawing detachments from southern points, calling cavalry by the dirt roads, while the farmers were bringing their produce by private conveyance. Furthermore, I cited the fact that there were eight or ten thousand non-combatants in Richmond who could be put in my trenches as conscripts, and officered by the officers of the department on duty there, and twelve hundred in Lynchburg that could be made similarly available; and argued that using them in the trenches would enable him to draw the First Corps out for a movable force to meet flanking efforts of his adversary, and keep open his lines of communication. In that way, I continued, he could collect a hundred thousand men at Richmond, with a good supply of rations, while General Grant was drawing his two hundred thousand together to attack us; that when concentrated Grant would find himself obliged to give speedy battle, as he could not long supply his large force; that our interior lines 'would enable us to repel and break up the attack and relieve

Richmond.

The times were heavy of events, Executive authority intended to be suspended, and it seemed possible that the use of a little gold would so manifest its power as to induce our people to let cotton and tobacco go for foreign exchange which might put us on a gold basis for a <long_589>twelvemonth. This was the expedient that offered light and hope for the future, and the times called either for heroic methods or the giving over of the forms of war.

General Lee agreed that the provisions were in the country and would be delivered for gold, but did not think the gold could be found. He made his orders assuming command of the armies, but instead of exercising authority on a scale commensurate with the views of Congress and the call of the crisis, applied to the Richmond authorities for instructions under the new assignment, and wrote that he would call General Johnston to command if he could be ordered to report to him for duty.

General Johnston was so ordered, and was assigned to command of such fragments of troops as he could collect in the Carolinas. General Wade Hampton was relieved of duty as chief of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia and ordered to join General Johnston. After collecting such detachments as he could gather, General Johnston threw them from time to time along the flank of Sherman's march from Georgia for Virginia, and had some spirited affairs with that army, which was gathering strength along the seaboard as it marched.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XLI.—Battle Of Five Forks.

Various Affairs of the Closing Campaign—The Massing of Grant's Forces—Sortie against Fort Steadman—Captured but quickly retaken—General Grant's Move around the Confederate Right—General Lee anticipates with Aggressive Work—Sheridan makes Battle with his Whole Force at Five Forks—Desperate Situation of the Confederates—Disparity of Numbers—Splendid Stand and Battle of Generals Pickett and Ransom—Colonel Pegram mortally wounded—W. H. F. Lee, the "Noble Son of a Noble Sire"—Corse's Division—Pickett's Generalship—Casualties.

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MEANWHILE General Grant was drawing forces from the North and West to further strengthen his already overwhelming combinations against Richmond. General Schofield was called from Tennessee to North Carolina to guard and join on, if necessary, the flank of Sherman's column. The cavalry and infantry of the Valley of Virginia were brought down to the Union army about Richmond and Petersburg,—the latter by transports.

General Sheridan marched his cavalry, ten thousand strong, from the Valley to ride across James River, through Lynchburg, to join the northward march of Sherman's column. His divisions were under Generals Custer and Devens; General Wesley Merritt was his chief of cavalry. He was to destroy railroads, canals, bridges, and other works of value as he marched. At Staunton he decided to take in the balance of General Early's command near his route at Waynesboro'. He found that command posted behind field-works, but the line did not cover the left of the position near the river. After some preliminary dashes, General Custer found his way around General Early's left, and, with part of the cavalry dismounted, made a bold, simultaneous charge on the front and flank, breaking up the line and capturing most of the troops. <long_591>

Some of the Union commanders claimed that the Confederates cheered them as they surrendered. This, however, the Confederates deny. The affair is mentioned in the diary of Major J. Hoskiss, the engineer of the Confederate army of the Valley, in not more creditable terms than General Early gave of his battle of Cedar Run.

Pickett's division, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, and other detachments were sent to Lynchburg to defend against Sheridan's ride; but the high waters of James River and other obstacles turned Sheridan from his southern course to a sweep down the north side.

Generals Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee were recalled and ordered to the north side to join me at Richmond for a march to intercept Sheridan's forces. General Pickett reported on the 13th, and we marched for Hanover on the 14th. I made requisition for a pontoon bridge, and was delayed a day waiting for it and for the cavalry. The bridge was not sent. As we marched towards the Pamunkey River, General Sheridan heard of the move and crossed to the north bank with his main force, leaving a brigade to watch our march, but presently drew the brigade after him.

General Rosser reported to me with five hundred cavalry, one of the remnants of General Early's army not captured, and was ordered across the Pamunkey River to follow Sheridan's ride. Our artillery and infantry were delayed part of a day and night building a bridge from the timbers of an old barn that stood near the bank of the river, and part of the command crossed early in the morning to find a cold cavalry trail, growing colder. As the prospect of overhauling the march was not encouraging, we retraced our steps, returning

to Richmond on the 18th, where Pickett's men rested until the 24th.

As Sherman's army drew towards Richmond, General Grant gave up the thought of taking the city by attack of his strong columns on the north side, lest he should <long_592>leave open the way of escape of the Confederate army, and give time for it to combine with Johnston's forces before he could overhaul it. He found, too, that the "attrition" policy could not be made effective, even with his superior numbers, unless he could so manoeuvre as to call his adversary from his fortified grounds to make the work of attrition mutual.

On the 14th of March he gave instructions of preparation for a general move by his left, and on the 24th gave definite orders for the move to be made on the 29th.

On the 24th, General Lee gave consent to the making of a sortie from his line at Hare's Hill, in front of Petersburg, against Fort Steadman of the enemy's works. The distance between the lines at that point was one hundred and fifty yards, the distance between the picket lines fifty yards. Union officers had given out that deserters from the Confederate army were permitted to march into the Union lines with their arms.

Under the circumstances it was conceived to be practicable to gain Fort Steadman by surprise, and the Confederate chief was led to believe that there were other forts to the rear of Steadman that could be carried and held until General Grant could be forced to make a longer line to reach our southern communications, and give us time to find dry roads for our march away, or for reinforcements to join us. It was a hazardous adventure at best, but his brave heart usually went with a proposition for a bold fight.

The Second Corps, under Major-General Gordon, was assigned for the sortie, to be reinforced by other troops to be called. Pickett, s division of the First Corps, that had been resting on the north side since the 18th, was called to report to General Lee at Petersburg, without intimation of the service proposed, but all calls and orders of the times were looked upon as urgent. The quartermaster was despatched to Richmond to have the transportation at the station as soon as the troops could reach the <long_593>depot, and the division was ordered to march in anticipation of due preparation for their transit. But the quartermaster found that the railroad company could furnish transportation for three brigades only. General Lee was informed of the fact, and I suggested that his only way to be assured of the service of a division was to draw Ma-hone's from Bermuda Hundred and have Pickett's march to replace it. He preferred part of Pickett's division,—finding it could not be used as a division, as Pickett, the ranking officer, would be called to command the work during the early morning, for which he had no opportunity to prepare.

General Lee collected about eighteen thousand men near the sallying field, ordered men selected to cut away the faise and abatis for the storming column that should advance with empty guns (to avoid premature alarms), and ordered a squadron of cavalry ready to dash across the lines to cut the wires about General Grant's lines.

The Army of the Potomac, General Meade commanding, was posted,—the Ninth Corps on the right from James River to Fort Howard, including Fort Steadman, General Parke commanding; next, on Parke's left, was the Sixth Corps, under General Wright; then General Humphreys with the Second Corps, General Warren with the Fifth; General Sheridan's cavalry, armed with repeating rifles, on the extreme left; General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, on the north side, Generals Gibbon and Weitzel commanding corps,—all officers of the highest attainments and veterans in service. The armies of the Potomac and the James and Sheridan's cavalry, constituting General Grant's

immediate command, numbered one hundred and eleven thousand soldiers. (*) Colonel W. H. Taylor, chief of staff with General Lee, reports, "Lee had at that time only <long_594>thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven available muskets for the defence of Richmond and Petersburg." (*)

The stormers advanced before daylight, gained quiet possession of the enemy's picket line, carried his works between Batteries 9 and 10, moved to the right and left, captured Fort Steadman and its garrison, and turned the guns there and at Battery 10 against the enemy. But the alarm spread and the enemy was afield, feeling his way towards the assailants, for it was not yet light enough to see and direct his artillery fire over his own men. Batteries 11 and 12 were taken, and guides sent to conduct the Confederate columns to forts reported to be in rear of Steadman were in search, but there were no forts there. Redoubts constructed on the main line had commanding positions over Fort Steadman, and a sweeping fire along its lines, in anticipation of a surprise attack, but their fire was withheld for daylight to direct it.

Light broke and the fire opened. General Parke called his field artillery under Tidball into practice from high ground over the Confederates, put the divisions of Hartranft and Wilcox against the Confederate flanks, and held them back near the troops crowding in along the breach, and called for a division from the Second Corps.

The Confederate columns were strong enough to repel the attack of two divisions,—were put there for that purpose,—but so far from breaking up and pushing back the ninety thousand men in front of them, they were not so handled as to check two divisions long enough for the forces to get back to their lines.

The artillery fire not only tore the Confederate ranks, but crossed fire in their rear, cutting off reinforcements and retreat. Our side was without artillery, except captured guns, which were handled by infantry. As the <long_595>sortie was noised along the line, General Humphreys and General Wright advanced the Second and Sixth Corps against the Confederate lines along their fields to learn if troops had been drawn from their fronts to join the attack. Batteries 11 and 12 were recovered before eight o'clock, and General Parke ordered Hartranft's division to regain Fort Steadman and Battery 10, which was done with slight loss before nine o'clock.

Many Confederates got back to their lines in disordered flight, but 1949 prisoners and nine stands of colors were taken by the Ninth Corps.

The aggregate of Union losses was reported as 2107. Confederate losses are not reported in detail or in numbers. General Meade's estimate of our loss was 5000.

General Humphreys captured the intrenched picket line in front of him, but found the Confederate works in front well manned. General Wright got well in on the front of his line to favorable position, from which he assaulted and carried the Confederate works on the 2d of April.

Corse's and Terry's brigades of Pickett's division remained in wait under arms until a late hour of the 25th, but were not called to take part in the sortie. (*)

The result calls for little comment upon the adventure. For an army of forty thousand veterans, without field batteries, to dislodge from their well-chosen and strongly-fortified lines an army of ninety thousand well-armed and thoroughly-appointed veterans was impossible.

Pursuant to previous orders, General Grant started on his move around the Confederate right on the 27th. General Ord was called to the south side with fourteen thousand men of

the Army of the James, leaving General Weitzel with twenty thousand on the north side. (+) In front of that force we had ten thousand men of Field's <long_596>and Kershaw's divisions and G. W. C. Lee's division of local defence troops (not including Gary's cavalry, the sailors and marines) holding the forts at Drury's and Chapin's farms. General Grant's orders were that his troops at all points should be ready to receive orders for assault.

Duly informed of the enemy's movements, and understanding his purpose, General Lee marched to his right on the 29th. Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry was called in advance to march for Five Forks. General Lee marched with fifteen thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry (including Fitzhugh Lee's division), and a quota of artillery, along the White Oak road to his right.

The purpose of the enemy was to overreach the fortified grounds and call the Confederates to field work, and General Lee thought to anticipate him by aggressive work as soon as he was in the open field, and ordered battle for the 31st.

General Pickett, with three brigades of his division, two of B. R. Johnson's division (Ransom's and Wallace's), with the cavalry, was ordered to engage Sheridan's cavalry at Five Forks, while General Lee attacked, with McGowan's, Gracie's, Hunton's, and Wise's brigades, the Fifth Army Corps, that was between Pickett and our line of fortifications. The opening of this part of the battle was in favor of the Confederates. General Lee drove back the advance division of the Fifth Corps to the next, and pushed the two back to concentration upon the third, where that part of the battle rested.

General Pickett made his part of the battle by putting W. H. F. Lee's and Rosser's divisions of cavalry on his right, and following that leading by his infantry and artillery, leaving Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry division, under General T. T. Mumford, along the right front of Sheridan's cavalry. He pressed his separate battle by his right advance until night, forcing Sheridan back to Dinwiddie <long_597>Court-House, where the latter reported to General Grant that the force in front of him was too strong, and asked for reinforcements. Pickett prepared to follow his success by early morning battle and rested for the night, but Miles's division of the Second Corps was put against the other end of the battle, and the Fifth Corps rallied and advanced against the brigades that were with General Lee. They were forced back to the White Oak road, then into their fortified lines, leaving an interval of five miles behind Pickett's left.

Responding to General Sheridan's call, General Grant ordered the Fifth Corps, under General Warren, fifteen thousand (*) strong, and Mackenzie's cavalry division (sixteen hundred). The design was that the Fifth Corps should come in on Pickett's left rear and cut off his retreat, but heavy rains of the 30th and morning of the 31st had so flooded the streams and roads that the night march was slow and fatiguing, and Pickett receiving notice during the night of the projected move against his rear, changed his orders for battle, and directed the troops withdrawn for Five Forks before daylight. His retrograde was made in time to escape the Fifth Corps, and was followed by Sheridan's cavalry, but no serious effort was made to delay his movements. He made his march of five miles to Five Forks, put his troops in order of battle by nine o'clock of the morning of the 1st of April, and ordered his well-chosen line examined and put under construction of field-works. Corse's, Terry's, and Steu-art's brigades of Pickett's division, and Ransom's and Wallace's brigades of B. R. Johnson's division, were posted from right to left. Of Pegram's artillery, three guns were planted at the Forks, and three more near his right; W. H. F.

Lee's division of cavalry on his right; Fitz-hugh Lee's division on his left,—General T. T. Mumford <long_598>commanding the latter; Rosser's division in rear guarding trains. General Fitzhugh Lee was chief of cavalry.

As soon as the infantry line was formed, the troops set to work intrenching the position. The line of battle was parallel to and lay along the White Oak road, the left broken smartly to the rear, the retired end in traverse and flanking defence. The extreme right of the infantry line was also refused, but not so much. Four miles east from Pickett's left was the right of the fortified lines of General Lee's army. On the right and outside of those lines was a detachment of cavalry under General Roberts. The division of Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry was ordered to cover the ground between Roberts's cavalry and Pickett's left by a line of vedettes, and his division was posted on that part of the field.

W. H. F. Lee's cavalry held strong guard on the right, and had the benefit of some swamp lands. His lines formed and field-works under construction, General Pickett rode to the rear for his noon lunch, and was soon followed by the cavalry chief.

Sheridan's cavalry followed close on Pickett's march, but did not attempt to seriously delay it. He made a dash about ten o'clock to measure the strength of the works under construction, and found them too strong to warrant fierce adventure. Delayed by the heavy roads and flooding streams, the Fifth Corps was not in position until four o'clock in the afternoon.

General Sheridan planned for battle to have General Merritt display the cavalry divisions of Custer and Devens against the Confederate front and right, to convey the impression that that was the field from which his battle would be made, while he drew up and massed the Fifth Corps at the other end of the field for the real fight. The corps was arranged, Crawford's division in column on the right, Ayres's on Crawford's left, Griffin's division in support, Mackenzie's cavalry division on the right of the <long_599>infantry column, at the White Oak road. The Fifth Corps was to wheel in close connection and assault against the face of the return of Confederate works, while the cavalry divisions in front were to assail on that line and the right of the Works.

The march and wheel of the Fifth Corps were made in tactical order, and the lines advanced in courageous charge, but staggered and halted under the destructive infantry fire. The charge was repeated, but held in check until Crawford's division found a way under cover of a woodland beyond the Confederate works, and marched to that advantage.

Ransom drew his brigade from the intrenched line to meet that march, but it was one brigade against three—and those supported by part of Griffin's division.

Ransom's horse was killed, falling on him; his adju-tant-general, Captain Gee, was killed, and the brigade was forced back.

This formidable move by open field to Pickett's rear made his position untenable. Feeling this, the veteran soldiers of the left brigades realized that their battle was irretrievable. Those who could find escape from that end of the works fell back in broken ranks, while many others, finding the enemy closing in on their rear, thought it more soldierly to surrender to Ayres's brave assaulting columns, and not a few were the captives of Crawford's division.

It was not until that period that General Pickett knew, by the noise of battle, that it was on. He rode through the fire to his command, but his cavalry chief, riding later, was cut off from the field and failed to take part in the action. When Pickett got to the Forks,

Colonel Pegram, of the artillery, had been mortally wounded, the battery commander was killed, and many of the cannoneers killed or wounded. He found an artillery sergeant and enough men to man one gun, and used it with effect until the axle broke.

<long_600>

The brigades of Stuart and Terry changed front and received the rolling battle. The cavalry assailants of the front and right had no decided success, but the infantry columns pressing their march, the Confederate brigades were pushed back to their extreme right, where in turn Corse's brigade changed front to receive the march, leaving W. H. F. Lee's cavalry to look to his right.

The Union cavalry essayed to charge the Confederate remnants to dismay, but the noble son of the noble sire seized opportunity to charge against the head of this threatening column before it could pass the swamp lands, drove back its head until Corse's brigade got back to cover of woodland, and night came to cover the disastrous field. (*)

The remnants of the command were collected as soon and as well as they could be in the dead of night and marched towards Exeter Mills, where Pickett proposed to cross the Appomattox and return to the army, but early movements of the next morning changed the face of the military zodiac.

The position was not of General Pickett's choosing, but of his orders, and from his orders he assumed that he would be reinforced. His execution was all that a skilful commander could apply. He reported as to his position and the movements of the enemy threatening to cut his command from the army, but no force came to guard his right. The reinforcements joined him after night, when his battle had been lost and his command disorganized. The cavalry of his left was in neglect in failing to report the advance of the enemy, but that was not for want of proper orders from his head-quarters. Though taken by surprise, there was no panic in any part of the command; <long_601>brigade after brigade changed front to the left and received the overwhelming battle as it rolled on, until crushed back to the next, before it could deploy out to aid the front,—or flank attack,—until the last right brigade of the brave Corse changed and stood alone on the left of W. H. F. Lee's cavalry, fronting at right angle against the enemy's cavalry columns.

It is not claiming too much for that grand division to say that, aided by the brigades of Ransom and Wallace, they could not have been dislodged from their intrenched position by parallel battle even by the great odds against them. As it was, Ayres's division staggered under the pelting blows that it met, and Crawford's drifted off from the blows against it, until it thus found the key of the battle away beyond the Confederate limits.

In generalship Pickett was not a bit below the "gay rider." His defensive battle was better organized, and it is possible that he would have gained the day if his cavalry had been diligent in giving information of the movements of the enemy. (*)

\\graphic

The losses are not found in separate reports. Both sides suffered severely, Pickett losing two thousand. He <long_602>had nine thousand men of all arms. His adversary had twenty-six thousand.

Reinforcements of Hunton's brigade, and Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson with the other brigades of B. R. Johnson, were sent him too late, and a telegram came for me at Richmond to march a division to Petersburg to report to General Lee. The hour at which the telegram was received was not noted. As the operations at Five Forks were not decisive until after five o'clock, the telegram may have been received about seven P.M.

Field's division was ordered to the railway station, and the quartermaster was sent in advance to have the cars ready to move it.

To give the troops the benefit of our limited transportation I rode with the staff by the dirt road.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XLII.—Petersburg.

The Fierce Concerted Assault by the Federals—Death of A. P. Hill—General Lee announces to Richmond Authorities that he must retreat—Reception of the News by President Davis at Church Service—Federals take Forts Gregg and Whitworth—The Retreat harassed by Continuous Fighting—Longstreet saves High Bridge, a Vital Point—Ewell and Others compelled to surrender—General Mahone's Account of Interesting Scenes—Magnitude of the Disaster—"Is the Army dissolving?"—General Reed mortally wounded—Panic occurs, but Order is restored—General Gregg and Part of his Cavalry Command captured by Rosser and Mumford.

<long_603>

THE darkness of night still covered us when we crossed over James River by the pontoon bridge, but before long land and water batteries lifted their bombs over their lazy curves, screaming shells came through the freighted night to light our ride, and signal sky-rockets gave momentary illumination. Our noble beasts peered through the loaded air and sniffed the coming battle; night-birds fluttered from their startled cover, and the solid pounding upon Mahone's defensive walls drove the foxes from their lairs. If tears and prayers could have put out the light it would not have passed Petersburg,—but it passed by twenty miles. A hundred guns and more added their lightning and thunder to the storm of war that carried consternation to thousands of long-apprehensive people.

The cause was lost, but the end was not yet. The noble Army of Northern Virginia, once, twice conqueror of empire, must bite the dust before its formidable adversary.

The impulse was to stop and guard Mahone, but some of his men had been called to assist in guarding elsewhere, which, with our imperative orders, admonished us that he must be left to his fate, and Weitzel's fire upon the lines we had just left told of his orders to be prepared <long_604>for the grand enveloping charge. But the order for Weitzel's part in the general charge was afterwards suspended until enough troops could be sent to assure success. Had General Grant known that Field's division was withdrawn during the night, Weitzel's assault would have gone in the general move of the morning of the 2d, and Richmond, with the Confederate authorities, would have been taken before noon.

As morning approached the combat was heavier. The rolling thunder of the heavy metal reverberated along the line, and its bursting blaze spread afar to light the doom of the army once so proud to meet the foe,—matchless Army of Northern Virginia!

General Grant had ordered assault for four o'clock, but it was near five before there was light enough for the men to see their way across the line and over the works. Our night-ride was beyond range of the enemy's batteries. Crossing the Appomattox, we rode through the streets of Petersburg for General Lee's head-quarters, some miles farther west. As no part of the command had reached the station when we passed, orders were left for the detachments to march as soon as they landed.

Before the first rays of morning we found general headquarters. Some members of the staff were up and dressed, but the general was yet on his couch. When told of my presence, he called me to a seat at his bedside, and gave orders for our march to support the broken forces about Five Forks. He had no censure for any one, but mentioned the great numbers of the enemy and the superior repeating rifles of his cavalry. He was ill,

suffering from the rheumatic ailment that he had been afflicted with for years, but keener trouble of mind made him in a measure superior to the shooting pains of his disease.

From the line gained by the Sixth Corps on the 25th it was a run of but two or three minutes across to the Confederate works.

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At 4.45, General Wright advanced as the signal for general assault. General Lee was not through with his instructions for our march when a staff-officer came in and reported that the lines in front of his head-quarters were broken. Drawing his wrapper about him, he walked with me to the front door and saw, as far as the eye could cover the field, a line of skirmishers in quiet march towards us. It was hardly light enough to distinguish the blue from the gray.

General Wright drove in our picket line, and in desperate charges crowned the Confederate works. General Gibbon followed the move with his divisions of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps, one of his brigades (Harris's) carrying part of the Confederate works. The troops, weary of their all-night watch and early battle, halted to close their ranks and wait for the skirmish line to open up the field. General Lee appealed to have me interpose and stop the march, but not a man of my command was there, nor had we notice that any of them had reached the station at Petersburg.

All staff-officers mounted and rode to find the parts of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions that had been forced from their lines. The display of officers riding in many directions seemed to admonish the skirmishers to delay under cover of an intervening swale. The alarm reached General A. P. Hill, of the Third Corps, who rode off to find his troops, but instead came suddenly upon the enemy's skirmishers in their concealment. He wheeled and made a dash to escape, but the Federal fire had deadly effect, the gallant general fell, and the Southern service lost a sword made bright by brave work upon many heavy fields.

General Humphreys, of the Second, followed the move of the Sixth Corps, and General Parke assaulted on the Bermuda Hundred front and at Petersburg. He had partial success at the former, but was repulsed when he <long_606>met Mahone's strong line. At Petersburg he had more success, capturing twelve guns.

General Sheridan, reinforced by Miles's division, was ordered to follow up his work on the right bank. The reinforcements sent under Lieutenant-General Anderson joined General Pickett at night of the 1st, and the combined forces succeeded in getting out of the way of the Union infantry, and they gave the cavalry a severe trial a little before night at Amazon Creek, where the pursuit rested; but the Union forces made some important captures of artillery and prisoners. The divisions of Heth and Wilcox moved to the right and left to collect their broken files. General Wright wheeled to the right and massed the Sixth Corps for its march to Petersburg, and was joined by General Gibbon.

Not venturing to hope, I looked towards Petersburg and saw General Benning, with his Rock brigade, winding in rapid march around the near hill. He had but six hundred of his men. I asked for two hundred, and led them off to the canal on our right, which was a weak point, threatened by a small body of skirmishers, and ordered the balance of his troops deployed as skirmishers in front of the enemy's main force.

I rode then to Benning's line of skirmishers, and at the middle point turned and rode at a walk to the top of the hill, took out my glasses, and had a careful view of the enemy's formidable masses. I thought I recognized General Gibbon, and raised my hat, but he was busy and did not see me. There were two forts at our line of works,—Gregg and

Whitworth. General Grant rode over the captured works and ordered the forts taken. Upon withdrawing my glasses I looked to the right and left, and saw Benning's four hundred standing in even line with me, viewing the masses preparing for their march to meet us.

During a few moments of quiet, General Lee despatched <long_607>to Richmond of affairs at Petersburg, and to advise that our troops must abandon their lines and march in retreat as soon as night could cover the move.

It was eleven o'clock of the morning when the despatch reached Richmond. It was the Sabbath-day. The city was at profound worship. The President was at St. Paul's Church. My wife was there (rest her spirit !) and heard the pastor, Mr. Minnegerode, read, "*The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.*" The full congregation rose, and the air whispered silence. The solemnity was broken as a swift despatch-bearer entered the portals and walked with quiet but rapid steps up the aisle to the chancel. He handed the President a sealed envelope. After reading, the President took his hat and walked with dignity down the aisle. Service was resumed, but presently came another messenger for some of the ladies, then another, and still another, and in a few moments the congregation, followed by the minister, giving up the sacred service, passed out and to their homes to prepare, in silent resignation, for whatever was to come.

The tragic scenes of the south side, in a different way, were as impressive as these. General Gibbon prepared his divisions under Foster and Turner for assault upon Forts Gregg and Whitworth, and when the Sixth Corps lined up with him, he ordered the divisions to their work. As they advanced the other brigades of Field's division came up, were aligned before the enemy's heavy massing forces, and ordered to intrench. General Foster found his work at Fort Gregg called for all the force and skill that he could apply. He made desperate assault, but was checked, and charged again and again, even to the bayonet, before he could mount the parapets and claim the fort. It had been manned by part of Harris's brigade (Twelfth Mississippi Regiment, under Captain J. H. Duncan, three hundred men of Mahone's division). Fifty-five dead <long_608>were found in the fort; two hundred and fifty, including wounded, were prisoners.

General Turner attacked at Fort Whitworth, and had easier work. General Wilcox, thinking it a useless sacrifice to try to hold it, ordered his troops withdrawn, and many got out in time to escape the heavy assault, but many were taken prisoners. General Gibbon lost ten officers and one hundred and twelve men killed, twenty-seven officers and five hundred and sixty-five men wounded; two pieces of artillery and several colors were captured.

It was my time next. General Meade called Miles's division back to the Second Corps, and prepared to march down upon Petersburg, but General Grant thought that the work might prove hazardous of delay to his plans for the next day; that General Lee was obliged to pull away from his lines during the night to find escape, and standing as he was he would have the start, while at Petersburg he would be behind him. He therefore ordered all things in readiness for his march westward at early light of the next morning.

After A. P. Hill fell his staff and corps were assigned as part of my command. Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were much broken by the losses of the day. Mahone had repulsed the attack made upon his position, and had his division in good order and spirits, except the regiment of Harris's brigade that was at Fort Gregg.

General Lee's order for retreat was out in time to have the troops take up the march as soon as night came. The troops at Petersburg were to cross the Appomattox at the bridge

there, Mahone's division to march to Chesterfield Court-House and cover the march of the troops from the north side. General Ewell, commanding on the north side, was to cross his divisions, one at the lower bridge, the other at Richmond. Lieutenant-General Anderson and Major-General Pickett, with the cavalry, were to march up the south bank of the Appomattox.

<long_609>

Field's division and parts of Heth's and Wilcox's crossed the river soon after dark, and were followed by the Second Corps, which wrecked the bridge behind it. G. W. C. Lee's division, including the garrison at Chapin's Bluff, crossed the James at the lower bridge, breaking it when they had passed. The sailors and marines at Drury's Bluff, on the south side, failed to receive orders, but, under advice from General Mahone, got off in good season and marched through Chesterfield Court-House to join G. W. C. Lee's division in its after-march. General Kershaw crossed at Richmond. As the division came over the bridge the structure was fired (supposedly by an incendiary), and Kershaw had to go through the flames at double-quick time. Ewell's command was united near Manchester and pursued its march. General Mahone marched on his line just mentioned.

After a tramp of sixteen miles through mud, my column halted for a short rest, and marched to Goode's Bridge on the 3d. Field's and Wilcox's divisions were put across the Appomattox to guard against threatening moves of cavalry. In the forenoon of the 4th, Mahone's division crossed,—also a part of Heth's that had been cut off, and had marched up on the south side,—and our march was continued to Amelia Court-House, the enemy's cavalry constantly threatening our left flank. At the Court-House the cavalry was more demonstrative and seemed ready to offer battle. Field, Heth, Wilcox, and the artillery were put in position and looked for opportunity to strike the head of the enemy's column and delay his march. But it proved to be only the purpose of the cavalry to delay our march while the enemy was passing his heavier column by us to Jetersville.

Orders had been sent for provisions to meet us at the Court-House, but they were not there, so we lost the greater part of a day gathering supplies from the farmers.

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Our purpose had been to march through Burkeville to join our forces to those of General J. E. Johnston in North Carolina, but at Jetersville, on the 5th, we found the enemy square across the route in force and intrenching, where our cavalry under General W. H. F. Lee engaged him. General Field put out a strong line of skirmishers to support the cavalry. Field's, Heth's, and Wilcox's divisions and artillery were prepared for action and awaited orders. General Meade was in front of us with the Second and Fifth Corps and Sheridan's cavalry, but his Sixth Corps was not up. General Fitzhugh Lee had been sent by the Painesville road with the balance of his cavalry to guard the trains raided by detachments of the enemy, which latter made some important captures.

General Lee was with us at Jetersville, and, after careful reconnoissance, thought the enemy's position too strong to warrant aggressive battle. He sent for some of the farmers to get more definite information of the country and the strength of the position in front of us, but they knew nothing beyond the roads and by-roads from place to place. General Meade, finding that his Sixth Corps could not join him till a late hour, decided to wait till next morning for his attack. General Ord rested his column for the night at Burkeville. The enemy was quiet at Jetersville, except for a light exchange of cavalry fire. No orders came, the afternoon was passing, further delay seemed perilous. I drew the command off

and filed to the right to cross Flat Creek to march for Farmville. The other infantry and trains and artillery followed and kept the march until a late hour, halting for a short rest before daylight.

Early on the 6th, General Meade advanced for battle, and, not finding us at Jetersville, started towards Amelia Court-House to look for us, but General Humphreys, of his Second Corps, learned that our rear-guard was on the north side of Flat Creek on the westward march. ^{<long_611>}General Griffin, of the Fifth Corps, also had information of troops in march west, and General Meade, therefore, changed direction to pursue with his Second and Sixth Corps, putting the Fifth on the Painesville road. General Sheridan despatched General Ord that we had broken away from him and were marching direct for Burkeville. The latter prepared to receive us, but soon learned that we had taken another route. He had previously detached two regiments of infantry (five hundred men), under Colonel Washburn, with orders to make rapid march and burn High Bridge. To this force he afterwards sent eighty cavalymen, under Brigadier-General Theodore Reed, of his staff, who conducted the column, and put his command in march to follow by the road through Rice's Station.

After repairing the bridge at Flat Creek, General Humphreys marched in hot pursuit of our rear-guard, followed by the Sixth Corps, Merritt's and Crook's cavalry moving on the left of our column as we marched. General Humphreys, in his account of the pursuit, says,

" A sharp and running fight commenced at once with Gordon's corps which was continued over a distance of fourteen miles, during which several partially-intrenched positions were carried."(*)

My column marched before daylight on the 6th. The design from the night we left Petersburg was that its service should be to head off and prevent the enemy's infantry columns passing us and standing across our march.

At Sailor's Creek the road "forks," one road to the High Bridge crossing of Appomattox River, the other by Rice's Station to Farmville. We had information of Ord's column moving towards Rice's Station, and I was ordered to that point to meet it, the other columns to follow the trains over the bridge. At Rice's Station the ^{<long_612>}command was prepared for action,—Field's division across the road of Ord's march, Wilcox on Field's right; both ordered to intrench, artillery in battery. Heth's division was put in support of Wilcox, Mahone to support Field. Just then I learned that Ord's detachment of bridge-burners had passed out of sight when the head of my command arrived. I had no cavalry, and the head of Ord's command was approaching in sight; but directly General Rosser reported with his division of cavalry. He was ordered to follow after the bridge-burners and capture or destroy the detachment, if *it took the last man of his command to do it*. General Ord came on and drove in my line of skirmishers, but I rode to meet them, marched them back to the line, with orders to hold it till *called in*. Ord's force proved to be the head of his column, and he was not prepared to press for general engagement.

General T. T. Mumford reported with his cavalry and was ordered to follow Rosser, with similar directions. Gary's cavalry came and reported to me. High Bridge was a vital point, for over it the trains were to pass, and I was under the impression that General Lee was there, passing with the rest of his army, but hearing our troops engaged at Rice's Station, he had ridden to us and was waiting near Mahone's division. Ord's command was not up till near night, and he only engaged with desultory fire of skirmishers and

occasional exchange of battery practice, arranging to make his attack the next morning.

General Ewell's column was up when we left Amelia Court-House, and followed Anderson's by Amelia Springs, where he was detained some little time defending trains threatened by cavalry; at the same time our rear-guard was near him, followed by the enemy. Near Deatonville Crook's cavalry got in on our trains and caused delay of several hours to Anderson's march. Crook was joined by part of Merritt's cavalry and repeated the attack on the trains, but Ewell was up in time to aid in repelling the <long_613>attack, and the march was resumed, the enemy's cavalry moving on their left flank.

Anderson crossed Sailor's Creek, closely followed by Ewell. The route by which they were to march was by High Bridge, but they were on strange ground, without maps, or instructions, or commander. In the absence of orders Anderson thought to march for the noise of battle, at Rice's Station. They had no artillery or cavalry. The chief of cavalry was there, but his troopers were elsewhere, and he rode away, advising the force to follow him. The rear-guard came up rapidly and essayed to deploy for defence, but the close pursuit of Humphreys's corps forced its continued march for High Bridge, letting the pursuit in upon Ewell's rear. As Anderson marched he found Merritt's cavalry square across his route. Humphreys was close upon Ewell, but the former awaited battle for the arrival of the Sixth Corps.

There was yet a way of escape from the closing clutches of the enemy by filing to their right and marching to the rear of the command at Rice's Station; but they were true soldiers, and decided to fight, even to sacrifice their commands if necessary, to break or delay the pursuit until the trains and rear-guard could find safety beyond High Bridge.

Ewell deployed his divisions, Kershaw's on the right, G. W. C. Lee's on the left. Their plan was, that Anderson should attack and open the way while Ewell defended the rear. As Anderson attacked, Wright's corps was up, Humphreys had matured his plans, and the attack of Anderson hastened that of the enemy upon the Confederate rear. Anderson had some success, and Ewell received the assaults with resolute coolness, and at one moment pushed his fight to aggressive return, but the enemy, finding that there was no artillery with the Confederates, dashed their batteries into closer range, putting in artillery and infantry fire, front and flanks, until the <long_614>Confederate rear was crushed to fragments. General Ewell surrendered; so also did General G. W. C. Lee with his division. General Kershaw advised such of his men as could to make their escape, and surrendered with his division. General Anderson got away with the greater part of B. R. Johnson's division, and Pickett with six hundred men. Generals Corse and Hunton and others of Pickett's men were captured. About two hundred of Kershaw's division got away.

General R. S. Ewell and General R. H. Anderson are barely known in the retreat, but their stand and fight on that trying march were among the most soldier-like of the many noble deeds of the war.

While waiting near my rear, General Lee received information, through Colonel Venable, of his staff, as to the disaster at Sailor's Creek. He drew Mahone's division away, and took it back to find the field. General Mahone writes of the scenes that he witnessed as follows:

"As we were moving up in line of battle, General Lee riding with me and remonstrating about the severity of my note in respect to Colonel Marshall's interference with my division the night before, up rode Colonel Venable, of General Lee's staff, and wanted to know if he, General Lee, had received his message. General Lee replied 'No,' when

Colonel Venable informed him that the enemy had captured the wagon-trains at Sailor's Creek. General Lee exclaimed, 'Where is Anderson ? Where is Ewell ! It is strange I can't hear from them.' Then turning to me, he said, 'General Mahone, I have no other troops, will you take your division to Sailor's Creek?' and I promptly gave the order by the left flank, and off we were for Sailor's Creek, where the disaster had occurred. General Lee rode with me, Colonel Venable a little in the rear. On reaching the south crest of the high ground at the crossing of the river road overlooking Sailor's Creek, the disaster which had overtaken our army was in full view, and the scene beggars description,—hurrying teamsters with their teams and dangling traces (no wagons), retreating infantry without guns, many without hats, a harmless mob, with the massive columns of the enemy moving orderly on. At this spectacle General Lee straightened himself in his saddle, and, looking more the soldier <long_615>than ever, exclaimed, as if talking to himself, 'My God ! has the army dissolved ?' As quickly as I could control my own voice I replied, 'No, general, here are troops ready to do their duty ;' when, in a mellowed voice, he replied, 'Yes, general, there are some true men left. Will you please keep those people back?' As I was placing my division in position to keep those people back,' the retiring herd just referred to had crowded around General Lee while he sat on his horse with a Confederate battle-flag in his hand. I rode up and requested him to give me the flag, which he did.

"It was near dusk, and he wanted to know of me how to get away. I replied, ' Let General Longstreet move by the river road to Farmville, and cross the river there, and I will go through the woods to the High Bridge (railroad bridge) and cross there.' To this he assented. I asked him then, after crossing at the High Bridge, what I should do, and his reply was, to exercise my judgment. I wanted to know what should be done with the bridge after crossing it. He said, 'Set fire to it,' and I replied that the destruction of a span would as well retard the enemy as the destruction of the whole half mile of bridge, and asked him to call up Colonel Talcott, of the Engineers' Regiment, and personally direct him in the matter, which he did."

General Mahone withdrew at eleven o'clock at night through the wood, found the bridge, had the fragments of commands over before daylight, and crossed High Bridge. The parties called to fire the bridge failed to appear. He sent a brigade back to do the work, and had a sharp skirmish in checking the enemy long enough to start the fire, after which he withdrew as far as Cumberland Church and deployed for battle, Poague's artillery on his right. General Rosser got up with the detachment sent to burn the bridge, and attacked. General Reed, seeing his approach, found a defensive position, and arranged the command to receive battle. General Mumford got up and deployed his troopers, dismounted, on Rosser's left. Nothing daunted, General Reed received the attack, and in gallant fight made one or two counter-charges with his small cavalry force, but ere long he was mortally wounded, as was Colonel Washburn. Most of his cavalry officers <long_616>and many of his infantry were killed or wounded, and the rest surrendered. Reed's fight was as gallant and skilful as a soldier could make, and its noise in rear of Sailor's Creek may have served to increase the confusion there. The result shows the work of these remnants of Confederate veterans as skilful and worthy of their old chief who fell at Yellow Tavern.

I heard nothing of the affair at Sailor's Creek, nor from General Lee, until next morning. Our work at Rice's Station was not very serious, but was continued until night, when we marched and crossed the Appomattox at Farmville without loss, some of Rosser's and

Mumford's cavalry following. We crossed early in the morning and received two days' rations,—the first regular issue since we left Richmond,—halted our wagons, made fires, got out cooking utensils, and were just ready to prepare a good breakfast. We had not heard of the disasters on the other route and the hasty retreat, and were looking for a little quiet to prepare breakfast, when General Lee rode up and said that the bridges had been fired before his cavalry crossed, that part of that command was cut off and lost, and that the troops should hurry on to position at Cumberland Church.

I reminded him that there were fords over which his cavalry could cross, and that they knew of or would surely find them. Everything except the food was ordered back to the wagons and dumped in.

Meanwhile, the alarm had spread, and our teamsters, frightened by reports of cavalry trouble and approaching fire of artillery, joined in the panic, put whips to their teams as quick as the camp-kettles were tumbled over the tail-boards of the wagons, and rushed through the woods to find a road somewhere in front of them. The command was ordered under arms and put in quick march, but General Lee urged double-quick. Our cavalry was then engaged near Farmville, and presently came a reckless <long_617> charge of Gregg's troopers towards parts of Rosser's and Mumford's commands. Heth's division of infantry was sent to support them. As the balance of the command marched, General Lee took the head of the column and led it on the double-quick.

I thought it better to let them pass me, and, to quiet their apprehensions a little, rode at a walk. General Mahone received the attack of part of the enemy's Second Corps, like Gregg's cavalry making reckless attack. The enemy seemed to think they had another Sailor's Creek affair, and part of their attack got in as far as Poague's battery, but Mahone recovered it, and then drove off an attack against his front. General Gregg and a considerable part of his command were captured by Rosser and Mumford. At Cumberland Church the command deployed on the right of Poague's battery, but Mahone reported a move by part of Miles's division to turn his left which might dislodge him. G.T. Anderson's brigade of Field's division was sent with orders to get around the threatening force and break it up. Mahone so directed them through a woodland that they succeeded in over-reaching the threatened march, and took in some three hundred prisoners, (*) the last of our trouble for the day. General Lee stopped at a cottage near my line, where I joined him after night; the trains and other parts of his army had moved on towards Appomattox Court-House.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XLIII.—Appomattox.

Some of General Lee's Officers say to him that "Further Resistance is Hopeless"—Longstreet does not approve—General Grant calls for Surrender—"Not yet"—The Confederate Chieftain asks Terms—His Response to his Officers as represented by General Pendleton—Correspondence of Generals Lee and Grant—Morning of April 9—General Lee rides to meet the Federal Commander, while Longstreet forms the Last Line of Battle—Longstreet endeavors to recall his Chief, hearing of a Break where the Confederate Troops could pass—Custer demands Surrender of Longstreet—Reminded of Irregularity, and that he was "in the Enemy's Lines"—Meeting with General Grant—Capitulation—Last Scenes.

<long_618>

THE beginning of the end was now at hand,—not perhaps necessarily, but, at least, as the sequence of cause and effect actually followed.

"An event occurred on the 7th," says General Long, "which must not be omitted from the narrative. Perceiving the difficulties that surrounded the army, and believing its extrication hopeless, a number of the principal officers, from a feeling of affection and sympathy for the commander-in-chief, and with a wish to lighten his responsibility and soften the pain of defeat, volunteered to inform him that, in their opinion, the struggle had reached a point where further resistance was hopeless, and that the contest should be terminated and negotiations opened for a surrender of the army. The delivery of this opinion was confided to General Pendleton, who, both by his character and devotion to General Lee, was well qualified for such an office. The names of Longstreet and some others, who did not coincide in the opinion of their associates, did not appear in the list presented by Pendleton."(*) A little after nightfall a flag of truce appeared under <long_619>torchlight in front of Mahone's line bearing a note to General Lee:

*"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
"5 P.M., April 7, 1865.*

"GENERAL R. E. LEE,

"Commanding Confederate States Army:

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

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" U.S. GRANT,

"Lieutenant- General, Commanding Armies of the United States."

I was sitting at his side when the note was delivered. He read it and handed it to me without referring to its contents. After reading it I gave it back, saying, "Not yet."

General Lee wrote in reply,—

"April 7, 1865.

"GENERAL,—I have received your note of this day. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE,

"General.

" LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT,
"Commanding Armies of the United States."

I was not informed of the contents of the return note, but thought, from the orders of the night, it did not mean surrender. General Lee ordered my command from forward- to rear-guard, and his cavalry in rear of the march. The road was clear at eleven o'clock, and we marched at twelve. The enemy left us to a quiet day's march on the <long_620>8th, nothing disturbing the rear-guard, and our left flank being but little annoyed, but our animals were worn and reduced in strength by the heavy haul through rain and mud during the march from Petersburg, and the troops of our broken columns were troubled and faint of heart.

We passed abandoned wagons in flames, and limbers and caissons of artillery burning sometimes in the middle of the road. One of my battery commanders reported his horses too weak to haul his guns. He was ordered to bury the guns and cover their burial-places with old leaves and brushwood. Many weary soldiers were picked up, and many came to the column from the woodlands, some with, many without, arms,—all asking for food.

General Grant renewed efforts on the 8th to find a way to strike across the head of our march by his cavalry and the Army of the James, pursuing our rear-guard with the Second and Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

In the forenoon, General Pendleton came to me and reported the proceedings of the self-constituted council of war of the night before, and stated that he had been requested to make the report and ask to have me bear it to General Lee, in the name of the members of the council. Much surprised, I turned and asked if he did not know that the Articles of War provided that officers or soldiers who asked commanding officers to surrender should be shot, and said,—

"If General Lee doesn't know when to surrender until I tell him, he will never know."

It seems that General Pendleton then went to General Lee and made the report. General Long's account of the interview, as reported by Pendleton, is as follows:

"General Lee was lying on the ground. No others heard the conversation between him and myself. He received my communication with the reply, ' Oh, no, I trust that it has not come to that,' and added, 'General, we have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms. The enemy do not fight with <long_621>spirit, while our boys still do. Besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander, he would regard it as such a confession of weakness as to make it the condition of demanding an unconditional surrender, a proposal to which I will never listen. . . . I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good, in the long run, our independence, unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us But such considerations really make with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred

principles to maintain, and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'

"Such were, as nearly as I can recall them, the exact words of General Lee on that most critical occasion. You see in them the soul of the man. Where his conscience dictated and his judgment decided, there his heart was." (*)

The delicate affection that prompted the knights of later days to offer to relieve our grand commander of his official obligations and take upon themselves responsibility to disarm us and turn us over to the enemy is somewhat pathetic, but when to it are applied the stern rules of a soldier's duty upon a field of emergency, when the commander most needs steady hands and brave hearts, their proceeding would not stand the test of a military tribunal. The interesting part of the interview is that in it our great leader left a sufficient testimonial of his regard as a legacy to the soldiers of his column of the right. Though commanders of other columns were in mutinous conduct towards him, he had confidence that we were firm and steady in waiting to execute his last command.

During the day General Grant wrote General Lee in reply to his note of the 7th inquiring as to terms of surrender,—

"April 8, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE,

"Commanding Confederate States Army:

' GENERAL,—Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept surrender <long_622>of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon,—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you might name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

"U. S. GRANT,

' ' Lieutenant- General."

In reply, General Lee wrote,—

"April 8, 1865.

"GENERAL,—I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at ten A.M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies.

" R. E. LEE,

' ' General."

The enemy's movements of the day were impressive of his desire to get by our left flank and make a strong stand across the route of our head of column. At Prospect Station, General Sheridan was informed of four trains of cars at Appomattox Station loaded with provisions for General Lee's army. He gave notice to Merritt's and Crook's cavalry, and rode twenty-eight miles in time for Custer's division to pass the station, cut off the trains, and drive back the guard advancing to protect them. He helped himself to the provisions, and captured besides twenty-five pieces of artillery and a wagon and hospital train.

<long_623>

At night General Lee made his head-quarters near the rear-guard, and spread his couch about a hundred feet from the saddle and blanket that were my pillow and spread for the night. If he had a more comfortable bed than mine I do not know, but I think not.

He sent for his cavalry commander, and gave orders for him to transfer his troopers from the rear to the advanced guard, and called General Gordon, commanding in front, for report and orders. The advance was then at Appomattox Court-House, Wallace's brigade resting in the village. His orders were to march at one o'clock in the morning, the trains and advanced forces to push through the village in time for my column to stand and prepare to defend at that point in case of close pursuit. General Gordon reported, as I remember, less than two thousand men. (General Fitzhugh Lee puts it at sixteen hundred, but he may have overlooked Wallace's brigade, which joined the advance on that day.) My column was about as it was when it marched from Petersburg. Parts of Ewell's, Anderson's, and Pickett's commands not captured on the march were near us, and reported to me, except Wallace's brigade.

On the 9th the rear-guard marched as ordered, but soon came upon standing trains of wagons in the road and still in park alongside. The command was halted, deployed into position, and ordered to intrench against the pursuing army.

It was five o'clock when the advance commands moved,—four hours after the time ordered. To these General Long's batteries of thirty guns were attached. They met Sheridan's cavalry advancing across their route. The column was deployed, the cavalry on the right of the artillery and infantry, as they advanced to clear the way. They reported some success, capturing two pieces of artillery, when General Ord's column came up. He had, besides his Army of the James, the Fifth Army Corps. <long_624>These commands, with the cavalry, pushed the Confederates back a little, while the two corps of the Army of the Potomac were advancing against my rear-guard.

Of the early hours of this, the last day of active existence of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Ven-able, of General Lee's staff, wrote thus:

"At three o'clock on the morning of that fatal day, General Lee rode forward, still hoping that he might break through the countless hordes of the enemy, who hemmed us in. Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could break through the enemy. I found General Gordon and General Fitz Lee on their front line in the dim light of the morning, arranging our attack. Gordon's reply to the message (I give the expressive phrase of the gallant Georgian) was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.'

"When I bore the message back to General Lee, he said, 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.'

"Convulsed with passionate grief, many were the wild words which we spoke as we

stood around him. Said one, 'Oh, general, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?'

"He replied, 'Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we are overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question, colonel; the question is, "Is it right to surrender this army?" If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility?'" (*)

Presently General Lee called to have me ride forward to him. He was dressed in a suit of new uniform, sword and sash, a handsomely embroidered belt, boots, and a pair of gold spurs. At first approach his compact figure appeared as a man in the flush vigor of forty summers, but as I drew near, the handsome apparel and brave bearing failed to conceal his profound depression. He stood near the embers of some burned rails, received me <long_625>with graceful salutation, and spoke at once of affairs in front and the loss of his subsistence stores. He remarked that the advanced columns stood against a very formidable force, which he could not break through, while General Meade was at my rear ready to call for all the work that the rear-guard could do, and, closing with the expression that it was not possible for him to get along, requested my view. I asked if the bloody sacrifice of his army could in any way help the cause in other quarters. He thought not. Then, I said, your situation speaks for itself.

He called up General Mahone, and made to him a similar statement of affairs. The early morning was raw and damp. General Mahone was chilled standing in wait without fire. He pushed up the embers and said to the general he did not want him to think he was scared, he was only chilled. General Mahone sometimes liked to talk a little on questions of moment, and asked several questions. My attention was called to messages from the troops for a time, so that I failed to hear all of the conversation, but I heard enough of it to know that General Mahone thought it time to see General Grant. Appeal was made to me to affirm that judgment, and it was promptly approved.

General Grant had been riding with his column in our rear during the correspondence of the 7th and 8th. So General Lee, upon mounting Traveller, his favorite horse, rode to our rear to meet him, leaving his advanced forces engaged in a lively skirmish. He did not think to send them notice of his intended ride, nor did he authorize me to call a truce. He passed my rear under flag, but General Grant's orders were that his correspondence with General Lee should not interrupt or delay the operations of any of his forces. Our advance troops were in action, and General Humphreys was up with the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac, preparing for action against our rear-guard. The situation was embarrassing. It was <long_626>plain enough that I should attack the Second Corps before others could be up and prepare for action, though our truce forbade. It could not prevail, however, to call me to quiet while the enemy in plain view was preparing for attack, so we continued at our work constructing our best line of defence, and when strong enough I ordered parts of the rear-guard forward to support the advanced forces, and directed General Alexander to establish them with part of his batteries in the best position for support or rallying line in case the front lines were forced back. That was the last line of battle formed in the Army of Northern Virginia.

While this formation was proceeding, report came from our front that a break had been found through which we could force passage. I called for a swift courier, but not one could be found. Colonel J. C. Haskell had a blooded mare that had been carefully led from Petersburg. Appreciating the signs of the times, he had ordered her sad-died, intending a desperate ride to escape impending humiliation, but, learning my need of a

swift courier, he came and offered his services and his mare. He was asked to take the information just brought in to General Lee, and as he mounted was told to kill his mare but bring General Lee back. He rode like the wind.

General Lee had passed out and dismounted beyond a turn of the road, and was not seen until the gallant rider had dashed by him. The steed swept onward some distance before the rider could pull up. As Colonel Haskell rode back, General Lee walked to meet him, exclaiming, "You have ruined your beautiful mare! why did you do so?" The swift despatch was too late. General Lee's note to General Grant asking an interview had gone beyond recall.

As my troops marched to form the last line a message came from General Lee saying he had not thought to give notice of the intended ride to meet General Grant, and <long_627>asked to have me send his message to that effect to General Gordon, and it was duly sent by Captain Sims, of the Third Corps staff, serving at my head-quarters since the fall of A. P. Hill.

After delivering the message, Captain Sims, through some informality, was sent to call the truce. The firing ceased. General Custer rode to Captain Sims to know his authority, and, upon finding that he was of my staff, asked to be conducted to my head-quarters, and down they came in fast gallop, General Custer's flaxen locks flowing over his shoulders, and in brusk, excited manner, he said,-

"In the name of General Sheridan I demand the unconditional surrender of this army."

He was reminded that I was not the commander of the army, that he was within the lines of the enemy without authority, addressing a superior officer, and in disrespect to General Grant as well as myself; that if I was the commander of the army I would not receive the message of General Sheridan.

He then became more moderate, saying it would be a pity to have more blood upon that field. Then I suggested that the truce be respected, and said,—

"As you are now more reasonable, I will say that General Lee has gone to meet General Grant, and it is for them to determine the future of the armies."

He was satisfied, and rode back to his command. General Grant rode away from the Army of the Potomac on the morning of the 9th to join his troops near Appomattox Court-House, so General Lee's note was sent around to him. When advised of the change, General Lee rode back to his front to await there the answer to his note. While waiting, General Lee expressed apprehension that his refusal to meet General Grant's first proposition might cause him to demand harsh terms.

I assured him that I knew General Grant well enough <long_628>to say that the terms would be such as he would demand under similar circumstances, but he yet had doubts. The conversation continued in broken sentences until the bearer of the return despatch approached. As he still seemed apprehensive of humiliating demands, I suggested that in that event he should break off the interview and tell General Grant to do his worst. The thought of another round seemed to brace him, and he rode with Colonel Marshall, of his staff, to meet the Union commander.

The status of affairs spread through the advance troops of the army, but the work of preparation on my rear line was continued. General Field inquired of a passing officer, "What's up?" but, seeing arrangements going on for attack in our rear, he continued his work of preparation to receive it.

General Grant was found prepared to offer as liberal terms as General Lee could expect,

and, to obviate a collision between his army of the rear with ours, ordered an officer sent to give notice of the truce. A ride around the lines would consume time, and he asked to have the officer conducted through our lines. Colonel Fairfax was sent with him. When they reached our rear line it was still at work on the trenches. The officer expressed surprise at the work of preparation, as not proper under truce. Colonel Fairfax ordered the work discontinued, and claimed that a truce between belligerents can only be recognized by mutual consent. As the object of the ride was to make the first announcement of properly authorized truce, the work of preparation between the lines was no violation of the usages of war, particularly when it was borne in mind that the orders of General Grant were that the correspondence should not delay or interrupt military operations.

As General Lee rode back to his army the officers and soldiers of his troops about the front lines assembled in promiscuous crowds of all arms and grades in anxious <long_629>wait for their loved commander. From force of habit a burst of salutations greeted him, but quieted as suddenly as they arose. The road was packed by standing troops as he approached, the men with hats off, heads and hearts bowed down. As he passed they raised their heads and looked upon him with swimming eyes. Those who could find voice said good-by, those who could not speak, and were near, passed their hands gently over the sides of Traveller. He rode with his hat off, and had sufficient control to fix his eyes on a line between the ears of Traveller and look neither to right nor left until he reached a large white-oak tree, where he dismounted to make his last head-quarters, and finally talked a little.

The shock was most severe upon Field's division. Seasoned by four years of battle triumphant, the veterans in that body stood at Appomattox when the sun rose on the 9th day of April, 1865, as invincible of valor as on the morning of the 31st of August, 1862, after breaking up the Union lines of the second field of Manassas. They had learned little of the disasters about Petersburg, less of that at Sailor's Creek, and surrender had not had time to enter their minds until it was announced accomplished !

The reported opportunity to break through the enemy's lines proved a mistake. General Mumford, suspecting surrender from the sudden quiet of the front, made a dashing ride, and passed the enemy's lines with his division of cavalry, and that caused the impression that we would be able to march on.

Soon after General Lee's return ride his chief of ordnance reported a large amount of United States currency in his possession. In doubt as to the proper disposition of the funds, General Lee sent the officer to ask my opinion. As it was not known or included in the conditions of capitulation, and was due (and ten times more) to the faithful troops, I suggested a *pro rata* distribution of it. <long_630>The officer afterwards brought three hundred dollars as my part. I took one hundred, and asked to have the balance distributed among Field's division,—the troops most distant from their homes.

The commissioners appointed to formulate details of the capitulation were assigned a room in the McLean residence. The way to it led through the room occupied as General Grant's head-quarters.

As I was passing through the room, as one of the commissioners, General Grant looked up, recognized me, rose, and with his old-time cheerful greeting gave me his hand, and after passing a few remarks offered a cigar, which was gratefully received.

The first step under capitulation was to deliver to the Union army some fifteen hundred prisoners, taken since we left Petersburg, not all of them by my infantry, Ros-ser's and

Mumford's cavalry having taken more than half of them. Besides these I delivered to General Grant all of the Confederate soldiers left under my care by General Lee, except about two hundred lost in the affairs about Petersburg, Amelia Court-House, Jetersville, Rice's Station, and Cumberland Church. None were reported killed except the gallant officers Brigadier-General Dearing, of Rosser's cavalry, Colonel Bostan, of Mumford's cavalry, and Major Thompson, of Stuart's horse artillery, in the desperate and gallant fight to which they were ordered against the bridge-burning party.

General Grant's artillery prepared to fire a salute in honor of the surrender, but he ordered it stopped.

As the world continues to look at and study the grand combinations and strategy of General Grant, the higher will be his award as a great soldier. Confederates should be foremost in crediting him with all that his admirers so justly claim, and ask at the same time that his great adversary be measured by the same high standards.

On the 12th of April the Army of Northern Virginia <long_631>marched to the field in front of Appomattox Court-House, and by divisions and parts of divisions deployed into line, stacked their arms, folded their colors, and walked empty-handed to find their distant, blighted homes.

There were "surrendered and paroled" on the last day of our military history over twenty-eight thousand officers and men,—viz.:

\\table	
General Lee and staff	15
Longstreet's corps (*)	14,833
Gordon's corps (+)	7,200
Ewell's corps	287
Cavalry corps	1,786
Artillery	2,586
Detachments	1,649
Total	28,356

In glancing backward over the period of the war, and the tremendous and terrible events with which it was fraught, the reflection irresistibly arises, that it might perhaps have been avoided and without dishonor. The flag and the fame of the nation could have suffered no reproach had General Scott's advice, before the outbreak, been followed,— "Wayward sisters, depart in peace." The Southern States would have found their way back to the Union without war far earlier than they did by war. The reclaiming bonds would then have been those only of love, and the theory of government formulated by George Washington would have experienced no fracture. But the inflexible fiat of fate seemingly went forth for war; and so for four long years the history of this great nation was written in the blood of its strong men.

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)

Chapter XLIV.—Post-Bellum Pendant.

Old Friends and their Kindness—General Grant—His Characteristic Letter of Introduction to President Johnson—In Business in New Orleans—Political Unfriendliness—Cause of Criticism of Military Career—Appointed Surveyor of Customs—The Old Nurse.

<long_632>

SOME weeks after the surrender the newspapers announced that I was to visit Washington City. My old company commander, Bradford R. Alden, who had resigned from the army some years before the war, came down from New York to meet me. Not finding me, he wrote to tell me of his trip, that he was anxious about me, lest I might be in need of assistance; that in that event I should draw on him for such amount of money as I wanted. When ready to return his favor he was not in the country, and it was only through a mutual friend, General Alvord, that his address in Europe was found and the amount returned. A more noble, lovable character never descended from the people of Plymouth Rock.

About the 1st of November, 1865, business of personal nature called me to Washington. I stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel. Upon seeing the arrival in the morning papers, General W. A. Nichols, of the United States army, called and insisted that my visit should be with him and his family. The request was declined with the suggestion that the war-feeling was too warm for an officer of the army to entertain a prominent Confederate, but he insisted and urged that his good wife would not be satisfied unless the visit was made. So it was settled, and I became his guest. He was on duty at the time as assistant adjutant-general at the War Department. As I was stopping with an officer of the army, the usages of military <long_633>life required that I should call upon the commanding general.

The next morning I walked with General Nichols to make an official call on General Grant. He recognized us as we entered his office, rose and walked to meet us. After the usual brief call, we rose to take leave, when he asked to have us call on his family during the evening. Most of those whom we met during the evening were old-time personal friends, especially the father-in-law, Mr. Dent. When leaving, after a pleasant evening, General Grant walked with us to the gate and asked if I cared to have my pardon. I pleaded not guilty of an offence that required pardon. He said that he meant amnesty,—that he wished to know if I cared to have it. I told him that I intended to live in the country, and would prefer to have the privileges of citizenship. He told me to call at his office at noon next day; that in the mean time he would see the Secretary of War and the President in regard to the matter.

The next day he gave me a letter to the President, and said that he had seen him and thought the matter was arranged; that I should first see the Secretary of War, then the President. His strong and characteristic letter to the President was as follows:

*" HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D.C., November 7, 1865.*

"HIS EXCELLENCY A. JOHNSON,
"President:

"Knowing that General Longstreet, late of the army which was in rebellion against the

authority of the United States, is in the city, and presuming that he intends asking executive clemency before leaving, I beg to say a word in his favor.

"General Longstreet comes under the third, fifth, and eighth exceptions made in your proclamation of the 29th of May, 1865. I believe I can safely say that there is nowhere among the exceptions a more honorable class of men than those embraced in the fifth and eighth of these, nor a class that will more faithfully observe any obligation which they may take upon themselves. <long_634>General Longstreet, in my opinion, stands high among this class I have known him well for more than twenty-six years, first as a cadet at West Point and afterwards as an officer of the army. For five years from my graduation we served together, a portion <long_635>of the time in the same regiment. I speak of him, therefore, from actual personal acquaintance.

"In the late rebellion, I think, not one single charge was ever brought against General Longstreet for persecution of prisoners of war or of persons for their political opinions. If such charges were ever made, I never heard them. I have no hesitation, therefore, in recommending General Longstreet to your Excellency for pardon. I will further state that my opinion of him is such that I shall feel it as a personal favor to myself if this pardon is granted.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

" U. S. GRANT,

" Lieutenant- General."

Supported by this generous endorsement, I called on the Secretary of War, who referred me to the President. After a lengthy interview the President asked to have the matter put off until next day, when I should call at noon. The next day he was still unprepared to make decision, but, after a long, pleasant talk, he said,-

"There are three persons of the South who can never receive amnesty: Mr. Davis, General Lee, and yourself. You have given the Union cause too much trouble."

I replied, "You know, Mr. President, that those who are forgiven most love the most."

"Yes," he said, "you have very high authority for that, but you can't have amnesty."

During a subsequent session of Congress, General Pope sent in a list of names from Georgia for whom he asked relief from their political disabilities. General Grant, after approving it, made request to one of his friends in Congress to have my name put on the list, and I was extended relief soon after it was given to General R. E. Lee.

In January, 1866, I engaged in business in New Orleans <long_636>with the Owen brothers,—William, Miller, and Edward, old soldiers of the Washington Artillery,—as cotton factors, and speedily found fair prosperity. Before the year was out I was asked to take position in an insurance company, but declined, and repeated applications were refused under plea of limited business experience, but, under promise of ample and competent assistance, I accepted the place with a salary of five thousand dollars, and my affairs were more than prosperous until I was asked an opinion upon the political crisis of 1867.

As the whole animus of the latter-day adverse criticisms upon, and uncritical assertions in regard to, the commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia had its origin in this matter of politics, a brief review of the circumstances is in order.

As will be readily recalled by my older readers (while for the younger it is a matter of history), President Johnson, after the war, adopted a reconstruction policy of his own, and some of the States were reorganized under it with Democratic governors and legislatures,

and all would have followed. But Congress, being largely Republican, was not satisfied, and enacted that the States could not be accepted unless they provided in their new constitutions for *negro suffrage*. In case they would not, the State governments should be removed and the States placed in the hands of general officers of the army as military governors, who should see that the States were reorganized and re: stored to the Union under the laws.

Under the severe ordeal one of the city papers of New Orleans called upon the generals of Confederate service to advise the people of the course that they should pursue,— naming the officers. I thought. it better policy to hold the States, as they were organized, under the President's policy, shape their constitutions as directed by Congress, and have the States not yet reorganized follow the same course. My letter upon the subject was as follows:

<long_637>

"NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 3, 1867.

J.M.G. PARKER, ESQ.:

" DEAR SIR,—Your esteemed favor of the 15th ultimo was duly received.

"I was much pleased to have the opportunity to hear Senator Wilson, and was agreeably surprised to meet such fairness and frankness from a politician whom I had been taught to believe harsh in his feelings towards the people of the South.

"I have considered your suggestion to wisely unite in efforts to restore Louisiana to her former position in the Union ' through the party now in power.' My letter of the 6th of April, to which you refer, clearly indicates a desire for practical reconstruction and reconciliation. There is only one route left open, which practical men cannot fail to see.

"The serious difficulty arises from want of that wisdom so important for the great work in hand. Still, I will be happy to work in any harness that promises relief to our discomfited people and harmony to the nation, whether bearing the mantle of Mr. Davis or Mr. Sumner.

"It is fair to assume that the strongest laws are those established by the sword. The ideas that divided political parties before the war—upon the rights of the States—were thoroughly discussed by our wisest statesmen, and eventually appealed to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision was in favor of the North, so that her construction becomes the law, and should be so accepted.

"The military bill and amendments are the only peace-offerings they have for us, and should be accepted as the starting-point for future issues.

"Like others of the South not previously connected with politics, I naturally acquiesced in the ways of Democracy, but, so far as I can judge, there is nothing tangible in them, beyond the issues that were put to test in the war and there lost. As there is nothing left to take hold of except prejudice, which cannot be worked for good for any one, it seems proper and right that we should seek some standing which may encourage hope for the future.

"If I appreciate the issues of Democracy at this moment, they are the enfranchisement of the negro and the rights of Congress in the premises, but the acts have been passed, are parts of the laws of the land, and no power but Congress can remove them.

"Besides, if we now accept the doctrine that the States only can legislate on suffrage, we will fix the negro vote upon us, for he is <long_638>now a suffragan, and his vote, with

the vote that will go with him, will hold to his rights, while, by recognizing the acts of Congress, we may, after a fair trial, if negro suffrage proves a mistake, appeal and have Congress correct the error. It will accord better with wise policy to insist that the negro shall vote in the Northern as well as the Southern States.

" If every one will meet the crisis with proper appreciation of our condition and obligations, the sun will rise to-morrow on a happy people. Our fields will again begin to yield their increase, our railways and waters will teem with abundant commerce, our towns and cities will resound with the tumult of trade, and we will be reinvigorated by the blessings of Almighty God.

" Very respectfully yours,

" JAMES LONGSTREET. "

I might have added that not less forceful than the grounds I gave were the obligations under which we were placed by the terms of our paroles,— " To respect the laws of Congress,"—but the letter was enough.

The afternoon of the day upon which my letter was published the paper that had called for advice published a column of editorial calling me traitor! deserter of my friends! and accusing me of joining the enemy ! but did not publish a line of the letter upon which it based the charges! Other papers of the Democracy took up the garbled representation of this journal and spread it broadcast, not even giving the letter upon which they based their evil attacks upon me.

Up to that time the First Corps, in all of its parts, in all of its history, was above reproach. I was in successful business in New Orleans as cotton factor, with a salary from an insurance company of five thousand dollars per year.

The day after the announcement old comrades passed me on the streets without speaking. Business began to grow dull. General Hood (the only one of my old comrades who occasionally visited me) thought that he could save the insurance business, and in a few weeks I found myself at leisure.

<long_639>

Two years after that period, on March 4, 1869, General Grant was inaugurated President of the United States, and in the bigness of his generous heart called me to Washington. Before I found opportunity to see him he sent my name to the Senate for confirmation as surveyor of customs at New Orleans. I was duly confirmed, and held the office until 1873, when I resigned. Since that time I have lived in New Orleans, Louisiana, and in Gainesville, Georgia, surrounded by a few of my old friends, and in occasional appreciative touch with others, South and North.

Of all the people alive I still know and meet, probably no one carries me farther back in recollections of my long life than does my "old nurse." Most of the family servants were discharged after the war at Macon, Mississippi, where some of them still reside, among them this old man, Daniel, who still claims the family name, but at times uses another. He calls promptly when I visit Macon and looks for "something to remember you by." During my last visit he seemed more concerned for me than usual, and on one of his calls asked,

—
"Marse Jim, do you belong to any church ?" "Oh, yes," I said, "I try to be a good Christian." He laughed loud and long, and said,—

"Something must have scared you mighty bad, to change you so from what you was when I had to care for you."

In a recent letter he sent a message to say that he is getting to be a little feeble.
Blessings on his brave heart!

From Manassas to Appotamox (Longstreet)
Appendix.—Letters Of General Robert E. Lee And General Longstreet.

I.

Lee to Anderson on Conduct of the First Corps.

August 26, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. U. ANDERSON,
Commanding Longstreet's Corps:

GENERAL,—I take great pleasure in presenting to you my congratulations upon the conduct of the men of your corps. I believe that they will carry anything they are put against. We tried very hard to stop Pickett's men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but could not do it. I hope his loss has been small.

I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.

II.

Lee to Longstreet congratulating him on his Convalescence and anticipating Return.

CAMP PETERSBURG, August 29, 1864.

GENERAL Z. LONGSTREET:

MY DEAR GENERAL,—I received yesterday your letter of the 23d, and am much gratified at your improvement. You will soon be as well as ever, and we shall all be rejoiced at your return. You must not, however, become impatient at the gradual progress you must necessarily make, but be content with the steady advance you are making to health and strength. Your progress will be the more certain and your recovery more confirmed. Do not let Sherman capture you, and I will endeavor to hold Grant till you come. I am glad to hear such good accounts of my little <long_640>namesake. Good lungs are a great blessing, and nothing expands them better than a frill, hearty yell. I hope Mrs. Longstreet is well, and that she is enjoying the good peaches and melons of Georgia. We have but little enjoyment here. Our enemy is very cautious, and he has become so proficient in intrenching that he seems to march with a system already prepared. He threatens dreadful things every day, but, thank God, he has not expunged us yet.

All your army friends inquire for you anxiously, and will be delighted to hear of your improvement. We shall not object to your chirography, so you must practise it often, and let me hear of your progress and well-doing. Please present my kindest regards to Mrs. Longstreet, and love to my namesake. The gentlemen of my staff are very grateful for your remembrance, and unite with me in sincere wishes for your welfare and happiness. I am sure the rest of this army would join did they know of the opportunity.

With great regard, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

III.

Longstreet to Lee.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY CORPS,
November 24, 1864.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding:

GENERAL,—From the report of scouts received yesterday, it seems that the Tenth Corps is still on this side, or if it went over to the south side, has returned. The information, too, seems to indicate the arrival of the Sixth Corps from the Valley.

Under these circumstances it will be necessary for me to force the enemy to develop the extent of his move on this side before taking any more of my troops to the south side. This I shall do, of course, as rapidly as possible. I am going to have the roads leading from White Oak Swamp to the Williamsburg road well broken up with subsoil ploughs. I think that the enemy will then have to build a corduroy there as he moves. He surely will, if I can have a good gentle rain after the roads are thoroughly ploughed. Can't you apply this idea to advantage on your side on the roads that General Grant will be obliged to travel if he goes to Burkeville? I don't know, however, but that it would be better for us to go to Burkeville and block the roads behind him. If the roads that General Sherman must travel to get to Charleston <long_641> or Savannah can be thoroughly ploughed and the trees felled over them, I think that General Sherman will not be able to get to his destination in fifty days, as the Northern papers expect; and it is not thought to be possible that he can collect more than fifty days' rations before reaching the coast. If the parties are properly organized, I think that they might destroy or injure all of the roads so as to break down General Sherman's animals, and result in the capture of most of his forces.

I remain, very respectfully, yours most obediently,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant General.

IV.

Longstreet to Lee on Impressment of Gold and Measures for Final Campaign.

[Confidential.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, February 14, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding:

GENERAL,—Recent developments of the enemy's designs seem to indicate an early concentration of his armies against Richmond. This, of course, would involve a like concentration on our part, or the abandonment of our capital. The latter emergency would, I think, be almost fatal,—probably quite so, after our recent reverses. To concentrate here in time to meet the movements of the enemy we will be obliged to use the little of our Southern railroad that is left us in transporting our troops, so that we cannot haul provisions over that route. I fear, therefore, that we will not be able to feed our troops unless we adopt extraordinary efforts and measures. I think that there is enough of the necessaries of life left in Virginia and North Carolina to help us through our troubles if we

can only reach them. Impressing officers, however, nor collectors of taxes in kind, nor any other plan heretofore employed, is likely to get those supplies in time or in quantities to meet our necessities. The citizens will not give their supplies up and permit their families and servants to suffer for the necessaries of life without some strong inducement. For each one may naturally think that the little that he would supply by denying himself and family would go but little way where so much is needed. He does not want Confederate money, for his meat and bread will buy him clothes, etc., for his family more readily and in larger quantities than the money that the government would pay. The only thing that will insure our rations and <long_642>national existence is *gold*. Send out the gold through Virginia and North Carolina and pay liberal prices, and my conviction is that we shall have no more distress for want of food. The winter is about over, and the families can and will subsist on molasses, bread, and vegetables for the balance of the year if they can get gold for their supplies. There is a great deal of meat and bread inside the enemy's lines that our people would bring us for gold; but they won't go to that trouble for Confederate money. They can keep gold so much safer than they can meat and bread, and it is always food and clothing.

If the government has not the gold, it must impress it, or if there is no law for the impressment, the gold must be taken without the law. Necessity does not know or wait for law. If we stop to make laws in order that we may reach the gold it will disappear the day that the law is mentioned in Congress. To secure it no one should suspect that we are after it until we knock at the doors of the vaults that contain it, and we must then have guards to be sure that it is not made away with.

It seems to my mind that our prospects will be brighter than they have been if we can only get food for our men; and I think that the plan that I have proposed will secure the food.

There seem to be many reasons for the opinion that the enemy deems our capital essential to him. To get the capital he will concentrate here everything that he has, and we will be better able to fight him when we shall have concentrated than when we are in detachments. The Army of the Mississippi will get new life and spirits as soon as it finds itself alongside of this, and we will feel more comfortable ourselves to know that all are under one eye and one head that is able to handle them.

I remain, most respectfully and truly, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

V.

Lee to Longstreet on Plans for Campaign.

[Confidential.]

*HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES,
February 22, 1865.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. LONGSTREET,
Commanding, etc.:

GENERAL,—Your letter of the 14th instant is received. It arrived during my absence in Richmond, and has not been overlooked. I agree with you entirely in believing that if we

had <long_643>gold we could get sufficient supplies for our army, but the great difficulty is to obtain the gold. It is not in the coffers of the government or the banks, but is principally hoarded by individuals throughout the country, and is inaccessible to us. I hope, under the reorganization of the commissary department, if we can maintain possession of our communications, that the army will be better supplied than heretofore, and that we can accumulate some provisions ahead. As regards the concentration of our troops near the capital, the effect would be to produce a like concentration of the enemy, and an increase of our difficulties in obtaining food and forage. But this, whether for good or evil, is now being accomplished by the enemy, who seems to be forcing Generals Beauregard and Bragg in this direction. If Sherman marches his army to Richmond, as General Beauregard reports it is his intention to do, and General Schofield is able to unite with him, we shall have to abandon our position on the James River, as lamentable as it is on every account. The want of supplies alone would force us to withdraw when the enemy reaches the Roanoke. Our line is so long, extending nearly from the Chicka-hominy to the Nottoway, and the enemy is so close upon us, that if we are obliged to withdraw we cannot concentrate all our troops nearer than some point on the line of railroad between Richmond and Danville. Should a necessity, therefore, arise, I propose to concentrate at or near Burkeville. The route for the troops north of James River would have to be through Richmond, on the road to Amelia Court-House, the cavalry passing up the north branch of the river, and crossing at some point above Richmond. Pickett's division would take the route through Chesterfield Court-House, crossing the Appomattox at Goode's Bridge. With the army concentrated at or near Burkeville, our communications north and south would be by that railroad, and west by the Southside Railroad. We might also seize the opportunity of striking at Grant, should he pursue us rapidly, or at Sherman, before they could unite. I wish you to consider this subject, and give me your views. I desire you also to make every preparation to take the field at a moment's notice, and to accumulate all the supplies you can. General Grant seems to be preparing to move out by his left flank. He is accumulating near Hatcher's Run depots of supplies, and apparently concentrating a strong force in that quarter. Yesterday and to-day trains have passed from his right to his left loaded with troops, which may be the body of eight thousand which you report having left Signal Hill yesterday. I cannot tell whether it is his intention to maintain his <long_644>position until his other columns approach nearer, or to anticipate any movement by us which he might suppose would then become necessary. I wish you would watch closely his movements on the north side of the river, and try and ascertain whether he is diminishing his force. If he makes the move which appearances now indicate, he may draw out his whole force, abandoning his lines of defence, or hold them partially and move with the remainder of his troops.

I should like very much to confer with you on these subjects, but I fear it will be impossible for me to go north of James River, and I do not know that it will be convenient for you to come here.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.

P.S.-Can you not return Pickett's brigade to him in order that I may withdraw Grimes's brigade from his line, its division having been ordered to our right?

R. E. L.

VI.

Longstreet to Lee on -Impressment of Men.

[Confidential.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, February 23, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding, etc.:

GENERAL,—Your letter of yesterday is received. I think you did not understand my letter of the 14th instant. My effort was to express conviction that Sherman's move was aimed at Richmond, and that Grant's concentration here would force us to do the same thing; and, that we might be able to do so, it was necessary that we should have gold, by impressment, to purchase our produce supplies. I think that it is not too late yet. We can surely get the gold by sending impressing officers with guards to the vaults in which it is stored.

I understand that there are twelve hundred men in Lynchburg already organized, and that we may get eight or ten thousand men in Richmond by taking everybody who is able to bear arms. The staff-officers about Richmond would be nearly enough to officer this force. If such a force can be raised and put in my lines, it can hold them, I think, and my corps can move down to the relief of Beauregard, or it may be moved over to our right, and <long_645>hold Grant in check, so that Sherman will be obliged to unite with him or seek a base at New-Berne or at Wilmington. This would give Beauregard and Bragg time to unite their forces to meet Sherman and Schofield here or wherever they may appear. We shall lose more men by a move than by a battle. It is true that we may be compelled to move after the battle, but I think not. If we fight Sherman as I suggest, we shall surely drive him to the water for fresh supplies, even if we are not otherwise successful. Then we may have time to concentrate as soon as Grant, and reopen the line of communication with the South.

The local and other troops that we may get from Richmond and Lynchburg will have tolerably comfortable huts, and there will be enough old soldiers amongst them to teach them picket duty. There are also some cavalymen who can aid them.

I should think that Grant, if he moves, can only make a partial move, similar to his last, and that would not injure us very materially.

In preparing to take the field, in view of the abandonment of Richmond, is it your desire to keep our wagons about our camps that we may move at once? Our wagons are out all the time gathering supplies, and at times some distance; so that a very sudden move would leave 'them behind. Shall we continue to send them or keep them with us? . . .

Your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

VII.

Lee to Longstreet.

HEAD-QUARTERS, February 25, 1865.

GENERAL,—I have received your letters of the 23d and 24th insts. I fear I did not entirely comprehend your views expressed in your letter of the 14th. I think, however, my reply meets your supposition, in the event of concentration by the enemy. I shall in that case unite all the forces possible. I think you are misinformed as to the number of men in Lynchburg. At my last call upon General Colston, commissary there, he said he had not one hundred men, and they were unarmed. I am very glad to hear that General Ewell can get force enough from Richmond to man the lines north of James River. I know him to be a brave old soldier, ready to attempt anything, but I do not know where he will find the men. Please see him and get a definite statement, for if that can be done it will lighten our labor considerably. <long_646>You cannot afford to keep your wagons by you. They will have to be kept collecting provisions, forage, etc., or you will starve. I am making great efforts to gather supplies, and send you some documents which will show what the commissary-general is doing in addition to the operations of the officers of his department. It will be a grievous thing to be obliged to abandon our position, and I hope the necessity will never arise, but it would be more grievous to lose our army. I am fully alive to the benefits of procuring gold, but fear it cannot be obtained in the way you suggest; still, I will try. I am much gratified by the earnestness and zeal you display in our operations; and were our whole population animated by the same spirit, we should be invincible. The last reports from S.C. indicated that Sherman was turning eastward. It may be to reach the Pedee in search of supplies.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.

GENERAL LONGSTREET,
Commanding, etc.

VIII.

Longstreet to Lee on Impression of Gold.

*HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST CORPS,
February 26, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding:

GENERAL,—I have just heard from General Ewell indirectly that he can raise force enough at Richmond to hold the lines on this side, so that my corps may be withdrawn temporarily to your right, that is, if you can put a part of the Second Corps in place of Pickett's division. This arrangement will give you force enough to meet any move that the enemy may make upon your right. If he makes no move, then you can, when the proper moment arrives, detach a force to the aid of General Beauregard, and if the enemy should then press you, you can abandon Petersburg and hold your line here, and take up the line of the Appomattox. But I think that the enemy will be forced to move a force south the moment that he finds that you are reinforcing against Sherman, else he will encounter the risk of losing Sherman as well as Richmond. There is some hazard in the plan, but nothing can be accomplished in war without risk.

The other important question is provisions. We are doing <long_647>tolerably well by

hauling from the country and paying market prices in Confederate money. If you would give us gold I have reason to believe that we could get an abundant supply for four months, and by that time we ought to be able to reopen our communication with the South. The gold is here, and we should take it. We have been impressing food and all of the necessaries of life from women and children, and have been the means of driving thousands from their homes in destitute conditions. Should we hesitate, then, about putting a few who have made immense fortunes at our expense to a little inconvenience by impressing their gold ? It is necessary for us, and I do not think that we should let our capital fall into the enemy's hands for fear of injuring the feelings or interests of a few individuals. We have expended too much of blood and treasure in holding it for the last four years to allow it to go now by default. I think that it may be saved. If it can, we should not leave any possible contingency untried.

I think, however, that the enemy's positions are so well selected and fortified that we must either wait for an opportunity to draw him off from here or await his attack. For even a successful assault would cripple us so much that we could get no advantage commensurate with our loss.

I remain with great respect, and truly, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant-General.

IX.

Longstreet to Lee on his "Peace" Interview with General Ord.

*HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
March 1, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding:

GENERAL,—I had another interview with Major-General Ord yesterday, and expressed the opinions that were spoken of in our interview at the President's mansion on Sabbath last. He acceded promptly to my proposition that the war must cease if we are to go to work to try to make peace, and to the proposal for a military convention. I further claimed that we could not go into convention upon any more favorable basis than an earnest desire to arrange plans for peace that should be equally honorable for both parties. To this also I understood him to give his unqualified consent. He says that General Grant has the authority to meet you if you have authority to appoint a military convention, <long_648>and proposed that you should indicate your desire to meet General Grant, if you felt authorized to do so. As he made this proposition before mine, to the effect that General Grant should express his desire to meet you, and as the interview between General Ord and myself had been brought on at the request of General Ord, I did not feel that I could well do otherwise than promise to write to you of the disposition on their part to have the interview. If you think it worth your time to invite General Grant to an interview, it might be upon some other as the ostensible grounds, and this matter might be brought up incidentally. I presume that General Grant's first proposition will be to go into convention upon the basis of reconstruction; but if I have not misunderstood General Ord's conversation, General Grant will agree to take the matter up without requiring any

principle as a basis further than the general principle of desiring to make peace upon terms that are equally honorable for both sides. I would suggest that the interview take place on this side, and at the place of meeting between General Ord and myself; because there are several little points upon which you should be posted before the interview, and I do not see that I can well do that by writing. Besides, as "the ice has already been broken" on this side, your interview would be relieved in a measure of the formality incident to such occasions. If it should be on this side, I hope that you will give me two or three days' notice. General Stevens is of the opinion that one thousand negro laborers on this line during this month will so strengthen our position that we will be able to spare a division, and I am satisfied that we can do so if we can have the work completed, and can get the aid that General Ewell promises us.

I remains very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

X.

Longstreet to Lee on Exchange of Political Prisoners.

*HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
March 1, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding:

GENERAL,—I neglected to mention in my letter just finished that General Ord expressed some apprehension for General Grant lest there might be some misunderstanding in regard to the exchange of political prisoners. The terms were general for the <long_649>exchange of this class of prisoners, but were not intended by him, he says, to include such as were under charges for capital offences. General Grant desired that you should be advised of this construction of the terms.

I remain, respectfully, your most obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

XI.

Lee to Longstreet on Interview with General Grant.

*HEADQUARTERS,
March 2, 1865.*

GENERAL,—I have received to-day your letter of the 1st instant, and concluded to propose an interview to General Grant. As you desired to have two or three days' notice, I have appointed Monday next, 6th instant, at eleven A.M., at the point suggested by you. Will you send my letter to General Grant, and arrange with General Ord for the interview? If you will ride in to my quarters on Saturday next, 4th instant, by ten A.M., in Richmond, I shall be happy to see *you*, when you can enlighten me on the points you referred to in your letter.

I hope some good may result from the interview.

Very truly yours,

R. E. LEE,

General.

GENERAL J. LONGSTREET

Commanding, etc.:

P.S.—Seal the letter to General Grant before transmitting.

R. E. L.

XII.

Longstreet to Lee urging Use of Gold.

*HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
March 7, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding:

GENERAL,—I received a letter yesterday from a friend in the interior of North Carolina assuring me that there are large quantities of provisions in the State; that many have two and three years' supply on hand, and that gold will bring anything <long_650>that we need to our armies. The gold is in the country, and most of it is lying idle. Let us take it at once and save Richmond, and end the war. If we hold Richmond and keep our cotton, the war cannot last more than a year longer. If we give up Richmond we shall never be recognized by foreign powers until the government of the United States sees fit to recognize us. If we hold Richmond and let the enemy have our cotton, it seems to me that we shall furnish him the means to carry on the war against us. It looks to me as though the enemy had found that our policy of destroying the cotton rather than let it fall into their hands would break them down, and that it has forced them to the policy of sending on here to make a contract to feed and clothe our armies in order that they may get the means of carrying on the war of subjugation. If we will keep our cotton and use our gold our work will be comparatively easy.

I remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

XIII.

Longstreet to Lee on guarding the Danville Railroad.

*HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS,
March 20, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding :

GENERAL,—I presume that the enemy's next move will be to raid against the Danville Railroad, and think that it would be well if we begin at once to make our arrangements to meet it. In order that we may get the troops that may be necessary to meet such a move, would suggest that we collect all the dismounted men of Generals Fitz Lee, Rosser, and

Lomax, and put them behind our strongest lines, and draw out a corps of infantry and hold it in readiness for the raid. General W. H. F. Lee's dismounts might also be used behind our works to great advantage. With a cavalry force of two or three thousand men to hold the enemy in check, I think that our infantry may be able to overtake the raiding column. If we can get a large cavalry force I think that we would surely be able to destroy the raiding force.

I remain your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,

Lieutenant- General.

Brother of the rear-admiral.

He had a similar wound in the war of 1812.

Rebellion Record, vol. ii. p. 309. Less two regiments and one cavalry troop.

General Beaugard claims that he was not so strong, but estimates seem to warrant the number given.

In that attack the division commander, Colonel David Hunter, was wounded.

Rebellion Record, vol. ii. pp. 351, 387, 405, 426.

Ibid., 328.

Not engaged.

In reserve at Centreville and not in battle proper.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part i. p. 521.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part i.p. 568.

Ibid. p. 450.

"Smith's War Papers.

Rebellion Record, vol. xl. part iii. p. 563.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part i. p. 938.

General Berry thought that he got up as far as the Casey camp, but mistook Couch's opening for that of Casey.

Confederate War Papers, G. W. Smith.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part i. p. 763.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 813.

Previous returns give him 11,000, but one of his brigades was absent.

Smith's War Papers.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Smith's War Papers.

Ibid.

Letter from General McLaws.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part iii. p. 910.

Official account, Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part i. p. 1036.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 882.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 38.

From memory I will say that this message from General Lee was delivered by Captain A. P. Mason.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 517. Stuart.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 627. D. H. Hill.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 100. Heintzeman.

Ibid., pp. 162-164.

A name taken by the infantry from the Valley district on account of their swift secret marches.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 664.

Rebellion Record, vol. xi. part ii. p. 687.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 52.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 53.

His letter of August 14, 1862.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 29.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 378.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 381.

Ibid., pp. 74, 75.

Ibid., p. 371.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 518.

Ibid., p. 520.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 40. General Pope.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

Rebellion Record.

Rebellion Record, vol. xii. part ii. p. 558. General Lee's report.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part ii. p. 600.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 41. McClellan's official account.

Record, vol. xix. part i.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part ii. p 281.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 48.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 183.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 961.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 47.

Some authorities say (including a small number of "captured or missing") 12,601.

Report of Committee, part i. p. 368.

Of this shot, Captain A. B. More, of Richmond, Virginia, wrote, under date of June 16, 1886,—"The Howitzers have always been proud of that shot, and, thinking it would interest you, I write to say that it was fired by Corporal Holz-burton, of the Second Company, Richmond Howitzers, from a ten-pound Parrott."

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 377.

This includes eighty-five lost by S. D. Lee's artillery, not regularly assigned as part of the corps.

Surgeon Lafayette Guild, medical director of the Army of Northern Virginia, in his official tabulated report, accounts for 10,291 only.

Compiled from the official reports.

Left at Leesburg.

Commanding brigade while General Evans commanded provisional division.

Attached to Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment.

John R. Johnson's and D'Aquin's batteries were the only ones present with this division at Sharpsburg.

Braxton's, Crenshaw's, McIntosh's, and Pegram's batteries engaged at Sharpsburg.

Cutts's and Jones's battalions also under D. H. Hill's command at Sharpsburg.

First Virginia Artillery.

Designation changed from Third Corps, Army of Virginia, to First Army Corps, by General Orders, No. 129, Adjutant-General's Office, September 12, 1862.

Wounded September 17.

Relieved September 14.

Wounded September 14.

Joined September 9, and detached September 13 as railroad guard.

Wounded September 14.

Detached at Washington, D.C., since September 6.

Wounded September 17.

Wounded September 17.

Assigned to the Sixth Corps as the Third Division, September 26, 1862.

Joined September 17.

(sq) Joined September 15.

This division was organized September 12, and reached the battlefield of Antietam September 18.

Assigned to First Division, Second Army Corps, September 17.

On the 16th and 17th, Major General Burnside exercised general command on the left, and Brigadier-General Cox was in immediate command of the corps.

Killed September 14.

Wounded September 17.

Designation changed from Second Corps, Army of Virginia, to Twelfth Army Corps, by General Orders, No. 129, Adjutant-General's Office, September 12, 1862.

Mortally wounded September 17.

Wounded September 17.

No officers present; enlisted men of company attached to Second Massachusetts.

Detached September 9.

Detached September 13.

Killed September 17.

Detached at Frederick, Md.

Rebellion Record, vol. xix. part i. p. 520.

See organization of the army appended to account of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxi. part i. p. 783.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxi. part i. p. 1121.

Ibid., p. 1057.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxi. part i. p. 432.

Vol. xxi. of the Official Records.

Not assigned to divisions.

Majors Garnett, Hamilton, and T. J. Page, Jr., are mentioned in the reports as commanding artillery battalions, but their composition is not stated.

Organization of brigades as established November 10, 1862. On roster for December 16, 1862, Hart's, Breathed's, Moorman's, and Chew's batteries appear as attached, respectively, to the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Brigades. Commanders are given as reported December 16, 1862.

Detachment on raid to Dumfries.

In the Shenandoah Valley.

The Confederate dry-goods factories, for want of other dye-stuffs had long before this resorted to the use of the butternut coloring.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxv. part ii. p. 320.

Ibid., p. 696.

General D. H. Hill was next in rank to General Ewell. He was the hero of Bethel, Seven Pines, South Mountain, and the hardest fighter at Sharpsburg. His record was as good as that of "Stonewall" Jackson, but, not being a Virginian, he was not so well advertised.

Report Committee, vol. i. p. 480.

Report of Committee, vol. i.p. 488.

His account.

In his official report he puts Jenkins's force at the opening campaign at three thousand eight hundred.

General Lee, by Fitzhugh Lee (note), p. 299.

His official report.

"Four Years with General Lee."

Rebellion Record.

"Four Years with General Lee," W. H. Taylor, page 103.

Eclectic Magazine, May, 1872.

At Sharpsburg, General Jackson left the field at seven o'clock in the morning and did not return until four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was ordered with his command and the cavalry to turn and strike down against the Union right. He started to execute the order, then gave it up without even asking permission. He made a brave and gallant fight in the morning, losing 1601 officers and men. But D. H. Hill was there from the first to the last gun, losing from his division 1872 officers and men. Jackson had the greater part of two divisions. But Hill was not a Virginian, and it would not do to leave the field for refreshments. The figures include Jackson's losses at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg; Hill's at South Mountain and Sharpsburg.

Vide "The French under the First and Last Bonaparte ;" the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia under Stonewall Jackson in 1862, in the Valley of Virginia, and J. A. Early in 1864.

General Meade's monthly return for June 30 shows 99,131 "present for duty, equipped." The Comte de Paris estimates the force actually on the field, including the Sixth Corps, which was in reserve, at 82,000.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxvii.

No reports on file for this brigade. Bryan was in command July 7, and was probably Semmes's immediate successor. The commanders of the Tenth, Fifty-first, and Fifty-third Georgia are given as reported for June 22 and July 31. Manning reported in command of Fiftieth Georgia, June 22. No commander reported on return for July 31.

The regimental commanders are given as reported for June 14.

The four captains present (West, Robinson, James M. Taylor, Thomas N. Jordan) were reported as wounded July 1; Robinson and Taylor as having rejoined July 2, but it does not appear who commanded during Robinson's absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Slough and Major John S. Brooks reported as wounded at four P.M., July 1.

Colonel Christie, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Johnston, Major C. C. Blacknall, and the senior captain (Abner D. Pearce) reported as wounded early in the fight, July 1.

Commanded his own and W. E. Jones's brigade.

Serving with Ewell's corps.

Mounted.

See battalions attached to corps and cavalry.

Not engaged.

See artillery brigades attached to army corps and the reserves.

Not engaged. With exception of the regular battalion, it was, July 1, and while at Beaver Dam Creek, Md., ordered to Washington, D.C., where it arrived July 3.

Major-General John F. Reynolds, of this corps, was killed July 1, while in command of the left wing of the army; General Doubleday commanded the corps July 1, and General Newton, who was assigned to that command on the 1st, superseded him July 2.

Transferred, in the afternoon of July 1, to the First Brigade.

Guarding trains, and not engaged in the battle.

Battery E, First New York Light Artillery, attached.

After the death of General Reynolds, General Hancock was assigned to the command of all the troops on the field of battle, relieving General Howard, who had succeeded General Reynolds. General Gibbon, of the Second Division, assumed command of the corps. These assignments terminated on the evening of July 1. Similar changes in commanders occurred during the battle of the 2d, when General Hancock was put in command of the Third Corps, in addition to that of his own. He was wounded on the 3d, and Brigadier-General William Hays was assigned to the command of the corps.

2d Company Minnesota Sharp-shooters attached.

Transferred from Artillery Reserve, July 1; Fourteenth New York Battery attached.

Joined corps June 28. The Second Brigade left in the Department of Washington.

Guarding corps trains, and not engaged in the battle.

Also in command of the Third Brigade, Third Division, on July 3.

No First Brigade in division.

See foot-note (¶), p. 415.

Guarding wagon-train at Westminster, and not engaged in the battle.

During the interval between the death of General Reynolds and the arrival of General Hancock, on the afternoon of July 1, all the troops on the field of battle were commanded by General Howard, General Schurz taking command of the Eleventh Corps, and General Schimmelfennig of the Third Division.

Exercised command of the right wing of the army during a part of the battle.

Unassigned during progress of battle; afterwards attached to First Division, as Second Brigade.

Served with the Sixth Army Corps, and on the right flank.

Serving as light artillery.

At Westminster, etc., and not engaged in the battle.

With Huey's Cavalry Brigade, and not engaged in the battle.

Tenth New York Battery attached.

Not engaged.

Eleventh New York Battery attached.

The emergency militia and the six months' volunteers were mustered into the United States service, and the ninety-days' militia into the State service. Under act of Congress approved April 12, 1866, the State was reimbursed by the United States for money expended in payment of the latter troops.

That company did not go with the battalion to Virginia.

This was my first meeting with the genial, gallant, lovable William Preston.

Rebellion Record.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxx. part i. p. 144.

In his official report of the battle, General Bragg denies that his march of the 21st was for the crossing of the Tennessee River; refers to the proposition as visionary, and says of the country, "Affording no subsistence for men or animals."—Rebellion Record.

Rebellion Record.

Later on he offered the command to Lieutenant-General Hardee, who declined it.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxxi. part i. p. 680.

Since those days the name of Holston has been changed to the Tennessee.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxxi. part i. p. 526.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxxi. part i. p. 491.

Rebellion Record.

Rebellion Record.

Ibid.

Rebellion Record, vol. xxxi. part i. p. 549.

"Four Years with General Lee."

General Heth's personal account.

Letter to the writer.

Decisive Battles of the War, Swinton, p. 378.

Military History of U.S. Grant Badeau.

Virginia Campaigns, 1864-65, by General A. A. Humphreys, Army of the Potomac.

General Early's official account.

One of our weeklies announced, upon learning that General Bragg was ordered there, "We understand that General Bragg is ordered to Wilmington. Good-by, Wilmington !"

General Badeau's "Military History of U.S. Grant."

Four Years with General Lee.

Diary of a member of Corse's brigade.

Estimated from returns.

Estimated from general return for March.

This account is gathered from the evidence of officers of both sides, given before the Warren Court of Inquiry, which vindicated Warren and Pickett, though the court was inclined to coquette with the lieutenant-general, who, at that late day, was in high authority.

He reported that he could have gained the day if the cavalry of his left had been as efficient as that of his right.

Virginia Campaigns.

General Mahone claimed seven hundred in all.

Memoirs of General Lee, A. L. Long.

Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, A. L. Long.

Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, A. L. Long.

Including the parts of the Third Corps attached after the fall of A. P. Hill, and about five thousand that reported on the 7th, 8th, and 9th in bands and squads from the columns broken up at Sailor's Creek.

Including five thousand two hundred of fragments dispersed at Petersburg and during the rearward march, that joined us in retreat.

With D. H. Hill's division at Sharpsburg.

Left at Leesburg.

Compiled from the records of the Adjutant-General's Office. On September 14 the right wing of the army, consisting of the First and Ninth Corps, was commanded by Major-General Burnside; the centre, composed of the Second and Twelfth Corps, by Major-General Sumner, and the left wing, comprising the Sixth Corps and Couch's division (Fourth Corps), by Major-General Franklin.

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(Moxley) Recoll. of a Confed. Staff Officer
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RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER

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Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Introduction--By John W. Daniel

Formerly Major and Assistant Adjutant-General Early's Division, Second Corps, A. N. V.

A few months ago I entered a room where a group of five or six gentlemen were seated around a table in conversation. As I took my seat to join them, one of the number, a distinguished Northern Senator, of high cultivation and who is a great reader of history, made this remark to his companions: "The Army of Northern Virginia was in my opinion the strongest body of men of equal numbers that ever stood together upon the earth." As an ex-Confederate soldier I could not feel otherwise than pleased to hear such an observation from a gentleman of the North who was a student of military history. As the conversation continued there seemed to be a general concurrence in the opinion he stated, and I doubt if any man of intelligence who would give sedate consideration to the subject, would express a different sentiment.

The Army of the Potomac, the valiant and powerful antagonist of the Army of Northern Virginia, was indeed of much larger numbers, and better equipped and fed; but it would have nevertheless failed but for its high qualities of soldiership which are by none more respected than by their former foes. Both armies were worthy of any steel that was ever forged for the business of war, and when General Grant in his "Memoirs" describes the meeting <mox_12>after the surrender of the officers of both sides around the McLean House, he says that they seemed to "enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long time while fighting battles under the same flag." He prophesied in his last illness that "we are on the eve of a new era when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate."

That era came to meridian when the Federal Government magnanimously returned to the States of the South the captured battle-flags of their regiments. The story of the war will be told no longer at soldiers' camp-fires with the feelings of bygone years, or with even stifled reproach, but solely with a design to cultivate friendship and to unfold the truth as to one of the most stupendous conflicts of arms that ever evoked the heroism of the human race.

"Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)," by Brigadier-General G. Moxley Sorrel, of the Army of Northern Virginia, is a valuable contribution to this great history. Its author received his "baptism of fire" in the First Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, while serving on the staff of Brigadier-General James Longstreet as a volunteer aid, with the complimentary rank of captain.

The forces under General Beauregard at Bull Run were known at that time as "The Army of the Potomac." The name of the antagonist of the Federal "Army of the Potomac" was soon changed to the "Army of Northern Virginia"; and Longstreet, the senior brigadier, became major-general and then lieutenant-general.

Sorrel followed the fortunes of his chief, serving as adjutant-general of his brigade, division, and corps, with rank successively as captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, and distinguished himself many <mox_13>times by his gallantry and efficiency. During the siege of Petersburg the tardy promotion which he had long deserved and for which he had been time and again recommended, came to him and he succeeded Brigadier-General Girardey, a gallant soldier who had been killed in battle, as commander of a brigade in

Mahone's division, A. P. Hill's Third Corps.

When promoted he showed the right spirit by making a faithful and brave courier his aide-de-camp. As a general, as well as while on the staff, Sorrel often had his "place in the picture by the flashing of the guns." At Sharpsburg he leaped from his horse, with Fairfax, Goree, Manning, and Walton, of Longstreet's staff, to serve as cannoneers at the guns of the Washington Artillery, whose soldiers had been struck down. While he was carrying a message to a brigade commander his horse was shot under him, and still later on the same field a fragment of a shell struck him senseless and he was for a while disabled. He passed through the maelstrom of Gettysburg, here and there upon that field of blood; the hind legs of his horse were swept away by a cannon ball, and at the same time he and Latrobe, of Longstreet's staff, were carrying in their arms saddles taken from horses slain under them.

At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was at the side of his chief when that officer was badly wounded, and when General Jenkins, of South Carolina, and Captain Dobie of the staff were killed. He won his general's wreath that day, although it was some time before it reached him. At the crisis when Longstreet's corps was going to the rescue he was entrusted with marshalling three brigades to flank the advancing forces of General Hancock. Moving forward with the line of the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, of Mahone's brigade, he endeavored <mox_14>to take its colors as it advanced to the onset, but Ben May, the stout-hearted standard-bearer, refused him that honor and himself carried them to victory. When this battle was over General Lee saluted him as "General Sorrel."

He was wounded in the leg while commanding his brigade on the right of the Confederate line near Petersburg; and again he was shot in the lungs at Hatcher's Run in January, 1865, the same action in which fell the brave General John Pegram, then commanding Early's old division.

During the illness resulting from this wound, General Sorrel was cared for by relatives in Roanoke County, Virginia, and having recovered sufficiently returned to the field. He was in Lynchburg, Virginia, on his way back to his command when the surrender at Appomattox ended the career of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Scarcely any figure in that army was more familiar to its soldiers than that of General Sorrel, and certainly none more so to the soldiers of the First Corps. Tall, slender, and graceful, with a keen dark eye, a trim military figure, and an engaging countenance, he was a dashing and fearless rider, and he attracted attention in march and battle by his constant devotion to his duties as adjutant-general, and became as well known as any of the commanders.

General Sorrel has not attempted a military history. He has simply related the things he saw and of which he was a part. He says of his writings, "that they are rough jottings from memory without access to any data or books of reference and with little attempt at sequence." What his book will therefore lack in the precision and detail as to military strategy or movement, will be compensated for by the naturalness and freshness which are <mox_15>found in the free, picturesque, and salient character of his work.

General Sorrel was of French descent on his father's side. His grandfather, Antoine Sorrel Des Revieres, had been a colonel of engineers in the French Army, and afterwards held estates in San Domingo, from which he was driven by the insurrection of the negroes in the early part of the nineteenth century. He then moved to Louisiana.

His father, Francis Sorrel, became a successful business man in Savannah, Georgia, and

his mother was a lady of Virginia. If he inherited from one those distinctively American qualities which were so attractive in his character, we can but fancy that he inherited in some degree at least from his sire the delicate touch with the pen which is so characteristic of the French. They have written more entertaining memoirs than any other people, and this memoir of General Sorrel is full of sketches, incidents, anecdotes, and of vivid portraitures and scenes which remind the reader no little of the military literature of the French.

No military writer has yet undertaken to produce a complete history of either the Army of the Potomac or the Army of Northern Virginia. Indeed, it has scarce been practicable to write such a history. The rolls of the two armies have not yet been published, and while the War Records have furnished a great body of most valuable matter and there are many volumes of biography and autobiography which shed light on campaigns and battles, the deposit of historical material will not be finished before the whole generation who fought the war has passed from earth. This volume will be useful to the historian in giving him an insight to the very image and body of the times. It will carry him to the general's headquarters and from there <mox_16>to the picket-line; from the kitchen camp-fire and baking-oven to the hospital and ordnance wagon; from the devices of the commissary and quartermaster to the trenches in the battlefield; from the long march to the marshalled battle line; from the anxieties of the rear-guard of the retreat to the stern array of the charging columns. He will find some graphic accounts of leading characters, such as Longstreet, Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Jeb Stuart, Early, Anderson, Mahone, Van Dorn, Polk, Bragg, and many others who shone in the lists of the great tourney. The private soldier is justly recognized, and appears in his true light all along the line, of which he was the enduring figure. Lee, great and incomparable, shines as he always does, in the endearing majesty of his matchless character and genius.

General Sorrel's book is written in the temper and spirit which we might expect of the accomplished and gallant soldier that he was. It is without rancor, as he himself declares, and it is without disposition unduly to exalt one personage or belittle another. It bespeaks the catholic mind of an honest man. It tells things as he saw them, and he was one who did his deed from the highest and purest motives.

The staff of the Army of Northern Virginia (of which G. M. Sorrel, assistant adjutant-general, was a bright, particular star) was for the most part an improvised affair, as for the most part was the whole Confederate Army, and indeed the Federal Army was almost as much so. It showed, as did the line of civilians turned quickly into soldiers, the aptitude of our American people for military service and accomplishment. Even the younger officers of military training were needed in armies of raw and inexperienced recruits for many commands. <mox_17>The staff had to be made up for the most part of alert young men, some of them yet in their teens, and it is remarkable that they were so readily found and so well performed their duties.

At twenty-two years of age Sorrel was a clerk in a Savannah bank, and a private in a volunteer company of Savannah. He slipped away from his business to see the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, and a little later we then find him at his father's country estate some ten miles from Manassas Junction, looking forward to a second lieutenancy as the fulfilment of his then ambition.

An introduction from Col. Thomas Jordan, the adjutant-general of Beauregard, to General Longstreet fixed his career with that officer, and he was by his side transacting

his business and carrying his orders from the start to well-nigh the finish. On the Peninsula, and in the trenches at Yorktown, at Williamsburg and Seven Pines, in the Seven Days Battle around Richmond, at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg, at Suffolk in southeast Virginia, at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, at Knoxville, at the Wilderness, and in many combats along the Richmond and Petersburg lines, General Sorrel shared in many adventures and was a part of many matters of great pith and moment. Like Sandy Pendleton, the adjutant of Jackson, of Ewell, and of Early as commanders of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and like W. H. Palmer, of Richmond, the adjutant of A. P. Hill, he had no special preparation for his military career; and all three of these valuable officers, like many others who might be mentioned, are simply illustrations of the fine inherent qualities that pertain to the scions of a free people.

I have not written this introduction in the hope that I could add anything to the attractiveness of <max_18>General Sorrell's recollections, nor have I undertaken to edit them or to pass upon the opinions which he expressed concerning men or things or battles. My part is simply that of a friend who belonged also to the staff of the Army of Northern Virginia, and of one who, from opportunities to observe General Sorrel on many occasions and to know him personally, learned to honor and admire him. I deem it fitting, however, to say that in some respects I differ from General Sorrel's opinions and would vary some of his observations respecting Ewell, Stuart, Early, and a few other conspicuous leaders.

"Fortunate indeed is the man who like General Sorrel is entitled to remind those around his deathbed that he did his best to do his duty and to serve his country with heart and soul. The records of his life tell us how well, how faithfully he did serve her, and if anything can console you and others for his loss it must be that fact."

These are the words of Field Marshal Wolseley, written to Mrs. Sorrel, the widow of the General, upon his death in New York in 1901.

They are worthy of repetition in connection with General Sorrel's name by reason of their just estimate of his worth as a patriot and a soldier, and of the high spirit which they breathe; and that they are uttered by a soldier and a man of such character and ability as Field Marshal Wolseley impresses all the more their inherent merit.

They better introduce the volume of General Sorrel's composition than anything I can say, for they reveal in short compass the nature of the man, the principle that actuated his life, and the estimate formed of him by an eminent soldier who had no partial relation to him or his deeds.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 1, 1905.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter I--Battle Of Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Forbears and Home at Savannah—Fort Sumter attacked—Hostilities begin—
Leave for Virginia—Visit to my father—Beauregard's camp at Manassas—
Colonel Jordan—Introduced to General Longstreet—Sketch—General Stuart
—General Johnston The battle—Enemy defeated—Pursuit stopped—March to
Centerville—Stonewall Jackson—Prince Napoleon—The review—Colonel
Skinner—His Exploits.

<mox_19>

My forbears were French on my father's side, His father, Antoine Sorrel des Rivieres, Colonel du Genie (Engineer Corps) in the French Army, was on his estates in the island of St. Domingo when the bloody insurrection of the blacks broke out at the opening of the century. He had the tragic horror of witnessing the massacre of many relatives and friends. His property was destroyed, and his life barely saved by concealment and flight to Cuba, thence to Louisiana, where a refuge was found among friendly kindred. There he died at a great age.

His son Francis, my father, was saved from the rage of bloodthirsty blacks by the faithful devotion of the household slaves, and some years later succeeded in reaching Maryland, where he was educated. <mox_20>He married in Virginia, engaging in business in the early part of the century at Savannah, Georgia.

My maternal great-grandfather, Alvin Moxley, was from Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was one of the signers of what is known as the Richard Henry Lee Bill of Rights, 1765, the first recorded protest in America against taxation without representation, and which twelve years later led directly to the Revolutionary War. The original document is now preserved and framed in the Virginia Historical Society at Richmond.

Death bereft my father of his wife in time's flight. An eminent merchant, successful and prominent, we find him in the Civil War in health and ease, happy in the love of many children and the esteem of hosts of friends. As a child he had seen some horrors of the insurrection, but never could he be persuaded to speak of them, so deep and painful were even their distant memories. At the culmination of the political troubles in 1861 I was a young chap just twenty-two, at home in my native city, Savannah, peacefully employed with the juniors of the banking force of the Central Railroad.

When Sumter was bombarded at Charleston in April, I slipped away for a day or two and witnessed the scenes of wild excitement that attended its fall. It spread everywhere, and like all the youth of the country I was quickly drawn in. For a year or two before, like many of my associates in Savannah, I was a member, a private, of the Georgia Hussars, a fine volunteer cavalry company, with a creditable history of almost a century. <mox_21>

On the secession of Georgia, now soon following, Fort Pulaski was seized and the various military commands did their tour of duty there, the Hussars among them.

This was my first service. The company also immediately offered itself to the Confederate Government just organized at Montgomery, Alabama, and was eager to get into the field; but delay ensued, although it was mustered in for thirty days' service on the coast of Skidaway Island, near Savannah. There I served again as private until mustered out. A Confederate army was being collected in Virginia under Beauregard, the capital having been settled in Richmond. Becoming impatient of inaction at Savannah, our

company apparently not being wanted, I decided to go to Virginia and seek employment there.

Richmond looked like a camp when I arrived, in July. It was full of officers in their smart uniforms, all busy with their duties, and the greatest efforts were made for equipping and arming the men now pouring in from the South. They were posted first in camps of instruction, where, by means of younger officers, they attained some drill before being sent to the army. How happy should I be could I get a commission as second lieutenant and plunge into work with the men.

My brother, Dr. Francis Sorrel, had just arrived from California and was gazetted to a high position in the Surgeon-General's Department. He aided me all possible, but I got nothing, and so about July 15, my cash running down, betook myself to my father's pretty country place at Greenwich, about <mox_22>ten miles north of Warrenton, Fauquier County. It was also about ten miles from Manassas Junction, the headquarters of General Beauregard, now in command of the army that was to fight McDowell and defend Richmond. My father said it was unfortunate I had not come a day or two earlier, because he had driven his daughters across the country for a visit to the camps, where they met many friends. Among these was Col. Thomas Jordon, the all-powerful adjutant-general of Beauregard's army, then termed the Army of the Potomac. Many years before, Jordon, when a lieutenant, had been stationed in Savannah, and enjoyed my father's generous hospitality. This was my opportunity.

I asked for just a few lines of introduction to Jordon, and a horse out of the stables. I knew them well and could get a good mount for the field. My dear father willingly acceded, and parted from me cheerfully but with moist eyes. On the way to the camp I came up with Meredith, a relation (not long ago United States Congressman from Virginia), and soon I found Colonel Jordon. He had been doing an enormous amount of work and was almost exhausted.

Jordon was considered a brilliant staff officer, and justly so; but there appeared something lacking in his make-up as a whole that disappointed his friends. At all events, his subsequent military career failed and he sank out of prominent notice. He was kind to me, read my note, said nothing could be done then; but—"Come again to-morrow."

This turned me loose in the camp. The soldiers from the Valley under J. E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart <mox_23>began to make an appearance in small numbers, principally cavalry. We slept that night at Meredith's, about three miles from camp. Jordon, the next day, was still unable to do anything for me, and I began to be doubtful of success, but could at least go as a private with a good horse under me.

Again at Meredith's and awakened very early by cannon, we were up in a moment and galloping to Beauregard's.

There I was made happy on the 21st day of July. The adjutant-general handed me three lines of introduction to Longstreet, commanding a brigade at Blackburn's Ford several miles distant. With a good-by to Meredith I was swiftly off. Approaching the ford, shot and shell were flying close overhead; and feeling a bit nervous, my first time under fire, I began to inquire what folly had brought me into such disturbing scenes.

The feeling passed, however, and Longstreet, who had called on Beauregard for staff officers, received me cordially.

His acting adjutant-general, Lieutenant Frank Armistead, a West Point graduate and of some service in the United States Army, was ordered to announce me to the brigade as

captain and volunteer aide-de-camp. Brig.-Gen. James Longstreet was then a most striking figure, about forty years of age, a soldier every inch, and very handsome, tall and well proportioned, strong and active, a superb horseman and with an unsurpassed soldierly bearing, his features and expression fairly matched; eyes, glint steel blue, deep and piercing; a full brown beard, head well shaped and poised. The worst feature <mox_24>was the mouth, rather coarse; it was partly hidden, however, by his ample beard. His career had not been without mark. Graduating from West Point in 1842, he was assigned to the Fourth Infantry, the regiment which Grant joined one year later. The Mexican War coming on, Longstreet had opportunity of service and distinction which he did not fail to make the most of; wounds awaited him, and brevets to console such hurts. After peace with Mexico he was in the Indian troubles, had a long tour of duty in Texas, and eventually received the appointment of major and paymaster. It was from that rank and duty that he went at the call of his State to arm and battle for the Confederacy. History will tell how well he did it. He brought to our army a high reputation as an energetic, capable, and experienced soldier. At West Point he was fast friends with Grant, and was his best man at the latter's marriage. Grant, true as steel to his friends, never in all his subsequent marvelous career failed Longstreet when there was need.

Such was the brigadier-general commanding four regiments of Virginia infantry, the First, Eleventh, Seventeenth, and Twenty-fourth, and a section of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. The Eighteenth Virginia Infantry was afterwards added.

Three days previously, Longstreet, just joined his command, had opportunity of showing his mettle. His position at the ford was fiercely assailed by the Federals, and his coolness, good disposition, and contagious courage brought about their defeat, and was the beginning of that devotion which his men gave him up to Appomattox. His staff officers <mox_25>at the time were Lieutenant Armistead, Lieutenant Manning of Mississippi, ordnance officer; Captain Walton of Mississippi, aid; Captain Goree of Texas, aid; and some quartermasters and commissaries detailed from the regiments.

The army had scarcely made an attempt yet at good organization.

At Manassas Junction, while waiting on Jordon, I first saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart. The first was full bearded, dusty, and worn from long marching; a high-bred, stern-looking soldier of faultless seat and bearing in the saddle. I had the good fortune to know him well and most happily in the coming years. Once long after the close of the war I was chatting with him in his best humor. We were speaking of his varied military life and the several wounds he had received in Mexico, with Indians, and in the recent Confederate War. He had many, and as he sat in face of me the General's splendid, dome-like head was something to admire. Quite bald, it was scarred in several places, and looking at the mark of an ugly gash I inquired, "And, General, where did you get *that* one?" The smile that irradiated that strong, expressive face was brilliant and contagious as he answered. "I got *that*, sir, out of a cherry tree !" and then followed a laughing account of what a fall he had, and how he had been chased by the farmer.

Stuart, red bearded, ruddy faced, alert, and ever active, was dirtier even than Johnston, but there stood the tireless cavalryman, the future right arm of the great Lee, the eyes and ears to His army. Alas! that his pure soldier's life, crowned with such <mox_26>splendid fame, should have ended so needlessly, late in the war, by a stray shot.

I should say here there is to be no attempt at describing battles—the military works are

full of them. I shall content myself with bare outlines, and some observations of men and things, adding such incidents and personal happenings as may, I hope, prove of interest.

Longstreet's brigade had practically no part in the battle of Manassas. It sustained some desultory artillery fire, and there was a demonstration against it, but it amounted to nothing. Blackburn's Ford was on the right, where the attack was expected, but McDowell found his way to Beauregard's left and nearly smashed him until Johnston and Jackson came "ventre a terre" and turned the doubtful tide of battle into a ruinous rout of the enemy.

It was late in the afternoon, but we soon heard of it at our ford, and Longstreet, waiting for no man, was immediately in pursuit. He was halted first by Bonham, who ranked him, to permit his brigade to take the lead. Then resuming the march hot-footed after the flying foe, we were again stopped, this time by Major Whiting, of Johnston's staff, with orders from Beauregard to attempt no pursuit. Painful was this order. We knew the Federals were in full flight, and we had only to show ourselves to bag the whole outfit.

We dismounted among some young pines to await further orders, and I saw Longstreet in a fine rage. He dashed his hat furiously on the ground, stamped, and bitter words escaped him. However, the night was on us, some food was picked up by hook or <mox_27>crook, and we slept well under the stars. The soundness of the order stopping pursuit has been viewed in many different ways, and I shall not add my own opinion, except to suggest that while in the condition of our army it was practically impossible to seize Washington, it was yet the proper thing to keep on the heels of those frightened soldiers until they reached the Potomac. Many thousand prisoners, and much loot and stores, ammunition, guns, colors, and other material would have fallen into our hands.

Next day the field and highways showed the terrible battle that had raged, and the ground was covered with the debris of the panic-stricken army. Our brigade moved leisurely on, and halted for some time at Centerville. The army was concentrated in the neighborhood, and about Fairfax Court House and Fairfax Station, our headquarters being for some time at the former place. About this time Longstreet was joined by two noted scouts and rangers whom he had known in Texas—the celebrated Frank Terry and Tom Lubbock, powerful men, both of them, in the prime of life. Scouting and fighting had been their part from boyhood. They were of much use to Longstreet. From Fairfax Court House and vicinity we sent regular details, called the advanced forces, to occupy Mason's and Munson's hills, only a few miles from Washington. At night the dome of the Capitol could be seen from those positions, lighted up with great splendor. There was sharp sniping in front of the hills, and Terry and Lubbock generally bagged their man apiece, each day, besides bringing in valuable information. <mox_28>Both men soon returned to Texas and organized a regiment of cavalry in the Confederate service under Terry. It was said to be the finest body of horsemen and fighters imaginable, and subsequently did great service in the West. Terry fell among them at their head.

It was while we lay in the neighborhood that I saw Prince Jerome Napoleon, "Plon Plon." It seems he was making a short visit of curiosity (he was no friend of the South), and was at Beauregard's headquarters some distance off.

The General sent notice to Longstreet that he was coming with his staff and guest to call on him, and suggested that he try to get up something in the way of a small review of our best-clad soldiers. Longstreet started me off at once to borrow a regiment from Stonewall Jackson and one from D. R. Jones (South Carolina), both commands being near by. The

First Virginia Infantry, the Richmond regiment, was the contingent from our own brigade. I soon found myself saluting General T. J. Jackson, the first time I had seen the soldier. He was seated in a low, comfortable chair in front of his quarters, quite shabbily dressed, but neat and clean—little military ornament about him. It was the eye full of fire and the firm, set face that drew attention. His hand was held upright; a ball at the recent battle had cut off a piece of his finger, and that position eased it. He was all courtesy to the young subaltern awaiting his answer.

"Say to General Longstreet, with my compliments, that he shall have my best-looking regiment, and that immediately. The colonel will report at the <mox_29>point you may designate." This done, Jones gave up his best, some good-looking Carolinians, with palmetto badges, and then spurring back to meet Beauregard and party to guide them to the reviewing ground, he presented me to His Highness the Prince, who, well mounted, was riding by his side. I could not keep my eyes off the Frenchman's face. It was almost a replica of the great Napoleon, his uncle, but unpleasantly so; skin pasty and flabby, bags under the eyes, and beefy all over. A large man, tall, but without dignity of movement or attitude. The review was soon over. The three picked regiments, with a good band, looked well, although the Richmond boys were a bit out at the seat; but, as old Skinner, the Colonel, said to the Frenchman as they marched by, "The enemy won't see that part of them."

The spot was on a nice piece of turf near an old wooden church, and we had gathered a few refreshments for the occasion, but the Prince would have nothing. Coldly and impassively he raised his hat in parting salute, entered the carriage that was awaiting him, and, escorted by a lieutenant of cavalry and a half dozen men under a flag of truce, we willingly sent him back to his friends, the enemy. On returning to France he published what iii he could find to say of us, but "Plon Plon's" abuse was not to hurt or disturb honest men with brave hearts.

A word about Old Skinner, Colonel of the First Virginia. He was an old Maryland fox hunter, handsome and distinguished looking, and had lived long in France, almost domiciled there. He was connected with many of the best people of Maryland and <mox_30>Virginia, and had hosts of friends. Fond of good liquor, it was almost every night that he was a bit full, and then there were wild scenes with his well-known hunter, Fox, who could do anything or go anywhere with the Colonel on him. Skinner was a fine swordsman, and had brought from France a long, straight, well-balanced double-edged cuirassier's saber. In his cups the fine old Colonel would swear he should die happy could he have one chance to use that steel on the enemy.

The chance came and Skinner was ready for it. At the second battle of Manassas a battery of six guns was mauling some of our infantry horribly. His regiment, the gallant First Virginia, was thrown at it, "Old Fred," as the men affectionately called him, leading well in advance. Out flashed the French saber, and he was among the gunners in a trice. His execution was wonderful; sabering right and left he seemed invulnerable, but down he came at last, just as his men swept over the guns in a fine charge. It was the end of the Colonel's soldiering, but although frightfully wounded in the chest and body he survived for many years. So lively was the old beau sabreur, that only a few years ago he came to New York to fight John Wise because of some fancied slight to a member of his family—Wise, too, his lifelong friend! As there could be no fighting, Wise had to do some nice diplomatic work to soothe the irate Colonel and smooth over the affair.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter II—After Manassas At Centreville

Commissioned as captain and acting adjutant-general—Pay of officers—Assigned to Longstreet's brigade—The Oglethorpe Infantry, of Savannah—Enemy preparing for winter quarters—Beauregard takes command in West—Confederate flag—Presentation of battle-flags—Starting a theatre—Georgia Hussars—A sleigh ride.

<mox_31>

Something must now be said as to what happened to me several weeks after the Manassas battle. It will be remembered I was a volunteer aid with the rank by courtesy, but no pay. When I saw my messmates taking theirs in very comfortably, it occurred to me I should make another effort for a commission, so I wrote my application to the Secretary of War asking to be appointed a second lieutenant, C. S. A., and assigned as might be thought proper. Blushing like a girl, I asked General Longstreet if he could endorse it favorably. Glancing hastily at the paper, he said, "Certainly," and then added carelessly, "but it isn't necessary." The words made no impression at the time, but they came to mind later.

After the battle we had not been idle; at least I was set to work. There was no commissary to the brigade, and for a week or two I did the duty after a fashion until an officer of that department was assigned—Major Chichester. His papers, correspondence, <mox_32>and duties seemed to fall on me, naturally, by his consent, and the brigadier-general soon began to look to me for assistance.

This had been going on for some time until the official mail one fine morning brought me a commission as captain in the Adjutant-General's Department, with orders to report to Longstreet. Then his words leaped to my memory. He had a right to nominate his own adjutant-general and had applied for me while I was fishing around for a second lieutenantcy. I had had no military training except some drill and tactics at school, but it seemed he thought I took to the work handily. He instructed me to relieve Armistead and take over all the duties of the office. I rose with Longstreet to be major and lieutenant-colonel in that department, and brigadier-general commanding in Hill's corps, and my affection for him is unailing. Such efficiency on the field as I may have displayed came from association with him and the example of that undismayed warrior. He was like a rock in steadiness when sometimes in battle the world seemed flying to pieces.

Armistead left us, carrying our good wishes for his future.

I think the pay of a captain (mounted) was \$140 per month and forage for two horses; a major, \$162 a month; a lieutenant-colonel, \$187. All general officers got \$301 per month. A soldier said the \$1 was for what they did, the \$300 just thrown in to please them. Johnny Reb must have his little joke.

The first company to leave Savannah for Virginia was the Oglethorpe Infantry, a fine body of eager <mox_33>young men commanded by Captain Bartow. He was well known all through the State as an ardent Confederate, a distinguished lawyer and orator. He took his young men to Joe Johnston in the Valley, wildly enthusiastic; but Bartow could not long remain their captain. His wide reputation quickly placed him colonel of the Eighth Georgia Infantry, and with that historic regiment the company fought at Manassas, and the entire war thereafter in Longstreet's command. Bartow was commissioned a brigadier

and served as such at Manassas. On July 21st many anxious eyes were fixed on it in Savannah. Then was its baptism of fire, and nobly did the young men stand it. Many were the mourners at home for the killed and wounded of these devoted youths. Their officers—West, Cooper, Butler—led them handsomely; their colonel was lost to them and to the country. Bartow was shot down at the head of the Eighth. "They have killed me, boys, but never give up the fight," was his last gasp, and his soul, with the gallant Bee's, sought its upward flight. The company became famous. It left its dead and wounded on every battlefield from Manassas to Appomattox, wherever Longstreet's corps was engaged. Revived now and honored it is at its old home, one of the leading military organizations of Georgia. Never do the men forget the memories of that day of battle on its recurring anniversaries, or fail in pride of their glorious predecessors.

As the winter approached, the enemy drew in their front and lined the fortifications and defenses on the Potomac. McClellan evidently determined not to <mox_34>attack and that the winter must pass idly on their part. The *gaudium certaminis* was no part of him. On ours Johnston drew in his scattered forces, concentrating about Centerville, which he fortified, and there they were, the two armies making faces at each other, and the Northern papers telling wonders about us, all believed by McClellan, whose imagination always doubled, trebled, quadrupled the fighting strength of those desperate Rebels.

While at Centerville the army underwent its first reorganization. Beauregard was sent West to important duty and J. E. Johnston assumed command of the Eastern army, to be forever known and glorious as the Army of Northern Virginia. It was then in four divisions, the second of the three brigades under Major-General Longstreet (Second Virginia and First South Carolina Brigade). First Division, also of three brigades, under Major-General Holmes (down on lower Potomac), and the district of the Valley, under Major-General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall), made up this army, besides artillery and cavalry; the latter under Stuart. The first flag of the Confederacy was the stars and bars, but it was found on the battlefield dangerously similar to the Northern stars and stripes. The battle-flag under which we fought to the finish was then substituted, and it was while we were at Centerville that the military function of presenting the new colors to the battalions was arranged.

The day for our division went off admirably. It was brilliant weather, and all were in their best outfits, and on their best mounts. The troops looked <mox_35>well as the colonels successively received their colors to defend.

Arrangements had been made for a generous hospitality at our division headquarters. We were occupying a dismantled old wooden farm-house well situated in the shade of fine trees. There a sumptuous repast was spread, and the principal officers of the divisions became our guests after the flag ceremonies. These arrangements were made by Major John W. Fairfax, whom Longstreet had had appointed a major and inspector on his staff. Fairfax was a rich man, owning the beautiful broad estate of President Monroe, Oak Hill, on the upper Potomac, in Loudoun County, near Aldie, also a fine property on the lower Potomac.

Major Fairfax was then of middle age, tall, courtly and rather impressive. He had attached himself at once to Longstreet, and took charge of his mess and small wants, presented him with a superb mount, and did the best he could with his new military duties. He lacked nothing in courage; was brave and would go anywhere. But Fairfax had two distinctions—he was the most pious of church-men and was a born bon vivant,

knowing and liking good things. Whiskey later was hard to get, yet he managed to have always a good supply on hand.

He is now a hale and hearty man, wonderfully well preserved.

It was Fairfax, as I said, that provided the feast, drawing the richest materials from his beautiful broad pastures in Loudoun. Everything was plentiful in that stage of the war, and much liquor and wine were consumed. Johnston, G. W. Smith, Van Dorn, <mox_36>Beauregard, and others of high rank were present, and we had great merriment and singing.

Walton was quite a friend of mine and fond of me. Gifted with uncommon intellectual attainments, the favorite scholar of L. Q. C. Lamar at the University of Mississippi, he was of the most uncertain, unexpected temper and exactions; he could be dangerous at times, and only the greatest firmness held him in check until the humor passed off and then he was all lovely. When the war ended he returned to Mississippi, quarreled with a man, and killed him. Moving to Alabama he found himself in the thick of the yellow fever epidemic of 1878. Dropping all personal interests he devoted himself wholly to the sick and dying, until himself struck down by death. His memory is sweet in that part of the State.

One day, as the winter came on, Longstreet sent for me. "The men will want amusement and entertainment the long winter days," he said. "*We* must get them up a theater and a good company. See to it at once and lose no time. Issue such orders as may be necessary." That was all, and quite easy for the General. Draw a theater and company, properties and all out of one's pocket like a ripe apple! But it could be done with the resources of a division of infantry at one's hand, and I set about it at once. The colonels each received a note asking help and details from the ranks of actors with some experience. They were sure to be found there. But more than all, I wanted a manager, and he soon came out of the First Virginia Infantry to take charge of the play. It was Theodore Hamilton, an actor of some experience. I have met him in several places <mox_37>acting since the peace, and he always comes to me as an old friend, although he was not to tread the boards at the "Centerville Theater."

"Now, Captain," he said, "for scenery and properties. You have the building, I have the company; what about the rest?" It was easy; painters were found in the ranks for scenery, and many of the officers chipping in, we got together enough money to send Hamilton to Richmond to get the costumes and properties. I don't think he made the most of his time there, but he got something, and after many delays we began to think we should see some acting after all. But alas! just then, Johnston, discovering McClellan's movements to the Peninsula, broke up his camp, his officers destroying needlessly an immense amount of valuable supplies, and off we marched merrily to face our old friend, the young Napoleon. Such was the beginning and the end of our first and only attempt at theatricals.

It was while we were about Centerville that a great change came over Longstreet. He was rather gay in disposition with his chums, fond of a glass, and very skilful at poker. He, Van Dorn, and G. W. Smith were accustomed to play almost every night with T. J. Rhett, General Johnston's adjutant-general, and we sometimes heard of rather wild scenes amid these old army chums—all from West Point, all having served in Mexico and against the Indians. Longstreet's wife and children were at Richmond. He was devoted to them. Suddenly scarlet fever broke out and three of the children died within one week. He was with them, and some weeks after resumed his command a changed man. He had

become <mox_38>very serious and reserved and a consistent member of the Episcopal Church. His grief was very deep and he had all our sympathies; later years lightened the memory of his sorrow and he became rather more like his old cheerful self, but with no dissipation of any kind.

Before parting with Centerville it should be said that my old troop, the Georgia Hussars, had at last got their services accepted and were brought to Richmond under my friend Captain F. Waring, and mustered in for the war. They were thrown into a regiment known as the Jeff Davis Legion, commanded by Colonel Will T. Martin, which was to prove itself a fine body of horse.

While in quarters this winter there were several light falls of snow, a novelty to most of our Southern fellows. Not many of them were familiar with such descents from the clouds. There came, however, a storm anything but interesting. Snow was lying deep and camps were almost hidden.

My staff comrade, Peyton Manning, and myself decided it was the time for a sleigh ride of our own. No cutters were to be had, but we improvised one. Securing a stout, well-made box of good size, a plank seat in it for two made it the body of the fabric. Then the forests yielded a couple of slim saplings, which, bent at the ends over the fire, were not bad for runners. On these, braced and crossed, with shafts attached, our box, well elevated, was securely fastened, and there was our cutter. We settled that the team should be stylish and made it "tandem," in good extemporized harness. My charger was put in the shafts and Manning's in the <mox_39>lead, both high-spirited animals. Each horse was mounted by a small negro, postilion-fashion, good riders both, and supposed to add some safety as well as novelty to the equipage.

Manning undertook to handle the long reins from the bits, and we started, the observed of many curious, and amid the worst lot of evil prophecies of what would befall us that it was ever my fate to hear. The outfit took the road handsomely, cheered by the soldiers, our black postilions grinning with delight.

All went well for a time and then the devil himself broke loose! The spirit of the horses rising, especially that fiery brute of Manning's, they were off entirely beyond control. Over the deep-snowed roads and fields, across ditches and broken fences the gallant pair in mad race took everything on a full run, their postilions now ashy hue with terror and clinging like burs to the bounding animals. The finish came quickly. There seemed to be a sudden great fall of stars from the midday skies and Manning and I were hurled right and left into deep snow drifts, everything in pieces, horses and little niggers quite out of sight. Digging ourselves out we took a good look at each other and some ugly words were said; but although scratched and bruised no bones were broken, and we slowly trod our way back to camp, wiser if not better men from our first and last sleigh ride in old Virginia. The horses were brought back to quarters but never again were their black postilions seen in those parts.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter III—Reminiscences And Horses.

Visit to Mr. Francis Sorrel's country-seat—Interment of Captain Tillinghast, U.S.

A.—Sir William Howard Russell, *Times* correspondent—McDowell and July 21st—Seward and the French princes—Army begins to march to Peninsula.

<mox_40>

Not long after the battle I set out on a visit to my father's country place, Ireland, fifteen miles from our camp. Hitching up two good mules to a light army ambulance, what we needed was put in, our intention being to bring back some delicacies for the messes. Captain Thompson, of Mississippi, one of the aids, accompanied me. He was an extraordinary looking person. Nature had been unkind. The son of Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, he had much to hope for, but for his affliction. His teeth and jaws were firmly set and locked, and no surgical ingenuity had yet succeeded in opening them. Liquids could be conveniently taken, but mechanical arrangements had to be made for solid food by the removal of some teeth.

This young officer showing a great desire to go along with me, was taken, although I could not help picturing some surprise on the part of my father and young sisters. We were made very welcome, as fresh from the glorious battlefield, and the day was a happy one. The girls had made a captain's coat for me out of homespun cloth; but such a fit! big enough for two captains of my thickness, it hung <mox_41>at all angles and flapped furiously in high winds. But love had prompted its making and I would never suffer any ugly remarks about it.

Something better soon came. My brother, Doctor Sorrel, in Richmond, was always mindful of his juniors in the field, and getting possession of a blockade bolt of fine gray cloth, he soon had enough snipped off to make me two good Confederate suits, suitably laced and in regulation trim, besides a long gray cape, or cloak, well lined, which was to do me good service for years.

At "Ireland" they loaded our ambulance with good things and there were shouts of joy when we reached the camp with the delicacies.

Captain Thompson was not subject to military duty and soon returned to his home.

It should be said here that these jottings are without the aid of a scrap of notes or other memoranda. The memory alone is called on, and as the events go back forty years it is something of a test; but I hope I am rather strong on that point and do not fear falling into inventions or imaginations. There were some dry notes of dates and marches, but they cannot be found, and they would be of no use with these jottings, as no attempt at dates is made. It is a lasting regret to me that as a staff officer with opportunities of seeing and knowing much, I did not keep up a careful diary or journal throughout the war. It should be made one of the duties of the staff.

This is odd. The day after the battle I came across the body of Captain Tillinghast at the Federal field infirmary near the stone bridge. The year previous <mox_42>I had been much in Baltimore at the Maryland Club and had there played billiards with Tillinghast, then a captain of Artillery, U.S. A., and an agreeable acquaintance; consequently there could be no mistake when I recognized his dead body. The Federal surgeon also identifying him, I set about giving him decent burial, and managed it finally by the help of some men of Bartow's Savannah company who knew me. The ground was baked hard

and we could not make the grave deep, but it was enough; and with my own hands I carved his name on the bark of a tree, under which the soldier found his last bivouac—"Otis H. Tillinghast."

Some time after, a blockade-runner, passing the lines took a letter from me to my cousin, Robert Fisher, in Baltimore, a friend also of Tillinghast. It was on other matters, but I let him know that Tillinghast's body had been recognized on the field, had received decent burial, and the spot marked. I described the location and then the matter passed out of my mind.

After peace came I was with Fisher in Baltimore and learned from him that my letter had been received and the information as to Captain Tillinghast considerably conveyed to his family. Fisher was answered soon after with thanks, "but there was some mistake," Captain Tillinghast was buried by his old classmate Samuel Jones, a Confederate brigadier-general, in a different part of the field and his body later removed to the family vault. Astonishing! If they got a body from a spot not where I had laid him they got the wrong husband. Sam Jones quite likely saw Tillinghast, but he had no hand in our burial of him. Stranger things, however, have happened.

Here are some trifles of talk remembered as coming from the famous war correspondent, Sir William Howard Russell, whose letters from the Crimea broke the Aberdeen Ministry and made him one of the leading men of the Kingdom. He was not long ago knighted at great age for his service all over the world in that field of letters. I met him several years ago in New York, in the train of the notorious Colonel North, the Chilean nitrate king. Russell had always some good stories on hand, and laughed at his chase from Bull Run battlefield, whither he had gone with the Federal army to write up their victory pictures. It gave him the name of "Bull Run Russell," which stuck to him. He admitted being very far to the rear, but said there were some generals and colonels who outstripped him to Washington! Some years after the war he met in Europe General McDowell, who said, "Russell, do you know what day this is?" "No, I don't recall any special occurrence." "It is," said McDowell, "the 21st of July, and had I succeeded on that day in '61 I should have been the greatest man in America and you the most popular."

Russell also had something about the French princes come to join McClellan's army. The two young men, Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres, were under the care and tutelage of their uncle, the Prince de Joinville, who did not follow them to the army. On landing they received their commissions as captains, and quickly equipped themselves with handsome regulation uniforms and military appointments.

.They proceeded to Washington to make formal calls of ceremony before reporting to McClellan. Among their first visits was that to Seward, the Secretary of State. On that evening he was holding a large reception. Seward himself leaving the ceremony to his son Frederick, was upstairs with some cronies drinking whiskey. "Seward was screwed, you know," said Russell, "undoubtedly screwed." When the two princes entered the hall, trim in their new uniforms, erect and soldierly, they were met by Frederick Seward, who at once went to announce them. "Tell them to come right up," said the old politician; "bring them right up and they shall have some good whiskey." "That will never do," said his son. "You must come down to them; it is etiquette and strictly in rule." And down the Secretary went. "Screwed" a little, for as soon as he spied the Frenchmen, out he broke: "Captain Chatters, glad to see you; welcome to Washington. And you too, Captain Paris. I am pleased to have you in my house. Both of you come up with me. You won't dislike the

whiskey you shall taste." But the watchful Frederick came to the rescue and carried off the astonished princes with all propriety.

Russell declared this to be literally true; but if not, it is at least as the Italians say, "ben trovato." Sir William was then a picturesque figure in dark blue dress coat, brass buttons, and ruffled shirt. Always interesting, he had exhaustless stores of information and adventure. A pretty young Italian wife accompanied him. <mox_45>

Something as to horses. I had left a good one in Savannah, in care of a member of the troop. Hearing that the horse was with him in Virginia I sent over for my property and got for answer that he was not mine; that he belonged to the man in Savannah, who not being able to enlist had contributed this fine animal to the outfit of the troop. A nice business indeed. It was easy to be patriotic with my horse, but it was soon settled. Captain Waring heard the statement, and recognizing the animal as mine had him sent to me; but the horse had been so neglected and diseased that he was no good and I was obliged to leave him by the roadside. I had, during the war, many horses, some good, some very poor. Among the best was the tough-looking clay-bank I took from my father when joining the army. He was capable of anything in speed and endurance, but with a walk so slow and a trot so bone-breaking that I had to swap him for one not so good. Many of my animals broke down from hard staff service in campaign, and a magnificent mare was killed under me in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. A shell burst directly under her and the poor beast was instantly done for. I was not touched. In Tennessee, in 1864, I picked up a delightful little white mare, sound, fleet and enduring. I could not always get to my other horses at the outbreak of firing, and the mare's color was against us both. It was always among the soldiers, "Fire at the fellow on the white horse." She was at my brigade quarters at Appomattox and my brother rode her to Savannah. When the two appeared in front of our residence, <mox_46>my sisters rushed out, but could not believe that the poor, tired little mare was their brother's war horse. Their imagination had been at work.

My brother Claxton, my junior, was a fine, well set up young fellow and eager for the fray. He was also a private in the Hussars, and like myself had not waited for the company, but came on to Richmond. Here he fell in with some young Georgians from Athens, the Troop Artillery, a six-gun battery under command of Captain Carlton. Claxton joined and became a good artillerist and was a corporal when transferred. The First Georgia Regulars was organized by the State among the first, its officers being appointed by the Governor and the men enlisted anywhere. Its drill and discipline were supposed to be severer than that of other troops. This regiment was brought to Virginia and assigned to G. T. Anderson's (Tige Anderson) Georgia Brigade. With some influence and much hard work, my brother, Doctor Sorrel, succeeded in getting a commission as second lieutenant in this regiment for Claxton. Its officers were not elected; they were appointed by the Executive. Claxton's service was thenceforward with this regiment, its officers showing some of the best names in Georgia, and its reputation correspondingly high. Later I gave Captain Sorrel a temporary detail on the staff of Brigadier-General Garnett, and still later he was appointed captain in the Assistant Adjutant-General's Department and served with General John Bratton.

When we moved from Centerville my father had long since returned to Savannah with his family, <mox_47>and his "Ireland" place was unoccupied (it was later burned by the Union soldiers). But my cousin, Mrs. Lucy Green, and children, were at their place, "The Lawn," which would be in the enemy's territory after our withdrawal. Our first halt was

near Gainesville and after getting the troops comfortably into camp I rode over to see her, about three miles. The situation was clearly described and she decided to pack her carriages and wagons and move to Richmond. I gave her a safe escort in a man from Lynchburg, Mr. Paxton, a member of Blackford's cavalry company. With farewells I rode back through the night, the better by a pair of English boots my cousin gave me. She and the children, with servants, under good Paxton's charge, made next morning a start for Richmond, where they arrived safely.

Referring again to horses, the hussar horse had been my mount at the short service on Skidway. Henry Taylor was my messmate and rode next me on a good bay precisely the same color as mine, with considerable resemblance between them. Taylor was rich, lazy, despised discipline, and was a trial to the captain. He gave his horse no attention and the beast would have starved but for others. The captain could stand it no longer. Sending for Taylor he read him a severe lecture and promised punishment if the horse was not kept clean and tended.

Taylor was persuaded he must do something, and the next morning he was up at stable-call at the picket ropes, brush and curry comb in hand. It was very early and misty. My horse was picketed next <mox_48>to Taylor's and I had the satisfaction of seeing my lazy friend give him the best morning's rub he had received for many days. When Taylor woke up to what he had done and that his own horse was still to be tended he could not immediately see the joke, but soon took it in good part and had something ready for me not long after, which he thought squared us.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter IV—Sketches

Brigadier-Generals Elzey and Early—Leaping horses—Confederate uniforms—Ladies at Fairfax Station—Colonel Stuart's Maryland line—Longstreet made Major-General—Sketches of Brigadier-Generals Ewell and Pickett—General Anderson—Major-General Van Dorn—Major-General G. W. Smith—Brigadier Early—Brigadier-General D. R. Jones.

<mox_49>

One fine day not long after the Manassas battle, and while we were at Fairfax Court House, Longstreet called on me to ride over to the station on a visit. It was to General Elzey, who was found with General Early in a dilapidate old church. Refreshments were ordered and a good deal of whiskey consumed by the three brigadiers, some colonels and staff officers. Early had been a strong Union man until Virginia seceded, and he then took arms, devotedly and ever bravely, for his State and the Confederacy. He was, however, of a snarling, rasping disposition, and seemed to irritate Elzey, who, not a Union man, had come South without the secession of his State, Maryland. There were some hot words all around, but peace was made, however, and we all quit the drinks and adjourned to the horses and fine weather outside. Leaping fences and ditches at once began, my mount doing well and coming some daring trials. Longstreet was mounted on a fine bay not quite up to such work, with his weight, and the General turned him over to me. The bay did <mox_50>splendidly, surpassing all others present, and the generals were much pleased.

Colonel Duncan McRae, Fifth North Carolina, had just received from Richmond a handsome new Confederate uniform and outfit. Alas! it soon came to grief. The Colonel, in taking a high fence, lost his seat and came down very hard, splitting his fine coat in the back, from collar to waist.

A word here as to uniforms and insignia. So fast does the memory of things pass that perhaps it may be well to make a note of what was the Confederate uniform. It was designed and settled on by a board of officers of the War Department.

For all officers, a close-fitting double-breasted gray tunic.

For generals, staff and all field officers, dark blue trousers.

The arm of service was shown by collar and cuff—Generals and staff officers, buff; Cavalry, yellow; Artillery, red; Infantry, blue; Medical Department, black.

Dark blue trousers had broad gold stripes on outer seams, except generals, who wore two narrower and slightly apart.

Trousers for all line officers under rank of major were light blue with broad cloth stripe, color of service arm.

Rank was shown on collar and sleeve.

Generals wore on collar a gold wreath enclosing three stars in line, the middle one slightly larger. On their sleeves was the ornamental Hungarian knot of four braids width. They usually wore their buttons in groups of twos or threes. There was no <mox_51>difference in the uniform or rank mark among the several grades of general officers.

Colonels wore three stars in line, same size; lieu-tenant-colonels, two, and majors, one. The knot on the sleeve was three braids width for the three grades of field officers

colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major.

For captains, rank was shown by three short bars lateral on front of collar; first lieutenant, two bars, and second lieutenant, one bar. Captains wore on sleeve Hungarian knot of two braids width, and first and second lieutenants, one braid.

For headgear the French "Kepi," color of arm of service, richly embroidered, was first provided; but the felt hat, black or any color that could be had, speedily pushed it aside almost before it had an existence.

The intention of the board of officers was to adopt the tunic like the short, close-fitting, handsome Austrian garment, but it went completely by default. The officers would none of it. They took to the familiar cut of frock coat with good length of tail.

Longstreet and two or three of us tried the tunic, but it was not popular.

Confederate uniforms were in great number at the flag presentations a little later, of which I have already spoken. We were then bravely dressed in the bright and handsome Confederate gray.

But now "place aux dames." A splendid Maryland regiment of Elzey's brigade was at Fairfax Station near by, and two lovely women, descendants of a distinguished Virginia family, were then visiting their numerous friends serving with it. They <mox_52>were the beautiful Carys, Hetty and her cousin Constance. The three generals, gallantly inclined, decided they must call on the ladies, and this they did, shutting out their staffs for the time. Then evening coming on dress parade was in order and Colonel George Stewart soon had his fine Marylanders in line. He insisted on the two ladies taking position by him, and when time for the manual came, handed his sword to Hetty, and stepping aside prompted her with the orders, and thus the regiment, amid much enthusiasm, was put through its manual by the prettiest woman in Virginia. They soon returned to Richmond and occupied themselves in the good work of the Southern women. Hetty, a really glorious beauty, married Brig.-Gen. John Pegram in January, 1865. Three weeks after he fell at Hatcher's Run, at the same time that I received what was thought a fatal wound. The *New York Herald* a few days later published both our obituaries. (See Appendix.)

Constance married, after the peace, my friend Burton N. Harrison, President Davis's accomplished private secretary. He began his law practice in New York, succeeding well, and his wife soon became established and admired as a woman of taste and uncommon social and literary attainments. Her books have gained deserved popularity and wide circulation.

Longstreet being now a major-general, with three brigades, the new brigadiers are to be introduced. R. S. Ewell took our old brigade. He was a distant relative of mine and one of the strangest of <mox_53>warriors; had served with distinction in Mexico, and all his life against Indians. He was without a superior as a cavalry captain and of the most extraordinary appearance. Bald as an eagle, he looked like one; had a piercing eye and a lisping speech. A perfect horseman and lover of horses (racers), he never tired talking of his horse "Tangent," in Texas, who appears to have never won a race and always to have lost his owner's money. But the latter's confidence never weakened and he always believed in "Tangent." General Ewell became a very distinguished soldier, and justly so. To uncommon courage and activity he added a fine military instinct, which could make him a good second in command in any army. He was not long with us. His fortunes were with Stonewall Jackson in the Valley operations, and he rose to be major-general and lieutenant-general. In the latter rank he commanded the Second Corps at Gettysburg,

having previously lost a leg in the second Manassas campaign. His command suffered great loss in the slaughter of Mal-vern Hill. The morning after, I found him doubled up on the floor of a little shanty, his head covered up; the ground was covered with our slain. Raising himself he instantly recognized me, and lisped out, "Mather Thorrel, can you tell me why we had five hundred men killed dead on this field yesterday?" That was all; the soul of the brave General was fit to burst for the awful and useless sacrifice. It was a fearful blunder somewhere and has not yet been boldly and clearly lighted up. Kemper, a fine Virginian colonel, succeeded Ewell in command of the Fourth Brigade, and served well until he was left <mox_54>for dead in front of his men in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Our Second Brigade was also Virginian. One evening at dark I was in my narrow office when an officer was announced. I turned and had quite a start at my visitor's appearance. It was George Pickett, just made brigadier-general, and reporting for command. A singular figure indeed! A medium-sized, well-built man, straight, erect, and in well-fitting uniform, an elegant riding-whip in hand, his appearance was distinguished and striking. But the head, the hair were extraordinary. Long ringlets flowed loosely over his shoulders, trimmed and highly perfumed; his beard likewise was curling and giving out the scents of Araby. He was soon made at home, and having already received Longstreet's instructions, was assigned to his brigade.

Pickett became very friendly, was a good fellow, a good brigadier. He had been in Longstreet's old Army regiment, and the latter was exceedingly fond of him. Taking Longstreet's orders in emergencies, I could always see how he looked after Pickett, and made us give him things very fully; indeed, sometimes stay with him to make sure he did not get astray.

Such was the man whose name calls up the most famous and heroic charge, possibly, in the annals of war. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg stirs every heart that beats for great deeds, and will forever live in song and story.

Afterwards his division was relieved to rest and recruit, and grew strong and fit. It was, however, badly mauled at Five Forks by Sheridan, although <mox_55>its commander is said to have made excellent dispo-tion of his troops and fought them gallantly.

The Third Brigade was of South Carolina regiments under command of Brig.-Gen. Richard H. Anderson, a West Point graduate and an experienced officer of the old Army. Of him and also the artillery attached to the division there is more to be said later.

At the Centerville camp Major-General Earl Van Dorn commanded a division. A small, handsome man, the very picture of a thorough light cavalryman, he enjoyed a high reputation from service in Mexico and against the Indians. Soon after he was transferred to a command in Mississippi, and there falling into a private quarrel was killed.

Maj.-Gen. G. W. Smith also had a division near Centerville. From this officer much was expected. He had left the Academy with high honors, and served many years with distinction. He resigned from the Army to become Street Commissioner in New York, a lucrative office, and thence he came South for service. There was no opportunity to show his abilities in the field until the battle of Seven Pines in May-June, 1862, and then General Lee taking command of the army, Smith withdrew, and was, I think, not again heard of in active field work. After the war he wrote a book, his "Apologies," in which he threw all the blame on his once bosom friend, James Longstreet, and upon General Johnston for field work, up to the time of his retirement.

Jubal Early, brigadier-general, was one of the ablest soldiers in the army. Intellectually he was perhaps the peer of the best for strategic combinations, but he lacked ability to handle troops effectively in the field; that is, he was deficient in tactical skill. His irritable disposition and biting tongue made him anything but popular, but he was a very brave and able commander. His appearance was quite striking, having a dark, handsome face, regular features, and deep piercing eyes. He was the victim of rheumatism, and although not old was bent almost double, like an aged man. Of high scholarly and fine political attainments, he never married, but led the life of a recluse in Virginia, entirely apart from social and public affairs.

D. R. Jones, brigadier-general, was also near us. A very agreeable, lovable man, tall and stately, he made a brave appearance, and well merited the sobriquet of "Neighbor Jones," as they pleasantly called him at West Point. His wife, a relative of President Davis, was much with him in camp, and a very decided character by the side of her indulgent husband. He could not figure with much success, his health being poor, and after Sharpsburg was transferred to some easier service elsewhere, and soon after died.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter V—Our National Hymn

Singing among the troops—Van Dorn—Longstreet—Smith and "I Puritani" for National hymn—Surgeon Francis Sorrel, C. S. A.—Life in Richmond—Troops passing through—Toombs and his brigade—General D. H. Hill.

<mox_57>

Among the troops at Centerville there was much singing, some of it very sweet and touching. "Lorena," set to a tender, sentimental air, was heard everywhere. "My Maryland" was a great favorite, and of course "Dixie" was always in evidence. There were, however, other sweet Southern melodies that the soldiers took up, seemingly mellowing stern hearts and bringing tender memories of home. There was constant talk of a National air, "Dixie" being thought by some as of not sufficient dignity. "My Maryland" had many advocates, but there were some that thought the noble strain of the great Liberty duet from "I Puritani" was the thing for the Confederacy. General Van Dorn was enthusiastic about it. At the banquet at Longstreet's, after the flag presentation, the talk turned on this air, and Van Dorn began to sing it. "Up on the table and show yourself; we can't see you!" said Longstreet. "Not unless you stand by me!" shouted Van Dorn; and no sooner said than Longstreet, G. W. Smith, and Van Dorn, the ranking major-generals, were clinging to each other on a narrow table and roaring out the noble bars of "I Puritani." Johnston and <mox_58>Beauregard stood near with twinkling eyes of amusement and enjoyment. So much for wine and "entoosy moosy," as Byron calls it; but for all this good start, the soldiers declined the impressive air and stuck to their Dixie.

It was always gratifying to me to note the good equipment in which the troops from every State were sent to the front for the Confederacy. Governor Brown was thorough in doing the best for them that the blockade of the coast and his factories permitted. They came forward with good clothing, shoes and underwear, which, although of home make, were warm, comfortable and serviceable.

My brother, Dr. Francis Sorrel, was some years my senior. He had served in the United States Army as assistant surgeon, but had resigned and was in California when the war began. He immediately came to share the fortunes of his State. Dr. Moore, the Confederate Surgeon-General, without delay had him appointed to full rank and assigned for service as his close confidential assistant (the pair were forever rolling cigarettes). There his influence and powers were considerable and the Doctor was always helpful to his friends. He was instrumental in assigning Dr. James B. Read, of Savannah, to the officers' hospital in Richmond, and in Read's hands it became celebrated. He kept a good lookout for his two junior brothers in the field and we had many evidences of his thoughtfulness.

With a wide acquaintance in Richmond, he knew the principal members of Congress and was liked by all the Cabinet. His previous service in the United States Army put him in good touch with many high <mox_59>officers, and his position in all respects was enviable. Occasionally I managed to make a short visit to Richmond, and then my brother gave me introductions to pleasant men and charming women. There may be more to say of him later.

Life at Richmond at this time—January, February, March, April, 1862—seemed gay and happy, with but little outward sign of apprehension or anxieties for the future. Food

supplies were abundant and the pinch for clothing and shoes was being eased by the remarkable achievement of the several States in equipping their contingents for the field.

Most of the troops passed through Richmond en route to the Peninsula, and there was much excitement and cheering. Main Street was thronged with people shouting wildly as the regiments marched down to Rocketts, where they were to take boat for part of the route.

General Toombs was quite conspicuous. Every one knows that that luminous intellect embraced no soldier's talent. It might have been so with study, but the Georgian was for once and all a politician, and in the wrong shop with a sword and uniform on.

He marched his troops down Main Street, past the crowds at Spottswood Hotel, with childlike delight. He put himself at the head of one regiment and moved it out of sight amid hurrahs, then galloping back he brought on another, ready himself for cheers, until the brigade was down the street and near the embarkation. It was somewhat amusing, but a harmless entertainment for the brilliant orator and statesman. <mox_60>

Being quite without notes I had almost omitted a jotting about one of Longstreet's brigadiers at Centerville—a marked and peculiar character. This was General D. H. Hill, not long with us. He was soon made major-general and sent elsewhere to command. Hill was a small, delicate man, rather bent, and cursed with dyspepsia, which seemed to give color to his whole being. He was out of West Point with a good class number, was a capable, well-read soldier, and positively about the bravest man ever seen. He seemed not to know peril and was utterly indifferent to bullets and shell, but with all these qualities was not successful. His backbone seemed a trifle weak. He would take his men into battle, fight furiously for some time and then something weakened about him. Unless there was some strong character near by, like Longstreet, for instance, on whom he leaned, his attack would be apt to fail and his first efforts go unrewarded. His speech was bitter, although a most devout Presbyterian elder. He had resigned long before from the United States Army, and had a large school in North Carolina. He was accustomed to sneer at cavalry, and once went so far as to say he had "yet to see a dead man with spurs on." It may be imagined what Stuart's gallant troopers thought of him. But Hill had brains, and rose. He was later on sent West to command in Bragg's army, was promoted to lieutenant-general, and is said to have failed grievously at Chickamauga, for which Bragg suspended him from command; and he was not, I think, restored to any service in the field. He was really a good man, but of sharp prejudice and intemperate <mox_61>language. If there was one department of the army well administered amid almost impossibilities, requiring most ingenious and inventive resources, it was the Ordnance, under Colonel Gorgas. Hill took a hatred to it because a gun burst in action, and his imputations on the faith of the department and its abilities were quite unworthy of him or of any good soldier.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter VI—The Peninsula And Battle Of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862

Arrival at Yorktown—Major-General Magruder—His skilful defense—Lines at Warwick River—Major-General Mc-Clellan—Retreat from Yorktown—Battle of Williamsburg, May 5—Death of Colonel Mott, Nineteenth Mississippi—Destruction of armored ram Virginia—Charge by Georgia Hussars—Explosives behind rearguard rebuked—Promoted major.

<mox_62>

But I must hasten to the Peninsula, where at Yorktown and along the lines of the little Warwick River, McClellan and Johnston are frowning at each other; the former, as usual, tripling the Confederate force and bawling for more men. Persons and things I have left behind will probably come into these jottings in the loose way they fall from the pen.

Longstreet with his staff and some of his regiments were among the first arrivals to face McClellan and gave great relief to Magruder. This officer, a major-general, commanding some 10,000 to 12,000 men, had offered a most extraordinary and successful defense. It was a wonderful piece of bluff and could have won only against McClellan. Yorktown was strongly armed and well defended. Thence stretching across the Peninsula was a sluggish little stream known as the Warwick River. It was fordable in almost all places, in some nearly dry-shod. <mox_63>

Magruder's engineers had strengthened the defenses by some dams that gathered a good spread of water to be passed in an attack. The Warwick, of many miles extent, was necessarily thinly defended. Magruder put his whole force behind it, an attenuated line, up and down which he constantly rode in full sight of the enemy. He was known in the old Army as "Prince John," from the splendor of his appearance and his dress. Of commanding form and loving display, he had assembled a numerous staff, all, like himself, in the most showy uniforms. To these he added a fine troop of cavalry, and when the cavalcade at a full gallop inspected the thin lines of the Warwick, it was a sight for men and gods. I am persuaded he so impressed "Little Mac" that he sang out for more men and thus lost his opportunity. In very truth he was so strong and Magruder so weak that the Union ramrods should have sufficed to break the defense and gobble up the magnificent "Prince John."

Longstreet's arrival was therefore a great relief, and soon Johnston had his army in full position, making McClellan almost frantic; he more than doubled Johnston's actual strength. A strong attack should have prevailed to drive us away; and if briskly followed, eventually into the York River. But Johnston knew his man, as did indeed every Confederate leader later on. Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, the Hills all knowing his points, while serving in the U.S. Army, could now rightly measure him. McClellan was a lovable man, an admirable organizer, but with little taste for battle unless largely outnumbering his opponent. Here in the trenches occurred <mox_64>remarkable scenes. Many of the Southern regiments had enlisted for only twelve months and the time expired in April. Re-enlistments and elections of the officers took place under fire of the enemy! Our men were splendid, and with rare exceptions they refused home and re-enlisted, this time for the war.

Inactivity continued for some time, Longstreet commanding the center with his own and other troops, until it was soon apparent to Johnston that Richmond was too much exposed

to attacks on the north side of the James River. The capital must be covered; besides, both our flanks were endangered by the enemy's immense superiority on the water. Preparations therefore began for a move, and on the night of May 3 the army was successfully drawn from its trenches and started on its deliberate, well ordered retreat. On May 5 our rearguard was over-taken and attacked in force at Williamsburg, Longstreet in command, with a considerable part of the army. It was a stubborn, all-day fight, with serious losses on both sides, but the enemy was beaten off and we resumed the march that night, the Federals having enough of it. We were not again molested. This was our first severe fight, and the steadiness and order of officers and men appeared to be very satisfactory. I was promoted to be major soon afterwards, the commission dating May 5, the day of the action. There was a gruesome but affecting sight during the battle. Colonel Mott, of high reputation, had brought from his State the Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry. It was hotly engaged in a long, fierce fight, and Mott fell. His black servant <mox_65> in the rear immediately took a horse and went to the firing line for his master's body. I met the two coming out of the fire and smoke. The devoted negro had straddled the stiffened limbs of his master on the saddle before him, covered his face with a handkerchief, and thus rescued his beloved master's body for interment with his fathers on the old Mississippi estate.

The celebrated L. Q. C. Lamar was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and succeeded to the command, until forced by physical disability, he retired to Richmond for other service. The army moving on soon neared the capital and took up the several positions assigned its divisions. McClellan's huge force following, threw itself across the Chickahominy, and the siege of Richmond may be said to have begun.

On the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, Norfolk and Gloucester Point became indefensible and the destruction of immense quantities of material both for field use and for construction had to be submitted to. The blow was not made lighter by the loss of the famous *Virginia*, formerly the *Merrimac*, that did such havoc at Newport News. She could not be permitted to fall into the enemy's hands and was of too deep draft for service on the James River. Her commander, Admiral Josiah Tatnall, was therefore reluctantly forced to her destruction. She was blown up and disappeared. Other vessels, cruisers and gun-boats, boilers, engines, and great quantities of material for construction had to be destroyed for similar reasons. The loss was bitter to us, as so much could have been done with it all for a little fighting navy. <mox_66>

It was during the action at Williamsburg that I was ready to shout for joy at seeing my old troop, the Georgia Hussars, in a gallant charge. Their regiment, the Jeff Davis Legion, had been prematurely thrown at the enemy in a position he was thought about leaving. The cavalry colonel was wrong. Our Georgians went forward in fine style, expecting to carry everything, but quickly found themselves in a very hot place. The enemy was not retiring, but on the contrary gave the Legion so warm a reception as to empty many saddles. They all came back pell-mell, "the devil take the hindmost," my Hussar comrades wondering what their colonel had got them "into that galley for!" It was a severe lesson but a salutary one, and the regiment was not again caught that way. Longstreet saw them close by as they dashed forward, and said, "They must soon come back; the colonel is ahead of the right moment."

General Johnston was present on the field all day, but seeing Longstreet, the rearguard commander, carrying things very handsomely, generously forbore any interference and

left the battle to his handling. He sent the latter such additional troops as he had to call for from time to time. When night came it was horrible. There were many dead and wounded and the weather nasty; the roads ankle deep in mud and slush. But the march had to be again taken up.

On the retreat from Yorktown, Brigadier-General Rains was commanding the rearguard. He was a brother of the other Rains who at Augusta, Georgia, achieved the apparently impossible task of supplying <moz_67>ammunition. Both brothers were given to experiments in explosives and fond of that study. When Gabriel began moving out on our march he amused himself planting shells and other explosives in the roadway after us to tickle the pursuers. Hearing this I reported the matter to Longstreet, who instantly stopped it. He caused me to write Rains a rather severe note, reminding him that such practices were not considered in the limits of legitimate warfare, and that if he would put them aside and pay some attention to his brigade his march would be better and his stragglers not so numerous. This officer did not remain long on duty in the field. His talents, like those of his more celebrated brother, lay elsewhere.

After getting into position before Richmond, less than a month intervened between the reorganization and strengthening of the army and change of its commander. I shall therefore defer any observations that I may recall as to its composition and personnel until it took its more permanent form under Lee, contenting myself with some stray reflections on the battle of Seven Pines, which by the deplorable wounding of Johnston gave us for leader Robert E. Lee.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter VII—Battle Of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.

Position taken in front of Richmond—Reception at President Davis's—Sketch—
Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State—Storm-bound—Richmond-General
Johnston wounded—Von Borcke, the German volunteer—His armament.

<mox_68>

Our positions were so near Richmond as to permit frequent visits there during the pleasant month of May.

McClellan was hugging himself in security and reinforcements beyond the Chickahominy, and the earthwork defenses of Richmond which we were guarding seemed to us then all-sufficing. Later, we could realize how little they were worth without men and guns and rifles and a leader in the field. These defenses had been scientifically constructed by the engineers headed by General Lee and Maj.-Gen. J. F. Gilmer. The latter was a distinguished officer long resigned from the United States Army, had married in Savannah in the family of dear friends of ours, and when the war broke out at once placed his unquestioned engineering abilities at the service of the government.

On one of my visits to the city I was persuaded by my brother, Dr. Sorrel, to stay the night and attend a reception at the President's. It was interesting and striking. The highest and most brilliant <mox_69>of the Southland were there; bright, witty, confident, carrying everything with a high hand. The men generally in full uniform and the women in finery, that seems somehow always to turn up for them under all circumstances. After presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Davis I had a good look at that remarkable man. A most interesting study, calm and self-contained, gracious with some sternness; his figure was straight, slim and elegant. A well-poised, ample head was faced with high-bred features and an expression that could be very winning and agreeable. His wife, Varina, was a rather large woman, handsome and brilliant, a bit inclined to be caustic of speech, but withal a good and gracious help to her husband.

Her devotion when he was a prisoner was later beautifully manifested. Senators and Congressmen were there in abundance. Our own representative, Julien Hartridge, characteristically indifferent to such assemblages, was taking his pleasure elsewhere.

Mr. Benjamin was a most interesting character—a short, squatty Jewish figure. His silvery speech charmed all hearers with its wit, persiflage and wisdom. His wonderful legal abilities made him *facile princeps* in equity law. His after career was extraordinary. When the collapse of the Confederate Army came he was still in Mr. Davis's Cabinet and joined his chief in flight. Separating, however, Benjamin escaped to one of the West India Islands and thence to London. It seems his nativity had actually been in a British Colony, and this fact and his great legal acquirements, with some routine attendance at the courts, quickly permitted his <mox_70>admittance to the bar and he was Q. C. in almost no time. He immediately took up an immense special practise and made much money.

I had the pleasure of meeting him in 1872 in Paris, at a breakfast given by Mr. Francis Corbin in his splendid hotel on the Faubourg St. Germain. Needless to say, Mr. Benjamin was delightful.

It was on one of these visits to my brother that I nearly came to trouble. I intended to ride back to camp quite early, but he had visits for me to make with him and pressed me so affectionately that I was late in starting back. Then a furious storm of rain and wind

nearly drowned my good horse and myself and I was concerned for the late hour at which I finally reported to my chief. I found him provoked at my absence, because much had happened. In the afternoon a council of war had agreed with the commander-in-chief to attack McClellan the next morning. The opportunity was a good one because McClellan had posted his forces so that the Chickahominy cut them in two and they might be destroyed in detail. I was not too late, however, for the duties, and both Longstreet and myself were soon in good humor again. Orders for the dispositions of the troops were quickly gotten out and the time and line of march given. We had six strong brigades and D. H. Hill's four were to join us under Longstreet, besides a strong force of artillery and a body of cavalry on the right. When the day came (May 31) the movement began, and never was the opening for battle more unsatisfactory.

The same storm that put McClellan's army in decided peril by destroying his bridges and cutting <mox_71>communication between his two wings, impeded our march at every step. Little rivulets were now raging torrents.

Bridges had to be improvised and causeways made by which the column could be moved. Everything seemingly lost us time, and our attack, instead of being early in the day, was delayed until 4 P.M. There shall be no attempt to describe or discuss this battle. G.W. Smith with a large command was on our left. General Johnston with him and Major-General Huger with a strong division was expected to support our right, but for some reason we did not get it. D. H. Hill with his four brigades and our six, attacked with great fury. Smith's attack on the left was retarded and unsuccessful. We made quick progress, but with heavy losses in our ten fine brigades. The enemy could not stand before them and Casey's division, posted at Seven Points, gave way after heavy losses and was crushed. Cannon and colors fell into our hands. Darkness was then coming on and no supports, much to Longstreet's chagrin. Further attack on our part was deferred until the morning. Meantime, while Smith was making on the left his abortive attack, our gallant General Joseph E. Johnston had been struck down by a severe wound and borne from the field. The second in command was G. W. Smith, but as operations for the day had ceased there was no occasion for him to make any change in existing dispositions of the troops, and Gen. Robert E. Lee was the next day placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Seven Pines should under all circumstances have been a magnificent victory for us. It was really far <mox_72>from that, and while encouraging the soldiers in fighting and the belief in their ability to beat the enemy, it was waste of life and a great disappointment.

Walton, of Longstreet's staff, was wounded ill the head, the bullet making a long furrow in his bald scalp. Here we saw for the first time the German Von Borcke, who, attached later to Stuart's cavalry, made some reputation. He had just arrived and could not speak a word of English; was splendidly mounted on a powerful sorrel and rode well. He was an ambulating arsenal. A double-barreled rifle was strapped across his back, a Winchester carbine hung by his hip, heavy revolvers were in his belt, right and left side; an enormous straight double-edged sharp-pointed cuirasseur's saber hung together with sabertasche to his left thigh, and a short "couteau de chasse" finished up his right. Besides. his English army saddle bore two large holsters, one for his field-glasses, the other for still another revolver, bigger and deadlier than all the others. Von Borcke was a powerful creature—a tall, blonde, active giant. When I next saw him he had discarded—taught by experience—all his arsenal except his good saber and a couple of handy revolvers. He stayed with us to

the end and received an ugly wound in the throat.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter VIII—Battles Of The Chickahominy, June 26 To July 2, 1862.

General Lee in command—Sketch—Reinforced—Preparing for campaign—
General Lee's staff—Longstreet second in com-mand—His division—
Artillery reorganized—Washington Artillery of New Orleans—Colonel E. P.
Alexander commanding artillery—General W. W. Mackall reports—Sketch—
Civilian prisoners at Fort Warren—General Miles and President Davis—The
battles around Richmond—McClellan's defeat—Stonewall Jackson not on
time—Ochiltree and Eastern fighting—Lord Edward St. Maur a visitor—
McClellan on James River in position—Later we take again positions by
Richmond.

<mox_73>

When General Lee took command it was my first sight of him. He had been employed in the northwest Virginia mountains, on the South Atlantic Coast, and at Richmond, generally as adviser to the President. His appearance had, it seems, changed. Up to a short time before Seven Pines he had worn for beard only a well-kept moustache, soon turned from black to grizzled. When he took us in hand his full gray beard was growing, cropped close, and always well tended. An unusually handsome man, he has been painted with brush and pen a hundred times, but yet there is always something to say of that noble, unostentatious figure, the perfect poise of head and shoulders and limbs, the strength that lay hidden and the activity that his fifty-five years could not repress. Withal graceful and easy, he <mox_74>was approachable by all; gave attention to all in the simplest manner. His eyes—sad eyes! the saddest it seems to me of all men's—beaming the highest intelligence and with unvarying kindness, yet with command so firmly set that all knew him for the unquestioned chief. He loved horses and had good ones, and rode carefully and safely, but I never liked his seat. The General was always well dressed in gray sack-coat of Confederate cloth, matching trousers tucked into well-fitting riding-boots—the simplest emblems of his rank appearing, and a good, large black felt army hat completed the attire of our commander. He rarely wore his sword, but his binoculars were always at hand. Fond of the company of ladies, he had a good memory for pretty girls. His white teeth and winning smile were irresistible. While in Savannah and calling on my father, one of my sisters sang for him. Afterwards, in Virginia, almost as soon as he saw me he asked after his "little singing-bird."

The touch of the leader's hand was soon apparent in the reorganization of the army and its increased strength. The Administration reposing a perfect confidence in Lee, gave him all he asked for in men and material that could be furnished. It is proper to add that so moderate was the man and so fully understanding the situation and difficulties of supply, that he rarely asked for what could not be given him. His staff was small and efficient. I suppose that at this date there are some hundreds of men in the South who call themselves members of Lee's staff, and so they were if teamsters, sentry men, detailed quartermasters (commissary men), couriers <mox_75>and orderlies, and all .the rest of the following of general headquarters of a great army are to be so considered. But by staff we usually confine ourselves to those responsible officers immediately about a general, and Lee had selected carefully. Four majors (afterwards lieutenant-colonels and colonels) did his principal work. Walter Taylor, from the Virginia Military Institute, was adjutant-general,

and better could not be found for this important post.

Charles Venable, a scholar and mathematician, and with some study of strategy, together with Charles Marshall, a distinguished lawyer by inheritance from his ancestor, the Chief Justice, and his own attainments, did much of the correspondence under dictation. Talcot was the engineer officer, and Long, of the old Army, a close friend of the General, was ranked as military secretary and did various duties. At a later date Brig.-Gen. R. H. Chilton, A. A. G., was assigned to confidential duties with the General, and was sometimes called chief of staff. But Lee really had no such chief about him. The officer practically nearest its duties was his extremely efficient adjutant-general, W. H. Taylor.

Maj. H. E. Young was also attached later—an excellent officer. There were possibly one or two young lieutenants for personal aids, but this was Lee's staff, although perhaps I have made some omissions. Of course it does not include the important administrative officers like Cole, chief commissary; Corley, chief quartermaster; Doctor Guild, medical director, and his chiefs of ordnance and other organizations. <mox_76>

Longstreet was second in command and it soon became apparent that he was to be quite close to Lee. His camps and bivouacs were near by the General's, and thus my acquaintance with him and his staff became quite free and I was often honored by the kind interest of the Commander-in-Chief.

In the new organization Longstreet had a powerful division of six brigades, and A. P. Hill (major-general) one of six, also a fine body which Hill happily christened as the Light Division. The artillery was much improved, and loose batteries were gathered and organized into well-found battalions, generally of four batteries of six guns each, and a battalion assigned to each division. The celebrated Washington Artillery of New Orleans was given to us, and glad we were to have such gunners. E. P. Alexander commanded in reserve a fine battalion of six batteries and was to do much good service with it.

A word about this splendid fellow. He was from Georgia and a dear friend of mine. Leaving West Point with very high honors, he was immediately commissioned into the Engineers, and sent to the Pacific, whence he came South to fight. His was the happiest and most hopeful nature. He was sure of winning in everything he took up, and never did he open his guns on the enemy but that he knew he should maul him into smithereens. An accomplished engineer, he was often called on both by Lee and Longstreet for technical work and special reconnoitering. His future in peace, after Appomattox, was varied and distinguished, and he still is with us, eager, enthusiastic, most interesting, and of undiminished abilities. <mox_77>

The Washington Artillery was an ancient and wealthy organization of New Orleans, numbering five well-equipped, well-manned batteries. There were many men of wealth and family serving as gunners. Four batteries under Colonel Walton came to Virginia, the fifth was sent West. Walton was large and imposing in appearance, looking, as indeed did the whole battalion, rather French. This arose from their uniform, which from "kepi" to gaiters was handsomely French, and made them very fine beside our homespun infantry fellows. It was a most efficient organization, serving with Longstreet throughout the war; it always did good service and constantly distinguished itself most conspicuously.

Our own staff will not be touched on just yet, preferring to wait for the creation of the two army corps in October, when we were put in more permanent shape for the remainder of the war. At present there had been but few additions to it, since Longstreet's command was limited to a single brigade, and the staff work consequently was sometimes hard on

us.

I think it was in this month, September, that I rode to one of the lower landings of the James to meet General Mackall, my brother-in-law. He had been a prisoner of war at Fort Warren near Boston, and was to land, exchanged with some others from the Federal steamer. He was quite well and I sent him on to Richmond, where Doctor Sorrel saw to his comfort. Mackall married my father's eldest daughter. He was an army man out of West Point, and an able, accomplished soldier. He should <mox_78>have achieved much in the Confederate war, but circumstances were against him. When it broke out he was lieutenant-colonel in the Adjutant-General's Department, considered a very enviable billet. Stationed on the Pacific, his intimates were J. E. Johnston, J. F. Gilmer, Halleck, and others of that type. A Marylander, he was under no secession compulsion; but he had a fiery old Virginia father as well as his wife's Southern family to draw him there, with the reluctance so natural to those officers of feeling—proud of their little army, no raving State's rights man, but wanting the Union, always the Union. It could not be otherwise.

The Marylander had a tedious time in Richmond waiting for active service suitable to his abilities. At last he was sent to report to A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, Kentucky. After Shiloh, at Beauregard's earnest request, he was made brigadier-general and ordered to hold Island No. 10, a fortified position in the Mississippi, immediately to fall by reason of other combinations. In less than a week after assuming command the inevitable happened. The island was surrendered and the garrison made prisoners of war. Mackall was sent to Fort Warren, from which he was exchanged in 1863. He then took duty with Bragg's army as chief of staff; and after Bragg with J. E. Johnston, one of his dearest friends, until the General was supplanted by Hood. Mackall was afterwards given a command at Mobile, from which, however, he soon had to withdraw his force by reason of the successes of the Federal fleet. And there, I think, his active service ended. He was of a high order of mind and of the finest and <mox_79>nicest elevation of character; there was something supercritical, however, that would stand in his way without reason.

When General Mackall was exchanged out of Fort Warren he told me of two other prisoners, civilians, Andrew Low and Charles Green. The latter had married my cousin, and both were Englishmen of the regular holdfast, energetic type. They constituted the most important business house in Savannah, were making quantities of money, but had quarrelled and were about separating on the worst terms, when Seward's detectives, suspicious of their movements (they had both married in Savannah and were truly Southern and Confederate), clapped them in Fort Warren. There by the irony of fate they were the sole occupants of the same casemate, these quondam friends, now bitter, non-speaking enemies. The situation was difficult and rather enjoyed by some gentlemen outside who knew of the partners' troubles.

Treatment of prisoners of war at Fort Warren (Boston Harbor) appears to have been proper and unobjectionable. The governor, Colonel Dimmock, was a gentleman and knew what was due to his own reputation, as well as what his prisoners had a right to expect. There were marked contrasts elsewhere, as at Fort Johnston, but in all the four years there was yet to be found a prison commandant surpassing the brutalities of Miles. His chief distinction then appears to have been in manacling the helpless President of the Confederate States, who was advanced in years, feeble in health, with no friends near, and that in the strongest fortress in the United States, <mox_80>with a large garrison and a guard literally standing over the prisoner night and day, and not a Confederate organized

force in existence.

Lee was an aggressive general, a fighter. To succeed, he knew battles were to be won, and battles cost blood, and blood he did not mind in his general's work. Although always considerate and sparing of his soldiers, he would pour out their blood when necessary or when strategically advisable. His army had become much strengthened, troops filled its ranks from Georgia, South and North Carolina, being drawn from the coast, where they were doing nothing. His divisions had among them Longstreet's, A. P. Hill's, Magruder's, D. H. Hill's, McLane's, D. R. Jones's, Huger's, and Whiting's—a splendid force, nearly eighty thousand men, including Jackson's. The latter was in the Valley, soon to be with us. Lawton had just taken his immense brigade of six thousand men from Savannah to reinforce him, and the Georgians were having some lively marching and fighting in "Stonewall" Jackson's way. It was evident that the General was soon to make his great attack to crush McClellan, whose dispositions were so faulty as to offer a tempting mark. His army greatly outnumbered ours. He had thrown it across the Chickahominy and its two wings were again exposed. There were quiet but intense preparations for the important movement.

It was of great extent and covered nearly seven days. Jackson was to move secretly and swiftly from the Valley and join Lee in the attack on the Federal right. He was late, and when Lee crossed <mox_81>at Mechanicsville, June 26, A. P. Hill was thrown at the defenses on Beaver Dam, and was nearly sacrificed. His losses were pitiable, as were D. H. Hill's in the same attack. Had Jackson been in position the enemy would have melted before us. He had promised to be there on the morning of the 26th. On the 27th, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Whiting, and others stormed the heights at Gaines's Mill, suffering heavy loss, but defeating the enemy badly, taking many prisoners, guns and colors, and driving him in panic after the retreating McClellan. There was great maneuvering on the 26th, and a severe combat at Savage's Station. On the 30th the enemy showed front at Fraser's Farm, and Longstreet, supported by A. P. Hill, instantly attacked with great fury. The enemy was stubborn and contested every foot. Jackson was to be with us, and had he been, our success was undoubted, but for some reason he could not get through White Oak Swamp, and denied us. Of Huger on the right we also heard nothing. The combination had failed. The enemy was thus suffered to escape, but with heavy loss. Our own was far from light.

Malvern Hill followed with its bloody fields and crest. The reckoning there was awful and apparently for no good. McClellan abandoned the hill at night and soon found himself safe at Harrison's Landing under cover of his cruisers and gun-boats. His army was beaten and dispirited and the siege of Richmond broken up; but "Little Mac" raised a faint cry of partial victory and did not fail to torment poor Mr. Lincoln for more men; "heavy reinforcements could alone save the army," etc. <mox_82>

Jackson's firmest friends have been obliged to admit some faults in their hero. As to these movements—either from miscalculation or something else, he was fatally late on the 26th. That he was not on hand at Fraser's Farm was also a serious disaster. Some of Munford's cavalry had got through White Oak Swamp, bad as it was with a heavy rain falling, and it would seem that a soldier so great and energetic as Jackson would have found means to push through to the help of fighting, hard-pressed comrades. It is possible that he was overdone with work and fatigue, but his men should have been there as planned.

I saw him on the 28th, and he seemed brisk enough. Longstreet had sent me after Gaines's Mill to find him and establish connections and communications. He was cheerful and pleasant. "Explain, Major, to General Longstreet where I am and how my troops are lying, and say, with my compliments, I am ready to obey any orders he may send me." When I set out to find him, Tom Ochiltree, fresh and breezy from Texas, was with us for a week as a volunteer by Longstreet's consent. Ochiltree said, that familiar with fighting in Texas, he wanted to see how we did it in the East. He had also a great desire to see the celebrated "Stonewall" before returning home. He asked permission to ride with me. We trotted off together, our route taking us by an extensive field-infirmiry, where the surgeons were at their bloody work on the wounded. We halted for a few minutes. The scene was sickening and cured Ochiltree of battle sights. "Sorrel," he said very seriously, "this gives me enough; I don't <mox_83>want any more. It seems now! have seen everything—too much, nothing for me to do here. Better for me to ride back to Richmond and take train for Texas. Sorry not to see 'Stonewall,' but I travel the other way. Good-by and good luck to you." And off he went after just about four days' service with the Confederates in the East.

During these movements there was a young Englishman with us, our guest. He had brought letters to authorities in Richmond. It was Lord Edward St. Maur, a scion of the ducal house of Somerset. He was about twenty-one, just from the University, where he had taken high honors, and was around now with an Englishman's curiosity. A singularly handsome young man he was, with pure olive skin and beautiful features. He was always courteous, always reserved. He came as a neutral for observation, and in all the freedom of our fighting week and rough bivouacs nothing stirred him from that attitude. In truth, I don't think he approved of us. I afterwards heard he was something of a prig but destined for high political life. The battle of Fraser's Farm broke out in the afternoon with great suddenness and severity. I had given St. Maur a mount and we happened to be on the line among the men when firing began, but notwithstanding the cannonading and heavy musketry lie was quite cool. "This is not my place," he said, "and with your permission I shall retire," doing so with entire deliberation; he so placed himself as to see something and we talked it over when we met at night. When McClellan took cover at Harrison's Landing, St. Maur was given an officer <mox_84>and flag of truce and soon landed in the home of his fathers. A very careful, neutral chap. I was sorry for his end—hunting big game in India soon after, he was mauled and eaten by a tiger.

When McClellan was safely at Harrison's Landing under cover of heavy guns (some fifteen-inch spherical shell), there was nothing to keep our army there. Besides, it left Richmond somewhat exposed from the direction of Fredericksburg. General Lee, therefore, gave the word and we were soon again in, or near, our old positions. Everything was made ship-shape, the wounded mending and returning to duty, damages repaired, and the waste of that extraordinary movement and series of battles made good as best could be. McClellan could not now see the spires of Richmond from his headquarters. Additional reinforcements were brought from the South in preparation for Lee's next move, for he was not the man to stay idly behind defenses when there was an enemy about that he might hopefully strike. Longstreet's division of six brigades was in fine condition, with filling ranks, and so was A. P. Hill's Light Division, which lay near us, and thereby hangs a tale which must be recited, I fear, at some little length.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter IX—Rivalry And More Reminiscences.

Longstreet's and A. P. Hill's divisions—Rivalry between the two—Publications in *Richmond Examiner* and *Whig*—General Hill resentful—Refuses recognition of Longstreet's adjutant-general—Hill in arrest—Personal difficulty between the two major-generals adjusted by General Lee's influence—General Hill cherishes no rancor—Later gave me a brigade—Army busy drilling—Quartermaster Potts and Major Fairfax—Books among the troops—Gambling.

<mox_85>

There was some rivalry between the two splendid divisions. Each had done its full share of fighting in the recent battles and each had won glory and renown. Hill had handled his men well and fought them gallantly. Needless to say how Longstreet had held his men, as it were, in the hollow of his hand (his abilities for handling large bodies under fire being remarkable), and how his never-failing valor and tenacity had supported them. The papers came out of Richmond daily, with fetching headlines and columns of description giving the events of the previous day. One of the widest read of these was *The Examiner*, very brilliantly edited. It seemed to have taken Hill's division under its special favor. Every movement was chronicled, every clash of arms, no matter how trifling, was written up, and the grand movements and actions of the division given such prominence as to dwarf all other commands. There was some feeling growing up about it, especially since it was known that a newspaper man from *The Examiner* office was serving <mox_86>temporarily on Hill's staff. Nothing was then done about the matter, but Longstreet's young staff officers were quite at the fighting point, as our division had come in for some animadversions in *The Examiner*.

After the short campaign, while we were occupying some of our old positions about Richmond, Hill lying near by, under command of Longstreet, the latter came one day to me with a rough draft of a short communication to *The Whig*, a Richmond paper. It flatly contradicted *The Examiner*; so far as Longstreet's division was concerned, and criticized the major-general who could suffer such reports to emanate from his own staff; it was short but positive. Longstreet asked if I objected to send such a communication to *The Whig*, signed by myself officially, as adjutant-general. He would answer for it, because I should not be expected alone to attack or criticize my superior officer. I was only too willing to carry out these wishes. The little note was prepared for the press and published in *The Whig*. It was stiff, but with military civility, and made some comment on the taste of having such correspondents along with military operations. It was not regarded as offensive, but was certainly pointed in some contradiction. To my regret I have no copy.

Such was the bomb-shell that was to burst over us in a few days. Having occasion for some routine report or information from General A. P. Hill, a note was sent him for it in the usual form. It was returned endorsed that "General Hill declined to hold further communication with Major Sorrel." <mox_87>Of course I was surprised, but it was apparent that trouble was brewing and that Longstreet must show his hand. The note was handed him and he was at once on fire at such disobedience. "Write him again," said he, "and say that note was written by my command, and must be answered satisfactorily."

To this Hill insisted on holding to his refusal. The correspondence was then taken up by Longstreet personally with Hill. I did not see the letters, but several passed, until finally, a

day or two later, General Longstreet came to me with, "Major, you will be good enough to put on your sword and sash, mount, and place Major-General Hill in arrest, with orders to confine himself to limits of his camp and vicinity." It was my first duty of that kind with such rank, but I was soon on my way, followed by an orderly. The General was in his tent seated in a low chair, and rose as I entered, returning stiffly my salute. Bowing, when I had communicated the orders, he resumed his chair without speech, and saluting again, I was quickly on the road to my own friendly camp. I know only by hearsay what took place afterwards. It was kept quite out of reach of the staff and confined to the two principals. Certain it is, however, that some angry letters passed and intimate friends (D. H. Hill and Toombs for Longstreet) were called in and a hostile meeting between the two generals was almost certain. General Lee, however, heard of it, and acted quickly and effectively, using his unvarying tact and great influence. He brought matters, through other friends, to an adjustment honorable to both. A few days later General Hill's division was shifted <mox_88>out of reach of Longstreet's command and nothing more was known of the affair. Later on Longstreet and Hill became fairly good friends, but I naturally supposed I had incurred his hatred. For a year or two we did not meet—his division being in Jackson's corps—except occasionally on the march, and then the General's manner seemed to me stiff and menacing. If so, it was only the manner, not the feeling, because in 1864 I received from General Hill the very highest evidence of his appreciation and friendliness. On several occasions previously, Longstreet recommended me for promotion to command, and it must necessarily be to a brigade of Georgians. But where a brigadier was wanted for them, there were always good colonels of long service in the brigade that properly gained the preference. This was so general that I despaired of leaving the staff for higher promotion, until one day in September, 1864, a commission of brigadier-general came to me with orders to report to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill.

My preparations began at once for the change and it was necessary for me to go to the War Department, Richmond. There I found in the Adjutant-General's Office Capt. John W. Reilly, A. A. G., a fine young Virginia officer, who had once served under me.

"Did you ever see, General, the paper that brought about your promotion?" It was entirely new to me. He drew from a file a letter from Gen. A. P. Hill, commenting on the bad condition of his fine Georgia Brigade, which, left without a brigadier by the wounds of Wright and the death of Girardy, was <mox_89>then in the hands of a brave but incompetent colonel. He concluded by asking with great earnestness that Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, of Longstreet's corps, should be promoted and sent to him. The letter was referred to General Lee for his opinion and then passed between the Adjutant-General, the Secretary of War, and the President, who finally scrawled, "Make the appointment, J. D."

I tried to get the paper from Reilly as an auto-graphic souvenir, but it was against orders and I was obliged to content myself with a certified copy. "*It never rains but it pours;*" some days after, Major-General Kershaw wrote me that he (Ker-shaw) had asked for my promotion to command one of his Georgia brigades.

Hill was a West Point man of medium height, a light, good figure, and most pleasing soldierly appearance. He surely handled his division on all occasions with great ability and courage and justly earned high reputation. When Lee created the Third Army Corps he placed him in command of it, and it was thought Hill did not realize in that high position all that was hoped of him.

His health was impaired toward the close of the war, and his noble life ended by a stray

bullet at Petersburg after withdrawal of the lines. It was unnecessary and he should have had years before him. It is not necessary to say how much I appreciated his action toward myself. It proved him magnanimous and free of petty spite in that affair, and such was his nature. When I reported to him no one could have been more warmly welcomed, and thenceforward I had nothing but kindness and the most valuable support and help while with his corps. <mox_90>

A. P. Hill was very close to both Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson at different times. Perhaps only a coincidence, but certainly significant it is, that, the last dying words of the two military chiefs were said to be of Hill. "Send word to A. P. Hill," whispered the expiring Jackson. "Tell Hill he must come up," were the last words on Lee's lips.

July and early August, 1862, were busy months. In front of Richmond General Lee kept the army well exercised in drill and the new men had to get into shape. Our staff work had been severe and our horses had suffered. I was obliged to keep two good mounts at least, sometimes more. It was here I fell in love with a perfect little stallion named Voltaire, and paid a round price for him; he soon proved too delicate for army work and I gave him to my brother in Richmond. There he should have thriven, but I think soon went to pieces. I succeeded in finding a handsome, powerful chestnut mare, from which I got good service until she was killed at Gettysburg. Longstreet was admirably mounted on two bays; one he had brought to the army with him, the other, a finer beast, was a present from Major Fairfax, whose horse judgment was excellent. For himself, he rode a superb gray stallion, "Saltron," widely known, which he had raised at his Loudoun estate. Fairfax lost him at Sharpsburg. A round shot struck him under the tail, fairly in the fundament, and it was at once all over with the stallion. Fairfax was excitable, and rushing to Longstreet, sitting grimly on his horse directing the battle, he broke out, "General, General, my horse is killed; Saltron is shot; shot right in the back!" <mox_91>Longstreet gave the Major a queer look and consoled him with, "Never mind, Major, you ought to be glad you are not shot in your own back!"

Frank Potts, a quartermaster in the corps, tells a story of these two. Fairfax messed General Longstreet, took good care of all his wants, and kept him in whiskey and in all else that was needful. Potts says that in one of the campaigns he had parked his animals and wagons in a nice spot by the roadside at a good hour and everything was made snug for the night's bivouac until the early march next morning. Suddenly he saw a figure galloping wildly across the fields to him, taking fences and ditches as he came. "Now," grumbled Potts, "it's a move; here are the orders coming." It was Major Fairfax in full uniform. He pulled up sharply before the quartermaster, saluted, and then, "Captain Potts, can you tell me where a washerwoman is to be found for General Longstreet?" relieved the Irishman and tickled his humor.

During the war the men were without many books and eagerly clung to a novel when one came their way. Many old volumes were sent from home, but they did not go far among such numbers. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and Muhlbach's novels, translated from the German, and reprinted at Mobile, had begun to appear and were devoured by readers. Later on, after Gettysburg, Free-mantle's "Three Months in the Southern States" was reprinted at Mobile and widely read. These old volumes are now a curiosity and not to be had except at great price. The dirty old type, blurred and worn, the rough paper with florid designs, all <mox_92>attested the stress of the Confederacy in everything entering into life. Among the soldiers in camp there was the usual gambling going on, they played

some odd sorts of games, but the greasiest packs of cards were their stand-by.

One day Longstreet received a note from General Lee, after a ride through our camps. This informed the corps commander that he regretted to see so much gambling among the men; they nearly all seemed absorbed in a game called "Chuck-a-luck." "Could anything be done to better the matter?" Longstreet had served much with soldiers, and knew they would, many of them, gamble in camp in spite of all orders and watching; never yet had he found anything that would completely cure the evil. He would, however, see what could be done but nothing came of it.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter X—Second Battle Of Manassas, August 29 And 30, 1862

Major-General Pope in command of Union troops in Northern Virginia—
Religious observances in our army—Homesick-ness—Furloughs—Rations—
March against Pope—Artillery duel at Rappahannock—Spy captured and
hung—Jack-son's marches—Thoroughfare Gap—Longstreet's attack—Enemy
routed—General Wilcox and Union general—Wilcox's and Couch's baptisms
—Brig-Gen. A. G. Evans—General Toombs and the picket—His arrest—
Released and joins brigade in the fight.

<mox_93>

McClellan still lay at Westover, recruiting and reorganizing'. It was apparent that his army would not be long in that position. Confidence in him had been lost, and there was a new paladin in the field, the doughty John Pope, major-general, with "Headquarters in the saddle." He was a man of some ability, but did not have a reputation for high character in the old Army; and now with elevated rank and command thrust upon him, he turned into abuse of his enemy, explained how he meant to whip him, and filled the air with bombast and threatening. He was in command in northern Virginia, and Lee had marked him for his own.

We were rather a devout army. The men came from their homes deeply tinged with religion. Methodists were in large numbers and next to them Baptists and Presbyterians. There were many <mox_94>meetings and addresses conducted by worthy chaplains. These devoted ministers could always be counted on to follow beside their men, in camp or on the firing line. The men were fond of hearing in camp any kind of address, and were an easy prey to sharpers. I recall that some years later, on the Petersburg line, a crank came along with what he called an artis-avis (a bird of art) with him, and some fifty thousand like it; he was to drop a shell into Grant's army and fleet and destroy them! He wanted permission to address my men and solicit cash for building his wonderful birds. He was sent out of camp. The soldiers were fond of chanting hymns and quaint old plantation airs, and at times they were touching with the recollections of home. Homesickness was often very prevalent, and the awful nostalgia came near crippling us. There is a general order from Longstreet on that matter somewhere and I may be able to find it to attach to these leaves.

At this date, July and August, 1862, food was plentiful and good. No variety, but fresh beef or bacon, flour, coffee and sugar were issued in full rations. There was an abundance of whiskey, but comparatively little drunkenness. Encouragement and incentives to good conduct came from the General-in-Chief down through the officers. Previous to the Chickahominy Campaign a balloon had been constructed for reconnoitering. The enemy had several and we also wanted one, so the women—Heaven bless them!—came to the front with, it may be, tearful eyes but willing hearts and chipped in all their pretty silk frocks and gowns. It was a <mox_95>wonderfully picturesque balloon and at first did some little service, captive to a locomotive pushed far to the front. Then it was packed on a little steamboat ill an adventurous cruise down the James. She ran aground, was gobbled up, with the bright ball-dress balloon, by the delighted Yankees, and that was the last of the pretty things of our sisters, sweethearts, and wives.

But the march against Pope is now beginning and must have a little space. The

movement was masked as much as possible, a few troops only being at first concentrated at Gordonsville by rail. Lee collected then his outlying commands with great skill and started in earnest against his braggart opponent. Pope seems to have quite underestimated or disbelieved what was awaiting him, and his dispositions were all in favor of Lee. His first rude awakening was the shock Jackson gave him at Cedar Mountain, very costly to him; but we lost Charles Winder, one of the finest and most promising of the brigadiers. The march of the army was in tactical language "left in front," Jackson's position throwing him on the left; and this formation was necessarily observed by all the commands of the army. In these operations Stuart and his cavalry were exceedingly active and performed most valuable service. Our command, the full division, and two smaller ones under D. R. Jones and N. G. Evans, came to a halt hunting a ford on the Rappahannock and found a strong force of the enemy, with good artillery, at the railroad bridge. The gunners (ours the Washington Artillery) on both sides took up an artillery duel for nearly all day, but nothing decisive was achieved. We forded the river in another place without opposition. <mox_96>

It was in these operations that a spy was taken. He had murdered one of our cavalry couriers, and was caught almost red-handed, and with papers on him compromising enough to hang a dozen spies. Nevertheless, we gave him a trial. I convened a drum-head court martial of three brigadiers and they sentenced him to be hanged immediately. The wretch was mounted, arms tied, on a horse, with the noose and limb of a tree connected. He finally admitted he was a spy from Loudoun County, Virginia, but to the last stuck out he had not shot the cavalry courier. A smart blow with the flat of a saber started the horse on the jump and left the spy breathless, and there he hung until the army, continuing its march, passed almost under the tree and perhaps took the lesson to heart.

Jackson's marches, in swiftness, daring, and originality of execution, were almost extraordinary. At one time there was great fear for his safety, widely separated as he was from the right wing under Longstreet. General Lee's route was near Longstreet's and night and day he was always close to us. Longstreet was delayed by the enemy at Thoroughfare Gap. This is a mountain gorge, not long, but narrow, rocky, and precipitous. It was capable of stubborn defense. Its echoes were won-derful—a gun fired in its depths gave forth roars fit to bring down the skies. Here Longstreet had to stop impatiently until he could work his way through. He knew Jackson was hard pressed on the other side and praying for a sight of him. It took a little time, but we sent a flanking force over the mountains by a rocky path and the enemy gave <mox_97>way speedily and left the gap early. Pushing through we saw the dust of Jackson's masses miles away and heard his guns. Forward we pressed almost at a run, and in time. The attack on Stonewall ceased as soon as Longstreet came on the scene.

This was early enough in the day to permit us in turn to make a combined attack. The enemy was disheartened, and Jackson's column, although fatigued and losing heavily, was triumphant and still capable of great efforts. Our own force was large, comparatively fresh, and eager to crush John Pope, but for some reason the attack was not made, although I think General Lee preferred it to waiting.

The great battle that followed, and all these operations covering several days, were called the Second Manassas. Some of the ground was identical with the first. Most of it lay beautifully for good tactical operations, and as the country was quite open much could be observed at considerable distances. When the enemy's masses began again pressing

Stonewall on the 30th of August, Longstreet moved quickly up to support. Their dense columns had been left exposed to artillery fire from our position and Longstreet instantly saw it. Planting a battery in the road, the first shots, together with Jackson's incessant fire, began to tell.

We were near enough to see some wavering in the blue masses, then halt, and then a flight back to cover. But it was all up with John Pope. No rest was given his army. Longstreet started every man of us to his division to push them into attack, and soon everything was hotly engaged. The easy, rounded ridges ran at right angles to the turnpike, and over these infantry and artillery poured in pursuit. The artillery would gallop furiously to the nearest ridge, limber to the front, deliver a few rounds until the enemy were out of range, and then a gallop again to the next ridge. And thus it went on until black darkness stopped operations—the enemy defeated at all points and hastening back to the Potomac. Many prisoners, guns, colors, small arms, and large quantities of stores and equipments fell into our hands.

J. E. B. Stuart was highly tickled at his capture of Pope's wagon and personal effects, including a very fine uniform.

Losses on both sides were heavy. Alas! the butcher's bill is always to be paid after these grand operations, and at Manassas especially there were some splendid young lives laid down for our cause and our homes.

Longstreet was seen at his best during the battle. His consummate ability in managing troops was well displayed that day and his large bodies of men were moved with great skill and without the least confusion.

As General C. M. Wilcox was moving forward at the head of his brigade in the open field, he was attracted by the waving of a handkerchief at some little distance. He found time to go to the spot and there mortally wounded was a Federal general, Wilcox's old army friend, who had recognized the Confederate as he passed and wanted to say farewell. His soul soon took flight and his body was cared for by his old-time comrade—the name is forgotten.

Wilcox told me that he once officiated at a christening with D. N. Couch, afterwards a Federal major-general. Wilcox's baptismals were Cadmus Marcellus, and Couch's Darius Narcissus. It is said that when these sonorous designations reached the parson's ear he almost dropped the baby in round-eyed astonishment!

N. G. Evans ("Shanks" Evans) had two brigades with Longstreet and was a rather marked character. A regular soldier, he had served well in Mexico, and at Manassas, on July 21, had done exceedingly well with a small command, a good eye, and quick decision. It was he, too, that commanded at Bali's Bluff on the upper Potomac when Baker attempted to take it with his fine regiment and lost some 800 men. Baker was Senator from Oregon and only a few days before had addressed the United States Senate in full uniform in farewell. It was forever, for he died with hundreds of his men in the waters of the Potomac. Evans was difficult to manage and we found him so. He had a Prussian orderly, with a wooden vessel holding a gallon of whiskey always strapped on his back, and there was the trouble. At the little artillery fight he had on the Rappahannock, G. T. Anderson (Tige), commanding one of the Georgia brigades, was ordered by Evans to attack a powerful battery and silence it. In vain did Anderson explain that it was on the far side of a deep river and that without a bridge his infantry could not get to it. Evans would not listen to reason and Anderson came to me. Of course he was

told to make no such attempt, and I proceeded to hunt up Evans, finding him under a tree, too near his "Barrelita," as he called his whiskey holder. But he had to listen and comply. In the progress of the campaign after the Manassas battle he became so <mox_100>unruly as to arrest without reason Hood, one of his brigadiers, and Longstreet had to get him out of the way in some manner. He disappeared afterwards from field work and I don't know his end. He had been a very brave, experienced cavalry officer. Anderson's indignation at the impossibility of the order to take the battery was highly amusing.

In the early part of the march against Pope we made a bivouac near where some Federal cavalry were reported to have been prowling. The enemy had no troops near by to disturb us except this body of horse. It was therefore thought prudent to post a regiment at the cross-road which would warn our camps. General Toombs was ordered to detail one and I saw that it was posted.

During the night a cavalry picket reported that the regiment had been withdrawn. I awoke Longstreet to ascertain if by his orders. "No, but place immediately in arrest the officer who has done so." It proved to be Toombs. He was a great lawyer and a good politician, but in the wrong place when posing as a soldier. He had taken a notion that his regiment was not really needed at the cross-road and the men would be more comfortable with the others in bivouac.

Toombs was therefore put in arrest and the march continued. The next evening on halting it was reported to me that he had followed, as was proper, in rear of his brigade, but had worn his sword, and upon his men going into camp had made them a violent speech. I felt called on to make this known to General Longstreet, whereupon he directed me to order General Toombs back to Gordonsville and confine himself there; also to prefer charges against him <mox_101>on two grounds—withdrawing the regiment from picket duty and breaking his arrest. This was done and Toombs went back to Gordonsville, not many miles away, whence he wrote a short note asking to be released of the charge of breaking arrest, saying he had worn his sword only for convenience and there was nothing improper in his speech to the men. Longstreet always had a decided liking for Toombs, and upon seeing this note he not only withdrew that charge, but the other also and sent him back to duty. Knowing that we should soon be engaged he advised me to be quick about it if I wanted the Georgian to see something of hot work.

An intelligent courier was sent to Toombs with the latest orders, and meantime we were marching forward. He returned; General Toombs was not at Gordonsville. I might well have left the matter there, but it seemed to me that one of our foremost Georgians should have a chance with the army and I sent a second man after him; this time he was found. The situation was explained to him and he was advised to lose no time in joining his men if he desired to be with them in the smoke of battle. And so Toombs came; late, but just in time to be with his brigade in its last victorious charge when everything, as already described, was turned loose.

Toombs stuck to the army through Sharpsburg, where he did good service, and then returned to more congenial fields—politics and oratory. In after years he always showed me much kindness and appreciation for the trouble I had taken to get him back to his brigade for fighting at the Second Manassas.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XI—Battles Of South Mountain (Boonsboro Gap) And Sharpsburg (Antietam), Sept. 14th And 17th, 1862.

Accident to General Lee—To Longstreet also—Fight at Chantilly—General Kearny killed—Cross the Potomac—Lee's confidential order found by McClellan—Stragglers.

<mox_102>

When we got back to Virginia and Toombs's resignation had gone in, Longstreet sent for me to say he had, some time before, about August, 1862, recommended me for promotion to brigadier-general. That Toombs's retirement now left a Georgia brigade open and he wanted me to have it and that I must put out for Richmond forthwith and try to work it through by help of my Congressman and other strong friends. I lost no time about this and was soon on the ground. Hartridge, our M. C., did all he could in my behalf; but there was no possible chance while the brigade had four good colonels, well known representative Georgia men, ready each for the command. It was given to Colonel, formerly Judge, Benning, and his record in command of it was excellent.

The day after great Manassas, General Lee suffered a painful accident. It had rained and he was wearing a rubber poncho and over-alls, his body and legs being thus well protected. With a number <mox_103>of his officers he was dismounted in a thick piece of woods, making some disposition for following the enemy. His horse, a gentle, intelligent animal, was at the General's shoulder, reins on neck; he made some slight movement as if to start away, and Lee taking a step ahead for the bridle tripped in his over-alls and fell forward, not prone, but catching on his hands.

He was instantly on his feet, erect, but his hands were badly damaged; one had a small bone broken and the other was nearly as bad with the twist and strain. Both were put into splints, but were painful and most uncomfortable. For some time the saddle had to be given up and the ambulance called into use. General Lee made the campaign on wheels. At Sharpsburg he was far enough cured to allow him to ride a little. This accident caused widespread report of the General having been wounded, and of course the enemy's papers gave facts in detail of the serious character of the wound and how it was received.

Some little time afterwards Longstreet also got himself damaged. A boot chafed his heel, which took on an ugly look and refused to heal. "Peter" (this was his West Point sobriquet, much used for him by his army friends and to this day not forgotten) therefore was obliged to don a slipper, and at Sharpsburg he was in no good humor at such footwear and the need of occasionally walking in it. In fact, a wobbly carpet slipper was not a good-looking thing for a commander on the field.

General Lee took his army forward to the Potomac. Only a detachment of the enemy was <mox_104>encountered by Jackson, and this was at Chantilly, where toward dark, and in a furious storm, there was a short combat in which Major-General Kearny was killed and left in our hands.

Kearny had been a conspicuous young officer in the Mexican War, where he lost an arm, and coming of a wealthy New Jersey family had resigned from the army and retired to private life. I saw his body next morning. It was given up to the enemy at their request, and his horse also, I think. He was a small, dashing-looking man, possessed, it was thought, of considerable military ability.

After such successes there was a fair prospect of driving the enemy out of Washington or bringing him to terms. General Lee moved his army into Maryland, passing most of the troops across the river at White Ford. The soldiers crossed with joyful excitement, singing "My Maryland," and the whole round of their musical stock, with bands playing and all cheering as well-known officers came in sight. Indeed there was some reason for elation and hope. The enemy had suffered a serious defeat and was driven into his capital, his numbers again very great, but of demoralized and raw-recruited men. On the other hand, Lee also had a strong army (for Confederate numbers—we had been accustomed to be outnumbered). The men were triumphantly rejoicing and confident, and as they believed were moving into the friendly fields of a sister State, whose men would surely rise and join us; and more than all, they were commanded by the first General of the day.

It was early September and delightful marching over Maryland's good roads and through her fields <mox_105>of plenty. We had not yet been pushed for food, the transport so far having kept us supplied. General Lee made a short halt at Frederick City, where we took a rest and got loose ends of the army together; and from here began the movement that after two bloody battles was to send us disappointed back to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

General Lee there issued his famous confidential general order on which the army moved. It provided in detail for the march of his troops and his objective points. It was so full that when a copy came in my possession I wondered what could be done with it in event of my falling into the enemy's hands.

By it Jackson was to move to Harper's Ferry and capture its large garrison—it was a menace to Lee's rear. McLaws was to occupy Maryland Heights, and J. G. Walker, Loudoun Heights, in co-operation with Jackson. Troops were also sent to Crampton's Gap.

D. H. Hill was to occupy South Mountain, or Boonsboro Gap, as it was variously called. Longstreet's strong column was to be in the vicinity of Hagerstown, twelve miles from D. H. Hill's position. Proper directions were provided for Stuart's large cavalry force.

The army moved from Frederick under the confidential order. All should have gone well. The programme would have been carried out, the severed army reunited, with Harper's Ferry captured as it was, and once in front of the already half-beaten McClellan (who had succeeded Pope in command of the Army of the Potomac), what great victory would <mox_106>surely have awaited us! But fate or an unlucky chance decided otherwise. A copy of General Lee's confidential order was handed to McClellan when he reached Frederick. He says in his official report that it was picked up by one of his men on our late camping ground.

Had Lee whispered into the Federal General's ear his inmost plans the latter could have asked for nothing more than the information brought him on that fatal paper.

The effect on McClellan was immediate. His march, up to then, had been cautious and timid, not more than eight or nine miles a day. When the order came to him he knew all about us. He knew that D. H. Hill's five brigades at Boonsboro would be nearly all that lay in his path to cross the mountain, and he began footing it with great speed. His march was rapid, and for McClellan confident. He actually struck D. H. Hill on September 14, on the mountain, with an overwhelming force. Hill defended himself valiantly, Drayton's and Anderson's brigades reinforcing him.

Hearing his guns near Hagerstown, Longstreet's quick military instinct told him what

was happening. We instantly broke camp and raced out for Hill's relief. The distance was covered in extraordinary time and we happily got to Hill just as he was being driven from the crest of the mountain, and in time to save him. Darkness coming on, he was able to assemble his shattered battalions below, where with our force a front was shown that McClellan hesitated on immediately attacking. At sun up we prepared to move and were soon on the march to Antietam Creek, <mox_107>behind which part of the army took position on the 15th and 16th.

But I must go back to Frederick City, asking how a document so vitally important as General Lee's order could have suffered loss. It has often been discussed in special papers, in magazine articles, and in letters. McClellan says it was addressed to Major-General D. H. Hill. There is no disputing this because the document is on file for evidence. General Hill and his adjutant-general, Col. Archer Anderson, both declare it impossible to have been Hill's copy. They are to be implicitly believed. In addition, Colonel Anderson is able to produce a copy addressed to his chief. Thus we find ourselves in a dilemma.

The explanation suggested is that perhaps two copies were sent Hill. Although now an independent division, Jackson considered Hill under his command and sent him a copy of the order. One copy certainly reached him direct from General Lee. Jackson and Hill, although connected by marriage, had it is said no great personal liking for each other, and I can imagine the cross and dyspeptic Hill, with the order from Lee in his pocket, receiving another copy from Jackson with careless irritation. If this theory does not work out, we seem to be quite baffled in finding a solution.

We had a bad night on the mountain, extracting D. H. Hill. He had made a magnificent defense, but was terribly mauled and broken up.

Drayton's brigade had been dispersed. There was great straggling to the rear by some of the men and our staff had to make sharp play with the flats <mox_108>of our swords on the backs of these fellows. It tired and disgusted me. The mountain roads were filled with broken regiments and companies and it was very late before they got to the foot of the mountain and in some sort of order. The material of our army was such that it did not take long for the men to shape up after disaster. It was near daylight before I got to Longstreet's bivouac, made a brief report of things, and threw myself on some fence rails in the bad weather for a chance of sleep. Not for long, however. All hands were soon afoot preparing for the march. During the day I came up with my old friend and schoolmate "Sandy" Duncan, of the Hussars. He was a comical object, but doing good service mounted on a little beast, almost skin and bones, with scarcely any hair. The animal looked badly scalded. He bore Duncan and his arms however, the trooper bearded and with as odd an appearance as his mount. He was gathering stragglers and pushing them forward with hard words and sometimes blows. We had never a campaign when there was so much straggling. Duncan was an excellent cavalry soldier and devoted to his troop. In full health to-day at Savannah, he is considered justly good authority on all things Confederate.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XII—Battle Of Sharpsburg, Continued

Marching through Frederick—Barbara Fritchie and Stonewall Jackson—
Commissariat broken down—Green corn for rations—Stampede of horses of a
cavalry regiment—D. H. Hill's horse shot—Longstreet's staff served guns of
Washington Artillery—Cannoneers killed—Colonel John R. Cooke's gallant
fight—Am wounded and carried off the field.

<mox_109>

When the army marched through Frederick City it was fine weather, and the poet Whittier has told of Barbara Fritchie and Stonewall Jackson—a stirring poem in winning lines, but quite without fact at bottom. But that matters not in the least. The lines are good and we can well afford to throw in with all the hard words and abuse of those days, the poet's ideas about our Stonewall.

The country through which we marched was beautiful, rich, and fertile, but we were constantly hungry. There were two lines of Whittier's unquestionably true:

"Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde."

In all parts of the army straggling was principally caused by want of food. The commissariat had about broken down and the troops had recourse to anything.

<mox_110>

The fields were full of ripened corn, of which too much was eaten. Parched and salted it would help a little, but eaten as it was, bad attacks of diarrhea followed and such sickness became serious.

On the night before the battle we were getting some sleep under thick trees when a stampede of horses nearly trampled us. It was a very surprising thing that happened to the Jeff Davis Legion. The regiment was well lined and picketed in front, part of the officers and men asleep, guards and pickets on good watch, and everything deadly quiet and still, the night well on.

Suddenly something seemed to pass through the animals like a quiver of motion, a faint sound as of a sign, and then the wildest scene ensued. The horses for no reason that could be found had become stampeded, in the greatest panic and excitement. They broke away from their picket ropes, and droves of different sizes, some few, some many, were thundering along over the country and about the army in wild confusion. Fortunately, they drew to our rear, and the troopers were all night and part of the next day recovering them. Duncan has well described to me this extraordinary stampede, the like of which did not occur during the four years' war.

The morning of September 17 opened with battle before us, presaged by the booming of cannon already beginning their noisy work.

Longstreet held the right center, the other wing being trusted to Jackson, Hood, Richard H. Anderson, McLaws, and other divisions. The fall of Harper's Ferry had released the attacking forces <mox_111>and enabled Jackson and part of his command to join Lee, but only after great exhaustion and fatal straggling. The enemy called this battle Antietam, from the little stream that traverses the field. We gave it the name of Sharpsburg, the village that nestled in the hills by the turnpike some little distance back of Antietam. It

was a dreadful day of fighting. Beginning early, we were at it until nightfall. Outnumbered three to one, it seemed that at almost any time a strong effort by McClellan would drive us back, but that effort was not made. A third of his fine army did not fire a rifle.

In the early afternoon, Lee, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill ascended a little acclivity near the turnpike to make some observations. All others—staff and orderlies—were kept back under the brow of the hill to avoid drawing fire on the three generals. In truth, they did look conspicuous on the crest, silhouetted against the bright skies, and the shot of course came, a little wide, but the second was from a good gunner. This shot struck the front legs of Hill's horse, cutting them sharp off at the knees. The poor beast did not fall immediately, and made no sound, but put his nose into the grass, nibbling at it seemingly.

The small general in a high-cantled saddle could not get his leg over in the position of the horse until Longstreet helped him down. There is occasional talk of groans and shrieks of horses when wounded. I have seen many badly hurt, but cannot recall an instance in which the animal made any noise. This "gunning" has recently been associated with another incident on the field with which it has <mox_112>really no connection. It was rather later in the day that we came on two of Miller's Washington Artillery guns that had been doing splendid work, but were now silent.

The gunners had fallen by their places, which were temporarily without cannoneers. Longstreet was with us. Fairfax, Goree-Manning, Walton, myself, and perhaps some others took our horses' bridles as we leaped from them to the guns. The position was most important and it would never do for those "barkers" to be dumb, even for a minute; so at it we went, the improvised gunners, and were afterwards cheered by being told we did it well and could always get a gunner's berth when we might want it. I had the rammer, No. 1, I think it is in the drill. Our fire was really strong and effective, until some reliefs from the Washington Artillery came up "ventre à terre," and with hearty shouts took their guns in hand. The enemy opened a severe fire on us, but fortunately none of our party was hurt. We mounted again with cheerful grins at our sudden adventure, and Longstreet, much pleased, turned his attention to other imperiled points.

Now, some fellow writing recently says it was McClellan's own hands that fired at Hill's horse in the morning; and that, in revenge, Longstreet seeing his position in the afternoon, guessed it must be McClellan and his staff and dispersed them with his own hands on the guns. An awful lot of lies circulate nowadays about the Civil War, and it is so long ago there is hardly anybody to contradict them. <mox_113>

Longstreet, whose eyes were everywhere, had noticed a regiment well advanced that had been fighting steadily for hours. It had gathered a few rails and stones for a chance protection to its brave fellows, all the time keeping up a good steady fire on the force in front of them, whose ranks looked so thick as to make one wonder they did not walk over our poor little regiment. Longstreet never failed to encourage good work; he praised freely and liberally where he thought it due, constantly recommending meritorious young officers for promotion. There was no illiberality about him, and the officers knew it and tried for his notice. "Major Sorrel," he said, "go down to that regiment with my compliments to the colonel. Say he has fought splendidly and must keep it up. We are hard pressed and if he loses his position there is nothing left behind him; his men have made noble sacrifices, but are to do still more."

It was Col. John R. Cooke, commanding a North Carolina regiment, that received this

message. There were many dead along his lines and some severely wounded who could not be got away. My horse was wounded on the way to him, and the enemy's rifle firing was incessant, while from the saddle Longstreet's praises and encouragement were given this brave officer.

Profanity is justly considered objectionable. I do not approve of it, but there are times when it may be overlooked, and never did such words sound so sweet as when I looked into Cooke's eyes and heard him: "Major, thank General Longstreet for his good words, but say, by—almighty, he needn't <mox_114>doubt me! We will stay here, by J. C., if we must all go to hell together! That thick line of the enemy has been fighting all day, but my regiment is still ready to lick this whole outfit. Start away, Major, quick, or you'll be getting hurt too, exposed as you are on that horse? This is only a faint reproduction of the Colonel's gift of language, but it left with me no doubt that the position would stand until that gallant heart gave the word to leave it. He stuck there until ordered off at night. It was some time before I was able to send a report to Longstreet, the hour being about 5 p.m., but he had Cooke promoted immediately. I had scarcely drawn my hand from Cooke's when a shell burst over us and a fragment struck me senseless from my horse.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XIII—Battle Of Sharpsburg, Concluded

Toombs's Georgia Brigade—Longstreet on the field—Lee's war horse—McClellan superseded by Burnside—A horse trade—Richard H. Anderson's division A lost opportunity—Walton and myself find quarters at Shepherdstown among wounded—Driven away by enemy's shells.

<mox_115>

Toombs's brigade of Georgians had fought well at the bridge on the right. It was contested all day and was the scene of some bloody encounters. Some fresher men under A. P. Hill at last came up late, almost dark, and a general advance on the enemy's lines persuaded the timorous McClellan that we were not done fighting, and he ceased his operations. Lee was left, after the long day's work, with thin ranks holding the ground he stood on in the morning, and nothing lost by us in guns, colors, or prisoners. The casualties, however, were very heavy, our list of wounded and killed being awful. Here fell my dear personal friends of school days, McIntosh and Parkman. I had lost several in the battles preceding and my heart was heavy.

Longstreet's conduct on this great day of battle was magnificent. He seemed everywhere along his extended lines, and his tenacity and deep-set resolution, his inmost courage, which appeared to swell with the growing peril to the army, undoubtedly stimulated the troops to greater action, and held <mox_116>them in place despite all weakness. My staff comrades described to me later his appearance and reception by Lee when they met at night after firing ceased. Longstreet, big, heavy, and red, grimly stern after this long day's work, that called for all we could stomach, rolled in on his clumsy carpet slippers. Lee immediately welcomed him with un-concealed joy. "Here comes my war horse just from the field he has done so much to save!" his arm affectionately around "Peter's" shoulder. The latter should surely have been proud and well satisfied. Lee held his ground that night and all the next day (the 18th), caring for his wounded and burying his dead. On the night of the 18th he quietly moved out and successfully passed the Potomac to Virginia ground without loss. That McClellan with his great army, a third of which had taken no part in the two battles, permitted this escape is unaccountable. In olden times generals lost their heads for such stupidities. "Little Mac" lost his place instead, being soon superseded by Burnside.

I was never good at a horse trade, and here is a story of one. I had a nice little mare of good paces, but she was undersized for my long legs. Walton, my staff comrade, had a big, fine bay, well gaited and apparently all that I could wish. Walton, being a small man, liked the mare, and was ready to trade; but just before getting to Boonsboro, the big bay, "Mott" (he had been brought from Mississippi by that Colonel Mott who was killed at Williamsburg, and we named him "Mott"), had broken loose and was astray somewhere, Walton being unable to find him. Having some mounted men I could use and <mox_117>knowing the cavalry officers near by, I believed he could be found, so taking the chances I made the trade by paying Walton \$275 to boot, and this too in '62, when Confederate money was not so very bad. That much cash could then buy considerable stuff. Longstreet was an excellent judge of horseflesh and to him I gave the details of my trade. In answer I got a little stare and smile as he said, "Why, Major, I would not give \$275 for the horse tied to a corn crib; no quartermaster in this army can furnish forage

enough for that beast!" This was soothing and encouraging to be sure, and in the mean time bay "Mott" refused to be found. Boons-boro and Sharpsburg were fought, the army back in Virginia, and I on my way back, when at last came my cavalymen, bay "Mott" in hand, and in a fortnight or so I was on him, a powerful, well-paced animal; but Longstreet was right, he could never get enough to eat, and after some time his ribs and bones were disagreeably in evidence, and the beast was turned over to a quartermaster to do with as he would. He had pickings in the corral and was probably hitched to a hay wagon.

When struck down by that bursting shell, Colonel Cooke had me immediately carried off on a stretcher to a less exposed place, and on regaining consciousness good old Fairfax was pouring whiskey down my throat. We had been severed by one of those unnecessary camp differences and were not on good terms. Needless to say all that was now forgotten and we were comrades once more. He managed to get an ambulance and sent me off to the army field-infirmiry. There was another officer stretched by <mox_118>me in the ambulance, very bloody and very terribly wounded. I did not think I was hurt badly, but seemed to have no motion or feeling about the legs. We were soon at the surgeon's camp, Dr. Guild medical director in charge. I knew him well, a cheerful soul. "What, you too!" he cried. "Now, turn over." And he began pinching my legs unmercifully. I kicked and cried out loudly, and he laughed and said: "O, you are quite right, I feared for your back. Now away to the rear across the river; you will be on duty again in a fortnight." The hurt was a violent contusion below the right shoulder and made the whole side of the body black and blue with extravasated blood. Off we started and came up with my staff comrade, Walton, slowly trotting to the rear with a bullet in his shoulder. He took charge of things energetically, managed by threats and bullying to get a boat, and had us ferried across the river at Shepherdstown. There Walton got some men to carry me, hunting a resting place; he tried everywhere, his wound paining him all the time. The little town was full of wounded and it looked as if we should have to lie out in the street, but some gentle hearts were melted. At the house of the Hamtrammocks, already crowded with wounded, the ladies gave up their last room and put us in it, fed and cheered us, providing that sweet sympathy and goodness that was ever present among the noble women of battle-torn Virginia.

The Hamtrammock family was unknown to me, but stood very well in the village and all through the Valley. It was said that their father, long dead, had commanded a Virginia regiment in the Mexican War. <mox_119>The only members of the family we saw were the two pleasant girls, Elsie and Florence, and an aunt, Miss Sheperd. That evening the doctor relieved Walton of acute suffering by cutting out the bullet, which had buried itself in the muscles of the shoulder, and dressed my battered back. So we awoke next morning refreshed and easier, charmed with our luck in such good quarters. We were soon quite ready to be entertained by the young ladies, and they were nothing loth after the nurses had made us presentable. There was a Georgian in the house, Captain D'Antignac, badly wounded in the head, and in charge of Miss Sheperd. She would sometimes rush into our room, laughing immoderately; the poor fellow was out of his head and talking all sorts of nonsense. Our hostesses were very gracious, gay, happy, well educated girls; they played and sang prettily, and were such Confederates! We had much curiosity to know how they had fared during the night, since they had been robbed of their rooms; it finally came out that they had shared the bathroom between them. But this elysium could not last long, for next day the enemy planted some guns on the river bank and began shelling everything.

The wounded were in great peril and the surgeons hurried them to the rear. An ambulance was sent at once for us, and with grateful farewells to our friends, we were taken away to a little old farmhouse fifteen miles distant, behind Lee's army.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XIV—Our Personnel—Visitors

On duty again, recovered—Army refreshed and in good condition—
Reorganization—First and Second Army Corps, Longstreet and Stonewall
commanding—Divisions composing them—Cavalry under Stuart—Visitors to
our camp in Valley—Three Englishmen, Wolseley, Lawley, and Vizitelly.

<mox_120>

Within the fortnight I was returned to duty, rather stiff but quite fit, and pleased with the hearty welcome of my brother officers. Walton's wound proved severe and he was sent to a hospital at Richmond. The army had picked up wonderfully, stragglers were back in ranks, the lightly wounded were again ready with their rifles, rations were abundant; some clothing and shoes had come, for a small part of it, and we were just eager for Burnside or any other fellow. Our General, like his army, was high in spirit and controlling absolutely its destiny. Its devotion for Lee and unfaltering confidence in him had never been surpassed. It was now that he found it necessary to reorganize his various commands. They were all comfortably camped in the Valley, except a small detachment sent to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and covered a good deal of ground. The enemy was silent and showed no sign of movement, but we could guess where he was likely to strike next. Somewhere about Spottsylvania or Fredericksburg, Lee divided his army into two great infantry corps—the First Army Corps <mox_121>under Lieut.-Gen. James Longstreet; the Second Army Corps under Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Jackson. The First had five divisions under Pickett, McLaws, Hood, Richard Anderson, and J. G. Walker; all had from four to five brigades, except Walker's, only two, but it was known that his command was to be but temporarily with the Virginia army. Jackson's Second Army Corps had also four divisions under A. P. Hill, R. S. Ewell, D. H. Hill, and Jackson's old division under Taliaferro.

The strength of the two great bodies was thus about equal. To each division there was a battalion of artillery of four batteries, and to each corps a reserve battalion of six batteries. Longstreet had two of them, the Washingtons, and Alexander's battalion.

There was also a strong body of reserve artillery to the army under command (and indeed he claimed some authority over the rest) of Brig.-Gen. W. N. Pendleton. This officer had graduated from West Point, had changed his uniform to the cassock and was rector of an Episcopal church in Western Virginia. He was an especial friend of General Lee, and leaving his pulpit brought a good battery to Jackson's command. A well-meaning man, without qualities for the high post he claimed—Chief of Artillery of the Army

The cavalry under Stuart completed the good organization of that wonderful army. An excellent body of horse it was, in fit hands, and its commander, true body and soul to Lee, was already a great cavalry leader. It was not, however, until next year that he rose with it to its high-water mark of strength, efficiency, and renown. <mox_122>

While camped there in the Valley we had all at once three interesting visitors, Col. Garnet Wolseley, of the British Army; Hon. Francis Lawley, correspondent at the South for *The London Times*, and Frank Vizitelly, Southern correspondent and artist for *The London Illustrated News*. Wolseley was on duty in Canada and had just slipped across the border and the army lines to have a look at the Confederate forces. He was a small, spare man, modest and soldierly. It was from Lawley that we learned more about him, and that

he had distinguished himself while a subaltern in the Crimea and was considered a rising officer. It fell to me to make better acquaintance with Wolseley and we have kept up some communication since. It has, therefore, been good to follow his "steps" and note the more than fulfillment of the favorable expectations of him. Commander of the Red River Expedition; general in charge of the Ashantee War; severe, successful service in India; command in Egypt and defeat of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir; operations in the Soudan—these have been some of his various services up to five years ago, when he was made commander-in-chief of the forces, his tour of duty having just ended. We had a review of one of our divisions, gave him a good mount, and he rode well with Longstreet, admiring with an experienced eye the hardy material of our soldiers. In a day or two he returned to Canada. He has attained the rank of Field Marshal, and is Viscount Wolseley in the Peerage of England, with many high orders of merit.

This distinguished officer has written well and often of his Confederate observations. He places <mox_123>Lee in the first rank of generals of the English-speaking race, with Marlborough and Wellington; and his admiration for our leader is constant—of the very highest. A letter pointing to his interest in Confederate autographs will be found in the Appendix.

Frank Lawley, tall, handsome, and of distinguished appearance, had started in English political life with everything in his favor. A fine University education, natural aptitude, and a polished pen aided him in becoming secretary to Mr. Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer. Soon, however, a shadow fell on Lawley. He gave up his post and political life, taking to writing, for which he was well fitted. *The Times* had sent him South, and he was about Lee's army nearly two years, making many friends. He is now one of the principal editors of the *London Telegram*, with a great salary, which, as of old, does not go far with him.

Frank Vizitelly (Italian family, for centuries settled in England) was a burly-looking, reckless "Bohemian," of many accomplishments. He could write, could sing, could draw and paint, could dance and ride, could tell good stories (good only in the telling, not in the matter) by the hour, and, finally, could drink like a fish, and did so. He made spirited drawings of battles, persons, and all sorts of scenes during the two years he was with us in the South, and managed to get them through the blockade to his paper.

When Vizitelly left us he served his paper all over the world, whenever there was war; and finally joining Hicks Pasha's Expedition for subduing the <mox_124>Soudan, perished in the complete massacre of that ill-fated column.

His name, with six other war correspondents who fell at their several posts elsewhere, is carved in a tablet set in the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. I never thought Vizitelly could possibly come to such respectable distinction.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XV—The Staff

Staff of First Corps—Kirkwood Rangers escort—A camp dinner party in state—
Lee's aggressiveness—Ropes's description of Lee—Duties of the staff.

<mox_125>

The organization of the army having been described, it is time to show the staff of the First Army Corps; thus, October, 1862:

Major G. M. Sorrel, A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.

Major John W. Fairfax, A. A. G. and Inspector.

Major Osmon Latrobe, A. A. G. and Inspector.

Lieut.-Col. P. T. Manning, Chief of Ordnance.

Captain F. W. Dawson, Assistant to Chief of Ordnance.

Major Thomas Walton, A.D. C. Captain Thomas Goree, A.D. C. Lieutenant
Blackwell, A.D. C.

Major R. J. Moses, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.

Major Mitchell, Chief Quartermaster.

Captain J. H. Manning, Signal Officer.

Surgeon J. S. D. Cullen, Medical Director.

Surgeon R. Barksdale, Medical Inspector.

Surgeon Kellum, Medical Inspector. <mox_126>

Assistant Surgeon Thomas Maury, Assistant to Medical Director.

Major Chichester, Commissary of Subsistence.

Major I. G. Clarke, Engineer Corps.

Of the names of those starting out with Longstreet at the beginning only a few have already been given. The others were added as the command grew in strength and wants. Some of those here named may not have joined until a little later than this time, which I fix at about November 15, 1862. Latrobe, a Marylander, had been serving with D. R. Jones's small division. Upon its being broken up he came to us and proved most acceptable to the Lieutenant-General, and a valuable staff officer. He was eventually to succeed me when I was in 1864 promoted to command in another corps. Moses, the chief commissary, had been a leading lawyer in Georgia, and was now a most intelligent, efficient officer. He was much older than most of us, but "bon comrade," and had an exhaustless fund of incident and anecdote, which he told inimitably.

Latrobe, whom I often see, is my dear friend as I write; in fine health and good condition; big in body and frame as he is in heart. To corps headquarters at this time was attached a good troop of cavalry for courier and escort service. It was the Kirkwood Rangers, from South Carolina, first commanded by Captain Shannon, then by Captain Tobey. Captain Shannon was that excellent man, somewhat advanced in years, and retired, who was forced into a duel in South Carolina, and killed. The staff well understood <mox_127>their General and he knew them; they worked together with good results and never did one of them fail him.

An officer who might also be numbered on the staff was Colonel E. P. Alexander, although he commanded the reserve artillery; but Longstreet thought so well of his engineering and reconnoitering abilities that he kept him very near headquarters.

While the three Englishmen were visiting us it was decided to give them a dinner. Two hospital tents were thrown together and made a fine mess hall, embellished with trophies of arms and flags. Flowers and ferns did the rest for decoration. For the table there were planks on trestles, and the same for seats. The countryside was generous in lending, as well as giving provisions, and our f&e did not lack a good white covering over its bare boards. Provisions were plentiful outside the army rations, and I aver that on this occasion they were paid for honestly. Young pig well fattened, turkeys, fowls, fresh beef, and vegetables topped off the commissary's pork and hardtack. There were good cooks at our call, and the negro servants of the officers fairly grinned with delight at such a feast. We had many officers of note to meet our guests, and the function went off most agreeably. The absence of wine was conspicuous, but no one lacked for good whiskey, and perhaps before parting it had been tasted too often by some. After dinner came cards—poker. The Englishmen, except Wolseley, knew the game and enjoyed it. I know that I was a considerable loser, then a turn of chance brought me even, and soon we quit for bed, my last real game of poker to this date. <mox_128>

The army had now been long enough under Lee to satisfy all that he meant fighting, always fighting. That was the business of the army, and only by fighting could Virginia be cleared of the enemy and Richmond made secure. When he first took command there were a few unthinking speeches made. He had fortified Richmond, and like a skilful general knew the value of field-works and temporary entrenchments. Some in the army were given to speak of him as the "King of Spades" who would never allow us to show fighting. The past fourteen months had indeed opened the eyes of these sneerers.

Ropes, the distinguished Northern military historian, writing always, even in the most heated controversy, fairly and dispassionately, has this to say for our hero, en passant, in one of his books, having already once declared him "The most accomplished soldier of the day":

At the time of his appointment to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Lee was 55 years of age, in perfect health, vigorous, robust, of a commanding presence. His character, public and private, was of the highest. In intellect it may be doubted whether he was superior to the able soldier whom he succeeded: indeed, Joseph E. Johnston possessed as good a military mind as any general on either side; but in that fortunate combination of qualities, physical, mental, and moral, which go to make up a great commander, General Lee was unquestionably more favored than any of the leaders of the Civil War. He possessed at once the entire confidence of his Government and the unquestioning and enthusiastic devotion of the army. He had no rival, either in the councils of the Richmond War Department or in the colloquies around campfires. Lee's position was unique. No army commander on either side was so universally believed in, so absolutely trusted. Nor was there ever a commander who better deserved the support of his Government and the affection and confidence of his soldiers. <mox_129>

With the growth of Longstreet's command my duties had become doubly important, and with weighty responsibilities. The General left much to me, both in camp and on the field. As chief of his staff it was my part to respond to calls for instruction and to anticipate them. The General was kept fully advised after the event, if he was not near by at the time; but action had to be swift and sure, without waiting to hunt him up on a different part of the field.

The change of movement of a brigade or division in battle certainly carried a grave

responsibility, but it has often to be faced by the chief staff officer if the general happened to be out of reach. Nearly two years of war on a grand scale had given me experience and confidence, and Longstreet was always generous with good support when things were done apparently for the best. This gave me good prestige in our large corps, and I found hosts of friends among officers and men.

The reorganization had made the First Corps 40,000 strong, effective, by the time it got to Fredericksburg in December. Jackson's Second Corps was fully 38,000 strong.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XVI—Events Preceding Fredericksburg

Burnside in command of Army of the Potomac—Sketch—Lee's plans—At Fredericksburg—General Patrick, U. S. A.—Flag of truce—Arrival of army in position—Poor defensive works—Bad-weather march—Some expedients by Longstreet—The stone wall—Major-General McLaws, Major-General Hood, Major-General Anderson, Major-General Walker—Sketches.

<mox_130>

The new commander of the Army of the Potomac was one of the most highly respected officers of the United States Army, but he was not equal to the command, and so stated to the officers who brought him Mr. Lincoln's commission and orders.

McClellan was of decided ability in many respects; timorous, but safe; and there was no better organizer. He seemed to hate battle, and it is surprising that with such a record he should have secured and retained the devotion and confidence of his men to the very end. There was no lack of physical courage; it was a mental doubt with him.

Burnside had no prominent reputation, but made a success of an unimportant expedition into North Carolina. He conspicuously failed at Sharpsburg, where all day the bridge on the right was the scene of combat, without his movement to seize it. His great corps, held idly in hand, was equal to it ten times over. But he may have been waiting on McClellan, with whom he was in the closest intimacy of friendship. <mox_131>

At all events, Burnside could and would fight, even if he did not know how, and after "Little Mac" this was what Mr. Lincoln was trying for. He was a handsome man, from Rhode Island, of fine, courteous bearing.

Franklin should have been, I think, the man for Lincoln; but who knows? There was a powerful clique always about McClellan, most unwisely at difference, sometimes, with the Administration.

A pause in the operations ensued while we lay about Bunker Hill and Winchester. But Lee had, in the first half of November, decided where he should make Burnside fight. It was Fredericksburg. Longstreet had previously sent McLaws's division east of the mountains to the vicinity of Culpeper, and about November 16 started him for the old town on the Rappahannock, following a day or two later from his Valley camps with the remainder of the corps.

The gaps of the Blue Ridge were well occupied and defended by Jackson and Stuart's cavalry during Lee's transfer of his army in this delicate strategical operation.

I parted from Longstreet for a day or two, and arrived near Fredericksburg with some of the leading troops, before him.

My ride was in the worst weather, roads deep in mud, with rain in torrents. Fredericksburg is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of the Virginia towns. A dwindling trade had thinned the population and quieted its ambitions. At this time the place was the home of families of historical importance and present interest, with a thorough knowledge of good living, and still respectable cellars of <mox_132>old Madeira that had been imported by them many years before.

The enemy had a small garrison there and a provost marshal, an elderly United States officer, kind and gentle in his authority, and much liked by the citizens.

From this officer I received a request to meet him under flag of truce, and we made

acquaintance in a little block-house just outside the town. The good old General Patrick was quite in ignorance apparently of the great operation that was then culminating. Expecting to hold the city with his little garrison he wished to avert any shelling of the town by our guns.

His friends had not yet made their appearance on the Falmouth Hills, commanding the town on the left bank of the river. We had outstripped their march.

General Patrick was informed that he must at once withdraw from Fredericksburg, that we should occupy it in force. He smiled, thinking it a bluff, and wanted to know where the soldiers were. On this point he got no information, of course, and we parted. However, he was soon to see our men pouring forward, and McLaws's division seizing the city and posting his gallant Mississippians on the river front, under the intrepid Barksdale.

Patrick's little gang had, of course, immediately slipped away when they saw what was coming.

This I think was about November 21. The entire army soon after arrived and took position behind the Rappahannock, a wide, undulating plain for the most part stretching between our lines and the river <mox_133>itself. Longstreet took the left and Jackson the right; the former's most important point being the stone wall and sunken road at the foot of Marye's Hill.

Looking back at the situation, it seems surprising that we did so little in the way of defensive field-works. The enemy in great masses were crowding the Falmouth Hills, and we knew intended to cross and strike us. But yet we contented ourselves with the little stone wall (which proved helpful), and two or three tiers of light trenchwork extended on the slope of the hill behind and on our left.

The like observation applies to Jackson, whose lines were about the same as ours in strength, except the stone wall.

Later in the war such a fault could not have been found. Experience had taught us that to win, we must fight; and that fighting under cover was the thing to keep up the army and beat the enemy. He knew it, too, and practised it, so later on veterans no sooner got to facing each other than they began to dig, if ever so little; a little trench, a tiny hillock is often a very helpful defense and protection.

The march to Fredericksburg in bad weather and over almost bottomless roads had caused great suffering to the men and some losses among the animals. It was then that Longstreet told his men of an expedient that as an old soldier he had often resorted to. "Rake," he sent word to the men, "the coals and ashes from your cooking fires and sleep on that ground; it will be dry and warm." And so it proved. Also, there being many barefooted men, "Take the rawhides of the beef cattle, killed for <mox_134>food; cut roughly for a moccasin-like covering for the feet, and there you are with something to walk in." But this did not go. This foot-wear had nothing like soles of stiffening, and in the mud and icy slush of the Virginia roads the moist, fresh skins slipped about as if on ice. The wearers, constantly up or down, finally kicked them aside and took the road as best they could, barefooted or wrapped with rags or straw. Richmond did its best to supply, but there was always trouble for want of shoes. Great quantities were run in from England by blockade, but they were worthless, shoddy things that might be done for in a day's use. I once wore a pair of them, and in a single day of wet and mud the cheats came to pieces and developed bits of paper and odds of leather things, where should be good, strong, well tanned cow skin.

It is said that our friends, the enemy, across the lines fared badly as well in shoddy, and that too from their own neighbors and countrymen.

It was awfully nasty work getting down to that stone wall for giving orders or receiving information, the way swept by the enemy's volume of fire over every foot. Once at the wall it was fairly snug, but the coming back was still worse, and one drew a long breath on emerging safely from that deadly fusilade.

We could only manage it on foot by making short rushes from point to point, affording perhaps some little cover. It was on such a duty that my friend Lord King was killed. He was A.D. C. to McLaws, of the family of Kings of southern Georgia. <mox_135>

The ranking major-general of our corps was L. McLaws, his division made up of Georgians, Mississippians, and South Carolinians. He was an officer of much experience and most careful. Fond of detail, his command was in excellent condition, and his ground and position well examined and reconnoitered; not brilliant in the field or quick in movement there or elsewhere, he could always be counted on and had secured the entire confidence of his officers and men.

Maj.-Gen. John B. Hood's appearance was very striking; in age only 34, he had a personality that would attract attention anywhere. Very tall and somewhat loose-jointed; a long, oval face shaded by yellowish beard, plentiful hair of same color, and voice of great power and compass.

With very winning manners, he is said to have used these advantages actively for his own advancement. But apart from that, his services in the field were of the best. Resigning from the United States Army he was made colonel of one of the three Texas regiments that were sent to Virginia. There he quickly showed his soldierly qualities and was made brigadier-general over the brigade formed of the three Texas regiments and the Third Arkansas. It was conspicuous in all of the many combats in which it was engaged, and Hood soon came on for promotion to one of the divisions of Longstreet's corps. As major-general he continued to display high qualities and he might be considered an ideal officer of that rank and command. At Gettysburg he received a wound in the arm. It is said that at Richmond, while convalescing, he suffered himself to criticize <mox_136>very freely our operations in Pennsylvania. As soon as recovered he resumed his division, which he took to Chickamauga, where his conduct was magnificent. There he lost a leg. Longstreet immediately recommended him to promotion to lieutenant-general, which was done, and on recovery Hood was assigned to the Western army under J. E. Johnston. There I must leave him. His biographers will relate his promotion to the rank of full general; his superseding Johnston; his march to the enemy's rear; the sanguinary battles of Franklin and Nashville, and the crushing defeat of his expedition by Thomas, making possible the great decisive strategic operation of Sherman's "March to the sea."

Maj.-Gen. G. E. Pickett we already know. He had a very fine division of five Virginia brigades, all well commanded by brigadiers who greatly helped the Major-General to the high reputation gained by this gallant body of men.

Maj.-Gen. Richard H. Anderson, of South Carolina, had been a captain of cavalry in the United States Army, and was rather an interesting character. His courage was of the highest order, but he was indolent. His capacity and intelligence excellent, but it was hard to get him to use them. Withal, of a nature so true and lovable that it goes against me to criticize him. He had served well as a brigadier-general, and now with Longstreet,

commanding a division, had more to do. Longstreet knew him well and could get a good deal out of him, more than any one else. His division was of Georgians, South Carolinians, Alabamians and Mississippians. <mox_137>

Maj.-Gen. J. B. Walker was commanding two brigades of North Carolinians. I had no intimate knowledge of this officer, who it was known would be with the Virginia army but for a short time. He bore a high reputation among those of his acquaintance.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XVII—Battle Of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862

Enemy massed on Stafford Heights—Heavy artillery fire—The pontoon bridge—Splendid defense of Mississippians—Enemy crosses—Preparing for his assault—Sumner's attack on Marye's Hill—The deadly stone wall—General Cobb killed—General Lee's position—Jackson in uniform—His answer to Longstreet—Franklin's attack on Jackson—Enemy escapes across the river—Strength and losses—Bursting of a gun—Old Madeiras in Fredericksburg—An incident, "one touch of nature"—Enemy not pursued.

<mox_138>

But now it is time to sketch something of the remarkable battle that the quiet waters of the Rappahannock were to see fiercely fought in torrents of blood across the plain that bordered the stream. I attempt no description, limiting myself to some stray observations.

The enemy had finally massed his great force (122,500 men) on Stafford Heights and was to force the passage of the river. Franklin had wisely advised Burnside to do the work with half the army against our right, and Burnside, at first assenting, then resumed his original intention to attack our center with Sumner's grand division. Well for us that he did so!

On December 11 his movement began by attempting to set his pontoon bridge opposite the city for the crossing. <mox_139>

It was opposed by General Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade of McLaw's division, and stands as one of the finest acts of heroism and stubborn resistance in our military annals.

Burnside first poured an artillery fire in the devoted town and defending brigade—that was literally an "enfer."

There had been nothing like it before in this war. Every shot, all kinds of missiles, were thrown at the Mississippians to dislodge them. The brave fellows were there, however, to stay. They hid themselves in cellars, wells, holes of any kind where they could get a little cover, while their rifles picked off the pontooners pluckily trying to throw their boats across the stream. The latter fell in great numbers and this went on nearly all day. The Confederates would not budge, although so stubborn a defense had been no part of our expectation. We knew the town would be seized.

Quite late the bridge effort was abandoned by the Federal engineers. Calling for volunteers to fill the boats and cross in mass, it was gallantly answered. A number of them were quickly crowded, and notwithstanding our fire their landing was soon made and the town occupied, but not before Barksdale had safely withdrawn his hard-fighting fellows.

They had the cheers of the army for their day's brave work.

Then began that night and all next day and night the movement of Burnside's great army across the river. More brigades were added and there were several in Franklin's possession. He had no trouble in laying what he wanted in his front. <mox_140>

Thus stood Burnside, his army facing us with nothing between, on December 13, and bitter cold, Franklin operating on his left against Jackson. Sumner in the center and center-right against Longstreet, who also guarded the lines extended considerably to our left. Hooker's grand division was held on Stafford Heights during the night of the 12th.

But Marye's Hill was our strong point. Burnside wanted it and there he threw his men in blind and impotent fury. It was held by T. R. R. Cobb's brigade of Georgians behind a

stone wall at first and another brigade in support. The front here was quite narrow. Ranson's and Cook's North Carolina brigades were in light trenches higher up the hill, but in position to deliver deadly fire, and did so. The defense at the stone wall was also kept carefully reinforced as needed. There was some artillery in pits near the crest of the hill that did effective service.

General Lee's position with his staff during the day was on a small hill with a good plateau, from which he had a fair view of Sumner's attack on Longstreet, as well as Franklin's on Jackson. Longstreet was much of the time with him. Before the hot work began, "Stonewall" rode up to have a word with Lee. As he dismounted we broke into astonished smiles. He was in a spick and span new overcoat, new uniform with rank marks, fine black felt hat, and a handsome sword. We had never seen the like before, and gave him our congratulations on his really fine appearance. He said he "believed it was some of his friend Stuart's doings." <mox_141>

Franklin was in great masses before Jackson, and before mounting, Longstreet called out, "Jackson, what are you going to do with all those people over there?" "Sir," said Stonewall, with great fire and spirit, "we will give them the bayonet."

There is really now but little more to be said in detail of the battle. In front of us it was hammer and tongs all day from 11 a.m. until finally Burnside had to desist in sheer weariness of slaughter. His troops advanced to their assaults with the finest intrepidity, but it was impossible for them to stand before our fire. I afterwards saw that perhaps not more than half a dozen of their men had got within sixty yards of our wall and dropped there. Not once was there any sign of faltering or weakness among our troops; the solid bodies of troops attacking might easily have made it otherwise with unseasoned soldiers.

On our right Franklin had been more successful. He managed to pierce a salient that should have been corrected and worsted a considerable number of Jackson's men. The line was retaken and restored, but with some loss, among whom was Captain Edward Lawton, a young brother of General Lawton, of Georgia. We also lost at Marye's Hill General Cobb (T. R. R.), of Georgia, deeply mourned as one of the most promising officers and whole-souled patriots of the South.

When darkness fell on this great tragedy, hostile movements ceased and the two armies were caring for the "butcher's bill." Ours was small comparatively, but the enemy had lost very heavily.

A thick fog or mist also arose and enveloped the enemy's movements in strangeness and uncertainty. <mox_142>They were actually started on hastily recrossing the river, but we don't appear to have known it. Most of the day of the 14th it was thick and misty, veiling successfully the enemy's movements, but all the time he was preparing for his retreat.

He was not attacked while in this exposed position. Why not? It is generally thought it would have been fatal to the Federals and it is indisputable that they were in hourly dread of it. Some say Jackson proposed a night attack, but I doubt it, and am glad it was not made.

It is impossible to describe the confusion of such an attempt or to anticipate what might happen. I was in one later on with three picked brigades of the highest order and efficiency.

The roar of battle between Lookout Mountain and Brown's Ferry on the Tennessee River words cannot express, and in the black darkness the three brigades achieved worse than nothing.

But why did we not attack on the 14th in daylight? Not my part to attempt this explanation, but it looks much as if we were "building a bridge of gold for the flying enemy."

On the night of the 17th Burnside withdrew his army to his old camp in the Falmouth Hills.

We lost in killed and wounded—Longstreet, 1,519; Jackson, 2,682; total, 4,201. Jackson was also reported as having lost in missing 526. These figures are also adopted by Ropes, and he gives Burnside's army as 122,500, ours as 78,500. I do not think that more than half of our forces were engaged on the 13th. The Federal losses, attacks on Marye's Hill, 8,000; loss of whole army, Federal, 12,650 killed and wounded. (Ropes's figures.)

The hill referred to as affording General Lee at Fredericksburg a point of view, had a light trench in which was mounted a 30-pounder Parrott gun, made in Richmond. The 10-pounder guns of that make had done well, but those of heavy caliber were treacherous. The one on "Lee's Hill," as it came to be called, burst after a few discharges. Happily it did not send fragments flying about, and no one was hurt. The immense breech just appeared to have split into a dozen pieces of various sizes and then fallen heavily to the ground. We were rather glad to have done with such a piece of metal.

The old wines of the good people of Fredericksburg have been referred to. They suffered in the fortunes of war. A few nights before the opening of the battle, which was then imminent, considerable quantities of fine old Madeira and other varieties were taken out of cellars and bins, and sent by the citizens to our fellows in camp, equally ready for drink or for battle. It was known that the town would be shelled and occupied by the Federals, probably looted and plundered; therefore it was thought safest to see priceless old vintages passed around campfires and quaffed in gulps from tin cups. Of course the men would have better liked whiskey, but they did not refuse the wine.

An incident on the river may bear telling. It was after the battle, when the pickets had resumed their posts and had become friendly; more given to trading than shooting each other at less than one hundred yards. The authorities had to set their faces sternly against this trading. It led to desertion. A fine Federal band came down to the river bank one afternoon and began playing pretty airs, among them the Northern patriotic chants and war songs. "Now give us some of ours!" shouted our pickets, and at once the music swelled into Dixie, My Maryland, and the Bonnie Blue Flag. Then, after a mighty cheer, a slight pause, the band again began, all listening; this time it was the tender, melting bars of Home, Sweet Home, and on both sides of the river there were joyous shouts, and many wet eyes could be found among those hardy warriors under the flags. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Of course the enemy's powerful artillery on Stafford Heights would have been an efficient aid in resisting an attack on his infantry before, and while recrossing the river. But they were badly demoralized and would probably not have stood long with that threatening river in their rear and the triumphant Confederates in the front. There was much private discussion then, and after, among the intelligent of the Federals as to why they were not struck after their sanguinary defeat. A general belief existed among them that we were deficient in ammunition, the only explanation many of them were able to arrive at. We had no want of it.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XVIII—After Fredericksburg—Reminiscences

Fredericksburg after the battle—Flag of truce—Burying dead—General Wadsworth, U.S. A.—Again on enemy's side with flag of truce—At their picket fire—Colonel Brown, of Rhode Island—Bitter cold—All night in their camp—Luxuries for the wounded—First Georgia Regulars—They are ordered home—Want of shoes—Captain Cuthbert, of South Carolina.

<mox_145>

The battle was indeed fought and finished, and although the triumph of victory rested with us, and the enemy was back in his lines, beaten and dispirited, yet it cannot be said that there had been achieved a result so decisive as to bring us near the end of the war.

We were caring for our dead. The enemy was to do so for his. They lay in great numbers on the plain. General Lee wrote Burnside and I carried the letter under a flag of truce through the town to the ferry, where was found a pontoon, and my men took me across. It was pitiful riding through the town, considerably damaged as it was by the artillery fire from Stafford Heights, but more still from the plundering and looting that had gone on while in possession of the United States troops. Furniture, bedding, mattresses, carpets, china, domestic utensils, indeed all that went to make up those comfortable old homes, were strewn helter skelter, broken and ruined about the streets. The streets were filled with distressed women and children, both black and <mox_146>white. But we passed on—"C'est à la guerre comme à la guerre!" My pontoon landed me at the foot of a steep road that ascended the hill and I was immediately met by a number of officers in brilliant uniforms. For myself I must have been awfully shabby; never at any time given to military finery, while campaigning, I think I was worse off than usual here at Fredericksburg. The weather had been atrocious, and mud and I were closely acquainted day and night. There was, too, so much to do that one had no time for repairing damages.

But my reception by the Federal officers was extremely courteous while awaiting an answer to General Lee's missive, now on its way to Burnside, whose headquarters were near by.

There were Major-General Park, chief of staff to the army; Major-General Wadsworth (whom I was to see in eighteen months at the "Wilderness" under different circumstances); Brig.-Gen. Jim Hardie, and many others, all having some inquiries to make for friends on our side. General Wadsworth asked me how many dead I thought lay on our front. "I ask, Major," he said, "so as to make my burying parties strong enough."

I said: "I cannot possibly guess with any approach to accuracy. I have only ridden through the slain in front of Marye's Hill, and it seemed that there must be at least 800 there awaiting burial." "My God, my God!" groaned the old officer, deeply depressed by such mortality. Instead of 800, they buried nearly 1,200 men in that small front, besides some 300 in front of Jackson's position. General Burnside's answer soon came, and saluting my Federal <mox_147>acquaintances I was quickly on our own side of the river and the Federal commander's letter in Lee's possession.

Strong burial parties immediately came across for their ghastly duty. General Wadsworth was a wealthy, middle-aged man from the lovely Genessee Valley, New York, owning great tracts of land; but considered it his patriotic duty to raise some battalions for the army and did so, placing himself at their head. The Government showed him all

honor, conferring at once high rank.

A day or two later it became necessary to see the Northerners again. Their burying parties were making hideous work with the dead soldiers; throwing them in heaps in shallow trenches, barely covered; filling the country ice houses and wells with them; indeed, doing this work most brutally for themselves, and intolerably for our citizens. General Lee called Burnside's attention to the revolting conduct of the latter's men and I went across the river, with also some verbal details.

The pontoon had been drawn in by the owners and was in the Union rear with the bridge train. There was naught to cross in except a broken, leaky little batteau that was found in a cellar. The river was smooth and one of my men managed to paddle the crazy thing safely across. There I was met by Colonel Brown, commanding a Rhode Island regiment on picket duty, who civilly invited me to the comfort of his camp fire while awaiting the communication from his army headquarters, now quite a distance off. I was detained some time, and the Colonel (a lawyer of high reputation from Providence, Rhode Island,) <mox_148>had time for much general talk. At last, making my thanks and farewell, I started back, only to find my man at the river's edge almost frozen and the batteau sunk out of sight with darkness on us! A pretty kettle of fish, indeed! The water rough, wind strong, and already freezing. There was nothing for it but to take my man back with me to the picket and get a message to headquarters of my plight, with request of assistance to cross. After another considerable wait there came an officer and several mounted orderlies leading a good horse; this was for me. The officer brought a civil message from the adjutant-general regretting that they had nothing at hand to float (their pontoons being in the rear), and hoping I could be made comfortable for the night. Leaving my soldier to the good care of the friendly pickets, I mounted and was led to the large house on the hill, at that time in use as a hospital. There my escort left me and I found myself for the night in the great kitchen of the establishment, filled with bright warmth and savory smells of good food.

A blanket or two had to do me for bedding, but I was soon asleep, after the soldier cooks had given me food, always with full respect to rank and authority.

To see what they had, its quality, its abundance, filled one's heart with envy when contrasted with the doled-out, bare necessities of life the lot of our own uncomplaining fellows.

Here in this great kitchen were huge swinging vessels of odorous real coffee; immense chunks of fat, fresh beef of all parts of the animal; great slabs <mox_149>of dessicated vegetables, which, when thrown with knuckles of meat and good flesh into the boiling cauldron, puffed out, swelling each vegetable into something like freshness, and then with free dashes of salt and pepper, behold, a soup of strength and tastiness fit for Faint Heart himself to fight on. They gave me of it all and I tasted all, sleeping well and early up. My man, who had fared well too, was soon at hand, and the boat raised, bailed out, landed us safely on our own bank. The soldier with me was Jesse Beall, private from Milledgeville in a Georgia regiment. I was disposed at first to be vexed by such rough lodgings (a parlementaire being entitled to the best), but Colonel Kip explained that there was really nothing else to be done at that hour of night. Of course they could not carry me through the lines to their own comfortable staff quarters in the rear.

Many years after, hearing that there was in Savannah, passing through, a Colonel Brown, of Rhode Island, with his wife, I called on him. It proved to be my friend of the

picket fire, and his wife, with much enthusiasm, declared he had spoken of the incident fifty times. Colonel Brown had some more talk this time, quite free, and like very many Union officers marveled why they were not attacked after a repulse so bloody and disastrous. He said that want of ammunition could only explain it to him. Brown was a middle aged, delicate man, a member of the well-known Brown family of Rhode Island.

He said he had raised his regiment from patriotic convictions and carried it through the battle of Fredericksburg; then he gave way to younger, stronger men and resigned. He was a broad, fairminded man, with no deep prejudices against the South. Next year he died, his townsmen showing in every way the honor and respect in which he was held.

The First Georgia Regulars were posted at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg, and had its ranks much thinned by the casualties of several campaigns. It could not be recruited like other regiments, being enlisted from all parts, and the Department therefore ordered it home to fill its ranks.

I rode myself, orders in hand, to its camp. I had many friends among the officers and knew how delighted they would be; and so it was, a wild shout of happiness at seeing old Georgia again, and the skeleton battalion began packing almost immediately for the route. After doing some enlistment it took an honorable part in the battle of Olustee, fought in Florida. Lieutenant Sorrel was with them until a captain's commission in the Adjutant-General's Department sent him to report in Virginia to Gen. John Bratton's South Carolina Brigade.

I was in Europe in the summer of 1860, and traveled on the continent a few weeks with George Cuthbert, of Beaufort, South Carolina. He was a pleasant fellow, and handsome, of good height and figure, and the fairest blonde, with beautiful blue eyes. Even in fair-haired Saxony, people turned to look at him.

The war broke out and I did not know where Cuthbert would be serving. One day, however, in the winter of 1862-63, riding by the lines of one of our South Carolina regiments, up rose Cuthbert, and I was immediately on my feet beside him. He was a line captain, had been wounded, and was at the moment as shabby a Confederate soldier as could be found anywhere. Razors had been discarded, and the German girls who liked to look at the handsome Southerner would not have deigned him a glance. I resolved to do something for his advancement, but the channels were such that I could not get him out of them. Soon after, however, an order came from Richmond to detail 160 shoemakers for the use of the Quartermaster-General—such was the stress we were in for shoes. Half the detail was ordered from Jackson's corps and half from Longstreet's. I sent out orders for our eighty crispins, and when they were picked out of the whole corps, word was given to Captain Cuthbert to report at corps headquarters and a brief colloquy opened.

"I say, Cuthbert, would you like to go to Richmond?" "Wouldn't I!—clean clothes, soap, a bath and a shave!" "Eighty shoemakers are to be taken there by rail and then turned over to the Quarter-master-General, and an officer must take the detail. Will you have it?" "My dear Sorrel, give it to me; for God's sake, give it to me such a change after my long trench service. I'd land them safely with the Q. M. G. if they were eighty raving demons instead of the happy fellows they doubtless are in getting such a detail." "All right, old chap, take your fellows off by train to-morrow; here are the orders. And I say, Cuthbert, while you are in Richmond don't hurry too much; you can make the duty last

you a week or ten days." <mox_152>

He was very grateful for being thought of, performed his work satisfactorily, and then enjoyed himself hugely.

I was glad to think of this later, since he was one of many personal friends who gave up his life in battle. The incident also illustrated the great straits the Confederate supply department was in to keep the troops equipped for the field. This was especially the case with shoes.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XIX—To South Virginia For Supplies

Burnside's "mud march"—His removal—Hooker superseding him—Our great want of supplies—Longstreet ordered to south Virginia—Hood's and Pickett's divisions with him—I precede them—Inspecting fort at Washington, N. C.—Rejoin the command at Suffolk—Gathering supplies—Operations against Suffolk not successful—Ordered back to Lee—All haste—No time lost, but too late for Chancellorsville—Pickett's courtship—Harrison, the scout—Death of Stonewall Jackson—Lieutenant Habersham.

<mox_153>

Here then for some weeks did the two armies lay in the peace of camp life after the fever of battle. Burnside attempted a movement, known as the mud march, quickly made abortive by the condition of roads, and then Mr. Lincoln reluctantly removed him, placing Hooker—"Fighting Joe Hooker"—in command of the Army of the Potomac. It was in May before he attempted his disastrous move against Lee and Jackson.

Meantime, our army was in want of all supplies. The subsistence department lacked fresh meat. In southern Virginia and eastern North Carolina there were said to be large quantities of small cattle which, fattened on the good Virginia pasture lands, would greatly help the subsistence officers. There were also there large stores of bacon and corn. It was decided to send part of Lee's army to operate in that region, and, at the same time, by covering large wagon trains, we should be enabled to use that part of the country for the Virginia army. <mox_154>

It had sometimes been occupied by the enemy, at all times exposed to their sudden incursions. But these, it is thought, formed the least of the reasons governing Lee when sending Longstreet and two of his strong divisions to Nansemond and Suffolk. It was daring to make such a large draft on his army, but Lee was given to daring efforts, with a great objective in view. The Northern army was becoming dangerously strong for him to view calmly, and another strong body was preparing to threaten Richmond from a different quarter. Lee may have reasoned, as he did in some of his Valley operations, that by detaching Longstreet, Hooker would be quickly induced to follow him, by sending from his army a still larger force for the safety of the threatened districts. But it proved they had enough troops for such reinforcements without impairing Hooker's great strength.

Our two divisions, Hood's and Pickett's, and a battalion of artillery broke camp and halted at Petersburg, whence the force found camps on the Nansemond River, in a manner besieging the town of Suffolk, strongly held by the Federals.

By Longstreet's order I set out alone for a short visit of inspection to the eastern boundary of North Carolina. It was the little town of Washington, on the head of a tidal river, that, I think, I first visited. There was nothing there but a well-built, strong earthwork fort, and a fine, full regiment, doing nothing and eager for action. It was not likely to come to them at that dull place, and on my recommendation the regiment was sent to Lee.

The lieutenant-colonel (Lamb) gave me a warm fur collar, which was always a comfort, and he <mox_155>was delighted with the pair of spurs I made him accept from me (they were made from the brass trunnion beds of the monitor *Keokuk*, sunk by our forces at

Charlestown). Poor Lamb was killed in the first engagement of his regiment. My instructions were to lose no time, but, after a glance around, hasten back to the command. When I returned it was seen that nothing had been achieved. Some little bluffing had been made at the town of Suffolk, in which we lost two pieces of artillery and gained nothing. Time was passing, the Virginia roads improving, and some restlessness apparent among us. We knew, of course, that Hooker must soon fight, and that we should be there. At last General Lee sent for us in haste, not a moment was to be lost. Not a moment was lost; we threw everything into movement, realizing how keenly our beloved commander and comrades on the Rappahannock would be wanting their Lieutenant-General and his two splendid divisions. But it was humanly impossible. We were late, Hooker had attacked rather earlier than expected, and on May 3 the battle was given, and our great Jackson fell in glorious victory while we were miles distant by railroad from the memorable field of Chancellorsville.

General Pickett was a widower, but had recently suffered himself to fall in love with all the ardor of youth. The object of these fiery, if mature, affections dwelt not far from Suffolk. Pickett's visits were frequent, a long night ride and return for duty early next day. Perhaps he had wearied Longstreet by frequent applications to be absent, but <mox_156>once he came to me for the authority. My answer was, "No, you must go to the Lieutenant-General." "But he is tired of it, and will refuse; and I must go, I must see tier. I swear, Sorrel, I'll be back before anything can happen in the morning." I could not permit myself to be moved. If anything did happen, such as a movement of his division or any demonstration against it, my responsibility for the absence of the Major-General could not be explained. But Pickett went all the same, nothing could hold him back from that pursuit. He married some time after. I don't think his division benefited by such carpet-knight doings in the field.

While Longstreet was holding this brief independent command, a scout, more properly a spy, was placed at his service by the War Department. He was a man of about thirty years, calling himself a Mississippian, and was altogether an extraordinary character. He was paid in United States greenbacks. I approved requisition on the quartermaster every month for \$150 for him. His time seemed to be passed about equally within our lines and the enemy's. Harrison (such was his name) always brought us true information. There was invariable confirmation of his reports afterwards.

While always suspicious that such secret instruments give away as much as they bring and may be in the pay of both sides, it was difficult to be sure of this in Harrison's case. He went everywhere, even through Stanton's War Office at Washington itself, and brought in much. We could never discover that he sold anything against us; besides, we had means, and did verify his account of himself <mox_157>as coming from Mississippi. When Longstreet gave him up in September, he was sorry afterwards and missed the man. He made me try to get him back for our command, but I failed.

There will be more to say of Harrison before losing him. On the whole he appears to have been a daring Southerner, hating Yankees most bitterly, but loving their greenbacks, and fond of secret, perilous adventure. Latrobe recently heard from him in Baltimore, in want, and asking some small assistance.

Upon rejoining our army after Chancellorsville we were, of course, eager questioners and listeners for everything about the battle.

Gratifying it was to hear on all sides of the conduct of our two divisions, which bore so

large a part of the attacks on Lee. Anderson and McLaws had never fought better; while Lee, to hold his position and beat off Hooker, had to have the very best every man could give him. It was a battle most extraordinary in its execution and development. The powerful movement on Lee's rear by Sedgwick's force from Fredericksburg was enough to disconcert any ordinary commander. Lee, calm and undismayed, met it by thinning out his lines to almost a frazzle, and throwing a good division before John Sedgwick, while he and Jackson were preparing the blow that made "Fighting Joe Hooker's" head split with surprise and agony and sent him flying back across the Rappahannock.

The great flank movement of Stonewall had been carefully planned by Lee and most brilliantly executed by the Lieutenant. But the army had suffered <mox_158>the irreparable loss of that hero. Struck down in the gloaming and thick foliage of the forest, by his own men, his dauntless spirit clung to his army for a week, among ever-hopeful soldiers, and then took its warrior's flight to its Supreme Maker. There was none left in his place; there was but one Jackson.

When Marye's Hill was attacked by Sedgwick in Lee's rear, the battery in action there had to make a hurried escape. One of its officers, a dear friend of mine, Lieut. Frederick Habersham, had been killed at his section. His comrades determined to have his body, and lashed it to the trail of a gun, and there it hung, firmly bound, a sight not often witnessed, while the battery, already late in retiring, was at a gallop in escape from the pursuing enemy. It was accomplished handsomely, and the brave fellow received his interment by the hands of loving wife and friends at his home in Savannah. It was my brother, Doctor Sorrel, in Richmond, who, with many difficulties, arranged for the care and transportation home of the slain artillerist.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XX—Preparing For Gettysburg

Preparations for summer campaign—Army reorganized—Three Army Corps—A. P. Hill made lieutenant-general, commanding Third Corps—Lieutenant-General Ewell commanding Second Corps—Stuart's cavalry reviewed—Its fine condition—Longstreet and his scout Harrison—Lee's intricate operations—Stuart's cavalry movements—He crosses below—The loss to Lee—The march through Maryland and Pennsylvania—No depredations—Halt at Chambersburg—Scout Harrison reports Meade in command, superceding Hooker—Ewell ordered to leave—March resumed, A. P. Hill leading, gaining decided success.

<mox_159>

General Lee began now to prepare for his summer campaign. It was secretly settled that it should be an invasion of Pennsylvania. There were many things that assisted in arriving at this decision in the conferences with the president and chiefs of the Government at Richmond. Virginia had been fiercely fought over, and ravaged by the tramp of hostile armies. Now, it looked as if the enemy should feel something of such sacrifices. If we could live on the supplies we hoped to find north of the Potomac, the already serious question of food and forage for our men and animals would lighten up temporarily, at least; and finally, the men of arms were eager for the movement and most enthusiastic at the start.

First of all, Lee had to reorganize his army. Jackson's death made this necessary; besides, the two corps had grown, individually, rather large for <mox_160>effective handling. He created a third corps and placed A. P. Hill in command of it, perhaps the best arrangement possible at the time. One division was taken from Longstreet—Anderson's; one from Jackson—Heth's, and the third, under Pender, was made up of unassigned commands, of which there were quite a number between Richmond and the General's camps.

The second (Ewell's) was of Early's, Rodes's, and E. Johnson's divisions.

The first (Longstreet's) was of Hood's, McLaws's and Pickett's divisions.

Suitable artillery details were made to meet these changes, which went in effect smoothly and effectively.

On the cavalry, special care was bestowed. It had been heavily strengthened and much improved by selections of men and horses. For some time, during inaction, they had been getting good forage and pasturage. Now, when the time was near for the use of this formidable arm under Stuart, its able and famous leader, it was ready for the Commander-in-Chief.

What irony of fate that the great approaching campaign should be fought and lost without that bold leader and his riders being at Lee's touch, when indeed he wanted them, bitterly missing having Stuart and his great body of unsurpassed horse near by him.

The activity of preparation went through all departments—Quartermaster's, Subsistence, Ordnance, and Medical. It could be guessed that the military operations would be of great severity and <mox_161>exaction and it behooved all officers of supply to be ready; to fail would be fatal.

The cavalry were assembled under Stuart in Northern Virginia, on lands growing richer

and richer in grass with the advancing weeks. It was a magnificent day, befitting the superb body of cavalry that, under Stuart, marched rapidly in review before the Commander-in-Chief. A sight it was not soon to be forgotten. The utmost order prevailed. There could be no doubt that the cavalry was as ready for the work before us as was our matchless infantry.

Longstreet sent for his favorite scout, Harrison. His instructions were to proceed into the enemy's lines, where he was to stay until the last part of June. Then he was to report to General Longstreet, it was hoped, with the amplest and most accurate information. "Where shall I find you, General, to make this report?" asked Harrison. "With the army," was Longstreet's grim answer; "*I shall be sure to be with it.*" He was very far from giving even to his trusted scout information as to his movements. But Harrison knew all the same; he knew pretty much everything that was going on.

The operation now performed by General Lee was intricate, of much delicacy and hazard. It was to move from his position in front of Hooker without exposing any part of his forces, or Richmond, to be attacked in detail, and this important part of the grand maneuver was left to Longstreet and his corps, with the cavalry in communication.

The corps of Ewell (formerly Jackson's) and A. P. Hill were sent ahead by easy marches, keeping a certain distant touch with Longstreet. The mountain gaps were filled with Stuart's cavalry and the enemy held in close observation. All went well. Hooker made no attempt to follow. Lee moved toward Washington leisurely, as if to meet him there later.

Stuart's part with his cavalry was now most important. It is contended by some that Lee left it finally optional for him to decide upon his movements. Whether to follow the army by crossing the river in the west of the ridge or by one of the lower fords. In the latter event it was, as it proved, to lose Lee and leave him without his strong arm in an enemy's country. It has been attempted to show also that the order by which Stuart moved came from Longstreet. But this must be dismissed; positive information to the contrary being at hand. Surprising to say, it now appears that Stuart left the army with his fine command and started on his too fascinating raid, not only by his own preference, but actually in violation of Lee's orders, which failed to reach him. All doubt had passed from Lee's mind and he had ordered Stuart to keep with him. The latter was raiding, and Lee's campaign was lost.

Major McClellan, Stuart's A. A. G. and chief of staff, in his history of that cavalry (an excellent work) declares that in his opinion the absence of Stuart was the cause of Lee's trouble; and for myself I have never doubted it. It is not to be supposed that no cavalry whatever was left with the army. Stuart's defenders have taken pains to point that out. There was a squadron or two, here and there, a regiment at one place, and a brigade under an efficient commander left in the rear. But these separate little commands amounted to nothing. It was the great body of that splendid horse under their leader Stuart that Lee wanted. He was the eyes and ears and strong right arm of the commander, and well may he have missed him. All through the marches he showed it.

Stuart was on a useless, showy parade almost under the guns of the Washington forts, and his horse, laurel-wreathed, bore the gay rider on amid songs and stories. He met some opposition, of course, and had a share of fighting in Ashby's Gap and the plain on the east.

When he rejoined Lee it was with exhausted horses and half worn-out men in the closing hours of Gettysburg.

Had he been with Lee where would our commander have made his battle? Possibly, not on that unfavorable ground of Gettysburg. Lee with his personally weak opponent, and Stuart by him, could almost have chosen the spot where he would be sure to defeat the Union Army.

This, however, somewhat anticipates; going back we find our three corps with their military pushed across the river with energy. The Second (Ewell's), the Third (A. P. Hill's), and Longstreet last. All infantry and artillery across, leaving only about a brigade of cavalry on the south side. The enemy for some days had quite disappeared from our observations. The march proceeded through Maryland and Pennsylvania in good form, General Lee's orders against depredations being most peremptory. At Chambersburg a halt was made over Sunday and our <mox_164>corps had the place well guarded and protected from plunder by loose bodies of men. Our chief commissary, Moses, made a forced requisition and got some supplies and necessaries, not very much.

At night I was roused by a detail of the provost guard bringing up a suspicious prisoner. I knew him instantly; it was Harrison, the scout, filthy and ragged, showing some rough work and exposure. He had come to "Report to the General, who was sure to be with the army," and truly his report was long and valuable. I should here say that in every respect it was afterwards fully confirmed by events and facts. Harrison gave us the first complete account of the operations of the enemy since Hooker left our front. He brought his report down to a day or two, and described how they were even then marching in great numbers in the direction of Gettysburg, with intention apparently of concentrating there. He also informed us of the removal of Hooker and the appointment of George Meade to command of the Army of the Potomac. How many commanders had Lee made for that army! Harrison's report was so exceedingly important that I took him at once with me, and woke Longstreet. He was immediately on fire at such news and sent the scout by a staff officer to General Lee's camp near by. The General heard him with great composure and minuteness. It was on this, the report of a single scout, in the absence of cavalry, that the army moved. Important as was the change, the commanding General was not long in deciding. He sent orders to bring Ewell immediately back from the North about Harrisburg, and join his left. Then he started A.P. Hill <mox_165>off at sunrise for Gettysburg, followed by Longstreet. The enemy was there, and there our General would strike him.

The march was much impeded by too many troops and trains on one road and Ewell's men breaking in on the route next day to get to their position.

The army thus moved forward, and A. P. Hill leading, struck the enemy near, and in, the town of Gettysburg sharply on the afternoon of July I. We were following some little distance in rear, and heard the lively fire of cannon and rifles, and soon after got the news of Hill's and Ewell's decided success in an important preliminary engagement. Many prisoners and much material remained with the Confederates. This stimulated every one forward, and Ewell taking position on our left, we were all snugly in bivouac at a good hour, with Longstreet's two divisions, McLaws and Hood, about four miles in rear, but ready for movement next day. Pickett had been doing guard duty at Chambersburg and was not yet up, but would be in the morning. The serious mishap of the day was Ewell's failure to seize the heights on the left. General Lee expected it of him, and we know of no impediment.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXI—Battle Of Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3, 1863.

Expectation of revelations—Longstreet and Lee—Attacks not in good combination between' the three corps—July 2, situation unfavorable—Our heavy attack on the right—Ground and guns taken—Round Top reinforced checks us—Longstreet leads—Hood and Longstreet—Am slightly wounded—Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle, Coldstream Guards—Captain Ross, Austrian Army—July 3, necessity of a stroke—Pickett's charge—His repulse—Lee's noble encouragements—July 4, not attacked—Holding ground—Withdrawal at night—The retreat, and passage of the river.

<mox_166>

On the tremendous and decisive battle of Gettysburg, now about to engage the two armies, more has probably been written than on any battle since Waterloo. There seems to be a feeling abroad that great secrets explaining why we were beaten are yet to be told and that they are locked up in the breasts of a few men, one of them the present writer, Longstreet's chief of staff. There is absolutely nothing in that expectation; no living man knows more about the battle than has already been written.

Lee has made his report. Longstreet has written a book and said his say. The staff has little or nothing to add. Communications were in the main between Lee and Longstreet, verbally, or occasionally by note direct.

The story has been in part told by Longstreet. We can discover that he did not want to fight on <mox_167>the ground or on the plan adopted by the General-in-Chief. As Longstreet was not to be made willing and Lee refused to change or could not change, the former failed to conceal some anger. There was apparent apathy in his movements. They lacked the fire and point of his usual bearing on the battlefield. His plans may have been better than Lee's, but it was too late to alter them with the troops ready to open fire on each other. Ewell on the left, A. P. Hill and Longstreet on the right, seemed never able to work together, and I can well imagine the great soul of our Commander deeply furrowed with the difficulties about him and what was going on to the disadvantage of the army. This is all I shall permit myself to express on this well-worn but ever interesting subject. One can build many theories, but theories only will they be; besides, my opinion is already given that the loss of the campaign was due to the absence of Stuart's cavalry.

I proceed to jot down idly some "choses vues" of the military events and incidents of the three great days of this remarkable historic battle and the days immediately about it.

The situation on the morning of the 2nd was far from favorable to us. First of all, our position, compared with the enemy's, was not good. It may be said to have been decidedly inferior. We were the outer line, he held the inner. We were the cord to the arc on which his heavy columns were massed. True, there were some positions on the left that were in Ewell's possession and could be well used. Round Top and his high shoulders were on our right, and held by us would be everything. This Lee quickly <mox_168>saw and tried for. They made the key for the position, and with it dangling at our girdle the lock would have yielded and the door opened. But we were too late on our right. An attack, powerful indeed, at 4 p.m. was quite different from the commanding General's expectation of one in the forenoon.

Late on the first, and early on the second, Hill and Ewell were heavily engaged with

apparently no satisfactory results.

On the second, quite late, 4 p. m., Longstreet made his long-deferred attack on the enemy's left. It was done in smashing style by McLaws's and Hood's divisions and a few of Hill's troops, Longstreet personally leading the attack with splendid effect.

His fine horsemanship as he rode, hat in hand, and martial figure, were most inspiring.

We gained ground rapidly and almost carried Round Top, but the morning delay was fatal. It had been heavily reinforced while we were pottering around in sullen inactivity. Undoubtedly Lee's intention was to make the attack in the forenoon and support it with strong movements by Hill and Ewell. I think it would have won, notwithstanding the difficulties of position. The attempt was made to move the troops to the right into position without discovery by the enemy, but it was abortive.

We were seen from the start and signaled constantly. Much valuable time was lost by this trial, which with better knowledge of the ground by General Lee's engineers would not have been attempted. <mox_169>

At nightfall the combat was over and we were dragging off our captured cannon and standards, and caring for our dead and wounded.

The loss in storming the position on the right was heavy. When Hood's division was across the turnpike, under orders to attack, he begged me to look at it, report its extreme difficulty, and implore Longstreet to make the attack another way. This was done, but the answer I took to Hood was that the attack must instantly be made, that General Lee had so directed; and forward and upward the gallant Hood charged, almost gaining the plateau of Round Top, the key of the enemy's left.

The staff had been hard at work day and night, and my exhausted frame found rest that night in the snuggest fence corner in sight. The ground to weary bones felt as good as a feather bed. In addition, I had been suffering from a painful but not serious wound. Riding with Dearing's artillery late in the afternoon, while exchanging some shots, a shrapnel burst directly over us, one of the large projectiles striking me on the right arm near the shoulder. It was not broken or pierced, but paralyzed for use for at least ten days, and quite black down to the wrist. Painful, of course, it was, but a small matter where there was so much death and mangling.

On the march through Virginia we had received a delightful acquisition to our headquarters party, in Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle, of the Cold-stream Guards.

He had entered the Confederacy on a visit of observation, well fortified with credentials from his own government, and, traveling through all the Confederate States, <mox_170>had arrived in Richmond just in time to join Lee's army in its invasion of Pennsylvania.

With good letters of introduction he had been sent to us and there could not be a finer fellow. He roughed it with the hardest, and took everything as it came. A quick, observant eye and indefatigable sightseer, apparently nothing escaped him. When the campaign was ended and the Confederates making their way back to Virginia, Freemantle said his farewells and made the best of his way to New York, whence he immediately took steamer for England. There he published an entertaining little book, "Three Months in the Southern States," which was later reproduced by a worn-out, decrepit old press at Mobile, a copy of the issue being now a great rarity. Freemantle had met Southern men of all kinds, and his book has many pen pictures by this fine officer and friend of ours. His regiment, a corps d'élite, soon sent him to the staff, where he distinguished himself, and

successively obtained rank as major-general, lieutenant-general, and general, with several military orders of coveted distinction. He is now Sir Arthur Lyon-Freemantle, K. C. M. G.,(*) and of other good-service orders. He commanded the brigade of guards in Egypt, and has just finished (about retiring) his four years' tour of duty as Governor of Malta, one of the greatest of the British military posts. He is delightful to every Confederate he can put his hands upon.

There was another foreign officer with us at this time, and for some months later, Captain Fitzgerald Ross, very Scotch as to name, but Austrian to the <mox_171>core. He came of one of those military Scotch or north of Ireland families that centuries ago settled in many parts of Europe and generally rose to distinction.

On the morning of July 3, it was apparent that a great blow must be delivered to Meade's army. He could not be persuaded to leave his formidable positions and instruments and attack us, and Lee could not retreat without another effort, indecisive as had been those of the 2d. Our General, as has been said, did not mind blood when it had to be shed. It is the soldier's calling. Here was a case in point: His army and trains could only be saved by a tremendous strike straight at the enemy. The time for maneuvering had passed and he prepared for what was before him. He believed his troops could do what he asked of them; never yet had they failed him.

The attack was to be made as soon as possible, under direction of Lee's "War Horse," that stout warrior James Longstreet, with three brigades of Pickett's division (right), Heth's division of Hill's corps (left), with supports of several brigades of other divisions thrown into position.

An artillery "feu d'enfer" was to precede the attack, directed by E. P. Alexander, who was to give the signal when in his judgment the artillery had made the greatest impression, and then the troops were to move instantly across the wide, lead-swept plain, against the heavy masses of blue on the crest of the heights. All this was done at about 2 o'clock, Longstreet accepting Alexander's signal message with dejection, it seemed. Indeed, the delay in attacking which undoubtedly hurt us was apparently caused <mox_172>by his objections made known to the Commander-in-Chief, but of course all this is set out from that standpoint in Longstreet's own book.

It was soon over. Pickett's men got far up the acclivity and many were soon among the enemy. There was, however, some wavering on our left, which weakened us, and we broke, tearing back pell-mell, torn by shot and shell across the width of that bloody plain, a sight never before witnessed—part of the Army of Northern Virginia in full, breathless flight.

But there was no pursuit and the run soon stopped. The soldiers got together, picked up arms, and in a short time were ready for another combat.

If there was repulse and its usual result, a quick flight for cover, there was also something else. A charge that, considering the difficulties of position, comparison of numbers, was so steady to the objective point, and so near success as to make it one of the greatest feats of arms in all the annals of war. Every brigade commander and colonel and lieutenant-colonel of Pickett's division was shot down. The brave Armistead and Garnett at the head of their brigades fell inside the enemy's parapet, and the gallant Kemper, hard hit and left for dead, lay with the men of his leading line. To-day, the detail of the great charge, not as barely hinted at here, but as described in full with ample particulars, mounts one's blood, stirs all hearts with deep tragedy and pride. Well do we know that

amid all things to happen, the memory of Pickett's charge will forever live in song and story of that fair land for which the Southern soldier poured out his blood like water. <mox_173>

While Longstreet by no means approved the movement, his soldierly eye watched every feature of it. He neglected nothing that could help it and his anxiety for Pickett and the men was very apparent.

Fearing some flank attacks if we succeeded, he had sent Latrobe to the left to warn the officer against its possibility. I went sharply off in search of Pickett to watch his right and if necessary move some troops in for meeting such an attempt. I did not meet with General Pickett and was soon up with Garnett and Armistead. The former was ill that morning, but was at the head of his men where he was to fall. Just here a shell burst under my horse (my best), a splendid chestnut mare, and down she came, both hind legs off. I luckily got another from a mounted man near by, who rather ruefully gave up his horse and saved my saddle for me. Latrobe also had his horse killed over on the left; other staff officers were also sent forward with the troops and shared in the charge.

General Lee's extreme agitation when he witnessed the repulse and race of our men for cover from that murderous fire has not been exaggerated in the prints. The noble soul was stirred to its inmost depths at the sight of the awful and fruitless sacrifices his men had made at his command. His generous heart could only say, "It is my fault, I take it all—get together, men, we shall yet beat them." I saw no man fail him.

It was on July 3 that a mail from the Department at Richmond brought my commission as lieutenant-colonel, A. A. G. Latrobe's and Fairfax's, as inspectors, came along a few days later. <mox_174>

Notwithstanding our great losses of the second and third, we were permitted to hold the field on the fourth by Meade's inactivity. His army was very strong, had not suffered as had ours, and an enterprising general might seemingly have had us on the run in short order.

But no! he had taken a taste of our mettle the day before and wanted no more of it. A bridge of gold for his enemy was the card for Meade's hands. It is said on good authority that at a council called by Meade he was in favor of retiring, and it was only by strenuous, bold opposition of two or three of his generals that he was prevented and induced to keep his ground.

Thus during all the fourth we were in preparation for the rear movement that must begin that night. Lee's position had become serious, but undismayed were the Confederate Chief and his three corps commanders. He knew he could count on their tried courage and experience.

The night of July 4, 1863, was of awful weather—rain in torrents, howling winds, and roads almost impassable; all trains had been sent back during the day, as well as the reserve artillery. At night artillery in position and pickets were withdrawn and the army moved back by its left—Ewell, Hill, and Longstreet. It marched all night and part of next day, and then Lee with characteristic audacity selected a line of defense, entrenched and fortified it, and offered Meade battle for several days, while his immense trains were safely crossing the Potomac. Meade declined the challenge, and Lee resuming the retreat, crossed on the bridge of boats that had been <mox_175>thrown over the river at Falling Waters by the engi-neers—and a crazy affair it was, too.

Our corps was all night crossing, and at dawn I was able to approach General Lee on the

south bank, "tête de pont," with a report to that effect, adding that now everything was clear for General Hill's infantry. The General's anxiety was intense. He expected to be attacked at the passage of the river. There was good reason to fear; why Meade failed to do so is yet to be explained. General Lee, like every one, had been up the whole night, and his staff officers were stretched in sleep on the ground. He desired me to recross the bridge for him, see General Hill in person, and urge him to the utmost haste in getting his men over, stopping only when imperatively necessary.

I immediately pushed back, finding the road deep in mud but clear of any impediment to the men. Broken wagons or a dismounted gun or two had been cleared away and thrown one side. General Lee's message was given and Hill asked me to assure the Commander that he should safely get across, notwithstanding a slight attack that was even then developing itself on his rear brigade—Pettigrew's. Some men were captured, but we suffered most loss in the death of that promising officer.

Returning, I reported to the General that "all was clear. Hill was about three-quarters of a mile from the bridge and marching rapidly to it." "What was his leading division?" I was asked. "General Anderson, sir." "I am sorry, Colonel; my friend Dick is quick enough pursuing, but in retreat I fear he will not be as sharp as I should like." Just then <mox_176>a heavy gun was fired lower down, filling the gorge of the river with most threatening echoes. "There," said the General, "I was expecting it, the beginning of the attack." But he was wrong. The enemy made no further demonstration and Hill came safely across. Our corps had found camp some ten miles south of the river and there I soon threw myself down for rest and food. After a week of the most exhausting physical and mental trial it was indeed time for some repose.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXII—Gettysburg Aftermath

Retrospective—Invasion of Pennsylvania—Some characteristics—Pickett and perfumery—An acquisition—The inhabitants, Pennsylvania Dutch—Their cookery—Colonel Freemantle's activity—Figures as to strength and losses—Lieutenant Dawson—A curious meeting—The sweating soldier—Death of Captain Fraser.

<mox_177>

The invasion of Pennsylvania had many features of interest to our army. The country itself contrasted greatly with our own. It was rolling in plenty, high cultivation was apparent on all sides, and the ripening wheat stood tall and golden. General Lee's orders caused it to be well protected, and there was not much looting. The people seemed a queer lot. Hostile looks and imprecations were constantly leveled at the good-natured Southerners footing it amid such new scenes. The cherries were ripe and the trees bending with delicious fruit. I recall one especial tree near Chambersburg that seemed beyond all others to tempt me. Sitting quietly in saddle, branch after branch was gently drawn down to the rider's thirsty lips almost to repletion, and good is the recollection even to this present day. The roads were magnificent in our eyes—metaled macadams, bearing the heaviest loads, and well drained and graded. The animals were nearly all for farm use, great lumbering, powerful horses, capable of enormous draughts on those hard roads, but quite impossible to do anything out of a heavy walk. <mox_178>We thought to renew some of our quartermaster's and cavalry mounts from this source and a few horses were got across the river. They proved useless and were soon abandoned. As we marched, the people were drawn to the roadside arrayed in their Sunday best, gazing viciously at the invaders. All work in town and country had stopped. Chambersburg being quite a town, was subject to requisition, which did not, I think, yield much.

We "persuaded," however, the principal shopkeepers to keep open, and they displayed some of their wares, doubtless old or unsalable stuff that they could not hide. Everything was strictly paid for in our national currency—Confederate bills!

I did get something, however. Our good commissary, Major Moses, managed to secure (by payment, of course) a bolt of excellent velveteen, wearing quite as well as corduroy. Indeed, he got some of the latter also, and sent the plunder to our headquarters, where the stuff went around sufficiently to give me a coat and trousers, which did good service, I think, till the end of things. He also managed to get a few felt hats, and deserved more, for he was grumbling furiously at the ill success of his important requisition for cash, stores, and army supplies; also for the sound rating and liberal abuse he had taken from the irate females in furious rage at his work.

Lee and Longstreet were bivouacked near by in a beautiful grove of large trees not far from town. They both had many visits from citizens, generally with some trumped-up complaint as a means of seeing the two celebrated soldiers.<mox_179>

The women of the country were a hard-featured lot. The population, principally Pennsylvania Dutch, are an ignorant offshoot of a certain class of Germans long settled there.

Many can speak no English. A hard-working, thrifty class, with, it seems, no thought but for their big horses and barns, huge road-wagons like ships at sea, and the weekly

baking, and apple-butter. This last appeared to be their staple food. On the morning of the 3d, already mentioned, waking in my fence-corner, I took thought of breakfast and sent my man to an abandoned farm-house near by. The terrible shell and musketry fire of the previous day had driven off the owners hurriedly, for safety. But here was food galore. My soldier came back loaded with loaves of well-baked bread and jars of apple-butter—a week's baking of the bread, and the abominable butter once a year, I suppose. It did for once or so when very hungry, but I don't call it a nice breakfast anywhere.

The drain of war had not here shown itself—none of the men out of this populous region seemed to have gone to the front. There was no need. The Government, the State, counties, towns, and villages were all paying great bounties for the substitutes. The drafted man was serving at home, and there was joy at so much money among the foreign mercenaries brought over by the rich Northern and Eastern States, and among the ever-present and agile bounty-jumpers, who were indeed making their golden harvest.

Our British friend, Colonel Freemantle, was bound to see everything. During one of the hottest <mox_180>hours of fire he climbed a tree with great agility, and notwithstanding I bawled to him to come down, there he stuck with his binoculars. He was a very small, slight man, wiry, and much enduring. I don't believe he changed his clothing or boots while with us, and I never saw him use a note-book or any scrap of paper as an aid to memory, and yet his book puts down things with much accuracy.

In this great campaign and battle the numbers and casualties and lists may be fairly accepted as follows: Col. W. H. Taylor's figures as to strength—Army of the Potomac, of all arms, 105,000; Army of Northern Virginia, of all arms, 63,000, or say 50,000 infantry, 8,000 cavalry, 5,000 artillery.

His figures are about right as to the Army of Northern Virginia. They would be verified by those of our own corps.

Confederate losses, 2,292 killed; 12,709 wounded: 5,150 missing.

It was about this time that Lieut. F. W. Dawson, C. S. Artillery, reported to our corps for duty. A few words of the career of this young man may not be without interest. He was an Englishman of university education, able and capable. He had come to see hard service. Colonel Manning, chief of ordnance, wanting some assistance at that time, I assigned Dawson to do duty with the ordnance train. He was thoroughly competent, and made himself indispensable to Manning, whose taste took him more to adventures in the field. Dawson was made captain and also acquitted himself well under fire. With return of peace I lost sight of him until a year or two later he turned up as the able and aggressive <mox_181>editor and part proprietor of a leading newspaper of Charleston, South Carolina, and had reason to call for my help in a dangerous crisis. He was strongly on the respectable white side in the dark days of reconstruction, was bold and unflinching, showed extraordinary abilities, made many friends, married, and was assassinated at the very height of an adventurous career.

This is curious in the way of happenings. It has been mentioned that the soldier who passed the night at Fredericksburg with me inside the enemy's lines was Private Jesse Beall. It has not been said, though, that my staff comrade and friend, Manning, had been desperately assailed, stabbed almost to death, by a fellow-student at the Georgia Military Institute. Manning recovered after long care, spoke only once, even to me, of what had happened, and then with a curious tension of feature. Another time we were riding together across fallow fields near camp, when a soldier came out, saluting us, and asked

to speak with Colonel Manning. On rejoining me, Manning's face was set and deathly pale. "Sorrel," he said, "that was the man who came so near murdering me. I had sworn to kill him on sight, and it was all I could do to stop myself while he stood by my horse. But he had a tale, and I believed him. It was remorse and horror of his deed. He humbly begged my forgiveness. Nothing else would content him, and I yielded to the man's suffering and evident sincerity. I gave him my hand in parting, but never do I wish to see him again." It was Jesse Beall, Manning's assailant, and my man of the batteau. He was afterwards killed in battle.<moz_182>

On a hot day's march across the river, General Lee, Longstreet, and their people had made a short midday halt in a little rising grove by the roadside, where we found a spring to wash down our soldier's fare. It was the hottest of July days, and the troops were moving by in long column, listlessly, and suffering from the heat. Soon I saw one of the men leave the ranks and approach General Lee. Some one tried to stop him, but the General kindly encouraged his coming forward. He was a stout, well-built soldier, equal to any work, but sweating awfully. "What is it you want?" said Lee. "Please, General, I don't want much, but it's powerful wet marching this weather. I can't see for the water in my eyes. I came aside to this old hill to get a rag or *something* to wipe the sweat out of my eyes." "Will this do?" said the General, handkerchief in hand. "Yes, *my Lordy*, that indeed!" broke out the soldier. "Well, then take it with you, and back quick to ranks; no straggling this march, you know, my man.

Lee's talk and manner with the soldier were inimitable in their encouraging kindness. It is only a single little example of what he was with them.

At Gettysburg, on the 3d, I lost another dear personal friend, Captain John C. Fraser, of Georgia, commanding a battery of artillery. He was working it most effectively in action when struck down. Only a few days before he made me a visit, and noticing his very bad hat, I sent him off rejoicing in one of the felts Major Moses had given us. Then it pillowed his shattered head.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXIII—In Virginia Again

Lee moves across the ridge into the Piedmont country—Camps taken near Rapidan—Our Headquarters at Taylor's—Festivities and gaieties—Buying remounts—Scout Harrison again—Longstreet and two divisions start for Chicka-mauga—In Richmond—Harrison as Cassius—His dis-missal—The First Army Corps—Dissensions in Hood's Division—Jenkins and Law.

<mox_183>

The army being after some days refreshed and strengthened by rest and food and the return of wounded and stragglers, General Lee began preparing to move to a good position east of the mountains. It lay now in the Valley, and General Meade with great consideration molested us not nor gave us any uneasiness. As usual the cavalry filled the gaps of the Ridge and covered efficiently every approach, while the army slowly poured through its defiles to well-known camping grounds on the sunny slopes of the Piedmont glades and meadows. Gradually without incident we found good camps for several weeks in a rolling country bordered by the Rapidan. Our headquarters were in the grounds of Mr. Erasmus Taylor, a well-known gentleman, farming largely in that county, and everything was done by him for our comfort and amusement. The house was spacious, well fitted for dances and entertainments, and being crowded with joyous, happy Virginia girls there was no lack of fun and gaiety. We got out our best, cleaned up, kept the barber <mox_184>busy, became very particular as to the shine of our boots, and put forth all of our long disused bravery in honor of the lovely eyes and true Virginia hearts that were joyfully giving us welcome. There were for those young officers who had time to give, dances by day and evening at Taylor's or elsewhere in the well-settled neighborhood, horses in plenty for riding parties, picnics, excursions everything indeed for the happiness of the young warriors and their captivating maidens. Hard, brave work had earned the guerdon and it was no niggard hand that gave it.

It was here I had to provide my remounts. My best had been lost in Pickett's charge and the other had broken down and was left. I was consequently up to buying two horses, and after many trials and tests selected from a certain commissary given to horse dealing, two beasts that I thought would do my work. They both broke down under the demands of our Georgia and Tennessee expedition, and later I shall have something to say about the sharp officer who was so ready to put these animals on me. I have already said that I cannot call myself successful in horse selection. These two cost about \$2,500.

Ah! those were lovely days; that short rest amid such delightful environments. We were soon to change it, plunge into the forests of Georgia and Tennessee, and fight in the former one of the fiercest, bloodiest battles on record. But meanwhile time went merrily and there was enjoyment throughout the army. The soldiers were in high spirits and ready any day for the enemy.<mox_185>

Supplies of clothing and shoes had come down from Richmond and the ranks looked decidedly better.

Harrison, our scout, had been with us since Gettysburg. His report, all important as to the results of that campaign, was not forgotten. With no immediate duties assigned him, he trotted along from day to day, but he was sure of something to come, and it came. He asked permission to go to Richmond for a few days. As there was nothing to keep him,

leave was given.

"Colonel," said this dark character, "if by any chance you should be in Richmond next week, I hope you will take in the theater one evening. (There was then not the slightest expectation of my being in Richmond at that time.) "What is the attraction?" I asked. "Myself," said Harrison. "*I* have made a bet of \$50 greenbacks that I play Cassius and play him successfully." "Are you an actor?" I asked. "*No*, but I can play." The matter was dismissed as so much nonsense, but he was not a man for nonsense. It so happened that I was in Richmond the next week with Longstreet and the staff on the way to Georgia to strike our great strategic coup, and *did* happen into a friend's box at the theater. "Othello" was on the boards with all the splendor the times could muster, and my Harrison and "Cassius," one and the same, were before me. He had lied in part. His acting was as if he had regularly strutted the boards for a stock company. But the play was rather lively at times. "Othello" was in drink, "Cassius" was really quite far gone, and even "Desdemona" was under more than one suspicion that evening. <mox_186>

The occurrence induced me next day to set on foot some minute inquiries about Harrison's life. I learned that he was drinking and gambling. On reporting it to General Longstreet he thought it better to let him go and so directed me; accordingly I had him paid off, with an order to report to the Secretary of War, from whom he had originally come.

This is the last I saw of the mysterious fellow. Longstreet missed him afterwards while we were in East Tennessee, and I made a careful effort to find him and bring him out to us.

While writing I hear from Latrobe that the man is alive and in Baltimore, seeking some small assistance from the Confederate veterans. I should like to see his last days made comfortable.

The organization of our First Army Corps had suffered no material damage. The ranks were kept fairly well filled by constant recruiting, and the feeling of confidence and pride of this splendid force of infantry and artillery could not be surpassed, from the Lieutenant-General down to the teamster. It was a very remarkable body, inspired by great sacrifices and victories in its history, and with a cohesive strength and belief in itself that spoke nobly for the future. This is said on the eve of a separation of many months, by which the larger part of the corps was sent to strange fields and new sacrifices and laurels.

There was, however, an ugly flaw in one of the divisions, that long uncured was eventually to lead to disaster. When Hood was borne wounded from the Gettysburg field his division of five brigades—<mox_187>Alabama, Texas, Georgia, and South Carolina—fell under the command of the senior brigadier, Mr. Jenkins, of South Carolina. Between this officer and General E. M. Law, of Alabama, there was the most intense rivalry. They were both from South Carolina, and it was but a continuation, it was said, of what stirred them at school together, at college, at military exercises, and finally in Longstreet's corps. They had been made colonels about the same time—Law of an Alabama regiment—and had advanced almost contemporaneously to be brigadier-generals. Longstreet had recommended them both for promotion to major-general, and they were both unquestionably officers of high attainments and the greatest promise. Here we had a situation that made it useless to think of one of these men serving under the other in the same division. A major-general must be assigned to command, or else one of the aspiring brigadiers transferred to another place. Neither was immediately done and

Longstreet had considerable trouble. Both officers were highly valued by him and he wanted full justice done to each, but the situation grew no better with time and service, and Longstreet's efforts at the Department commanded apparently no attention.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXIV—Longstreet To Reinforce Bragg

The movement to reinforce Bragg—Good work of the Quarter-master-General—General A. R. Lawton, of Georgia—The journey through the States—Ovations to the troops.

<mox_188>

The important movement now impending was the subject of deep and secret discussion by the President, Generals Lee and Longstreet, and General Lawton, Quartermaster-General, whose part in it would be of the first consideration. Its gravity can scarcely be overstated.

Rosecrans, commanding the Federal forces in Tennessee and Georgia, had suffered himself to be in position inviting attack by a competent force. It was believed that Bragg, his opponent, if reinforced, could strike a swift, crushing blow, relieve the wide region in which he was operating from the presence of the enemy, and enable masterly reinforcements to return rapidly to Virginia without endangering the safety of the Confederate capital or that of Lee's army, thus temporarily weakened.

Indeed it was the military calculation that so large a detachment from the Southern army would be instantly followed by a still greater withdrawal of troops from Lee's front, and that too by the outer line of the segment, while our own contingent was hurrying by the short, straight cord of the circle.

This expectation proved correct. Meade was silent and inactive, and our own army was stiffening <mox_189>in material and numbers. Meade was apparently without a plan. His predecessors had suffered so cruelly at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville that his well-known prudence and lack of initiative might be trusted to keep him quiet during our great strategic coup. The movement was, therefore, determined on, and in the first half of September the details were settled. Longstreet was to take on the expedition his two splendid divisions, McLaws and Hood, the latter by this time quite cured of his wound, and Alexander's battalion of artillery—six batteries. Supply trains were to be furnished at destination.

The movement was to be wholly by train, and to any one familiar with the railroad service at the South in the last part of 1863 little need be said of the difficulties facing the Quartermaster-General.

He was to pick up their camps near Gordonsville and the Rapidan, nine strong divisions of infantry and six batteries of artillery, and land them without serious accident and no delay with their ambulances and light vehicles near Chattanooga or Lookout Mountain. This feat was accomplished without stint of honor or praise, be it said, to the Quartermaster-General's department. Never before were so many troops moved over such worn-out railways, none first-class from the beginning. Never before were such crazy cars—passenger, baggage, mail, coal, box, platform, all and every sort wabbling on the jumping strap-iron—used for hauling good soldiers. But we got there nevertheless. The trains started day after day from Virginia and worked through North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia by <mox_190>different routes, all converging at a point not far east of Chattanooga—Catoosa Station, I think, was the name.

The Quartermaster-General, Brig.-Gen. A. R. Lawton, was my fellow-townsmen. He had graduated from West Point in the class of '39 and entered the artillery. Soon resigning,

he took up the study and practise of law, married, and resided in Savannah, where he achieved success. An admirable, well-rounded character, with many friends, Lawton was a leading man in municipal and State affairs for years.

When the clash came in 1861 there was no doubt as to where he would stand. It was for his State, and he was immediately commissioned a brigadier-general, stationed on the coast assembling and organizing troops.

Called by General Lee to Virginia in 1862, he took a brigade of nearly 6,000 strong to Jackson in the Valley operations, and served with distinction in the Chickahominy battles, the campaign against Pope, and at Sharpsburg.

At the latter he was severely wounded and retired from field service. He was, however, not long left in quiet ease. Lawton's abilities suggested him for administrative work, and he was made Quartermaster-General. It was by him and his department that our reinforcements were moved to the help of Bragg and the victory of Chickamauga—an admirable piece of railroad military transportation under adverse conditions. General Lawton was Minister to Austria during Cleveland's Administration.<mox_191>

The journey through the States from Virginia was a continuous ovation to the troops. They were fed at every stopping place and must have hated the sight of food. Kisses and tokens of love and admiration for these war-worn heroes were ungrudgingly passed around, and as the two divisions were from States all south of Virginia, it was good for the men to show up in this fashion even for a few minutes with their home people.

Many of the companies were carried through their own towns and villages and surrounded by the eager faces of kinsfolk and neighbors. But there were no desertions or stops. The brave fellows pressed stoutly on with comrades to meet the foe.

The first arrivals plunged into the battle of September 19th, and on the 20th, when the final stroke was delivered, five of our brigades were up and hotly engaged in that bloody, all-day battle. The glory and renown of the Army of Northern Virginia were fully upheld by Longstreet's men. Some general outlines of the day's events will be attempted in the next chapter, to be filled out at close, as hitherto tried, with brief reflections and observations on the occurrences of the great struggle and the days before and after it.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXV—Battle Of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Arrival at Catoosa—Riding to General Bragg—The meeting—Order of battle—Polk the right wing, Longstreet the left—Attack to begin on right—Delayed some hours—Left wing takes it up victoriously—Attack on right checked—Thomas reinforces his right against Longstreet's assaults—Cannot stand and retreats toward Chattanooga—A great victory for the Confederates—Pursuit next day expected—Bragg says no—Army marches to positions in front of Chattanooga—A barren result—Lieutenant-General Polk—Sketch.

<mox_192>

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of September 19 that our rickety train pulled up, with jerks and bangs, at the little railway landing, called Catoosa Platform. Longstreet and some of his personal staff, Colonels Sorrel and Manning, were in this train and immediately took horse. The remainder of the staff, with most of the horses, were on a train two or three hours later. The Lieutenant-General and part of his staff at once started to find General Bragg.

That General should surely have had guides to meet and conduct us to the conference on which so much depended. A sharp action had taken place during the day and it would appear that if Bragg wanted to see anybody, Longstreet was the man. But we were left to shift for ourselves, and wandered by various roads and across small streams <mox_193>through the growing darkness of the Georgia forest in the direction of the Confederate General's bivouac. At one point in our hunt for him we narrowly escaped capture, being almost in the very center of a strong picket of the enemy before our danger was discovered. A sharp right-about gallop, unhurt by the pickets' hasty and surprised fire, soon put us in safety, and another road was taken for Bragg, about whom by this time some hard words were passing.

But all things have an end, even a friendly hunt for an army commander, and between 10 and 11 o'clock that night we rode into the camp of Gen. Braxton Bragg. He was asleep in his ambulance, and when aroused immediately entered into private conference with Longstreet. It lasted about an hour, and in that time the plan of battle for next day was definitely settled, and then we all took to the leafy ground under the tall oaks and hickories for some sleep against the work before us.

An hour was quite enough to settle the plan and details, since nothing could be simpler than the operation proposed for Rosecrans's destruction.

Bragg's army was already occupying favorable ground and but little preliminary movement was positively necessary. The enemy's force was not far off in our immediate front, seemingly easy to attack. Bragg's army was, however, strange to say, rather deficient in artillery, and its want was felt the next day. Our own batteries, under Alexander, had not yet detrained. Bragg made a good disposition of his separate divisions and commands, dividing his army into two wings, the right under <mox_194>Lieutenant-General Polk and the left under Lieu-tenant-General Longstreet. There was consequently thrown under the latter three of Hood's brigades and two of McLaws's (under Hood), and Stuart's and Preston's divisions (under Buckner), and a division of B. R. Johnson's, and Hindman's with artillery. The order for the day was simple in the extreme.

There was no question about all the troops being in position by daylight, and at that

hour the attack was to be opened by General Polk on the extreme right and followed up vigorously by the lines to the left, until the entire front of Bragg's fine army should be engaged and charging the enemy, exposed to an attack so furious it was not believed he could sustain it, and he could not. It will be shown how he was partially saved after the roughest handling he had had since Bull Run. The right wing was formed of Breckinridge's and Cleburne's divisions under D. H. Hill, Walker's and Biddell's divisions under Walker, and Cheatham's division, besides artillery.

Longstreet's front had Wheeler's cavalry on his extreme left, then Hindman, Hood's corps, Stuart, and Preston in the order named, and they were ready for their work at daylight on the 20th, the other commands in close support. Unhappily, a most serious delay occurred on the right, by which Polk's attack was retarded until near 10 o'clock, a loss of at least four previous hours. Lieutenant-General Hill's command was on Polk's extreme right and should have begun the attack. Orders sent during the night by General Polk failed to <mox_195>reach him. On our part we waited with the utmost impatience for the guns, but no sound came until 10 o'clock. Then Polk's attack was made, but does not appear to have achieved a decided success. The enemy were able to hold their ground against most of the right wing commands.

When it came, as it quickly did, to the left wing to put in its work there was another tale. The ground was in parts difficult in front of us, but never was a more determined, dashing attack made, never a more stubborn resistance. But our men would not be denied. The fighting lasted nearly all day. Finally everything broke before us, and the enemy's right was in full flight. It was a panic-stricken host that fled. Our Virginia contingent was always to the front and seemed to fire their western comrades with emulation of the grand example of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Unhappily, amid shouts of victory, General Hood was shot down at the head of his seasoned veterans. His leg was taken off on the field, the operation being well borne. But we were forced into a temporary halt.

Reinforcements were pouring fresh and ready against our front. The attack of the right wing having partly broken down, the enemy in front of Polk was not held to their own, but were in large numbers free for a masterly movement by that fine soldier, Gen. George Thomas. He was a Virginian, and it is said started to join his Southern friends at the beginning, but was finally won over to the Northern side.<mox_196>

He was one of the ablest of their soldiers, perhaps none equaled him, and I heartily wish he had been anywhere but at Chickamauga. Thomas pressed rapid columns to relieve his overwhelmed right and was in time to make a good stand, but it was unavailing, although costing more blood and time. His defenses were finally broken down, about dark, by our incessant hammering, and it was right-about-face and hasty retreat to Chattanooga.

This was just as darkness spread its mantle over the fields and forests, and simultaneously there sprang up on that bloodstained battle-ground camp fires innumerable, and the wildest Confederate cheers and yells for victory that ever stirred the hearts of warriors—and such warriors as had that day borne the battle-flags forward. It was one of the greatest of the many Confederate successes.

That night was passed in caring for the wounded, burying the dead, and cooking rations, for in all that host there was probably only one who did not believe that "pursuit" would be the word early next day, and that was the commander-in-chief. It is thought by some that General Bragg did not know a victory had been gained. He does not appear to have

been closely present on the battlefield, nor for that matter was Rosecrans. A unique instance of a great battle being fought out of the immediate presence of the respective commanders. The next morning Bragg asked Longstreet for suggestions. "Move instantly against Rosecrans's rear to destroy him," was the instant reply. "Should we fail, we can put him in retreat, and then clear East Tennessee of Burnside and the Union forces."<mox_197>

Apparently, Bragg adopted this view, and gave orders to march out at 4 P.M. The right wing marched about eight miles, ours next day at daylight. We were halted at the Chickamauga Red House Ford, I think it was, and then directed to march to Chattanooga. At the close of the battle we could have strolled into that town; now it was vigorously defended. This was the fruit of the great battle; the pitiable end of the glorious victory that was ours. The spoils were 8,000 prisoners, 36 pieces of artillery, 15,000 small arms, and 25 stands of colors.

It was a lasting regret that I had no more than a passing glimpse during these operations of the distinguished soldier, Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, second in command of Bragg's army.

A pure and lofty character, nothing but the most self-sacrificing, patriotic convictions, and the almost peremptory wishes of the Executive had led him to lay down his great Episcopal station and duties and take to arms. His training at West Point had well prepared him for the stern efforts in the field awaiting Southern men. Throughout his army career he was never without a desire to put by his sword and take up again his dearly loved people, his Bishop's staff, for prayer and strength and consolation in their many trials and sufferings. But the President, holding him in the highest esteem and confidence, insisted on retaining him in the armies of the Confederacy. He could not but yield. Of commanding presence and most winning address, he served with distinction and renown. While suffering at the hands of Bragg treatment unjust and harsh, he <mox_198>on the other hand had won to himself the abiding affection and confidence of all officers and men whom he commanded.

On June 1, 1864, near Marietta, Georgia, that noble life ended. In the distance lay the hills of the Etowah; on the right, Kenesaw reared its lofty heights. The Generals—Johnston, Hardee, and Polk—had together walked off to observe a portion of the enemy's lines, some distance away. Soon after they slowly separated.

Dr. W. M. Polk, the General's son, eminent in his profession, and author of his interesting biography, simply relates what then happened (Vol. II, p. 349):

General Polk walked to the crest of the hill, and, entirely exposed, turned himself around as if to take a farewell view. Folding his arms across his breast, he stood intently gazing on the scene below. While thus he stood, a cannon shot crashed his breast, and opening a wide door, let free that indomitable spirit. He fell upon his back with his feet to the foe. Amid the shot and shell now poured upon the hill, his faithful escort gathered up the body and bore it to the foot of the hill. There in a sheltered ravine his sorrow-stricken comrades, silent and in tears, gathered around his mangled corpse.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXVI—Chattanooga—Incidents

The Western army—Its general appearance—Feeling toward Bragg—President Davis's visit—An incident in battle—General W. W. Mackall, chief of Bragg's staff—Losses—A captured saber—General Forrest—General Benning and Longstreet—Vizitelly's battle-picture—Quartermaster Mitchell dead—Manning wounded—President Davis's escort—The Austrian captain's brilliant uniform.

<mox_199>

We were therefore marched back to what was called the siege of Chattanooga, finding the enemy there in fine spirits after the indulgent reprieve granted him; strengthening his works, perfecting his communications with the rear, and pouring in men from the East, who, following our own movements, were necessarily late in arriving by the outer line. Bragg put his army in position across Missionary Creek (subject to perilous overflow) and occupied Lookout Mountain with his left and Missionary Ridge with his right, and here I shall leave the army while jotting down some observations and incidents since we left Virginia.

The personal appearance of Bragg's army was, of course, matter of interest to us of Virginia. The men were a fine-looking lot, strong, lean, long-limbed fighters. The Western tunic was much worn by both officers and men. It is an excellent garment, and its use could be extended with much advantage.

The army gave one the feeling of a very loose organization. There were indeed corps, so called, <mox_200>but not that compact, shoulder-to-shoulder make-up of Lee's army. There a First Corps man would so speak of himself, just as a Third Georgia Regiment man would speak of the regiment to which he belonged. The artillery, which seemed to me not as strong as should be, looked a bit primitive. The battalion unit was not often met with; but, on the contrary, many single independent batteries, nominally attached to infantry commands, but on the day of the battle wandering loose, hunting for their supports. The subsistence and quartermaster's departments were well supplied with food and forage, but weak in transportation.

The tone of the army among its higher officers toward the commander was the worst conceivable. Bragg was the subject of hatred and contempt, and it was almost openly so expressed. His great officers gave him no confidence as a general-in-chief. The army was thus left a helpless machine, and its great disaster in November at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain could easily be foreseen with Bragg retained in command.

Mr. Davis made his celebrated visit to the camp to see and hear for himself. It is difficult, even now, to recall and realize that unprecedented scene. The President, with the commander-in-chief, and the great officers of the army, assembled to hear the opinion of the General's fitness for command. In the presence of Bragg and his corps commander he asked of each his opinion, and his reasons if adverse. This was eye to eye with the President, the com-mander-in-chief, and the generals. There was no lack of candor in answer to such challenge with men <mox_201>like Longstreet, Cheatham, Hill, Cleburne, and Stewart. Some very plain language was used in answer, but it seems that one and all were quite agreed as to Bragg's unfitness for command of that army. These opinions were received by the President and his general without comment, and Mr. Davis

got more than he came for.

An incident of the day of battle will indicate some differences between the Eastern and Western armies in the reception of orders. While Thomas was heavily reinforcing his right, a column of fours was seen marching across Gen. A. P. Stewart's front. If attacked, its destruction was certain. I pointed out the opportunity to General Stewart, his position being admirable for the purpose. His answer was that he was there by orders and could not move until he got others. I explained that I was chief of staff to Longstreet and felt myself competent to give such an order as coming from my chief, and that this was customary in our Virginia service. General Stewart, however, courteously insisted that he could not accept them unless assured the orders came direct from Longstreet. Valuable time was being lost, but I determined to have a whack at those quick-moving blue masses. Asking General Stewart to get ready, that I hoped soon to find Longstreet, I was off, and luckily did find him after an eager chase. Longstreet's thunderous tones need not be described when, in the first words of explanation, he sent me back with orders to Stewart to fall on the reinforcing column with all his power. Stewart was ready and pushed forward handsomely. In a few minutes, with little or no loss to himself, <mox_202>he had broken up Thomas's men and taken many prisoners. This was quite late in the afternoon, twilight coming on.

My brother-in-law, General W. W. Mackall, was serving with Bragg as chief of staff, although his rank and attainments qualified him for higher duties. But the Executive at Richmond was not favorably disposed toward him, and the best that could be had for service must content him. It seems that he and Bragg had been long friends, having served together in the old Army. I was glad to come up with him, and delighted his soul by a gift of a five-pound bale of Virginia Killikinick smoking tobacco, in place of the vile stuff he was blowing off.

The numbers on both sides, and the casualties, are generally accepted as follows: Rosecrans's strength, 60,867; Bragg's strength, 60,366. Rosecrans's losses, 16,550; Bragg's losses, 17,800.

It was during the battle that I became the possessor of a handsomely mounted saber. In a part of the field near us there was a sudden sharp, deadly scrimmage between some of our mounted men and the enemy, a small force on each side. It was soon over, and Hardy, one of my couriers, a stout, ready Georgian, came to me with a beautiful saber, evidently a presentation to the lieutenant-colonel whose name was engraved on it. My fellow made me a gift of the handsome blade, and I wore it until peace came. What became of the lieutenant-colonel I could never ascertain.

"His sword it is rust,
His bones they are dust,
His soul is with the Saints I trust."

<mox_203>

The good sword was treasured until a few years ago, when the ladies of the Confederate Museum at Richmond asked me to put it among their collection, and there it hangs to-day, I hope for many years.

It was on the 20th that I had my look at the celebrated Forrest. Truly a most powerful, impressive figure of a great cavalryman. He was yet to become still greater, as one of the first commanders of the South, and subsequent studies of his life and career only expand

this admiration into deeper feelings for the great soldier.

Dr. John Wyeth's interesting biography of Forrest, published only in the past few years, is most fascinating, and has gone far to place him as one of the greatest leaders of the Civil War. During the battle a queer scene between Longstreet and the valiant old brigadier, Benning, commanding one of Hood's brigades, illustrates Longstreet's grim calm in action, and the excitability of "Old Rock," as his men called him. A sudden counter-stroke of the enemy had smashed his brigade and they were badly scattered. Benning thought that they were "all gone." Seizing an artillery horse that was galloping by, harness flying, he threw himself on the terrified animal and found Longstreet. "General," said the brigadier, "I am ruined; my brigade was suddenly attacked and every man killed; not one is to be found. Please give orders where I can do some fighting." Longstreet saw the excitement and quickly cooled it. "Nonsense, General, you are not so badly hurt. Look about you. I know you will find at least one man, and with him on his feet report your brigade to me, and you two shall have a place in the fighting-line."

<mox_204>

Benning saw it, took the hint, hunted up his men, who were not so badly mauled after all, and with a respectable body was soon ready for work.

Vizitelly, the English artist, had started from Richmond with us, to sketch and draw for the campaign; something stopped him on the way, drink, probably. At all events, he arrived very sheep-faced, long after the battle. He took me aside with: "Colonel, I am in an awful mess. I must send drawings and a picture of this great battle to my paper somehow. Cannot you help me?" We were at the time not very far from a little field that had a scene during the fighting which struck me, even then, as somewhat picturesque. The open field crowned with thick woods at one side, through which frowned half a dozen Federal guns and a brigade of ours moving up in beautiful order to capture it. I said as much as this to Vizitelly, and sent him to look at the spot. He returned, on fire with his artist's fancies, and shut himself up for several days. Then he emerged with drawings, and much letter-press of what he had *actually* seen; and principally a very large drawing beautifully finished of the so-called "Little scene." But heavens! all resemblance had ceased. Instead of the slight affair, three solid lines of infantry were moving across a great stretch of ground against hundreds of guns that were devastating our troops in fire and smoke. In the central portion there was the wounding and fall of a great officer and the closing in of the soldiers to protect him. "What think you?" said the proud Vizitelly. "Splendid, but nothing like it took place." "No matter, it might have happened, and besides all <mox_205>battle-pictures are drawn with such freedom." "Who is the general just falling?" "That, sir, is General Hood, drawn the instant of being shot." "But, my good Vizitelly, Hood was not within a mile of that little field! gave you." "No matter, he was shot, no one will deny that; and! must have a great interesting center for my picture. You fellows are altogether too particular. This goes by first underground chance, and you will see it in the *London Illustrated News*." And so I did in the quiet sitting-room of a Northern friend later on.

He is not the only one of artistic imagination for battle-pictures.

At Chicakamauga we lost our quartermaster, Major Mitchell, of Virginia, a valuable officer. A sudden attack of diphtheria carried him off like a stroke of lightning. Major Erasmus Taylor, of Orange Court House, Virginia, was immediately appointed in his place, and served with us efficiently until the close of the war.

Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, of our staff, was slightly wounded in the battle of the 20th. A fragment of shell pierced his scalp, causing much loss of blood, but otherwise no great damage. He was soon about his ordnance duties as good as ever.

When President Davis came to Bragg's army on his visit of conciliation and support to his general, there was a universal turnout to give the Executive our best reception. At all headquarters the least shabby uniforms were looked up and our best belongings for horse and man were brought out. Mr. Davis had a really fine escort to the top of Lookout Mountain and back to quarters. At First Corps <mox_206>headquarters we still had the pleasure of Captain Fitzgerald Ross with us, a companionable and honorable officer and gentleman. On this occasion we thought it time for Ross to show the quality of his Austrian corps, and most reluctantly he consented to ride with us in full uniform. It was a beauty and a wonder! Sky-blue tunic and trousers, fitting skin-tight to the body and legs, loaded down with the richest gold braid and ornaments. Tiny boots, tasseled and varnished, incased the Captain's shapely Hussar legs. And then the pelisse hanging from the left shoulder!—it would be the envy of any woman. The color, still sky-blue, of the finest cloth, lined with buff satin, gold braided and richly furred. A smart, richly plumed Hungarian busby, with handsomely mounted curved saber and gold cords, completed the costume of this brilliant representative of his corps d'élite.

We gave Ross our plaudits and thanks for his fine appearance, and only on returning was there any annoyance. The large cortege about the President parted and some of us found ourselves riding with Ross under Maj.-Gen. John C. Breckinridge. Our route lay through one of his divisions camped in the noble primeval forests. The men were scattered all about attending to their personal matters, cooking, cleaning arms, mending, and, as it seemed, many stripped to the waist examining very closely their shirts and undergarments.

Without going into particulars, all soldiers in the field must be careful in this respect. Long-worn clothing had a way of "gathering" things, and it was what had to be done in all our armies. But <mox_207>when the scattered troops saw the brilliant apparition of Captain Ross riding with their General there was a shout and a rush to him. Such was the rough admiration exhibited that harm might have come to him but for Breckinridge. He motioned the men back, said the Captain was his guest, and, "When you fellows get to his army on a visit you will find him treating you more civilly; so get back to your bivouacs and make yourselves clean."

There was a good-natured cheer for Breckinridge, Ross, the President, and all the rest of us, and we got back to camp with much cheerful chaff for poor Ross and his gay uniform.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXVII—The East Tennessee Campaign, November 1863, To April, 1864.

Ordered by Bragg to move against Burnside and Knoxville—Our two divisions—Wheeler's cavalry with artillery—Burnside's strength—At Sweetwater, November 21st—Disappointed in supplies—The railway—Pontoons, but no train—Cross Holston at Loudon—Enemy escapes into Knoxville—Hood's old division—Generals Jenkins and Law—Siege of Knoxville—Bull Winthrop—McLaws ready for an assault—Troops ordered to support—General Leadbetter, of Bragg's staff, orders assault—Brigadiers Wofford, Humphreys, and Bryan attacked—Repulsed at Fort Saunders—General Longstreet assumes the blame—Losses.

<mox_208>

After a long wait, General Bragg settled on something. He decided to make a move against Burnside and Knoxville. About November 3, Longstreet received his instructions. They were about in line with what the Lieutenant-General wanted instantly after Chickamauga and what should have been done, but the General-in-Chief could not see it, and, welcoming the orders even at this late day, we prepared for a hearty support and active campaign.

The troops of the expedition were to be the two divisions (nine brigades of infantry) brought from Virginia and Alexander's fine battalion of artillery, six batteries; also Leyden's artillery, and Wheeler's powerful body of cavalry (four brigades) and horse <mox_209>artillery. We were also to take up all the loose bodies of troops to be found in the wide district to be covered. A force of about 3,000 men was promised from southwest Virginia.

It was an ill-disciplined body, not well organized, but accomplished wonders under Wheeler as a screen to the army, and an unceasing menace to the enemy's communications. He had some able officers with him, Generals W. J. Martin, John T. Morgan, G. G. Dibrell, and Thomas Harrison. When Wheeler left us with instructions for a movement calling for some night work his cheerful words to his fellows were: "Come, boys, mount. The War Child rides to-night." That being, it seems, one of his pet names among the men.

Major-General Wheeler was not long with us, Bragg, to whom his services were invaluable, having sent for him. I saw him I think but once. He had reported to Longstreet for orders and was followed by a rather numerous staff and escort. A small, slight man, very quick and alert in his movements, quite young, only recently from West Point, he had justly earned great distinction as the cavalry leader of our Western army.

Burnside's force south of Knoxville was computed at about 15,000, and if we could get all the troops Bragg held out to our commander, there would be enough of us to crush Burnside. But the Federal general had within reach some five thousand more men than General Bragg estimated.

The expedition, glad to be on the move, set out smartly for Tyner's Station, where it was to be entrained for Sweetwater, but things went decidedly <mox_210>wrong. We had brought no transportation from Virginia and General Bragg's officers supplied us with wagons and teams, but held themselves under Bragg's order. A most inconvenient

disposition then, and until we parted company with that commander for good.

With these and other difficulties it was November 12th before the last of our brigades came to Sweet-water. Here there were more disappointments as to rations, supplies, and transportation. We were dependent on Bragg's provisions, which cruelly failed us. Not to dwell too long on these mishaps, I need only add that they beset the entire campaign.

The cars and railway by which we helped the transportation were almost comical in their inefficiency. The railroad was of heavy grades and the engines light-powered. When a hill was reached the long train would be instantly emptied—plat-forms, roofs, doors, and windows—of our fellows, like ants out of a hill, who would ease things by trudging up the dirt road and catching on again at the top; and so it went on as far as the railroad would serve us.

A bridge train had been prepared by the engineers, and it had been our intention to use it across the Little Tennessee, or Halston, above its confluence and through Marysville. But here again was disappointment; there were pontoons but no train for hauling.

We were thus forced to throw our bridge across at Loudon, where, fortunately, the boats could be floated direct from cars without need of wagons, and there that curious bridge was laid by our worthy <mox_211>engineers. It was a sight to remember. The current was strong, the anchorage insufficient, the boats and indeed entire outfit quite primitive, and when lashed finally to both banks it might be imagined a bridge; but a huge letter "S" in effect it was with its graceful reverse curves. But no man should abuse the bridge by which he safely crosses, and this one took us over, using care and caution. I shall always love the looks of that queer bridge.

The enemy was well advised as to our movements, and evidently conducted his retreat with skill and no serious losses. At Lenoir's Station he was forced to leave nearly a hundred loaded wagons, though the running-gear had been broken up so as to make them of no immediate use to us.

I do not give in detail the various movements of our advance from one point to another, their character generally not being of the highest credit to us in rapidity or co-operation of our several commands.

A fine opportunity of crushing Burnside was lost at Campbell's Station. Burnside's retreat was in time to cover the roads leading into it, and there he had to make a stand. We should have beaten him badly, but he escaped and was soon safe in Knoxville. The roads were deep in mud and caused hard travel and labor, but they were no better for the Union force.

Campbell's Station cannot be termed a serious battle. It was principally an artillery fight, in which the gallant Alexander was tormented by defective ammunition. It should have been a strong and decisive battle, but things went wrong with the infantry divisions and an effective co-operation was <mox_212>not secured. Ah! would that we could have had Hood again at the head of his division.

As it was, the five brigades of this fine command were practically paralyzed by the differences between the senior brigadier in command, Jenkins, and his competitor, General E. M. Law. It was a most unhappy condition of things, but by no fault of Longstreet. When Mr. Davis visited us at Chickamauga the Lieutenant-General laid the situation before him and urged the promotion and appointment of Jenkins, to which Mr. Davis would not listen. He was asked then to appoint Law, but this also met the Executive's "No," that officer being junior; and then Longstreet begged the assignment of

any good major-general to be found elsewhere. But none came then; months after one was sent when irretrievable mischief had been done by the unfortunate condition of the division. It lasted during all the subsequent operations in East Tennessee throughout the winter.

Thus it came about that the enemy eluded us at Campbell's Station, and the next day was behind his works at Knoxville, except his cavalry, which lingered to retard our march. Our army followed closely, at once put the enemy's works under fire, and so began what is called the "Siege of Knoxville."

By many it is thought to have been a serious error on the part of the Confederate commander, the resorting to so slow a process. "He should have attacked immediately;" and I am disposed to consider intelligent statements of Union officers and citizens of Knoxville, long after, as indicating that an energetic movement, without the slightest delay, <mox_213>would have carried us into the town and brought Burnside to terms.

On the 18th of November McLaws advanced against some defenses of skirmishers, but part of his line halted before reaching the crest of the hill. Captain Winthrop, an Englishman serving with Alexander, dashed forward, and encouraging the men got through the hill in handsome style. It was well done by "Bull" Winthrop, as we called him, and he picked up a nasty wound in the doing of it.

Burnside's strongest defense was Fort Loudon, later called Fort Saunders, for the gallant officer of that name who fell in its defense. It was a strong earthwork, closely under McLaws's eye, who was expected to capture it. Of course he had done much work toward it—ditches, parallels, and many devices for success. A night attack was proposed and at one time favored.

On the 22d General McLaws thought the time had come and he was ordered to prepare his assaulting column, supported by the division. Longstreet also ordered up other troops for support and following up a success. Later on McLaws reported that his officers preferred daylight for the work before them and the movement was for the time deferred. On the 23d we heard that Bragg had been attacked at Chattanooga. Bushrod Johnson's division of two brigades was at Loudon moving to us, and our strength then would be eleven brigades of infantry, Wheeler's cavalry of four brigades (Wheeler himself had been ordered back by Bragg, leaving the horse under command of Maj.-Gen. Will T. Martin), Alexander's artillery, and Leyden's battalion.<mox_214>

On the 25th, Bragg's chief engineer, General Leadbetter, brought orders from the former to attack immediately. Longstreet was reluctant. Troops from Virginia were on the march, due with us in eight or ten days, and with them the investment could be made complete. The enemy was also said to be on half rations, and an attack now with chances of our repulse would be all in his favor. But Lead-better felt that Bragg's orders were imperative and the assault must be attempted. Minute orders were then sent to McLaws for the effort. The details are rather lengthy for the scope of these recollections. It was intended for the 28th, but because of bad weather put off until the 29th. At the appointed time the vigorous assault was made in fine form by the brigades of Wofford, Humphreys, and Bryan in the early gray of the morning. At first we seemed to be going right ahead, shoving everything aside, but some stops were made and the wounded men began coming back.

General Longstreet says that when Major Goggin, an old Army man on McLaws's staff, reported to him that it would be useless to persevere, that the fort was so surrounded with net-works of wire that no progress could be made without axes and not an axe was to be

found—"Without a second thought, I ordered the recall." He says later that the accounts of General Poe, the engineer in charge of the works, convinced him that the few wires met with were far from being the serious obstacle reported and that we could have gone in without axes. It also seemed sure that the fort was nearly ours by the retirement of part of its garrison, only some two hundred men being kept with the guns.<mox_215>

General Longstreet takes upon himself the failure of the assault. It seems conclusive to him that it was due to the order for recall. He had long known Goggin. Some of our men pushed into the fort. One gallant young officer, Adjutant Cum-ning, from Augusta, Georgia, leaped through an embrasure and instantly demanded the surrender of fort and garrison. The Union troops cheered the feat while making him a prisoner of war. Almost immediately after the repulse General Longstreet received a telegram from the President to the effect that "Bragg had been forced back by numbers and that we were to co-operate with his army." A euphemism on the part of the President—Bragg had suffered a severe defeat and was in full retreat. He made for Dalton, which put out of the question any co-operation by us. Our own safety was to be considered and how it could be accomplished.

The casualties at Knoxville are thus given: Confederate loss in assault, 822; Union loss in assault, 673; Confederate loss in campaign, 1,296; Union loss in campaign, 1,481.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXVIII—The East Tennessee Campaign, Continued

In front of Knoxville after repulse—Position serious—Bragg defeated at Missionary Ridge—Reinforcements pressing to Burnside—We withdraw to the eastward—Halt at Rogers-ville—Foraging good—Supplies in valleys sufficient—We decide to winter there—Occasional operations without importance—Affair at Bean's Station—Much uneasiness at Washington at Longstreet's presence in East Tennessee—General Grant ordered to drive him out—Affair at Dand-ridge—Great want of shoes—A supply from Quartermaster General—General McLaws relieved from duty—The correspondence- General McLaws's resignation—Intense cold—Roads almost impassable—Inhabitants of the valleys and mountaineers—The fierce old woman—Mountain fastnesses—Deserters from a North Carolina regiment—Their capture and execution—General Schofield in command of Union army—We take position and make camps near Bull's Gap.

<mox_216>

Our position was now becoming serious. Some additional troops under Ransom would soon join us, but the enemy was being heavily reinforced. Grant had decided to drive us out of East Tennessee. A letter from him to Burnside by courier was captured, advising him of three columns en route for his relief one on south side by General Sherman, one by Dechard under General Elliott, and one by Cumberland Gap under General Foster. Longstreet decided to march past Knoxville on the north side of the river and aim for the column reported coming from Cumberland Gap. The enemy did not see fit to molest our flank as we marched past his defenses on the 2d of December.<mox_217>

There was good foraging in the country, and we halted at Rogersville on the 9th to accumulate supplies. Up to this date it had not been our General's intention to stay in the Tennessee Valley. He was looking eastward, but more hopefully toward some combinations and increase of force by which a powerful demonstration could be made into Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. But at Rogersville the foraging officers brought in roseate reports of plenty in the land. It appeared to be overflowing with subsistence for an army; cattle, swine, corn, sorghum, and honey were abundant, and it was decided we should winter in these beautiful valleys, watered by the Holston, the French Broad, the mouth of Chucky and Nolachucky. Truly was it a fertile and smiling land to be still showing all this abundance, ravaged and harried as it had been alternately by Union and Confederate forces, and with such a population! It could well be said that "Only man was vile."

General Longstreet in his book, "Manassas to Appomattox," has written up his movements from the time he left Bragg to that of leaving Tennessee, at great length and with extreme particularity. Its recital had apparently occupied him more than any part of the four years' war. We may therefore well leave these details; they are correctly stated, although without the interest of a successful campaign. We turn therefore to matters more general, but perhaps attractive, of our doings in that country.

There was occasional skirmishing and outpost fighting, but nothing of importance. At the affair of Bean's Station we expected to accomplish something, <mox_218>but little came of it. Gradually a good force had been assembled at scattered points under

Longstreet's orders, and he was most confident and eager for an opportunity to deal the enemy a blow. President Davis, on December 10th, gave him discretionary authority over all the troops in the department, and on this he held, for the present, Martin's cavalry by him, that Bragg had called for. It was positively necessary for holding East Tennessee, which seemed the best possible use to make of the troops while Bragg's army was in a state of demoralization and uncertainty.

Indeed, in the published annals there is appearance of intense uneasiness by Halleck and Mr. Lincoln as to Longstreet's presence in Tennessee. The emphatic tone of many letters and orders from the Federal capital was that we should, under any circumstances and apparently at any sacrifices, be driven out. Our presence there took the form of a political peril. As long as we had a good foothold and a good army in reach of Cumberland Gap there was the chance of a successful movement into Kentucky, and once there that State would have been in an unpleasant and dangerous attitude to the Federals. Its Confederate sentiments were in parts still strong and shared by large numbers of the population. Longstreet's correspondence always took a squint at such an eventuality, and nothing would have better pleased him than to lead such a movement. But the winter coming on sharp, we found camps in the great forest about Morristown before Christmas and began collection of food supplies in earnest.<mox_219>

The men were happy and cheerful, but awfully in want of clothing and shoes. Some of the latter were made by themselves, but this supply could not go far. I recall a movement against General Granger at Dandridge when the corps turned out to march. It was bitter winter weather, the ground hard and sharp with ice, and not less than 2,000 of our little army were without shoes. Their bleeding feet left marks at every step.

They were useless for the work and quickly sent back to camp. Not long after, however, all were made happy by a shipment of three thousand pairs of shoes by General Lawton, our Quartermaster-General. He had listened to our earnest, almost desperate appeals.

About the middle of December, Major-General McLaws was relieved from command of his division by Lieutenant-General Longstreet and ordered to Augusta, Georgia. Part of the correspondence concerning this matter will be found in the Appendix, sufficiently explanatory. The commanding General had for some time been dissatisfied with his second in command. Later on, at Greenville, McLaws had the court of inquiry for which he at once applied. The charges were three in number, principally alleging neglect and want of preparation at Knoxville, supported each by one specification. The court absolved McLaws from all fault, but found him guilty on one of the specifications. The proceedings went to the President, who immediately disapproved them, restored McLaws to duty, and assigned him to a command in Georgia.<mox_220>

General E. M. Law handed in his resignation and asked leave of absence on it—this about December 20th. It was cheerfully granted, and then General Law asked the privilege of taking the resignation himself to Richmond. It was unusual, but was allowed. From this afterwards grew serious complications, involving Law's arrest by Longstreet, his support by the Executive, and Longstreet's threat of resignation from the army, in which he was upheld by General Lee. And the Lieutenant-General had his way. Law was not again in Longstreet's command.

The cold was intense, the record showing the lowest temperature for many years. During the last days of 1863 the glass went down to zero and the entire army was quiet in the effort to keep warm.

Fortunately there was fuel in abundance. The primeval forests of oak and hickory were food for some of the grandest campfires ever seen, but we froze in front while scorching in back, and vice versa. And as to sleeping, many a fine fellow woke to find his shoes crisp from the too generous blaze. At this time the roads were so bad as to be almost impassable; artillery and wagons would be drawn hub deep. The artillery horses, Leyden's especially, were in bad condition, very weak, and six or eight pairs would be hitched to a single gun or caisson. It amused the infantry footing it on the side paths, and they would call out, "Here comes the cavalry, but what's that gun tied to the tail for?"

The people of these valleys made an interesting study. They doubtless went through much during the Civil War, and part of their disposition at <mox_221>the period of our occupation may be accounted for. There were, of course, some exceptions to be found in families of wealth, intelligence, and breeding, but the general run of people was hard in the extreme. Apparently they were without pity or compassion—generosity and sympathy were strangers to them; but hatred and revenge made their homes in the breasts of these farmers.

When the Confederates came on the ground, then was the time for acts of brutality against their Union neighbors, the political feeling in the valleys being about equally divided. Burnings, hangings, whippings were common—all acts of private vengeance and retaliation. When the turn came and the Unionists were in authority, Confederate sympathizers were made to suffer in the same way, and so it went on throughout the bloody strife.

Once an old woman came to my quarters with a request. She was a fierce, hard creature, strong, of wrinkled skin, but set, relentless features, clothed in the homespun worn by all, and like all, dipping snuff. Stick in mouth she made her statement. Some men had come to her house that morning—she knew them name by name. They had taken her old man from her and hung him to a tree by his own porch, and there left him—dead. She wanted the murderers caught and punished. Not a word of sorrow or softness, not a tear of regret, but only vengeance, and that instantly. I immediately sent a good troop of cavalry to seize the men, if to be found, but little hoped it. They had, as usual, taken refuge in the mountains, quite inaccessible to ordinary attack, and were safe there with numbers of others. <mox_222>

These mountain fastnesses were filled with evildoers of both sides, Union and Confederate; murderers, thieves, deserters—all crimes could there be known.

The authorities had found it quite impossible to break up these formidable gangs by any ordinary force. A special expedition for the express purpose would be necessary.

It was to these mountains that a large body of deserters from a North Carolina regiment in Virginia was making a little time back.

A whole company had broken away, but were overtaken at a crossing of the James above Richmond. They showed fight and killed several of the pursuers, but were taken back and the leaders tried by court martial. Ten were convicted and sentenced to be shot. There had been too much leniency, and General Lee had the sentence executed. The unfortunates were tied to small sunken crosses in line about ten feet apart, with a firing party in front of each. Their division, Major-General Edward Johnson's, was drawn up in three sides of a hollow square, the deserters being on the fourth. At the word the firing was accurately executed and the men sank dead or dying at their stakes. The division was then marched by, close to their bodies, and it was hoped the lesson would be salutary.

General Grant made a visit to Knoxville about January 1st, General Foster in command. Before leaving he ordered Foster to expel us from Tennessee, if not altogether, at least beyond Bull's Gap and Red Bridge. Washington was still uneasy and pressing him hard to put us out of the way.<mox_223>

Preparing for it, he ordered the Ninth and the Twenty-third Corps to Mossy Creek, Fourth Corps to Strawberry Plain and the cavalry to Dandridge—a formidable force. That army moved about January 15th. Dandridge is on the French Broad River, about thirty miles from Knoxville, and was the enemy's objective.

General Foster was invalided, and Sheridan for a short time took command until relieved by the corps commander, Gordon Granger. A smart affair ensued, General Martin's cavalry doing our principal work. Granger retired and Longstreet rode into Dandridge and was soon in the house occupied by his old friend Granger. Pursuit was made impracticable by the condition of roads and want of a bridge train. Practically nothing was accomplished on this trial, and our troops as well as the enemy were sent back to camps.

On February 9th General Schofield took command at Knoxville of the Union army in East Tennessee. The pressure on him continued from Halleck, whose uneasiness at one time became almost uncontrollable. Grant at first made strong effort to carry out these wishes, but we were not moved. Later on he found the field too far from his other operations and likely to interrupt plans for the summer. He preferred resting on the apparent apathy at the South and using his East Tennessee strength in Virginia and Georgia where he should have full need for it. This view was to leave us in inactivity in East Tennessee, and no further serious effort was made. Longstreet had to move east when he was refused more troops for extended <mox_224>aggressive operations and received orders for return of Martin's cavalry to Georgia. Our march was begun about February 20, 1864, and was not disturbed. A fair position was found at Bull's Gap, and then we distributed our commands in good camps from the Holston to the Nolachucky.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXIX—At Home In Savannah—Sketches

Leave of absence—Visiting home with Doctor Sorrell—Traveling by rail—Old Savannah—Few changes—Many friends—Happiness in meeting them—Return to the army—Long-street's correspondence with Schofield—Attempt in same line near Richmond with General Ord—General Grant declines negotiations for peace—Andrew Johnson's Masonic paraphernalia saved by Captain Goree—Sketch—Long-street at Richmond—In conference with President and General Lee—Without result—First corps ordered back to Lee—Began moving late in April—Arrived at Mechanics-ville last of month—Major-General Field assigned to command of Hood's division—Sketch—Congress votes thanks to First Corps (see Appendix)—Charlottesville—Sketch—Prices of various articles.

<mox_225>

I had now opportunity for yielding to my father's pressing urgency to take leave of absence and see him once more in life. I arranged for thirty days absence. The railroad was not yet fully repaired and my nearest station was about fifteen miles to ride. An agreeable medical officer gave me his company so far, but was constantly weeping that he was not on his way "to see his dear, beautiful little wife." I tried to comfort him by the reminder that no such attraction was waiting for me, but without success. He was, however, braced up by a horse trade we managed to get off, which as usual I incline to think I got the worst of. I think so by reason of a memorandum about horses in which the animal then acquired is named "Deceit." The train soon reached Bristol, whence a change of cars brought me <mox_226>through Lynchburg to Richmond. There Doctor Sorrel met me, like myself on leave, and light-hearted we started for home to see our dear kith and kin.

It was my first absence from duty since July 21, 1861. Slow railway traveling in those days was the rule without exception—gauges not uniform, routes deviating, and engines of low power. The time was, I think, quite three days between Richmond and Savannah, traveling day and night, and of course such luxuries as sleeping-cars were then unknown.

It was a great delight to see home again; to be welcomed and made much of, after the stern scenes of more than two years. Our friends were not backward or ungenerous. Hospitalities were showered upon us, but better than all was the loving home circle of aging father and happy young sisters. The latter, gladdened to have their brothers once more with them, sang, played, and danced to heart's delight.

There were many changes. Only six companies had gone to the Eastern army. The remainder of the very large forces sent by the city was distributed through the Western armies and the coast defenses; consequently I had seen but few of my old comrades and associates in Virginia. The happiness of meeting many awaited me in Savannah, and it will easily be imagined what our talk was about—the camp, the battle, the march, the enemy, and our own commands.

There was no great change in the appearance of the town, then of about 30,000 population. Eighteen <mox_227>miles from the sea, and beautifully situated on a high bluff, it enjoyed a large commerce and much lucrative business. Shady walks, numerous small wooded parks, and thousands of branching, leafy trees made it a very attractive and

beautiful little city. The rigors of war had not yet touched it. The forts at the entrance to the river were the enemy's, but he had not yet penetrated to the city. That was preserved for Sherman in December, from the West.

The days slipped by. Our time was nearly up, and with cheerful farewells we were soon on our way back to Virginia. Dropping my brother, the Doctor, at Richmond, I went directly back to my familiar duties with our army in its winter camp in East Tennessee.

Affairs had been very quiet within that thirty days, and I was well satisfied to be again with the colors. My leave and my home became, as it were, but a pleasant bit of dreaming.

Not long after Schofield took command of the Union forces our Lieutenant-General succeeded in getting into a short correspondence with him. The Federal commander was an able soldier, of liberal views, from which Longstreet had hopes. The latter's intentions were commendable. Like most of us, he wanted peace and the honorable termination of the war and cessation of bloodshed. He felt that it was not to be accomplished by the politicians. They had plunged the country into civil war, he reasoned. They would be the last to bring it to an end. The hope was that the generals on both sides might give the movement such an impetus that statecraft must necessarily take it up with probably good <mox_228>results. It was with this view that some letters passed between Longstreet and Schofield. The former pressed that view, and, assuming the Union General, like himself, wanted peace, he urged a joint initiative from which much could be hoped. It was illusory. Schofield's letter was calm and noncommittal. Finally he had to say what was sure to be said, that it was not his part to deal with such matters, which were properly to be discussed by the Executive in Washington. It was necessarily so. The military were not clothed with authority for the purpose. Even the convention between Sherman and Johnston at the close of hostilities was disapproved and annulled by the Federal civil authorities.

The idea, however, did not vanish from Longstreet's thoughts. It took fresh shape later in front of Richmond through General Ord, the officer immediately in command, as intermediary by which it was hoped a meeting between Grant and Lee could be achieved. General Grant declined a meeting for discussion on such a subject. The correspondence relating to these two incidents is probably to be found in the records published by Congress, and should be interesting. I refer to them entirely from memory.

While quartered near Greenville some straggling soldiers found their way into the house once occupied by Andrew Johnson, then Vice-President. He was a Mason of high degree, and the emblems and paraphernalia of the order were very numerous in the dwelling. Our fellows thought they had made a find of value and were about starting off with it when halted by Captain Goree, A.D. C. of our staff. <mox_229>He had everything carefully repacked and put in a safe place for the rightful owner. I have never known whether he finally recovered them uninjured.

Goree was a Texan and had been with Longstreet from the beginning. The General was fortunate in having an officer so careful, observing, and intelligent. His conduct on all occasions was excellent and his intrepidity during exposure in battle could always be counted on. He was with the corps until Appomattox, and then returned to Texas, where he occupied responsible public office by vote of the people for many years. He enjoys good health and good Confederate memories now at his home in Galveston.

About this time Generals Lee, Johnston, and Longstreet were called on by the

Richmond authorities for suggestions as to further operations on a comprehensive scale. General Bragg was in office as adviser to the President. Having failed in all field operations, he had now the President's ear and the President's support for experimental strategy. Longstreet submitted an elaborate proposition, having for its objective a powerful demonstration in Kentucky by combination with General Johnston's army and the eventual command of the State under Confederate auspices. It is said that plan had General Lee's approval when submitted to the President in counsel with the Secretary of War, General Bragg, and General Lee. The proposition was not accepted and nothing apparently was settled. General Lee returned immediately to his army on the Rapidan and the Lieutenant-General set out for his headquarters at Greenville. Feeling himself entitled <moz_230>to the privilege, he stopped two days at Petersburg to see his wife, and to have his infant son christened "Robert Lee." It appears this short stop subjected him to rebuke by the President for loitering.

The country was now in wintry weather and there was much snow. Everything went into quarters that could and all military operations were suspended. The second division of General Johnston's cavalry was ordered to him through the mountains—a hard march. It should be stated that Johnston was now for some time in command of the Army of Tennessee in Bragg's place. In the first half of April our command started back to join General Lee on the Rapidan. It was made on cars collected as fast as possible. The troop detrained at Charlottesville. After a short stop in that country, we began, about the 22d, the march to Mechanicsville, not far from Gordonsville, and on the last of the month had the happiness to be reviewed by our beloved commander, General Lee. The troubles in Hood's old division would, it was hoped, be ended. Maj.-Gen. Charles W. Fields had been some time back assigned to command and was to prove an active and capable commander. He was an old Army man of much experience and unquestioned valor. In the Appendix may be read the vote of thanks given by Congress to Lieutenant-General Longstreet and his command.

When we detrained at Charlottesville I had the good fortune to meet some most hospitable friends. Judge William J. Robertson, eminent on the bench, and his charming wife insisted on having me in their handsome residence and agreeable family circle. It was a welcome contrast to the asperities of a winter <moz_231>campaign in East Tennessee. The town itself was interesting and full of Virginia historic lore. Its chief pride is the Alma Mater of many Southern men, the University of Virginia, beloved of Jefferson. Near by, on steep Monticello, stands his own house, where youth and age, in admiration of the sage, the statesman, the philosopher, sought him for a word, a touch of the hand. The property is still well maintained by its present owner, proud of its history as part of Thomas Jefferson. The county of Albemarle (its deep red-clay soil remembered by many a sore-footed soldier), is of ancient settlement, abounding in wood and meadow and shining streams. Its tasty, luscious pippins are widely known to lovers of the apple. Some stately old residences, the "great houses" of large estates of the early Virginia families, are still to be seen; but alas! the ravages of war and its bitter results have left such properties but as so many reminders of an opulent past. It was this delightful resting place of a few days that we were now to leave for the great campaign of the Wilderness and its subsequent battles.

In April, 1864, the Confederacy had reached a point of great financial embarrassment, as shown by the depreciation of its paper currency. The pay of the officers was in reality a

pittance, and those without other resources were often in straits. Many boxes and hampers, however, came to the camps from home and were of some help to all.

A petition from officers in the field had gone to the War Department, asking that rations might be issued to them as to the private soldiers. It had <mox_232>attached a scale of prices charged the officers by the army commissaries, presumably the average cost price, and not the price of retail market. The officers paid for bacon, \$2.20 per pound; beef, 75 cents; lard, \$2.20 per pound; molasses, \$6 per gallon; sugar, \$1.50 per pound. A coat cost \$350; boots, \$250; trousers, \$125; hat, \$80 to \$125; shirt, \$50; socks, \$10 per pair. General Johnston in approving and verifying the petition said that at existing prices the pay of company officers was worth less than that of a private soldier.

The shrinkage of the value of our paper currency continued with the progress of the war until, near the close, it almost ceased to have any purchasing power whatever.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXX—Battle Of The Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

General Grant in command of all the Union forces—Takes station with Army of the Potomac—His career—His successes—Later kind feelings of Southern people toward him—His dinner party at Savannah—His plan of campaign—The policy of attrition—Grant moves his army—The Wilderness—Disparity of numbers—Courier service an example of our economy in men—Kershaw promoted major-general, commanding McLaws's division—Sketch—Lee decides to strike—Grant on the march—They meet on May 5th—An indecisive partial contest—Early on May 6 Longstreet comes up—Finds situation serious—Hancock's successful attack on Third Corps—It is checked—Our flank attack on Hancock's left—He is rolled up and sent back—General Lee wants to lead troops—Longstreet wounded and Jenkins killed by fire of our own men—Major-General Wadsworth, U.S. A., killed—Attack resumed later—Not successful—Night ends long day's fighting.

<mox_233>

The Army of Northern Virginia was now to deal with a new force—a general with the great prestige of repeated victories in the West, and of undeniable ability. Lieutenant-General U.S. Grant had been made Commander-in-Chief of all the Federal armies in the field, and realizing the extraordinary achievements of Lee's army, left the scene of his operations, and retaining Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac, took his station by that army for the supreme direction of military affairs. Grant's career was wonderful; were it not a fact, it would be thought a fairy tale. A West Point graduate of <mox_234>mediocrity, serving well in Mexico, but so given over to drink that his retirement from the Army may be said to have been compulsory. This was followed by hard-working attempts to make a living for his family, in humble occupations, until the stirring events of 1861 brought him forward, as they did every one who had enjoyed the opportunity of a soldier's education. Obtaining command of an Illinois regiment, his field service began, and was followed up with much success; until, placed in command of important armies in Tennessee and Kentucky, he was able to break up the Confederate plans, and finally, by his crushing defeat of Bragg at Missionary Ridge, prepared the way for Hood's destruction at Franklin and Nashville, and Sherman's "march to the sea."

Now came his work in Virginia, which is to be touched on, and then his Presidency for two terms. During much of this time he was said to be intemperate, but if true it made no difference in the results accomplished. Mr. Lincoln was thought to be looking up Grant's brand of whiskey for some of his other generals. This General's character made him very dear to his friends. He was always true and helpful to them, and possessed a certain directness and simplicity of action that was in itself most attractive.

General Grant's conduct toward our leader in the closing scenes at Appomattox and his vigorous defense of Lee when threatened by unprincipled and powerful Northern politicians are not likely to be forgotten by the Southern people. With the passing of time his fame as a great commander appears to <mox_235>be growing, and will probably still grow after careful study of his campaigns. Only once did I have the opportunity of meeting this remarkable man. It was during the "third term" plans of the Republican party that his friends were carrying him on visits to various parts of the country. He was in

Savannah with Sheridan and others for a few days and was entertained at a handsome dinner-party, of some dozen or more leading gentlemen of the city, by General Henry R. Jackson, a wealthy and prominent Democratic citizen. He was himself a marked personality—a lawyer of eminence; had been Minister to Austria under Buchanan; was to be Minister to Mexico under Cleveland; was a poet and an orator, besides of the highest character, attainments, and social attractions. The dinner was a great success, served lavishly in the old Southern fashion, with various courses of wine, which the rough Sheridan brusquely put aside. "He wanted champagne, must have it at once." And he *did* have it from start to finish.

Grant was in excellent form, looked well and talked well; his glass was not touched. Fresh from his tour around the world he had much to say. He had been deeply interested in Japan and talked incisively of that wonderful country, really a monologue of a full hour, the table intent and absorbed in the fresh observations that fell from him. Then it became time for his departure to meet a public appointment, and we rose to bow him out. Resuming our seats and attention to the old Madeiras, we agreed that for a silent man Grant was about the most interesting one we had recently found. His talk was clean-cut, simple, direct, and clear.<mox_236>

The General-in-Chief made his headquarters near Culpeper. The Army of the Potomac was about 130,000 strong in aggregate, and consisted of Hancock's Second Corps, Warren's Fifth, and Sedgwick's Sixth; besides Burnside's Ninth, held apart near Rappahannock railroad bridge. Lee's army lay west of the Rapidan, R. H. Anderson's division facing Madison Court House; the Second and Third Corps (Ewell's and Hill's), two divisions of the First, and Alexander's artillery were at Mechanics-ville; Pickett's division of the First was south of the James. Our strength is stated by Colonel Taylor to have been 63,998.

We were at no loss to understand Grant's intention. The Northern papers, as well as himself, had boldly and brutally announced the purpose of "attrition"—that is, the Federals could stand the loss of four or five men to the Confederates' one, and threw nice strategy into the background. It was known that we were almost past recruiting our thin ranks, and the small figures of the army as it now stood; while the double numbers of the Federals could be reproduced from the immense resources in population, not to speak of their foreign field of supplies under inducement of liberal bounties.

Grant started his march the night of May 3d, via Germanna and Elys Fords, Wilson's and Gregg's cavalry leading. Burnside was also ordered to him.

The Wilderness was a wild, tangled forest of stunted trees, with in places impassable undergrowth, lying between Fredericksburg and Orange Court House, probably sixteen or seventeen miles square. Some farm clearings and a shanty or two for a few <mox_237>poor inhabitants might occasionally be seen. Two principal roads penetrated this repulsive district, the Orange Plank Road and the turnpike. The ground generally lay flat and level.

And now was to begin the last and greatest of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. The campaign of *attrition* on one side met and foiled by the fine flower of the ablest strategy on the other. It was Grant's stubborn perseverance, indifferent to the loss of life, against Lee's clear insight and incessant watchfulness. Our army always ready, ever fighting, was to hold the Federal forces from the Wilderness to the final break at Petersburg, from May to March, ten months of supreme effort, most exhaustive to a

commander. Marshall Marmont says, "The attacking general has, to a large extent, command of the mind of his defensive opponents." It is doubtless true, but Lee often gave his mind necessary relief and chanced success by a sudden initiative against Grant. The latter would unexpectedly find part of his army attacked with swift energy and would get something for his mind to work on besides the control of Lee's.

Referring to the disparity of numbers, we did in truth want men. A little detail will show how we had to economize them. Until recently there had been small cavalry details at general headquarters and with corps and division chiefs. These, however, were all sent back to serve with the regimental colors, and the courier service they had been doing taken up by assignments of men from the infantry ranks who could keep themselves mounted.

Six were allowed for corps headquarters, four for divisions, and two for brigades. Being picked men, <mox_238>the service was well performed; but the time was not far off when these able men had again to take up their muskets by their colors. Disabled fellows who could ride but did no marching were put at the important courier duties and did well! The enemy said we were robbing the cradle and the grave, and it was more or less true.

Maj.-Gen. J. B. Kershaw, a lawyer from South Carolina, was one of the most distinguished and efficient officers of the Virginia army. His service had been long and uninterrupted. Coming out with a fine South Carolina regiment among the first to be sent to Virginia, his abilities soon made him its colonel. He served long in that rank, his steady courage and military aptitude invariably showing handsomely in the arduous service of his regiment.

It was one of those forming the South Carolina Brigade of McLaws's division. Longstreet was quick to perceive Kershaw's merit and recommended him for promotion. It was sometime coming. But when he was brigadier-general and placed in command of the brigade he maintained his high reputation fully. In 1864 he was promoted to be major-general, and continuing his service with Longstreet's corps, his conduct and abilities were conspicuous until the very end of hostilities. General Kershaw was of most attractive appearance, soldierly and handsome, of medium size, well set up, light hair and moustache, with clean-cut, high-bred features.

Grant's movement was soon made known to Lee, and the latter prepared to strike. It was his way, he waited not for the blow; better give it, was a large part of his strategy. It was thought Grant <mox_239>could best be met by a stroke as he marched. The Second and Third Corps were ordered forward by the Plank Road. Our own two divisions, Field's and Kershaw's, the latter commanding in McLaws's place, and Alexander's batteries were near Gordonsville and ordered to move by the Plank Road to Parker's Store. The route was changed at General Longstreet's request, and he found a good guide in James Robinson, well known to our Quartermaster Taylor, who lived at Orange Court House. We were at Richard's shop at 5 p.m. on May 5th, Rosser's cavalry then being engaged at that point with part of Sheridan's; the latter moving off when we came up. The march had been twenty-eight miles, and there orders from the Commanding General were received for changing direction so as to unite with other troops on the Plank Road. Directions conforming were issued to resume march at midnight.

Both armies being now in quick motion, the collision was soon to come; indeed, had already come with Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, ending late that night after fierce battle. I make no attempt at detail of all Confederate and Union movements, but the great battle

of the Wilderness is now to be fought and the important part in it taken by the First Army Corps briefly sketched.

Strange to say, the two divisions of our Third Corps, Heth's and Wilcox's, after their severe battle made no attempt at defensive field work or trenching when firing ceased that night. In explanation, it is said they expected to be withdrawn and consequently did no work nor replenished their ammunition. <mox_240>But Hancock, accomplished general that he was, suffered himself to fall into no such pit. He had his men at work all night strengthening his position, and was thus enjoying the soldier's high feeling of confidence; and then with the sun he let fly at the troops in front of him, apparently inviting attack with no ground defenses whatever. It was distressing to realize such failure in the field work, and the result came near a great disaster.

Longstreet had moved at 1 a.m., the march being difficult and slow in the dense forest by side tracks and deep furrowed roadways. At daylight he was on the Plank Road and in close touch with Lee when Hancock struck the two unprepared divisions. The situation when we came on the scene, that of May 6th, was appalling. Fugitives from the broken lines of the Third Corps were pouring back in disorder and it looked as if things were past mending. But not so to James Longstreet; never did his great qualities as a tenacious, fighting soldier shine forth in better light. He instantly took charge of the battle, and threw his two divisions across the Plank Road, Kershaw on the right, Field on the left. None but seasoned soldiers like the First Corps could have done even that much. I have always thought that in its entire splendid history the simple act of forming line in that dense undergrowth, under heavy fire and with the Third Corps men pushing to the rear through the ranks, was perhaps its greatest performance for steadiness and inflexible courage and discipline. Hill's men were prompt to collect and reform in our rear and soon were ready for better work. General Lee was under great excitement <mox_241>immediately on the left. He wanted to lead some of our troops into action, but the Texas brigade was about him and swore they would do nothing unless he retired. A confident message from Longstreet through Colonel Venable that his line would be restored within an hour also helped him to regain his calm; and then at it we went in earnest, on both sides of the road. Hancock's success had loosened his ranks somewhat, which helped us when we fell on him. It was a hard shock of battle by six of our brigades, three on each side of the road. No artillery came into play, the ground not being fit for it. The enemy's advance was checked, then wavered, and finally relinquished; our troops pushing forward into the recovered lines. Longstreet had redeemed his promise to his commander. Meantime sharp work had also been going on at the left by Lieu-tenant-General Ewell—the never sleeping Ewell—and the prospects were bright.

R. H. Anderson, with Hill's corps, had come up and reported to Longstreet, who posted part of it on the right. Latrobe, of our staff, had received painful wounds in the thigh and hand, in this fight, while pushing the men forward. It had taken several hours to achieve this and a slight pause in the activities of the armies occurred. Gen. M. L. Smith, an engineer from General Headquarters, had reported to Longstreet and examined the situation on our right, where he discovered the enemy's left somewhat exposed and inviting attack; and now came our turn. General Longstreet, calling me, said: "Colonel, there is a fine chance of a great attack by our right. If you will quickly get into <mox_242>those woods, some brigades will be found much scattered from the fight. Collect them and take charge. Form a good line and then move, your right pushed forward and turning as much

as possible to the left. Hit hard when you start, but don't start until you have everything ready. I shall be waiting for your gun fire, and be on hand with fresh troops for further advance."

No greater opportunity could be given to an aspiring young staff officer, and I was quickly at work. The brigades of Anderson, Mahone, and Wofford were lined up in fair order and in touch with each other. It was difficult to assemble them in that horrid Wilderness, but in an hour we were ready. The word was given, and then with heavy firing and ringing yells we were upon Hancock's exposed left, the brigades being ably commanded by their respective officers. It was rolled back line after line. I was well mounted, and despite the tangled growth could keep with our troops in conspicuous sight of them, riding most of the charge with Mahone's men and the Eighteenth Virginia. Some correspondence will be found in the Appendix about it. A stand was attempted by a reserve line of Hancock's, but it was swept off its feet in the tumultuous rush of our troops, and finally we struck the Plank Road lower down. On the other side of it was Wadsworth's corps in disorder. (I had last seen him under flag of truce at Fredericksburg.) Though the old General was doing all possible to fight it, his men would not stay. A volley from our pursuing troops brought down the gallant New Yorker, killing both rider and horse.<mox_243>

There was still some life left in the General, and every care was given him by our surgeon. Before they could get to him, however, some of his valuables—watch, sword, glasses, etc.—had disappeared among the troops. One of the men came up with, "Here, Colonel, here's his map." It was a good general map of Virginia, and of use afterwards. We were then so disorganized by the chase through the woods that a halt was necessary to reform, and I hastened back to General Longstreet to press for fresh troops. There was no need with him. He had heard our guns, knew what was up, and was already marching, happy at the success, to finish it with the eager men at his heels.

There was quite a party of mounted officers and men riding with him—Generals Kersaw and Jenkins, the staff, and orderlies. Jenkins, always enthusiastic, had thrown his arm about my shoulder, with, "Sorrel, it was splendid; we shall smash them now." And turning back I was riding by Longstreet's side, my horse's head at his crupper, when firing broke out from our own men on the roadside in the dense tangle.

The Lieutenant-General was struck. He was a heavy man, with a very firm seat in the saddle, but he was actually lifted straight up and came down hard. Then the lead-torn coat, the orifice close to the right shoulder pointed to the passage of the heavy bullet of those days. His staff immediately dismounted him, at foot of a branching tree, bleeding profusely.

The shot had entered near the throat and he was almost choked with blood. Doctor Cullen, his <mox_244>medical director, was quickly on the spot. Even then the battle was in the leader's mind, and he sent word to Major-General Field to go straight on. He directed me to hasten to General Lee, report what had been accomplished, and urge him to continue the movement he was engaged on; the troops being all ready, success would surely follow, and Grant, he firmly believed, be driven back across the Rapidan. I rode immediately to General Lee, and did not again see my chief until his return to duty in October. The fatal firing that brought him down also killed General Jenkins, Captain Foley and several orderlies. Jenkins was a loss to the army—brave, ardent, experienced and highly trained, there was much to expect of him.

The firing began among some of the Virginia troops that had rushed the attack. Our detour was such that it was quite possible to expect the capture of prisoners, and when Longstreet's party was seen, followed by Jenkins's brigade and part of Kershaw's command, in the shaded light of the dense tangle, a shot or two went off, then more, and finally a strong fusilade. The officers of our party acted splendidly in the effort to avert confusion and stop the deadly firing. General Kershaw was conspicuous about it, and our signal officer, Captain J. H. Manning, deliberately, calmly rode through the fire up to the Virginians, holding up his hands and making signs that we were friends. This happened between twelve and one o'clock. My report to General Lee was, as instructed, immediate. I found him greatly concerned by the wounding of Longstreet and his loss to the army. He was most minute in his inquiries and was pleased <moz_245>to praise the handling of the flank attack. Longstreet's message was given, but the General was not in sufficient touch with the actual position of the troops to proceed with it as our fallen chief would have been able to do; at least, I received that impression, because activity came to a stop for the moment. A new attack with stronger forces was settled on. It was to be made direct on the enemy's works, lower down the Plank Road, in the hope of dislodging him.

But meantime the foe was not idle. He had used the intervening hours in strengthening his position and making really formidable works across the road. When the Confederate troops assaulted them late in the afternoon they met with a costly repulse, and with this the principal operations on our part of the field ceased for the day; it was coming on dark.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXXI—Coincidences—Longstreet's Successor

Longstreet borne from the field—His letter to Lee from Lynch-burg—Return of General Wadsworth's map to his son—Coincidence in the wounding of Jackson and Longstreet—General Lee summons me—Talks of assignment to command of First Corps—He decides on General Richard H. Anderson.

<mox_246>

General Longstreet was first taken to the house of his quartermaster, Major Taylor, near by, and thence, when he could be moved, to Lynchburg. From there he wrote to General Lee of this attack on Hancock's left as conducted by myself, and I trust it may not be considered out of place to insert that letter here.

"General Longstreet's book has caused to be brought forth quite a number of incidents of the late war which that distinguished Confederate necessarily passed over briefly in his narrative. In the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, Longstreet's corps moved to the support of A. P. Hill's corps early in the morning and checked the onward movement of the enemy. In this attack General G. M. Sorrel (then lieutenant-colonel and chief of staff of General Longstreet), under the orders of his chief, took Mahone's, Wofford's and G. T. Anderson's brigades, and, swinging around to the right, the Confederates carried everything before them. For his gallantry on that occasion, Colonel Sorrel was <mox_247>made a brigadier-general on the recommendation of General Longstreet, in the subjoined letter:

LYNCHBURG, VA., May 19, 1864.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, *Commanding, etc.*

SIR: The peculiar character of the position occupied by the enemy in my front on the 6th inst. was such as to render a direct assault impracticable. After a brief consultation with the commanding general, a move was agreed upon, turning and attacking the enemy's left flank. Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, my chief of staff, was assigned to represent me in this flank movement, with instructions as to the execution of it. The flank attack, made by three brigades, was to be followed by a corresponding movement of the other brigades of the command. This attack, made under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, was executed with much skill, promptness, and address, and the enemy was driven from his position' in haste and some confusion.

It occurs to me that this is one of the instances of skill, ability and gallantry on the battle-field which should commend itself to the high approval of the Executive.

I, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Lieu-tenant-Colonel Sorrel's promotion to brigadier-general for distinguished conduct on this occasion. I should have reported this case much earlier and asked for promotion upon the spot, but that I was struck down by a painful wound a few moments after the execution of the movement. I am still unable to write and hence must ask the privilege of signing this by my aide-de-camp.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed.) **J. LONGSTREET,**
Lieutenant-General.

(Signed.) **By T. J. GOREE,**

Hancock said long after to Longstreet, "You rolled me up like a wet blanket and it was some hours before I could reorganize for battle."

Many years after this great struggle, opportunity was given me of placing with Hon. John Wadsworth, M. C., son of the general, the map before referred to as taken from his father when he fell. <mox_248>In making his acknowledgments it was gratifying to learn that nearly all the other belongings of this gallant officer had gradually, by kindness of friends, found their way back into the family possessions.

Some coincidences in the fall of Jackson and Longstreet are not without interest.

On *May 3*, 1863, Lieutenant-General Jackson, great corps commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was struck down by the fire of his own men while executing a successful flank movement in the Wilderness at the battle of Chancellorsville. On *May 6*, 1864, just one year later, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, the other great corps commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was also struck down by the fire of his own men while conducting a successful flank movement, and this on almost the same ground.

While one fell (unhappily mortally wounded) at Chancellorsville and the other at Wilderness, both names apply to that singular district, and the two points were not very wide part.

At sunrise, on the 7th, I was summoned to the Commander-in-Chief and promptly reported. General Lee received me most kindly and at once withdrew under a neighboring tree. "I must speak to you, Colonel," he opened, "about the command of the First Corps." He then in substance went on to say that the two major-generals of the corps present were too recent for the command (Pickett does not appear to have been thought of) and an officer must be assigned. He had three in mind: Major-Generals Early, Edward Johnson, and Richard H. Anderson, and did me the honor to invite my opinion. "You <mox_249>have," he said, "been with the corps since it started as a brigade, and should be able to help me."

At once I saw the need of giving all the assistance possible and that I must use every care in judgment.

Thanking the General for his unprecedented confidence, I said that probably Early would be the ablest commander of the three named, but would also be the most unpopular in our corps. His flings and irritable disposition had left their marks, and there had been one or two occasions when some ugly feelings had been aroused while operating in concert. I feared he would be objectionable to both officers and men. "And now, Colonel, for my friend Ed. Johnson; he is a splendid fellow." "All say so, General," was my answer—and I fully believed it—but he is quite unknown to the corps. His reputation is so high that perhaps he would prove all that could be wished, but I think that some one personally known to the corps would be preferred."

This brought the commander to Gen. Richard H. Anderson, and I was led to say, without presuming to criticize him or point out his merits or demerits (there are probably plenty of both), "*We know him* and shall be satisfied with him." He was long a brigadier with us, tried and experienced; then a major-general until withdrawn to make up the Third Corps.

"Thank you, Colonel," said General Lee. "I have been interested, but Early would make a fine corps commander." Being dismissed, I hastened back to camp, full of thoughts as to who was to command us. It looked from the General's closing words as if it would be Early (I am sure he preferred him), <mox_250>but no, Anderson was the man. Later, the

same day, came the order assigning chivalrous, deliberate "Dick" Anderson to the command of the First Army Corps and it was not very long before he was made lieutenant-general.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)
**Chapter XXXII—Battles Of Spottsylvania C. H., May 10 And 12,
And Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.**

The night's horrors—The forest on fire—Sufferings of the wounded—On same ground May 7th—Anderson in command of First Corps—Characteristics—The great strategic contest between Grant and Lee—Grant moves for Spottsylvania Court House—Lee follows in time—Both sides entrench—Union attack of 10th checked—Not so on the 12th—Edward Johnson's division suddenly assailed—Is captured with guns and colors—A serious loss keenly felt—Salient was exposed—New line established—Terrific fire for its possession by Gordon's fresh troops—We hold the new ground after heavy losses—Sedgwick killed on 10th—Stuart, our cavalry leader, shot on May 12th—General Lee not in good health—Attack by Grant at Cold Harbor—Great slaughter of Union soldiers—Assaults abandoned—Grant asks for truce to bury dead—Lee in doubt as to enemy's movements—Grant stole a march and nearly had Petersburg—Saved by Beauregard—Reinforcements and losses—An accident by falling chimney—Death of Colonel Edward Willis—General Hampton assigned to command of cavalry—Sketch.

<mox_251>

The night was hideous. The brush and undergrowth had taken fire from the musketry and flames and smoke were obscuring everything. The numerous parties out for burying the dead and gathering the wounded were much impeded and many wounded must have perished, hidden from sight of man in that awful burnt tangle. These duties and close search continued all next day.

Our new commander, General Anderson, took the corps early on the 7th, during which the armies lay <mox_252>quiet after the battle. Grant was not aggressive, nor were we. The Federal commander's reflections may have been sombre. Expecting only a march, he had found bloody battles, for the Army of Northern Virginia was always in front of him. On the other hand, Lee was doubtless in the full gravity of the immense responsibilities before him and his severe losses.

It was from now until June 14th, when Grant reached his pontoon bridge over the James on his way to the new scene of action at Petersburg, a game to the death for the possession of Richmond. His able and powerful movements were to throw his army between Lee and our capital. He found Lee always, not the capital, and the movements, which shall not be detailed too much, were steadily on that line. Our General invariably penetrated his adversary's design and objective and was there—perhaps in a hurry and breathless, but there; and enough of us were ready to make necessary another march of the Union left.

Following then his original plan, Grant, on the night of the 7th, made a rapid flank movement to secure Spottsylvania Court House. Immediately part of our corps moved with General Anderson and arrived at the Court House contemporaneously with the Northerners.

The march through the scorched and smoking Wilderness was most painful. The Union men, a little in advance, had seized the best strategic point, but were driven off by our arrival, and on the 9th we found each other in line of battle, both sides entrenching

wherever they might stand.<mox_253>

On the 10th the enemy made a handsome dash at Ewell's left and dislodged it, taking two guns. General Lee wanted to lead for recovery, but was dissuaded. The enemy being attacked was made to give up the line and the guns.

It was in this affair that Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick, commander of Grant's Sixth Corps, was killed. A bullet pierced his head from a great distance. He and Lee had been warm friends, and the latter expressed many regrets.

There was a salient on Ewell's line, occupied by Edward Johnson's division, that Lee rightly considered dangerous to our security. Another line across the base was ordered constructed and the exposed artillery transferred to it. Before arrangements could be completed and before the artillery could be pushed forward again, Johnson was fiercely assailed at sunrise on the 12th by a heavy column massed for the purpose during the night. Most of the division was captured, including Major-General Johnson and Brigadier-General Stewart.

Lee's position instantly became perilous. He was cut in twain and fully realized it. Good work was done in repairing the break and strong bodies of troops moved from right and left to check the enemy's further advance. General Lee was under intense anxiety, plainly evinced, and was quite on the point of leading his fresh troops for restoring the line. Gen. J. B. Gordon, however, came on the scene, got the General back in his right place, and after a short, impassioned address to the troops, attacked most vigorously with the other generals. Truly it was the center of a fire from hell itself! <mox_254>The Federals lining the two sides of the captured salient and the Confederates at the base poured forth a fusillade that could not be exceeded. Nothing uncovered could live in such a fire—trees were felled, trunks cut by small-arm bullets! The Union advance was checked, but we failed to recover our first lines and rested with a new one better drawn.

The army felt keenly the loss of Johnson's division and guns, but our lines were not again forced in the field. Reinforcements poured into the Union army, Grant waiting quietly until the 18th for assembling them from Washington, occasionally also doing some maneuvering. Our own army was likewise in quiet inaction, but unhappily receiving no such reinforcements.

General Anderson, as already stated, was well known to us, and fell easily into position as corps commander. During the events just sketched he had shown commendable prudence and an intelligent comprehension of the work in hand. He was a very brave man, but of a rather inert, indolent manner for commanding troops in the field, and by no means pushing or aggressive. My relations with him were uniformly pleasant. He seemed to leave the corps much to his staff, while his own meditative disposition was constantly soothed by whiffs from a noble, cherished meerschaum pipe in process of rich coloring. He was a short, thick, stocky figure, with good features and agreeable expression. I sometimes found myself sleeping in the same tent with him. He had a way on waking of sitting on his bed and proceeding to mend and patch his belongings out of a well-filled tailor's "necessaire" he <mox_255>always carried—clothing, hats, boots, bridles, saddles, everything came handy to him. He caught me once watching this work, and said, smiling: "You are wondering, I see; so did my wife when first married. She thought she should do the mending, but I told her I ought to have a little recreation occasionally."

We heard of Stuart's death near the Yellow Tavern on May 12th. It caused indescribable feeling in the army.

The great cavalry leader was so known to us all, officers and men; had passed through so much without hurt; his devotion to Lee was so thoroughly appreciated, and our sense of security against surprise so confident with him in the saddle that deep was our grief. His disposition so happy and sunny, his enterprise so untiring, his soul so valiant, all sprang to our memories. It was really after the battle that he fell, by an outpost bullet, when he should have been safe.

Long years after, on a glorious day in May, Confederate veterans thronged Richmond to dedicate the statue of their beloved commander.

The flower-strewn city—grim war having long since given way to gentle peace—was gay with lovely women and their happy smiles; while bright bunting, our own starry cross and the stars and stripes, conspicuous with flags of all nations, made the streets a mass of flaming color.

It was as one of the marshals that I was assisting on the memorable occasion, and dear friends at the fine old Virginia estate, the Stewart's hospitable "Brook Hill," near the city, had made me their <mox_256>guest. The gracious hostess, growing if possible more lovely with advancing years, recalled from far back that historic toast and beauty of old Virginia, Evelyn Byrd, from whose family she descended; there this pictured chatelaine of Brook Hill, encompassed by accomplished daughters, dispensed a charming hospitality.

On one of those days Miss Stewart drove me to the spot where Stewart fell, about half way between their residence and the old Yellow Tavern. A small stone shaft by the roadside marked it. There we feelingly recalled his deeds and fame, and placed upon it our flower tokens. It was pleasant to see, too, the young people and children of the countryside tenderly placing their own remembrances on the hero's column. The valiant rider was not forgotten !

On the 18th we sustained on our lines another attack. It was easily resisted, and then Grant, two days after, started toward Bowling Green. Lee was quick to move for Hanover Junction and offered battle there. Grant declining, moved about May 25th on a detour to the east—Lee always parallel and Richmond behind him.

Our Commander-in-Chief was far from well physically. Colonel Taylor, his adjutant-general, says the indisposition was more serious than generally supposed. Those near him were very apprehensive lest he should be compelled to give up. General Early writes: "One of his three corps commanders had been disabled by wounds at Wilderness. Another was too iii to command his corps, while he himself was suffering from a most annoying and weakening <mox_257>disease." Only his indomitable will and devotion could keep him in the field. To them we owe his patriotic adherence to the command of his unexampled army.

About the 30th the Confederate army was in battle order near Atlee's Station, but General Grant continued his flank movement, Lee by him, in an easterly direction, and on June 3d the two armies confronted each other at Cold Harbor, the Confederates hastily entrenching, as usual.

It was historic ground. We had fought on part of it on the eventful days of June 26, 27, 28, 1862. Here the Federal commander, weary of Lee and the oft-repeated march, made up his mind evidently to finish things. He attacked us with the utmost ferocity, but in vain. The assaults were delivered repeatedly but always repulsed with frightful carnage, and finally men could do no more. The officers with drawn swords pointed the way, but the men stood motionless in their ranks, a silent, effective protest against further "attrition."

Our men were steady in their field works and suffered but little loss. A section of a Savannah battery, commanded by Lieutenant Ross Faligant, was on our line and conspicuous for its brilliant work. Swinton, the historian, says, "The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was over 13,000, while on the part of the Confederates it is doubtful if it reached that many hundreds."

General Grant was late in asking for a truce to bury his dead, but finally did so. The sight in our front was sickening, heartrending to the stoutest soldier. Nothing like it was seen during the war, <mox_258>and that awful mortality was inflicted in but little more than an hour! The Union commander afterwards announced in general orders that no more assaults on entrenched lines should be made. He then continued his movement eastward. Lee was for a short time in painful doubt whether Grant would cross the river or hold his route up the north side. It was solved by Grant's bridge and rapid crossing, Lee having barely time to throw his van into Petersburg. Grant had nearly stolen the march on him.

The latter had expected to capture the town by surprise, a coup de main. He was foiled by Beauregard and Wise and some brave militia and home guards. They defended the position until succor came, by the head of Lee's column hastening to the rescue. Beauregard's conduct on this occasion was admirable, and much was owing to him, for which I doubt if full acknowledgment has been made.

According to official returns the Union losses since May 5th had been 6,700 killed, wounded and missing—3,000 more than Lee numbered at the opening of the campaign. Grant had received in reinforcements 51,000 muskets, including Smith's four brigades. Lee's were 14,000.

From Wilderness to Cold Harbor: Lee's aggregate, 78,400; Grant's aggregate, 192,600.

! place here an incident less dismal than the reflections brought up by the foregoing gruesome figures.

At one of the small rivers in the sharp campaign just ended we were in line on the south side inviting battle. The enemy were on the other side, but with no intention of crossing. He contented himself with <mox_259>abundant artillery practise, and made everything uncomfortable in range of his shell. We found no need of making reply and saved our ammunition. Our corps headquarters had made halt for the time in a beautiful grove, where stood a large, old-fash-ioned Virginia residence, a great house of wooden framing, with two immense brick chimneys at each gable, the chimneys stretching far above the roof apex.

The shelling was so frequent and the small fragments flying everywhere so annoying that most of us got under the lee of a gable. We knew it would not resist a shell, but could fend off the offensive fragments. General Anderson was coolly walking about the grove, sucking his big pipe, and warned us that if a shell struck one of the chimneys there might be trouble. We were perhaps two dozen sitting there, officers, orderlies, and some horses held by the bridle. Anderson was right. A crash, a bursting roar, and down came bricks and mortar on those not quick enough to skip out of the way. I myself lost no time, and was unhurt, as also were the others of the staff. But two of the couriers had a bad time of it. Hardy, my Chickamauga man, and Tucker, from Milledgeville, had, one a broken leg, the other a fractured arm. Both were put into an ambulance and, cursing and reviling at being wounded by loose brick-bats instead of honorable bullets, were carried to the rear. The laugh was decidedly on us.

A loss, personal to me as well as to the army, happened during the marches, in which there was sometimes severe fighting by parts of the armies <mox_260>not mentioned in the narrative. General Early, a most enterprising, resourceful officer, was much given to forced reconnaissances. They usually seemed to me unnecessary and wasted men by death and wounds. Their intention was to ascertain accurately the positive strength and morale of the enemy, and generally a brigade was told off for the service. It appeared to me that the information could be gathered by scouts and picked men without sacrificing the ranks, but General Early thought differently. On one of these movements the Virginia brigade of Pegram (who was absent, wounded) was commanded by Col. Edward Willis, of the Twelfth Georgia Infantry. His was a fine character. Just from West Point at the outbreak of the war, he threw himself into the army with ardor, became colonel of the fine Twelfth Georgia Infantry, worthily succeeding Ed. Johnson, and was about to be made brigadier-general when ordered to the reconnaissance in force. He was shot down, mortally wounded—the gallant, fair-headed, white-skinned, slight young colonel (he was very young), valiantly leading the brigade.

Our position was at some distance, but I was immediately sent for. Our families had long been neighbors and friends in Savannah, and young Willis was soon to be one of us by a still closer tie. I was quickly by his side. He died on my arm, but not before whispering loving messages for home and to that one he bore on his brave heart to its last beat. The remains of this brilliant young soldier were sent home, accompanied by a guard of honor picked from the brigade by his division commander.<mox_261>

Major-General Hampton succeeded Stuart in command of the cavalry. This officer had served from the very beginning of the war with high distinction, had proved himself a careful, vigilant, as well as enterprising cavalry leader, and possessed the confidence of the cavalry troops. General Lee gave him his own without reservation and his hearty support in every situation.

General Hampton was of fine presence, a bold horseman, a swordsman, and of the most undaunted courage. He had received several wounds, but was now in robust health.

His family were identified with South Carolina from its earliest settlement, and grew to be of commanding importance and wealth.

He rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and after the war performed great political services to his State within her borders and as her Senator at Washington.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXXIII—The Siege Of Petersburg, June, 1864, To March, 1865

Siege of Petersburg—Lines closely drawn—Attacks on Lee's right—Mahone's defense—Mining for an explosion—North side threatened—Troops sent—Capture of Battery Harrison—Lee's attempt to retake it—The repulse—General Lee and General Pemberton—Attack on Fort Gilmer—Negroes in the van—General Lee's activity—His head-quarters—Enemy's fire on Petersburg—Meeting with Twelfth Virginia Infantry—Lee attacks in front of Richmond—Beats Kautz and takes his cannon—Kautz retreats to a fort—Lee attacks and is repulsed—Union troops armed with Spencer rifles—General Lee's quick eye for horses—Ewell's fall from his horse—Kershaw's Division sent to Valley—Destruction of barns and houses—Kershaw returns—Capture of a remount—The crater—Intercourse between pickets—Continuous firing—General E. P. Alexander's love of shooting.

<mox_262>

The siege of Petersburg had now begun. It is certain that Lee had had a narrow escape in getting there in time. Grant had nearly beaten him and indeed should have taken the place, notwithstanding Beauregard's boldness. The Union generals had been explaining with some heated recriminations how they failed to be in possession before Lee came up. The latter on the north side had been for hours under intense anxious uncertainty in discovering Grant's move, whether a crossing or continued march on the north side.

The lines were closely drawn and severe fighting ensued. Digging began in earnest on both sides. <mox_263>Salients, traverses, bastions, forts, trenches, covered ways, parallel, zig-zags, and all the other devices for the taking and defense of fortified cities were resorted to. Our left rested on the Appomattox River and was so close to the enemy's line that a biscuit could be thrown across, and conversation went on constantly between the fighters, who the next minute were firing at any head or arm that might be incautiously exposed. Our works stretched from the left around the town to the Weldon Road on the right, and this was an object of Lee's constant solicitude. It was our direct railroad to the South, and Grant in possession would have our communications cut and supplies broken off. For months it was the Federal General's incessant effort to accomplish it. His great numbers made it possible, but Lee always managed, notwithstanding, to have a defense.

At Reams Station Major-General Mahone performed great service in beating back the force sent to seize the road at that point. Later in the siege, mining began by the enemy. The result was the appalling hour of the crater explosion by which very many Confederates perished, and then in the great combat that followed for recapturing the ground, hundreds of Federals fell. Mahone was conspicuous in restoring the broken lines.

But the story of the siege of Petersburg—eight months—is not to be told in a few pages. It was a struggle from day to day, night to night, and filled with picturesque scenes of individual daring and valor, sorties and stratagems. There was often quiet massing of columns for heavy assaults on points supposed to be relatively weak. We sustained many of <mox_264>these but the lines were maintained. Lee also made some hard drives at his opponent with varying success. All, however, pointed to only one thing—the wasting of our unrecruited strength and the apparently limitless numbers available for the Union

Army.

While such operations were carried on south of the James, General Grant was not idle on the north side. A strong force was held there threatening Richmond, and our commander had to provide for it out of his thin ranks and keep some show of strength in front of our capital, immensely aided, however, by the excellent lines of field works that environed the city. These conditions brought about considerable shifting of our two divisions. Field and Ker-shaw were between the Petersburg lines and the north side, and Pickett's division was defending what was known as the Chesterfield lines between Petersburg and Richmond, but was not threatened.

A strong force of the enemy had massed north of the James and captured a powerful earthwork known as Battery Harrison on our extreme right. General Lee had come on the scene with one of the First Corps divisions and other troops. He decided to retake the fort, attaching great importance to its possession. An assaulting column of three good brigades was organized, Bratton's South Carolina regiments among them. Captain Sorrel, then adjutant-general, shook hands with me as they started forward, almost "a forlorn hope," and I thought never to see him alive again. But he came out safe among many killed and wounded, the assault being repulsed with great loss. A new line was entrenched and fortified, thrown back to right and rear. <mox_265>

General Lee, when he liked, could sit down pretty hard on words not agreeable to him. An example was given that night. With his staff and several general officers he was at the Chaffin farm-house on the James, reviewing the serious events of the day. General Pemberton, after the fall of Vicksburg, being without assignment, had assumed his rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Regular Army, and as such was on engineer duty on the Richmond line of defenses. He was present and, speaking of Battery Harrison, said with something like superior confidence, "I presume, General, you will retake the fort. coûte que coûte." Lee's sad, steady eyes rested on that unfortunate officer as he slowly said: "General Pemberton, I made my effort this morning and failed, losing many killed and wounded. I have ordered another line provided for that point and shall have no more blood shed at the fort unless you can show me a practical plan of capture; perhaps you can. I shall be glad to have it." There was no answer from Pemberton.

General Lee had had an anxious day; all of it was occupied in meeting the enemy's attacks. There was an especially severe one on Fort Gilmer by Ben Butler's command, with negro regiments pushed in front of the assailing whites. Fortunately we had a staunch regiment in the fort, which beat back the attacking column.

A hundred or two of the negroes, half crazed with whiskey, got into the ditch of the fort and refused surrender.

Our men lighted some shells, rolled them over the parapet and quickly brought the darkies to subjection. It was an ugly affair all through. <mox_266>

And so the siege passed. One day strong detachments must be made to meet powerful movements against our extreme right flank, and requires the leaders' presence. Truly never was a leader called on for greater performance. General Lee's health was now fortunately stronger and his activity most wonderful.

He was in comfortable quarters at the Turnbull House, offered for his use by the owner. Our own were not far distant, and quite comfortable in tents and small houses. The routine life of the town passed from day to day without excitement. The people had become accustomed to shell and bullets and made no ado when they whizzed about their

heads.

I do not think the enemy's fire was directed especially at the non-combatant part of the town, but much of it got there all the same. A new accession to our staff was Captain Dunn, of Petersburg, an excellent gentleman, with us now for several months. A shell burst on him while bathing in his house, and smashed things all around, but the A.D.

C. and his family escaped. A bullet had found his leg before this good luck.

The citizens were very hospitable and very self-sacrificing. Too much could not be done for the soldiers. But this was the feeling and the practise all over Virginia.

As we entered Petersburg I came up with the regiments of Mahone's brigade, the Twelfth among them. They had not forgotten the Wilderness, gave me a rousing cheer, and cried out that we must again together charge these fellows in front of Petersburg. <mox_267>Their brave survivors keep me in mind still, after these many years.

General Lee, always aggressive, was quick to find opportunity of attack. He saw his enemy rather exposed at a point in front of Richmond, quickly got some troops in position, and made a dash at them in great style. It was a strong force of infantry and cavalry under General Kautz, and he left eight or nine guns, many prisoners, and some colors in our hands, retiring to a strong fort and defenses about a mile in his rear. Our General decided to have it and follow up his first success. Gregg's Texas Brigade and two others—seasoned troops were thrown at Kautz's fort. We could not live against its fire—no troops could. His men were armed with the Spencer magazine rifles and such a fire had never before jarred and stunned us. We had to retire and resume our positions. Losses were considerable, among them Brig.-Gen. John Gregg, commanding the Texas Brigade—a very able officer.

General Lee was fond of horses and had always an eye to them. When the first attack was made my brother, Captain Sorrel, was mounted on a nice young mare I had just given him. At the first onset she was shot, and horse and rider were both in the mud. It happened almost under General Lee's eyes.

Some days after, the General meeting Sorrel on the road kindly asked if he were hurt, and was sorry for the loss of the mare. "But I have got another, General," said the Captain. "Yes, two it seems," the General answered as he rode off, smiling. Sorrel's bewilderment was removed when later on it became plain that the new purchase was in foal.

<mox_268>

When Ewell, one leg gone, was forced to relinquish field work and take leave of his corps, the old warrior insisted on other duty, and was assigned to command of the inner line of defenses about Richmond. General Lee, with Ewell, Anderson, and a number of other officers, and some of our staff, was examining a new line of defense with that trained engineer's eye of his, Ewell riding by him. The latter was so good a horseman that his one leg was equal to most riders' two, but his horse stumbling, down came both—an awful cropper. I made sure the General's head and neck were cracked. He was picked up, no bones broken, but an "object" about the head; scratched, bruised, torn and bloody. Lee instantly ordered him back to Richmond and to stay there until completely well.

In two or three hours he was again on the lines, and such a sight! Painfully comical it was. He had gone to the hospital, where the bald head and face were dressed. He returned swathed in bandages from crown of head to shoulders. Two little apertures for his piercing eyes and two small breathing spaces were all that was left open for the Lieu-

tenant-General. Quite indifferent, however, to such mishaps, he was sharp about his work and lipping out directions as usual.

General Lee thought to weaken the pressure on him at Petersburg and Richmond by transferring some of it to the open field of the Valley, where skilful maneuvering might offset inferior numbers. He had the temerity to detach part of his army for the purpose, and with some other commands sent General Anderson with Kershaw's division across <mox_269>the mountains. Most of the staff went with the expedition and had opportunity of witnessing Sheridan's work in destroying all the resources of that fighting-ground.

As we marched forward, the enemy slowly retiring, smoke was seen ahead on a wide range from the burning barns and granaries of the noncombatant people. Sheridan was arranging for his "crow" to carry his own rations should he venture into the Valley.

General Lee's ingenious and bold attempt did not result as he hoped. Grant could not be tempted that way. His business was at Petersburg and Richmond, and besides there were already enough of his troops in the Valley and covering Washington to answer for the safety of that capital. Our expedition was therefore soon terminated and came back to the James. The division had but two encounters in the Valley. One at Charlestown, a small affair, in which General Humphreys, commanding the Mississippi Brigade, was wounded. Another was at Front Royal, in which Wofford's brigade got caught in a bend of the river and was beaten off with loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. A dear friend, Colonel Edward Stiles, Sixteenth Georgia Regiment, was killed.

I had chance, however, before marching, after a sharp night's ride, to pay a flying visit at their home to the good ladies Hamtrammock, who had cared for me wounded at Sharpsburg. They were as pleasant as ever and the hour seemed all too short. While in the Federal lines they had supplied themselves with all sorts of little things for soldiers in <mox_270>the field, as tokens of remembrance, and I had pressed on me a pair of fine gauntlets, which seemed about everything that I wanted at the moment.

On our way back to Lee the division (Kershaw's) suddenly came up with a Union regiment of cavalry foraging at the foot of the mountains. It was a surprise to the riders, and they at once took to their heels, pressing up on the side of the mountains for escape. We had nothing but food with us, and most of the mounted regiment got safely away in small parties. Two fully-equipped ambulances, however, could not follow the riders, and were overturned in a mountain gully. One of them furnished me with an excellent mount. Two soldiers were going through its beautiful equipment, and coming among the medicines to a large vessel labeled "Spiritus frumenti" it was tossed aside with the rest of the pharmacoepia. But some one suggested that "Spiritus frumenti" might be another way of spelling whiskey—and then to see those fellows go for it!

While the commander and most of the troops of the First Corps were on the north side, the enemy's mines at Petersburg were "spring making." "The Crater" was a frightful affair, and should, it appears to me, have been prevented. We knew they were mining. Our shaft had been sunk and short galleries run out. Their working parties could be heard. Should we not have countermined actively and fought their men off in their own galleries? However, it was not done, and the "blow up," considered only barely possible, was upon us. When it came it was all that the enemy could wish. His <mox_271>plans were excellent, but miscarried by the conduct of one or more of his leading officers. The crater was at once filled with their men, many negroes among them—negroes who, as usual, primed with whiskey, had been pushed to the front and into the breach, but support failed

them.

Then came the Confederates' great work of destroying these men and recovering their mutilated line. Mahone did brilliant service. His division of five brigades was thrown at the invaders, and with other forces seized the "hole," captured or killed the unfortunates in it, and the day was ours with the works and integrity of the line restored.

I had heard much of this remarkable fight from the Georgia Brigade (it had been very conspicuous in it) that I took command of some days after.

This amusing story was told me by one of its men. Exhausted in the crater fight, he sank wearily on a log for a short rest. It moved gently and an old-fashioned negro's voice came from the log-like darky, "Please, Marster, don't shoot; I'se doin' nuttin'." The rascal had doubtless been one of the first in the crater, wild with liquor; but the Southerner was merciful and sent him to the rear.

Of course the men on both sides behind the works, so close sometimes, got tired of "potting" at each other, and taking a rest became altogether too friendly. Firing would cease and individuals and small parties appear in front bartering and chatting with the boys in blue.

Our tobacco was always good for coffee and a Northern paper. It got to be too familiar and led to desertions of our men. Their rations were of the <mox_272>poorest (one-half pound of bacon and three-quarters of a pound of cornmeal), their clothing and shoes worn and unfit for the field, and their work and duties of the hardest on our attenuated lines. Reliefs were few and far between. No wonder they sometimes weakened to better themselves, as they supposed, and stayed with the fat-jowled, well-clad, coddled up masses opposite them. But we had to stop the desertions at any price, so at night steady, continuous musketry firing was ordered, sweeping the glacis in front of our entrenchments. It cost a lot of lead and powder, but did something in holding back the weaklings in our command.

The enemy, nothing loth, returned the fire, and were good enough to send plenty of their own lead. There was considerable to be gathered during the day, and this got my friend, Gen. E. P. Alexander, into trouble. He was a many-sided character—an engineer of the highest abilities, an artillerist of great distinction, a good reconnoitering officer and an enthusiastic sportsman besides. In the early days of the war I one day met him, mounted as usual on a very sorry, doubtful-looking beast, with a pair of enormous holsters on his saddle-horn. "And what have you there, Alexander?" I asked, thinking possibly of some good edibles. "These," he said, and drew out his long telescope for reconnaissance—a very powerful glass—and from the other an enormous old-fashioned horse-pistol of immense calibre, some tiny cubes of lead, cut from bullets, and a pinch or two of gunpowder. "Quail," he said, "are eating up this country and I like them. This old pistol gives me many a mess of birds." At <mox_273>Petersburg his only want for his private gunning was lead to melt into small shot, and gathering some (after working his big gun) he received an unexpected contribution—a bullet in his shoulder, hot from the enemy, which made him a very uncomfortable wound.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

Chapter XXXIV—Longstreet's Return—Farewell To Lee

Return of Longstreet—Am promoted brigadier-general—Part-ing with the First Corps—Report to A. P. Hill and Mahone—Sketches—Assume command of brigade of Georgians—its staff—Drill and exercises—Laying out a camp—General Lee's encouragement—Want of field officers—Captain H. H. Perry—Mahone's bread ovens—Christmas, 1864—Sherman's march in Georgia—Grant's Virginia strategy—Our division moves out in bitter cold—Demonstration on our extreme right against the rail-road—Brigade forms line—No close firing—Enemy rejoins his main command—Received a slight wound—The return to camp—Its bad condition in our absence—Valuable boots burnt in bivouac—In February again ordered out to right—Serious collision with enemy in force at Hatcher's Run—General Pegram killed—Am shot in lung and borne from the field—Moved to Richmond and thence to Colonel Watts's, in southwest Virginia for convalescence—My recovery—Marriage of Doctor Sorrel—At Lynchburg—Hear of Lee's surrender—Take to the mountains—Again at Colonel Watts's—Hunter and Crook—Homeward bound—Lady Godiva—Farewell to Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia.

<mox_274>

It was in October, our corps (two divisions) being on the north side, that we had the happiness of welcoming our chief back to his command.

His right arm was quite paralyzed and useless. He had taught himself to write legibly and easily with his left. Following the advice of his doctor, he was forever pulling at the disabled arm to bring back its life and action. He succeeded, for, though never strong, its use was partially restored in later years and his pen went back to it.

I was with him but a few days. My commission as brigadier-general came unexpectedly, a note from <mox_275>my friend Burton Harrison, the President's Secretary, to the effect that it had been signed, reaching me the evening before. This was the first inkling I had of the promotion. Elsewhere it has been told how it came about, and I began preparing to move, my orders being to report to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill for command in Mahone's division. Hill's corps was on the south side in front of Petersburg. Lieut.-Col. O. Latrobe succeeded me as A. A. G. and chief of staff; an excellent assignment. A brigadier going to an organized command carries no staff with him. That is attached to the brigade, not to the general. He has one appointment, that of A.D. C. (captain's rank), personal to himself. There were many applications for the place, but sending for Spencer, private, Fort Alabama, my sergeant of couriers for several years. I almost floored the modest fellow by asking if he should like to go with me as captain. "Of course" he should, and did, and was part and parcel of that brigade of Georgians in no time until Appomattox dispersed us. I had made no mistake in him; an exceedingly useful staff officer.

Few can know how painful it was to part with my corps and its chief. I had started with them at the opening battle, handled its growing battalions into brigades and divisions, and shared its battles, expeditions, and campaigns; was proud of its renown; was known to officers and men of every regiment and had, I believe, their confidence and respect. It was much to give up, but the duty called, and on a fine morning I mounted with my A.D. C. to cross the river and take up my new billet. I shall be excused, I hope, if a little

homesickness is confessed. <mox_276>

My comrades did not let me go easily. The night before there was a farewell party of many officers at headquarters. A goodly quantity of apple-toddy was consumed, but not to hurt, and the party, General Longstreet with us for a time, was full of feeling, touching me keenly by its spontaneous demonstration.

Here ended the staff officer's duties, but his recollections will yet carry him a little way forward while commanding his brigade. The end was fast approaching, and my concluding jottings seem to belong to what has gone before.

Turning my back, then, for the first time on the glorious old First Army Corps, I reported next day at A. P. Hill's quarters. Nothing could exceed his kindness in receiving me; it continued all through my service in his corps and I had every evidence of the good feeling of this distinguished officer. I was to report next to General Mahone for command of his Georgia brigade. This remarkable man was at breakfast when I entered and immediately had me seated with him.

Maj.-Gen. William Mahone was a Virginian, about forty years of age. His appearance arrested attention. Very small both in height and frame, he seemed a mere atom with little flesh. His wife said "none." When he was shot (slightly) she was told it was only a flesh wound. "Now I know it is serious," said the good lady, "for William has no flesh whatever." Sallow of feature, sharp of eye, and very active in movement was the General; in dress quite unconventional, he affected jackets rather than coats, and on a certain hot summer's day that <mox_277>I recall he was seen, a major-general indeed, but wonderfully accoutered! A plaited brown linen jacket, *buttoned to trousers*, of same material, like a boy's; topped off by a large Panama straw hat of the finest and most beautiful texture, met our eyes, and I must say he looked decidedly comfortable. But not always was he thus attired. He could be strictly uniformed when he chose.

He had been president of the railroad between Petersburg and Norfolk, and retaining the office, managed the road all through the campaigns. Finally the enemy captured his wagon-load of railroad papers, records, etc., and Mahone was raging. It was that railway, when hostilities ended, that he combined with others connecting and gained a start into the political power and mischief he exercised in Virginia. His brigade of Virginians had not seen much hard fighting until the Wilderness, and there they did well. It was at Petersburg, in command of his division of five brigades from Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida that he justly won great reputation for brilliant achievements in defense of the beleaguered city. He was undoubtedly a general of very uncommon ability.

While we sat, I enjoyed his breakfast. A high liver, nothing could excel it, and he was never without the materials. A cow was always by his quarters and laying hens cackled loud, besides many luxuries. Delicate in physique, he had to nourish himself carefully.

I received his orders to take command of my Georgians, and mounted on my way to them. Ma-hone was said to be irritable and in some instances <mox_278>tyrannical, but for myself I had invariably nothing but consideration, and often good help from him.

The brigade was in trenches far on the right, not in very close touch with the enemy, and was having a quiet time of it with Col. William Gibson in command. He was well known in Georgia politics for some years, and a very brave officer; repeatedly wounded, but without discipline or organization. Leave of absence was allowed him to return to Georgia.

On assuming command, Captain Evans, a line officer detailed as A. A. G., supposing

that I was bringing an officer of the staff department with me, suggested that probably I should wish him to rejoin his regiment.

But I wanted him with me. He had long filled the post, was acquainted with almost every officer and man of the brigade, and was a brave and qualified officer. The command consisted of the Second, Twenty-second, Forty-eighth, and Sixty-fourth Regiments and Second and Tenth battalions, Georgia Infantry. The Sixty-fourth and Tenth battalions were late levies and had not made the great reputation of the others, while serving under Wright and Girardy. The latter was a most promising officer, promoted from captain in the brigade, and was killed at the head of it two weeks after taking command.

The Third Georgia enjoyed a reputation excelled by none in the army.

My first thought was to get supplies of clothing and shoes for the men and have the command relieved from trench duty, to which it was entitled by <mox_279>the length of service in them. Our work strengthening the defenses always went on, and there was no time for much-needed drill and military exercise.

General Lee, taking his daily ride about the lines, came on me while the working parties were digging and spading. His greeting was, "Good-morning, my young friend; I feel sorry for you." "Why so, General?" "Because you have so much to do," answered the commander, the gleaming white teeth showing his pleasant humor as he continued his ride. He generally had some such words to let one know he expected a lot of work out of him.

I was not unsuccessful as to my wants. A fair quantity of supplies were issued and orders came for relief from the trenches and to pitch good winter camps a little in the rear. It was great joy to the troops.

A good piece of woods was selected and a fine camp of winter huts laid out and built according to regulations, with battalion fronts and company streets and all the rest in good soldierly form. Once settled, drill became the order of the day in good weather. There were fine open fields near by furnishing good ground, and company drill, battalion drill, and evolutions of the line by the brigade were followed up vigorously, as well as all military exercises and street duties practised and perfected. The men were in much need of the instruction. Decided neglect in these respects had fallen on this fine brigade after the stern and gallant Wright left it, and the good effects of the efforts now working out were soon apparent. <mox_280>

The greatest want was in field officers; so many had been wounded and left with the enemy at Gettysburg, besides others sick at home or in the hospital, that the regiments suffered thereby.

I wrote urgently and personally to Mr. Ould, our commissioner for exchange, to get back to me certain officers whom I wanted badly. He managed to get only one, Colonel Snead, of the Third Georgia, and him I was glad to have.

The brigade was well equipped with staff officers of the subsistence, quartermaster, ordnance, and medical departments. The commissary, Major Hughes, an excellent fellow, was the same who had sold me those two sorry mounts that broke down in the Chickamauga Campaign. On reporting, he evidently thought I might recall him unfavorably and was a bit uneasy, until shown that no ill feelings were harbored against him. In horse dealing it is "caveat emptor"—the buyer must look sharply to himself.

It was not long before Capt. H. H. Perry, of the Adjutant-General's Department, was transferred from Benning's brigade to report to me as A. A. G. There being two of that

department with Benning and none with me, Perry was summarily transferred without any question. He had always performed inspection duty, and preferring it, was assigned to that branch of his department in my brigade, thus retaining Evans as A. A.G. "Old Rock" (General Benning) always believed I was at the bottom of the whole business and never forgave me.

I was surely fortunate in securing so excellent a staff officer. Highly educated, experienced with <mox_281>troops, active and resourceful, he soon became prominent and strong in the brigade as well as attached to his brigadier. He is still with the living in Georgia, numbered among my dear friends.

At times the soldier's ration was execrable, really unfit. Some bacon from Nassau was coming through the blockade, and it would not be incredible for the blockading fleet to allow it to come through in hope of poisoning us. A third of a pound of this stuff and some corn-meal was often the full extent of the daily ration.

Sometimes we got better allowances of wheat flour, and then General Mahone took a notion to improve on it by baking. The brigade commissaries were ordered to set up ovens—plenty of bricks and material lying about—and issue the flour baked in good loaves. There is, too, a slight gain in weight in baking. But the men would none of such food, it was too light and wholesome. Their stomachs wanted the flour stirred with grease in a skillet and cooked solid and hard. When a chunk was eaten it stayed with the soldier and kept his appetite partly appeased. But these new-fangled loaves—so easily digested! Hunger came again, almost before finishing one of them. Not for Johnny Reb was this thing; he wanted, like Tommy Atkins, "some bulk in his inside," and one fine morning Mahone's ovens were found completely demolished. The soldiers took again to their old-time toothsome and staying morsels out of the skillet.

Christmas of 1864 was now at hand. The birth of the Prince of Peace was given such honor amid the warlike scenes of the siege as our small resources <mox_282>permitted. Some boxes came from loving hearts at home, the commissaries did all they could, and the Army of Northern Virginia actually feasted, trying to forget for an hour or two the perils and hardships that beset it.

At Christmas General Sherman was in Savannah, his march to the sea a complete success. My people at home suffered no great annoyance. Sherman as a young lieutenant had shared my father's hospitality and had not forgotten it. The old gentleman, however, persistently fastened on him the crime of burning his comfortable country establishment in Virginia.

Sherman's march and other movements in the West were in Grant's strategic combination for the destruction of Lee's army and should be considered in estimating his abilities outside of operating in Virginia. Indeed, it might be said that Sherman contributed to the fall of Richmond almost as much as did the Army of the Potomac.

Early in January it came on to be very cold, and during the worst of it our division was ordered out to meet a threatening demonstration against our right at a considerable distance. My brigade marched instantly, our camp being occupied by Gen. C. A. Evans's Georgia Brigade to fill our position on the line. Evans was in luck to get his men into such well-prepared camps. We moved rapidly and in two days came up with a large force of the enemy, formed in line and prepared for battle. It appears, however, that he was not ready this time, or that he overestimated the Confederate strength sent against him. Some shelling was indulged in and small-arm <mox_283>long-distance firing. It seems that but

two or three of us were touched, among them myself. I was sitting on the white mare (my other mount gone suddenly lame) in front of the line, with no thought of firing then, so distant was the enemy,—quite out of range,—when a long-range rifle sent a bullet through many folds of thick clothing and striking on the hip bone knocked me out of the saddle. It proved to be nothing serious. The ball had glanced off, stiffen-ing and bruising the leg rather painfully, so that remounting after some bandaging, it stuck out like a wooden leg. I did not think that just such a hit could unhorse me.

My men said the brigade was unlucky for its commanders. General Wright had been repeatedly and dangerously wounded; several colonels commanding, wounded or killed, and General Girardy killed. I began to think there might be something in it. The enemy took up the march, and leisurely rejoining their main body to the right, Mahone's division began moving for the camps just vacated. It continued very cold, much ice and snow lying about the roads. At our last bivouac some miles from camp I suffered a loss, nothing less than a noble pair of riding-boots, a present, kept for extra work.

At the bivouac the negro servant had taken them out of the blanket roll and failed to replace them. As soon as they were missed, back he went and returned with the precious leathers burned to a crisp! Our campfires had spread through the forest. At this period boots cost five or six hundred dollars of our currency, if to be had at any price.

<mox_284>

On starting back I sent word to General Evans of our approach so that my camps could be vacated in good order. The men were utterly disgusted and indignant when they re-entered their quarters. They were little like the well-kept camps they had temporarily vacated. Evans's officers had not properly restrained the careless, reckless soldiers. I made vigorous complaint at headquarters, but at this date there was perhaps too much else to think of. General Evans is now chief of the veterans in Georgia and held in great respect by their dwindling numbers.

Mahone's other brigades were efficiently commanded by Finnegan, Florida; Harris, Mississippi; Weisiger, Virginia; Sanders, Alabama.

In the first days of February another demonstration was made against Lee's extreme right, this time in great force and meaning business. Our division and other troops with cavalry at once pushed out to meet it, with Finnegan in command of division (Mahone was absent, sick). The collision came at Hatcher's Run by some preliminary skirmishing on February 5th, a sanguinary action on the 6th, followed up by the enemy feebly on the 7th. On the 6th, my Georgians were hotly engaged in the afternoon and made a handsome, successful charge, which dislodged and forced back the Federals. The contest went on until darkness stopped it, and the night passed entrenching where we stood, caring for wounded and burying dead.

Early next morning the enemy, driving back my pickets, got too close to us, and a rifleman put <mox_285>a bullet through my right lung, smashing the ribs front and rear. I was down this time for good, I supposed, the breath gushing through the orifices instead of its natural channel. The surgeon, Dr. Wood, however, soon relieved that by plastering the holes, and sent me back that night. The roads being frozen and very rough, my brave fellows made two relief gangs and bore their commander by litter on their shoulders eight miles to a small shanty, where rest was taken.

All through the night, while passing stray troops on the road, I could hear the question, "Who have you there?" "General Sorrel." "Is he badly hurt?" "Yes, mortally wounded."

The soldier habitually takes a gloomy view of things.

Very soon I was in comfortable quarters near Petersburg, in the hands of my excellent brigade surgeon, Dr. Sampson Pope, and progressed so well that in a fortnight I could be moved to Doctor Sorrel's quarters in Richmond, under treatment of my friend Dr. J. B. Reid, and with that ended the staff officer's soldiering. A few closing words will bring me to the end of these "Recollections" nearly forty years behind us.

My wound healing satisfactorily, Doctor Sorrel proposed in March taking me to "The Oaklands," the beautiful estate in Roanoke County of Colonel Wm. Watts, who had kindly sent me an invitation to visit him. He was the invalided colonel of the Twenty-eighth Virginia, of the First Corps, a fine officer and most hospitable, the leading man of the county. To him we went, the change being very beneficial. Then <mox_286>the railroad station was Big Lick, a post-office, shop, and tavern. It is now grown to be Roanoke, a prosperous city of 25,000. Colonel Watts's widowed sister, Mrs. Rives, presided over the delightful old Virginia establishment. Her lovely character won all hearts. The stately figure and attractive features were known and admired widely over the countryside. To me she was kindness itself, and no marvel is it that I mended rapidly.

There was an engagement of a few months' standing between Doctor Sorrel and Mrs. Rives, and soon after our coming the uncertain future was considered. They decided to wed without longer waiting, and the ceremony, quite private, was performed at the residence, myself in full uniform as the Doctor's best man, propped on my feet by the dignified, silver-haired black major-domo.

While in this part of the country I heard much about Hunter's expedition into it the previous year and the devastation he had brought in the region round about. Truly Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, of the United States Army, was a torch bearer if nothing else. He had no military distinction, but had served against the Indians, it is said, with the same cruelties it was now his delight to apply to noncombatant dwellers in southwest Virginia and the head of the Shenandoah Valley. No property within reach of his destroying hand seemed safe from him. His fame lay not in the soldier's hard-fought battles, but in burning farmers' houses and barns. The extensive schools at Lexington aroused his hate and were laid in ashes by his torch. <mox_287>

General Crook, the fine soldier then serving with him, said, "He would have burned the Natural Bridge could he have compassed it." Marvel it is that Hunter did not blow it up. He was, however, beaten off by Early's forces and the home guards, and the country cleared of that devastator. There was little more heard of him as a soldier.

Maj.-Gen. George Crook was altogether a different character. He was a soldier of high training and tried courage, making no war on women and children, houses and barns.

Some time later, one of our daring rangers. McNeil, with a small following, achieved a bold exploit. While Crook was commanding a department at Cumberland, Md., the ranger penetrated many miles within the blue lines, took the General out of bed, mounted him well, and landed his distinguished prisoner safely in Richmond.

There Doctor Sorrel, who had served with him in the old Army, called to see to his comforts. Crook as a thorough-going Indian fighter was not without some admiration for the way McNeil had gathered him in. "But, Sorrel," said he, "I shall get even with that fellow at his own work. Just as soon as I get out of this my commission will drop for a few weeks, while I raise a hundred men with whom I undertake to beat Master McNeil at his own game."

Such was perhaps his intention then, but, exchanged soon after, there was other and more important work awaiting this gallant and respected officer. <mox_288>

Early in April, after grateful farewells to my host and new sister, we started to rejoin the army. At Lynchburg came to us the accounts of the surrender at Appomattox, with all the pathetic, harrowing details attaching to that event; the feeling of the soldiers, their overflowing affection for Lee and sympathy with him and his own hidden but overwhelming grief—I pass them by. My brigade was on hand in good shape, with Captain Perry looking after it, and paroled stronger than any brigade in the army. (See Appendix.)

The commandant at Lynchburg, General Lomax, placed at my disposal an ambulance and mules to get out of reach of the Union forces. We could not yet realize that the war was ended with the life of Lee's army. I took to the mountains for some days, and then finding things really ended and my troublesome wound breaking out afresh, ventured again on Colonel Watts's hospitality. It was as generous as the day. But it was time to move, and after farewell to hospitable Oaklands the Doctor and I started on our return home. The rails were sufficiently repaired to take us to Lynchburg, where we were paroled by the United States officer. Between us we had just fifteen dollars good money, and it came to me in this way. When I was last in Lynchburg, as already described, one of our quartermasters pressed on me \$20 in gold, four half-eagles; "A barrel of Confederate money not good," as he said, "for the price of a dinner."

Some time after I came up with a young Maryland cavalryman making his way back to Baltimore. He had no coat or jacket, although the rest of him <mox_289>was good, and I wanted to know why. "Well," said young Latrobe (it was my friend's brother), "my horse wanted a set of shoes. The farrier would not look at my money, but took the jacket, and I got my shoes." It was quite certain the young fellow would part with his remaining outfit, piece by piece, with the same easy nonchalance, if need be, and I insisted on his taking one of my half-eagles. But for that the "Peeping Toms" of Baltimore might possibly have seen a new Godiva, "clothed only with chastity," riding through their streets fresh from the Southern armies. Their blushes and the young cavalryman's were saved by that golden half-eagle.

From Lynchburg to Richmond the route was tedious and wearying. It was partly by rail, partly in an army wagon, and partly on foot. On arriving at the Confederate capital we were amid the ruins of the great fire that nearly destroyed it. The army of occupation was in force, everywhere the Union army filled one with wonder. It was like the ant in numbers, and I really could not take in its un-stinted equipment in wagons, ambulances, mules, draught horses, light artillery, and horse furniture, all apparently new and of the best class for field work. The contrast with our own inadequate equipment was very decided, and still greater was the splendor of their officers, mounts and uniforms, and the good clothing of the soldiers, with what on our part had contented us. In Richmond, nursing our dwindling cash, we found a frugal but cheerful hospitality while preparing for the next move to Baltimore, where we were sure of meeting my good father's provision for us. My weak condition would <mox_290>not permit me making the journey home on horseback; it must be by sea.

At Richmond we took the oath, as prescribed, to the United States Government, the courteous Federal officer asking pleasantly if it "tasted bad?" This done we hoped to get a permit to leave by boat for Baltimore, but were refused. No movements of Confederate

officers, except Marylanders returning, were suffered in that direction. The decision was then forced on us that we must go, "coûte que coûte." It was managed successfully with some little risk. By the help of friends we were smuggled on board just as the boat was starting. The Doctor was in mufti and I had doffed as much military attire as I could. We kept very quiet and secluded on the main deck of the boat as she glided down the river of so many warlike scenes of the preceding years! past frowning Drewry's Bluff, past bristling Chappin's farm, City Point, Westover, and Harrison's Landing, Turkey Bend and Butler's Dutch Gap Canal—all saddening and depressing in the retrospect, crossing thoughts of the misty future. At the fortress a short stop was made, and then the voyage up the noble Chesapeake resumed. One of the coal passers here recognized me with a wide, astonished grin. He was one of my brigade fellows, in now for a job at anything. The night was passed on the bay and could have been very comfortable with a trifle more cash. We had, however, just about enough to pay for passage, without bed or meals. So we stood out the long night and could provide some small refreshments. When morning came we were moored to the wharf, and I soon found my good Baltimore relatives <mox_291>most hospitably inclined, and our troubles for the time were done with.

There were many Confederate officers and soldiers about the city, all watched quite closely by the Fed-ral authorities. General Hancock was in command of the department, and from his adjutant-general I received an order to report in person. Upon so doing I was questioned as to my reasons for being in Baltimore and my intentions. Upon explaining why I was returning home by that route and that I should have to go to New York to find a steamer for Savannah, he was civil and obliging; allowed a stay of a week in Baltimore; but I was required to report once in every twenty-four hours. The next day this considerate officer dispensed with such visits, adding, "You shall not, General, be troubled in any way while you are stopping here." Here Doctor Sorrel left me. Deciding to defer his visit home, he returned at once to Virginia. A few days later I was in New York at the New York Hotel, Mr. Cranston the proprietor, and for years past, as then, the resort of everything Southern. There were many officers in the hotel, some I suspect by Cranston's good nature and kindness. After a visit to some relatives and friends, who had only thought of me as one dead, I took passage for Savannah on a small, crowded, most uncomfortable little steamer. The rough voyage was safely made, and I landed on my own shores in dear old Georgia, greeted by kindred and friends, with hands outstretched in a hearty welcome home.

And now these recollections approach their close. There are many more thronging, pulsing memories <mox_292>that could interest, perhaps instruct. What is here gathered has been an inexpressible comfort and occupation in the colorless hours of recent tedious convalescence, and could be extended, but the parting word must be spoken.

It is farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia and its ever-glorious commander.

His name, his fame shall forever live! His sword, unstained, be ever a soldier's shining light and bright example!

"Ah Muse! You dare not claim
A nobler man than he,
Nor nobler man hath less of blame
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,

Nor fame, another Lee !"

His army incomparable holds, after long years, the abiding love of its surviving veterans. Who that marched with it, fought with it, took part in its victories and its defeats, shared its sufferings and its joys, shall ever be deaf when its deeds are sung or mute when ring out its plaudits!

For my part, when the time comes to cross the river like the others, I shall be found asking at the gates above, "Where is the Army of Northern Virginia ? For there I make my camp."

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer (Sorrel)

APPENDIX

<mox_293>

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR BEAN'S STATION,
"December 17, 1863.

"Special Orders No. 27.

"Major-General L. McLaws is relieved from further duty with this army, and will proceed to Augusta, Georgia, from which place he will report by letter to the adjutant and inspector-general. He will turn over the command of the division to the senior brigadier present.

"By command of Lieut-General Longstreet.

"G. M. SORREL,
"Lieut.-Col. and Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Major-General McLaws,
"Confederate States Army."

"CAMP ON BEAN'S STATION GAP ROAD,
"December 17th, 1863.

"Lieut.-Col SORREL,
"Assistant Adjutant-General.

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Special Orders No. 27 from your headquarters, of this date, relieving me from further duty with this army. If there is no impropriety in making inquiry, and I cannot imagine there is, I respectfully request to be informed of the particular reason for the order.

"Very respectfully,

"L. McLaws,
"Major-General."

<mox_294>

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR BEAN'S STATION,
"December 17th, 1863.

"Major-General McLAWS,
"Confederate States Army.

"General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of to-day, asking for the particular reason for the issue of the order relieving you from duty with this army.

"In reply I am directed to say that throughout the campaign on which we are engaged, you have exhibited a want of confidence in the efforts and plans which the commanding general has thought proper to adopt, and he is apprehensive that this feeling will extend more or less to the troops under your command.

"Under these circumstances the commanding general has felt that the interest of the public service would be advanced by your separation from him, and as he could not himself leave, he decided upon the issue of the order which you have received.

"I have the honor to be, general, with great respect,

"G. M. SORREL,

"Lieut.-Col. and Assistant Adjutant-General."

From *The Savannah News*, 1899.

"During the siege of Petersburg, Va., there was a severe combat at Hatcher's Run, resisting one of Grant's attacks on Lee's right flank.

"Brig.-Gen. John Pegram was killed and Brig.-Gen. Sorrel was, for some time, thought to be mortally wounded.

<mox_295>

"The action took place on February 6, 1865. A time-stained clipping from the *New York Herald*, a few days later, gives 'Sketches of the Dead Rebel Generals,' with some detail, indicating considerable acquaintance with the Confederate personnel.

"We print what it had to say of our townsman, who, still with us, is thus permitted to read his own obituary from the *Herald's* columns:

"BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. M. SORREL

"The rebel Gen. Sorrel, reported seriously wounded in the battle on Hatcher's Run, has been permitted to enjoy his rank but a short time. He has been but lately appointed to the rank and assigned to duty.

"Gen. Sorrel was a native of Georgia, and, at the commencement of the war, was a teller in the Central Railroad Bank in Savannah. He had no military education. To his established character as a quiet, taciturn business man and accountant and to some influence from an extensive family to which he belongs, he owes his appointment on the staff of Gen. Longstreet at the beginning of the war. He served in the capacity of assistant adjutant-general to Gen. Longstreet, at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was wounded at Antietam, September 17, 1862, and since followed the varied fortunes of Longstreet. He has been advanced from a lieutenantcy to a lieu-tenant-colonelcy in the adjutant-general's department of the rebel army.

"During the battle of the Wilderness, fought in May, Lieut.-Col. Sorrel displayed great gallantry and evinced much ability in directing and managing <mox_296>a division whose commander had fallen, and of which he was placed in command by Longstreet. Generals Lee and Longstreet awarded him high praise for his conduct, and recommended him for promotion. He was in consequence appointed brigadier-general, November 1, 1864, and assigned to the command of the brigade formerly commanded by Gen. Wright. In relieving him from duty as his assistant adjutant-general, Gen. Longstreet paid the following compliment to young Sorrel:

""General Order No. 15—Headquarters First Army Corps, November 4, 1864. Col. G. M. Sorrel, assistant adjutant-general, having been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of a brigade in the Third Corps, is relieved from duty as assistant adjutant-general of this corps. The loss of this officer to the First Corps, with which he has been so permanently connected since its organization, will be severely felt. Distinguished alike for gallantry in the field and for energy and skill in the administration of his department, his value cannot be over-estimated. He will carry with

him to his new command, so richly won, a sure promise of success in the record of the past.

""By command of Lieut.-Gen. Longstreet.

""Official:

" ' "O. LATROBE,

"" "Assistant Adjutant-General."

""The rebel papers of February 9th report Gen. Sorrel dead of the wounds received on the 6th inst.""

<mox_297>

From an address delivered by Comrade John R. Turner before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg, Va., on the evening of March 3, 1892.

""My letter to General Sorrel I mailed to Savannah, Ga., and was as follows:

""PETERSBURG, VA., January 13, 1892.

""GEN. G. M. SORREL,

""Savannah, Ga.

""DEAR GENERAL: Being anxious to know if your recollection and mine accorded, as to certain movements made at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, in which we both participated, I take the liberty of addressing you this communication, and hope (if not trespassing too much upon your time) you will do me the kindness to favor me with a reply.

""You will remember Mahone's brigade of Anderson's division was quartered near Madison Run Station. We broke camp on the morning, I think, of the 4th, and bivouacked near Rapidan Station that night. In the early morning of the 6th we made a forced march to the battlefield, which we reached about 10 o'clock.

""Mahone's brigade was ordered very soon afterwards to the right in the Wilderness. After going some distance through the thicket, we encountered the enemy apparently bivouacking, and little expecting any attack from that direction. They fled pell-mell before us, leaving their light camp equipage scattered in every direction, making scarcely any <mox_298>resistance until they reached the Orange Plank Road; when, having a natural fortification, strengthened hurriedly by them, they stoutly resisted us. Just at this point you dashed up to the front of my regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, and approaching our color-bearer, Benj. H. May (as gallant a soldier as ever carried a flag or shouldered a musket, and who was killed at Spottsylvania Court House the 12th of May), asked him for his colors to lead the charge. He refused to give up his colors, but said: "We will follow you." With great enthusiasm we followed you in the direction of the Plank Road. The enemy broke and fled before us. I remember seeing you then dash with great speed up the road in the direction, I suppose, of General Longstreet, to inform him that the way was clear. Our color-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, failed to observe that the other regiments of the brigade had halted at the Plank Road. We became detached and passed over the road forty or fifty yards before halting. Our colonel, D. A. Weisiger, observing that we were in advance of the brigade, ordered us to fall back in line with the brigade. In doing so the other regiments, mistaking us for the enemy, fired into us, killing and wounding several of our men, and I always thought the same volley killed General

Jenkins and wounded General Longstreet, this apparently putting an end to all operations for the day, as there seemed to be very little done afterwards during the day.

"I had the pleasure of a short conversation with General Longstreet returning from Gettysburg three years ago, and he told me that, while he knew he <mox_299>was wounded by his own men, he never knew exactly how it occurred. He said everything was working beautifully up to this point, and what seemed to be an opportunity for a brilliant victory was lost by this unfortunate circumstance.

"I have often thought of your bravery and gallant bearing as you led us through the woods up to the Plank Road. I feel that I would like to know with certainty whether or not my recollections are correct as to the part you took in that charge.

"Wishing you a long life, much happiness and great prosperity, I am very truly, your comrade,

"JOHN R. TURNER.'

"To this letter General Sorrel replied as follows:

"NEW YORK, January 19, 1892.

"Lee's Birthday.

"JOHN R. TURNER, ESQ.,

"A. P. Hill Camp, C. V.,

"Petersburg, Va.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of January 14th was forwarded to me from Savannah, and I am very glad to hear from you. The events you describe are so long ago, that one's memory may be pardoned if slightly treacherous as to details, but I may say at once that your recital of the incident and the movements of Mahone's brigade at the battle of the Wilderness conform accurately to my own recollection of it, excepting, of course, the too-partial and flattering view you take of my own personal service there. But I will give you briefly my own version of it, which really is near your own. <mox_300>

"Longstreet's corps had to move at the earliest hour in the morning of the 6th of May, and arriving at the battlefield was just in time to be thrown across the Plank Road and check the enemy, whose attack had begun on A. P. Hill's corps. This of itself was a magnificent performance of the corps to form line in the dense thicket after a hasty march, in the midst of troops suddenly attacked and retiring from the front in disorder. Being done during the enemy's attack it displayed the steadiness characteristic of Longstreet's famous corps. This checked that attempt and for some time there was some quiet. It was then, too, you will recollect, that General Lee was about to lead the Texas Brigade into action, so threatening was the situation. He was almost forcibly stopped by his officers and the entreaties of the soldiers. It was soon after this that General Longstreet said to me that if I were to collect some troops over on the right, get them in good line and in touch with each other, and make a strong movement forward, swinging by the right, he felt sure a splendid success would follow. I proceeded to follow out these directions, with full authority to control the movement. There were three brigades, in addition, perhaps, to other troops, that I succeeded in getting into good form and ready to move. These were Mahone's, Wofford's, and Anderson's. The movement soon began, at a given signal, our right swinging swiftly around, driving everything before it. The lines in front of us made some sharp resistance, but they were quickly overcome, and our troops, Mahone's brigade

notably distinguished in the affair, rushed forward through <mox_301>the dense undergrowth, carrying everything before them. It was then that the incident occurred of which you speak, about poor Ben May. He was doing all that man could do with his colors, but seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by the bushes, and I thought perhaps I might help to get them forward, mounted as I was. As you say, he positively refused to let them leave his own hands. I was filled with admiration of his splendid courage. I think it was on the 12th that poor May was shot, and I received from a member of the Twelfth Virginia an affectionate message that he sent me. I have always remembered him as one of the bravest of Confederate soldiers. The Twelfth Virginia did splendid service that day, and the regiment and myself became great friends. Till the end of the war, whenever in marches or elsewhere I met it, I was always honored with its friendly greetings. As our troops reached the Plank Road, you will recollect that a volley was given to the enemy, who were trying to rally on the opposite side. By this volley General Wadsworth and his horse (while trying to rally his men) were both killed, and his soldiers could make no stand against us. Our rapid movements through the woods had disordered our line, as you correctly describe it. Leaving them for a moment, while recovering good order. I hastened to General Longstreet with a view to bringing up supports to follow up our splendid success. I met the General near by, Jenkins's brigade immediately behind him. He had heard the sound of our rifles, and, with the quick instinct of the general that he was, was following us up with a strong and powerful support to pursue his victory. I had scarcely <mox_302>taken more than a few steps with him when a sudden and unexpected fire, at first scattering, then heavier, broke out from our men. The General was shot down by my side, and at the same time General Jenkins, one or two staff officers, and several couriers. I have never known accurately who started this fire; there is yet some confusion about it, but it was fatal, and had the effect, by disabling the General, of putting a stop to the heavy blow he was about inflicting on the disordered enemy. Later in the day, you will remember, we made another attack, rather more direct, with a strong force, on the enemy, who had got behind some entrenchments; but we there sustained a repulse, and that about closed the principal features of the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May.

"The importance of our flank attack, which I have described here so briefly, was not under-esti-mated by the enemy in his subsequent reports. The official report of the battle by General Grant, or his immediate subordinate, describes the tremendous attack of these three brigades, which turned his own left flank and nearly brought about a widespread disaster to the Federal army. I cannot but think it would have ended so, had not General Longstreet, in the flush of his success, and with ardent, fresh troops in hand, been struck down in the very act of delivering this blow.

"I am sketching this off to you hastily, and entirely from memory, and while there may be some omissions or inaccuracies as to detail, I think the account is not far from wrong.

"With best wishes, I am, yours very truly and sincerely,

"G. M. SORREL."

<mox_303>

From Colonel Freemantle's (Coldstream Guards) "Three Months in the Southern States."

"30th June, Tuesday.—This morning before marching from Chambersburg, General Longstreet introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief. General Lee is, almost without

exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw. He is 56 years old, tall, broad shouldered, very well made, well set up, a thorough soldier in appearance, and his manners are most courteous and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing or swearing, and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well-worn long gray jacket, a high black felt hat, and blue trousers tucked into Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms, and the only mark of his military rank are the three stars on his collar. He rides a handsome horse which is extremely well groomed. He, himself, is very neat in his dress and person, and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean.

"In the old Army he was always considered one of its best officers; and at the outbreak of these troubles he was lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry. He was a rich man—but his fine estate was one of the first to fall into the enemy's hands. I believe he has never slept in a house since he has commanded the Virginian army, and he invariably declines all offers of hospitality for fear the person offering it may afterwards get into trouble for having sheltered the rebel General."

From Viscount Wolseley.

*"OFFICE OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
LONDON, 10th July, 1899.*

"MY DEAR GENERAL SORREL: I have great pleasure in complying with your request, and hope Mrs. Sorrel will do me the honor of accepting the enclosed latest photograph I have had taken.

"I am a collector of autograph letters, but I lack letters from the Confederate commanders. I am very glad to have your letter to add to my collection. If you happen to have any letters from the Southern generals that you could spare me I should esteem it a great favor.

"Believe me to be, with a very keen and pleasant remembrance of all the kindness I received when in the Southern States,

"Sincerely yours,

"WOLSELEY.

"To GENERAL SORREL,
New York."

Thanks of the Confederate Congress to Lieutenant-General James Longstreet and his Command.

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America.

"That the thanks of Congress are due and hereby cordially tendered to Lieutenant-General James Longstreet and the officers and men of his command for their patriotic services and brilliant achievements in the present war, sharing as they have, the arduous fatigues and privations of many campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Tennessee, and participating in nearly every great battle fought in those

States, the commanding general ever displaying great ability, skill, and prudence in command, and the officers and men the most heroic bravery, fortitude, and energy in every duty they have been called upon to perform.

"Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolution to Lieutenant-General Longstreet for publication to his command.

"Approved February 17, 1864."

J. Longstreet to Secretary of War.

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR CHATTANOOGA,

"September 26th, 1863.

"HON. J. A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

"SIR: May I take the liberty to advise you of our condition and our wants. On the 20th instant, after a very severe battle, we gained a complete and glorious victory—the most complete victory of the war, except perhaps the first Manassas. On the morning of the 21st General Bragg asked my opinion as to our best course. I suggested at once to strike at Burnside and if he made his escape to march upon Rosecrans's communication in rear of Nashville. <mox_306>He seemed to adopt the suggestion and gave the order to march at four o'clock in the afternoon. The right wing of the army marched some eight or ten miles, my command following next day at daylight. I was halted at the crossing of the Chickamauga, and on the night of the 22d the army was ordered to march for Chattanooga, thus giving the enemy two days and a half to strengthen the fortifications here already prepared for him by ourselves. Here we have remained under instructions that the enemy shall not be assaulted. To express my conviction in a few words, our chief has done but one thing that he ought to have done since I joined his army—that was to order the attack upon the 20th. All other things that he has done he ought not to have done. I am convinced that nothing but the hand of God can save us and help us as long as we have our present commander.

"Now to our wants. Can't you send us General Lee? The army in Virginia can operate defensively, while our operations here should be offensive, until we have recovered Tennessee, at all events.

"We need some such great mind as General Lee's (nothing more) to accomplish this. You will be surprised that this army has neither organization nor mobility and I have doubts if this commander can give it to them. In an ordinary war I could serve without complaint under any one whom the Government might place in authority; but we have too much at stake in this to remain quiet under such distressing circumstances. Our most precious blood is now flowing in streams from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains and may yet be exhausted before <mox_307>we have succeeded. Then goes honor, treasure, and independence. When I came here I hoped to find our commander willing and anxious to do all things that would aid us in our great cause and ready to receive what aid he could get from his subordinates.

"It seems that I was greatly mistaken. It seems that he cannot adopt and adhere to any plan or course whether of his own or some one else. I desire to impress upon your mind that there is no exaggeration in these statements. On the contrary I have failed to express

my convictions to the fullest extent. All that I can add without making this letter exceedingly long is to pray you to help us and speedily.

"I remain, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

"J. LONGSTREET,

"Lieutenant General."

Captain H. H. Perry, A. A. G., Sorrel's Brigade, writes of Grant's first demand for Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

"THE EVENTFUL NIGHT.

"It was night, April 7th, 1865. We had crossed the river, near Farmville, and had taken up a position about, as near as I can remember, a mile from the crossing, which the Confederates had attempted to burn, but unsuccessfully. General Miles, commanding a Federal brigade, made a mad attempt to <mox_308>throw the Confederates into confusion on their left by a flank movement (perhaps that was his purpose), but it was a very unfortunate move, for his lines were in a few minutes nearly cut to pieces and his brigade placed hors de combat. A furious picket firing and sharp-shooting began on both sides, while the wounded and dead Federals lay between the two lines.

"Mahone's division was now the rearguard at this point of General Lee's army. General Lee's forces were reduced now to their minimum strength, but a fiercer, more determined body of men never lived. They simply waited for General Lee's orders.

"About five o'clock p.m. a flag of truce appeared in front of General Sorrel's brigade (General Wright's old brigade), of which the writer of this account was the adjutant-general. A courier was sent to division headquarters to announce it. Colonel Tayloe, a splendid young Virginian, had been assigned temporarily to the command of General Sorrel's brigade, General Sorrel having been almost mortally wounded near Petersburg. In a short while Colonel Tayloe was ordered to send a staff officer to answer to the flag of truce.

"The writer was assigned to this duty at the Confederate front lines. As the top of the earthworks was reached, a number of Federal sharpshooters fired at me, and two balls passed through the uniform coat I wore, and one ball wounded a Confederate soldier in the hand, who had risen up with others from behind the works, out of curiosity to see what was going to take place. That ended the truce business for that afternoon. After nightfall <mox_309>and after everything on both sides had lapsed into silence, pickets were put in front of our lines about one hundred yards. Captain James W. English, one of the bravest, coolest, most faithful and vigilant officers in the Confederate Army, was in charge of the line in front of our brigade. I had selected him for the reason that I knew that he would not fail me if I depended on his courage and faith. Colonel Tayloe knew nothing of our command or its officers, and the responsibility rested on me to select the right man in the crisis there was now upon us. We apprehended a night attack.

"About nine o'clock at night, as soon as the moon was about to rise, Captain English reported that a flag of truce was again offered on the Federal lines on our front. It was reported again at our division headquarters and I was again sent out to answer it as before. I put on an army revolver, put aside my sword, and advanced about fifty yards from our pickets, halted, and called for the flag. Where I stood there were scattered around several Federal dead and wounded.

"One of the latter asked me to do something for him. I told him I would very soon, making this promise only to encourage him, for I could really do nothing for lack of authority, as well as lack of means. I asked his name and was rather astonished when he said he was General Miles's adjutant-general and that his name was Boyd, as I now remember it. A response to my call in front took my attention, though I remember that the wounded officer said he had been shot through the thigh. <mox_310>

"I advanced some distance and met a very handsomely dressed Federal officer. We stepped in front of each other about seven or eight feet apart. I soon recognized the fact that my worn Confederate uniform and slouch hat, even in the dim light, would not compare favorably with his magnificence; but as I am six feet high I drew myself up as proudly as I could, and put on the appearance as well as possible of being perfectly satisfied with my personal exterior. The officer spoke first, introducing himself as Gen. Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff.

"After I had introduced myself, he felt in his side pocket for documents, as I thought, but the document was a very nice-looking silver flask, as well as I could distinguish. He remarked that he hoped I would not think it was an unsoldierly courtesy if he offered me some very fine brandy. I will own up now that I wanted that drink awfully. Worn down, hungry and dispirited, it would have been a gracious godsend if some old Confederate and I could have emptied that flask between us in that dreadful hour of misfortune. But I raised myself about an inch higher, if possible, bowed and refused politely, trying to produce the ridiculous appearance of having feasted on champagne and pound-cake not ten minutes before, and that I had not the slightest use for so plebeian a drink as 'fine brandy.' He was a true gentleman, begged pardon, and placed the flask in his pocket again, without touching the contents in my presence. If he had taken a drink, and my Confederate olfactories had obtained a whiff of the odor of it, it is possible that I should have 'caved.' The truth is, I had not eaten two <mox_311>ounces in two days, and I had my coat-tail then full of corn, waiting to parch it as soon as opportunity might present itself. I did not leave it behind me because I had nobody I could trust it with.

"As an excuse which I felt I ought to make for refusing his proffered courtesy, I rather haughtily said that I had been sent forward only to receive any communication that was offered and could not properly accept or offer any courtesies. In fact, if I had offered what I could it would have taken my corn.

"He then handed to me a letter, which he said was from General Grant to General Lee, and asked that General Lee should get it immediately if possible. I made no reply except to ask him if that was all we had to transact, or something to that effect. He said that was all. We bowed very profoundly to each other and turned away.

"In twenty minutes after I got back in our lines, a Confederate courier riding a swift horse had placed in General Lee's hands the letter which was handed to me, the first demand for surrender of his devoted army. In an hour's time we were silently pursuing our way toward the now famous field of Appomattox. We marched all day of the 8th of April and slept in bivouac not more than three or four miles from Appomattox, where the demand was made again and was acceded to, and the Confederacy of the South went down in defeat, but with glory.

"We arrived on the field of Appomattox about

9 o'clock on the 9th day of April, the day of capitulation. The negotiations lasted during that day. <mox_312>The general order from General Lee was read to the army on the

10th of April. That is, as I remember it, General Lee published his last order to his soldiers on that day. I sat down and copied it on a piece of Confederate paper, using a drum-head for a desk, the best I could do. I carried this copy to General Lee, and asked him to sign it for me. He signed it and I have it now. It is the best authority along with my parole that I can produce why, after that day, I no longer raised a soldier's hand for the South. There were tears in his eyes when he signed it for me, and when I turned to walk away there were tears in my own eyes. He was in all respects the greatest man that ever lived, and as an humble officer of the South, I thank Heaven that I had the honor of following him.

"Waynesboro, Georgia, 1896."

Some extracts from Colonel Freemantle's "Three Months in the Southern States."

"GETTYSBURG—PICKETT'S CHARGE.

"I determined to make my way to General Longstreet. It was then about 2.30. After passing General Lee and his staff I rode on through the woods in the direction in which I had left Longstreet. I soon began to meet many wounded men returning from the front; many of them asked in piteous tones the way to a doctor or an ambulance. The farther I got the greater became the number of the wounded. <mox_313>Some were walking alone on crutches composed of two rifles, others were supported by men less badly wounded than themselves, and others were carried on stretchers by the ambulance corps; but in no case did I see a sound man helping the wounded to the rear, unless he carried the red badge of the ambulance corps. I saw all this in much less time than it takes to write it, and although astonished to meet such vast numbers of wounded, I had not seen *enough* to give me an idea of the real extent of the mischief.

"When I got close to General Longstreet I saw one of his regiments advancing through the woods in good order; so thinking I was in time to see the attack I remarked to the General that '*I wouldn't have missed this for anything.*' Longstreet was seated at the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed. He replied: 'The devil you wouldn't! I would liked to have missed it very much; we've attacked and been repulsed; look there !'

"For the first time I then had a view of the open space between the two positions and saw it covered with Confederates slowly and sulkily returning toward us in small, broken parties under a heavy fire of artillery. The General told me that Pickett's division had succeeded in carrying the enemy's position and capturing the guns, but after remaining there some minutes it had been forced to retire. No person could have been more calm or self-possessed than General Longstreet under these trying circumstances, aggravated as they now were by the movements of the enemy, who began to show a <mox_314>strong disposition to advance. I could now thoroughly appreciate the term 'Bulldog,' which I had heard applied to him by the soldiers.

Difficulties seemed to make no other impression upon him than to make him a little more savage.

"Major Walton was the only officer with him when I came up—all the rest had been put into the charge. In a few minutes Major Latrobe arrived on foot, carrying his saddle, having just had his horse killed. Colonel Sorrel was also in the same predicament and

Captain Goree's horse was wounded in the mouth.

"The General was making the best arrangements in his power to resist the threatened advance, by advancing some artillery, rallying the stragglers.

"I remember seeing a general come up to him and report that he was 'unable to bring up his men again.' Longstreet turned upon him and replied with some sarcasm, 'Very well, never mind, then, General, just let them remain where they are; the enemy's going to advance and it will spare you the trouble.' He asked for something to drink. I gave him some rum out of my silver flask, which I begged he would keep in remembrance of the occasion; he smiled, and to my great satisfaction accepted the memorial.

If Longstreet's conduct was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood, quite alone—the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner farther to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs <mox_315>of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing every soldier he met, a few words of encouragement, such as: 'All this will come right in the end, we'll talk it over afterwards; but in the mean time all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now,' etc. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted 'to bind up their hurts and take up a musket in this emergency.' Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him. He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.'"

Sir Lyon-Freemantle has since died.

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Stonewall Jackson, Vol. 1
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Stonewall Jackson And The American Civil War

By Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B.
Author of ' The Battle Of Spicheren, A Tactical Study'
And ' The Campaign Of Fredericksburg '

With An Introduction By Field-Marshal
The Right Hon. Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. &C.

In Two Volumes--Vol. I

Stonewall Jackson v1.

INTRODUCTION

BEFORE the great Republic of the West had completed a century of independent national existence, its political fabric was subjected to the strain of a terrible internecine war. That the true cause of conflict was the antagonism between the spirit of Federalism and the theory of 'States' Rights' is very clearly explained in the following pages, and the author exactly expresses the feeling with which most Englishmen regard the question of Secession, when he implies that had he been a New Englander he would have fought to the death to preserve the Union, while had he been born in Virginia he would have done as much in defence of a right the South believed inalienable. The war thus brought about dragged on its weary length from the spring of 1861 to the same season of 1865. During its progress reputations were made that will live for ever in American history, and many remarkable men came to the front. Among these not the least prominent was 'Stonewall Jackson,' who to the renown of a great soldier and unselfish patriot added the brighter fame of a Christian hero; and to those who would know what manner of man this Stonewall Jackson was, and why he was so universally revered, so beloved, so trusted by his men, I can cordially recommend Colonel Henderson's delightful volumes. From their perusal I have derived real pleasure and sound instruction. They have taught me much; they have made me think still more; and I hope they may do the same for many others in the British Army. They are worth the closest study, for few military writers have possessed Colonel Henderson's grasp of tactical and strategical principles, or his knowledge of the methods which have controlled their application by the most famous soldiers, from Hannibal to Von Moltke. Gifted with a rare power of describing not only great military events but the localities where they occurred, he places clearly before his readers, in logical sequence, the circumstances which brought them about. He has accomplished, too, the difficult task of combining with a brilliant and critical history of a great war the life-story of a great commander, of a most singular and remarkable man. The figure, the character, the idiosyncrasies of the famous Virginian, as well as the lofty motives which influenced him throughout, are most sympathetically portrayed.

There have been few more fitted by natural instincts, by education, by study, and by self-discipline to become leaders of men than Stonewall Jackson. From the day he joined that admirable school at West Point he may be said to have trained himself mentally, morally, and physically, for the position to which he aspired, and which it would seem he always believed he would reach. Shy as a lad, reserved as a man, speaking little but thinking much, he led his own life, devouring the experiences of great men, as recorded in military history, in order that when his time came he should be capable of handling his troops as they did. A man of very simple tastes and habits, but of strong religious principles, drawn directly from the Bible; a child in purity; a child in faith; the Almighty always in his thoughts, his stay in trouble, his guide in every difficulty, Jackson's individuality was more striking and more complete than that of all others who played leading parts in the great tragedy of Secession. The most reckless and irreligious of the Confederate soldiers were silent in his presence, and stood awestruck and abashed before this great God-fearing man; and even in the far-off Northern States the hatred of the formidable 'rebel' was tempered by an irrepressible admiration of his piety, his sincerity, and his resolution. The passions then naturally excited have now calmed down, and are

remembered no more by a reunited and chivalrous nation. With that innate love of virtue and real worth which has always distinguished the American people, there has long been growing up, even among those who were the fiercest foes of the South, a feeling of love and reverence for the memory of this great and true-hearted man of war, who fell in what he firmly believed to be a sacred cause. The fame of Stonewall Jackson is no longer the exclusive property of Virginia and the South; it has become the birthright of every man privileged to call himself an American.

Colonel Henderson has made a special study of the Secession War, and it would be difficult, in my opinion, to find a man better qualified in every respect for the task he has undertaken. I may express the hope that he will soon give us the history of the war from the death of Stonewall Jackson to the fall of Richmond. Extending as it did over a period of four years, and marked by achievements which are a lasting honour to the Anglo-Saxon name, the struggle of the South for independence is from every point of view one of the most important events in the second half of the century, and it should not be left half told. Until the battle where Stonewall Jackson fell, the tide of success was flowing, and had borne the flag of the new Confederacy within sight of the gates of Washington. Colonel Henderson deals only with what I think may be called the period of Southern victories, for the tide began to ebb when Jackson fell; and those who read his volumes will, I am convinced, look forward eagerly to his story of the years which followed, when Grant, with the skill of a practised strategist, threw a net round the Confederate capital, drawing it gradually together until he imprisoned its starving garrison, and compelled Lee, the ablest commander of his day, to surrender at discretion.

But the application of strategical and tactical principles, and the example of noble lives, are not the only or even the most valuable lessons of great wars. There are lessons which concern nations rather than individuals; and there are two to be learnt from the Secession War which are of peculiar value to both England and the United States, whose armies are comparatively small and raised by voluntary enlistment. The first is the necessity of maintaining at all times (for it is impossible to predict what to-morrow may have in store for us) a well-organised standing army in the highest state of efficiency, and composed of thoroughly-trained and full-grown men. This army to be large enough for our military requirements, and adapted to the character, the habits, and the traditions of the people. It is not necessary that the whole force should be actually serving during peace: one half of it, provided it is periodically drilled and exercised, can be formed into a Reserve; the essential thing is that it should be as perfect a weapon as can be forged.

The second lesson is that to hand over to civilians the administration and organisation of the army, whether in peace or in war, or to allow them to interfere in the selection of officers for command or promotion, is most injurious to efficiency; while, during war, to allow them, no matter how high their political capacity, to dictate to commanders in the field any line of conduct, after the army has once received its commission, is simply to ensure disaster.

The first of these lessons is brought home to us by the opening events of this unreasonably protracted war. As I have elsewhere said, most military students will admit that had the United States been able, early in 1861, to put into the field, in addition to their volunteers, one Army Corps of regular troops, the war would have ended in a few months. An enormous expenditure of life and money, as well as a serious dislocation and loss of trade, would have been thus avoided. Never have the evil consequences which

follow upon the absence of an adequate and well-organised army been more forcibly exemplified.

But, alas! when this lesson is preached in a country governed alternately by rival political parties, and when there is no immediate prospect of national danger, it falls on deaf ears. The demands made by the soldiers to put the army on a thoroughly efficient footing are persistently ignored, for the necessary means are almost invariably required for some other object, more popular at the moment and in a parliamentary--or party--sense more useful. The most scathing comment on such a system of administration is furnished in the story told by Colonel Henderson. The fearful trials to which the United States were subjected expose the folly and self-deception of which even well-meaning party leaders are too often capable. Ministers bluster about fighting and yet refuse to spend enough money on the army to make it fit for use; and on both sides of the Atlantic the lessons taught by the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the Secession War are but seldom remembered.

The pleasing notion that, whenever war comes, money can obtain for the nation all that it requires is still, it would seem, an article of at least lip-faith with the politicians of the English-speaking race throughout the world. Gold will certainly buy a nation powder, pills, and provisions; but no amount of wealth, even when supported by a patriotic willingness to enlist, can buy discipline, training, and skilful leading. Without these there can be no such thing as an efficient army, and success in the field against serious opposition is merely the idle dream of those who know not war.

If any nation could improvise an army at short notice it would be the United States, for its men, all round, are more hardy, more self-reliant, and quicker to learn than those of older communities. But, notwithstanding this advantage, both in 1861 and 1898 the United States failed to create the thoroughly efficient armies so suddenly required, and in both instances the unnecessary sufferings of the private soldier were the price paid for the weakness and folly of the politicians. In 1861 the Governors of the several Northern States were ordered to call for volunteers to enlist for ninety days, the men electing their own officers. It was generally believed throughout the North that all Southern resistance would collapse before the great armies that would thus be raised. But the troops sent out to crush the rebellion, when they first came under fire, were soldiers only in outward garb, and at Bull Run, face to face with shot and shell, they soon lapsed into the condition of a terrified rabble, and ran away from another rabble almost equally demoralised; and this, not because they were cowards, for they were of the same breed as the young regular soldiers who retreated from the same field in such excellent order, but because they neither understood what discipline was nor the necessity for it, and because the staff and regimental officers, with few exceptions, were untrained and inexperienced.

Mr. Davis, having prevented the Southern army from following up the victory at Bull Run, gave the Northern States some breathing time. Mr. Lincoln was thus able to raise a new army of over 200,000 men for the projected advance on Richmond.

The new army was liberally supplied with guns, pontoons, balloons, hospitals, and wagons; but, with the exception of a few officers spared from the regular army, it was without trained soldiers to lead it, or staff officers to move and to administer its Divisions. It must be admitted, I think, that General McClellan did all that a man could do in the way of training this huge mass. But when the day came for it to move forward, it was still unfit for an offensive campaign against a regular army. To the practised eye of an able and

experienced soldier who accompanied McClellan, the Federal host was an army only in name. He likened it to a giant lying prone upon the earth, in appearance a Hercules, but wanting the bone, the muscle, and the nervous organisation necessary to set the great frame in motion. Even when the army was landed in the Peninsula, although the process of training and organisation had been going on for over six months, it was still a most unwieldy force. Fortunately for the Union, the Confederate army, except as regards the superior leaders and the cavalry, was hardly more efficient.

The United States, fully realising their need of a larger regular army, are now on the point of increasing their existing force to treble its present strength. Their troops, like our own, are raised by voluntary enlistment for a short period of service with the colours.

England has always very great difficulty in filling the ranks even with undeveloped youths. The United States obtain as many full-grown men as they require, because they have the wisdom to pay their men well, on a scale corresponding to the market rate of wages. Here they are fortunate; but men are not everything, and I will still draw the moral that a nation is more than blind when it deliberately elects to entrust its defence to an army that is not as perfect as training and discipline can make it, that is not led by practised officers, staff and regimental, and that is not provided with a powerful and efficient artillery. Overwhelming disaster is in store for such nation if it be attacked by a large regular army; and when it falls there will be none to pity. To hang the ministers who led them astray, and who believed they knew better than any soldier how the army should be administered, will be but poor consolation to an angry and deluded people.

Let me now dwell briefly upon the second of the two great national lessons taught by the Secession War. I shall say nothing here upon civilian meddling with army organisation and with the selection of officers for command, but I wish particularly to point out the result of interference on the part of a legislative assembly or minister with the plans and dispositions of the generals commanding in the field. Take first the notorious instance of Mr. Lincoln's interference with McClellan in the spring of 1862. McClellan, who was selected to command the army which was to capture Richmond and end the war, was a soldier of known ability, and, in my opinion, if he had not been interfered with by the Cabinet in Washington, he would probably have succeeded. It is true, as Colonel Henderson has said, that he made a mistake in not playing up to Lincoln's susceptibilities with regard to the safety of the Federal capital. But Lincoln made a far greater mistake in suddenly reducing McClellan's army by 40,000 men, and by removing Banks from his jurisdiction, when the plan of campaign had been approved by the Cabinet, and it was already too late to change it. It is possible, considering the political situation, that the garrison of Washington was too small, and it was certainly inefficient; but the best way of protecting Washington was to give McClellan the means of advancing rapidly upon Richmond. Such an advance would have made a Confederate counterstroke against the Northern capital, or even a demonstration, impossible. But to take away from McClellan 40,000 men, the very force with which he intended to turn the Yorktown lines and drive the enemy back on Richmond, and at the same time to isolate Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, was simply playing into the enemy's hands. What Lincoln did not see was that to divide the Federal army into three portions, working on three separate lines, was to run a far greater risk than would be incurred by leaving Washington weakly garrisoned. I cannot bring myself to believe that he in the least realised all that was involved in changing a plan of operations so vast as McClellan's.

Again, look at the folly of which Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War, was guilty at the same period. The reader should carefully study the chapter in which Colonel Henderson describes Stonewall Jackson's resignation of his command when his arrangements in the field were altered, without his cognisance, by the Secretary of War.

I should like to emphasize his words: 'That the soldier,' he says, 'is but the servant of the statesman, as war is but an instrument of diplomacy, no educated soldier will deny. Politics must always exercise a supreme influence on strategy; yet it cannot be gainsaid that interference with the commander in the field is fraught with the gravest danger.' (1)

The absolute truth of this remark is proved, not only by many instances in his own volumes, but by the history of war in all ages, and the principle for which Jackson contended when he sent in his resignation would seem too well founded to be open to the slightest question. Yet there are those who, oblivious of the fact that neglect of this principle has been always responsible for protracted wars, for useless slaughter, and costly failures, still insist on the omniscience

(1) Vol. t. p. 206.

of statesmen; who regard the protest of the soldier as the mere outcome of injured vanity, and believe that politics must suffer unless the politician controls strategy as well as the finances. Colonel Henderson's pages supply an instructive commentary on these ideas. In the first three years of the Secession War, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton practically controlled the movements of the Federal forces, the Confederates were generally successful. Further, the most glorious epoch of the Confederacy was the critical period of 1862, when Lee was allowed to exercise the full authority of Commander-in-Chief; and lastly, the Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until Mr. Lincoln, in March 1864, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favour of General Grant. And yet while Lee and Grant had a free hand over the military resources of their respective nations the political situation, suffered no harm whatever, no extravagant demands were made upon the exchequer, and the Government derived fresh strength from the successes of the armies.

The truth is that a certain class of civilians cannot rid themselves of the suspicion that soldiers are consumed by an inordinate and bloodthirsty ambition. They cannot understand that a man brought up from his youth to render loyal obedience is less likely than most others to run counter to constituted authority. They will not see that a soldier's pride in his own army and in the manhood of his own race tends to make him a devoted patriot. They do not realise that a commander's familiarity with war, whether gained by study or experience, must, unless his ability be limited, enable him to accommodate his strategy to political exigencies. Nor will they admit that he can possess a due sense of economy, although none knows better than an educated soldier the part played in war by a sound and thrifty administration of the national resources.

The soldier, on the other hand, knows that his art is most difficult, that to apply strategical principles correctly experience, study, knowledge of men, and an intimate acquaintance with questions of supply, transport, and the movement of masses, are absolutely necessary. He is aware that what may seem matters of small moment to the civilian--such as the position of a brigade, the strength of a garrison, the command of a detachment may affect the whole course of a campaign; and consequently, even if he had not the historical examples of Aulic Councils and other such assemblies to warn him, he would rebel against the meddling of amateurs. Let it not be forgotten that an enormous

responsibility rests on the shoulders of a commander in the field: the honour of the army committed to his charge, the lives of the brave men under him, perhaps the existence of his country; and that failure, even if he can plead that he only obeyed the orders of his Government, or that he was supplied with inadequate means, will be laid at his door. McDowell received no mercy after Bull Run, although he had protested against attacking the Confederates; and it was long before the reputation of Sir John Moore was cleared in the eyes of the English people.

Such, to my mind, are the most important lessons to be drawn from this history of the first period of the Secession War. But it is not alone to draw attention to the teaching on these points that I have acceded, as an old friend, to Colonel Henderson's request that I should write an Introduction to his second edition. In these days of sensational literature and superficial study there is a prejudice against the story that fills more than one volume. But the reader who opens these pages is so carried away by the intense interest of the subject, clothed as it is in forcible and yet graceful language, that he closes them with regret; and I am only too glad to ask others to share the very great pleasure I have myself enjoyed in reading them. I know of no book which will add more largely to the soldier's knowledge of strategy and the art of war; and the ordinary reader will find in this Life of Stonewall Jackson, true and accurate as it is, all the charm and fascination of a great historical romance.

Stonewall Jackson v1.

Chapter I—West Point (1)

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Is the first quarter of the century, on the hills which stand above the Ohio River, but in different States of the Union, were born two children, destined, to all appearance, to lives of narrow interests and thankless toil. They were the sons of poor parents, without influence or expectations; their native villages, deep in the solitudes of the West, and remote from the promise and possibilities of great cities, offered no road to fortune. In the days before the railway, escape from the wilderness, except for those with long purses, was very difficult; and for those who remained, if their means were small, the farm and the store were the only occupations. But a farmer without capital was little better than a hired hand; trade was confined to the petty dealings of a country market; and although thrift and energy, even under such depressing conditions, might eventually win a competence, the most ardent ambition could hardly hope for more. Never was an obscure existence more irretrievably marked out than for these children of the Ohio; and yet, before either had grown grey, the names of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and of Stonewall Jackson, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army, were household words in both America and Europe. Descendants of the pioneers, those hardy borderers, half soldiers and half <2>farmers, who held and reclaimed, through long years of Indian warfare, the valleys and prairies of the West, they inherited the best attributes of a frank and valiant race. Simple yet wise, strong yet gentle, they were gifted with all the qualities which make leaders of men. Actuated by the highest principles, they both ennobled the cause for which they fought; and while the opposition of such kindred natures adds to the dramatic interest of the Civil War, the career of the great soldier, although a theme perhaps less generally attractive, may be followed as profitably as that of the great statesman. Providence dealt with them very differently. The one was struck down by a mortal wound before his task was well begun; his life, to all human seeming, was given in vain, and his name will ever be associated with the mournful memories of a lost cause and a vanished army. The other, ere he fell beneath the assassin's stroke, had seen the abundant fruits of his mighty labours; his sun set in a cloudless sky. And yet the resemblance between them is very close. Both dared

For that sweet motherland which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future; . . . more than wall
And rampart, their examples reach a hand
Far thro' all years, and everywhere they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs.

Jackson, in one respect, was more fortunate than Lincoln. Although born to poverty, he came of a Virginia family which was neither unknown nor undistinguished; and, as showing the influences which went to form his character, its history and traditions may be briefly related. It is an article of popular belief that the State of Virginia, the Old Dominion of the British Crown, owes her fame to the blood of the English Cavaliers. The

idea, however, has small foundation in fact. Not a few of her great names are derived from a less romantic source, and the Confederate general, like many of his neighbours in the western portion of the State, traced his origin to the Lowlands of Scotland. An ingenious author of the last century, himself born on Tweed-side, declares that those Scotch families whose patronymics end in 'son,' although numerous and respectable, and descended, as the distinctive syllable denotes, from the Vikings, have seldom been pre-eminent either in peace or war. And certainly, as regards the Jacksons of bygone centuries, the assertion seems justified. The name is almost unknown to Border history. In neither lay nor legend has it been preserved; and even in the 'black lists' of the wardens, where the more enterprising of the community were continually proclaimed as thieves and malefactors, it is seldom honoured with notice. The omission might be held as evidence that the family was of peculiar honesty, but, in reality, it is only a proof that it was insignificant. It is not improbable that the Jacksons were one of the landless clans, whose only heritages were their rude 'peel' towers, and who, with no acknowledged chief of their own race, followed, as much for protection as for plunder, the banner of some more powerful house. In course of time, when the Marches grew peaceful and morals improved, when cattle-lifting, no longer profitable, ceased to be an honourable occupation, such humbler marauders drifted away into the wide world, leaving no trace behind, save the grey ruins of their grim fortalices, and the incidental mention of some probably disreputable scion in a chapman's ballad. Neither mark nor memory of the Jacksons remains in Scotland. We only know that some members of the clan, impelled probably by religious persecution, made their way to Ulster, where a strong colony of Lowlanders had already been established.

Under a milder sky and a less drastic government the expatriated Scots lost nothing of their individuality. Masterful and independent from the beginning, masterful and independent they remained, inflexible of purpose, impatient of injustice, and staunch to their ideals. Something, perhaps, they owed to contact with the Celt. Wherever the Ulster folk have made their home, the breath of the wholesome North has followed them, preserving untainted their hereditary virtues. Shrewd, practical, and thrifty, prosperity has consistently rewarded them; and yet, in common with the Irishmen of English stock, they have found in the trade of arms the most congenial outlet for their energies. An abiding love of peace can hardly be enumerated amongst their more prominent characteristics; and it is a remarkable fact, which, unless there is some mysterious property in the air, can only be explained by the intermixture of races, that Ireland 'within the Pale' has been peculiarly prolific of military genius. As England has bred admirals, so the sister isle has bred soldiers. The tenacious courage of the Anglo-Saxon, blended with the spirit of that people which above all others delights in war, has proved on both sides of the Atlantic a most powerful combination of martial qualities. The same mixed strain which gave England Wolfe and Wellington, the Napiers and the Lawrences, has given America some of her greatest captains; and not the least famous of her Presidents is that General Jackson who won the battle of New Orleans in 1814. So, early in the century the name became known beyond the seas; but whether the same blood ran in the veins of the Confederate general and of the soldier President is a matter of some doubt. The former, in almost every single respect, save his warm heart, was the exact converse of the typical Irishman; the latter had a hot temper and a ready wit. Both, however, were undeniably fond of fighting, and a letter still preserved attests that their ancestors had lived in the

same parish of Londonderry.(1)

John Jackson, the great-grandfather of our hero, landed in America in 1748, and it was not long before he set his face towards the wilderness. The emigrants from Ulster appear as a rule to have moved westward. The States along the coast were already colonised, and, despite its fertility, the country was little to their taste. But beyond the border, in the broad Appalachian valley which runs from the St. Lawrence to Alabama, on the <5>banks of the great rivers, the Susquehanna, the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, they found a land after their own heart, a soil with whose properties they were familiar, the sweet grasses and soft contours of their native hills. Here, too, there was ample room for their communities, for the West was as yet but sparsely tenanted. No inconsiderable number, penetrating far into the interior, settled eventually about the headwaters of the Potomac and the James. This highland region was the debateable ground of the United States. So late as 1756 the State of Virginia extended no further than the crests of the Blue Ridge. Two hundred miles westward forts flying French colours dominated the valley of the Ohio, and the wild and inhospitable tract, a very labyrinth of mountains, which lay between, was held by the fierce tribes of the 'Six Nations' and the Leni-Lenape. Two years later the French had been driven back to Canada; but it was not till near the close of the century that the savage was finally dispossessed of his spacious hunting grounds.

It was on these green uplands, where fight and foray were as frequent as once on the Scottish border, that John Jackson and his wife, a fellow passenger to America, by name Elizabeth Cummins, first pitched their camp, and here is still the home of their descendants.

In the little town of Clarksburg, now the county-seat of Harrison, but then no more than a village in the Virginia backwoods, Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born 1824. on January 21, 1824. His father was a lawyer, clever and popular, who had inherited a comfortable patrimony. The New World had been generous to the Jacksons. The emigrant of 1748 left a valuable estate, and his many sons were uniformly prosperous. Nor was their affluence the reward of energy and thrift alone, for the lands reclaimed by axe and plough were held by a charter of sword and musket. The redskin fought hard for his ancestral domains. The stockaded forts, which stood as a citadel of refuge in every settlement, were often the scene of fierce attack and weary leaguer, and the nursing mothers of the frontier families were no strangers to war and bloodshed. The last great <6>battle with the Indians east of the Ohio was fought in 1774, but the military experience of the pioneers was not confined to the warfare of the border. John Jackson and his sons bore arms in the War of Independence, and the trained rifle-men of West Virginia were welcome recruits in the colonial ranks. With the exception of the Highlanders of the '45, who had been deported in droves to the plantations, no race had less cause to remain loyal to the Crown than the men of Ulster blood. Even after the siege of Londonderry they had been proscribed and persecuted; and in the War of Independence the fiercest enemies of King George were the descendants of the same Scotch-Irish who had held the north of Ireland for King William.

In Washington's campaigns more than one of the Jacksons won rank and reputation; and when peace was established they married into influential families. Nor was the next generation less successful. Judges, senators, and soldiers upheld the honour of the name, and proved the worth of the ancestral stock. They were marked, it is said, by strong and characteristic features, by a warm feeling of clanship, a capacity for hard work, and a decided love of roving. Some became hunters, others explorers, and the race is now

scattered from Virginia to Oregon. A passion for litigation was a general failing, and none of them could resist the fascination of machinery. Every Jackson owned a mill or factory of some sort—many of them more than one—and their ventures were not always profitable. Jackson's father, among others, found it easier to make money than to keep it. Generous and incautious, he became deeply involved by becoming security for others; high play increased his embarrassments; and when he died in 1827 every vestige of his property was swept away. His young widow, left with three small children, two sons and a daughter, became dependent on the assistance of her kinsfolk for a livelihood, and on the charity of the Free-masons for a roof. When Thomas, her second son, was six years old, she married a Captain Woodson; but her second matrimonial venture was not more fortunate than her first. Her husband's means were small, and necessity <7>soon compelled her to commit her two boys to the care of their father's relatives. Within a year the children shod round her dying bed, and at a very early age our little Virginian found himself a penniless orphan. But, as he never regretted his poverty, so he never forgot his mother. To the latest hour of his life he loved to recall her memory, and years after she had passed away her influence still remained. Her beauty, her counsels, their last parting, and her happy death, for she was a woman of deep religious feeling, made a profound impression on him. To his childhood's fancy she was the embodiment of every grace; and so strong had been the sympathy between them, that even in the midst of his campaigns she was seldom absent from his thoughts. After her death the children found a home with their father's half-brother, who had inherited the family estates, and was one of the largest slave-owners in the district. Their surroundings, however, could hardly be called luxurious. Life on the Ohio was very different from life on the coast. The western counties of Virginia were still practically on the frontier of the United States. The axe had thinned the interminable woods; mills were busy on each mountain stream, and the sunny valleys were rich in fruit and corn. But as yet there was little traffic. Steam had not yet come to open up the wilderness. The population was small and widely scattered; and the country was cut off as much by nature as by distance from the older civilisation of the East. The parallel ranges of the Alleghanies, with their pathless forests and great cañons, were a formidable barrier to all intercourse. The West was a world in itself. The only outlets eastward were the valleys of the Potomac and the James, the one leading to Washington, the other to Richmond; and so seldom were they used that the yeomen of the Ohio uplands were almost as much opposed, both in character and in mode of life, to the planters beyond the Blue Ridge, as the Covenanters of Bothwell Brig to the gentlemen of Dundee's Life Guards.

Although the sturdy independence and simple habits of <8>the borderers were not affected by contact with wealthier communities, isolation was not in every way a blessing. Served by throngs of slaves, the great landowners of East Virginia found leisure to cultivate the arts which make life more pleasant. The rambling houses on the banks of the James, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac, built on the model of English manors, had their libraries and picture-galleries. A classical academy was the boast of every town, and a university training was considered as essential to the son of a planter as to the heir of an English squire. A true aristocracy, in habit and in lineage, the gentlemen of Virginia long swayed the councils of the nation, and among them were many who were intimate with the best representatives of European culture. Beyond the Alleghanies there were no facilities for education; and even had opportunities offered few would have had the

leisure to enjoy them. Labour was scarce, either slave or hired. The owners of farms and mills were their own managers and overseers, and young men had to serve a practical apprenticeship to lumbering and agriculture. To this rule, despite his uncle's wealth, Jackson was no exception. He had to fight his own battle, to rub shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men, and to hold his own as best he could.

It was a hard school, then, in which he grew to manhood. But for that very reason it was a good school for the future soldier. For a man who has to push his own way in the world, more especially if he has to carve it with his sword, a boyhood passed amidst surroundings which boast of no luxury and demand much endurance, is the best probation. Von Moltke has recorded that the comfortless routine of the Military Academy at Copenhagen inured him to privation, and Jackson learned the great lesson of self-reliance in the rough life of his uncle's homestead.

The story of his early years is soon told. As a blue-eyed child, with long fair hair, he was curiously thoughtful and exceedingly affectionate. His temper was generous and cheerful. His truthfulness was proverbial, and his little sister found in him the kindest of playmates and the sturdiest of protectors. He was distinguished, too, for his politeness, although good manners were by no means rare in the rustic West. The manly courtesy of the true American is no exotic product; nor is the universal deference to woman peculiar to any single class. The farmer of the backwoods might be ignorant of the conventionalities, but the simplicity and unselfishness which are the root of all good breeding could be learned in West Virginia as readily as in Richmond.

Once, tempted by his brother, the boy left his adopted home, and the two children, for the elder was no more than twelve, wandered down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and spent the summer on a lonely and malarious island, cutting wood for passing steamers. No one opposed their going, and it seems to have been considered quite natural in that independent community that the veriest urchins should be allowed to seek their fortunes for themselves. Returning, ragged and fever-stricken, the little adventurers submitted once more to the routine of the farm and to the intermittent studies of a country school. After his failure as a man of business, our small hero showed no further inclination to seek his fortunes far afield. He was fond of his home. His uncle, attracted by his steadiness and good sense, treated him more as a companion than a child; and in everything connected with the farm, as well as in the sports of the country side, the boy took the keenest interest. Delicate by nature, with a tendency to consumption inherited from his mother, his physique and constitution benefited by a life of constant exercise and wholesome toil. At school he was a leader in every game, and his proficiency in the saddle proved him a true Virginian. Fox-hunting and horse-racing were popular amusements, and his uncle not only kept a stable of well-bred horses, but had a four-mile race-course on his own grounds. As a light-weight jockey the future general was a useful member of the household, and it was the opinion of the neighbourhood that 'if a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, young Jackson never failed to bring them out.'

In the management of the estate he learned early to put his shoulder to the wheel. Transporting timber from the forest to the saw-mill was one of his most frequent tasks, and tradition records that if a tree were to be moved from ground of unusual difficulty, or if there were one more gigantic than the rest, the party of labourers was put under his control, and the work was sure to be effected.

One who knew him well has described his character. 'He was a youth of exemplary

habits, of indomitable will and undoubted courage. He was not what is nowadays termed brilliant, but he was one of those untiring, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up an undertaking until he accomplished his object. He learned slowly, but what he got into his head he never forgot. He was not quick to decide, except when excited. and then, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he did it on short notice and in quick time. Once, while on his way to school, an over-grown rustic behaved rudely to one of the school-girls. Jackson fired up, and told him he must apologise at once or he would thrash him. The big fellow, supposing that he was more than a match for him, refused, whereupon Jackson pitched into him, and gave him a severe pounding.'

His surroundings, then, although neither refined nor elevating, were not unwholesome; but of the moral influences to which he was subjected, so much cannot be said. The stock of piety that the original settlers had brought with them had long since vanished. Irregularity of life was the general rule; religion was simply a matter to which men gave no thought, and young Jackson drifted with the tide. Yet there was something that preserved him from contamination. His uncle, kindest of guardians, was as unscrupulous as he was violent. His associates were by no means the most respectable of the neighbourhood, and the morals of the sporting fraternity of a frontier settlement are not likely to have been edifying. That his nephew, as he himself declares, was an ardent frequenter of races,' house-raising,'⁽¹⁾ and country dances is hardly surprising, and it is assuredly no ground whatever for reproach. But it is strange that, amid much laxity, he should have retained his integrity, <11>that his regard for truth should have remained untarnished, and that he should have consistently held aloof from all that was mean and vile. His mother was no mere memory to that affectionate nature.

His good qualities, however, would scarcely of themselves have done more than raise him to a respectable rank amongst the farmers of West Virginia. A spur was wanting to urge him beyond the limits of so contracted an existence, and that spur was supplied by an honourable ambition. Penniless and dependent as he was, he still remembered that his ancestors had been distinguished beyond the confines of their native county, and this legitimate pride in his own people, a far-off reflection, perhaps, of the traditional Scottish attitude towards name and pedigree, exercised a marked influence on his whole career. ' To prove himself worthy of his forefathers was the purpose of his early manhood. It gives us a key to many of the singularities of his character; to his hunger for self-improvement; to his punctilious observance, from a boy, of the essentials of gentlemanly bearing, and to the uniform assertion of his self-respect.'⁽¹⁾

It was his openly expressed wish for larger advantages than those offered by a country school that brought about his opportunity. In 1841, at the age of seventeen, 1841. he became a constable of the county. A sort of minor sheriff, he had to execute the decrees of the justices, to serve their warrants, to collect small debts, and to summon witnesses. It was a curious office for a boy, but a year or two before he had been seized with some obscure form of dyspepsia, and the idea that a life on horseback, which his duties necessitated, might restore his health, had induced his relatives to obtain the post for him. Jackson himself seems to have been influenced by the hope that his salary would help towards his education, and by the wish to become independent of his uncle's bounty. His new duties were uncongenial, but, despite his youth, he faced his responsibilities with a determination which men of maturer years might well have envied. In everything <12>he was scrupulously exact. His accounts were accurately kept; he was punctuality itself, and

his patience was inexhaustible. For two years he submitted cheerfully to the drudgery of his position, re-establishing his health, but without advancing a single step towards the goal of his ambition. But before he was nineteen his hopes were unexpectedly realised. The Military Academy at West Point not only provided, at the expense of the nation, a sound and liberal education, but offered an opening to an honourable career. Nominations to cadetships were made by the Secretary of War, on the recommendation of members of Congress, and in 1842 a vacancy occurred which was to be filled by a youth from the Congressional District in which Clarksburg was included. Jackson, informed of the chance by a friendly blacksmith, eagerly embraced it, and left no stone unturned to attain his object. Every possible influence that could be brought to bear on the member for the district was immediately enlisted. To those who objected that his education was too imperfect to enable him even to enter the Academy, he replied that he had the necessary application, that he hoped he had the capacity, and that he was at least determined to try. His earnestness and courage won upon all. His application was strongly backed by those who had learned to value his integrity and exactness, and Mr. Hays, the member for the district, wrote that he would do all in his power to secure the appointment. No sooner had the letter been read than Jackson determined to go at once to Washington, in order that he might be ready to proceed to West Point without a moment's delay. Packing a few clothes into a pair of saddlebags, he mounted his horse, and accompanied by a servant, who was to bring the animal home, rode off to catch the coach at Clarksburg. It had already passed, but galloping on, he overtook it at the next stage, and on his arrival at Washington, Mr. Hays at once introduced him to the Secretary of War. On presenting him, he explained the disadvantages of his education, but begged indulgence for him on account of his pluck and determination. The Secretary plied him with questions, <13>but Jackson was not to be diverted from his purpose; and so good was the impression which he made that he then and there received his warrant, accompanied by some excellent advice. 'Sir,' said the Secretary, 'you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down, and have it charged to my account!'

Mr. Hays proposed that the new-fledged cadet should stay with him for a few days in order to see the sights of Washington. But as the Academy was already in session, Jackson, with a strong appreciation of the value of time, begged to decline. He was content to ascend to the roof of the Capitol, then still building, and look once on the magnificent panorama of which it is the centre.

At his feet lay the city, with its busy streets and imposing edifices. To the south ran the Potomac, bearing on its ample tide the snowy sails of many merchantmen, and spanned by a bridge more than a mile in length. Over against the Capitol, looking down on that wide-watered shore, stood the white porch of Arlington, once the property of Washington, and now the home of a young officer of the United States army, Robert Edward Lee. Beyond Arlington lay Virginia, Jackson's native State, stretching back in leafy hills and verdant pastures, and far and low upon the western horizon his own mountains loomed faintly through the summer haze. It was a strange freak of fortune that placed him at the very outset of his career within sight of the theatre of his most famous victories. It was a still stranger caprice that was to make the name of the simple country youth, ill-educated and penniless, as terrible in Washington as the name of the Black Douglas was once in Durham and Carlisle.

It was in July 1842 that one of America's greatest soldiers first answered to his name on

the parade-ground at West Point. Shy and silent, clad in Virginia homespun, with the whole of his personal effects carried in a pair of weatherstained saddlebags, the impression that he made on his future comrades, as the Secretary of War appears to have anticipated, was by no means favourable. The West Point cadets were then, as now, remarkable <14>for their upright carriage, the neatness of their appointments, and their soldierly bearing towards their officers and towards each other. The grey coatee, decorated with bright buttons and broad gold lace, the shako with tall plumes, the spotless white trousers, set off the trim young figures to the best advantage; and the full-dress parade of the cadet battalion, marked by discipline and precision in every movement, is still one of the most attractive of military spectacles.

These natty young gentlemen were not slow to detect the superficial deficiencies of the newcomer. A system of practical joking, carried to extremes, had long been a feature of West Point life. Jackson, with the rusticity of the backwoods apparent at every turn, promised the highest sport. And here it may be written, once for all, that however nearly in point of character the intended victim reached the heroic standard, his outward graces were few. His features were well cut, his forehead high, his mouth small and firm, and his complexion fresh. Yet the *ensemble* was not striking, nor was it redeemed by grave eyes and a heavy jaw, a strong but angular frame, a certain awkwardness of movement, and large hands and feet. His would-be tormentors, however, soon found they had mistaken their man. The homespun jacket covered a natural shrewdness which had been sharpened by responsibility. The readiness of resource which had characterised the whilom constable was more than a match for their most ingenious schemes; and baffled by a temper which they were powerless to disturb, their attempts at persecution, apparently more productive of amusement to their victim than to themselves, were soon abandoned.

Rough as was the life of the Virginia border, it had done something to fit this unpromising recruit for the give and take of his new existence. Culture might be lacking in the distant West, but the air men breathed was at least the blessed breath of independence. Each was what he made himself. A man's standing depended on his success in life, and success was within the reach of all. There, like his neighbours, Jackson had learned to take his <15>own part; like them he acknowledged no superiority save that of actual merit, and believing that the richest prize might be won by energy and perseverance, without diffidence or misgiving he faced his future. He knew nothing of the life of the great nation of which he was so insignificant an atom, of the duties of the army, of the manners of its officers. He knew only that even as regards education he had an uphill task before him. He was indeed on the threshold of a new world, with his own way to make, and apparently no single advantage in his favour. But he came of a fighting race; he had his own inflexible resolution to support him, and his determination expressed itself in his very bearing. Four cadets, three of whom were afterwards Confederate generals, (1) were standing together when he first entered the gates of the Academy. 'There was about him,' says one of them, 'so sturdy an expression of purpose that I remarked, "That fellow looks as if he had come to stay."'

Jackson's educational deficiencies were more difficult of conquest than the goodwill of his comrades. His want of previous training placed him at a great disadvantage. He commenced his career amongst 'the Immortals' (the last section of the class), and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that he maintained his place. His struggles at the blackboard were often painful to witness. In the struggle to solve a problem he invariably

covered both his face and uniform with chalk, and he perspired so freely, even in the coldest weather, that the cadets, with boyish exaggeration, declared that whenever 'the General,' as he had at once been dubbed in honour of his namesake, the victor of New Orleans, got a difficult proposition he was certain to flood the classroom. It was all he could do to pass his first examination.⁽²⁾

'We were studying,' writes a classmate, 'algebra and analytical geometry that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class. Just before the signal "lights out" he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal, and lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour of the night. This evident determination to succeed not only aided his own efforts directly, but impressed his instructors in his favour. If he could not master the portion of the text-book assigned for the day, he would not pass it over, but continued to work at it till he understood it. Thus it often happened that when he was called out to repeat his task, he had to reply that he had not yet reached the lesson of the day, but was employed upon the previous one. There was then no alternative but to mark him as unprepared, a proceeding which did not in the least affect his resolution.'

Despite all drawbacks, his four years at the Academy were years of steady progress. 'The Immortals' were soon left far behind. At the end of the first twelve months he stood fifty-first in a class of seventy-two, but when he entered the first class, and commenced the study of logic, that bugbear to the majority, he shot from near the foot of the class to the top. In the final examination he came out seventeenth, notwithstanding that the less successful years were taken into account, and it was a frequent remark amongst his brother cadets that if the course had been a year longer he would have come out first. His own satisfaction was complete. Not only was his perseverance rewarded by a place sufficiently high to give him a commission in the artillery, but his cravings for knowledge had been fully gratified. West Point was much more than a military school. It was a university, and a university under the very strictest discipline, where the science of the soldier formed only a portion of the course. Subjects which are now considered essential to a military education were not taught at all. The art of war gave place to ethics and engineering; and mathematics and chemistry were considered of far more importance than topography and fortification. Yet with French, history, and drawing, it will be admitted that the course was sufficiently comprehensive. No cadet was permitted to graduate unless he had reached a high standard of proficiency. Failures were numerous. In the four years the classes grew gradually smaller, and the survival of the fittest was a principle of administration which was rigidly observed.

The fact, then, that a man had passed the final examination at West Point was a sufficient certificate that he had received a thorough education, that his mental faculties had been strengthened by four years of hard work, and that he was well equipped to take his place amongst his fellow men. And it was more than this. Four years of the strictest discipline, for the cadets were allowed only one vacation during their whole course, were sufficient to break in even the most careless and the most slovenly to neatness, obedience, and punctuality. Such habits are not easily unlearned, and the West Point certificate was thus a guarantee of qualities that are everywhere useful. It did not necessarily follow that because a cadet won a commission he remained a soldier. Many went to civil life, and the Academy was an excellent school for men who intended to find a career as surveyors or engineers. The great railway system of the United States was then in its infancy; its

development offered endless possibilities, and the work of extending civilisation in a vast and rapidly improving country had perhaps more attraction for the ambitious than the career of arms. The training and discipline of West Point were not, then, concentrated in one profession, but were disseminated throughout the States; and it was with this purpose that the institution of the Academy had been approved by Congress.

In the wars with England the militia of the different States had furnished the means both of resistance and aggression, but their grave shortcomings, owing principally to the lack of competent officers, had been painfully conspicuous. After 1814, the principle that the militia was the first line of defence was still adhered to, and the standing army was merely maintained as a school for generals and a frontier guard. It was expected, however, that in case of war the West Point graduates would supply the national forces with a large number of officers who, despite their civil avocations, would at least be familiar with drill and discipline. This fact is to be borne in mind <18>in view of the Civil War. The demands of the enormous armies then put into the field were utterly unprecedented, and the supply of West Pointers was altogether inadequate to meet them; but the influence of the Military Academy was conspicuous throughout. Not a few of the most able generals were little more than boys; and yet, as a rule, they were far superior to those who came from the militia or volunteers. Four years of strict routine, of constant drill, and implicit subordination, at the most impressionable period of life, proved a far better training for command than the desultory and intermittent service of a citizen army.

During his stay at West Point Jackson's development was not all in one direction. He gained in health and strength. When he joined he had not yet attained his full height, which fell short of six feet by two inches. The constant drilling developed his frame. He grew rapidly, and soon acquired the erect bearing of the soldier; but notwithstanding the incessant practice in riding, fencing and marching, his anatomical peculiarities still asserted themselves. It was with great difficulty that he mastered the elementary process of keeping step, and despite his youthful proficiency as a jockey, the regulation seat of the dragoon, to be acquired on the back of a rough cavalry trooper, was an accomplishment which he never mastered. If it be added that his shyness never thawed, that he was habitually silent, it is hardly surprising to find that he had few intimates at the Academy. Caring nothing for the opinion of others, and tolerant of association rather than seeking it, his self-contained nature asked neither sympathy nor affection. His studious habits never left him. His only recreation was a rapid walk in the intervals of the classes. His whole thoughts and his whole energy were centred on doing his duty, and passing into the army with all the credit he could possibly attain. Although he was thoroughly happy at West Point, life to him, even at that early age, was a serious business, and most seriously he set about it.

Still, unsociable and irresponsible as he was, there were those in whose company he found pleasure, cadets who had <19>studied subjects not included in the West Point course, and from whom there was something to be learned. It was an unwritten law of the Academy that those of the senior year should not make companions of their juniors. But Jackson paid no heed to the traditionary code of etiquette. His acquaintances were chosen regardless of standing, as often from the class below him as his own; and in yet another fashion his strength of character was displayed. Towards those who were guilty of dishonourable conduct he was merciless almost to vindictiveness. He had his own code of right and wrong, and from one who infringed it he would accept neither apology nor

excuse. His musket, which was always scrupulously clean, was one day replaced by another in most slovenly order. He called the attention of his captain to his loss, and described the private mark by which it was to be identified. That evening, at the inspection of arms, it was found in the hands of another cadet, who, when taxed with his offence, endeavoured to shield himself by falsehood. Jackson's anger was unbounded, and for the moment his habitual shyness completely disappeared. He declared that such a creature should not continue a member of the Academy, and demanded that he should be tried by court-martial and expelled. It was only by means of the most persevering remonstrances on the part of his comrades and his officers that he could be induced to waive his right of pressing the charge. His regard for duty, too, was no less marked than his respect for truth. During one half-year his room-mate was orderly-sergeant of his company, and this good-natured if perfunctory young gentleman often told Jackson that he need not attend the *réveille* roll-call, at which every cadet was supposed to answer to his name. Not once, however, did he avail himself of the privilege.(1)

At the same time he was not altogether so uncompromising as at first sight he appeared. At West Point, as in after years, those who saw him interested or excited noticed that his smile was singularly sweet, and the cadets knew that it revealed a warm heart within. Whenever, from sickness or misfortune, a comrade stood in need of <20>sympathy, Jackson was the first to offer it, and he would devote himself to his help with a tenderness so womanly that it sometimes excited ridicule. Sensitive he was not, for of vanity he had not the slightest taint; but of tact and sensibility he possessed more than his share. If he was careless of what others thought of him, he thought much of them. Though no one made more light of pain on his own account, no one could have more carefully avoided giving pain to others, except when duty demanded it; and one of his classmates (1) testifies that he went through the trying ordeal of four years. at West Point without ever having a hard word or bad feeling from cadet or professor.

Nor did his comrades fail to remember that when he was unjustly blamed he chose to bear the imputation silently rather than expose those who were really at fault. And so, even in that lighthearted battalion, his sterling worth compelled respect. All honoured his efforts and wished him God-speed. ' While there were many,' says Colonel Turnley, 'who seemed to surpass him in intellect, in geniality, and in good-fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all; and in the end "Old Jack," as he was always called, with his desperate earnestness, his unflinching straightforwardness, and his high sense of honour, came to be regarded by his comrades with something very like affection.

One peculiarity cannot be passed by.

When at study he always sat bolt upright at his table with his book open before him, and when he was not using pencil and paper to solve a problem, he would often keep his eyes fixed on the wall or ceiling in the most profound abstraction. ' No one I have ever known,' says a cadet who shared his barrack-room, 'could so perfectly withdraw his mind from surrounding objects or influences, and so thoroughly involve his whole being in the subject under consideration. His lessons were uppermost in his mind, and to thoroughly understand them was always his determined <21>effort. To make the author's knowledge his own was ever the point at which he aimed. This intense application of mind was naturally strengthened by constant exercise, and month by month, and year by year, his faculties of perception developed rapidly, until he grasped with unerring quickness the

inceptive points of all ethical and mathematical problems.'

This power of abstraction and of application is well worth noting, for not only was it remarkable in a boy, but, as we shall see hereafter, it had much to do with the making of the soldier.

At West Point Jackson was troubled with the return of the obscure complaint which had already threatened him, and he there began that rigid observance of the laws of health which afterwards developed to almost an eccentricity. His peculiar attitude when studying was due to the fear that if he bent over his work the compression of his internal organs might increase their tendency to disease.

And not only did he lay down rules for his physical regimen. A book of maxims which he drew up at West Point has been preserved, and we learn that his scrupulous exactness, his punctilious courtesy, and his choice of companions were the outcome of much deliberation.

Nothing in this curious volume occurs to show that his thoughts had yet been turned to religion. It is as free from all reference to the teachings of Christianity as the maxims of Marcus Aurelius.

Every line there written shows that at this period of Jackson's life devotion to duty was his guiding rule; and, notwithstanding his remarkable freedom from egotism, the traces of an engrossing ambition and of absolute self-dependence are everywhere apparent. Many of the sentiments he would have repudiated in after-life as inconsistent with humility; but there can be no question that it was a strong and fearless hand that penned on a conspicuous page the sentence: 'You can be what you resolve to be.'

Jackson was already a man in years when he passed his final examination, and here the record of his boyhood may fitly cloak. He had made no particular mark at the Academy. His memory, in the minds of his comrades, was associated with his gravity, his silence, his kind heart, and his awkward movements. No one suspected him of nobler qualities than dogged perseverance and a strict regard for truth. The officers and sergeants of the cadet battalion were supplied by the cadets themselves; but Jackson was never promoted. In the mimic warfare of the playground at Brienne Napoleon was master of the revels. His capacity for command had already been detected; but neither comrade nor teacher saw beneath the unpromising exterior of the West Point student a trace of aught save what was commonplace.

And yet there is much in the boyhood of Stonewall Jackson that resembles the boyhood of Napoleon, of all great soldiers the most original. Both were affectionate. Napoleon lived on bread and water that he might educate his brothers; Jackson saved his cadet's pay to give his sister a silk dress. Both were indefatigable students, impressed with the conviction that the world was to be conquered by force of intellect. Jackson, burning his lessons into his brain, is but the counterpart of the young officer who lodged with a professor of mathematics that he might attend his classes, and who would wait to explain the lectures to those who had not clearly understood them. Both were provincial, neither was prepossessing. If the West Point cadets laughed at Jackson's large hands and feet, was not Napoleon, with his thin legs thrust into enormous boots, saluted by his friend's children, on his first appearance in uniform, with the nickname of *Le Chat Botté*? It is hard to say which was the more laughable: the spare and bony figure of the cadet, sitting bolt upright like a graven image in a tight uniform, with his eyes glued to the ceiling of his barrack-room, or the young man, with gaunt features, round shoulders, and uncombed

hair, who wandered alone about the streets of Paris in 1795.

They had the same love of method and of order. The accounts of the Virginian constable were not more scrupulously kept than the ledgers of Napoleon's household, nor <23>could they show a greater regard for economy than the tailor's bill, still extant, on which the future Emperor gained a reduction of four *sous*. But it was not on such trivial lines alone that they run parallel. An inflexibility of purpose, an absolute disregard of popular opinion, and an unswerving belief in their own capacity, were predominant in both. They could say 'No.' Neither sought sympathy, and both felt that they were masters of their own fate. 'You can be whatever you resolve to be' may be well placed alongside the speech of the brigadier of five-and-twenty: 'Have patience. I will command in Paris presently. What should I do there now ?'

But here the parallel ends. In Jackson, even as a cadet, self was subordinate to duty. Pride was foreign to his nature. He was incapable of pretence, and his simplicity was inspired by that disdain of all meanness which had been his characteristic from a child. His brain was disturbed by no wild visions; no intemperate ambition confused his sense of right and wrong. 'The essence of his mind,' as has been said of another of like mould, 'was clearness, healthy purity, incompatibility with fraud in any of its forms.' It was his instinct to be true and straightforward as it was Napoleon's to be false and subtle. And if, as a youth, he showed no trace of marked intellectual power; if his instructors saw no sign of masterful resolution and a genius for command, it was because at West Point, as elsewhere, his great qualities lay dormant, awaiting the emergency that should call them forth.

Stonewall Jackson v1.

CHAPTER II—MEXICO (1)

<24>

On June 30, 1846, Jackson received the brevet rank of second lieutenant of artillery. He was fortunate from the very outset of his military career. The officers of the United States army, thanks to the thorough education and Spartan discipline of West Point, were fine soldiers; but their scope was limited. On the western frontier, far beyond the confines of civilisation, stood a long line of forts, often hundreds of miles apart, garrisoned by a few troops of cavalry or companies of infantry. It is true that there was little chance of soldierly capacity rusting in these solitary posts. From the borders of Canada to the banks of the Rio Grande swarmed thousands of savage warriors, ever watchful for an opportunity to pay back with bloody interest the aggression of the whites. Murder, robbery, and massacre followed each other in rapid succession, and the troops were allowed few intervals of rest. But the warfare was inglorious—a mere series of petty incidents, the punishment of a raid, or the crushing of an isolated revolt. The scanty butcher's bills of the so-called battles made small appeal to the popular imagination, and the deeds of the soldiers in the western wilderness, gallant as they might be, aroused less interest in the States than the conflicts of the police with the New York mob. But although pursuits which carried the adversaries half across the continent, forays which were of longer duration than a European war, and fights against overwhelming odds, where no quarter was asked or given, kept the American officers constantly employed, their <25>training was hardly sufficient for the needs of a great campaign. In the running fights against Apache or Blackfoot the rules of strategy and tactics were of small account. The soldier was constrained to acknowledge 'the brave' and the trapper as his teachers; and Moltke himself, with all his lore, would have been utterly baffled by the cunning of the Indian. Before the war of 1845-6 the strength of the regular army was not more than 8,500 men; and the whole of this force, with the exception of a few batteries, was scattered in small detachments along the frontier. The troops were never brought together in considerable bodies; and although they were well drilled and under the strictest discipline, neither the commanders nor the staff had the least experience of handling men in masses. Many of the infantry officers had never drilled with a whole battalion since they left West Point. A brigade of cavalry—that is, two or three regiments working together as a single unit—had never been assembled; and scarcely a single general had ever commanded a force composed of the three arms, either on service or on parade. 'During my twenty years of service on the frontier,' said one of the most famous of the Confederate leaders,(1) 'I learned all about commanding fifty United States dragoons and forgot everything else.'

Nevertheless, this life of enterprise and hard work, the constant struggle against nature, for the illimitable space of the inhospitable wilderness was a more formidable antagonist than the stealthy savage, benefited the American soldier in more ways than one. He grew accustomed to danger and privation. He learned to use his wits; to adapt his means to his end; to depend on his intelligence rather than on rule. Above all, even the most junior had experience of independent command before the enemy. A ready assumption of responsibility and a prompt initiative distinguished the regular officers from the very outset of the Civil War; and these characteristics had been acquired on the western

prairies.

But the warfare of the frontier had none of the glamour <26>of the warfare which is waged with equal arms against an equal enemy, of the conflict of nation against nation. To bring the foe to bay was a matter of the utmost difficulty. A fight at close quarters was of rare occurrence, and the most successful campaign ended in the destruction of a cluster of dirty wigwams, or the surrender of a handful of starving savages. In such unsatisfactory service Jackson was not called upon to take a part. It is doubtful if he ever crossed the Mississippi. His first experience of campaigning was to be on a field where gleams of glory were not wanting. The ink on his commission was scarcely dry when the artillery subaltern was ordered to join his regiment, the First Artillery, in Mexico. The war with the Southern Republic had blazed out on the Texan border in 1845, and the American Government had now decided to carry it into the heart of the hostile territory. With the cause of quarrel we have no concern. General Grant has condemned the war as 'one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation.' (1) Be this as it may, it is doubtful whether any of Grant's brother officers troubled themselves at all with the equity of invasion. It was enough for them that the expedition meant a struggle with a numerous enemy, armed and organised on the European model, and with much experience of war; that it promised a campaign in a country which was the very region of romance, possessing a lovely climate, historic cities, and magnificent scenery. The genius of Prescott had just disintombed from dusty archives the marvellous story of the Spanish conquest, and the imagination of many a youthful soldier had been already kindled by his glowing pages. To follow the path of Cortez, to traverse the golden realms of Montezuma, to look upon the lakes and palaces of Mexico, the most ancient city of America, to encamp among the temples of a vanished race, and to hear, while the fireflies flitted through the perfumed night, the music of the black-eyed maidens of New Spain—was ever more fascinating prospect offered to a subaltern of two-and-twenty?

The companies of the First Artillery which had been <27>detailed for foreign service were first transferred to Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Several engagements had already taken place. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey were brilliant American victories, won by hard fighting over superior numbers; and a vast extent of territory had been overrun. But the Mexicans were still unconquered. The provinces they had lost were but the fringe of the national domains; the heart of the Republic had not yet felt the pressure of war, and more than six hundred miles of difficult country intervened between the invaders and the capital. The American proposals for peace had been summarily rejected. A new President, General Santa Anna, had been raised to power, and under his vigorous administration the war threatened to assume a phase sufficiently embarrassing to the United States.

Jackson had been attached to a heavy battery, and his first duty was to transport guns and mortars to the forts which protected Point Isabel. The prospect of immediate employment before the enemy was small. Operations had come to a standstill. It was already apparent that a direct advance upon the capital, through the northern provinces, was an enterprise which would demand an army much larger than the Government was disposed to furnish. It seemed as if the First Artillery had come too late. Jackson was fearful that the war might come to an end before his regiment should be sent to the front. The shy cadet had a decided taste for fighting. 'I envy you men,' he said to a comrade more fortunate than himself, (1) 'who have been in battle. How I should like to be in *one*

battle!' His longing for action was soon gratified. Mexico had no navy and a long sea-board. The fleet of the United States was strong, their maritime resources ample, and to land an army on a shorter route to the distant capital was no difficult undertaking.

General Winfield Scott, who had been sent out as commander-in-chief, was permitted, early in 1847, to organise a combined naval and military expedition for the reduction of Vera Cruz, the principal port of the Republic, <28>whence a good road leads to Mexico. The line of advance would be thus reduced to two hundred and sixty miles; and the natural obstacles, though numerous enough, were far less serious than the deserts which barred invasion from the north. For this enterprise most of the regular regiments were withdrawn from the Rio Grande; and General Taylor, the hero of Palo Alto and Monterey, was left with a small army, composed principally of volunteers, to hold the conquered provinces. Scott's troops assembled in the first instance at Tampico. The transports, eighty in number, having embarked their freight, were directed to rendezvous in the roadstead of Lobos, one hundred and twenty miles north of Vera Cruz; and when the whole had assembled, the fleet set sail for Los Sacrificios, the island where Cortez had landed in 1520, three miles south of the city. The army of invasion, in which the First Regiment of Artillery was included, consisted of March 9. 13,000 men. On the morning of March 9 the sun shone propitiously on the expedition. The surf-boats, each holding from seventy to eighty men, were quickly arrayed in line. Then, dashing forward .simultaneously, with the strains of martial music sweeping over the smooth waters of the bay, they neared the shore. The landing was covered by seven armed vessels, and as the boats touched the beach the foremost men leaped into the water and ran up the sandy shore. In one hour General Worth's division, numbering 4,500 men, was disembarked; and by the same precise arrangements the whole army was landed in six hours without accident or confusion. To the astonishment of the Americans the enemy offered no resistance, and the troops bivouacked in line of battle on the beach.

Little more than a mile north, across a waste of sand-hills, rose the white walls of Vera Cruz. The city was held by 4,000 men, and its armament was formidable. The troops, however, but partially organised, were incapable of operations in the open field. The garrison had not been reinforced. Santa Anna, on learning that the American army on the Rio Grande had been reduced, had acted with <29>commendable promptitude. Collecting all the troops that were available he had marched northwards, expecting, doubtless, to overwhelm Taylor and still to be in time to prevent Scott from seizing a good harbour. But distance was against him, and his precautions were inadequate. Even if he defeated Taylor, he would have to march more than a thousand miles to encounter Scott, and Vera Cruz was ill provided for a siege. It was difficult, it is true, for the Mexican general to anticipate the point at which the Americans would disembark. An army that moves by sea possesses the advantage that its movements are completely veiled. But Vera Cruz was decidedly the most probable objective of the invaders, and, had it been made secure, the venture of the Americans would have been rendered hazardous. As it was, with Santa Anna's army far away, the reduction of the fortress presented little difficulty. An immediate assault would in all likelihood have proved successful. Scott, however, decided on a regular siege. His army was small, and a march on the capital was in prospect. The Government grudged both men and money, and an assault would have cost more lives than could well be spared. On March 18 the trenches were completed. Four days later, sufficient heavy ordnance having been landed, the bombardment was begun. On the 27th

the town surrendered; the garrison laid down their arms, and 400 cannon, many of large calibre, fell into the hands of the Americans.

The fall of Vera Cruz was brought about by the heavy artillery, aided by the sailors, and the First Regiment was continuously engaged. The Mexican fire, notwithstanding their array of guns, was comparatively harmless. The garrison attempted no sortie; and only 64 of the investing force were killed or wounded. Nevertheless, Jackson's behaviour under fire attracted notice, and a few months later he was promoted to first lieutenant ' for gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz.'(1) <30>

Scott had now secured an admirable line of operations; but the projected march upon the city of Mexico was a far more arduous undertaking than the capture of the port. The ancient capital of Montezuma stands high above the sea. The famous valley which surrounds it is embosomed in the heart of a vast plateau, and the roads which lead to this lofty region wind by steep gradients over successive ranges of rugged and precipitous mountains. Between Vera Cruz and the upland lies a level plain, sixty miles broad, and covered with tropical forest. Had it been possible to follow up the initial victory by a rapid advance, Cerro Gordo, the first, and the most difficult, of the mountain passes, might have been occupied without a blow. Santa Anna, defeated by Taylor at Buena Vista, but returning hot foot to block Scott's path, was still distant, and Cerro Gordo was undefended. But the progress of the Americans was arrested by the difficulties inherent in all maritime expeditions.

An army landing on a hostile coast has to endure a certain period of inactivity. Under ordinary circumstances, as at Vera Cruz, the process of disembarking men is rapidly accomplished. The field-guns follow with but little delay, and a certain proportion of cavalry becomes early available. But the disembarkation of the impedimenta—the stores, waggons, hospitals, ammunition, and transport animals—even where ample facilities exist, demands far more time than the disembarkation of the fighting force. In the present case, as all the animals had to be requisitioned in the country, it was not till the middle of April that supplies and transport sufficient to warrant further movement had been accumulated; and meanwhile General Santa Anna, halting in the mountains, had occupied the pass of Cerro Gordo with 13,000 men and 42 pieces of artillery. The Mexican position was exceedingly strong. The right rested on a deep ravine, with precipitous cliffs; the left, on the hill of Cerro Gordo, covered with batteries, and towering to the height of several hundred feet above the surrounding ridges; while the front, strongly intrenched, and commanding the <31>road which wound zigzag fashion up the steep ascent, followed the crest of a lofty ridge.

The Americans reached the foot of the pass without difficulty. The enemy had made no attempt to check their passage through the forest. Confident in the inaccessibility of his mountain crags, in his numerous guns and massive breastworks, Santa Anna reserved his strength for battle on ground of his own selection.

Several days were consumed in reconnaissance. The engineers, to whom this duty was generally assigned in the American army, pushed their explorations to either flank. At length the quick eye of a young officer, Captain Robert Lee, already noted for his services at Vera Cruz, discovered a line of approach, hidden from the enemy, by which the position might be turned. In three days a rough road was constructed by which guns could be brought to bear on the hill of Cerro Gordo, and infantry marched round to strike the Mexicans in rear. The attack, delivered at daylight on April 18, was brilliantly successful.

The enemy was completely surprised. Cerro Gordo was stormed with the bayonet, and Santa Anna's right, assaulted from a direction whence he confessed that he had not believed a goat could approach his lines, was rolled back in confusion on his centre. 1,200 Mexicans were killed and wounded, and 3,000 captured, together with the whole of their artillery.⁽¹⁾ The next day the pursuit was pushed with uncompromising resolution. Amidst pathless mountains, 6,000 feet above the sea, where every spur formed a strong position, the defeated army was permitted neither halt nor respite. The American dragoons, undeterred by numbers, pressed forward along the road, making hundreds of prisoners, and spreading panic in the broken ranks. The infantry followed, sturdily breasting the long ascent; a second intrenched position, barring the La Hoya pass, was abandoned on their approach; the strong castle of Perote, with an armament of 60 guns and mortars, opened its gates without firing a shot, and on May 15 the great city of Puebla, surrounded by glens of astonishing fertility, and only eighty miles from Mexico, was occupied without resistance.

At Cerro Gordo the First Artillery were employed as infantry. Their colours were amongst the first to be planted on the enemy's breastworks. But in none of the reports does Jackson's name occur.⁽¹⁾ The battle, however, brought him good luck. Captain Magruder, an officer of his own regiment, who was to win distinction on wider fields, had captured a Mexican field battery, which Scott presented to him as a reward for his gallantry. Indian wars had done but little towards teaching American soldiers the true use of artillery. Against a rapidly moving enemy, who systematically forebore exposing himself in mass, and in a country where no roads existed, only the fire-arm was effective. But already, at Palo Alto and Resaca, against the serried lines and thronging cavalry of the Mexicans, light field-guns had done extraordinary execution. The heavy artillery, hitherto the more favoured service, saw itself eclipsed. The First Regiment, however, had already been prominent on the fighting line. It had won reputation with the bayonet at Cerro Gordo, and before Mexico was reached there were other battles to *be* fought, and other positions to be stormed. A youth with a predilection for hard knocks might have been content with the chances offered to the foot-soldier. But Jackson's partiality for his own arm was as marked as was Napoleon's, and the decisive effect of a well-placed battery appealed to his instincts with greater force than the wild rush of a charge of infantry. Skilful manoeuvring was more to his taste than the mere bludgeon work of fighting at close quarters.

Two subalterns were required for the new battery. The position meant much hard work, and possibly much discomfort. Magruder was restless and hot-tempered, and the young officers of artillery showed no eagerness to go through the campaign as his subordinates. Not so Jackson. He foresaw that service with a light battery, under ^{<33>}a bold and energetic leader, was likely to present peculiar opportunities; and with his thorough devotion to duty, his habits of industry, and his strong sense of self-reliance, he had little fear of disappointing the expectations of the most exacting superior. 'I wanted to see active service,' he said in after years, 'to be near the enemy in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be "on hand."' His soldierly ambition won its due reward. The favours of fortune fall to the men who woo more often than to those who wait. The barrack-room proverb which declares that ill-luck follows the volunteer must assuredly have germinated in a commonplace brain. It is characteristic of men who

have cut their way to fame that they have never allowed the opportunity to escape them. The successful man pushes to the front and seeks his chance; those of a temper less ardent wait till duty calls and the call may never come. Once before, when, despite his manifold disadvantages, he secured his nomination to West Point, Jackson had shown how readily he recognised an opening; now, when his comrades held back, he eagerly stepped forward, to prove anew the truth of the vigorous adage, ' Providence helps those who help themselves.'

The American army was delayed long at Puebla. Several regiments of volunteers, who had engaged only for a short term of service, demanded their discharge, and reinforcements were slow in arriving. It was not until the first week in August that Scott was able to move upon the capital. The army now numbered 14,000 men. Several hundred were sick in hospital, and 600 convalescents, together with 600 effectives, were left to garrison Puebla. The field force was organised in four divisions: the first, under Major-General Worth; the second, under Major-General Twiggs; the third, to which Magruder's battery was attached, under Major-General Pillow; the fourth (volunteers and marines), under Major-General Pierce. Four field batteries, a small brigade of dragoons, and a still <34>smaller siege train (1) made up a total of 11,500 officers and men. During the three months that his enemy was idle at Puebla, Santa Anna had reorganised his army; and 30,000 Mexicans, including a formidable body of cavalry, fine horsemen and well trained,(2) and a large number of heavy batteries, were now ready to oppose the advance of the invaders.

On August 10 the American army crossed the Rio Frio Mountains, 10,000 feet above the sea, the highest point between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and as the troops descended the western slopes the valley of Mexico first broke upon their view. There, beneath the shadow of her mighty mountains, capped with eternal snows, stood

The Imperial city, her far circling walls,
Her garden groves, and stately palaces.

There lay the broad plain of Tenochtitlan, with all its wealth of light and colour, the verdure of the forest, the warmer hues of the great corn-fields, ripening to the harvest, and the sheen and sparkle of the distant lakes. There it lay, as it hurst upon the awe-struck vision of Cortez and his companions, ' bathed in the golden sunshine, stretched out as it were in slumber, in the arms of the giant hills.'

On every hand were the signs of a teeming population. White villages and substantial haciendas glistened in the woodlands; roads broad and well-travelled crossed the level; and in the clear atmosphere of those lofty altitudes the vast size of the city was plainly visible. The whole army of Mexico formed the garrison; hills crowned with batteries commanded the approaches, while a network of canals on either flank and a broad area of deep water enhanced the difficulties of manoeuvre. The line of communication, far too long to be maintained by the small force at Scott's disposal, had already been abandoned. The army depended for subsistence on what it could purchase in the country; the sick and wounded were carried with the troops, and <35>there was no further reserve of ammunition than that which was packed in the regimental waggons. Cortez and his four hundred when they essayed the same enterprise were not more completely isolated, for, while the Spaniard had staunch allies in the hereditary foes of the Aztecs, Scott's nearest supports were at Puebla, eighty miles from Mexico, and these numbered only 1,200

effective soldiers. The most adventurous of leaders might well have hesitated ere he plunged into the great valley, swarming with enemies, and defended by all the resources of a civilised State. But there was no misgiving in the ranks of the Americans. With that wholesome contempt for a foreign foe which has wrought more good than evil for the Anglo-Saxon race, the army moved forward without a halt. 'Recovering,' says Scott, 'from the trance into which the magnificent. spectacle had thrown them, probably not a man in the column failed to say to his neighbour or himself, "That splendid city shall soon be ours! "'

The fortifications which protected Mexico on the east were found to be impregnable. The high ridge of El Peñon, manned by nearly the whole of Santa Anna's army, blocked the passage between the lakes, and deep morasses added to the difficulties of approach. To the south, however, on the far side of Lake Chalco, lay a more level tract, but accessible only by roads which the Mexicans deemed impracticable. Despite the difficulties of the route, the manoeuvre of Cerro Gordo was repeated on a grander scale. After a toilsome march of seven-and-twenty miles from Ayotla, over the spurs of the sierras, the troops reached the August great road which leads to the capital from the south.

Across this road was more than one line of fortifications, to which the Mexican army had been hurriedly transferred. The hacienda of San Antonio, six miles from the city, strengthened by field-works and defended by heavy guns, commanded the highway. To the east was a morass, and beyond the morass were the blue waters of Lake Chalco; while to the west the Pedregal, a barren tract of volcanic scoriae, over whose sharp rocks and deep fissures neither horse nor vehicle could move, flanked the American <36>line of march. The morass was absolutely impassable. The gloomy solitude of the Pedregal, extending to the mountains, five miles distant, seemed equally forbidding; but the engineer officers came once more to the rescue. A road across the Pedregal, little better than a mule track, was discovered by Captain Lee. Under cover of a strong escort it was rapidly improved, and Pillow's and Worth's divisions, accompanied by Magruder's battery, were directed to cross the waste of rocks. Beyond the Pedregal was a good road, approaching the city from the south-west; and by this road the post of San Antonio might be assailed in rear.

Overlooking the road, however, as well as the issues from the Pedregal, was a high ridge, backed by the mountains, and held by 6,000 Mexicans. Opposite this ridge the Americans came out on cultivated ground, but all farther progress was completely checked. Shortly after midday the leading brigade, with Magruder's battery 'on hand,' reached the summit of a hill within a thousand yards of the enemy's breastworks. Magruder came at once into action, and the infantry attempted to push forward. But the Mexican artillery was far superior, both in number of pieces and weight of metal, and the ground was eminently unfavourable for attack. Two-and-twenty heavy cannon swept the front; the right of the position was secured by a deep ravine; masses of infantry were observed in rear of the intrenchments, and several regiments of lancers were in close support. For three hours the battle raged fiercely. On the right the Americans pushed forward, crossing with extreme difficulty an outlying angle of the Pedregal, covered with dense scrub, and occupied the village of Contreras. But elsewhere they made no impression. They were without cavalry, and Magruder's guns were far too few and feeble to keep down the fire of the hostile batteries. 'The infantry,' says Scott, 'could not advance in column without being mowed down by grape and canister, nor advance in line

without being ridden down by the enemy's numerous horsemen.' Nor were the Mexicans content on this occasion to remain passively in their works. Both infantry and <37>cavalry attempted to drive the assailants back upon the Pedregal; and, although these counterstrokes were successfully repulsed, when darkness fell the situation of the troops was by no means favourable. Heavy columns of Mexicans were approaching from the city; the remainder of the American army was opposite San Antonio, five miles distant, on the far side of the Pedregal, and no support could be expected. To add to their discomfort, it rained heavily; the thunder crashed in the mountains, and torrents of water choked the streams. The men stood in the darkness drenched and dispirited, and an attack made by a Mexican battalion induced General Pillow to withdraw Magruder's battery from the ridge. The senior subaltern had been killed. 15 gunners and as many horses had fallen. The slopes were covered with huge boulders, and it was only by dint of the most strenuous exertions that the guns were brought down in safety to the lower ground.

A council of war was then held in Contreras Church, and, contrary to the traditionary conduct of such conventions, a most desperate expedient was adopted. The Mexican reinforcements, 12,000 strong, had halted on the main road, their advanced-guard within a few hundred yards of the village. Leaving two regiments to hold this imposing force in check, it was determined to make a night march and turn the rear of the intrenchments on the ridge. The Commander-in-Chief was beyond the Pedregal, opposite San Antonio, and it was necessary that he should be informed of the projected movement.

'I have always understood,' says an officer present in this quarter of the field, 'that what was devised and determined on was suggested by Captain Lee; at all events the council was closed by his saying that he desired to return to General Scott with the decision, and that, as it was late, the decision must be given as soon as possible, since General Scott wished him to return in time to give directions for co-operation. During the council, and for hours after, the rain fell in torrents, whilst the darkness was so intense that one could move only by groping.'

The Pedregal was infested by straggling bands of <38>Mexicans; and yet, over those five miles of desolation, with no guide but the wind, or an occasional flash of lightning, Lee, unaccompanied by a single orderly, made his way to ScoW's headquarters. This perilous adventure was characterised by the Commander-in-Chief as 'the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual during the entire campaign.'

The night march, although it entailed the passage of a deep ravine, and was so slow that one company in two hours made no more than four hundred yards, was completely successful. The Mexicans, trusting to the strength of their position, and to the presence of the reinforcements, had neglected to guard their left. The lesson of Cerro Gordo had been forgotten. The storming parties, guided by the engineers, Lee, Beauregard, and Gustavus Smith, established themselves, under cover of the darkness, within five hundred paces of the intrenchments, and as the day broke the works were carried at the first rush. Seventeen minutes after the signal had been given, the garrison, attacked in front and rear simultaneously, was completely dispersed. 800 Mexicans were captured, and nearly as many killed.(1) The reinforcements, unable to intervene, and probably demoralised by this unlooked-for defeat, fell back to the village of Churubusco, and San Antonio was evacuated. The pursuit was hotly pressed. Churubusco was heavily bombarded. For two hours the American batteries played upon the church and hacienda, both strongly fortified, and after a counterstroke had been beaten back a vigorous onslaught, made by

the whole line of battle, compelled the enemy to give way. A brilliant charge of General Shields' brigade dispersed their last reserves, and the whole of the hostile army fled in confusion to the city. The American cavalry followed at speed, using their sabres freely on the panic-stricken masses, and one squadron, not hearing the recall, dashed up to the very gates of the city. Scott's losses amounted to 1,053, including 76 officers. The Mexican casualties <39>were 3,000 prisoners, and 3,250 killed and wounded. 37 field-guns were abandoned, and, a still more valuable capture, a large supply of ammunition fell into the hands of the victors.

Magruder's battery, it appears, was retained in reserve throughout the battle of Churubusco, and Jackson's share in the victory was confined to the engagement of the previous day. But his small charge of three guns had been handled with skill and daring. Magruder was more than satisfied. 'In a few moments,' ran his official report, 'Lieutenant Jackson, commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened fire upon the enemy's works from a position on the right, hearing our fire still further in front, advanced in handsome style, and kept up the fire with equal briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the whole day, and I cannot too highly commend him to the Major-General's favourable consideration.'

The extreme vigour with which the Americans had prosecuted their operations now came to an untimely pause. After his double victory at Contreras and Churubusco, General Scott proposed an armistice. The whole of the Mexican army had been encountered. It had been decisively defeated. Its losses, in men and *matériel*, had been very heavy. The troops were utterly demoralised. The people were filled with consternation, and a rapid advance would probably have been followed by an immediate peace. But Scott was unwilling to drive his foes to desperation, and he appears to have believed that if they were spared all further humiliation they would accede without further resistance to his demands.

The Mexicans, however, were only playing for time. During the negotiations, in direct defiance of the terms of the armistice, Santa Anna strengthened his fortifications, rallied his scattered army, and prepared once more to confront the invader. Scott's ultimatum was rejected, and on September 5 hostilities were renewed. Three days later the position of Molino del Rey, garrisoned by the choicest of the Mexican troops, was <40>stormed at dawn. But the enemy had benefited by his respite. The fighting was desperate. 800 Americans were killed and wounded before the intrenchments and strong buildings were finally carried; and although the Mexicans again lost 3,000 men, including two generals, their spirit of resistance was not yet wholly crushed.

Driven from their outworks, they had fallen back on a still more formidable line. Behind the Molino del Rey rose the hill of Chapultepec, crowned by the great castle which had been the palace of Montezuma and of the Spanish viceroys, now the military college of the Republic and the strongest of her fortresses. Three miles from the city walls, the stronghold completely barred the line of advance on the San Cosine Gate. Heavy guns mounted on the lofty bastions which encircled the citadel, commanded every road, and the outflanking movements which had hitherto set at nought the walls and parapets of the Mexicans were here impracticable. Still, careful reconnaissance had shown that, with all its difficulties, this was the most favour-able approach for the invading army. The gates of Belen and San Antonio were beset by obstacles even more impracticable. The ground over which the troops would advance to storm the fortress was far firmer than elsewhere,

there was ample space for the American batteries, and if the hill were taken, the Mexicans, retreating along two narrow causeways, with deep marshes on either hand, might easily be deprived of all opportunity of rallying.

On the night of the 11th four batteries of heavy guns were established within easy range. On the 12th they opened fire; and the next morning the American army, covered by the fire of the artillery, advanced to the assault. In the victory of Molino del Rey, Magruder's battery had taken little part. Jackson, posted with his section on the extreme flank of the line, had dispersed a column of cavalry which threatened a charge; but, with this brief interlude of action, he had been merely a spectator. At Chapultepec he was more fortunate. Pillow's division, to which the battery was attached, attacked the Mexicans in front, while Worth's division assailed them from the <41>north. The 14th Infantry, connecting the two attacks, moved along a road which skirts the base of the hill, and Magruder was ordered to detach a section of his battery in support. Jackson was selected for the duty, and as he approached the enemy's position dangers multiplied at every step. The ground alongside was so marshy that the guns were unable to leave the road. A Mexican field-piece, covered by a breastwork, raked the causeway from end to end, while from the heights of Chapultepec cannon of large calibre poured down a destructive fire. The infantry suffered terribly. It was impossible to advance along the narrow track; and when the guns were ordered up the situation was in no way bettered. Nearly every horse was killed or wounded. A deep ditch, cut across the road, hindered effective action, and the only position where reply to the enemy's fire was possible lay beyond this obstacle. Despite the losses of his command Jackson managed to lift one gun across by hand. But his men became demoralised. They left their posts. The example of their lieutenant, walking up and down on the shot-swept road and exclaiming calmly, ' There is no danger: see! I am not hit,' failed to inspire them with confidence. Many had already fallen. The infantry, with the exception of a small escort, which held its ground with difficulty, had disappeared; and General Worth, observing Jackson's perilous situation, sent him orders to retire. He replied it was more dangerous to withdraw than to stand fast, and if they would give him fifty veterans he would rather attempt the capture of the breastwork. At this juncture Magruder, losing his horse as he galloped forward, reached the road.

The ditch was crowded with soldiers; many wounded; many already dead; many whose hearts had failed them. Beyond, on the narrow causeway, the one gun which Jackson had brought across the ditch was still in action.

Deserted by his gunners, and abandoned by the escort which had been ordered to support him, the young subaltern still held his ground. With the sole assistance of a sergeant, <42>of stauncher mettle than the rest, he was loading and firing his solitary field-piece, rejoicing, as became the son of a warrior race, in the hot breath of battle, and still more in the isolation of his perilous position. To stand alone, in the forefront of the fight, defying the terrors from which others shrank, was the situation which of all others he most coveted; and under the walls of Chapultepec, answering shot for shot, and plying sponge and handspike with desperate energy, the fierce instincts of the soldier were fully gratified. Nor was Magruder the man to proffer prudent counsels. A second gun was hoisted across the ditch; the men rallied; the Mexican artillery was gradually overpowered, and the breastwork stormed. The crisis of the struggle was already past. Pillow's troops had driven the enemy from their intrenchments at the base of the hill, and beneath the shadows of the majestic cypresses, which still bear the name of the Grove of

Montezuma, and up the rugged slopes which tower above them, pressed the assaulting columns. A redoubt which stood midway up the height was carried. The Mexicans fell back from shelter to shelter; but amid smoke and flame the scaling ladders were borne across the castle ditch, and reared against the lofty walls were soon covered with streams of men. The leaders, hurled from the battlements on to the crowd below, failed to make good their footing, but there were others to take their places. The supports came thronging up; the enemy, assailed in front and flank, drew back disheartened, and after a short struggle the American colours, displayed upon the keep, announced to the citizens of Mexico that Chapultepec had been captured. Yet the victory was not complete. The greater part of the garrison had fled from their intrenchments before the castle had been stormed; and infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in wild confusion, were crowding in panic on the causeways. But their numbers were formidable, and the city, should the army be rallied, was capable of a protracted defence. Not a moment was to be lost if the battle was to be decisive of the war. The disorder on Chapultepec was hardly less than that which existed in the ranks of the defeated <43>Mexicans. Many of the stormers had dispersed in search of plunder, and regiments and brigades had become hopelessly intermingled in the assault of the rocky hill. Still the pursuit was prompt. Towards the San Cosine Gate several of the younger officers, a lieutenant by name Ulysses Grant amongst the foremost, followed the enemy with such men as they could collect, and Jackson's guns were soon abreast of the fighting line. His teams had been destroyed by the fire of the Mexican batteries. Those of his waggons, posted further to the rear, had partially escaped. To disengage the dead animals from the limbers and to replace them by others would have wasted many minutes, and he had eagerly suggested to Magruder that the guns should be attached to the waggon-limbers instead of to their own. Permission was given, and in a few moments his section was thundering past the cliffs of Chapultepec. Coming into action within close range of the flying Mexicans, every shot told on their demoralised masses; but before the San Cosine Gate the enemy made a last effort to avert defeat. Fresh troops were brought up to man the outworks; the houses and gardens which lined the road were filled with skirmishers; from the high parapets of the fiat house-tops a hail of bullets struck the head of the pursuing column; and again and again the American infantry, without cover and with little space for movement, recoiled from the attack.

The situation of the invading army, despite the brilliant victory of Chapultepec, was not yet free from peril. The greater part of the Mexican forces was still intact. The city contained 180,000 inhabitants, and General Scott's battalions had dwindled to the strength of a small division. In the various battles before the capital nearly 3,000 officers and men had fallen, and the soldiers who encompassed the walls of the great metropolis were spent with fighting. (1) One spark of the stubborn courage which bore Cortez and his paladins through the hosts of Montezuma might have made of that stately city a second Saragossa. It was eminently defensible. The churches, the convents, <44>the public buildings, constructed with that solidity which is peculiarly Spanish, formed each of them a fortress. The broad streets, crossing each other at right angles, rendered concentration at any threatened point an easy matter, and beyond the walls were broad ditches and a deep canal.

Nor was the strength of the city the greatest of Scott's difficulties. Vera Cruz, his base of operations, was two hundred and sixty miles distant; Puebla, his nearest supply-depôt, eighty miles. He had abandoned his communications. His army was dependent for food

on a hostile population. In moving round Lake Chalco, and attacking the city from the south, he had burned his boats. A siege or an investment were alike impossible. A short march would place the enemy's army across his line of retreat, and nothing would have been easier for the Mexicans than to block the road where it passes between the sierras and the lake. Guerillas were already hovering in the hills; one single repulse before the gates of the capital would have raised the country in rear; and hemmed in by superior numbers, and harassed by a cavalry which was at least equal to the task of cutting off supplies, the handful of Americans must have cut their way through to Puebla or have succumbed to starvation.

Such considerations had doubtless been at the root of the temporising policy which had been pursued after Churubusco. But the uselessness of half-measures had then been proved. The conviction had become general that a desperate enterprise could only be pushed to a successful issue by desperate tactics, and every available battalion was hurried forward to the assault. Before the San Cosine Gate the pioneers were ordered up, and within the suburb pick and crowbar forced a passage from house to house. The guns, moving slowly forward, battered the crumbling masonry at closest range. The Mexicans were driven back from breastwork to breastwork; and a mountain howitzer, which Lieutenant Grant had posted on the tower of a neighbouring church, played with terrible effect, at a range of two or three hundred yards, on the defenders of the Gate. <45>

By eight o'clock in the evening the suburb had been cleared, and the Americans were firmly established within the walls. To the south-east, before the Belen Gate, another column had been equally successful. During the night Santa Anna withdrew his troops, and when day dawned the white flag was seen flying from the citadel. After a sharp fight with 2,000 convicts whom the fugitive President had released, the invaders occupied the city, and the war was virtually at an end. From Cerro Gordo to Chapultepec the power of discipline had triumphed. An army of 30,000 men, fighting in their own country, and supported by a numerous artillery, had been defeated by an invading force of one-third the strength. Yet the Mexicans had shown no lack of courage. 'At Chapultepec and Merino del Rey, as on many other occasions,' says Grant, 'they stood up as well as any troops ever did.'⁽¹⁾ But their officers were inexperienced; the men were ill-instructed; and against an army of regular soldiers, well led and obedient, their untutored valour, notwithstanding their superior numbers, had proved of no avail. They had early become demoralised. Their strongest positions had been rendered useless by the able manoeuvres of their adversaries. Everywhere they had been out-generalled. They had never been permitted to fight on the ground which they had prepared, and in almost every single engagement they had been surprised. Nor had the Government escaped the infection which had turned the hearts of the troops to water. The energy of the pursuit after the fall of Chapultepec had wrought its full effect, and on September 14 the city of Mexico was surrendered, without further parley, to a force which, all told, amounted to less than 7,000 men.⁽²⁾

With such portion of his force as had not disbanded Santa Anna undertook the siege of Puebla; and the guerillas, largely reinforced from the army, waged a desultory warfare in the mountains. But these despairing <46>efforts were without effect upon the occupation of the capital. The Puebla garrison beat back every attack; and the bands of irregular horsemen were easily dispersed. During these operations Magruder's battery remained with headquarters near the capital, and so far as Jackson was concerned all opportunities

for distinction were past. The Feb. peace negotiations were protracted from September to the following February, and in their camps beyond the walls the American soldiers were fain to content themselves with their ordinary duties.

It cannot be said that Jackson had failed to take advantage of the opportunities which fortune had thrown in his way. As eagerly as he had snatched at the chance of employment in the field artillery he had welcomed the tactical emergency which had given him sole command of his section at Chapultepec. It was a small charge; but he had utilised it to the utmost, and it had filled the cup of his ambition to the brim. Ambitious he certainly was. 'He confessed,' says Dabney, 'to an intimate friend that the order of General Pillow, separating his section on the day of Chapultepec from his captain, had excited his abiding gratitude; so much so that while the regular officers were rather inclined to depreciate the general as an unprofessional soldier, he loved him because he gave him an opportunity to win distinction.' His friends asked him, long after the war, if he felt no trepidation when so many were falling round him. He replied: 'No; the only anxiety of which I was conscious during the engagements was a fear lest I should not meet danger enough to make my conduct conspicuous.'

His share of glory was more than ample. Contreras gave him the brevet rank of captain. For his conduct at Chapultepec he was mentioned in the Commander-in-Chief's dispatches, and publicly complimented on his courage. Shortly after the capture of the city, General Scott held a levée, and amongst others presented to him was Lieutenant Jackson. When he heard the name, the general drew himself up to his full height, and, placing his hands behind him, said with affected sternness, 'I don't [graphic image of The City of Mexico and Environs, omitted] <47>know that I shall shake hands with Mr. Jackson.' Jackson, blushing like a girl, was overwhelmed with confusion. General Scott, seeing that he had called the attention of every one in the room, said, 'If you can forgive yourself for the way in which you slaughtered those poor Mexicans with your guns, I am not sure that I can,' and then held out his hand. 'No greater compliment,' says General Gibbon, 'could have been paid a young officer, and Jackson apparently did not know he had done anything remarkable till his general told him so.' (1) Magruder could find no praise high enough for his industry, his capacity, and his gallantry, and within eighteen months of his first joining his regiment he was breveted major. Such promotion was phenomenal even in the Mexican war, and none of his West Point comrades made so great a stride in rank. His future in his profession was assured. He had acquired something more than the spurs of a field officer in his seven months of service. A subaltern, it has been said, learns but little of the higher art of war in the course of a campaign. His daily work so engrosses his attention that he has little leisure to reflect on the lessons in strategy and tactics which unfold themselves before him. Without maps, and without that information of the enemy's numbers and dispositions which alone renders the manoeuvres intelligible, it is difficult, even where the inclination exists, to discuss or criticise the problems, tactical and strategical, with which the general has to deal. But siege and battle, long marches and rough roads, gave the young American officers an insight into the practical difficulties of war. It is something to have seen how human nature shows itself under fire; how easily panics may be generated; how positions that seem impregnable may be rendered weak; to have witnessed the effect of surprise, and to have realised the strength of a vigorous attack. It is something, too, if a man learns his own worth in situations of doubt and danger; and if he finds, as did Jackson, that battle

sharpens his faculties, and makes his self-control more perfect, his judgment <48>clearer and more prompt, the gain in self-confidence is of the utmost value.

Moreover, whether a young soldier learns much or little from his first campaign depends on his intellectual powers and his previous training. Jackson's brain, as his steady progress at West Point proves, was of a capacity beyond the average. He was naturally reflective. If, at the Military Academy, he had heard little of war; if, during his service in Mexico, his knowledge was insufficient to enable him to compare General Scott's operations with those of the great captains, he had at least been trained to think. It is difficult to suppose that his experience was cast away. He was no thoughtless subaltern, but already an earnest soldier; and in after times, when he came to study for himself the campaigns of Washington and Napoleon, we may be certain that the teaching he found there was made doubly impressive when read by the light of what he had seen himself. Nor is it mere conjecture to assert that in his first campaign his experience was of peculiar value to a future general of the Southern Confederacy. Some of the regiments who fought under Scott and Taylor were volunteers, civilians, like their successors in the great Civil War, in all but name, enlisted for the war only, or even for a shorter term, and serving under their own officers. Several of these regiments had fought well; others had behaved indifferently; and the problem of how discipline was to be maintained in battle amongst these unprofessional soldiers obtruded itself as unpleasantly in Mexico as it had in the wars with England. Amongst the regular officers, accustomed to the absolute subordination of the army, the question provoked perplexity and discussion.

So small was the military establishment of the States that in case of any future war, the army, as in Mexico, would be largely composed of volunteers; and, despite the high intelligence and warlike enthusiasm of the citizen battalions, it was evident that they were far less reliable than the regulars. Even General Grant, partial as he was to the volunteers, admitted the superiority conferred by drill, discipline, and highly trained officers. 'A better army,' he <49>wrote, 'man for man, probably never faced an enemy than the one commanded by General Taylor in the earlier engagements of the Mexican war.'⁽¹⁾ These troops were all regulars, and they were those who carried Scott in triumph from the shores of the Gulf to the palace of Santa Anna. The volunteers had proved themselves exceedingly liable to panic. Their superior intelligence had not enabled them to master the instincts of human nature, and, although they had behaved well in camp and on the march, in battle their discipline had fallen to pieces.⁽²⁾ It could hardly be otherwise. Men without ingrained habits of obedience, who have not been trained to subordinate their will to another's, cannot be expected to render implicit obedience in moments of danger and excitement; nor can they be expected, under such circumstances, to follow officers in whom they can have but little confidence. The ideal of battle is a combined effort, directed by a trained leader. Unless troops are thoroughly well disciplined such effort is impossible; the leaders are ignored, and the spasmodic action of the individual is substituted for the concentrated pressure of the mass. The cavalry which dissolves into a mob before it strikes the enemy but seldom attains success; and infantry out of hand is hardly more effective. In the Mexican campaign the volunteers, although on many occasions they behaved with admirable courage, continually broke loose from control under the fire of the enemy. As individuals they fought well; as organised bodies, capable of manoeuvring under fire and of combined effort, they proved to be comparatively worthless.

So Jackson, observant as he was, gained on Mexican battle-fields some knowledge of the shortcomings inherent in half-trained troops. And this was not all. The expedition had demanded the services of nearly every officer in the army of the United States, and in the toils of the march, in the close companionship of the camp, in the excitement of battle, the shrewder spirits probed the characters of their comrades to the quick. In the history of the Civil War <50>there are few things more remarkable than the use which was made of the knowledge thus acquired. The clue to many an enterprise, daring even to foolhardiness, is to be found in this. A leader so intimately acquainted with the character of his opponent as to be able to predict with certainty what he will do under any given circumstances may set aside with impunity every established rule of war. 'All the older officers, who became conspicuous in the rebellion,' says Grant, 'I had also served with and known in Mexico. The acquaintance thus formed was of immense service to me in the War of the Rebellion—I mean what I learned of the characters of those to whom I was afterwards opposed. I do not pretend to say that all my movements, or even many of them, were made with special reference to the characteristics of the commander against whom they were directed. But my appreciation of my enemies was certainly affected by this knowledge.'

(1)

Many of the generals with whom Jackson became intimately connected, either as friends or enemies, are named in Scott's dispatches. Magruder, Hooker, McDowell, and Ambrose Hill belonged to his own regiment. McClellan, Beauregard, and Gustavus Smith served on the same staff as Lee. Joseph E. Johnston, twice severely wounded, was everywhere conspicuous for dashing gallantry. Shields commanded a brigade with marked ability. Pope was a staff officer. Lieutenant D. H. Hill received two brevets. Lieutenant Longstreet, struck down whilst carrying the colours at Chapultepec, was bracketed for conspicuous conduct with Lieutenant Pickett. Lieutenant Edward Johnson is mentioned as having specially distinguished himself in the same battle. Captain Huger, together with Lieutenants Porter and Reno, did good service with the artillery, and Lieutenant Ewell had two horses killed under him at Churubusco.

So having proved his mettle and 'drunk delight of battle with his peers,' Jackson spent nine pleasant months in the conquered city. The peace negotiations were protracted. The United States coveted the auriferous provinces <51>of California and New Mexico, a tract as large as a European kingdom, and far more wealthy. Loth to lose their birthright, yet powerless to resist, the Mexicans could only haggle for a price. The States were not disposed to be ungenerous, but the transfer of so vast a territory could not be accomplished in a moment, and the victorious army remained in occupation of the capital.

Beneath the shadow of the Stars and Stripes conqueror and conquered lived in harmony. Mexico was tired of war. Since the downfall of Spanish rule revolution had followed revolution with startling rapidity. The beneficent despotism of the great viceroys had been succeeded by the cruel exactions of petty tyrants, and for many a long year the country had been ravaged by their armies. The capital itself had enjoyed but a few brief intervals of peace, and now, although the bayonets of an alien race were the pledge of their repose, the citizens revelled in the unaccustomed luxury. Nor were they ungrateful to those who brought them a respite from alarms and anarchy. Under the mild administration of the American generals the streets resumed their wonted aspect. The great markets teemed with busy crowds. Across the long causeways rolled the creaking waggons, laden with the produce of far-distant haciendas. Trade was restored, and even the most patriotic

merchants were not proof against the influence of the American dollar. Between the soldiers and the people was much friendly intercourse. Even the religious orders did not disdain to offer their hospitality to the heretics. The uniforms of the victorious army were to be seen at every festive gathering, and the graceful Mexicanañas were by no means insensible to the admiration of the stalwart Northerners. Those blue-eyed and fair-haired invaders were not so very terrible after all; and the beauties of the capital, accustomed to be wooed in liquid accents and flowery phrases, listened without reluctance to harsher tones and less polished compliments. Travellers of many races have borne willing witness to the charms and virtues of the women of Mexico. 'True daughters of Spain,' it has been said, 'they unite the grace of Castile to the vivacity of Andalusia; and more sterling qualities are by no means wanting. Gentle and refined, unaffectedly pleasing in manners and conversation, they evince a warmth of heart which wins for them the respect and esteem of all strangers.' To the homes made bright by the presence of these fair specimens of womanhood Scott's officers were always welcome; and Jackson, for the first time in his life, found himself within the sphere of feminine attractions. The effect on the stripling soldier, who, stark fighter as he was, had seen no more of life than was to be found in a country village or within the precincts of West Point, may be easily imagined. Who the magnet was he never confessed; but that he went near losing his heart to some charming señorita of *sangre azul* he more than once acknowledged, and he took much trouble to appear to advantage in her eyes. The deficiencies in his education which prevented his full enjoyment of social pleasures were soon made up. He not only learned to dance, an accomplishment which must have taxed his perseverance to the utmost, but he spent some months in learning Spanish; and it is significant that to the end of his life he retained a copious vocabulary of those tender diminutives which fall so gracefully from Spanish lips.

But during his stay in Mexico other and more lasting influences were at work. Despite the delights of her delicious climate, where the roses bloom the whole year round, the charms of her romantic scenery, and the fascinations of her laughter-loving daughters, Jackson's serious nature soon asserted itself. The constant round of light amusements and simple duties grew distasteful. The impress of his mother's teachings and example was there to guide him, and his native reverence for all that was good and true received an unexpected impulse. There were not wanting in the American army men who had a higher ideal of duty than mere devotion to the business of their profession. The officer commanding the First Artillery, Colonel Frank Taylor, possessed that earnest faith which is not content with solitude. 'This good man,' says Dabney, 'was accustomed to labour as a father for the religious welfare of his young officers, and during the summer campaign his instructions and prayers had produced so much effect as to awake an abiding anxiety and spirit of inquiry in Jackson's mind.' The latter had little prejudice in favour of any particular sect or church. There was no State Establishment in the United States. His youth had been passed in a household where Christianity was practically unknown, and with characteristic independence he determined to discover for himself the rule that he should follow. His researches took a course which his Presbyterian ancestors would assuredly have condemned. But Jackson's mind was singularly open, and he was the last man in the world to yield to prejudice. Soon after peace was declared, he had made the acquaintance of a number of priests belonging to one of the great religious orders of the Catholic Church. They had invited him to take up his quarters with them, and when he

determined to examine for himself into the doctrine of the ancient faith, he applied through them for an introduction to the Archbishop of Mexico. Several interviews took place between the aged ecclesiastic and the young soldier. Jackson departed unsatisfied. He acknowledged that the prelate was a sincere and devout Christian, and he was impressed as much with his kindness as his learning. But he left Mexico without any settled convictions on the subject which now absorbed his thoughts.

On June 12, peace having been signed at the end of May, the last of the American troops marched out of the conquered capital. Jackson's battery was sent to Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, seven miles below New York, and there, with his honours thick upon him, he settled down to the quiet life of a small garrison. He had gone out to Mexico a second lieutenant; he had come back a field-officer. He had won a name in the army, and his native State had enrolled him amongst her heroes. He had gone out an unformed youth; he had come back a man and a proved leader of men. He had been known merely as an indefatigable student and a somewhat unsociable companion. He had come back with a reputation for daring courage, not only the courage which glories in swift action and the excitement of the charge, but courage <54>of an enduring quality. And in that distant country he had won more than fame. He had already learned something of the vanity of temporal success. He had gone out with a vague notion of ruling his life in accordance with moral precepts and philosophic maxims; but he was to be guided henceforward by loftier principles than even devotion to duty and regard for honour, and from the path he had marked out for himself in Mexico he never deviated.

[Graphic image of Stonewall Jackson at age 24, omitted].

<55>

OF Jackson's life at Fort Hamilton there is little to tell. His friend and mentor, Colonel Taylor, was in command.

The chaplain, once an officer of dragoons, was a man of persuasive eloquence and earnest zeal; and surrounded by influences which had now become congenial, the young major of artillery pursued the religious studies he had begun in Mexico. There was some doubt whether he had been baptised as a child. He was anxious that no uncertainty should exist as to his adhesion to Christianity, but he was unwilling that the sacrament should bind him to any particular sect. On the understanding that no surrender of judgment would be involved, he was baptised and received his first communion in the Episcopal Church.

Two years passed without incident, and then Jackson was transferred to Florida. In his new quarters his stay was brief. In March 1851 he was appointed Professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. His success, for such he deemed it, was due to his own merit. One of his Mexican comrades, Major D. H. Hill, afterwards his brother-in-law, was a professor in a neighbouring institution, Washington College, and had been consulted by the Superintendent of the Institute as to the filling of the vacant chair.

Hill remembered what had been said of Jackson at West Point: 'If the course had been one year longer he would have graduated at the head of his class.' This voluntary testimonial of his brother cadets had not passed <56>unheeded. It had weight, as the best evidence of his thoroughness and application, with the Board of Visitors, and Jackson was unanimously elected.

The Military Institute, founded twelve years previously on the model of West Point, was attended by several hundred youths from Virginia and other Southern States. At Lexington, in the county of Rockbridge, a hundred miles west of Richmond, stand the castellated buildings and the wide parade ground which formed the nursery of so many Confederate soldiers. To the east rise the lofty masses of the Blue Ridge. To the north successive ranges of rolling hills, green with copse and woodland, fall gently to the lower levels; and stretching far away at their feet, watered by that lovely river which the Indians in melodious syllables called Shenandoah, 'bright daughter of the Stars,' the great Valley of Virginia,

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows,

lies embosomed within its mountain walls. Of all its pleasant market towns, Lexington is not the least attractive; and in this pastoral region, where the great forests stand round about the corn-fields, and the breezes blow untainted from the uplands, had been built the College which Washington, greatest of Virginians and greatest of American soldiers, had endowed. Under the shadow of its towers the State had found an appropriate site for her military school.

The cadets of the Institute, although they wore a uniform, were taught by officers of the regular army, were disciplined as soldiers, and spent some months of their course in

camp, were not destined for a military career. All aspirants for commissions in the United States army had to pass through West Point; and the training of the State colleges—for Virginia was not solitary in the possession of such an institution—however much it may have benefited both the minds and bodies of the rising generation, was of immediate value only to those who became officers of the State militia. Still in all essential respects the Military Institute was <57>little behind West Point. The discipline was as strict, the drill but little less precise. The cadets had their own officers and their own sergeants, and the whole establishment was administered on a military footing. No pains were spared either by the State or the faculty to maintain the peculiar character of the school; and the little battalion, although the members were hardly likely to see service, was as carefully trained as if each private in the ranks might one day become a general officer. It was fortunate indeed for Virginia, when she submitted her destinies to the arbitrament of war, that some amongst her statesmen had been firm to the conviction that to defend one's country is a task not a whit less honourable than to serve her in the ways of peace. She was unable to avert defeat. But she more than redeemed her honour; and the efficiency of her troops was in no small degree due to the training so many of her officers had received at the Military Institute.

Still, notwithstanding its practical use to the State, the offer of a chair at Lexington would probably have attracted but few of Jackson's contemporaries. But while campaigning was entirely to his taste, life in barracks was the reverse. In those unenlightened days to be known as an able and zealous soldier was no passport to preferment. So long as an officer escaped censure his promotion was sure; he might reach without further effort the highest prizes the service offered, and the chances of the dull and indolent were quite as good as those of the capable and energetic. The one had no need for, the other no incentive to, self-improvement, and it was very generally neglected. Unless war intervened—and nothing seemed more improbable than another campaign—even a Napoleon would have had to submit to the inevitable. Jackson caught eagerly at the opportunity of freeing himself from an unprofitable groove.

'He believed,' he said, 'that a man who had turned, with a good military reputation, to pursuits of a semi-civilian character, and had vigorously prosecuted his mental improvement, would have more chance of success <58>in war than those who had remained in the treadmill of the garrison.'

It was with a view, then, of fitting himself for command that Jackson broke away from the restraints of regimental life; not because those restraints were burdensome or distasteful in themselves, but because he felt that whilst making the machine they might destroy the man. Those responsible for the efficiency of the United States army had not yet learned that the mind must be trained as well as the body, that drill is not the beginning and the end of the soldier's education, that unless an officer is trusted with responsibility in peace he is but too apt to lose all power of initiative in war. That Jackson's ideas were sound may be inferred from the fact that many of the most distinguished generals in the Civil War were men whose previous career had been analogous to his own.(1)

His duties at Lexington were peculiar. As Professor of Artillery he was responsible for little more than the drill of the cadets and their instruction in the theory of gunnery. The tactics of artillery, as the word is understood in Europe, he was not called upon to impart. Optics, mechanics, and astronomy were his special subjects, and he seems strangely out

of place in expounding their dry formulas.

In the well-stocked library of the Institute he found every opportunity of increasing his professional knowledge. He was an untiring reader, and he read to learn. The wars of Napoleon were his constant study. He was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; the swiftness, the daring, and the energy of his movements appealed to his every instinct. Unfortunately, both for the Institute and his popularity, it was not his business to lecture on military history. We can well imagine him, as a teacher of the art of war, describing to the impressionable youths around <59>him the dramatic incidents of some famous campaign, following step by step the skilful strategy that brought about such victories as Austerlitz and Jena. The advantage would then have been with his pupils; in the work assigned to him it was the teacher that benefited. He was by no means successful as an instructor of the higher mathematics. Although the theories of light and motion were doubtless a branch of learning which the cadets particularly detested, his methods of teaching made it even more repellent. A thorough master of his subject, he lacked altogether the power of aiding others to master it. No flashes of humour relieved the tedium of his long and closely-reasoned demonstrations. He never descended to the level of his pupils' understanding, nor did he appreciate their difficulties. Facts presented themselves to his intellect in few lights. As one of his chief characteristics as a commander was the clearness with which he perceived the end to be aimed at and the shortest way of reaching it, so, in his explanations to his stumbling class, he could only repeat the process by which he himself had solved the problem at issue. We may well believe that his self-reliant nature, trained to intense application, overlooked the fact that others, weaker and less gifted, could not surmount unaided the obstacles which only aroused his own masterful instincts. Nevertheless, his conscientious industry was not entirely thrown away. To the brighter intellects in his class he communicated accurate scholarship; and although the majority lagged far behind, the thoroughness of his mental drill was most useful, to himself perhaps even more than to the cadets.

The death of his first wife, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College, after they had been married but fourteen months; the solution of his religious difficulties, and his reception into the Presbyterian Church; a five months' tour in Europe, through Scotland, England, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; his marriage to Miss Morrison, daughter of a North Carolina clergyman: such were the chief landmarks of his life at Lexington. Ten years, <60>with their burden of joy and sorrow, passed away, of intense interest to the individual, but to the world a story dull and commonplace. Jackson was by no means a man of mark in Rockbridge county. Although his early shyness had somewhat worn off, he was still as reserved as he had been at West Point. His confidence was rarely given outside his own home. Intimates he had few, either at the Institute or elsewhere. Still he was not in the least unsociable, and there were many houses where he was always welcome. The academic atmosphere of Lexington did not preclude a certain amount of gaiety. The presence of Washington College and the Military Institute drew together a large number of families during the summer, and fair visitors thronged the leafy avenues of the little town. During these pleasant months the officers and cadets, as became their cloth, were always well to the fore. Recreation was the order of the day, and a round of entertainments enlivened the ' Commencements.' Major Jackson attended these gatherings with unflinching regularity, but soon after his arrival he drew the line at dancing, and musical parties became the limit of his dissipation. He was anything but a convivial

companion. He never smoked, he was a strict teetotaler, and he never touched a card. His diet, for reasons of health, was of a most sparing kind; nothing could tempt him to partake of food between his regular hours, and for many years he abstained from both tea and coffee. In those peaceful times, moreover, there was nothing either commanding or captivating about the Professor of Artillery. His little romance in Mexico had given him no taste for trivial pleasures; and his somewhat formal manner was not redeemed by any special charm of feature. The brow and jaw were undoubtedly powerful; but the eyes were gentle, and the voice so mild and soft as to belie altogether the set determination of the thin straight lips. Yet, at the same time, if Jackson was not formed for general society, he was none the less capable of making himself exceedingly agreeable in a restricted and congenial circle. Young and old, when once they had gained his confidence, came under the spell of his noble nature; and if his friends were few they were very firm.

Why Jackson should have preferred the Presbyterian denomination to all others we are nowhere told. But whatever his reasons may have been, he was a most zealous and hardworking member of his church. He was not content with perfunctory attendances at the services. He became a deacon, and a large portion of his leisure time was devoted to the work which thus devolved on him. His duties were to collect alms and to distribute to the destitute, and nothing was permitted to interfere with their exact performance. He was exceedingly charitable himself—one tenth of his income was laid aside for the church, and he gave freely to all causes of benevolence and public enterprise. At the church meetings, whether for business or prayer, he was a regular attendant, and between himself and his pastor existed the most confidential relations. Nor did he consider that this was all that was demanded of him. In Lexington, as in other Southern towns, there were many poor negroes, and the condition of these ignorant and helpless creatures, especially of the children, excited his compassion. Out of his own means he established a Sunday school, in which he and his wife were the principal teachers. His friends were asked to send their slaves, and the experiment was successful. The benches were always crowded, and the rows of black, bright-eyed faces were a source of as much pride to him as the martial appearance of the cadet battalion.

Jackson's religion entered into every action of his life. No duty, however trivial, was begun without asking a blessing, or ended without returning thanks. 'He had long cultivated,' he said, 'the habit of connecting the most trivial and customary acts of life with a silent prayer.' He took the Bible as his guide, and it is possible that his literal interpretation of its precepts caused many to regard him as a fanatic. His observance of the Sabbath was hardly in accordance with ordinary usage. He never read a letter on that day, nor posted one; he believed that the Government in carrying the mails were violating a divine law, and he considered the suppression of such traffic one of the most important duties of the legislature. Such opinions were uncommon, even amongst the Presbyterians, and his rigid respect for truth served to strengthen the impression that he was morbidly scrupulous. If he unintentionally made a misstatement—even about some trifling matter—as soon as he discovered his mistake he would lose no time and spare no trouble in hastening to correct it. 'Why, in the name of reason,' he was asked, 'do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?' 'Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably unless I put it right.'

He had occasion to censure a cadet who had given, as Jackson believed, the wrong

solution of a problem. On thinking the matter over at home he found that the pupil was right and the teacher wrong. It was late at night and in the depth of winter, but he immediately started off to the Institute, some distance from his quarters, and sent for the cadet. The delinquent, answering with much trepidation the untimely summons, found himself to his astonishment the recipient of a frank apology. Jackson's scruples carried him even further. Persons who interlarded their conversation with the unmeaning phrase 'you know' were often astonished by the blunt interruption that he did *not* know; and when he was entreated at parties or receptions to break through his dietary rules, and for courtesy's sake to seem to accept some delicacy, he would always refuse with the reply that he had 'no genius for seeming.' But if he carried his conscientiousness to extremes, if he laid down stringent rules for his own governance, he neither set himself up for a model nor did he attempt to force his convictions upon others. He was always tolerant; he knew his own faults, and his own temptations, and if he could say nothing good of a man he would not speak of him at all. But he was by no means disposed to overlook conduct of which he disapproved, and undue leniency was a weakness to which he never yielded. If he once lost confidence or discovered deception on the part of one he trusted, he withdrew himself as far as possible from any further dealings with him; and whether with the cadets, or with his brother-officers, if an offence had been committed of which he was called upon to take notice, he was absolutely inflexible. Punishment or report inevitably followed. No excuses, no personal feelings, no appeals to the suffering which might be brought upon the innocent, were permitted to interfere with the execution of his duty.

Such were the chief characteristics of the great Confederate as he appeared to the little world of Lexington. The tall figure, clad in the blue uniform of the United States army, always scrupulously neat, striding to and from the Institute, or standing in the centre of the parade-ground, while the cadet battalion wheeled and deployed at his command, was familiar to the whole community. But Jackson's heart was not worn on his sleeve. Shy and silent as he was, the knowledge that even his closest acquaintances had of him was hardly more than superficial. A man who was always chary of expressing his opinions, unless they were asked for, who declined argument, and used as few words as possible, attracted but little notice. A few recognised his clear good sense; the majority considered that if he said little it was because he had nothing worth saying. Because he went his own way and lived by his own rules he was considered eccentric; because he was sometimes absent-minded, and apt to become absorbed in his own thoughts, he was set down as unpractical; his literal accuracy of statement was construed as the mark of a narrow intellect, and his exceeding modesty served to keep him in the background.

At the Institute, despite his reputation for courage, he was no favourite even with the cadets. He was hardly in sympathy with them. His temper was always equable. Whatever he may have felt he never betrayed irritation, and in the lecture-room or elsewhere he was kindness itself; but his own life had been filled from boyhood with earnest purpose and high ambition. Hard work was more to his taste than amusement. Time, to his mind, was far too valuable to be wasted, and he made few allowances for the thoughtlessness and indolence of irresponsible youth. As a relief possibly to the educational treadmill, his class delighted in listening to the story of Contreras and Chapultepec; but there was nothing about Jackson which corresponded with a boy's idea of a hero. His aggressive punctuality, his strict observance of military etiquette, his precise interpretation of orders, seemed to have as little in common with the fierce excitement of battle as the

uninteresting occupations of the Presbyterian deacon, who kept a Sunday school for negroes, had with the reckless gaiety of the traditional *sabreur*.

'And yet,' says one who knew him, 'they imbibed the principles he taught. Slowly and certainly were they trained in the direction which the teacher wished. Jackson justly believed that the chief value of the Institute consisted in the habits of system and obedience which it impressed on the ductile characters of the cadets, and regarded any relaxation of the rules as tending to destroy its usefulness. His conscientiousness seemed absurd to the young gentlemen who had no idea of the importance of military orders or of the implicit obedience which a good soldier deems it his duty to pay to them. But which was right—the laughing young cadet or the grave major of artillery? Let the thousands who in the bitter and arduous struggle of the Civil War were taught by stern experience the necessity of strict compliance with all orders, to the very letter, answer the question.'⁽¹⁾

'As exact as the multiplication table, and as full of things military as an arsenal,' was the verdict passed on Jackson by one of his townsmen, and it appears to have been the opinion of the community at large.

Jackson, indeed, was as inarticulate as Cromwell. Like the great Protector he 'lived silent,' and like him he was often misunderstood. Stories which have been repeated by writer after writer attribute to him the most grotesque eccentricities of manner, and exhibit his lofty piety as the harsh intolerance of a fanatic. He has been <65>represented as the narrowest of Calvinists; and so general was the belief in his stern and merciless nature that a great poet did not scruple to link his name with a deed which, had it actually occurred, would have been one of almost unexampled cruelty. Such calumnies as Whittier's 'Barbara Fritchie' may possibly have found their source in the impression made upon some of Jackson's acquaintances at Lexington, who, out of all sympathy with his high ideal of life and duty, regarded him as morose and morbid; and when in after years the fierce and relentless pursuit of the Confederate general piled the dead high upon the battle-field, this conception of his character was readily accepted. As he rose to fame, men listened greedily to those who could speak of him from personal knowledge; the anecdotes which they related were quickly distorted; the slightest peculiarities of walk, speech, or gesture were greatly exaggerated; and even Virginians seemed to vie with one another in representing the humble and kind-hearted soldier as the most bigoted of Christians and the most pitiless of men.

But just as the majority of ridiculous stories which cluster round his name rest on the very flimsiest foundation, so the popular conception of his character during his life at Lexington was absolutely erroneous. It was only within the portals of his home that his real nature disclosed itself. The simple and pathetic pages in which his widow has recorded the story of their married life unfold an almost ideal picture of domestic happiness, unchequered by the faintest glimpse of austerity or gloom. That quiet home was the abode of much content; the sunshine of sweet temper flooded every nook and corner; and although the pervading atmosphere was essentially religious, mirth and laughter were familiar guests.

'Those who knew General Jackson only as they saw him in public would have found it hard to believe that there could be such a transformation as he exhibited in his domestic life. He luxuriated in the freedom and liberty of his home, and his buoyancy and joyousness often ran into a playfulness and abandon that would have been <66>incredible

to those who saw him only when he put on his official dignity.' (1) It was seldom, indeed, except under his own roof, or in the company of his intimates, that his reserve was broken through; in society he was always on his guard, fearful lest any chance word might be misconstrued or give offence. It is no wonder, then, that Lexington misjudged him. Nor were those who knew him only when he was absorbed in the cares of command before the enemy likely to see far below the surface. The dominant trait in Jackson's character was his intense earnestness, and when work was doing, every faculty of his nature was engrossed in the accomplishment of the task on hand. But precise, methodical, and matter-of-fact as he appeared, his was no commonplace and prosaic nature. He had ' the delicacy and the tenderness which are the rarest and most beautiful ornament of the strong.' (2) Beneath his habitual gravity a vivid imagination, restrained indeed by strong sense and indulging in no vain visions, was ever at work; and a lofty enthusiasm, which seldom betrayed itself in words, inspired his whole being. He was essentially chivalrous. His deference to woman, even in a land where such deference was still the fashion, was remarkable, and his sympathy with the oppressed was as deep as his loyalty to Virginia. He was an ardent lover of nature. The autumnal glories of the forest, the songs of the birds, the splendours of the sunset, were sources of unfailing pleasure. More than all, the strength of his imagination carried him further than the confines of the material world, and he saw with unclouded vision the radiant heights that lie beyond.

Jackson, then, was something more than a man of virile temperament; he was gifted with other qualities than energy, determination, and common sense. He was not witty. He had no talent for repartee, and the most industrious collector of anecdotes will find few good things attributed to him. But he possessed a kindly humour which found vent in playful expressions of endearment, or in practical jokes of the most innocent description; and if these outbursts of high spirits were confined to the precincts of his own home, they proved at least that neither by temperament nor principle was he inclined to look upon the darker side. His eye for a ludicrous situation was very quick, and a joke which told against himself always caused him the most intense amusement. It is impossible to read the letters which Mrs. Jackson has published and to entertain the belief that his temper was ever in the least degree morose. To use her own words, 'they are the overflow of a heart full of tenderness;' it is true that they seldom omit some reference to that higher life which both husband and wife were striving hand in hand to lead, but they are instinct from first to last with the serene happiness of a contented mind.

Even more marked than his habitual cheerfulness was his almost feminine sympathy with the poor and feeble. His servants, as was the universal rule in Virginia, were his slaves; but his relations with his black dependents were of almost a paternal character, and his kindness was repaid by that childlike devotion peculiar to the negro race. More than one of these servants—so great was his reputation for kindness—had begged him to buy them from their former owners. Their interests were his special care; in sickness they received all the attention and comfort that the house afforded; to his favourite virtues, politeness and punctuality, they were trained by their master himself, and their moral education was a task he cheerfully undertook. ' There was one little servant in the family,' says Mrs. Jackson, 'whom my husband took under his sheltering roof at the solicitations of an aged lady; to whom the child became a care after having been left an orphan. She was not bright, but he persevered in drilling her into memorising a child's catechism, and it was a most amusing picture to see her standing before him with fixed attention, as if she

were straining every nerve, and reciting her answers with the drop of a curtsy at each word. She had not been taught to do this, but it was such an effort for her to learn that she assumed the motion involuntarily.'

Jackson's home was childless. A little daughter, born at Lexington, lived only for a few weeks, and her place <68>remained unfilled. His sorrow, although he submitted uncomplainingly, was very bitter, for his love for children was very great. 'A gentleman,' says Mrs. Jackson, 'who spent the night with us was accompanied by his daughter, but four years of age. It was the first time the child had been separated from her mother, and my husband suggested that she should be committed to my care during the night, but she clung to her father. After our guests had both sunk in slumber, the father was aroused by some one leaning over his little girl and drawing the covering more closely round her. It was only his thoughtful host, who felt anxious lest his little guest should miss her mother's guardian care under his roof, and could not go to sleep himself until he was satisfied that all was well with the child.'

These incidents are little more than trivial. The attributes they reveal seem of small import. They are not such as go towards building up a successful career either in war or politics. And yet to arrive at a true conception of Jackson's character it is necessary that such incidents should be recorded. That character will not appear the less admirable because its strength and energy were tempered by softer virtues; and when we remember the great soldier teaching a negro child, or ministering to the comfort of a sick slave, it becomes easy to understand the feelings with which his veterans regarded him. The quiet home at Lexington reveals more of the real man than the camps and conflicts of the Civil War, and no picture of Stonewall Jackson would be complete without some reference to his domestic life.

'His life at home,' says his wife, 'was perfectly regular and systematic. He arose about six o'clock, and first knelt in secret prayer; then he took a cold bath, which was never omitted even in the coldest days of winter. This was followed by a brisk walk, in rain or shine.

'Seven o'clock was the hour for family prayers, which he required all his servants to attend promptly and regularly. He never waited for anyone, not even his wife. Breakfast followed prayers, after which he left immediately for the Institute, his classes opening at eight o'clock and continuing to eleven. Upon his return home at eleven <69>o'clock he devoted himself to study until one. The first book he took up daily was his Bible, which he read with a commentary, and the many pencil marks upon it showed with what care he bent over its pages. From his Bible lesson he turned to his text-books. During those hours of study he would permit no interruption, and stood all the time in front of a high desk. After dinner he gave himself up for half an hour or more to leisure and conversation, and this was one of the brightest periods in his home life. He then went into his garden, or out to his farm to superintend his servants, and frequently joined them in manual labour. He would often drive me to the farm, and find a shady spot for me under the trees, while he attended to the work of the field. When this was not the case, he always returned in time to take me, if the weather permitted, for an evening walk or drive. In summer we often took our drives by moonlight, and in the beautiful Valley of Virginia the queen of night seemed to shine with more brightness than elsewhere. When at home he would indulge himself in a season of rest and recreation after supper, thinking it was injurious to health to go to work immediately. As it was a rule with him never to use his eyes by artificial

light, he formed the habit of studying mentally for an hour or so without a book. After going over his lessons in the morning, he thus reviewed them at night, and in order to abstract his thoughts from surrounding objects—a habit which he had cultivated to a remarkable degree—he would, if alone with his wife, ask that he might not be disturbed by any conversation; he would then take his seat with his face to the wall, and remain in perfect abstraction until he finished his mental task. He was very fond of being read to, and much of our time in the evening was passed in my ministering to him in this way. He had a library, which, though small, was select, composed chiefly of scientific, historical, and religious books, with some of a lighter character, and some in Spanish and French. Nearly all of them were full of his pencil marks, made with a view to future reference.' Next to the Bible, history, both ancient <70>and modern, was his favourite study. Plutarch, Josephus, Rollin, Robertson, Hallam, Macaulay, and Bancroft were his constant companions. Shakespeare held an honoured place upon his shelves; and when a novel fell into his hands he became so absorbed in the story that he eventually avoided such literature as a waste of time. 'I am anxious,' he wrote to a relative, 'to devote myself to study until I shall become master of my profession.'

The Jacksons were far from affluent. The professor had nothing but his salary, and his wife, one of a large family, brought no increase to their income. But the traditional hospitality of Virginia was a virtue by no means neglected. He was generous but unostentatious in his mode of living, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to bid his friends welcome to his own home.

His outdoor recreations were healthful but not exciting. The hills round Lexington teemed with game, the rivers with fish, and shooting and fishing were the favourite amusements of his colleagues. But Jackson found no pleasure in rod or gun; and although fond of riding and a good horseman, he never appears to have joined in any of those equestrian sports to which the Virginians were much addicted. He neither followed the hunt nor tilted at the ring. His exercise was taken after more utilitarian fashion, in the garden or the farm.

It need hardly be said that such a lover of order and method was strictly economical, and the wise administration of the farm and household permitted an annual expenditure on travel. Many of the most beautiful localities and famous cities of the east and north were visited in these excursions. Sometimes he wandered with his wife in search of health; more often the object of their journey was to see with their own eyes the splendid scenery of their native land. The associations which were ever connected in Jackson's mind with his tour through Europe show how intensely he appreciated the marvels both of nature and of art.

'I would advise you,' he wrote to a friend, 'never to name my European trip to me unless you are blest with a superabundance of patience, as its very mention is calculated <71>to bring up with it an almost inexhaustible assemblage of grand and beautiful associations. Passing over the works of the Creator, which are far the most impressive, it is difficult to conceive of the influences which even the works of His creatures exercise over the mind of one who lingers amidst their master productions. Well do I remember the influence of sculpture upon me during my short stay in Florence, and how there I began to realise the sentiment of the Florentine: "*Take from me my liberty, take what you will, but leave me my statuary, leave me these entrancing productions of art.*" And similar to this is the influence of painting.'

But delightful as were these holiday expeditions, the day of Jackson's return to Lexington and his duties never came too soon. In the quiet routine of his home life, in his work at the Institute, in the supervision of his farm and garden, in his evenings with his books, and in the services of his church, he was more than contented. Whatever remained of soldierly ambition had long been eradicated. Man of action as he essentially was, he evinced no longing for a wider sphere of intellectual activity or for a more active existence. Under his own roof-tree he found all that he desired. 'There,' says his wife, 'all that was best in his nature shone forth;' and that temper was surely of the sweetest which could utter no sterner rebuke than ' Ah! that is not the way to be happy !'

Nor was it merely his own gentleness of disposition and the many graces of his charming helpmate that secured so large a degree of peace and happiness. Jackson's religion played even a greater part. It was not of the kind which is more concerned with the terrors of hell than the glories of paradise. The world to him was no place of woe and lamentation, its beauties vanity, and its affections a snare. As he gazed with delight on the gorgeous tints of the autumnal forests, and the lovely landscapes of his mountain home, so he enjoyed to the utmost the life and love which had fallen to his lot, and thanked God for that capacity for happiness with which his nature was so largely gifted. Yet it cannot be said that he practised no self-denial. His life, in many respects, was one of constant self-discipline, and <72>when his time came to sacrifice himself, he submitted without a murmur. But in his creed fear had no place. His faith was great. It was not, however, a mere belief in God's omnipotence and God's justice, but a deep and abiding confidence in His infinite compassion and infinite love; and it created in him an almost startling consciousness of the nearness and reality of the invisible world. In a letter to his wife it is revealed in all its strength:

' You must not be discouraged at the slowness of recovery. Look up to Him who giveth liberally for faith to be resigned to His divine will, and trust Him for that measure of health which will most glorify Him, and advance to the greatest extent your own real happiness. We are sometimes suffered to be in a state of perplexity that our faith may be tried and grow stronger. See if you cannot spend a short time after dark in looking out of your window into space, and meditating upon heaven, with all its joys unspeakable and full of glory "All things work together for good" to God's children. Try to look up and be cheerful, and not desponding. Trust our kind Heavenly Father, and by the eye of faith see that all things are right and for your best interests. The clouds come, pass over us, and are followed by bright sunshine; so in God's moral dealings with us, He permits to have trouble awhile. But let us, even in the most trying dispensations of His Providence, be cheered by the brightness which is a little ahead.'

It would serve no useful purpose to discuss Jackson's views on controversial questions. It may be well, however, to correct a common error. It has been asserted that he was a fatalist, and therefore careless of a future over which he believed he had no control. Not a word, however, either in his letters or in his recorded conversations warrants the assumption. It is true that his favourite maxim was 'Duty is ours, consequences are God's,' and that knowing ' all things work together for good,' he looked forward to the future without misgiving or apprehension.

But none the less he believed implicitly that the destiny of men and of nations is in their own hands. His faith <73>was as sane as it was humble, without a touch of that presumptuous fanaticism which stains the memory of Cromwell, to whom he has been so

often compared. He never imagined, even at the height of his renown, when victory on victory crowned his banners, that he was 'the scourge of God,' the chosen instrument of His vengeance. He prayed without ceasing, under fire as in the camp; but he never mistook his own impulse for a revelation of the divine will. He prayed for help to do his duty, and he prayed for success. He knew that

'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of;'

but he knew, also, that prayer is not always answered in the way which man would have it. He went into battle with supreme confidence, not, as has been alleged, that the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hands, but that whatever happened would be the best that could happen. And he was as free from cant as from self-deception. It may be said of Jackson, as has been said so eloquently of the men whom, in some respects, he closely resembled, that 'his Bible was literally food to his understanding and a guide to his conduct. He saw the visible finger of God in every incident of life That which in our day devout men and women feel in their earnest moments of prayer, the devout Puritan felt, as a second nature, in his rising up and in his lying down; in the market-place and in the home; in society and in business; in Parliament, in Council, and on the field of battle. And feeling this, the Puritan had no shame in uttering the very words of the Bible wherein he had learned so to feel; nay, he would have burned with shame had he faltered in using the words. It is very hard for us now to grasp what this implies

But there was a generation in which this phraseology was the natural speech of men.' (1) Of this generation, although later in time, was Stonewall Jackson. To him such language as he used in his letters to his wife, in conversation with his intimates, and not rarely in his official <74>correspondence, was 'the literal assertion of truths which he felt to the roots of his being,' which absorbed his thoughts, which coloured every action of his life, and which, from the abundance of his heart, rose most naturally to his lips.

There is no need for further allusion to his domestic or religious life. If in general society Jackson was wanting in geniality; if he was so little a man of the world that his example lost much of the influence which, had he stood less aloof from others, it must have exercised, it was the fruit of his early training, his natural reserve, and his extreme humility. It is impossible, however, that so pure a life should have been altogether without reflex upon others. If the cadets profited but indirectly, the slaves had cause to bless his practical Christianity; the poor and the widow knew him as a friend, and his neighbours looked up to him as the soul of sincerity, the enemy of all that was false and vile. And for himself—what share had those years of quiet study, of self-communing, and of self-discipline, in shaping the triumphs of the Confederate arms? The story of his military career is the reply.

Men of action have before now deplored the incessant press of business which leaves them no leisure to think out the problems which may confront them in the future. Experience is of little value without reflection, and leisure has its advantages. 'One can comprehend,' says Dabney, referring to Jackson's peculiar form of mental exercise, 'how valuable was the training which his mind received for his work as a soldier. Command over his attention was formed into a habit which no tempest of confusion could disturb. His power of abstraction became unrivalled. His imagination was trained and invigorated until it became capable of grouping the most extensive and complex considerations. The

power of his mind was drilled like the strength of an athlete, and his self-concentration became unsurpassed.'

Such training was undoubtedly the very best foundation for the intellectual side of a general's business. War presents a constant succession of problems to be solved by <75>mental processes. For some experience and resource supply a ready solution. Others, involving the movements of large bodies, considerations of time and space, and the thousand and one circumstances, such as food, weather, roads, topography, and *moral*, which a general must always bear in mind, are composed of so many factors, that only a brain accustomed to hard thinking can deal with them successfully. Of this nature are the problems of strategy—those which confront a general in command of an army or of a detached portion of an army, and which are worked out on the map. The problems of the battle-field are of a different order. The natural characteristics which, when fortified by experience, carry men through any dangerous enterprise, win the majority of victories. But men may win battles and be very poor generals. They may be born leaders of men, and yet absolutely unfitted for independent command. Their courage, coolness, and common sense may accomplish the enemy's overthrow on the field, but with strategical considerations their intellects may be absolutely incapable of grappling. In the great wars of the early part of the century Ney and Blucher were probably the best fighting generals of France and Prussia. But neither could be trusted to conduct a campaign. Blucher, pre-eminent on the battle-field, knew nothing of the grand combinations which prepare and complete success. If he was the strong right hand of the Prussian army, his chief of the staff was the brain. 'Gneisenau,' said the old Marshal, 'makes the pills which I administer.' 'Ney's best qualities,' says Jomini, who served long on his staff, 'his heroic valour, his quick *coup d'oeil*, and his energy, diminished in the same proportion that the extent of his command increased his responsibility. Admirable on the field of battle, he displayed less assurance, not only in council, but whenever he was not actually face to face with the enemy.' It is not of such material as Ney and Blucher, mistrustful of their own ability, that great captains are made. Marked intellectual capacity is the chief characteristic of the most famous soldiers. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Marlborough, Washington, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson were each and all of <76>them something more than mere fighting men. Few of their age rivalled them in strength of intellect. It was this, combined with the best qualities of Ney and Blucher, that made them masters of strategy, and lifted them high above those who were tacticians and nothing more: and it was strength of intellect that Jackson cultivated at Lexington.

So, in that quiet home amidst the Virginian mountains, the years sped by, peaceful and uneventful, varied only by the holiday excursions of successive summers. By day, the lecture at the Institute, the drill of the cadet battery, the work of the church, the pleasant toil of the farm and garden. When night fell, and the curtains were drawn across the windows that looked upon the quiet street, there in that home where order reigned supreme, where, as the master wished, 'each door turned softly on a golden hinge,' came those hours of thought and analysis which were to fit him for great deeds.

The even tenor of this calm existence was broken, however, by an incident which intensified the bitter feeling which already divided the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. During the month of January, 1859, Jackson had marched with the cadet battalion to Harper's Ferry, where, on the northern frontier of Virginia, the fanatic, John Brown, had attempted to raise an insurrection amongst the negroes, and had been

hung after trial in presence of the troops. By the South Brown was regarded as a madman and a murderer; by many in the North he was glorified as a martyr; and so acute was the tension that early in 1860, during a short absence from Lexington, Jackson wrote in a letter to his wife, 'What do you think about the state of the country? Viewing things at Washington from human appearances, I think we have great reason for alarm.' A great crisis was indeed at hand. But if to her who was ever beside him, while the storm clouds were rising dark and terrible over the fair skies of the prosperous Republic, the Christian soldier seemed the man best fitted to lead the people, it was not so outside. None doubted his sincerity or questioned his resolution, but few had penetrated his reserve. As the playful tenderness he displayed at home <77>was never suspected, so the consuming earnestness, the absolute fearlessness, whether of danger or of responsibility, the utter disregard of man, and the unquestioning faith in the Almighty, which made up the individuality which men called Stonewall Jackson, remained hidden from all but one.

To his wife his inward graces idealised his outward seeming; but others, noting his peculiarities, and deceived by his modesty, saw little that was remarkable and much that was singular in the staid professor. Few detected, beneath that quiet demeanour and absent manner, the existence of energy incarnate and an iron will; and still fewer beheld, in the plain figure of the Presbyterian deacon, the potential leader of great armies, inspiring the devotion of his soldiers, and riding in the forefront of victorious battle.

JACKSON spent ten years at Lexington, and he was just five-and-thirty when he left it. For ten years he had seen no more of military service than the drills of the cadet battalion. He had lost all touch with the army. His name had been forgotten, except by his comrades of the Mexican campaign, and he had hardly seen a regular soldier since he resigned his commission. But, even from a military point of view, those ten years had not been wasted. His mind had a wider grasp, and his brain was more active. Striving to fit himself for such duties as might devolve on him, should he be summoned to the field, like all great men and all practical men he had gone to the best masters. In the campaigns of Napoleon he had found instruction in the highest branch of his profession, and had made his own the methods of war which the greatest of modern soldiers both preached and practised. Strengthened, too, by constant exercise was his control over his physical wants, over his temper and his temptations. Maturer years and the search for wisdom had steadied his restless daring; and his devotion to duty, always remarkable, had become a second nature. His health, under careful and self-imposed treatment, had much improved, and the year 1861 found him in the prime of physical and mental vigour. Already it had become apparent that his life at Lexington was soon to end. The Damascus blade was not to rust upon the shelf. During the winter of 1860-61 the probability of a conflict between the free and slave-holding States, that is, between North and South, had become almost a certainty. South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, <79>Louisiana, and Texas, had formally seceded from the Union; and establishing a Provisional Government, with Jefferson Davis as President, at Montgomery in Alabama, had proclaimed a new Republic, under the title of the Confederate States of America. In order to explain Jackson's attitude at this momentous crisis, it will be necessary to discuss the action of Virginia, and to investigate the motives which led her to take the side she did.

Forces which it was impossible to curb, and which but few detected, were at the root of the secession movement. The ostensible cause was the future status of the negro.

Slavery was recognised in fifteen States of the Union. In the North it had long been abolished, but this made no difference to its existence in the South. The States which composed the Union were semi-independent communities, with their own legislatures, their own magistracies, their own militia, and the power of the purse. How far their sovereign rights extended was a matter of contention; but, under the terms of the Constitution, slavery was a domestic institution, which each individual State was at liberty to retain or discard at will, and over which the Federal Government had no control whatever. Congress would have been no more justified in declaring that the slaves in Virginia were free men than in demanding that Russian conspirators should be tried by jury. Nor was the philanthropy of the Northern people, generally speaking, of an enthusiastic nature. The majority regarded slavery as a necessary evil; and, if they deplored the reproach to the Republic, they made little parade of their sentiments. A large number of Southerners believed it to be the happiest condition for the African race; but the best men, especially in the border States, of which Virginia was the principal, would have welcomed emancipation. But neither Northerner nor Southerner saw a practicable method of giving freedom to the negro. Such a measure, if carried out in its entirety,

meant ruin to the South. Cotton and tobacco, the principal and most lucrative crops, required an immense number of hands, and in those hands—his negro slaves—the capital of the planter was locked up. Emancipation would have swept the whole of this capital away. Compensation, the remedy applied by England to Jamaica and South Africa, was hardly to be thought of. Instead of twenty millions sterling, it would have cost four hundred millions. It was doubtful, too, if compensation would have staved off the ruin of the planters. The labour of the free negro, naturally indolent and improvident, was well known to be most inefficient as compared with that of the slave. For some years, to say the least, after emancipation it would have been impossible to work the plantations except at a heavy loss. Moreover, abolition, in the judgment of all who knew him, meant ruin to the negro. Under the system of the plantations, honesty and morality were being gradually instilled into the coloured race. But these virtues had as yet made little progress; the Christianity of the slaves was but skin-deep; and if all restraint were removed, if the old ties were broken, and the influence of the planter and his family should cease to operate, it was only too probable that the four millions of Africans would relapse into the barbaric vices of their original condition. The hideous massacres which had followed emancipation in San Domingo had not yet been forgotten. It is little wonder, then, that the majority shrank before a problem involving such tremendous consequences.

A party, however, conspicuous both in New England and the West, had taken abolition for its watchword. Small in numbers, but vehement in denunciation, its voice was heard throughout the Union. Zeal for universal liberty rose superior to the Constitution. That instrument was repudiated as an iniquitous document. The sovereign rights of the individual States were indignantly denied. Slavery was denounced as the sum of all villainies, the slave-holder as the worst of tyrants; and no concealment was made of the intention, should political power be secured, of compelling the South to set the negroes free. In the autumn of 1860 came the Presidential election. Hitherto, of the two great political parties, the Democrats had long ruled the councils of the nation, and nearly the whole South was Democratic. The South, as regards population, was numerically inferior to the North; but the Democratic party had more than held its own at the ballot-boxes, for the reason that it had many adherents in the North. So long as the Southern and Northern Democrats held together, they far outnumbered the Republicans. In 1860, however, the two sections of the Democratic party split asunder. The Republicans, favoured by the schism, carried their own candidate, and Abraham Lincoln became President. South Carolina at once seceded and the Confederacy was soon afterwards established.

It is not at first sight apparent why a change of government should have caused so sudden a disruption of the Union. The Republican party, however, embraced sections of various shades of thought. One of these, rising every day to greater preminence, was that which advocated immediate abolition; and to this section, designated by the South as 'Black Republicans,' the new President was believed to belong. It is possible that, on his advent to office, the political leaders of the South, despite the safeguards of the Constitution, saw in the near future the unconditional emancipation of the slaves; and not only this, but that the emancipated slaves would receive the right of suffrage, and be placed on a footing of complete equality with their former masters. (1) As in many districts the whites were far outnumbered by the negroes, this was tantamount to transferring all local government into the hands of the latter, and surrendering the planters

to the mercies of their former bondsmen.

It is hardly necessary to say that an act of such gross injustice was never contemplated, except by hysterical abolitionists and those who truckled for their votes. It was certainly not contemplated by Mr. Lincoln; and it was hardly likely that a President who had been elected by a minority of the people would dare, even if he were so inclined, to assume unconstitutional powers. The Democratic party, taking both sections together, was still the stronger; <82>and the Northern Democrats, temporarily severed as they were from their Southern brethren, would most assuredly have united with them in resisting any unconstitutional action on the part of the Republicans.

If, then, it might be asked, slavery ran no risk of unconditional abolition, why should the Southern political leaders have acted with such extraordinary precipitation? Why, in a country in which, to all appearances, the two sections had been cordially united, should the advent to power of one political party have been the signal for so much disquietude on the part of the other? Had the presidential seat been suddenly usurped by an abolitionist tyrant of the type of Robespierre the South could hardly have exhibited greater apprehension. Few Americans denied that a permanent Union, such as had been designed by the founders of the Republic, was the best guarantee of prosperity and peace. And yet because a certain number of misguided if well-meaning men clamoured for emancipation, the South chose to bring down in ruin the splendid fabric which their forefathers had constructed. In thus refusing to trust the good sense and fair dealing of the Republicans, it would seem, at a superficial glance, that the course adopted by the members of the new Confederacy, whether legitimate or not, could not possibly be justified.(1)

Unfortunately, something more than mere political rancour was at work. The areas of slave and of free labour were divided by an artificial frontier. 'Mason and

(1) I have been somewhat severely taken to task for attaching the epithets 'misguided,' 'unpractical,' 'fanatical,' to the abolitionists. I see no reason, however, to modify my language. It is too often the case that men of the loftiest ideals seek to attain them by the most objectionable means, and the maxim 'Fiat justitia ruat coelum' cannot be literally applied to great affairs. The conversion of the Mahomedan world to Christianity would be a nobler work than even the emancipation of the negro, but the missionary who began with reviling the faithful, and then proceeded to threaten them with fire and the sword unless they changed their creed, would justly be called a fanatic. Yet the abolitionists did worse than this, for they incited the negroes to insurrection. Nor do I think that the question is affected by the fact that many of the abolitionists were upright, earnest, and devout. A good man is not necessarily a wise man, and I remember that Samuel Johnson and John Wesley supported King George against the American colonists.

<83>Dixon's line,' originally fixed as the boundary between Pennsylvania on the north and Virginia and Maryland on the south, cut the territory of the United States into two distinct sections; and, little by little, these two sections, geographically as well as politically severed, had resolved themselves into what might almost be termed two distinct nations.

Many circumstances tended to increase the cleavage. The South was purely agricultural; the most prosperous part of the North was purely industrial. In the South, the great planters formed a landed aristocracy; the claims of birth were ungrudgingly admitted; class barriers were, to a certain extent, a recognised part of the social system, and the sons of the old houses were accepted as the natural leaders of the people. In the North, on the contrary, the only aristocracy was that of wealth; and even wealth, apart from merit, had no hold on the respect of the community. The distinctions of caste were slight in the

extreme. The descendants of the Puritans, of those English country gentlemen who had preferred to ride with Cromwell rather than with Rupert, to pray with Baxter rather than with Laud, made no parade of their ancestry; and among the extreme Republicans existed an innate but decided aversion to the recognition of social grades. Moreover, divergent interests demanded different fiscal treatment. The cotton and tobacco of the South, monopolising the markets of the world, asked for free trade. The manufacturers of New England, struggling against foreign competition, were strong protectionists, and they were powerful enough to enforce their will in the shape of an oppressive tariff. Thus the planters of Virginia paid high prices in order that mills might flourish in Connecticut; and the sovereign States of the South, to their own detriment, were compelled to contribute to the abundance of the wealthier North. The interests of labour were not less conflicting. The competition between free and forced labour, side by side on the same continent, was bound in itself, sooner or later, to breed dissension; and if it had not yet reached an acute stage, it had at least <84>created a certain degree of bitter feeling. But more than all—and the fact must be borne in mind if the character of the Civil War is to be fully appreciated—the natural ties which should have linked together the States on either side of Mason and Dixon's line had weakened to a mere mechanical bond. The intercourse between North and South, social or commercial, was hardly more than that which exists between two foreign nations. The two sections knew but little of each other, and that little was not the good points but the bad.

For more than fifty years after the election of the first President, while as yet the crust of European tradition overlaid the young shoots of democracy, the supremacy, social and political, of the great landowners of the South had been practically undisputed. But when the young Republic began to take its place amongst the nations, men found that the wealth and talents which led it forward belonged as much to the busy cities of New England as to the plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas; and with the growing sentiment in favour of universal equality began the revolt against the dominion of a caste. Those who had carved out their own fortunes by sheer hard work and ability questioned the superiority of men whose positions were no guarantee of personal capacity, and whose wealth was not of their own making. Those who had borne the heat and burden of the day deemed themselves the equals and more than equals of those who had loitered in the shade; and, esteeming men for their own worth and not for that of some forgotten ancestor, they had come to despise those who toiled not neither did they spin. Tenaciously the Southerners clung to the supremacy they had inherited from a bygone age. The contempt of the Northerner was repaid in kind. In the political arena the struggle was fierce and keen. Mutual hatred, fanned by unscrupulous agitators, increased in bitterness; and, hindering reconciliation, rose the fatal barrier of slavery.

It is true that, prior to 1860, the abolitionists were not numerous in the North; and it is equally true that by <85>many of the best men in the South the institution which had been bequeathed to them was thoroughly detested. Looking back over the years which have elapsed since the slaves were freed, the errors of the two factions are sufficiently manifest. If, on the one hand, the abolitionist, denouncing sternly, in season and out of season, the existence of slavery on the free soil of America, was unjust and worse to the slave-owner, who, to say the least, was in no way responsible for the inhuman and shortsighted policy of a former generation; on the other hand the high-principled Southerner, although in his heart deploring the condition of the negro, and sometimes

imitating the example of Washington, whose dying bequest gave freedom to his slaves, made no attempt to find a remedy.(1)

The latter had the better excuse. He knew, were emancipation granted, that years must elapse before the negro could be trained to the responsibilities of freedom, and that those years would impoverish the South. It appears to have been forgotten by the abolitionists that all races upon earth have required a protracted probation to fit them for the rights of citizenship and the duties of free men. Here was a people, hardly emerged from the grossest barbarism, and possibly, from the very beginning,

(1) On the publication of the first edition my views on the action of the abolitionists were traversed by critics whose opinions demand consideration. They implied that in condemning the unwisdom and violence of the anti-slavery party, I had not taken into account the aggressive tendencies of the Southern politicians from 1850 onwards, that I had ignored the attempts to extend slavery to the Territories, and that I had overlooked the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law. A close study of abolitionist literature, however, had made it very clear to me that the advocates of emancipation, although actuated by the highest motives, never at any time approached the question in a conciliatory spirit; and that long before 1850 their fierce cries for vengeance had roused the very bitterest feelings in the South. In fact they had already made war inevitable. Draper, the Northern historian, admits that so early as 1844 'the contest between the abolitionists on one side and the slave-holders on the other hand had become *a mortal duel*.' It may be argued, perhaps, that the abolitionists saw that the slave-power would never yield except to armed force, and that they therefore showed good judgment in provoking the South into secession and civil war. But forcing the hand of the Almighty is something more than a questionable doctrine.

<86>of inferior natural endowment, on whom they proposed to confer the same rights without any probation whatsoever. A glance at the world around them should have induced reflection. The experience of other countries was not encouraging. Hayti, where the blacks had long been masters of the soil, was still a pandemonium; and in Jamaica and South Africa the precipitate action of zealous but unpractical philanthropists had wrought incalculable mischief. Even Lincoln himself, redemption by purchase being impracticable, saw no other way out of the difficulty than the wholesale deportation of the negroes to West Africa.

In time, perhaps, under the influence of such men as Lincoln and Lee, the nation might have found a solution of the problem, and North and South have combined to rid their common country of the curse of human servitude. But between fanaticism on the one side and helplessness on the other there was no common ground. The fierce invectives of the reformers forbade all hope of temperate discussion, and their unreasoning denunciations only provoked resentment. And this resentment became the more bitter because in demanding emancipation, either by fair means or forcible, and in expressing their intention of making it a national question, the abolitionists were directly striking at a right which the people of the South held sacred.

It had never been questioned, hitherto, that the several States of the Union, so far at least as concerned their domestic institutions, were each and all of them, under the Constitution, absolutely self-governing. But the threats which the 'Black Republicans' held out were tantamount to a proposal to set the Constitution aside. It was their charter of liberty, therefore, and not only their material prosperity, which the States that first seceded believed to be endangered by Lincoln's election. Ignorant of the temper of the great mass of the Northern people, as loyal in reality to the Constitution as themselves, they were only too ready to be convinced that the denunciations of the abolitionists were the first presage of the storm that was presently to overwhelm them, to reduce their States to

provinces, to wrest from them the freedom they had <87>inherited, and to make them hewers of wood and drawers of water to the detested plutocrats of New England.

But the gravamen of the indictment against the Southern people is not that they seceded, but that they seceded in order to preserve and to perpetuate slavery; or, to put it more forcibly, that the liberty to enslave others was the right which most they valued. This charge, put forward by the abolitionists in order to cloak their own revolt against the Constitution, is true as regards a certain section, but as regards the South as a nation it is quite untenable, for three-fourths of the population derived rather injury than benefit from the presence in their midst of four million serfs.(1) 'Had slavery continued, the system of labour,' says General Grant, 'would soon have impoverished the soil and left the country poor. The non-slave-holder must have left the country, and the small slave-holder have sold out to his more fortunate neighbour.' (2) The slaves neither bought nor sold. Their wants were supplied almost entirely by their own labour; and the local markets of the South would have drawn far larger profit from a few thousand white labourers than they did from the multitude of negroes. It is true that a party in the South, more numerous perhaps among the political leaders than among the people at large, was averse to emancipation under any form or shape. There were men who looked upon their bondsmen as mere beasts of burden, more valuable but hardly more human than the cattle in their fields, and who would not only have perpetuated but have extended slavery. There were others who conscientiously believed that the negro was unfit for freedom, that he was incapable of self-improvement, and that he was far happier and more contented as a slave. Among these were ministers of the Gospel, in no small number, who, appealing to the Old Testament, preached boldly that the institution was of divine origin, that the coloured race <88>had been created for servitude, and that to advocate emancipation was to impugn the wisdom of the Almighty.

But there were still others, including many of those who were not slave-owners, who, while they acquiesced in the existence of an institution for which they were not personally accountable, looked forward to its ultimate extinction by the voluntary action of the States concerned. It was impossible as yet to touch the question openly, for the invectives and injustice of the abolitionists had so wrought upon the Southern people, that such action would have been deemed a base surrender to the dictation of the enemy; but they trusted to time, to the spread of education, and to a feeling in favour of emancipation which was gradually pervading the whole country.(1)

The opinions of this party, with which, it may be said, the bulk of the Northern people was in close sympathy,(2) are perhaps best expressed in a letter written by Colonel Robert Lee, the head of one of the oldest families in Virginia, a large landed proprietor and slave-holder, and the same officer who had won such well-deserved renown in Mexico. 'In this enlightened age,' wrote the future general-in-chief of the Confederate army, 'there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it a greater evil to the white than to the coloured race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in the latter, my sympathies are more deeply engaged for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa—morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race, and, I hope, will prepare them for better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild and

<89>melting influence of Christianity than from the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what gross errors still exist ! While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is still onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands, who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. The abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion; if he means well to the slave, he must not create angry feelings in the master. Although he may not approve of the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will nevertheless be the same; and the reason he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbours when we disapprove of their conduct.'

With this view of the question Jackson was in perfect agreement. ' I am very confident,' says his wife, ' that he would never have fought for the sole object of perpetuating slavery He found the institution a responsible and troublesome one, and I have heard him say that he would prefer to see the negroes free, but he believed that the Bible taught that slavery was sanctioned by the Creator Himself, who maketh all men to differ, and instituted laws for the bond and free. He therefore accepted slavery, as it existed in the South, not as a thing desirable in itself, but as allowed by Providence for ends which it was not his business to determine.'

It may perhaps be maintained that to have had no dealings with 'the accursed thing,' and to have publicly advocated some process of gradual emancipation, would have been the nobler course. But, setting aside the teaching of the Churches, and the bitter temper of the time, it should be remembered that slavery, although its <90>hardships were admitted, presented itself in no repulsive aspect to the people of the Confederate States. They regarded it with feelings very different from those of the abolitionists, whose acquaintance with the condition they reprobated was small in the extreme. The lot of the slaves, the Southerners were well aware, was far preferable to that of the poor and the destitute of great cities, of the victims of the sweater and the inmates of the fever dens. The helpless negro had more hands to succour him in Virginia than the starving white man in New England. The children of the plantation enjoyed a far brighter existence than the children of the slums. The worn and feeble were maintained by their masters, and the black labourer, looking forward to an old age of ease and comfort among his own people, was more fortunate than many a Northern artisan. Moreover, the brutalities ascribed to the slave-owners as a class were of rare occurrence. The people of the South were neither less humane nor less moral than the people of the North or of Europe, and it is absolutely inconceivable that men of high character and women of gentle nature should have looked with leniency on cruelty, or have failed to visit the offender with something more than reprobation. Had the calumnies (1) which were scattered broadcast by the abolitionists possessed more than a vestige of truth, men like Lee and Jackson would never have remained silent. In the minds of the Northern people slavery was associated with atrocious cruelty and continual suffering. In the eyes of the Southerners, on the other hand, it was associated with great kindness and the most affectionate relations between the planters and their bondsmen. And if the Southerners were blind, it is most difficult to

explain the remarkable fact that throughout the war, although thousands of plantations and farms, together with thousands of women and children, all of whose male relatives were in the Confederate armies, were left entirely to the care of the negroes, both life and property were perfectly secure.

Such, then, was the attitude of the South towards <91>slavery. The institution had many advocates, uncompromising and aggressive, but taking the people as a whole it was rather tolerated than approved; and, even if no evidence to the contrary were forthcoming, we should find it hard to believe that a civilised community would have plunged into revolution in order to maintain it. There can be no question but that secession was revolution; and revolutions, as has been well said, are not made for the sake of 'greased cartridges.' To bring about such unanimity of purpose as took possession of the whole South, such passionate loyalty to the new Confederacy, such intense determination to resist coercion to the bitter end, needed some motive of unusual potency, and the perpetuation of slavery was not a sufficient motive. The great bulk of the population neither owned slaves nor was connected with those who did; many favoured emancipation; and the working men, a rapidly increasing class, were distinctly antagonistic to slave-labour. Moreover, the Southerners were not only warmly attached to the Union, which they had done so much to establish, but their pride in their common country, in its strength, its prestige, and its prosperity, was very great. Why, then, should they break away? History supplies us with a pertinent example.

Previous to 1765 the honour of England was dear to the people of the American colonies. King George had no more devoted subjects; his enemies no fiercer foes. And yet it required very little to reverse the scroll. The right claimed by the Crown to tax the colonists hardly menaced their material prosperity. A few shillings more or less would neither have added to the burdens nor have diminished the comforts of a well-to-do and thrifty people, and there was some justice in the demand that they should contribute to the defence of the British Empire. But the demand, as formulated by the Government, involved a principle which they were unwilling to admit, and in defence of their birthright as free citizens they flew to arms. So, in defence of the principle of States' Rights the Southern people resolved upon secession with all its consequences.

It might be said, however, that South Carolina and her <92>sister States seceded under the threat of a mere faction; that there was nothing in the attitude of the Federal Government to justify the apprehension that the Constitution would be set aside; and that their action, therefore, was neither more nor less than rank rebellion. But, whether their rights had been infringed or not, a large majority of the Southern people believed that secession, at any moment and for any cause, was perfectly legitimate. The several States of the Union, according to their political creed, were each and all of them sovereign and independent nations. The Constitution, they held, was nothing more than a treaty which they had entered into for their own convenience, and which, in the exercise of their sovereign powers, individually or collectively, they might abrogate when they pleased. This interpretation was not admitted in the North, either by Republicans or Democrats; yet there was nothing in the letter of the Constitution which denied it, and as regards the spirit of that covenant North and South held opposite opinions. But both were perfectly sincere, and in leaving the Union, therefore, and in creating for themselves a new government, the people of the seceding States considered that they were absolutely within their right.(1)

It must be admitted, at the same time, that the action of the States which first seceded was marked by a petulant haste; and it is only too probable that the people of these States suffered themselves to be too easily persuaded that the North meant mischief. It is impossible to determine how far the professional politician was responsible for the Civil War. But when we recall the fact that secession followed close on the overthrow of a faction which had long monopolised the spoils of office, and that this faction found compensation in the establishment of a new government, it is not easy to resist the suspicion that the secession movement was neither more nor less than a conspiracy, hatched by a clever and unscrupulous cabal.

It would be unwise, however, to brand the whole, or even the majority, of the Southern leaders as selfish and unprincipled. <93>Unless he has real grievances on which to work, or unless those who listen to him are supremely ignorant, the mere agitator is powerless; and it is most assuredly incredible that seven millions of Anglo-Saxons, and Anglo-Saxons of the purest strain—English, Lowland Scottish, and North Irish—should have been beguiled by silver tongues of a few ambitious or hare-brained demagogues. The latter undoubtedly had a share in bringing matters to a crisis. But the South was ripe for revolution long before the presidential election. The forces which were at work needed no artificial impulse to propel them forward. It was instinctively recognised that the nation had outgrown the Constitution; and it was to this, and not to the attacks upon slavery, that secession was really due. The North had come to regard the American people as one nation, and the will of the majority as paramount.⁽¹⁾ The South, on the other hand, holding, as it had always held, that each State was a nation in itself, denied *in toto* that the will of the majority, except in certain specified cases, had any power whatever; and where political creeds were in such direct antagonism no compromise was possible. Moreover, as the action of the abolitionists very plainly showed, there was a growing tendency in the North to disregard altogether the rights of the minority. Secession, in fact, was a protest against mob rule. The weaker community, hopeless of maintaining its most cherished principles within the Union, was ready to seize the first pretext for leaving it; and the strength of the popular sentiment may be measured by the willingness of every class, gentle and simple, rich and poor, to risk all and to suffer all, in order to free themselves from bonds which must soon have become unbearable. It is always difficult to analyse the motives of those by whom revolution is provoked; but if a whole people acquiesce, it is a certain proof <94>of the existence of universal apprehension and deep-rooted discontent. The spirit of self-sacrifice which animated the Confederate South has been characteristic of every revolution which has been the expression of a nation's wrongs, but it has never yet accompanied mere factious insurrection.

When, in process of time, the history of Secession comes to be viewed with the same freedom from prejudice as the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it will be clear that the fourth great Revolution of the English-speaking race differs in no essential characteristic from those which preceded it. It was not simply because the five members were illegally impeached in 1642, the seven bishops illegally tried in 1688, men shot at Lexington in 1775, or slavery threatened in 1861, that the people rose. These were the occasions, not the causes of revolt. In each case a great principle was at stake: in 1642 the liberty of the subject; in 1688 the integrity of the Protestant faith; in 1775 taxation only with consent of the taxed; in 1861 the sovereignty of the individual States.⁽¹⁾

The accuracy of this statement, as already suggested, has been consistently denied. That

the only principle involved in Secession was the establishment of slavery on a firmer basis, and that the cry of States' Rights was raised only by way of securing sympathy, is a very general opinion. But before it can be accepted, it is necessary to make several admissions; first, that the Southerners were absolutely callous to the evils produced by the institution they had determined to make permanent; second, that they had persuaded themselves, in face of the tendencies of civilisation, that it was possible to make it permanent; and third, that they conscientiously held their progress and <95>prosperity to be dependent on its continued existence. Are we to believe that the standard of morals and intelligence was so low as these admissions would indicate? Are we to believe that if they had been approached in a charitable spirit, that if the Republican party, disclaiming all right of interference, had offered to aid them in substituting, by some means which would have provided for the control of the negro and, at the same time, have prevented an entire collapse of the social fabric, a system more consonant with humanity, the Southerners would have still preferred to leave the Union, and by creating a great slave-power earn the execration of the Christian world?

Unless the South be credited with an unusual measure of depravity and of short-sightedness, the reply can hardly be in the affirmative. And if it be otherwise, there remains but one explanation of the conduct of the seceding States—viz. the dread that if they remained in the Union they would not be fairly treated.

It is futile to argue that the people were dragooned into secession by the slave-holders. What power had the slaveholders over the great mass of the population, over the professional classes, over the small farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, the labourer? Yet it is constantly asserted by Northern writers, although the statement is virtually an admission that only the few were prepared to fight for slavery, that the Federal sentiment was so strong among the Southerners that terrorism must have had a large share in turning them into Separatists. The answer, putting aside the very patent fact that the Southerner was not easily coerced, is very plain. Undoubtedly, throughout the South there was much affection for the Union; but so in the first Revolution there was much loyalty to the Crown, and yet it has never been asserted that the people of Virginia or of New England were forced into sedition against their will. The truth is that there were many Southerners who, in the vain hope of compromise, would have postponed the rupture; but when the right of secession was questioned, and the right of coercion was proclaimed, all differences of opinion were swept away, and <96>the people, thenceforward, were of one heart and mind. The action of Virginia is a striking illustration.

The great border State, the most important of those south of Mason and Dixon's line, was not a member of the Confederacy when the Provisional Government was established at Montgomery. Nor did the secession movement secure any strong measure of approval. In fact, the people of Virginia, owing to their closer proximity to, and to their more intimate knowledge of, the North, were by no means inclined to make of the 'Black Republican' President the bugbear he appeared to the States which bordered on the Gulf of Mexico. Whilst acknowledging that the South had grievances, they saw no reason to believe that redress might not be obtained by constitutional means. At the same time, although they questioned the expediency, they held no half-hearted opinion as to the right, of secession, and in their particular case the right seems undeniable. When the Constitution of the United States was ratified, Virginia, by the mouth of its Legislature, had solemnly declared 'that the powers granted [to the Federal Government] under the

Constitution, being truly derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury and oppression.' And this declaration had been more than once reaffirmed. As already stated, this view of the political status of the Virginia citizen was not endorsed by the North. Nevertheless, it was not definitely rejected. The majority of the Northern people held the Federal Government paramount, but, at the same time, they held that it had no power either to punish or coerce the individual States. This had been the attitude of the founders of the Republic, and it is perfectly clear that their interpretation of the Constitution was this: although the several States were morally bound to maintain the compact into which they had voluntarily entered, the obligation, if any one State chose to repudiate it, could not be legally enforced. Their ideal was a Union based upon fraternal affection; and in the halcyon days of Washington's first presidency, when the long and victorious struggle against a common enemy was still fresh in men's minds, and the sun of liberty shone in an unclouded sky, a vision so Utopian perhaps seemed capable of realisation. At all events, the promise of a new era of unbroken peace and prosperity was not to be sullied by cold precautions against civil dissensions and conflicting interests. The new order, under which every man was his own sovereign, would surely strengthen the links of kindly sympathy, and by those links alone it was believed that the Union would be held together. Such was the dream of the unselfish patriots who ruled the destinies of the infant Republic. Such were the ideas that so far influenced their deliberations that, with all their wisdom, they left a legacy to their posterity which deluged the land in blood.

Mr. Lincoln's predecessor in the presidential chair had publicly proclaimed that coercion was both illegal and inexpedient; and for the three months which intervened between the secession of South Carolina and the inauguration of the Republican President, the Government made not the slightest attempt to interfere with the peaceable establishment of the new Confederacy. Not a single soldier reinforced the garrisons of the military posts in the South. Not a single regiment was recalled from the western frontiers; and the seceded States, without a word of protest, were permitted to take possession, with few exceptions, of the forts, arsenals, navy yards and custom houses which stood on their own territory. It seemed that the Federal Government was only waiting until an amicable arrangement might be arrived at as to the terms of separation.

If, in addition to the words in which she had assented to the Constitution, further justification were needed for the belief of Virginia in the right of secession, it was assuredly to be found in the apparent want of unanimity on so grave a question even in the Republican party, and in the acquiescent attitude of the Federal Government.

The people of Virginia, however, saw in the election of a Republican President no immediate danger of the Constitution being 'perverted to their injury and oppression.' The North, generally speaking, regarded the action of the secessionists with that strange and good-humoured tolerance with which the American citizen too often regards internal politics. The common-sense of the nation asserted itself in all its strength. A Union which could only be maintained by force was a strange and obnoxious idea to the majority. Amid the storm of abuse and insult in which the two extreme parties indulged, the abolitionists on the one side, the politicians on the other, Lincoln,

'The still strong man in a blatant land,'
stood calm and steadfast, promising justice to the South, and eager for reconciliation.

And Lincoln represented the real temper of the Northern people.

So, in the earlier months of 1861, there was no sign whatever that the Old Dominion might be compelled to use the alternative her original representatives had reserved. The question of slavery was no longer to the fore. While reprobating the action of the Confederates, the President, in his inaugural address (March 4, 1861), had declared that the Government had no right to interfere with the domestic institutions of the individual States; and throughout Virginia the feeling was strong in favour of the Union. Earnest endeavours were made to effect a compromise, under which the seceded communities might renew the Federal compact. The Legislature called a Convention of the People to deliberate on the part that the State should play, and the other States were invited to join in a Peace Conference at Washington.

It need hardly be said that during the period of negotiation excitement rose to the highest pitch. The political situation was the sole theme of discussion. In Lexington as elsewhere the one absorbing topic ousted all others, and in Lexington as elsewhere there was much difference of opinion. But the general sentiment was strongly Unionist, and in the election of members of the Convention an overwhelming majority had pronounced against secession. Between the two parties, however, there were sharp conflicts. A flagstaff flying the national ensign had been erected in Main Street, Lexington. The cadets fired on the flag, <99>and substituting the State colours placed a guard over them. Next morning a report reached the Institute that the local company of volunteers had driven off the guard, and were about to restore the Stars and Stripes. It was a holiday, and there were no officers present. The drums beat to arms. The boys rushed down to their parade-ground, buckling on their belts, and carrying their rifles. Ammunition was distributed, and the whole battalion, under the cadet officers, marched out of the Institute gates, determined to lower the emblem of Northern tyranny and drive away the volunteers. A collision would certainly have ensued had not the attacking column been met by the Commandant.

In every discussion on the action of the State Jackson had spoken strongly on the side of the majority. In terse phrase he had summed up his view of the situation. He was no advocate of secession. He deprecated the hasty action of South Carolina. 'It is better,' he said, 'for the South to fight for her rights in the Union than out of it.' But much as they loved the Union, the people of Virginia revered still more the principles inculcated by their forefathers, the right of secession and the illegality of coercion. And when the proposals of the Peace Conference came to nothing, when all hope of compromise died away, and the Federal Government showed no sign of recognising the Provisional Government, it became evident even to the staunchest Unionist that civil war could no longer be postponed. From the very first no shadow of a doubt had existed in Jackson's mind as to the side he should espouse, or the course he should pursue. 'If I know myself,' he wrote, 'all I am and all I have is at the service of my country.'

According to his political creed his country was his native State, and such was the creed of the whole South. In conforming to the Ordinance of Secession enacted by the legislatures of their own States, the people, according to their reading of the Constitution, acted as loyal and patriotic citizens; to resist that ordinance was treason and rebellion; and in taking up arms 'they were not, in their own opinion, rebels at all; they were defending <100>their States—that is, the nations to which they conceived themselves to belong, from invasion and conquest.'(1)

When, after the incident described above, the cadets marched back to barracks, it was already so certain that the Stars and Stripes would soon be torn down from every flagstaff in Virginia that their breach of discipline was easily condoned. They were addressed by the Commandant, and amid growing excitement officer after officer, hardly concealing his sympathy with their action, gave vent to his opinions on the approaching crisis. Jackson was silent. At length, perhaps in anticipation of some amusement, for he was known to be a stumbling speaker, the cadets called on him by name. In answer to the summons he stood before them, not, as was his wont in public assemblies, with ill-dissembled shyness and awkward gesture, but with body erect and eyes sparkling. 'Soldiers,' he said, 'when they make speeches should say but few words, and speak them to the point, and I admire, young gentlemen, the spirit you have shown in rushing to the defence of your comrades; but I must commend you particularly for the readiness with which you listened to the counsel and obeyed the commands of your superior officer. The time may come,' he continued, and the deep tones, vibrating with unsuspected resolution, held his audience spellbound, 'when your State will need your services; and if that time does come, then draw your swords and throw away the scabbards.'

The crisis was not long postponed. Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbour, the port of South Carolina, was held by a Federal garrison. The State had demanded its surrender, but no reply had been vouchsafed by Lincoln. On April 8 a message was conveyed to the Governor of the State that an attempt would be made to supply the troops with provisions. This message was telegraphed to Montgomery, still the capital of the Confederacy, and the Government ordered the reduction of the fort. On the morning of April 12 the Southern batteries opened fire, and the next day, when the flames were already scorching the doors of the magazine, the standard of the Union was hauled down.

Two days later Lincoln spoke with no uncertain voice. 75,000 militia were called out to suppress the 'rebellion.' The North gave the President loyal support. The insult to the flag set the blood of the nation, of Democrat and Republican, aflame. The time for reconciliation was passed. The Confederates had committed an unpardonable crime. They had forfeited all title to consideration; and even in the minds of those Northerners who had shared their political creed the memory of their grievances was obliterated.

So far Virginia had given no overt sign of sympathy with the revolution. But she was now called upon to furnish her quota of regiments for the Federal army. To have acceded to the demand would have been to abjure the most cherished principles of her political existence. As the Federal Government, according to her political faith, had no jurisdiction whatever within the boundaries of States which had chosen to secede, it had not the slightest right to maintain a garrison in Fort Sumter. The action of the Confederacy in enforcing the withdrawal of the troops was not generally approved of, but it was held to be perfectly legitimate; and Mr. Lincoln's appeal to arms, for the purpose of suppressing what, in the opinion of Virginia, was a strictly constitutional movement, was instantly and fiercely challenged.

Neutrality was impossible. She was bound to furnish her tale of troops, and thus belie her principles; or to secede at once, and reject with a clean conscience the President's mandate. On April 17 she chose the latter, deliberately and with her eyes open, knowing that war would be the result, and knowing the vast resources of the North. She was followed by Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina.⁽¹⁾

The world has long since done justice to the motives of Cromwell and of Washington,

and signs are not wanting <102>that before many years have passed it will do justice to the motives of the Southern people. They were true to their interpretation of the Constitution; and if the morality of secession may be questioned, if South Carolina acted with undue haste and without sufficient provocation, if certain of the Southern politicians desired emancipation for themselves that they might continue to enslave others, it can hardly be denied that the action of Virginia was not only fully justified, but beyond suspicion. The wildest threats of the ' Black Republicans,' their loudly expressed determination, in defiance of the Constitution, to abolish slavery, if necessary by the bullet and the sabre, shook in no degree whatever her loyalty to the Union. Her best endeavours were exerted to maintain the peace *between* the hostile sections; and not till her liberties were menaced did she repudiate a compact which had become intolerable. It was to preserve the freedom which her forefathers had bequeathed her, and which she desired to hand down unsullied to future generations, that she acquiesced in the revolution.

The North, in resolving to maintain the Union by force of arms, was upheld by the belief that she was acting in accordance with the Constitution. The South, in asserting her independence and resisting coercion, found moral support in the same conviction, and the patriotism of those who fought for the Union was neither purer nor more ardent than the patriotism of those who fought for States' Rights. Long ago, a parliament of that nation to which Jackson and so many of his compatriots owed their origin made petition to the Pope that he should require the English king 'to respect the independence of Scotland, and to mind his own affairs. So long as a hundred of us are left alive,' said the signatories, ' we will never in any degree be subjected to the English. It is not for glory, or for riches, or for honour that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life.' More than five hundred years later, for the same noble cause and in the same uncompromising spirit, the people of Virginia made appeal to the God of battles.

Stonewall Jackson v1.
CHAPTER V—HARPER' S FERRY

<103>

IMMEDIATELY it became apparent that the North was bent upon re-conquest Jackson offered his sword to his native State. He was determined to take his share in defending her rights and liberties, even if it were only as a private soldier. Devotion to Virginia was his sole motive. He shrank from the horrors of civil strife. The thought that the land he loved so well was to be deluged with the blood of her own children, that the happy hearths of America were to be desecrated by the hideous image of war, stifled the promptings of professional ambition. 'If the general Government,' he said, 'should persist in the measures now threatened, there must be war. It is painful enough to discover with what unconcern they speak of war, and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as the sum of all evils.'

The methods he resorted to in order that the conflict might be averted were characteristic. He proposed to the minister of his church that all Christian people should be called upon to unite in prayer; and in his own devotions, says his wife, he asked with importunity that, if it were God's will, the whole land might be at peace.

His work, after the Ordinance of Secession had been passed, was constant and absorbing. The Governor of Virginia had informed the Superintendent of the Institute that he should need the services of the more advanced classes as drill-masters, and that they must be prepared to leave for Richmond, under the command of Major Jackson, at a moment's notice. <104>

The Lexington Presbytery was holding its spring meeting in the church which Jackson attended, and some of the members were entertained at his house; but he found no time to attend a single service—every hour was devoted to the duty he had in hand.

On the Saturday of that eventful week he expressed the hope that he would not be called upon to leave till Monday; and, bidding his wife dismiss from her thoughts everything pertaining to the war and his departure, they spent that evening as they had been accustomed, reading aloud from religious magazines, and studying together the lesson which was to be taught on the morrow in the Sunday-school.

But at dawn the next morning came a telegram, directing Major Jackson to bring the cadets to Richmond immediately. He repaired at once to the Institute; and at one o'clock, after divine service, at his request, had been held at the head of the command, the cadet battalion marched to Staunton, on the Virginia Central Railway, and there took train.

Camp Lee, the rendezvous of the Virginia army, presented a peculiar if animated scene. With few exceptions, every man capable of serving in the field belonged either to the militia or the volunteers. Some of the companies had a smattering of drill, but the majority were absolutely untaught, and the whole were without the slightest conception of what was meant by discipline. And it was difficult to teach them. The non-commissioned officers and men of the United States army were either Irish or Germans, without State ties, and they had consequently no inducement to join the South. With the officers it was different. They were citizens first, and soldiers afterwards; and as citizens, their allegiance, so far as those of Southern birth were concerned, was due to their native States. Out of the twelve hundred graduates of West Point who, at the beginning of 1861, were still fit for service, a fourth were Southerners, and these, almost without exception,

at once took service with the Confederacy. But the regular officers were almost all required for the higher commands, for technical duties, <105>and the staff; thus very few were left to instruct the volunteers. The intelligence of the men was high, for every profession and every class was represented in the ranks, and many of the wealthiest planters preferred, so earnest was their patriotism, to serve as privates; but as yet they were merely the elements of a fine army, and nothing more. Their equipment left as much to be desired as their training. Arms were far scarcer than men. The limited supply of rifles in the State arsenals was soon exhausted. Flintlock muskets, converted to percussion action, were then supplied; but no inconsiderable numbers of fowling-pieces and shot-guns were to be seen amongst the infantry, while the cavalry, in default of sabres, carried rude lances fabricated by country blacksmiths. Some of the troops wore uniform, the blue of the militia or the grey of the cadet; but many of the companies drilled and manoeuvred in plain clothes; and it was not till three months later, on the eve of the first great battle, that the whole of the infantry had received their bayonets and cartridge boxes.

An assemblage so motley could hardly be called an army; and the daring of the Government, who, with this *levée en masse* as their only bulwark against invasion, had defied a great power, seems at first sight strongly allied to folly. But there was little cause for apprehension. The Federal authorities were as yet powerless to enforce the policy of invasion on which the President had resolved. The great bulk of the Northern troops were just as far from being soldiers as the Virginians, and the regular army was too small to be feared.

The people of the United States had long cherished the Utopian dream that war was impossible upon their favoured soil. The militia was considered an archaeological absurdity. The regular troops, admirable as was their work upon the frontier, were far from being a source of national pride. The uniform was held to be a badge of servitude. The drunken loafer, bartering his vote for a dollar or a dram, looked down with the contempt of a sovereign citizen upon men who submitted to the indignity of discipline; and, in denouncing the expense of a standing <106>army, unscrupulous politicians found a sure path to popular favour. So, when secession became something more than a mere threat, the armed forces of the commonwealth had been reduced almost to extinction; and when the flag was fired upon, the nation found itself powerless to resent the insult. The military establishment mustered no more than 16,000 officers and men. There was no reserve, no transport, no organisation for war, and the troops were scattered in distant garrisons. The navy consisted of six screw-frigates, only one of which was in commission, of five steam sloops, some twenty sailing ships, and a few gunboats. The majority of the vessels, although well armed, were out of date. 9,000 officers and men were the extent of the *personnel*, and several useful craft, together with more than 1,200 guns, were laid up in Norfolk dockyard, on the coast of Virginia, within a hundred miles of Richmond.(1)

The cause of the Confederacy, although her white population of seven million souls was smaller by two-thirds than that of the North, was thus far from hopeless. The North undoubtedly possessed immense resources. But an efficient army, even when the supply of men and arms be unlimited, cannot be created in a few weeks, or even in a few months, least of all an army of invasion. Undisciplined troops, if the enemy be ill-handled, may possibly stand their ground on the defensive, as did Jackson's riflemen at New Orleans, or the colonials at Bunker's Hill. But fighting behind earthworks is a very different matter to

making long marches, and executing complicated manoeuvres under heavy fire. Without a trained staff and an efficient administration, an army is incapable of movement. Even with a well-organised commissariat it is a most difficult business to keep a marching column supplied with food and forage; and the problem of transport, unless a railway or

(1) Strength of the Federal Navy at different periods :-

March 4, 1861	42 ships in commission.
December 1, 1861	264 " " "
December 1, 1862	427 " " "
December 1, 1863	588 " " "
December 1, 1864	671 " " "

<107>a river be available, taxes the ability of the most experienced leader. A march of eighty or one hundred miles into an enemy's country sounds a simple feat, but unless every detail has been most carefully thought out, it will not improbably be more disastrous than a lost battle. A march of two or three hundred miles is a great military operation; a march of six hundred an enterprise of which there are few examples. To handle an army in battle is much less difficult than to bring it on to the field in good condition; and the student of the Civil War may note with profit how exceedingly chary were the generals, during the first campaigns, of leaving their magazines. It was not till their auxiliary services had gained experience that they dared to manoeuvre freely; and the reason lay not only in deficiencies of organisation, but in the nature of the country. Even for a stationary force, standing on the defensive, unless immediately backed by a large town or a railway, the difficulties of bringing up supplies were enormous. For an invading army, increasing day by day the distance from its base, they became almost insuperable. In 1861, the population of the United States, spread over a territory as large as Europe, was less than that of England, and a great part of that territory was practically unexplored. Even at the present day their seventy millions are but a handful in comparison with the size of their dominions, and their extraordinary material progress is not much more than a scratch on the surface of the continent. In Europe Nature has long since receded before the works of man. In America the struggle between them has but just begun; and except upon the Atlantic seaboard man is almost lost to sight in the vast spaces he has yet to conquer. In many of the oldest States of the Union the cities seem set in clearings of the primeval forest. The wild woodland encroaches on the suburbs, and within easy reach of the very capital are districts where the Indian hunter might still roam undisturbed. The traveller lands in a metropolis as large as Paris; before a few hours have passed he may find himself in a wilderness as solitary as the Transvaal; and although within the boundaries of the townships he sees little <108>that differs from the England of the nineteenth century—beyond them there is much that resembles the England of the Restoration. Except over a comparatively small area an army operating in the United States would meet with the same obstacles as did the soldiers of Cromwell and Turenne. Roads are few and indifferent; towns few and far between; food and forage are not easily obtainable, for the country is but partially cultivated; great rivers, bridged at rare intervals, issue from the barren solitudes of rugged plateaus; in many low-lying regions a single storm is sufficient to convert the undrained alluvial into a fetid swamp, and tracts as large as an English county are covered with pathless forest. Steam and the telegraph, penetrating even the most lonely jungles, afford, it is true, such facilities for moving and

feeding large bodies of men that the difficulties presented by untamed Nature have undoubtedly been much reduced. Nevertheless the whole country, even to-day, would be essentially different from any European theatre of war, save the steppes of Russia; and in 1861 railways were few, and the population comparatively insignificant.

The impediments, then, in the way of military operations were such as no soldier of experience would willingly encounter with an improvised army. It was no petty republic that the North had undertaken to coerce. The frontiers of the Confederacy were far apart. The coast washed by the Gulf of Mexico is eight hundred miles south of Harper's Ferry on the Potomac; the Rio Grande, the river boundary of Texas, is seventeen hundred miles west of Charleston on the Atlantic. And over this vast expanse ran but six continuous lines of railway :—

From the Potomac.

1. [Washington,] Richmond, Lynchburg, Chattanooga, Memphis, New Orleans.
2. [Washington,] Richmond, Weldon, Greensboro, Columbia, Atlanta, New Orleans.
(These connected Richmond with the Mississippi.)

From the Ohio.

3. Cairo, Memphis, New Orleans.
4. Cairo, Corinth, Mobile. <109>
5. Louisville, Nashville, Dalton, Atlanta, Mobile.
(These connected the Ohio with the Gulf of Mexico.)
6. Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah.
(This connected Richmond with the ports on the Atlantic.)

Although in the Potomac and the Ohio the Federals possessed two excellent bases of invasion, on which it was easy to accumulate both men and supplies, the task before them, even had the regular army been large and well equipped, would have been sufficiently formidable. The city of Atlanta, which may be considered as the heart of the Confederacy, was sixty days' march from the Potomac, the same distance as Vienna from the English Channel, or Moscow from the Niemen. New Orleans, the commercial metropolis, was thirty-six days' march from the Ohio, the same distance as Berlin from the Moselle. Thus space was all in favour of the South; even should the enemy overrun her borders, her principal cities, few in number, were far removed from the hostile bases, and the important railway junctions were perfectly secure from sudden attack. And space, especially when means of communication are scanty, and the country affords few supplies, is the greatest of all obstacles. The hostile territory must be subjugated piecemeal, state by state, province by province, as was Asia by Alexander; and after each victory a new base of supply must be provisioned and secured, no matter at what cost of time, before a further advance can be attempted. Had Napoleon in the campaign against Russia remained for the winter at Smolensko, and firmly established himself in Poland, Moscow might have been captured and held during the ensuing summer. But the occupation of Moscow would not have ended the war. Russia in many respects was not unlike the Confederacy. She had given no hostages to fortune in the shape of rich commercial towns; she possessed no historic fortresses; and so offered but few objectives to an invader. If defeated or retreating, her armies could always find refuge in distant fastnesses. The climate was severe; the internal trade inconsiderable; to bring the burden

of war home to the <110>mass of the population was difficult, and to hold the country by force impracticable. Such were the difficulties which the genius of Napoleon was powerless to overcome, and Napoleon invaded Russia with half a million of seasoned soldiers.

And yet with an army of 75,000 volunteers, and without the least preparation, the Federal Government was about to attempt an enterprise of even greater magnitude. The Northern States were not bent merely on invasion, but on re-conquest; not merely on defeating the hostile armies, on occupying their capital, and exacting contributions, but on forcing a proud people to surrender their most cherished principles, to give up their own government, and to submit themselves, for good and all, to what was practically a foreign yoke. And this was not all. It has been well said by a soldier of Napoleon, writing of the war in Spain, that neither the government nor the army are the real bulwarks against foreign aggression, but the national character. The downfall of Austria and of Prussia was practically decided by the first great battle. The nations yielded without further struggle. Strangers to freedom, crushed by military absolutism, the prostration of each and all to an irresponsible despot had paralysed individual energy. Spain, on the other hand, without an army and without a ruler, but deriving new strength from each successive defeat, first taught Napoleon that he was not invincible. And the same spirit of liberty which inspired the people of the Peninsula inspired, to an even higher degree, the people of the Confederate States.

The Northern States, moreover, were about to make a new departure in war. The manhood of a country has often been called upon to defend its borders; but never before had it been proposed to invade a vast territory with a civilian army, composed, it is true, of the best blood in the Republic, but without the least tincture of military experience. Nor did the senior officers, professionals though they were, appear more fitted for the enterprise than the men they led. The command of a company or squadron against the redskins was hardly an adequate probation for the [Map of the United States in 1861, omitted] <111>command of an army,(1) or even a brigade, of raw troops against a well-armed foe. Had the volunteers been associated with an equal number of trained and disciplined soldiers, as had been the case in Mexico,(2) they would have derived both confidence from their presence, and stability from their example; had there been even an experienced staff, capable of dealing with large forces, and an efficient commissariat, capable of rapid expansion, they might have crushed all organised opposition. But only 3,000 regulars could be drawn from the Western borders; the staff was as feeble as the commissariat; and so, from a purely military point of view, the conquest of the South appeared impossible. Her self-sustaining power was far greater than has been usually imagined. On the broad prairies of Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana ranged innumerable herds. The area under cultivation was almost equal to that north of the Potomac and the Ohio. The pastoral districts—the beautiful Valley of Virginia, the great plains of Georgia, the fertile bottoms of Alabama, were inexhaustible granaries. The amount of live stock—horses, mules, oxen, and sheep—was actually larger than in the North; and if the acreage under wheat was less extensive, the deficiency was more than balanced by the great harvests of rice and maize.(3) Men of high ability, but profoundly ignorant of the conditions which govern military operations, prophesied that the South would be brought back to the Union within ninety days; General Winfield Scott, on the other hand, Commander-in-Chief of the Federal armies, declared that its conquest might be achieved '

in two or three years, by a young and able general—a Wolfe, a Desaix, a Hoche—with 300,000 disciplined men kept up to that number.'

Nevertheless, despite the extent of her territory and her scanty means of communication, the South was peculiarly vulnerable. Few factories or foundries had been established <112>within her frontiers. She manufactured nothing; and not only for all luxuries, but for almost every necessary of life, she was dependent upon others. Her cotton and tobacco brought leather and cloth in exchange from England. Metals, machinery, rails, rolling stock, salt, and even medicines came, for the most part, from the North. The weapons which she put into her soldiers' hands during the first year of the war, her cannon, powder, and ammunition, were of foreign make. More than all, her mercantile marine was very small. Her foreign trade was in the hands of Northern merchants. She had ship-yards, for Norfolk and Pensacola, both national establishments, were within her boundaries; but her seafaring population was inconsiderable, and shipbuilding was almost an unknown industry. Strong on land, she was powerless at sea, and yet it was on the sea that her prosperity depended. Cotton, the principal staple of her wealth, demanded free access to the European markets. But without a navy, and without the means of constructing one, or of manning the vessels that she might easily have purchased, she was unable to keep open her communications across the Atlantic.

Nor was it on the ocean alone that the South was at a disadvantage. The Mississippi, the main artery of her commerce, which brought the harvests of the plantations to New Orleans, and which divided her territory into two distinct portions, was navigable throughout; while other great rivers and many estuaries, leading into the heart of her dominions, formed the easiest of highways for the advance of an invading army. Very early had her fatal weakness been detected. Immediately Fort Sumter fell, Lincoln had taken measures to isolate the seceding States, to close every channel by which they could receive either succour or supplies, and if need be to starve them into submission. The maritime resources of the Union were so large that the navy was rapidly expanded. Numbers of trained seamen, recruited from the merchant service and the fisheries, were at once available.

The Northern shipbuilders had long been famous; and both men and vessels, if the necessity should arise, might <113>be procured in Europe. Judicious indeed was the policy which, at the very outset of the war, brought the tremendous pressure of the sea-power to bear against the South; and, had her statesmen possessed the knowledge of what that pressure meant, they must have realised that Abraham Lincoln was no ordinary foe. In forcing the Confederates to become the aggressors, and to fire on the national ensign, he had created a united North; in establishing a blockade of their coasts he brought into play a force, which, like the mills of God,' grinds slowly, but grinds exceeding small.'

But for the present the Federal navy was far too small to watch three thousand miles of littoral indented by spacious harbours and secluded bays, protected in many cases by natural breakwaters, and communicating by numerous channels with the open sea. Moreover, it was still an even chance whether cotton became a source of weakness to the Confederacy or a source of strength. If the markets of Europe were closed to her by the hostile battle-ships, the credit of the young Republic would undoubtedly be seriously impaired; but the majority of the Southern politicians believed that the great powers beyond the Atlantic would never allow the North to enforce her restrictive policy. England and France, a large portion of whose population depended for their livelihood on the

harvests of the South, were especially interested; and England and France, both great maritime States, were not likely to brook interference with their trade. Nor had the Southern people a high opinion of Northern patriotism. They could hardly conceive that the maintenance of the Union, which they themselves considered so light a bond, had been exalted elsewhere to the height of a sacred principle. Least of all did they believe that the great Democratic party, which embraced so large a proportion of the Northern people, and which, for so many years, had been in close sympathy with themselves, would support the President in his coercive measures.

History, moreover, not always an infallible guide, supplied many plausible arguments to those who sought to forecast the immediate future. In the War of Independence <114>not only had the impracticable nature of the country, especially of the South, baffled the armies of Great Britain, but the European powers, actuated by old grudges and commercial jealousy, had come to the aid of the insurgents. On a theatre of war where trained and well-organised forces had failed, it was hardly to be expected that raw levies would succeed; and if England, opposed in 1782 by the fleets of France, Spain, and Holland, had been compelled to let the colonies go, it was hardly likely that the North, confronted by the naval strength of England and France, would long maintain the struggle with the South. Trusting then to foreign intervention, to the dissensions of their opponents, and to their own hardihood and unanimity, the Southerners faced the future with few misgivings.

At Richmond, finding himself without occupation, Major Jackson volunteered to assist in the drilling of the new levies. The duty to which he was first assigned was distasteful. He was an indifferent draughtsman, and a post in the topographical department was one for which he was hardly fitted. The appointment, fortunately, was not confirmed. Some of his friends in the Confederate Congress proposed that he should be sent to command at Harper's Ferry, an important outpost on the northern frontier of Virginia. There was some opposition, not personal to Jackson and of little moment, but it called forth a remark that shows the estimation in which he was held by men who knew him.

' Who is this Major Jackson ?' it was asked.

' He is one,' was the reply, 'who, if you order him to hold a post, will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy.'

Harper's Ferry, the spot where the first collision might confidently be expected, was a charge after Jackson's own heart.

' Last Saturday,' he writes to his wife, ' the Governor handed me my commission as Colonel of Virginia Volunteers, the post I prefer above all others, and has given me an independent command. Little one, you must not expect to hear from me very often, as I expect to have more work than I ever had in the same <115>length of time before; but don't be concerned about your husband, for our kind Heavenly Father will give every needful aid.'

The garrison at Harper's Ferry consisted of a large number of independent companies of infantry, a few light companies, as they were called, of cavalry, and fifteen smoothbore cannon of small calibre. This force numbered 4,500 officers and men, of whom all but 400 were Virginians. Jackson's appearance was not hailed with acclamation. The officers of the State militia had hitherto exercised the functions of command over the ill-knit concourse of enthusiastic patriots. The militia, however, was hardly more than a force on paper, and the camps swarmed with generals and field-officers who were merely civilians

in gaudy uniform. By order of the State Legislature these gentlemen were now deprived of their fine feathers. Every militia officer above the rank of captain was deposed; and the Governor of Virginia was authorised to fill the vacancies. This measure was by no means popular. Both by officers and men it was denounced as an outrage on freemen and volunteers; and the companies met in convention for the purpose of passing denunciatory resolutions.

Their new commander was a sorry substitute for the brilliant figures he had superseded. The militia generals had surrounded themselves with a numerous staff, and on fine afternoons, it was said, the official display in Harper's Ferry would have done no discredit to the Champs-Élysées. Jackson had but two assistants, who, like himself, still wore the plain blue uniform of the Military Institute. To eyes accustomed to the splendid trappings and prancing steeds of his predecessors there seemed an almost painful want of pomp and circumstance about the colonel of volunteers. There was not a particle of gold lace about him. He rode a horse as quiet as himself. His seat in the saddle was ungraceful. His well-worn cadet cap was always tilted over his eyes; he was sparing of speech; his voice was very quiet, and he seldom smiled. He made no orations, he held no reviews, and his orders were remarkable for their brevity. Even with his officers <116>he had little intercourse. He confided his plans to no one, and not a single item of information, useful or otherwise, escaped his lips.

Some members of the Maryland Legislature, a body whom it was important to conciliate, visited Harper's Ferry during his tenure of command. They were received with the utmost politeness, and in return plied the general with many questions. His answers were unsatisfactory, and at length one more bold than the rest asked him frankly how many men he had at his disposal. 'Sir,' was the reply, 'I should be glad if President Lincoln thought I had fifty thousand.' Nor was this reticence observed only towards those whose discretion he mistrusted. He was silent on principle. In the campaign of 1814, the distribution of the French troops at a most critical moment was made known to the allies by the capture of a courier carrying a letter from Napoleon to the Empress. There was little chance of a letter to Mrs. Jackson, who was now in North Carolina, falling into the hands of the Federals; but even in so small a matter Jackson was consistent.

'You say,' he wrote, 'that your husband never writes you any news. I suppose you mean military news, for I have written you a great deal about your *sposo* and how much he loves you. What do you want with military news? Don't you know that it is unmilitary and unlike an officer to write news respecting one's post? You couldn't wish your husband to do an unofficer-like thing, could you?'

And then, the claims of duty being thus clearly defined, he proceeds to describe the roses which climbed round the window of his temporary quarters, adding, with that lover-like devotion which every letter betrays, 'but my sweet little sunny face is what I want to see most of all.'

Careful as he was to keep the enemy in the dark, he was exceedingly particular when he visited his distant posts on the Potomac that his presence should be unobserved. Had it become known to the Federal generals that the commander at Harper's Ferry had reconnoitred a certain point of passage, a clue might have been given to his designs. The Confederate officers, therefore, in charge of these posts, <117>were told that Colonel Jackson did not wish them to recognise him. He rode out accompanied by a single staff officer, and the men were seldom aware that the brigadier had been through their camps.

Never was a commander who fell so far short of the popular idea of a dashing leader. This quiet gentleman, who came and went unnoticed, who had nothing to say, and was so anxious to avoid observation, was a type of soldier unfamiliar to the volunteers. He was duty personified and nothing more.

But at the same time the troops instinctively felt that this absence of ostentation meant hard work. They began to realise the magnitude of the obligations they had assumed. Soldiering was evidently something more than a series of brilliant spectacles and social gatherings. Here was a man in earnest, who looked upon war as a serious business, who was completely oblivious to what people said or thought; and his example was not without effect. The conventions came to nothing; and when the companies were organised in battalions, and some of the deposed officers were reappointed to command, the men went willingly to work. Their previous knowledge, even of drill, was of the scantiest. Officers and men had to begin as recruits, and Jackson was not the man to cut short essential preliminaries. Seven hours' drill daily was a heavy tax upon enthusiasm; but it was severely enforced, and the garrison of the frontier post soon learned the elements of manoeuvre. Discipline was a lesson more difficult than drill. The military code, in all its rigour, could not be at once applied to a body of high-spirited and inexperienced civilians. Undue severity might have produced the very worst results. The observance, therefore, of those regulations which were not in themselves essential to efficiency or health was not insisted on. Lapses in military etiquette were suffered to pass unnoticed; no attempt was made to draw a hard and fast line between officers and men; and many things which in a regular army would be considered grossly irregular were tacitly permitted. Jackson was well aware that volunteers of the type he commanded needed most delicate and <118>tactful handling. The chief use of minute regulations and exacting routine is the creation of the instinct of obedience. Time was wanting to instil such instinct into the Confederate troops; and the intelligence and patriotism of the men, largely of high class and good position, who filled the ranks, might be relied upon to prevent serious misconduct. Had they been burdened with the constant acknowledgment of superior authority which becomes a second nature to the regular soldier, disgust and discontent might have taken the place of high spirit and good-will. But at the same time wilful misbehaviour was severely checked. Neglect of duty and insubordination were crimes which Jackson never forgave, and deliberate disobedience was in his eyes as unmanly an offence as cowardice. He knew when to be firm as well as when to relax, and it was not only in the administration of discipline that he showed his tact. He was the most patient of instructors. So long as those under him were trying to do their best, no one could have been kinder or more forbearing; and he constantly urged his officers to come to his tent when they required explanation as to the details of their duty.

Besides discipline and instruction, Jackson had the entire administration of his command upon his hands. Ammunition was exceedingly scarce, and he had to provide for the manufacture of ball-cartridges. Transport there was none, but the great waggons of the Valley farmers supplied the deficiency. The equipment of the artillery left much to be desired, and ammunition carts (or caissons) were constructed by fixing roughly made chests on the running gear of waggons. The supply and medical services were nonexistent, and everything had to be organised *de novo*. Thus the officer in command at Harper's Ferry had his hands full; and in addition to his administrative labours there was the enemy to be watched, information to be obtained, and measures of defence to be

considered. A glance at the map will show the responsibilities of Jackson's position.

The Virginia of the Confederacy was cut in two by the Blue Ridge, a chain of mountains three hundred and thirty miles in length, which, rising in North Carolina, passes <119>under different names through Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont, and sinks to the level on the Canadian frontier.

The Blue Ridge varies in height from 2,000 to 6,000 feet. Densely wooded, it is traversed in Virginia only by the 'Gaps,' through which ran three railways and several roads. These Gaps were of great strategic importance, for if they were once secured, a Northern army, moving up the Valley of the Shenandoah, would find a covered line of approach towards the Virginia and Tennessee railway, which connected Richmond with the Mississippi. Nor was this the only advantage it would gain. From Lexington at its head, to Harper's Ferry, where it strikes the Potomac, throughout its whole length of one hundred and forty miles, the Valley was rich in agricultural produce. Its average width, for it is bounded on the west by the eastern ranges of the Alleghanies, is not more than four-and-twenty miles; but there are few districts of the earth's surface, of equal extent, more favoured by Nature or more highly cultivated. It was the granary of Virginia; and not Richmond only, but the frontier garrisons, depended largely for subsistence on the farms of the Shenandoah.

Moreover, if the Valley were occupied by the Federals, Northwestern Virginia would be cut off from the Confederacy; and Jackson's native mountains, inhabited by a brave and hardy race, would be lost as a recruiting ground.

In order, then, to secure the loyalty of the mountaineers, to supply the armies, and to protect the railways, the retention of the Valley was of the utmost importance to the Confederacy. The key of the communication with the North-west was Winchester, the chief town of the lower Valley, twenty-six miles, in an air-line, south-west of Harper's Ferry. From Winchester two highways lead westward, by Romney and Moorefield; four lead east and southeast, crossing the Blue Ridge by Snicker's, Ashby's, Manassas, and Chester's Gaps; and the first object of the Confederate force at Harper's Ferry was to cover this nucleus of roads. During the month of May the garrison of the frontier <120>post was undisturbed by the enemy. Lincoln's first call had been for 75,000 volunteers. On May 8 he asked for an additional 40,000; these when trained, with 18,000 seamen and a detachment of regulars, would place at his disposal 150,000 men. The greater part of this force had assembled at Washington; but a contingent of 10,000 or 12,000 men under General Patterson, a regular officer of many years' service, was collecting in Pennsylvania, and an outpost of 3,000 men was established at Chambersburg, forty-five miles north of Harper's Ferry.

These troops, however, though formidable in numbers, were as ill-prepared for war as the Confederates, and no immediate movement was to be anticipated. Not only had the Federal authorities to equip and organise their levies, but the position of Washington was the cause of much embarrassment. The District of Columbia—the sixty square miles set apart for the seat of the Federal Government—lies on the Potomac, fifty miles south-east of Harper's Ferry, wedged in between Virginia on the one side and Maryland on the other.

The loyalty of Maryland to the Union was more than doubtful. As a slave-holding State, her sympathies were strongly Southern; and it was only her geographical situation, north of the Potomac, and with no strong frontier to protect her from invasion, which had held her back from joining the Confederacy. As only a single line of railway connected

Washington with the North, passing through Baltimore, the chief city of Maryland, a very hot-bed of secession sentiment, the attitude of the State was a matter of the utmost anxiety to the Federal Government. An attempt to send troops through Baltimore to Washington had provoked a popular commotion and some bloodshed. Stern measures had been necessary to keep the railway open. Baltimore was placed under martial law, and strongly garrisoned. But despite these precautions, for some weeks the feeling in Maryland was so hostile to the Union that it was not considered safe for the Northern troops to cross her territory except in large numbers; and the concentration <121>at Washington of a force sufficient to defend it was thus attended with much difficulty.

A single railroad, too, the Baltimore and Ohio, connected Washington with the West. Crossing the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and following the course of the river, it ran for one hundred and twenty miles within the confines of Virginia. Thus the district commanded by Jackson embraced an artery of supply and communication which was of great importance to the enemy. The natural course would have been to destroy the line at once; but the susceptibilities of both Maryland and West Virginia had to be considered. The stoppage of all traffic on their main trade route would have done much to alienate the people from the South, and there was still hope that Maryland might throw in her lot with her seceded sisters.

The line was therefore left intact, and the company was permitted to maintain the regular service of trains, including the mails. For this privilege, however, Jackson exacted toll. The Confederate railways were deficient in rolling stock, and he determined to effect a large transfer from the Baltimore and Ohio. From Point of Rocks, twelve miles east of Harper's Ferry, to Martinsburg, fifteen miles west, the line was double. 'The coal traffic along it,' says General Imboden, 'was immense, for the Washington Government was accumulating supplies of coal on the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night, and thus furnished Jackson with a pretext for arranging a brilliant capture. A detachment was posted at Point of Rocks, and the 5th Virginia Infantry at Martinsburg. He then complained to the President of the Baltimore and Ohio that the night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass all east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between eleven and one o'clock in the daytime. The request was complied with, and thereafter for several days was heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the "empties" were sent up the road at night, Jackson again <122>complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and, as the road had two tracks, said he must insist that the westbound trains should pass during the same hour as those going east. Again he was obliged, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America.

' One night, as soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson instructed the officer commanding at Point of Rocks to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river the next day at eleven o'clock, and letting all west-bound trains pass till twelve o'clock, to permit none to go east. He ordered the reverse to be done at Martinsburg.

' Thus he caught all the trains that were going east or west between these points, and ran them up to Winchester, thirty-two miles on the branch line, whence they were removed by horse power to the railway at Strasburg, eighteen miles further south.'⁽¹⁾

This capture was Jackson's only exploit whilst in command at Harper's Ferry. On May 24 he was relieved by General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the senior officers of the Confederate army. The transfer of authority was not, however, at once effected. Johnston

reached Harper's Ferry in advance of his letter of appointment. Jackson had not been instructed that he was to hand over his command, and, strictly conforming to the regulations, he respectfully declined to vacate his post. Fortunately a communication soon came from General Lee, commanding the Virginia troops, in which he referred to Johnston as in command at Harper's Ferry. Jackson at once recognised this letter as official evidence that he was superseded, and from that time forth rendered his superior the most faithful and zealous support. He seems at first to have expected that he would be sent to Northwest Virginia, and his one ambition at this time was to be selected as the instrument of saving his native mountains to the South. But the Confederate Government had other views. At the beginning of June a more compact organisation was given to the regiments at Harper's Ferry, and Jackson was <123>assigned to the command of the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah.(1)

Recruited in the Valley of the Shenandoah and the western mountains, the brigade consisted of the following regiments :—

The 2nd Virginia, Colonel Allen. The 4th Virginia, Colonel Preston. The 5th Virginia, Colonel Harper.

The 27th Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel Echols.

The 33rd Virginia, Colonel Cummings.

A battery of artillery, raised in Rockbridge County, was attached to the brigade. Commanded by the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, the rector of Lexington, an old West Point graduate, who was afterwards distinguished as Lee's chief of artillery, and recruited largely from theological colleges, it soon became peculiarly efficient.(2)

No better material for soldiers ever existed than the men of the Valley. Most of them were of Scotch-Irish descent, but from the more northern counties came many of English blood, and from those in the centre of Swiss and German. But whatever their origin, they were thoroughly well qualified for their new trade. All classes mingled in the ranks, and all ages; the heirs of the oldest families, and the humblest of the sons of toil; boys whom it was impossible to keep at school, and men whose white beards hung below their cross-belts; youths who had been reared in luxury, and rough hunters from their lonely cabins. They were a mountain people, nurtured in a wholesome climate, bred to manly sports, and hardened by the free life of the field and forest. To social distinctions they gave little heed. They were united for a common purpose; they had taken arms to defend Virginia and to maintain her rights; and their patriotism was <124>proved by the sacrifice of all personal consideration and individual interest. Nor is the purity of their motives to be questioned. They had implicit faith in the righteousness of their cause. Slave-owners were few in the Valley, and the farms were tilled mainly by free labour. The abolition of negro servitude would have affected but little the population west of the Blue Ridge. But, nevertheless, west of the Blue Ridge the doctrine of State Rights was as firmly rooted as in the Carolinas, the idea that a State could be coerced into remaining within the Union as fiercely repudiated; and the men of the Valley faced the gathering hosts of the North in the same spirit that they would have faced the hosts of a foreign foe.

In the first weeks of June the military situation became more threatening. The Union armies were taking shape. The levies of volunteers seemed sufficiently trained to render reconquest practicable, and the great wave of invasion had already mounted the horizon. A force of 25,000 men, based on the Ohio, threatened North-west Virginia. There had been collisions on the Atlantic seaboard, where the Federals held Fortress Monroe, a

strong citadel within eighty miles of Richmond, and Richmond had become the capital of the Confederacy. There had been fighting in Missouri, and the partisans of the South in that State had already been badly worsted. The vast power of the North was making itself felt on land, and on the sea had asserted an ascendancy which it never lost. The blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico were patrolled by a fleet with which the Confederates had no means of coping. From the sea-wall of Charleston, the great Atlantic port of the South, the masts of the blockading squadron were visible in the offing; and beyond the mouths of the Mississippi, closing the approaches to New Orleans, the long black hulls steamed slowly to and fro.

But it was about Manassas Junction—thirty miles south-west of Washington and barring the road to Richmond—that all interest centred during the first campaign. Here was posted the main army of the Confederacy, 20,000 volunteers under General Beauregard, <125>the Manassas Gap Railway forming an easy means of communication with the Army of the Shenandoah.

Johnston's force had been gradually increased to 10,000 officers and men. But the general was by no means convinced of the desirability of holding Harper's Ferry. The place itself was insignificant. It had contained an arsenal, but this had been burnt by the Federals when they evacuated the post; and it was absolutely untenable against attack. To the east runs the Shenandoah; and immediately above the river stands a spur of the Blue Ridge, the Loudoun Heights, completely commanding the little town. Beyond the Potomac is a crest of equal altitude, covered with forest trees and undergrowth, and bearing the name of the Maryland Heights.

Jackson, without waiting for instructions, had taken on himself to hold and fortify the Maryland Heights. 'I am of opinion,' he had written to General Lee, 'that this place should be defended with the spirit which actuated the defenders of Thermopylae, and if left to myself such is my determination. The fall of this place would, I fear, result in the loss of the north-western part of the State, and who can estimate the moral power thus gained to the enemy and lost to ourselves?'(1)

Lee, also, was averse to evacuation. Such a measure, he said, would be depressing to the cause of the South, and would leave Maryland isolated. The post, it was true, could be easily turned. By crossing the Potomac, at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, twenty and ten miles north-west respectively, the Federals would threaten the communications of the garrison with Winchester; in case they were attacked, the Confederates would have to fight with their backs to the Shenandoah, broad, deep, and unbridged; and the ground westward of Harper's Ferry was ill adapted for defence. Attack, in Lee's opinion, would have been best met by a resolute offensive.(2) Johnston, however, believed his troops unfitted for active manoeuvres, and he was permitted to choose his own course. The incident is of small importance, <126>but it serves to show an identity of opinion between Lee and Jackson, and a regard for the moral aspect of the situation which was to make itself manifest, with extraordinary results, at a later period. On June 14, Johnston destroyed the railway bridge over the Potomac, removed the machinery that had been rescued from the arsenal, burned the public buildings, and the next day retired on Winchester. His immediate opponent, General Patterson, had crossed the Pennsylvania border, and, moving through Maryland, had occupied Williamsport with 14,000 men. A detachment of Confederate militia had been driven from Romney, thirty-five miles north-west of Winchester, and the general forward movement of the enemy had become

pronounced.

On June 20 Jackson's brigade was ordered to destroy the workshops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway at Martinsburg, together with the whole of the rolling stock that might there be found, and to support the cavalry. The first of these tasks, although Martinsburg is no more than ten miles distant from Williamsport, was easily accomplished. Four locomotives were sent back to Winchester, drawn by teams of horses; and several more, together with many waggons, were given to the flames. The second task demanded no unusual exertions. The Federals, as yet, manifested no intention of marching upon Winchester, nor was the Confederate cavalry in need of immediate assistance. The force numbered 300 sabres. The men were untrained; but they were first-rate horsemen, they knew every inch of the country, and they were exceedingly well commanded. Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, who had been a captain of dragoons in the United States army, had already given token of those remarkable qualities which were afterwards to make him famous. Of an old Virginia family, he was the very type of the Cavalier, fearless and untiring, 'boisterous as March, yet fresh as May.'

'Educated at West Point, and trained in Indian fighting in the prairies, he brought to the great struggle upon which he had now entered a thorough knowledge of <127>arms, a bold and fertile conception, and a constitution of body which enabled him to bear up against fatigues which would have prostrated the strength of other men. Those who saw him at this time are eloquent in their description of the energy and the habits of the man. They tell how he remained almost constantly in the saddle; how he never failed to instruct personally every squad which went out on picket; how he was everywhere present, at all hours of the day and night, along the line which he guarded; and how, by infusing into the raw cavalry his own activity and watchfulness, he was enabled, in spite of the small force which he commanded, to observe the whole part of the Potomac from Point of Rocks to beyond Williamsport. His animal spirits were unconquerable, his gaiety and humour unailing; he had a ready jest for all, and made the forests ring with his songs as he marched at the head of his column. So great was his activity that General Johnston compared him to that species of hornet called "a yellow jacket," and said that "he was no sooner brushed off than he lit back again." When the general was subsequently transferred to the West he wrote to Stuart: "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost ? "'(1)

No officer in the Confederacy was more trusted by his superiors or more popular with the men; and Jackson was no more proof than others against the attractions of his sunny and noble nature. As a soldier, Stuart was a colleague after his own heart; and, as a man, he was hardly less congenial. The dashing horseman of eight-and-twenty, who rivalled Murat in his fondness for gay colours, and to all appearance looked upon war as a delightful frolic, held a rule of life as strict as that of his Presbyterian comrade; and outwardly a sharp contrast, inwardly they were in the closest sympathy. Stuart's fame as a leader was to be won in larger fields than those west of the Blue Ridge, and, although sprung from the same Scotch-Irish stock, he was in no way connected with the Valley soldiers. But from the very outbreak of the war he was intimately associated with <128>Jackson and his men. Fortune seemed to take a curious delight in bringing them together; they were together in their first skirmish, and in their last great victory; and now, on the banks of the Potomac, watching the hostile masses that were assembling on the further shore, they first learned to know each other's worth.

On July 2 Patterson crossed the river. The movement was at once reported by Stuart, and Jackson, with the 5th Virginia and a battery, advanced to meet the enemy. His instructions from Johnston were to ascertain the strength of the hostile force, and then to retire under cover of the cavalry. Four regiments of his brigade were therefore left in camp; the baggage was sent back, and when the 5th Virginia had marched out a short distance, three of the four guns were halted. Near Falling Waters, a country church some five miles south of the Potomac, Patterson's advanced-guard was discovered on the road. The country on either hand, like the greater part of the Valley, was open, undulating, and highly cultivated, view and movement being obstructed only by rail fences and patches of high timber.

The Virginians were partially concealed by a strip of woodland, and when the Federal skirmishers, deployed on either side of the highway, moved forward to the attack, they were received by a heavy and unexpected fire. As the enemy fell back, a portion of the Confederate line was thrown forward, occupying a house and barn; and despite the fire of two guns which the Federals had brought up, the men, with the impetuous rashness of young troops, dashed out to the attack. But Jackson intervened. The enemy, who had two brigades of infantry well closed up, was deploying a heavy force; his skirmishers were again advancing, and the 5th Virginia, in danger of being outflanked, was ordered to retire to its first position. The movement was misconstrued by the Federals, and down the high road, in solid column, came the pursuing cavalry. A well-aimed shot from the single field-piece sufficed to check their progress; a confused mass of horsemen went flying to the rear; and the Confederate gunners turned their attention to the hostile <129>battery. Stuart, at the same time, performed a notable feat. He had moved with fifty troopers to attack the enemy's right flank, and in reconnoitring through the woods had become detached for the moment from his command. As he rode along a winding lane he saw resting in a field a company of Federal infantry. He still wore the uniform of the United States army; the enemy suspected nothing, taking him for one of their own cavalry, and he determined to effect their capture. Riding up to the fence he bade one of the men remove the bars. This was done with respectful alacrity, and he then galloped among them, shouting ' Throw down your arms, or you are all dead men!' The stentorian order was at once obeyed: the raw troops not only dropped their rifles but fell upon their faces, and the Confederate troopers, coming to their leader's aid, marched the whole company as prisoners to the rear.

So firm was the attitude of Jackson's command that General Patterson was thoroughly imposed upon. Slowly and cautiously he pushed out right and left, and it was not till near noon that the Confederates were finally ordered to retreat. Beyond desultory skirmishing there was no further fighting. The 5th Virginia fell back on the main body; Stuart came in with his string of captives, and leaving the cavalry to watch the enemy, the First Brigade went into camp some two miles south of Martinsburg. Patterson reported to his Government that he had been opposed by 3,500 men, exactly ten times Jackson's actual number.⁽¹⁾ The losses on either side were inconsiderable, a few men killed and 10 or 15 wounded; and if the Confederates carried off 50 prisoners, the Federals had the satisfaction of burning some tents which Jackson had been unable to remove. The engagement, however, had the best effect on the *moral* of the Southern troops, and they were not so ignorant as to overlook the skill and coolness with which they had been manoeuvred. It is possible that their commander appeared in an unexpected light, and that

they had watched his behaviour with some amount of curiosity. They certainly discovered that a distaste <130>for show and frippery is no indication of an unwarlike spirit. In the midst of the action, while he was writing a dispatch, a cannon ball had torn a tree above his head to splinters. Not a muscle moved, and he wrote on as if he were seated in his own tent.

The day after Falling Waters, on Johnston's recommendation, Jackson received from General Lee his commission as brigadier-general in the Confederate army. 'My promotion,' he wrote to his wife, 'was beyond what I had anticipated, as I only expected it to be in the Volunteer forces of the State. One of my greatest desires for advancement is the gratification it will give my darling, and (the opportunity) of serving my country more efficiently. I have had all that I ought to desire in the line of promotion. I should be very ungrateful if I were not contented, and exceedingly thankful to our kind Heavenly Father.'

Of Patterson's further movements it is unnecessary to speak at length. The Federal army crawled on to Martinsburg. Halting seven miles south-west Jackson was reinforced by Johnston's whole command; and here, for four days, the Confederates, drawn up in line of battle, awaited attack. But the Federals stood fast in Martinsburg; and on the fourth day Johnston withdrew to Winchester. The Virginia soldiers were bitterly dissatisfied. At first even Jackson chafed. He was eager for further action. His experiences at Falling Waters had given him no exalted notion of the enemy's prowess, and he was ready to engage them single-handed. 'I want my brigade,' he said, 'to feel that it can itself whip Patterson's whole army, and I believe we can do it.' But Johnston's self-control was admirable. He was ready to receive attack, believing that, in his selected position, he could repulse superior numbers. But he was deaf to all who clamoured for an offensive movement, to the murmurs of the men, and to the remonstrances of the officers. The stone houses of Martinsburg and its walled inclosures were proof against assault, and promised at most a bloody victory. His stock of ammunition was scanty in <131>the extreme; the infantry had but fourteen cartridges apiece; and although his patience was construed by his troops as a want of enterprise, he had in truth displayed great daring in offering battle south of Martinsburg.

The Federal army at Washington, commanded by General McDowell, amounted to 50,000 men; a portion of this force was already south of the Potomac, and Beauregard's 20,000 Confederates, at Manassas Junction, were seriously threatened. In West Virginia the enemy had advanced, moving, fortunately, in the direction of Staunton, at the southern end of the Valley, and not on Winchester. On July 11, this force of 20,000 men defeated a Confederate detachment at Rich Mountain, not far from Jackson's birthplace; and although it was still in the heart of the Alleghanies, a few marches, which there were practically no troops to oppose, would give it the control of the Upper Valley.

Thus menaced by three columns of invasion, numbering together over 80,000 men, the chances of the Confederates, who mustered no more than 32,000 all told, looked small indeed. But the three Federal columns were widely separated, and it was possible, by means of the Manassas Gap Railway, for Johnston and Beauregard to unite with greater rapidity than their opponents.

President Davis, acting on the advice of General Lee, had therefore determined to concentrate the whole available force at Manassas Junction, and to meet at that point the column advancing from Washington.⁽¹⁾ The difficulty was for the Army of the Shenandoah to give Patterson the slip. This could easily have been done while that officer

stood fast at Martinsburg; but, in Lee's opinion, if the enemy found that the whole force of the Confederacy was concentrating at Manassas Junction, the Washington column would remain within its intrenchments round the capital, and the Confederates 'would be put to the great disadvantage of achieving nothing, and leaving the other points (Winchester and Staunton) exposed.' The concentration, <132>therefore, was to be postponed until the Washington column advanced.(1)

But by that time Patterson might be close to Winchester or threatening the Manassas Railway. Johnston had thus a most delicate task before him; and in view of the superior numbers which the Federals could bring against Manassas, it was essential that not a man should be wasted in minor enterprises. The defeat of Patterson, even had it been practicable, would not have prevented the Washington column from advancing; and every Confederate rifleman who fell in the Valley would be one the less at Manassas.

On July 15 Patterson left Martinsburg and moved in the direction of Winchester. On the 16th he remained halted at Bunker's Hill, nine miles north; and on the 17th, instead of continuing his advance, moved to his left and occupied Charlestown. His indecision was manifest. He, too, had no easy part to play. His instructions were to hold Johnston in the Valley, while McDowell advanced against Beauregard. But his instructions were either too definite or not definite enough, and he himself was overcautious. He believed, and so did General Scott, that Johnston might be retained at Winchester by demonstrations—that is, by making a show of strength and by feigned attacks. For more vigorous action Patterson was not in the least inclined; and we can hardly wonder if he hesitated to trust his ill-trained regiments to the confusion and chances of an attack. Even in that day of raw soldiers and inexperienced leaders his troops had an unenviable reputation. They had enlisted for three months, and their term of service was nearly up. Their commander had no influence with them; and, turning a deaf ear to his appeals, they stubbornly refused to remain with the colours even for a few days over their term of service. They were possibly disgusted with the treatment they had received from the Government. The men had received no pay. Many were without shoes, and others, according to their general, were 'without pants!' 'They cannot march,' he adds, 'and, unless <133>a paymaster goes with them, they will be indecently clad and have just cause of complaint.'(1)

Nevertheless, the Federal authorities made a grievous mistake when they allowed Patterson and his *sans-culottes* to move to Charlestown. McDowell marched against Beauregard on the afternoon of the 16th, and Patterson should have been instructed to attack Johnston at any cost. Even had the latter been successful, he could hardly have reinforced the main army in time to meet McDowell.

At 1 A.M. on the morning of the 18th Johnston received a telegram from the President to the effect that McDowell was advancing on Manassas. Stuart was immediately directed to keep Patterson amused; and leaving their sick, 1,700 in number, to the care of Winchester, the troops were ordered to strike tents and prepare to march. No man knew the object of the movement, and when the regiments passed through Winchester, marching southward, with their backs to the enemy, the step was lagging and the men dispirited. A few miles out, as they turned eastward, the brigades were halted and an order was read to them. 'Our gallant army under General Beauregard is now attacked by overwhelming numbers. The Commanding General hopes that his troops will step out like men, and make a forced march to save the country.' The effect of this stirring appeal was instantaneous. 'The soldiers,' says Jackson, 'rent the air with shouts of joy, and all was

eagerness and animation.' The march was resumed, and as mile after mile was passed, although there was much useless delay and the pace was slow, the faint outlines of the Blue Ridge, rising high above the Valley, changed imperceptibly to a mighty wall of rock and forest. As the night came down a long reach of the Shenandoah crossed the road. The ford was waist-deep, but the tall Virginians, plunging without hesitation into the strong current, gained the opposite shore with little loss of time. The guns and waggons followed in long succession through the darkling waters, and still the heavy tramp of the toiling column passed eastward through the quiet fields. <134>

The Blue Ridge was crossed at Ashby's Gap; and at two o'clock in the morning, near the little village of Paris, the First Brigade was halted on the further slope. They had marched over twenty miles, and so great was their exhaustion that the men sank prostrate on the ground beside their muskets.(1) They were already sleeping, when an officer reminded Jackson that there were no pickets round the bivouac. ' Let the poor fellows sleep,' was the reply; ' I will guard the camp myself.' And so, through the watches of the summer night, the general himself stood sentry over his unconscious troops.(2)

[Graphic image, Situation night of July 17th, 1861, omitted.]

CHAPTER VI—THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS OR BULL RUN

<135>

AT the first streak of dawn, Jackson aroused his men and resumed the march. Before the column gained the plain, Stuart's cavalry clattered past, leaving Patterson at Charlestown, in ignorance of his adversary's escape, and congratulating himself on the success of his cautious strategy. At Piedmont, a station at the foot of the Blue Ridge, trains were waiting for the conveyance of the troops; and at four o'clock in the afternoon Jackson and his brigade had reached Manassas Junction. The cavalry, artillery, and waggons moved by road; and the remainder of Johnston's infantry was expected to follow the First Brigade without delay. But in war, unless there has been ample time for preparation, railways are not always an expeditious means of travel. The line was single; so short notice had been given that it was impossible to collect enough rolling-stock; the officials were inexperienced; there was much mismanagement; and on the morning of Sunday, July 21, only three brigades of the Army of the Shenandoah—Jackson's, Bee's, and Bartow's—together with the cavalry and artillery, had joined Beauregard. Kirby Smith's brigade, about 1,900 strong, was still upon the railway.

The delay might easily have been disastrous. Happily, the Federal movements were even more tardy. Had the invading army been well organised, Beauregard would probably have been defeated before Johnston could have reached him. McDowell had advanced from Washington on the afternoon of the 16th with 35,000 men. On the morning of the 18th, the greater part of his force was concentrated <136>at Centreville, twenty-two miles from Washington, and five and a half north-east of Manassas Junction. Beauregard's outposts had already fallen back to the banks of Bull Run, a stream made difficult by wooded and precipitous banks, from two to three miles south, and of much the same width as the Thames at Oxford.

It would have been possible to have attacked on the morning of the 19th, but the Federal commander was confronted by many obstacles. He knew little of the country. Although it was almost within sight of the capital, the maps were indifferent. Guides who could describe roads and positions from a military point of view were not forthcoming. All information had to be procured by personal reconnaissance, and few of his officers had been trained to such work. Moreover, the army was most unwieldy. 35,000 men, together with ten batteries, and the requisite train of waggons, was a force far larger than any American officer had yet set eyes upon; and the movement of such a mass demanded precise arrangement on the part of the staff, and on the part of the troops most careful attention to order and punctuality; but of these both staff and troops were incapable. The invading force might have done well in a defensive position, which it would have had time to occupy, and where the supply of food and forage, carried on from stationary magazines, would have been comparatively easy; but directly it was put in motion, inexperience and indiscipline stood like giants in the path. The Federal troops were utterly unfitted for offensive movement, and both Scott and McDowell had protested against an immediate advance. The regiments had only been organised in brigades a week previously. They had never been exercised in mass. Deployment for battle had not yet been practised, and to deploy 10,000 or 20,000 men for attack is a difficult operation, even with well-drilled troops and an experienced staff. Nor were the supply arrangements

yet completed. The full complement of waggons had not arrived, and the drivers on the spot were as ignorant as they were insubordinate. The troops had received no instruction in musketry, and many of the regiments <137>went into action without having once fired their rifles. But the protests of the generals were of no effect. The Federal Cabinet decided that in face of the public impatience it was impossible to postpone the movement. 'On to Richmond' was the universal cry. The halls of Congress resounded with the fervid eloquence of the politicians. The press teemed with bombastic articles, in which the Northern troops were favourably compared with the regular armies of Europe, and the need of discipline and training for the fearless and intelligent representatives of the sovereign people was scornfully repudiated. Ignorance of war and contempt for the lessons of history were to cost the nation dear.

The march from Washington was a brilliant spectacle. The roads south of the Potomac were covered with masses of men, well armed and well clothed, amply furnished with artillery, and led by regular officers. To the sound of martial music they had defiled before the President. They were accompanied by scores of carriages. Senators, members of Congress, and even ladies swelled the long procession. A crowd of reporters rode beside the columns; and the return of a victorious army could hardly have been hailed with more enthusiasm than the departure of these untrained and unblooded volunteers. Yet, pitiful masquerade as the march must have appeared to a soldier's eye, the majority of those who broke camp that summer morning were brave men and good Americans. To restore the Union, to avenge the insult to their country's flag, they had come forward with no other compulsion than the love of their mother-land. If their self-confidence was supreme and even arrogant, it was the self-confidence of a strong and a fearless people, and their patriotism was of the loftiest kind. It would have been easy for the North, with her enormous wealth, to have organised a vast army of mercenaries wherewith to crush the South. But no! her sons were not willing that their country's honour should be committed to meaner hands.

As they advanced into Virginia, the men, animated by their surroundings, stepped briskly forward, and the <138>country-side was gay with fantastic uniforms and gorgeous standards. But the heat was oppressive, and the roads lay deep in dust. Knapsack, rifle, and blankets became a grievous burden. The excitement died away, and unbroken to the monotonous exertion of the march the three-months' recruits lost all semblance of subordination. The compact array of the columns was gradually lost, and a tail of laggards, rapidly increasing, brought up the rear. Regiment mingled with regiment. By each roadside brook the men fell out in numbers. Every blackberry bush was surrounded by a knot of stragglers; and, heedless of the orders of those officers who still attempted to keep them in the ranks, scores of so-called soldiers sought the cool shade of the surrounding woods.⁽¹⁾ When darkness fell the army was but six miles from its morning bivouacs; and it was not till late the next day that the stragglers rejoined their regiments.

McDowell had intended to attack at once. 'But I could not,' he says, 'get the troops forward earlier than we did. I wished them to go to Centreville the second day, but when I went to urge them forward, I was told that it was impossible for the men to march further. They had only come from Vienna, about six miles, and it was not more than six and a half miles further to Centreville, in all a march of twelve and a half miles; but the men were foot-weary—not so much, I was told, by the distance marched, as by the time they had been on foot, caused by the obstructions in the road, and the slow pace we had to move to

avoid ambushes. The men were, moreover, unaccustomed to marching, and not used to carrying even the load of "light marching order." . . . The trains, hurriedly gotten together, with horses, waggons, drivers, and waggon-masters all new and unused to each other, moved with difficulty and disorder, and were the cause of a day's delay in getting the provisions forward.' (2)

On the morning of the 18th, in order to attract the enemy's attention from his right, a brigade was sent south, <139>in the direction of Bull Run. The Confederate outposts fell back over Blackburn's Ford. The woods about the stream concealed the defenders' forces, and the Federals pushed on, bringing artillery into action. Two Confederate guns, after firing a few shots, were withdrawn under cover, and the attacking troops reached the ford. Suddenly, from the high timber on the further bank, volleys of musketry blazed out in their very faces, and then came proof that some at least of the Federal regiments were no more to be relied upon in action than on the march. A portion of the force, despite the strong position of the enemy and the heavy fire, showed a bold front, but at least one regiment turned and fled, and was only rallied far in rear. The whole affair was a mistake on the part of the commander. His troops had been heedlessly pushed forward, and General Longstreet, commanding the opposing brigade, by carefully concealing his infantry, had drawn him into an ambush. The results of the action were not without importance. The Federals fell back with a loss of 83 officers and men, and the Confederates were much elated at their easy success. Among some of the Northerners, on the other hand, the sudden check to the advance, and the bold bearing of the enemy, turned confidence and enthusiasm into irrational despondency. A regiment and a battery, which had enlisted for three months and whose time was up, demanded their discharge, and notwithstanding the appeals of the Secretary of War, ' moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon.'(1)

McDowell's plans were affected by the behaviour of his troops. He was still ignorant, so skilfully had the march from the Valley been carried out, that Johnston had escaped Patterson. He was well aware, however, that such movement was within the bounds of possibility, yet he found himself compelled to postpone attack until the 21st. The 19th and 20th were spent in reconnaissance, and in bringing up supplies; and the lack of organisation made the issue of rations a long process. But it was the general's <140>want of confidence in his soldiers that was the main cause of delay.

The Confederates were strongly posted. The bridges and fords across Bull Run, with the exception of Sudley Ford, a long way up stream to the Federal right, were obstructed with felled trees, and covered by rude intrenchments. Even with regular troops a direct attack on a single point of passage would have been difficult. McDowell's first idea was to pass across the front of the defences, and turn the right at Wolf Run Shoals, five miles south-east of Union Mills. The country, however, on this flank was found to be unfit for the operations of large masses, and it was consequently determined to turn the Confederate left by way of Sudley Springs.

The Federal army consisted of five divisions of infantry, forty-three guns, and seven troops of regular cavalry. Nine batteries and eight companies of infantry were supplied by the United States army, and there was a small battalion of marines. The strength of the force told off for the attack amounted to 30,000 all told. (1)

The Confederates, along the banks of Bull Run, disposed of 26,000 infantry, 2,500 cavalry, and 55 guns. Johnston, who had arrived on the 20th, had assumed command; but,

ignorant of the country, he had allowed Beauregard to make the dispositions for the expected battle. The line occupied was extensive, six miles in length, stretching from the Stone Bridge, where the Warrenton highroad crosses Bull Run, on the left, to the ford at

(1) The rifles (muzzle-loaders) used throughout the war by both Federals and Confederates compare as follows with more modern weapons :—

	Sighted to (yards)	Effective range (yards)
American	1,000	250
Needle-gun (1866 and 1870)	660	250
Chassepôt (1870)	1,320	350
Martini-Henry	2,100	400
Magazine	3,200	600

By effective range is meant the distance where, under ordinary conditions, the enemy's losses are sufficient to stop his advance. The effective range of Brown Bess was about 60 yards. The American rifled artillery was effective, in clear weather, at 2,000 yards, the 12-pounder smooth-bore at 1,600, the 6-pounder at 1,200.

<141>Union Mills on the right. Besides these two points of passage there were no less than six fords, to each of which ran a road from Centreville. The country to the north was undulating and densely wooded, and it would have been possible for the Federals, especially as the Southern cavalry was held back south of the stream, to mass before any one of the fords, unobserved, in superior numbers. Several of the fords, moreover, were weakly guarded, for Beauregard, who had made up his mind to attack, had massed the greater part of his army near the railroad. The Shenandoah troops were in reserve; Bee's and Bartow's brigades between McLean's and Blackburn's fords, Jackson's between Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords, in rear of the right centre.

The position south of Bull Run, originally selected by General Lee,(1) was better adapted for defence than for attack. The stream, with its high banks, ran like the ditch of a fortress along the front; and to the south was the plateau on which stands Manassas Junction. The plateau is intersected by several creeks, running through deep depressions, and dividing the high ground into a series of bold undulations, level on the top, and with gentle slopes. The most important of the creeks is Young's Branch, surrounding on two sides the commanding eminence crowned by the Henry House, and joining Bull Run a short distance below the Stone Bridge. That part of the field which borders on Flat Run, and lies immediately north of Manassas Junction, is generally thickly wooded; but shortly after passing New Market, the Manassas-Sudley road, running north-west, emerges into more open country, and, from the Henry House onward, passes over several parallel ridges, deep in grass and corn, and studded between with groves of oak and pine. Here the large fields, without hedges, and scantily fenced, formed an admirable manoeuvre ground; the wide depressions of the creeks, separating the crests of the ridges by a space of fifteen or sixteen hundred yards, gave free play to the artillery; the long easy slopes could be swept by fire, and the groves were no obstruction to the view. <142>The left flank of the Confederate position, facing north, on either side of the Manassas-Sudley road, was thus an ideal battle-field.

Sunday morning, the 21st of July, broke clear and warm. Through a miscarriage of orders, the Confederate offensive movement was delayed; and soon after six o'clock the July 21. Federals opened with musketry and artillery 6.30 A.M., against the small brigade

commanded by Colonel Evans, which held the Stone Bridge on the extreme left of the Confederate line. An hour later the Shenandoah brigades, Bee's, Bartow's, and Jackson's, together with Bonham's, were ordered up in support. The attack was 8.30 A.M. feebly pressed, and at 8.30 Evans, observing a heavy cloud of dust rising above the woods to the north of the Warrenton road, became satisfied that the movement to his front was but a feint, and that a column of the enemy was meanwhile marching to turn his flank by way of Sudley Springs, about two miles north-west. Sending back this information to the next brigade, he left four companies to hold the bridge; and with six companies of riflemen, a battalion called the Louisiana Tigers, and two six-pounder howitzers, he moved across Young's Branch, and took post on the Matthews Hill, a long ridge, which, at the same elevation, faces the Henry Hill.

Evans' soldierly instinct had penetrated the design of the Federal commander, and his ready assumption of responsibility threw a strong force across the path of the turning column, and gave time for his superiors to alter their dispositions and bring up the reserves.

The Federal force opposite the Stone Bridge consisted of a whole division; and its commander, General Tyler, had been instructed to divert attention, by means of a vigorous demonstration, from the march of Hunter's and Heintzleman's divisions to a ford near Sudley Springs. Part of the Fifth Division was retained in reserve at Centreville, and part threatened the fords over Bull Run below the Stone Bridge. The Fourth Division had been left upon the railroad, seven miles in rear of Centreville, in order to guard the communications with Washington. [Graphic image, Dispositions morning of July 21st, 1861.] <143>

Already, in forming the line of march, there had been much confusion. The divisions had bivouacked in loose order, without any regard for the morrow's movements, and their concentration previous to the advance was very tedious. The brigades crossed each other's route; the march was slow; and the turning column, blocked by Tyler's division on its way to the Stone Bridge, was delayed for nearly three hours. At last, however, Hunter and Heintzleman crossed Sudley Ford; and after marching a mile in the direction of Manassas Junction, the leading brigade struck Evans' riflemen.

The Confederates were concealed by a fringe of woods, and the Federals were twice repulsed. But supports came crowding up, and Evans sent back for reinforcements. The fight had lasted for an hour. It was near eleven o'clock, and the check to the enemy's advance had given time for the Confederates to form a line of battle on the Henry Hill. Bee and Bartow, accompanied by Imboden's battery, were in position; Hampton's Legion, a regiment raised and commanded by an officer who was one of the wealthiest planters in South Carolina, and who became one of the finest soldiers in the Confederacy, was not far behind; and Jackson was coming up.⁽¹⁾

Again the situation was saved by the prompt initiative of a brigade commander. Bee had been ordered to support the troops at the Stone Bridge, Moving forward towards the Henry Hill, he had been informed by a mounted orderly that the whole Federal army seemed to be moving to the north-west. A signal officer on the plateau who had caught the glint of the brass field-pieces which accompanied the hostile column, still several miles distant, had sent the message. Bee waited for no further instructions. Ordering Bartow to follow, he climbed the Henry Hill. The wide and beautiful landscape lay spread before him; Evans' small command was nearly a mile distant, on the Matthews Hill; <144>and

on the ridges to the far north-west he saw the glitter of many bayonets.

Rapidly placing his battery in position near the Henry House, Bee formed a line of battle on the crest above Young's Branch; but very shortly afterwards, acceding to an appeal for help from Evans, he hurried his troops forward to the Matthews Hill. His new position protected the rear of the companies which held the Stone Bridge; and so long as the bridge was held the two wings of the Federal army were unable to co-operate. But on the Matthews Hill, the enemy's strength, especially in artillery, was overwhelming; and the Confederates were soon compelled to fall back to the Henry Hill. McDowell had already sent word to Tyler to force the Stone Bridge; and Sherman's brigade of this division, passing the stream by a ford, threatened the flank of Bee and Evans as they retreated across Young's Branch.

The Federals now swarmed over the Matthews Hill; but Imboden's battery, which Bee had again posted on the Henry Hill, and Hampton's Legion, occupying the Robinson House, a wooden tenement on the open spur which projects towards the Stone Bridge, covered the retirement of the discomfited brigades. They were not, however, suffered to fall back unharassed.

A long line of guns, following fast upon their tracks, and crossing the fields at a gallop, came into action on the opposite slope. In vain Imboden's gunners, with their pieces well placed behind a swell of ground, strove to divert their attention from the retreating infantry, now climbing the slopes of the Henry Hill. The Federal batteries, powerful in numbers, in discipline, and in *matériel*, plied their fire fast. The shells fell in quick succession amongst the disordered ranks of the Southern regiments, and not all the efforts of their officers could stay their flight.

The day seemed lost. Strong masses of Northern infantry were moving forward past the Stone House on the Warrenton turnpike. Hampton's Legion was retiring on the right. Imboden's battery, with but three rounds remaining for each piece, galloped back across the Henry Hill, and <145>this commanding height, the key of the battle-ground, was abandoned to the enemy. But help was at hand. Jackson, like Bee and Bartow, had been ordered to the Stone Bridge. Hearing the heavy fire to his left increasing in intensity, he had turned the head of his column towards the most pressing danger, and had sent a messenger to Bee to announce his coming. As he pushed rapidly forward, part of the troops he intended to support swept by in disorder to the rear. Imboden's battery came dashing back, and that officer, meeting Jackson, expressed with a profanity which was evidently displeasing to the general his disgust at being left without support. 'I'll support your battery,' was the brief reply; 'unlimber right here.' At this moment appeared General Bee, approaching at full gallop, and he and Jackson met face to face. The latter was cool and composed; Bee covered with dust and sweat, his sword in his hand, and his horse foaming. 'General,' he said, 'they are beating us back!' 'Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet;' the thin lips closed like a vice, and the First Brigade, pressing up the slope, formed into line on the eastern edge of the Henry Hill.

Jackson's determined bearing inspired Bee with renewed confidence. He turned bridle and galloped back to the ravine where his officers were attempting to reform their broken companies. Riding into the midst of the throng, he pointed with his sword to the Virginia regiments, deployed in well-ordered array on the height above. 'Look!' he shouted, 'there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!' The men took up the cry; and the happy augury of the expression, applied at a time when defeat seemed

imminent and hearts were failing, was remembered when the danger had passed away.

The position which Jackson had occupied was the strongest that could be found. He had not gone forward to the crest which looks down upon Young's Branch, and commands the slopes by which the Federals were advancing. From that crest extended a wide view, and a wide field of fire; but both flanks would have been exposed. The <146>Henry House was nothing more than a cottage; neither here nor elsewhere was there shelter for his riflemen, and they would have been exposed to the full force of the Federal artillery without power of reply. But on the eastern edge of the hill, where he had chosen to deploy, ran a belt of young pines, affording excellent cover, which merged into a dense oak wood near the Sudley road.

Along the edge of the pines Jackson placed his regiments, with six guns to support them. Lying in rear of the guns were the 4th and 27th Virginia; on the right was the 5th; on the left the 2nd and 33rd. Both flanks were in the woods, and Stuart, whom Jackson had called upon to secure his left, was watching the ground beyond the road. To the front, for a space of five hundred yards, stretched the level crest of the hill; and the ground beyond the Henry House, dipping to the valley of Young's Branch, where the Federals were now gathering, was wholly unseen. But as the tactics of Wellington so often proved, a position from which the view is limited, well in rear of a crest line, may be exceedingly strong for defence, provided that troops who hold it can use the bayonet. It would be difficult in the extreme for the Federals to pave the way for their attack with artillery. From the guns on the Matthews Hill the Virginia regiments were well sheltered, and the range was long. To do effective work the hostile batteries would have to cross Young's Branch, ascend the Henry Hill, and come into action within five hundred yards of Jackson's line. Even if they were able to hold their ground at so short a range, they could make no accurate practice under the fire of the Confederate marksmen.

In rear of Jackson's line, Bee, Bartow, and Evans were rallying their men, when Johnston and Beauregard, compelled, by the unexpected movement of the Federals, to abandon all idea of attack, appeared upon the Henry Hill. They were accompanied by two batteries of artillery, Pendleton's and Alburdis'. The colours of the broken regiments were ordered to the front, and the men rallied, taking post on Jackson's right. The <147>moment was critical. The blue masses of the Federals, the dust rolling high above them, were already descending the opposite slopes. The guns flashed fiercely through the yellow cloud; and the Confederate force was but a handful. Three brigades had been summoned from the fords; but the nearest was four miles distant, and many of the troops upon the plateau were already half-demoralised by retreat. The generals set themselves to revive the courage of their soldiers. Beauregard galloped along the line, cheering the regiments in every portion of the field, and then, with the colour-bearers accompanying him, rode forward to the crest. Johnston was equally conspicuous. The enemy's shells were bursting on every side, and the shouts of the Confederates, recognising their leaders as they dashed across the front, redoubled the uproar. Meanwhile, before the centre of his line, with an unconcern which had a marvellous effect on his untried command, Jackson rode slowly to and fro. Except that his face was a little paler, and his eyes brighter, he looked exactly as his men had seen him so often on parade; and as he passed along the crest above them they heard from time to time the reassuring words, uttered in a tone which betrayed no trace of excitement, 'Steady, men! steady! all's well!'

It was at this juncture, while the confusion of taking up a new position with shattered

and ill-drilled troops was at the highest, that the battle lull. The Federal infantry, after defeating Bee and Evans, had to cross the deep gully and marshy banks of Young's Branch, to climb the slope of the Henry Hill, and to form for a fresh attack. Even with trained soldiers a hot fight is so conducive of disorder, that it is difficult to initiate a rapid pursuit, and the Northern regiments were very slow in resuming their formations. At the same time, too, the fire of their batteries became less heavy. From their position beyond Young's Branch the rifled guns had been able to ply the Confederate lines with shell, and their effective practice had rendered the work of rallying the troops exceedingly difficult. But when his infantry advanced, McDowell ordered one half of his artillery, two fine batteries of regulars, made up <148>principally of rifled guns, to cross Young's Branch. This respite was of the utmost value to the Confederates. The men, encouraged by the gallant bearing of their leaders, fell in at once upon the colours, and when Hunter's regiments appeared on the further rim of the plateau they were received with a fire which for a moment drove them back. But the regular batteries were close at hand, and as they came into action the battle became general on the Henry Hill. The Federals had 16,000 infantry available; the Confederates no more than 6,500. But the latter were superior in artillery, 16 pieces confronting 12. The Federal guns, however, were of heavier calibre; the gunners were old soldiers, and both friend and foe testify to the accuracy of their fire, their fine discipline, and staunch endurance. The infantry, on the other hand, was not well handled. The attack was purely frontal. No attempt whatever was made to turn the Confederate flanks, although the Stone Bridge, except for the abutments, was now open, and Johnston's line might easily have been taken in reverse. Nor does it appear that the cavalry was employed to ascertain where the flanks rested. Moreover, instead of massing the troops for a determined onslaught, driven home by sheer weight of numbers, the attack was made by successive brigades, those in rear waiting till those in front had been defeated; and, in the same manner, the brigades attacked by successive regiments. Such tactics were inexcusable. It was certainly necessary to push the attack home before the Confederate reinforcements could get up; and troops who had never drilled in mass would have taken much time to assume the orthodox formation of several lines of battle, closely supporting one another. Yet there was no valid reason, beyond the inexperience of the generals in dealing with large bodies, that brigades should have been sent into action piecemeal, or that the flanks of the defence should have been neglected. The fighting, nevertheless, was fierce. The Federal regiments, inspired by their success on the Matthews Hill, advanced with confidence, and soon pushed forward past the Henry House. 'The contest that ensued,' <149>says General Imboden, 'was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. And, as he told me to go, he made this gesture. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw that blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, "General, you are wounded." "Only a scratch—a mere scratch," he replied, and binding it hastily with a handkerchief, he galloped away along his line.' (1)

When the battle was at its height, and across that narrow space, not more than five hundred yards in width, the cannon thundered, and the long lines of infantry struggled for

the mastery, the two Federal batteries, protected by two regiments of infantry on their right, advanced to a more effective position. The movement was fatal. Stuart, still guarding the Confederate left, was eagerly awaiting his opportunity, and now, with 150 troopers, filing through the fences on Bald Hill, he boldly charged the enemy's right. The regiment thus assailed, a body of Zouaves, in blue and scarlet, with white turbans, was ridden down, and almost at the same moment the 33rd Virginia, posted on Jackson's left, charged forward from the copse in which they had been hidden. The uniforms in the two armies at this time were much alike, and from the direction of their approach it was difficult at first for the officers in charge of the Federal batteries to make sure that the advancing troops were not their own. A moment more and the doubtful regiment proved its identity by a deadly volley, delivered at a range of seventy yards. Every gunner was shot down; the teams were almost annihilated, and several officers fell killed or wounded. The Zouaves, already much shaken by Stuart's well-timed <150>charge, fled down the slopes, dragging with them another regiment of infantry.

Three guns alone escaped the marksmen of the 33rd. The remainder stood upon the field, silent and abandoned, surrounded by dying horses, midway between the opposing lines.

This success, however, brought but short relief to the Confederates. The enemy was not yet done with. Fresh regiments passed to the attack. The 33rd was driven back, and the thin line upon the plateau was hard put to it to retain its ground. The Southerners had lost heavily. Bee and Bartow had been killed, and Hampton wounded. Few reinforcements had reached the Henry Hill. Stragglers and skulkers were streaming to the rear. The Federals were thronging forward, and it seemed that the exhausted defenders must inevitably give way before the successive blows of superior numbers. The troops were losing confidence. Yet no thought of defeat crossed Jackson's mind. 'General,' said an officer, riding hastily towards him, 'the day is going against us.' 'If you think so, sir,' was the quiet reply, 'you had better not say anything about it.' And although affairs seemed desperate, in reality the crisis of the battle had already passed. McDowell had but two brigades remaining in reserve, and one of these—of Tyler's division—was still beyond Bull Run. His troops were thoroughly exhausted; they had been marching and fighting since midnight; the day was intensely hot; they had encountered fierce resistance; their rifled batteries had been silenced, and the Confederate reinforcements were coming up. Two of Bonham's regiments had taken post on Jackson's right, and a heavy force was approaching on the left. Kirby Smith's brigade, of the Army of the Shenandoah, coming up by train, had reached Manassas Junction while the battle was in progress. It was immediately ordered to the field, and had been already instructed by Johnston to turn the enemy's right.

But before the weight of Smith's 1,900 bayonets could be thrown into the scale, the Federals made a vigorous effort to carry the Henry Hill. Those portions of the Confederate <151>line which stood on the open ground gave way before them. Some of the guns, ordered to take up a position from which they could cover the retreat, were limbering up; and with the exception of the belt of pines, the plateau was abandoned to the hostile infantry, who were beginning to press forward at every point. The Federal engineers were already clearing away the abatis from the Stone Bridge, in order to give passage to Tyler's third brigade and a battery of artillery; 'and all were certain,' says McDowell, 'that the day was ours.'

Jackson's men were lying beneath the crest of the plateau. Only one of his regiments—the 33rd—had as yet been engaged in the open, and his guns in front still held their own. Riding to the centre of his line, where the 2nd and 4th Virginia were stationed, he gave orders for a counterstroke. ' Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies!' Right well did the hot Virginian blood respond. Inactive from the stroke of noon till three o'clock, with the crash and cries of battle in their ears, and the shells ploughing gaps in their recumbent ranks, the men were chafing under the stern discipline which held them back from the conflict they longed to join. The Federals swept on, extending from the right and left, cheering as they came, and following the flying batteries in the ardour of success. Suddenly, a long grey line sprang from the ground in their very faces; a rolling volley threw them back in confusion; and then, with their fierce shouts pealing high above the tumult, the 2nd and 4th Virginia, supported by the 5th, charged forward across the hill. At the same moment that the enemy's centre was thus unexpectedly assailed, Kirby Smith's fresh brigade bore down upon the flank,⁽¹⁾ and Beauregard, with ready judgment, dispatched his staff officers to order a general advance. The broken remnants of Bee, Hampton, and Evans advanced upon Jackson's right, and victory, long wavering, crowned the standards of the South. The Federals were driven past <152>the guns, now finally abandoned, past the Henry House, and down the slope. McDowell made one desperate eudeavour to stay the rout. Howard's brigade was rapidly thrown in. But the centre had been completely broken by Jackson's charge; the right was giving way, and the Confederates, manning the captured guns, turned them on the masses which covered the fields below.

Howard, although his men fought bravely, was easily repulsed; in a few minutes not a single Federal soldier, save the dead and dying, was to be seen upon the plateau.

A final stand was made by McDowell along Young's Branch; and there, at half-past three, a line of battle was once more established, the battalion of regular infantry forming a strong centre. But another Confederate brigade, under General Early, had now arrived, and again the enemy's right was overthrown, while Beauregard, leaving Jackson, whose brigade had lost all order and many men in its swift advance, to hold the plateau, swept forward towards the Matthews Hill. The movement was decisive. McDowell's volunteers broke up in the utmost confusion. The Confederate infantry was in no condition to pursue, but the cavalry was let loose, and before long the retreat became a panic. The regular battalion, composed of young soldiers, but led by experienced officers, alone preserved its discipline, moving steadily in close order through the throng of fugitives, and checking the pursuing troopers by its firm and confident bearing. The remainder of the army dissolved into a mob. It was not that the men were completely demoralised, but simply that discipline had not become a habit. They had marched as individuals, going just so far as they pleased, and halting when they pleased; they had fought as individuals, bravely enough, but with little combination; and when they found that they were beaten, as individuals they retreated. ' The old soldier,' wrote one of the regular officers a week later, 'feels safe in the ranks, unsafe out of the ranks, and the greater the danger the more pertinaciously he clings to his place. The volunteer of three months never attains this instinct of discipline. Under danger, and [Graphic image, The field of Bull Run, omitted.] <153>even under mere excitement, he flies away from his ranks, and hopes for safety in dispersion. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st there were more than 12,000 volunteers on the battle-field of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental

organisation. They could no longer be handled as troops, for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganisation did not result from defeat or fear, for up to four o'clock we had been uniformly successful. The instinct of discipline which keeps every man in his place had not been acquired. We cannot suppose that the enemy had attained a higher degree of discipline than our own, but they acted on the defensive, and were not equally exposed to disorganisation.' (1)

'Cohesion was lost,' says one of McDowell's staff; 'and the men walked quietly off. There was no special excitement except that arising from the frantic efforts of officers to stop men who paid little or no attention to anything that was said; and there was no panic, in the ordinary sense and meaning of the word, until the retiring soldiers, guns, waggons, Congressmen and carriages, were fired upon, on the road east of Bull Run.' (2)

At Centreville the reserve division stood fast; and the fact that these troops were proof against the infection of panic and the exaggerated stories of the fugitives is in itself strong testimony to the native courage of the soldiery.

A lack of competent Staff officers, which, earlier in the day, had prevented an advance on Centreville by the Confederate right, brought Johnston's arrangements for pursuit to naught. The cavalry, weak in numbers, was soon incumbered with squads of prisoners; darkness fell upon the field, and the defeated army streamed over the roads to Washington, followed only by its own fears.

Why the Confederate generals did not follow up their success on the following day is a question round which controversy raged for many a year. Deficiencies in commissariat and transport; the disorganisation of the army after the victory; the difficulties of a direct attack upon Washington, defended as it was by a river a mile broad, with but a single bridge, and patrolled by gunboats; the determination of the Government to limit its military operations to a passive defence of Confederate territory, have all been pressed into service as excuses. 'Give me 10,000 fresh troops,' said Jackson, as the surgeon dressed his wound, 'and I would be in Washington to-morrow.' Before twenty-four hours had passed reinforcements had increased the strength of Johnston's army to 40,000. Want of organisation had undoubtedly prevented McDowell from winning a victory on the 19th or 20th, but pursuit is a far less difficult business than attack. There was nothing to interfere with a forward movement. There were supplies along the railway, and if the mechanism for their distribution and the means for their carriage were wanting, the counties adjoining the Potomac were rich and fertile. Herds of bullocks were grazing in the pastures, and the barns of the farmers were loaded with grain. It was not a long supply train that was lacking, nor an experienced staff, nor even well-disciplined battalions; but a general who grasped the full meaning of victory, who understood how a defeated army, more especially of new troops, yields at a touch, and who, above all, saw the necessity of giving the North no leisure to develop her immense resources. For three days Jackson impatiently awaited the order to advance, and his men were held ready with three days' cooked rations in their haversacks. But his superiors gave no sign, and he was reluctantly compelled to abandon all hope of reaping the fruits of victory.

It is true that the Confederates were no more fit for offensive operations than McDowell's troops. 'Our army,' says General Johnston, 'was more disorganised by victory than that of the United States by defeat.' But it is to be remembered that if the Southerners had moved into Maryland, crossing the Potomac by some of the numerous fords near

Harper's Ferry, they would have found no organised opposition, save the *débris* of McDowell's army, between them <155> and the Northern capital. On July 26, five days after the battle, the general who was to succeed McDowell arrived in Washington and rode round the city. 'I found,' he wrote, 'no preparations whatever for defence, not even to the extent of putting the troops in military position. Not a regiment was properly encamped, not a single avenue of approach guarded. All was chaos, and the streets, hotels, and barrooms were filled with drunken officers and men, absent from their regiments without leave, a perfect pandemonium. Many had even gone to their homes, their flight from Bull Run terminating in New York, or even in New Hampshire and Maine. There was really nothing to prevent a small cavalry force from riding into the city. A determined attack would doubtless have carried Arlington Heights and placed the city at the mercy of a battery of rifled guns. If the Secessionists attached any value to the possession of Washington, they committed their greatest error in not following up the victory of Bull Run.' On the same date, the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, wrote as follows: 'The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable; during the whole of Monday and Tuesday [July 22 and 23] it might have been taken without resistance. The rout, overthrow, and demoralisation of the whole army were complete.'⁽¹⁾

Of his own share in the battle, either at the time or afterwards, Jackson said but little. A day or two after the battle an anxious crowd was gathered round the post-office at Lexington, awaiting intelligence from the front. A letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White, who, recognising the handwriting, exclaimed to the eager groups about him, 'Now we shall know all the facts.' On opening it he found the following, and no more:

'My dear Pastor,—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution to our coloured Sunday school. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson.' <156>

To his wife, however, he was less reserved. 'Yesterday,' he wrote, we' fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to God alone Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only—say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself.'

Again, on August 5: 'And so you think the papers ought to say more about your husband. My brigade is not a brigade of newspaper correspondents. I know that the First Brigade was the first to meet and pass our retreating forces—to push on with no other aid than the smiles of God; to boldly take up its position with the artillery that was under my command—to arrest the victorious foe in his onward progress—to hold him in check until the reinforcements arrived—and finally to charge bayonets, and, thus advancing, to pierce the enemy's centre. I am well satisfied with what it did, and so are my generals, Johnston and Beauregard. It is not to be expected that I should receive the credit that Generals Johnston and Beauregard would, because I was under them; but I am thankful to my ever-kind Heavenly Father that He makes me content to await His own good time and pleasure for commendation—knowing that all things work together for my good. If my brigade can always play so important and useful a part as it did in the last battle, I trust I shall ever be most grateful. As you think the papers do not notice me enough, I send a specimen, which you will see from the upper part of the paper is a "leader." My darling, never distrust our God, Who doeth all things well. In due time He will make manifest all His

pleasure, which is all His people should desire. You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded, and my brigade not mentioned. Truth is mighty and will prevail. When the official reports are published, if not before, I expect to see justice done to this noble body of patriots.'⁽¹⁾

These letters reveal a generous pride in the valour of his <157>troops, and a very human love of approbation struggles with the curb which his religious principles had placed on his ambition. Like Nelson, he felt perhaps that before long he would have ' a Gazette of his own.' But still, of his own achievements, of his skilful tactics, of his personal behaviour, of his well-timed orders, he spoke no word, and the victory was ascribed to a higher power. ' The charge of the 2nd and 4th Virginia,' he wrote in his modest report, 'through the blessing of God, Who gave us the victory, pierced the centre of the enemy.'⁽¹⁾

And Jackson's attitude was that of the Southern people. When the news of Bull Run reached Richmond, and through the crowds that thronged the streets passed the tidings of the victory, there was neither wild excitement nor uproarious joy. No bonfires lit the darkness of the night; no cannon thundered out salutes; the steeples were silent till the morrow, and then were heard only the solemn tones that called the people to prayer. It was resolved, on the day following the battle, by the Confederate Congress: ' That we recognise the hand of the Most High God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, in the glorious victory with which He has crowned our arms at Manassas, and that the people of these Confederate States are invited, by appropriate services on the ensuing Sabbath, to offer up their united thanksgivings and prayers for this mighty deliverance.'

The spoils of Bull Run were large; 1,500 prisoners, 25 guns, ten stand of colours, several thousand rifles, a large quantity of ammunition and hospital stores, twenty-six waggons, and several ambulances were left in the victors' hands. The Federal losses were 460 killed and 1,124 wounded; the Confederate, 387 killed, 1,582 wounded, and 13 missing. The First Brigade suffered more severely than any other in the Southern army. Of 3,000 officers and men, 488 were killed or wounded, nearly a fourth of the total loss.

A few days after the battle Johnston advanced to Centreville, and from the heights above the broad Potomac his cavalry vedettes looked upon the spires of Washington. <158>But it was in vain that the Confederate troopers rode to and fro on the river bank and watered their horses within sight of the Capitol. The enemy was not to be beguiled across the protecting stream. But it was not from fear. Although the disaster had been as crushing as unexpected, it was bravely met. The President's demand for another army was cheerfully complied with. Volunteers poured in from every State. The men were no longer asked to serve for three months, but for three years. Washington became transformed into an enormous camp; great earthworks rose on the surrounding heights; and the training of the new levies went steadily forward. There was no cry for immediate action. Men were not wanting who believed that the task of coercion was impossible. Able statesmen and influential journalists advised the President to abandon the attempt. But Lincoln, true to the trust which had been committed to his keeping, never flinched from his resolve that the Union should be restored. He, too, stood like a wall between his defeated legions and the victorious foe. Nor was the nation less determined. The dregs of humiliation had been drained, and though the draught was bitter it was salutary. The President was sustained with no half-hearted loyalty. His political opponents raved and threatened; but under the storm of recrimination the work of reorganising the army went steadily forward, and the

people were content that until the generals declared the army fit for action the hour of vengeance should be postponed.

To the South, Bull Run was a Pyrrhic victory. It relieved Virginia of the pressure of the invasion; it proved to the world that the attitude of the Confederacy was something more than the reckless revolt of a small section; but it led the Government to indulge vain hopes of foreign intervention, and it increased the universal contempt for the military qualities of the Northern soldiers. The hasty judgment of the people construed a single victory as proof of their superior capacity for war, and the defeat of McDowell's army was attributed to the cowardice of his volunteers. The opinion was absolutely erroneous. Some <159>of the Federal regiments had misbehaved, it is true; seized with sudden panic, to which all raw troops are peculiarly susceptible, they had dispersed before the strong counter-stroke of the Confederates. But the majority had displayed a sterling courage. There can be little question that the spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery. A single battery, pushed boldly forward into the front of battle, has often restored the vigour of a wavering line. Although the losses it inflicts may not be large, the moral effect of its support is undeniable. So long as the guns hold fast victory seems possible. But when these useful auxiliaries are driven back or captured a general depression becomes inevitable. The retreat of the artillery strikes a chill into the fighting line which is ominous of defeat, and it is a wise regulation that compels the batteries, even when their ammunition is exhausted, to stand their ground. The Federal infantry at Bull Run had seen their artillery overwhelmed, the teams destroyed, the gunners shot down, and the enemy's riflemen swarming amongst the abandoned pieces. But so vigorous had been their efforts to restore the battle, that the front of the defence had been with difficulty maintained; the guns, though they were eventually lost, had been retaken; and without the assistance of their artillery, but exposed to the fire, at closest range, of more than one battery, the Northern regiments had boldly pushed forward across the Henry Hill. The Confederates, during the greater part of the battle, were certainly outnumbered; but at the close they were the stronger, and the piecemeal attacks of the Federals neutralised the superiority which the invading army originally possessed.

McDowell appears to have employed 18,000 troops in the attack; Johnston and Beauregard about the same number.(1)

A comparison of the relative strength of the two armies, considering that raw troops have a decided advantage on the defensive, detracts, to a certain degree, from the credit of the victory; and it will hardly be questioned that had <160>the tactics of the Federals been better the victory would have been theirs. The turning movement by Sudley Springs was a skilful manoeuvre, and completely surprised both Johnston and Beauregard. It was undoubtedly risky, but it was far less dangerous than a direct attack on the strong position along Bull Run.

The retention of the Fourth Division between Washington and Centreville would seem to have been a blunder; another 5,000 men on the field of battle should certainly have turned the scale. But more men were hardly wanted. The Federals during the first period of the fight were strong enough to have seized the Henry Hill. Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Hampton had been driven in, and Jackson alone stood fast. A strong and sustained attack, supported by the fire of the regular batteries, must have succeeded.(1) The Federal regiments, however, were practically incapable of movement under fire. The least change of position broke them into fragments; there was much wild firing; it was impossible to

manoeuvre; and the courage of individuals proved a sorry substitute for order and cohesion. The Confederates owed their victory simply and solely to the fact that their enemies had not yet learned to use their strength.

The summer months went by without further fighting on the Potomac; but the camps at Fairfax and at Centreville saw the army of Manassas thinned by furloughs and by sickness. The Southern youth had come out for battle, and the monotonous routine of the outpost line and the parade-ground was little to their taste. The Government dared not refuse the numberless applications for leave of absence, the more so that in the crowded camps the sultry heat of the Virginia woodlands bred disease of a virulent type. The First Brigade seems to have escaped from all these evils. Its commander found his health improved by his life in the open air. His wound <161>had been painful. A finger was broken, but the hand was saved, and some temporary inconvenience alone resulted. As he claimed no furlough for himself, so he permitted no absence from duty among his troops. 'I can't be absent,' he wrote to his wife, 'as my attention is necessary in preparing my troops for hard fighting, should it be required; and as my officers and soldiers are not permitted to visit their wives and families, I ought not to see mine. It might make the troops feel that they are badly treated, and that I consult my own comfort, regardless of theirs.'

In September his wife joined him for a few days at Centreville, and later came Dr. White, at his invitation, to preach to his command. Beyond a few fruitless marches to support the cavalry on the outposts, of active service there was none. But Jackson was not the man to let the time pass uselessly. He had his whole brigade under his hand, a force which wanted but one quality to make it an instrument worthy of the hand that wielded it, and that quality was discipline. Courage and enthusiasm it possessed in abundance; and when both were untrained the Confederate was a more useful soldier than the Northerner. In the South nearly every man was a hunter, accustomed from boyhood to the use of firearms. Game was abundant, and it was free to all. Sport in one form or another was the chief recreation of the people, and their pastoral pursuits left them much leisure for its indulgence. Every great plantation had its pack of hounds, and fox-hunting, an heirloom from the English colonists, still flourished. His stud was the pride of every Southern gentleman, and the love of horse-flesh was inherent in the whole population. No man walked when he could ride, and hundreds of fine horsemen, mounted on steeds of famous lineage, recruited the Confederate squadrons.

But, despite their skill with the rifle, their hunter's craft, and their dashing horsemanship, the first great battle had been hardly won. The city-bred Northerners, unused to arms and uninured to hardship, had fought with extraordinary determination; and the same want of discipline that had driven them in rout to Washington had <162>dissolved the victorious Confederates into a tumultuous mob.⁽¹⁾ If Jackson knew the worth of his volunteers, he was no stranger to their shortcomings. His thoughts might be crystallised in the words of Wellington, words which should never be forgotten by those nations which depend for their defence on the services of their citizen soldiery.

'They want,' said the great Duke, speaking of the Portuguese in 1809, 'the habits and the spirit of soldiers, the habits of command on one side, and of obedience on the other—mutual confidence between officers and men.'

In order that during the respite now offered he might instil these habits into his brigade, Jackson neither took furlough himself nor granted it to others. His regiments were

constantly exercised on the parade-ground. Shoulder to shoulder they advanced and retired, marched and countermarched, massed in column, formed line to front or flank, until they learned to move as a machine, until the limbs obeyed before the order had passed from ear to brain, until obedience became an instinct and cohesion a necessity of their nature. They learned to listen for the word of the officer, to look to him before they moved hand or foot; and, in that subjection of their own individuality to the will of their superior, they acquired that steadiness in battle, that energy on the march, that discipline in quarters which made the First Brigade worthy of the name it had already won. 'Every officer and soldier,' said their commander, 'who is able to do duty ought to be busily engaged in military preparation by hard drilling, in order that, through the blessing of God, we may be victorious in the battles which in His all-wise providence may await us.'

Jackson's tactical ideas, as regards the fire of infantry, expressed at this time, are worth recording. 'I rather think,' he said, 'that fire by file [independent firing] is best on the whole, for it gives the enemy an idea that the <163>fire is heavier than if it was by company or battalion (volley firing). Sometimes, however, one may be best, sometimes the other, according to circumstances. But my opinion is that there ought not to be much firing at all. My idea is that the best mode of fighting is to reserve your fire till the enemy get—or you get them—to close quarters. Then deliver one deadly, deliberate fire-and charge !'

Although the newspapers did scant justice to the part played by the brigade in the battle of Bull Run, Bee's epithet survived, and Jackson became known as 'Stonewall' throughout the army. To one of his acquaintances the general revealed the source of his composure under fire. 'Three days after the battle, hearing that Jackson was suffering from his wound, I rode,' writes Imboden, 'to his quarters near Centreville. Of course the battle was the only topic discussed during breakfast. "General," I remarked, "how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered, in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: "That is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave."'(1)

Although the war upon the borders had not yet touched the cities of the South, the patriotism of Virginia saw with uneasiness the inroads of the enemy in that portion of the State which lies beyond the Alleghanies, especially the north-west. The country was overrun with Federal soldiers, and part of the population of the district had declared openly for the Union. In that district was Jackson's birth-place, the home of his childhood, and his mother's grave. His interest and his affections were bound by many ties to the country and the people, and in <164>the autumn of 1861 he had not yet come to believe that they were at heart disloyal to their native State. A vigorous effort, he believed, might still restore to the Confederacy a splendid recruiting-ground, and he made no secret of his desire for employment in that region. The strategical advantages of this corner of Virginia were clearly apparent, as will be seen hereafter, to his perception. Along its western border runs the Ohio, a river navigable to its junction with the Mississippi, and giving an easy line of communication into the heart of Kentucky. Through its northern counties passed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the main line of communication between

Washington and the West; and alongside the railway ran the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a second and most important line of supply. Above all, projecting as it did towards the great lakes of the North, the north-western angle, or Virginia ' Panhandle,' narrowed the passage between East and West to an isthmus not more than a hundred miles in breadth. With this territory in the possession of the Confederates, the Federal dominions would be practically cut in two; and in North-western Virginia, traversed by many ranges of well-nigh pathless mountains, with few towns and still fewer roads, a small army might defy a large one with impunity.

On November 4 Jackson's wish was partially granted. He was assigned to the command of the Shenandoah Valley District, embracing the northern part of the area between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge.

The order was received with gratitude, but dashed by the fact that he had to depart alone. ' Had this communication,' he said to Dr. White, ' not come as an order, I should instantly have declined it, and continued in command of my brave old brigade.'

Whether he or his soldiers felt the parting most it is hard to say. Certain it is that the men had a warm regard for their leader. There was no more about him at Centreville to attract the popular fancy than there had been at Harper's Ferry. When the troops passed in review the eye of the spectator turned at once to the trim carriage of Johnston <165>and of Beauregard, to the glittering uniform of Stuart, to the superb chargers and the martial bearing of young officers fresh from the Indian frontier. The silent professor, absent and unsmiling, who dressed as plainly as he lived, had little in common with those dashing soldiers. The tent where every night the general and his staff gathered together for their evening devotions, where the conversation ran not on the merits of horse and hound, on strategy and tactics, but on the power of faith and the mysteries of the redemption, seemed out of place in an army of high-spirited youths. But, while they smiled at his peculiarities, the Confederate soldiers remembered the fierce counterstroke on the heights above Bull Run. If the Presbyterian general was earnest in prayer, they knew that he was prompt in battle and indefatigable in quarters. He had the respect of all men, and from his own brigade he had something more. Very early in their service, away by the rippling Shenandoah, they had heard the stories of his daring in Mexico. They had experienced his skill and coolness at Falling Waters; they had seen at Bull Run, while the shells burst in never-ending succession among the pines, the quiet figure riding slowly to and fro on the crest above them; they had heard the stern command, ' Wait till they come within fifty yards and then give them the bayonet,' and they had followed him far in that victorious rush into the receding ranks of their astonished foe.

Little wonder that these enthusiastic youths, new to the soldier's trade, should have been captivated by a nature so strong and fearless. The Stonewall Brigade had made Jackson a hero, and he had won more from them than their admiration. His incessant watchfulness for their comfort and well-being; the patient care with which he instructed them; his courtesy to the youngest private; the tact and thoughtfulness he showed in all his relations with them, had won their affection. His very peculiarities endeared him to them. ' Old Jack' or ' Stonewall' were his nicknames in the lines of his own command, and stories went round the camp fire of how he had been seen walking in the woods round Centreville absorbed in prayer, or lifting <166>his left hand with that peculiar gesture which the men believed was an appeal to Heaven, but which, in reality, was made to relieve the pain of his wounded finger. But while they discussed his oddities, not a man in

the brigade but acknowledged his ability, and when the time came not a man but regretted his departure.

His farewell to his troops was a striking scene. The forest, already donning its gorgeous autumnal robes, shut in the grassy clearing where the troops were drawn up. There stood the grey columns of the five regiments, with the colours, already tattered, waving in the mild November air. The general rode up, their own general, and not a sound was heard. Motionless and silent they stood, a veritable stone wall, whilst his eye ran along the ranks and scanned the familiar faces. 'I am not here to make a speech,' he said, 'but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, at the commencement of the war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, in the bivouac, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of battle.

'Throughout the broad extent of country through which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you are soldiers not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already won a brilliant reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy; and I trust, in the future, by your deeds in the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has hitherto favoured our cause, you will win more victories and add lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second War of Independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved, and higher reputation won!' Then there was a pause; general and soldiers looked upon each other, and the heart of the leader <167>went out to those who had followed him with such devotion. He had spoken his words of formal praise, but both he and they knew the bonds between them were too strong to be thus coldly severed. For once he gave way to impulse; his eye kindled, and rising in his stirrups and throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, he spoke in tones which betrayed the proud memories that thronged upon him :—

'In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade!

In the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade !

In the Second Corps of the army you are the First Brigade!

You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second War of Independence. Farewell!

For a moment there was silence; then the pent-up feeling found expression, and cheer upon cheer burst forth from the ranks of the Valley regiments. Waving his hand in token of farewell, Jackson galloped from the field.

NOTE I—THE TROOPS EMPLOYED ON THE HENRY HILL.

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Note I

The Troops Employed on the Henry Hill

Federal.

First Division: Tyler

Brigade	Keyes	}	
"	Sherman	}	= 4,500
"	Schenck	}	

Second Division: HUNTER

"	Porter	}	= 6,000
"	Burnside	}	

Third Division: HEINTZLEMAN

"	Franklin	}	
"	Wilcox	}	= 7,599
"	Howard	}	

Total 18,000, and 30 guns.

CONFEDERATE.

Army of the Shenandoah [JOHNSTON]

Brigade	Jackson	}	
"	Bee	}	
"	Bartow	}	= 8,700
"	Kirby Smith	}	

Army of the Potomac [BEAUREGARD]

Brigade	Bonham	}	
"	Cocke	}	
"	Early	}	
7th Louisiana Regiment		}	= 9,300
8th " "		}	
Hampton's Legion		}	
Cavalry		}	

Total 18,000, and 21 guns.

NOTE II—THE COST OF AN INADEQUATE ARMY

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Lord Wolseley has been somewhat severely criticised for asserting that in the Civil War, 'from first to last, the co-operation of even one army corps (85,000 men) of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on.' Whatever may be argued as to the latter period of the conflict, it is impossible for anyone who understands the power of organisation, of discipline, of training, and of a proper system of command, to dispute the accuracy of this statement as regards the year 1861, that is, for the first eight months.

It is far too often assumed that the number of able-bodied men is the true criterion of national strength. In the Confederate States, for instance, there were probably 750,000 citizens who were liable for service in the militia, and yet had the United States possessed

a single regular army corps, with a trained staff, an efficient commissariat, and a fully-organised system of transport, it is difficult to see how these 750,000 Southerners could have done more than wage a guerilla warfare. The army corps would have absorbed into itself the best of the Northern militia and volunteers; the staff and commissariat would have given them mobility, and 60,000 or 70,000 men, moving on Richmond directly Sumter fell, with the speed and certainty which organisation gives, would have marched from victory to victory. Their 750,000 enemies would never have had time to arm, to assemble, to organise, to create an army, to train a staff, or to arrange for their supplies. Each gathering of volunteers would have been swept away before it had attained consistency, and Virginia, at least, must have been conquered in the first few months.

And matters would have been no different if the army corps had been directed against the Union. In the Northern States there were over 2,000,000 men who were liable for service; and yet the Union States, notwithstanding their superior resources, were just as vulnerable as the Confederacy. Numbers, even if they amount to millions, are useless, and worse than useless, without training and organisation; the more men that are collected on the battle-field, the more crushing and far-reaching their defeat. Nor can the theory be sustained that a small army, invading a rich and populous country, would be 'stung to death' by the numbers of its foes, even if they dared not oppose it in the open field. Of what avail were the stupendous efforts of the French Republic in 1870-71? Enormous armies were raised and equipped; the ranks were filled with brave men; the generals were not unskilful; and yet time after time they were defeated by the far inferior forces of their seasoned enemies. Even in America itself, on two occasions, at Sharpsburg in 1862, and at Gettysburg in 1863, it was admitted by the North that the Southerners were 'within a stone's throw of independence.' And yet hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men had not yet joined the Federal armies. Nor can Spain be quoted as an instance of an unconquerable nation. Throughout the war with Napoleon the English armies, not only that under Wellington, but those at Cadiz, Tarifa, and Gibraltar, afforded solid rallying-points for the defeated Spaniards, and by a succession of victories inspired the whole Peninsula with hope and courage.

The patriot with a rifle may be equal, or even superior, man for man, to the professional soldier; but even patriots must be fed, and to win victories they must be able to manoeuvre, and to manoeuvre they must have leaders. If it could remain stationary, protected by earthworks, and supplied by railways, with which the enemy did not interfere, a host of hastily raised levies, if armed and equipped, might hold its own against even a regular army. But against troops which can manoeuvre earthworks are useless, as the history of Sherman's brilliant operations in 1864 conclusively shows. To win battles and to protect their country armies must be capable of counter-manoeuve, and it is when troops are set in motion that the real difficulty of supplying them begins.

If it is nothing else, the War of Secession, with its awful expenditure of blood and treasure, is a most startling object-lesson in National Insurance.

Stonewall Jackson v1.

CHAPTER VII—ROMNEY

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WHILE the Indian summer still held carnival in the forests of Virginia, Jackson found himself once more on the Shenandoah. Some regiments of militia, the greater part of which were armed with flint-lock muskets, and a few squadrons of irregular cavalry formed his sole command.

The autumn of 1861 was a comparatively quiet season. The North, silent but determined, was preparing to put forth her stupendous strength. Scott had resigned; McDowell had been superseded; but the President had found a general who had caught the confidence of the nation. In the same month that had witnessed McDowell's defeat, a young officer had gained a cheap victory over a small Confederate force in West Virginia, and his grandiloquent dispatches had magnified the achievement in the eyes of the Northern people. He was at once nicknamed the 'Young Napoleon,' and his accession to the chief command of the Federal armies was enthusiastically approved. General McClellan had been educated at West Point, and had graduated first of the class in which Jackson was seventeenth. He had been appointed to the engineers, had served on the staff in the war with Mexico, and as United States Commissioner with the Allied armies in the Crimea. In 1857 he resigned, to become president of a railway company, and when the war broke out he was commissioned by the State of Ohio as Major-General of Volunteers. His reputation at the Military Academy and in the regular army had been high. His ability and industry were unquestioned. His physique was powerful, and he was a fine horseman. His influence <172>over his troops was remarkable, and he was emphatically a gentleman.

It was most fortunate for the Union at this juncture that caution and method were his distinguishing characteristics. The States had placed at Lincoln's disposal sufficient troops to form an army seven times greater than that which had been defeated at Bull Run. McClellan, however, had no thought of committing the new levies to an enterprise for which they were unfitted. He had determined that the army should make no move till it could do so with the certainty of success, and the winter months were to be devoted to training and organisation. Nor was there any cry for immediate action. The experiment of a civilian army had proved a terrible failure. The nation that had been so confident of capturing Richmond, was now anxious for the security of Washington. The war had been in progress for nearly six months, and yet the troops were manifestly unfit for offensive operations. Even the crude strategists of the press had become alive to the importance of drill and discipline. A reconnaissance in force, pushed (contrary to McClellan's orders) across the Potomac, was repulsed by General Evans at Ball's Bluff with heavy loss; and mismanagement and mis-conduct were so evident that the defeat did much towards inculcating patience.

So the work went on, quietly but surely, the general supported by the President, and the nation giving men and money without remonstrance. The South, on the other hand, was still apathetic. The people, deluded by their decisive victory, underrated the latent strength of their mighty adversary. They appear to have believed that the earthworks which had transformed Centreville into a formidable fortress, manned by the Army of Northern Virginia, as the force under Johnston was now designated, were sufficient in themselves

to end the war. They had not yet learned that there were many roads to Richmond, and that a passive defence is no safeguard against a persevering foe. The Government, expecting much from the intervention of the European Powers, did nothing to press the advantage <173>already gained. In vain the generals urged the President to reinforce the army at Centreville to 60,000 men, and to give it transport and supplies sufficient to permit the passage of the Potomac above Washington.

In vain they pointed out, in answer to the reply that the Government could furnish neither men nor arms, that large bodies of troops were retained at points the occupation of which by the enemy would cause only a local inconvenience. 'Was it not possible,' they asked the President, 'by stripping other points to the last they would bear, and even risking defeat at all other places, to put the Virginian army in condition for a forward movement? Success,' they said, 'in the neighbourhood of Washington was success everywhere, and it was upon the north-eastern frontier that all the available force of the Confederacy should be concentrated.'

Mr. Davis was immovable. Although Lee, who had been appointed to a command in West Virginia almost immediately after Bull Run, was no longer at hand to advise him, he probably saw the strategical requirements of the situation. That a concentrated attack on a vital point is a better measure of security than dissemination along a frontier, that the counter-stroke is the soul of the defence, and that the true policy of the State which is compelled to take up arms against a superior foe is to allow that foe no breathing-space, are truisms which it would be an insult to his ability to say that he did not realise. But to have surrendered territory to the temporary occupation of the enemy, in order to seek a problematical victory elsewhere, would have probably provoked a storm of discontent. The authority of the new Government was not yet firmly established; nor was the patriotism of the Southern people so entirely unselfish as to render them willing to endure minor evils in order to achieve a great result. They were willing to fight, but they were unwilling that their own States should be left unprotected. To apply Frederick the Great's maxim(1) <174>requires greater strength of will in the statesman than in the soldier. The cries and complaints of those who find themselves abandoned do not penetrate to the camp, but they may bring down an administration. It is easy to contrive excuses for the inaction of the President, and it is no new thing to find the demands of strategy sacrificed to political expediency. Nor did the army which had suffered so heavily on the banks of Bull Run evince any marked desire to be led across the Potomac. Furloughs were liberally granted. Officers and privates dispersed to look after their farms and their plantations. The harvests had to be gathered, the negroes required the master's eye, and even the counties of Virginia asked that part of the contingents they had furnished might be permitted to return to agricultural pursuits.

The senior generals of the Virginia army were not alone in believing that the victory they had won would be barren of result unless it were at once utilised as a basis for further action. Jackson, engrossed as he was with the training of his command, found time to reflect on the broader aspects of the war. Before he left for the Shenandoah Valley he sought an interview with General G. W. Smith, recently appointed to the command of his division. 'Finding me lying down in my tent,' writes this officer, 'he expressed regret that I was sick, and said he had come to confer with me on a subject of great importance, but would not then trouble me with it. I told him that I wished to hear whatever he desired to say, and could rest whilst he was talking. He immediately sat down on the ground, near

the head of the cot on which I was lying, and entered on the subject of his visit.

" McClellan," he said, "with his army of recruits, will not attempt to come out against us this autumn. If we remain inactive they will have greatly the advantage over us next spring. Their raw recruits will have then become <175>an organised army, vastly superior in numbers to our own. We are ready at the present moment for active operations in the field, while they are not. We ought to invade their country now, and not wait for them to make the necessary preparations to invade ours. If the President would reinforce this army by taking troops from other points not threatened, and let us make an active campaign of invasion before winter sets in, McClellan's raw recruits could not stand against us in the field.

" Crossing the Upper Potomac, occupying Baltimore, and taking possession of Maryland, we could cut off the communications of Washington, force the Federal Government to abandon the capital, beat McClellan's army if it came out against us in the open country, destroy industrial establishments wherever we found them, break up the lines of interior commercial intercourse, close the coal mines, seize and, if necessary, destroy the manufactories and commerce of Philadelphia, and of other large cities within our reach; take and hold the narrow neck of country between Pittsburg and Lake Erie; subsist mainly on the country we traverse, and making unrelenting war amidst their homes, force the people of the North to understand what it will cost them to hold the South in the Union at the bayonet's point."

'He then requested me to use my influence with Generals Johnston and Beauregard in favour of immediate aggressive operations. I told him that I was sure that an attempt on my part to exert any influence in favour of his proposition would do no good. Not content with my answer he repeated his arguments, dwelling more at length on the advantages of such strategy to ourselves and its disadvantages to the enemy, and again urged me to use my influence to secure its adoption. I gave him the same reply I had already made.

'After a few minutes' thought he abruptly said: "General, you have not expressed any opinion in regard to the views I have laid before you. But I feel assured that you favour them, and I think you ought to do all in your power to have them carried into effect."

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'I then said, "I will tell you a secret."

'He replied, "Please do not tell me any secret. I would prefer not to hear it." I answered, "I must tell it to you, and I have no hesitation in doing so, because I am certain that it will not be divulged." I then explained to him that these views had already been laid before the Government, in a conference which had taken place at Fairfax Court House, in the first days of October, between President Davis, Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and myself, and told him the result.

'When I had finished, he rose from the ground, on which he had been seated, shook my hand warmly, and said, "I am sorry, very sorry."

'Without another word he went slowly out to his horse, a few feet in front of my tent, mounted very deliberately, and rode sadly away. A few days afterwards he was ordered to the Valley.'⁽¹⁾

It was under such depressing circumstances that Jackson quitted the army which, boldly used, might have ensured the existence of the Confederacy. His headquarters were established at Winchester; and, in communication with Centreville by road, rail, and telegraph, although sixty miles distant, he was still subordinate to Johnston. The

Confederate front extended from Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock to Winchester on the Opequon. Jackson's force, holding the Valley of the Shenandoah and the line of the Potomac westward of Point of Rocks, was the extreme outpost on the left, and was connected with the main body by a detachment at Leesburg, on the other side of the Blue Ridge, under his brother-in-law, General D. H. Hill.

At Winchester his wife joined him, and of their first meeting she tells a pretty story :—

' It can readily be imagined with what delight General Jackson's domestic plans for the winter were hailed by me, and without waiting for the promised "aide" to be sent on escort, I joined some friends who were going to Richmond, where I spent a few days to shop, to secure a passport, and <177>to await an escort to Winchester. The latter was soon found in a kind-hearted, absent-minded old clergyman. We travelled by stage coach from Strasburg, and were told, before reaching Winchester, that General Jackson was not there, having gone with his command on an expedition. It was therefore with a feeling of sad disappointment and loneliness that I alighted in front of Taylor's hotel, at midnight, in the early part of dreary cold December, and no husband to meet me with a glad welcome. By the dim lamplight I noticed a small group of soldiers standing in the wide hall, but they remained silent spectators, and my escort led me up the big stairway, doubtless feeling disappointed that he still had me on his hands. Just before reaching the landing I turned to look back, for one figure among the group looked startlingly familiar, but as he had not come forward, I felt that I must be mistaken. However, my backward glance revealed an officer muffled up in a military greatcoat, cap drawn down over his eyes, following us in rapid pursuit, and by the time we were upon the top step a pair of strong arms caught me; the captive's head was thrown back, and she was kissed again and again by her husband before she could recover from the delightful surprise he had given her. The good old minister chuckled gleefully, and was no doubt a sincere sharer in the joy and relief experienced by his charge. When I asked my husband why he did not come forward when I got out of the coach, he said he wanted to assure himself that it was his own wife, as he didn't want to commit the blunder of kissing anybody else's *esposa!*'

The people amongst whom they found themselves were Virginian to the core. In Winchester itself the feeling against the North was exceptionally bitter. The town was no mushroom settlement; its history stretched back to the old colonial days; the grass-grown intrenchments on the surrounding hills had been raised by Washington during the Indian wars, and the traditions of the first struggle for independence were not yet forgotten. No single section of the South was more conservative. Although the citizens had been strong Unionists, nowhere were the principles <178>which their fathers had respected, the sovereignty of the individual State and the right of secession, more strongly held, and nowhere had the hereditary spirit of resistance to coercive legislation blazed up more fiercely. The soldiers of Bull Run, who had driven the invader from the soil of Virginia, were the heroes of the hour, and the leader of the Stonewall Brigade had peculiar claims on the hospitality of the town. It was to the people of the Valley that he owed his command. ' With one voice,' wrote the Secretary of War, 'have they made constant and urgent appeals that to you, in whom they have confidence, their defence should be assigned.'

' The Winchester ladies,' says Mrs. Jackson, 'were amongst the most famous of Virginia housekeepers, and lived in a good deal of old-fashioned elegance and profusion. The old border town had not then changed hands with the conflicting armies, as it was destined to

do so many times during the war. Under the rose-coloured light in which I viewed everything that winter, it seemed to me that no people could have been more cultivated, attractive, and noble-hearted. Winchester was rich in happy homes and pleasant people; and the extreme kindness and appreciation shown to General Jackson by all bound us to them so closely and warmly that ever after that winter he called the place our "*war home*."

But amid congenial acquaintances and lovely surroundings, with the tumult of war quiescent, and the domestic happiness so dear to him restored, Jackson allowed no relaxation either to himself or to his men. His first care was to train and organise his new regiments. The ranks were filled with recruits, and to their instruction he devoted himself with unwearied energy. His small force of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Turner Ashby, a gentleman of Virginia, whose name was to become famous in the annals of the Confederacy, he at once despatched to patrol the frontier.

Prompt measures were taken to discipline the troops, and that this last was a task of no little difficulty the following incident suggests. In the middle of November, to Jackson's great delight, the Stonewall Brigade had been <179>sent to him from Manassas, and after its arrival an order was issued which forbade all officers leaving the camp except upon passes from headquarters. A protest was immediately drawn up by the regimental commanders, and laid before the general. They complained that the obnoxious order was 'an unwarranted assumption of authority, disparaged their dignity, and detracted from that respect of the force under their command which was necessary to maintain their authority and enforce obedience.' Jackson's reply well illustrates his own idea of discipline, and of the manner in which it should be upheld. His adjutant-general wrote as follows to the discontented officers :—

' The Major-General Commanding desires me to say that the within combined protest is in violation of army regulations and subversive of military discipline. He claims the right to give his pickets such instructions as in his opinion the interests of the service require.

' Colonels—and—on the day that their regiments arrived at their present encampment, either from incompetency to control their commands, or from neglect of duty, so permitted their commands to become disorganised and their officers and men to enter Winchester without permission, as to render several arrests of officers necessary.

' If officers desire to have control over their commands, they must remain habitually with them, industriously attend to their instruction and comfort, and in battle lead them well, and in such a manner as to command their admiration.

' Such officers need not apprehend loss of respect resulting from inserting in a written pass the words "on duty," or "on private business," should they have occasion to pass the pickets.'

Even the Stonewall Brigade had yet much to learn.

At this time Jackson was besieged with numerous applications for service on his staff. The majority of these were from persons without experience, and they were made to the wrong man. 'My desire,' he wrote, 'is to get a staff specially qualified for their specific duties. I know Mr. personally, and was favourably impressed by him. But if <180>a person desires office in these times, the best thing for him to do is to pitch into service somewhere, and work with such energy, skill, and success as to impress those round him with the conviction that such are his merits that he must be advanced, or the interests of the service must suffer My desire is to make merit the basis of my recommendations.'

Social claims had no weight with him whatever. He felt that the interests at stake were too great to be sacrificed to favouritism or friendship, and he had seen enough of war to know the importance of staff work. Nor was he in the unfortunate position of being compelled to accept the nominees of his superiors. The Confederate authorities were wise enough to permit their generals to choose for themselves the instruments on which they would have to rely for the execution of their designs. Wellington, in 1815, had forced on him by the Horse Guards, in the teeth of his indignant remonstrances, incompetent officers whom he did not know and whom he could not trust. Jackson, in a country which knew little of war, was allowed to please himself. He need appoint no one without learning all about him, and his inquiries were searching. Was he intelligent? Was he trustworthy? Was he industrious? Did he get up early? If a man was wanting in any one of these qualifications he would reject him, however highly recommended. That his strict investigations and his insistence on the possession of certain essential characteristics bore good fruit it is impossible to gainsay. The absence of mishaps and errors in his often complicated manoeuvres is sufficient proof that he was exceedingly well served by his subordinates. The influence of a good staff is seldom apparent except to the initiated. If a combination succeeds, the general gets all the credit. If it fails, he gets all the blame; and while no agents, however efficient, can compensate by their own efforts for the weakness of a conception that is radically unsound, many a brilliant plan has failed in execution through the inefficiency of the staff. In his selection of such capable men as his assistants must needs have been <181>Jackson gave proof that he possessed one at least of the attributes of a great leader. He was not only a judge of character, but he could place men in the positions to which they were best suited. His personal predilections were never allowed to interfere. For some months his chief of the staff was a Presbyterian clergyman, while his chief quartermaster was one of the hardest swearers in Virginia. The fact that the former could combine the duties of spiritual adviser with those of his official position made him a congenial comrade; but it was his energy and ability rather than this unusual qualification which attracted Jackson; and although the profanity of the quartermaster offended his susceptibilities, their relations were always cordial. It was to the intelligence of his staff officers, their energy and their loyalty, that he looked; for the business in hand these qualities were more important than their morals.

That a civilian should be found serving as chief of the staff to a general of division, one of the most important posts in the military hierarchy, is a curious comment on the organisation of the Confederate army. The regular officers who had thrown in their lot with the South had, as a rule, been appointed to commands, and the generals of lower rank had to seek their staff officers amongst the volunteers. It may be noticed, however, that Jackson was by no means bigoted in favour of his own cloth. He showed no anxiety to secure their services on his staff. He thought many of them unfitted for duties which brought them in immediate contact with the volunteers. In dealing with such troops, tact and temper are of more importance than where obedience has become mechanical, and the claims of rank are instinctively respected. In all his campaigns, too, Jackson was practically his own chief of the staff. He consulted no one. He never divulged his plans. He gave his orders, and his staff had only to see that these orders were obeyed. His topographical engineer, his medical director, his commissary and his quartermaster, were selected, it is true, by reason of their special qualifications. Captain Hotchkiss, who filled the first position, was a young man of twenty-six, <182>whose abilities as a surveyor

were well known in the Valley. Major Harman, his chief quartermaster, was one of the proprietors of a line of stage coaches and a large farmer, and Major Hawks, his commissary, was the owner of a carriage manufactory. But the remainder of his assistants, with the exception of the chief of artillery, owed their appointments rather to their character than to their professional abilities. It is not to be understood, at the same time, that Jackson underrated soldierly acquirements. He left no complaints on record, like so many of his West Point comrades, of the ignorance of the volunteer officers, and of the consequent difficulties which attended every combination. But he was none the less alive to their deficiencies. Early in 1862, when the military system of the Confederacy was about to be reorganised, he urged upon the Government, through the member of Congress for the district where he commanded, that regimental promotion should not be obtained by seniority, unless the applicant were approved by a board of examination; and it was due to his representations that this regulation, to the great benefit of the army, was shortly afterwards adopted. With all his appreciation of natural aptitude for the soldier's trade, so close a student of Napoleon could scarcely be blind to the fact that the most heroic character, unsustained by knowledge, is practically useless. If Napoleon himself, more highly endowed by nature with every military attribute than any other general of the Christian era, thought it essential to teach himself his business by incessant study, how much more is such study necessary for ordinary men?

But no man was less likely than Jackson to place an exaggerated value on theoretical acquirements. No one realised more fully that Napoleon's character won more victories than Napoleon's knowledge. The qualities he demanded in his subordinates were those which were conspicuous in Napoleon. Who was more industrious than the great Corsican? Who displayed an intenser energy? Whose intelligence was brighter? Who understood human nature better, or handled men with more consummate tact? <183>These were the very attributes which distinguished Jackson himself. They are the key-note to his success, more so than his knowledge of strategy and tactics, of the mechanism of march and battle, and of the principles of the military art. In selecting his staff officers, therefore, he deemed character of more importance than erudition.

The men of the Stonewall Brigade had a saying that Jackson always marched at dawn, except when he started the night before, and it was perhaps this habit, which his enemies found so unreasonable, that led him to lay so much stress on early rising. It is certain that, like Wellington, he preferred 'three o'clock in the morning men.' In a letter to his wife he says:—

'If you will vouch for your brother's being an early riser during the remainder of the war, I will give him an aide-ship. I do not want to make an appointment on my staff except of such as are early risers; but if you will vouch for him to rise regularly at dawn, I will offer him the position.'

Another characteristic he looked for was reticence; and it was undeniably of the utmost importance, especially in an army which spoke the same language as the enemy, where desertion was not uncommon, and spies could easily escape detection, that the men who might become cognisant of the plans of the commander should be gifted with discretion. Absolute *concealment* is generally impracticable in a camp. Maps must be drawn, and reports furnished. Reconnoitring parties must be sent out, roads examined, positions surveyed, and shelter and supplies requisitioned in advance. Thus the movements of staff officers are a clue to the projected movements of the army, and the smallest hint may set a

hundred brains to the work of surmise. There will always be many who are just as anxious to discover the general's intentions as he is to conceal them; and if, by any possibility whatever, the gossip and guesses of the camp may come to the enemy's ears, it is well that curiosity should be baulked. Nor is it undesirable that the privacy of headquarters should be respected. The vanity of a little brief authority has before now tempted subordinate officers <184>to hint at weaknesses on the part of their superiors. Ignorance of war and of the situation has induced them to criticise and to condemn; and idle words, greedily listened to, and quickly exaggerated, may easily destroy the confidence of the soldiery in the abilities of their leader.

By the middle of December Jackson's small army had become fairly effective. Its duties were simple. To watch the enemy, to keep open the communication with Manassas, so as to be ready to join the main army should McClellan advance—such were Johnston's orders. The Upper Potomac was held by the enemy in force. General Banks, a volunteer officer, who was yet to learn more of Stonewall Jackson, was in command. The headquarters of his division, 18,000 strong, were at Frederick City in Maryland; but his charge extended seventy-five miles further west, as far as Cumberland on the Potomac. In addition to Banks, General Kelly with 5,000 men was at Romney, on the South Branch of the Potomac, thirty-five miles north-west of Winchester by a good road. The Federal troops guarding the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and that portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which was still intact were necessarily much dispersed, for the Confederate guerillas were active, and dam and aqueduct, tunnel and viaduct, offered tempting objectives to Ashby's cavalry. Still the force which confronted Jackson was far superior to his own; the Potomac was broad and bridgeless, and his orders appeared to impose a defensive attitude. But he was not the man to rest inactive, no matter what the odds against him, or to watch the enemy's growing strength without an endeavour to interfere. Within the limits of his own command he was permitted every latitude; and he was determined to apply the aggressive strategy which he was so firmly convinced should be adopted by the whole army. The Secretary of War, Mr. Benjamin, in detaching him to the Valley, had asked him to 'forward suggestions as to the means of rendering his measures of defence effectual.'⁽¹⁾

The earliest information he had received on his arrival <185>at Winchester pointed to the conclusion that the enemy was meditating an advance by way of Harper's Ferry. His first suggestion thereupon was, that he should be reinforced by a division under General Loring and a brigade under Colonel Edward Johnson, which were stationed within the Alleghanies on the great highways leading to the Ohio, covering Staunton from the west. ⁽¹⁾ His next was to the effect that he should be permitted to organise an expedition for the recapture and occupation of Romney. If he could seize this village, the junction of several roads, more decisive operations would at once become feasible. It has been said that the force of old associations urged Jackson to drive the invader from the soil which held his mother's grave; but, even if we had not the evidence of his interview with General G. W. Smith,⁽²⁾ a glance at the map would in itself be sufficient to assure us that strategy prevailed with him rather than sentiment.

The plan of campaign which first suggested itself to him was sufficiently comprehensive.

'While the Northern people and the Federal authorities were still a prey to the demoralisation which had followed Bull Run, he proposed to advance with 10,000 troops

into North-west Virginia, where he would reclaim the whole country, and summon the inhabitants of Southern sentiment to join his army. His information was extensive and reliable, and he did not doubt his ability to recruit between 15,000 and 20,000 men, enough for his designs. These were bold and simple. While the enemy was under the impression that his only object was to reclaim and occupy North-west Virginia, he would move his whole force rapidly across to the Monongahela, march down upon Pittsburg, destroy the United States arsenal, and then, in conjunction with Johnston's army (which was to cross the Potomac at Leesburg), advance upon Harrisburg, the <186>capital of Pennsylvania. From Harrisburg he proposed that the army should advance upon Philadelphia.'(1)

These suggestions, however, went no further than his friends in the Legislative Assembly. Although, for his conduct at Bull Run, he had now been promoted to major-general, the Lexington professor had as yet no voice in the councils of the young republic. Nevertheless, the President read and approved the less ambitious proposal for an attack on the Federal force at Romney.

Romney, the county seat of Hampshire, lies in a rich district watered by the South Branch of the Potomac. For more than a hundred miles, from source to mouth, the river is bordered by alluvial meadows of extraordinary fertility. Their prodigal harvests, together with the sweetness of the upland pastures, make them the paradise of the grazier; the farms which rest beneath the hills are of manorial proportions, and the valley of the beautiful South Branch is a land of easy wealth and old-fashioned plenty. From Romney an excellent road runs south-east to Winchester, and another south-west by Moorefield and Franklin to Monterey, where it intersects the great road, constructed by one of Napoleon's engineers, that leads from Staunton in the Valley to Parkersburg on the Ohio.

When Jackson advocated the occupation of this important point the whole of West Virginia, between the Alleghanies and the Ohio, was in possession of the Federals. The army of occupation, under General Rosecrans, amounted to 27,000 men and over 40 guns; but the troops were dispersed in detachments from Romney to Gauley Bridge, a distance of near two hundred miles, their communications were exposed, and, owing to the mountains, co-operation was almost impracticable.

5,000 men, based on Grafton, occupied Romney.

18,700, based on Clarksburg, occupied the passes southeast of Beverley.

9,000, based on the Ohio, were stationed on the Great Kanawha, [Map of West Virginia in 1861. omitted.] <187>a river which is navigable for small steamers to within a few miles of Gauley Bridge.

4,000 protected the lines of communication.

Jackson's letter to the Secretary of War was as follows :—

'Deeply impressed with the importance of absolute secrecy respecting military operations, I have made it a point to say but little respecting my proposed movements in the event of sufficient reinforcements arriving, but since conversing with Lieutenant-Colonel Preston [his adjutant-general], upon his return from General Loring, and ascertaining the disposition of the general's forces, I venture to respectfully urge that after concentrating all his troops here, an attempt should be made to capture the Federal forces at Romney. The attack on Romney would probably induce McClellan to believe that General Johnston's army had been so weakened as to justify him in making an advance on Centreville; but should this not induce him to advance, I do not believe anything will,

during this winter.

' Should General Johnston be attacked, I would be at once prepared to reinforce him with my present force, increased by General Loring's. After repulsing the enemy at Manassas, let the troops that marched on Romney return to the Valley, and move rapidly westward to the waters of the Monongahela and Little Kanawha. I deem it of very great importance that North-western Virginia be occupied by Confederate troops this winter. At present it is to be presumed that the enemy are not expecting an attack there, and the resources of that region, necessary for the subsistence of our troops, are in greater abundance than in almost any other season of the year. Postpone the occupation of that section until spring, and we may expect to find the enemy prepared for us, and the resources to which I have referred greatly exhausted. I know that what I have proposed will be an arduous undertaking and cannot be accomplished without the sacrifice of much personal comfort; but I feel that the troops will be prepared to make the sacrifice when animated by the prospects of important <188>results to our cause, and distinction to themselves. It may be urged against this plan that the enemy will advance [from Beverley and the Great Kanawha] on Staunton or Huntersville. I am well satisfied that such a step would but make their destruction sure. When North-western Virginia is occupied in force, the Kanawha Valley, unless it be the lower part of it, must be evacuated by the Federal forces, or otherwise their safety will be endangered by forcing a column across from the Little Kanawha between them and the Ohio River.

' Admitting that the season is too far advanced, or that from other causes all cannot be accomplished that has been named, yet through the blessing of God, who has thus far wonderfully prospered our cause, much more may be expected from General Loring's troops, according to this programme, than can be expected from them where they are.'⁽¹⁾

This scheme was endorsed by Johnston. ' I submit,' he wrote, ' that the troops under General Loring might render valuable services by taking the field with General Jackson, instead of going into winter quarters as now proposed.'

In accordance with Jackson's suggestion, Loring was ordered to join him. Edward Johnson, however, was withheld. The Confederate authorities seem to have considered it injudicious to leave unguarded the mountain roads which lead into the Valley from the west. Jackson, with a wider grasp of war, held that concentration at Winchester was a sounder measure of security. ' Should the Federals' (at Beverley), he said, ' take advantage of the withdrawal of Johnson's troops, and cross the mountains, so much the worse for them. While they were marching eastwards, involving themselves amongst interminable obstacles, he [Jackson] would place himself on their communications and close in behind them, making their destruction the more certain the further they advanced towards their imaginary prize.'⁽²⁾

While waiting for Loring, Jackson resolved to complete the education of his new battalions in the field. The raw <189>troops who garrisoned the Northern border were not formidable enemies, and a sudden rush upon some ill-defended post would give to the staff and soldiery that first taste of success which gives heart and backbone to inexperienced troops. The first enterprise, however, was only partially successful. The destruction of a dam on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, one of the main arteries of communication between Washington and the West, by which coal, hay, and forage reached the Union capital, was the result of a few days' hard marching and hard work. Two companies of the Stonewall Brigade volunteered to go down by night and cut the

cribs. Standing waist deep in the cold water, and under the constant fire of the enemy, they effected a partial breach; but it was repaired by the Federals within two days. Jackson's loss was one man killed. While engaged in this expedition news reached him of the decisive repulse by Colonel Edward Johnson of an attack on his position on Alleghany Mountain. Jackson again asked that this brigade might be sent to his support, but it was again refused, notwithstanding Johnston's endorsement of his request.

Loring reached Winchester on Christmas Day. Once more the enemy threatened to advance, and information had been received that he had been largely strengthened. Jackson was of opinion that the true policy of the Federals would be to concentrate at Martinsburg, midway between Romney and Frederick, and 'to march on Winchester over a road that presented no very strong positions.' To counteract such a combination, he determined to anticipate their movements, and to attack them before they received additional reinforcements.

On January 1, 1862, 9,000 Confederates marched from Winchester towards the Potomac. Jackson's first objectives were the villages of Bath and Hancock, Jan. 1. on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, held by Federal garrisons. By dispersing these detachments he would prevent support being sent to Romney; by cutting the telegraph along the railroad he would sever the communication between Banks at Frederick and Rosecrans <190>in West Virginia, and compel Kelly either to evacuate Romney or fight him single-handed. To deal with his enemy in detail, to crush his detachments in succession, and with superior force, such was the essence of his plan.

The weather when the expedition started was bright and pleasant, so much so that the troops, with the improvidence of young soldiers, left their coats and blankets in the waggons. That very afternoon, however, the temperature underwent a sudden change. Under cold grey skies the column scaled the mountain ridges, and on the winter wind came a fierce storm of snow and hail. In order to conceal the march as far as possible from the enemy's observations the brigades had marched by country roads, and delayed by steep gradients and slippery tracks, it was not till the next morning that the supply waggons came up. The troops, hurried suddenly from comfortable winter quarters, suffered much. The bivouac was as cheerless as the march. Without rations and without covering, the men lay shivering round the camp fires. The third day out, even the commander of the Stonewall Brigade took it upon himself to halt his wearied men. Jackson became restive. Riding along the column he found his old regiments halted by the roadside, and asked the reason for the delay.

'I have halted to let the men cook their rations,' was General Garnett's reply. 'There is no time for that.' 'But it is impossible for the men to march further without them.' 'I never found anything impossible with this brigade!' and Jackson rode on. His plans admitted of no delay. He intended to surprise the enemy. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. A few miles distant from Bath his advanced-guard fell in with a Federal reconnoissance, and at nightfall the Confederates had not yet reached the outskirts of the town. Once more they had to bivouac in the open, and rations, tents, and blankets were still behind. When the day broke over the Shenandoah Mountains the country was white with snow, and the sleeping soldiers were covered as with a winding-sheet. After a hasty meal an attempt was made to surround the village, and to cut off the retreat <191>of the garrison. The outflanking movements, made in a blinding storm, failed in combination. The roads were too bad, the subordinate commanders too inexperienced; the three hostile

regiments escaped across the river in their boats, and only 16 prisoners were captured. Still, the advantages of their unexpected movement were not altogether lost to the Confederates. The Federals, ignorant as yet of the restless energy of the foe who held command at Winchester, had settled themselves cosily in winter quarters. The intelligence of Jackson's march had come too late to enable them to remove the stores which had been collected at Bath, and on the night of January 4 the Virginians revelled in warmth and luxury. The next morning they moved forward to the river. On the opposite bank stood the village of Hancock, and after a demand to surrender had been refused, Jackson ordered his batteries to open fire.⁽¹⁾ Shepherdstown, a little Virginia town south of the Potomac, had been repeatedly shelled, even when unoccupied by Confederate troops. In order to intimate that such outrages must cease a few shells were thrown into Hancock. The next day the bombardment was resumed, but with little apparent effect; and strong reinforcements having joined the enemy, Jackson ceased fire and withdrew. A bridge was already in process of construction two miles above the town, but to have crossed the river, a wide though shallow stream, in face of a considerable force, would have been a useless and a costly operation. The annihilation of the Federal garrison would have scarcely repaid the Southerners for the loss of life that must have been incurred. At the same time, while Jackson's batteries had been at work, his infantry had done a good deal of mischief. Two regiments had burned the bridge by which the Baltimore and Ohio Railway crosses the Great Cacapon River, the canal dam was breached, and many miles of track and telegraph were destroyed. The enemy's communications between Frederick and Romney were thus effectually severed, ^{<192>}and a large amount of captured stores were sent to Winchester. It was with the design of covering these operations that the bombardment had been continued, and the summons to surrender was probably no more than a ruse to attract the attention of the Federal commander from the attack on the Cacapon Bridge. On the morning of the 7th Jackson moved southward to Unger's Store. Here, however, the expedition came to a standstill. The precaution of rough-shoeing the horses before leaving Winchester had been neglected, and it was found necessary to refit the teams and rest the men.

After halting for four days the Confederates, on January 18, renewed their march. The outlook was unpromising. Although cavalry patrols had been despatched in every direction, a detachment of militia, which had acted as flank-guard in the direction of Romney while Jackson was moving to Unger's Store, had been surprised and defeated, with the loss of two guns, at Hanging Rock. The weather, too, grew colder and colder, and the mountain roads were little more than sheets of ice. The sleet beat fiercely down upon the crawling column. The men stumbled and fell on the slippery tracks; many waggons were overturned, and the bloody knees and muzzles of the horses bore painful witness to the severity of the march. The bivouacs were more comfortless than before. The provision train lagged far in rear. Axes there were none; and had not the fence-rails afforded a supply of firewood, the sufferings of the troops would have been intense. As it was, despite the example of their commander, they pushed forward but slowly through the bitter weather. Jackson was everywhere; here, putting his shoulder to the wheel of a gun that the exhausted team could no longer move; there, urging the wearied soldiers, or rebuking the officers for want of energy. Attentive as he was to the health and comfort of his men in quarters, on the line of march he looked only to the success of the Confederate arms. The hardships of the winter operations were to him but a necessary concomitant of

his designs, and it mattered but little if the weak and sickly should succumb.

<193>Commanders who are over-chary of their soldiers' lives, who forget that their men have voluntarily offered themselves as food for powder, often miss great opportunities. To die doing his duty was to Jackson the most desirable consummation of the soldier's existence, and where duty was concerned or victory in doubt he was as careless of life and suffering as Napoleon himself. The well-being of an individual or even of an army were as nothing compared with the interests of Virginia. And, in the end, his indomitable will triumphed over every obstacle. Romney village came at length in sight, lonely and deserted amid the mountain snows, for the Federal garrison had vanished, abandoning its camp-equipment and its magazines.

No pursuit was attempted. Jackson had resolved on further operations. It was now in his power to strike at the Federal communications, marching along the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in the direction of Grafton, seventy-five miles west of Romney. In order to leave all safe behind him, he determined, as a first step, to destroy the bridge by which the Baltimore and Ohio Railway crossed the Potomac in the neighbourhood of Cumberland. The Federal forces at Williamstown and Frederick drew the greater part of their supplies from the West; and so serious an interruption in the line of communication would compel them to give up all thought of offensive enterprises in the Valley. But the sufferings that his green soldiers had undergone had sapped their discipline. Loring's division, nearly two-thirds of the command, was so discontented as to be untrustworthy. It was useless with such troops to dream of further movements among the inhospitable hills. Many had deserted during the march from Unger's Store; many had succumbed to the exposure of the bivouacs; and, more than all, the commander had been disloyal to his superior. Although a regular officer of long service, he had permitted himself a license of speech which was absolutely unjustifiable, and throughout the operations had shown his unfitness for his position. Placed under the command of an officer who had been his junior in the Army of the United States, his sense of discipline was <194>overborne by the slight to his vanity; and not for the first time nor the last the resentment of a petty mind ruined an enterprise which would have profited a nation. Compelled to abandon his projected march against the enemy, Jackson determined to leave a strong garrison in Romney and the surrounding district, while the remainder of the force withdrew to Winchester. The two towns were connected by a good high-road, and by establishing telegraphic communication between them, he believed that despite the Federal numbers he could maintain his hold on these important posts. Many precautions were taken to secure Romney from surprise. Three militia regiments, recruited in the country, and thus not only familiar with every road, but able to procure ample information, were posted in the neighbourhood of the town; and with the militia were left three companies of cavalry, one of which had already been employed in this region.

In detailing Loring's division as the garrison of Romney Jackson seems to have made a grave mistake. He had much reason to be dissatisfied with the commander, and the men were already demoralised. Troops unfit to march against the enemy were not the men to be trusted with the security of an important outpost, within thirty miles of the Federal camps at Cumberland, far from their supports, and surrounded by bleak and lonely mountains. A man of wider sympathy with human weakness, and with less rigid ideas of discipline, might possibly have arranged matters so that the Stonewall Brigade might have remained at Romney, while Loring and his division were transferred to less exacting

duties and more comfortable quarters. But Loring's division constituted two-thirds of Jackson's force, and Romney, more exposed than Winchester, required the stronger garrison. A general of Loring's temper and pretensions would scarcely have submitted to the separation of his brigades, and would probably have become even more discontented had Garnett, the leader of the Stonewall Brigade, been left in command at Romney, while he himself played a subordinate part at Winchester. It is only too possible, however, that matters <195>were past mending. The feeble discipline of Loring's troops had broken down; their enthusiasm had not been proof against the physical suffering of these winter operations.

The Stonewall Brigade, on the other hand, was still staunch. 'I am well assured,' wrote Jackson at this time, 'that had an order been issued for its march, even through the depth of winter and in any direction, it would have sustained its reputation; for although it was not under fire during the expedition at Romney, yet the alacrity with which it responded to the call of duty and overcame obstacles showed that it was still animated by the same spirit that characterised it at Manassas.' But Jackson's old regiments were now tried soldiers, inspirited by the memories of the great victory they had done so much to win, improved by association with Johnston's army, and welded together by a discipline far stricter than that which obtained in commands like Loring's.

On January 24 Jackson returned to Winchester. His strategy had been successful. He had driven the enemy across the Potomac. He had destroyed for a time an important line of supply. He had captured a few prisoners and many stores; and this with a loss of 4 men killed and 28 wounded. The Federal forces along the border were far superior to his own. The dispersion of these forces from Cumberland to Frederick, a distance of eighty miles, had doubtless been much in his favour. But when he marched from Winchester he had reason to believe that 8,000 men were posted at Frederick, 2,000 at Hagerstown, 2,000 at Williamsport, 2,000 at Hancock, and 12,000 at Cumberland and Romney. The actual effective strength of these garrisons may possibly have been smaller than had been reported, but such were the numbers which he had to take into consideration when planning his operations. It would appear from the map that while he was at Romney, 12,000 Federals might have moved out from Williamsport and Harper's Ferry and have cut him off from Winchester. This danger had to be kept in view. But the enemy had made no preparations <196>for crossing the Potomac; the river was a difficult obstacle; and Banks was not the man to run risks.(1)

At the same time, while Jackson was in all probability perfectly aware of the difficulties which Banks refused to face, and counted on that commander's hesitation, it must be admitted that his manoeuvres had been daring, and that the mere thought of the enemy's superior numbers would have tied down a general of inferior ability to the passive defence of Winchester. Moreover, the results attained were out of all proportion to the trifling loss which had been incurred. An important recruiting-ground had been secured. The development of Union sentiment, which, since the occupation of Romney by the Federals, had been gradually increasing along the Upper Potomac, would be checked by the presence of Southern troops. A base for further operations against the Federal detachments in West Virginia had been established, and a fertile region opened to the operations of the Confederate commissaries. These strategic advantages, however, were by no means appreciated by the people of Virginia. The sufferings of the troops appealed more forcibly to their imagination than the prospective benefit to be derived by the

Confederacy. Jackson's secrecy, as absolute as that of the grave, had an ill effect. Unable to comprehend his combinations, even his own officers ascribed his manoeuvres to a restless craving for personal distinction; while civilian wisacres, with their ears full of the exaggerated stories of Loring's stragglers, saw in the relentless energy with which he had pressed the march on Romney not only the evidence of a callous indifference to suffering, but the symptoms of a diseased mind. They refused to consider that the general had shared the hardships of the troops, faring as simply and roughly as any private in the ranks. He was charged with partiality to <197>the Stonewall Brigade. ' It was said that he kept it in the rear, while other troops were constantly thrust into danger; and that now, while Loring's command was left in midwinter in an alpine region, almost within the jaws of a powerful enemy, these favoured regiments were brought back to the comforts and hospitalities of the town; whereas in truth, while the forces in Romney were ordered into huts, the brigade was three miles below Winchester, in tents, and under the most rigid discipline.'⁽¹⁾

It should not be forgotten, however, that Loring's troops were little more as yet than a levy of armed civilians, ignorant of war; and this was one reason the more that during those cruel marches the hand that held the reins should have been a light one. A leader more genial and less rigid would have found a means to sustain their courage. Napoleon, with the captivating familiarity he used so well, would have laughed the grumblers out of their ill-humour, and have nerved the fainting by pointing to the glory to be won. Nelson would have struck the chord of patriotism. Skobeleff, taking the very privates into his confidence, would have enlisted their personal interest in the success of the enterprise, and the eccentric speeches of 'Father' Suvoroff would have cheered them like a cordial. There are occasions when both officers and men are the better for a little humouring, and the march to Romney was one. A few words of hearty praise, a stirring appeal to their nobler instincts, a touch of sympathy, might have worked wonders. But whatever of personal magnetism existed in Stonewall Jackson found no utterance in words. Whilst his soldiers struggled painfully towards Romney in the teeth of the winter storm, his lips were never opened save for sharp rebuke or peremptory order, and Loring's men had some reason to complain of his fanatical regard for the very letter of the law. On the most inclement of those January nights the captain of a Virginia company, on whose property they happened to have halted, had allowed them to use the fence-rails for the camp fires. Jackson, ever careful of private rights, had <198>issued an order that fences should not be burnt, and the generous donor was suspended from duty on the charge of giving away his own property without first asking leave! Well might the soldiers think that their commander regarded them as mere machines.

His own men knew his worth. Bull Run had shown them the measure of his courage and his ability; in a single battle he had won that respect and confidence which go so far towards establishing discipline. But over Loring's men his personal ascendancy was not yet established. They had not yet seen him under fire. The fighting in the Romney campaign had been confined to skirmishing. Much spoil had been gathered in, but there were no trophies to show in the shape of guns or colours; no important victory had raised their self-respect. It is not too much to say that the silent soldier who insisted on such constant exertion and such unceasing vigilance was positively hated.

'They were unaccustomed to a military regimen so energetic as his. Personally the most modest of men, officially he was the most exacting of commanders, and his purpose to

enforce a thorough performance of duty, and his stern disapprobation of remissness and self-indulgence were veiled by no affectations of politeness. Those who came to serve near his person, if they were not wholly like-minded with himself, usually underwent, at first, a sort of breaking in, accompanied with no little chafing to restless spirits. The expedition to Romney was, to such officers, just such an apprenticeship to Jackson's methods of making war. All this was fully known to him; but while he keenly felt the injustice, he disdained to resent it, or to condescend to any explanation.'(1)

Jackson returned to Winchester with no anticipation that the darkest days of his military life were close at hand. ' Little Sorrel,' the charger he had ridden at Bull Run, leaving the senior members of the staff toiling far in rear, had covered forty miles of mountain roads in one short winter day. ' After going to an hotel and divesting <199>himself of the mud which had bespattered him in his rapid ride, he proceeded to Dr. Graham's. In order to give his wife a surprise he had not intimated when he would return. As soon as the first glad greetings were over, before taking his seat, with a face all aglow with delight, he glanced round the room, and was so impressed with the cosy and cheerful aspect of the fireside, as we all sat round it that winter evening, that he exclaimed: "This is the very essence of comfort." (1)

He had already put aside the unpleasant memories of the expedition, and had resigned himself to rest content with the measure of success that had been attained. Romney at least was occupied, and operations might be effectively resumed at a more propitious season.

Six days later, however, Jackson received a peremptory message from the Secretary of War: ' Our news indicates that a movement is making to cut off General Loring's command; order him back immediately.' (2)

This order had been issued without reference to General Johnston, Jackson's immediate superior, and so marked a departure from ordinary procedure could not possibly be construed except as a severe reflection on Jackson's judgment. Nor could it have other than a most fatal effect on the discipline of the Valley troops. it had been brought about by most discreditable means. Loring's officers had sat in judgment on their commander. Those who had been granted leave at the close of the expedition had repaired to Richmond, and had filled the ears of the Government and the columns of the newspapers with complaints. Those who remained at Romney formulated their grievance in an official remonstrance, which Loring was indiscreet enough to approve and forward. A council of subordinate officers had the effrontery to record their opinion that ' Romney was a place of no strategical importance,' and to suggest that the division might be ' maintained much more comfortably, at much less expense, and with every military advantage, at almost any other place.' (3) <200>

Discomfort was the burden of their complaint. They had been serving continuously for eight months. Their present position imposed upon them even greater vigilance and more constant exertion than had hitherto been demanded of them, and their one thought was to escape from a situation which they characterised as 'one of the most disagreeable and unfavourable that could well be imagined.' Only a single pertinent argument was brought forward. The Confederate soldiers had enlisted only for twelve months, and the Government was about to ask them to volunteer for the duration of the war. It was urged by Loring's officers that with the present prospect before them there was much doubt that a single man of the division would re-enlist. ' With some regard for its comfort,' added the

general, 'a large portion, if not the whole, may be prevailed upon to do so.'

It does not seem to have occurred to these officers that soldiers in the near vicinity of the enemy, wherever they may be placed, must always be subject to privations, and that at any other point of the Confederate frontier—at Winchester with Jackson, at Leesburg with Hill, or at Centreville with Johnston—their troops would be exposed to the same risks and the same discomforts as at Romney. That the occupation of a dangerous outpost is in itself an honour never entered their minds; and it would have been more honest, instead of reviling the climate and the country, had they frankly declared that they had had enough for the present of active service, and had no mind to make further sacrifices in the cause for which they had taken arms. With the Secretary's order Jackson at once complied. Loring was recalled to Winchester, but before his command arrived Jackson's resignation had gone in. His letter, forwarded through Johnston, ran as follows:

*' Headquarters, Valley District, Winchester, Va.:
' Jan. 31, 1862.*

Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War,

'Sir,—Your order, requiring me to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester immediately, has been received and promptly complied with. <201>

'With such interference in my command I cannot expect to be of much service in the field, and, accordingly, respectfully request to be ordered to report for duty to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, as has been done in the case of other professors. Should this application not be granted, I respectfully request that the President will accept my resignation from the army.(1)

The danger apprehended by the Secretary of War, that Loring's division, if left at Romney, might be cut off, did not exist. General Lander, an able and energetic officer, now in command of the Federal force at Cumberland, had put forward proposals for an active campaign in the Shenandoah Valley; but there was no possibility of such an enterprise being immediately undertaken. The Potomac was still a formidable obstacle; artillery and cavalry were both deficient; the troops were scattered, and their discipline was indifferent. Lander's command, according to his official despatches, was 'more like an armed mob than an army.'(2) Romney, therefore, was in little danger; and Jackson, who had so lately been in contact with the Federal troops, whose cavalry patrolled the banks of the Potomac, and who was in constant receipt of information of the enemy's attitude and condition, was certainly a better judge of what was probable than any official in the Confederate capital. There were doubtless objections to the retention of Romney. An enormous army, in the intrenched camp at Washington, threatened Centreville; and in the event of that army advancing, Jackson would be called upon to reinforce Johnston, just as Johnston had reinforced Beauregard before Bull Run. With the greater part of his force at Romney such an operation would be delayed by at least two days. Even Johnston himself, although careful to leave his subordinate a free hand, suggested that the occupation of Romney, and the consequent dispersion of Jackson's force, might enable the enemy to cut in effectively between the Valley troops and the main army. It is beyond question, however, that Jackson had carefully <202>studied the situation. There was no danger of his getting that his was merely a detached force, or of his overlooking, in the interests of his own projected operations, the more important interests of the main army; and if his judgment of the situation differed from that of his superior, it was because he had been

indefatigable in his search for information.

He had agents everywhere.⁽¹⁾ His intelligence was more ample than that supplied by the Confederate spies in Washington itself. No reinforcements could reach the Federals on the Potomac without his knowledge. He was always accurately informed of the strength and movements of their detachments. Nor had he failed to take the precautions which minimise the evils arising from dissemination. He had constructed a line of telegraph from Charlestown, within seven miles of Harper's Ferry, to Winchester, and another line was to have been constructed to Romney. He had established relays of couriers through his district. By this means he could communicate with Hill at Leesburg in three hours, and by another line of posts with Johnston at Centreville.

But his chief reason for believing that Romney might be occupied without risk to a junction between himself and Johnston lay in the impassable condition of the Virginia roads. McClellan's huge army could not drag its guns and waggons through the slough of mud which lay between Washington and Centreville. Banks' command at Frederick was in no condition for a rapid advance either upon Leesburg or on Winchester; and it was evident that little was to be feared from Lander until he had completed the work, on which he was now actively engaged, of repairing the communications which Jackson's raid had temporarily interrupted. With the information we have now before us, it is clear that Jackson's view of the situation was absolutely correct; that for the present Romney might be <203>advantageously retained, and recruiting pushed forward in this section of Virginia. If, when McClellan advanced, the Confederates were to confine themselves to the defensive, the post would undoubtedly have to be abandoned. But if, instead of tamely surrendering the initiative, the Government were to adopt the bolder strategy which Jackson had already advocated, and Johnston's army, moving westward to the Valley, were to utilise the natural line of invasion by way of Harper's Ferry, the occupation of Romney would secure the flank, and give the invading force a fertile district from which to draw supplies.

It was not, however, on the Secretary's misconception of the situation that Jackson's request for relief was based. Nor was it the slur on his judgment that led him to resign. The injury that had been inflicted by Mr. Benjamin's unfortunate letter was not personal to himself. It affected the whole army. It was a direct blow to discipline, and struck at the very heart of military efficiency. Not only would Jackson himself be unable to enforce his authority over troops who had so successfully defied his orders; but the whole edifice of command, throughout the length and breadth of the Confederacy, would, if he tamely submitted to the Secretary's extraordinary action, be shaken to its foundations. Johnston, still smarting under Mr. Davis's rejection of his strategical views, felt this as acutely as did Jackson. 'The discipline of the army,' he wrote to the Secretary of War, 'cannot be maintained under such circumstances. The direct tendency of such orders is to insulate the commanding general from his troops, to diminish his moral as well as his official control, and to harass him with the constant fear that his most matured plans may be marred by orders from his Government which it is impossible for him to anticipate.'⁽¹⁾

To Jackson he wrote advising the withdrawal of his resignation. 'Under ordinary circumstances a due sense of one's own dignity, as well as care for professional character and official rights, would demand such a course as yours, but the character of this war, the great energy exhibited <204>by the Government of the United States, the danger in which our very existence as an independent people lies, requires sacrifices from us all who have

been educated as soldiers.

' I receive the information of the order of which you have such cause to complain from your letter. Is not that as great an official wrong to me as the order itself to you ? Let us dispassionately reason with the Government on this subject of command, and if we fail to influence its practice, then ask to be relieved from positions the authority of which is exercised by the War Department, while the responsibilities are left to us.

' I have taken the liberty to detain your letter to make this appeal to your patriotism, not merely from common feelings of personal regard, but from the official opinion which makes me regard you as necessary to the service of the country in your present position.'⁽¹⁾

But Johnston, when he wrote, was not aware of the remonstrance of Loring's officers. His protest, in his letter to the Secretary of War, deprecated the action of the department in ignoring the authority of the military chiefs; it had no reference to the graver evil of yielding to the representations of irresponsible subordinates. Considering the circumstances, as he believed them to exist, his advice was doubtless prudent. But it found Jackson in no compromising mood.

' Sacrifices !' he exclaimed; ' have I not made them ? What is my life here but a daily sacrifice ? Nor shall I ever withhold sacrifices for my country, where they will avail anything. I intend to serve here, anywhere, in any way I can, even if it be as a private soldier. But if this method of making war is to prevail, the country is ruined. My duty to Virginia requires that I shall utter my protest against it in the most energetic form in my power, and that is to resign. The authorities at Richmond must be taught a lesson, or the next victims of their meddling will be Johnston and Lee.'

Fortunately for the Confederacy, the Virginia officers <205>possessed a staunch supporter in the Governor of the State. Mr. Letcher knew Jackson's worth, and he knew the estimation in which he was already held by the Virginia people. The battle of Manassas had attained the dignity of a great historical event, and those whose share in the victory had been conspicuous were regarded with the same respect as the heroes of the Revolution. In the spring of 1862 Manassas stood alone, the supreme incident of the war; its fame was not yet overshadowed by mightier conflicts, and it had taken rank in the popular mind with the decisive battles of the world.

Jackson, at the same time that he addressed Johnston, wrote to Letcher. It is possible that he anticipated the course the Governor would adopt. He certainly took care that if a protest were made it should be backed with convincing argument.

' The order from the War Department,' he wrote, ' was given without consulting me, and is abandoning to the enemy what has cost much preparation, expense, and exposure to secure, is in direct conflict with my military plans, implies a want of confidence in my capacity to judge when General Loring's troops should fall back, and is an attempt to control military operations in details from the Secretary's desk at a distance As a single order like that of the Secretary's may destroy the entire fruits of a campaign, I cannot reasonably expect, if my operations are thus to be interfered with, to be of much service in the field If I ever acquired, through the blessing of Providence, any influence over troops, this undoing my work by the Secretary may greatly diminish that influence. I regard the recent expedition as a great success I desire to say nothing against the Secretary of War. I take it for granted that he has done what he believes to be best, but I regard such policy as ruinous.'⁽¹⁾

This letter had the desired result. Not content with reminding Jackson of the effect his resignation would have on the people of Virginia, and begging him to withdraw it, Governor Letcher took the Secretary of War to task. Mr. Benjamin, <206>who had probably acted in ignorance rather than in defiance of the military necessities, at once gave way. Governor Letcher, assured that it was not the intention of the Government to interfere with the plans of the general, withdrew the resignation: Jackson had already yielded to his representations.

' In this transaction,' says his chief of the staff, ' Jackson gained one of his most important victories for the Confederate States. Had the system of encouragement to the insubordination of inferiors, and of interference with the responsibilities of commanders in the field, which was initiated in his case, become established, military success could only have been won by accident. By his firmness the evil usage was arrested, and a lesson impressed both upon the Government and the people of the South.'⁽¹⁾

That the soldier is but the servant of the statesman, as war is but an instrument of diplomacy, no educated soldier will deny. Politics must always exercise a supreme influence on strategy; yet it cannot be gainsaid that interference with the commanders in the field is fraught with the gravest danger. Mr. Benjamin's action was without excuse. In listening to the malcontents he ignored the claims of discipline. In cancelling Jackson's orders he struck a blow at the confidence of the men in their commander. In directing that Romney should not be held he decided on a question which was not only purely military, but of which the man on the spot, actually in touch with the situation and with the enemy, could alone be judge.⁽²⁾ Even Johnston, a most able and experienced soldier, although he was evidently apprehensive that Jackson's front was too extended, forbore to do more than warn. Nor was his interference the crown of Mr. Benjamin's <207>offence. The omniscient lawyer asked no advice; but believing, as many still believe, that neither special knowledge nor practical acquaintance with the working of the military machine is necessary in order to manoeuvre armies, he had acted entirely on his own initiative. It was indeed time that he received a lesson.

Well would it have been for the Confederacy had the President himself been wise enough to apply the warning to its full extent. We have already seen that after the victory of Manassas, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, he refused to denude the Southern coasts of their garrisons in order to reinforce Johnston's army and strike a decisive blow in Northern territory. Had he but once recognised that he too was an amateur, that it was impossible for one man to combine effectively in his own person the duties of Head of the Government and of Commander-in-Chief, he would have handed over the management of his huge armies, and the direction of all military movements, to the most capable soldier the Confederacy could produce. Capable soldiers were not wanting; and had the control of military operations been frankly committed to a trained strategist, and the military resources of the Southern States been placed unreservedly at the disposal of either Lee or Johnston, combined operations would have taken the place of disjointed enterprises, and the full strength of the country have been concentrated at the decisive point. It can hardly, however, be imputed as a fault to Mr. Davis that he did not anticipate a system which achieved such astonishing success in Prussia's campaigns of '66 and '70. It was not through vanity alone that he retained in his own hands the supreme control of military affairs. The Confederate system of government was but an imitation of that which existed in the United States; and in Washington, as in Richmond, the President was not only

Commander-in-Chief in name, but the arbiter on all questions of strategy and organisation; while, to go still further back, the English Cabinet had exercised the same power since Parliament became supreme. The American people may be forgiven for their failure to recognise the deplorable results of the system they <208>had inherited from the mother-country. The English people had been equally blind, and in their case there was no excuse. The mismanagement of the national resources in the war with France was condoned by the victories of Wellington. The vicious conceptions of the Government, responsible for so many useless enterprises, for waste of life, of treasure, of opportunity, were lost in the blaze of triumph in which the struggle ended. Forty years later it had been forgotten that the Cabinet of 1815 had done its best to lose the battle of Waterloo; the lessons of the great war were disregarded, and the Cabinet of 1853-4 was allowed to work its will on the army of the Crimea.

It is a significant fact that, during the War of Secession, for the three years the control of the armies of the North remained in the hands of the Cabinet the balance of success lay with the Confederates. But in March 1864 Grant was appointed Commander-in-Chief; Lincoln abdicated his military functions in his favour, and the Secretary of War had nothing more to do than to comply with his requisitions. Then, for the first time, the enormous armies of the Union were manoeuvred in harmonious combination, and the superior force was exerted to its full effect. Nor is it less significant that during the most critical period of the 1862 campaign, the most glorious to the Confederacy, Lee was Commander-in-Chief of the Southern armies. But when Lee left Richmond for the Northern border, Davis once more assumed supreme control, retaining it until it was too late to stave off ruin.

Yet the Southern soldiers had never to complain of such constant interference on the part of the Cabinet as had the Northern; and to Jackson it was due that each Confederate general, with few exceptions, was henceforward left unhampered in his own theatre of operations. His threat of resignation at least effected this, and, although the President still managed or mismanaged the grand operations, the Secretary of War was muzzled.

It might be objected that in this instance Jackson showed little respect for the discipline he so rigidly enforced, and that in the critical situation of the Confederacy <209>his action was a breach of duty which was almost disloyalty. Without doubt his resignation would have seriously embarrassed the Government. To some degree at least the confidence of both the people and the army in the Administration would have become impaired. But Jackson was fighting for a principle which was of even more importance than subordination. Foreseeing as he did the certain results of civilian meddling, submission to the Secretary's orders would have been no virtue. His presence with the army would hardly have counterbalanced the untrammelled exercise of Mr. Benjamin's military sagacity, and the inevitable decay of discipline. It was not the course of a weak man, an apathetic man, or a selfish man. We may imagine Jackson eating his heart out at Lexington, while the war was raging on the frontier, and the Stonewall Brigade was fighting manfully under another leader against the hosts of the invader. The independence of his country was the most intense of all his earthly desires; and to leave the forefront of the fight before that desire had been achieved would have been more to him than most. He would have sacrificed far more in resigning than in remaining; and there was always the possibility that a brilliant success and the rapid termination of the war would place Mr. Benjamin apparently in the right. How would Jackson look then? What would be the

reputation of the man who had quitted the army, on what would have been considered a mere point of etiquette, in the very heat of the campaign ? No ordinary man would have faced the alternative, and have risked his reputation in order to teach the rulers of his country a lesson which might never reach them. It must be remembered, too, that Jackson had not yet proved himself indispensable. He had done good work at Manassas, but so had others. His name was scarcely known beyond the confines of his own State, and Virginia had several officers of higher reputation. His immediate superiors knew his value, but the Confederate authorities, as their action proved, placed little dependence on his judgment, and in all probability set no special store upon his services. There was undoubtedly <210>every chance, had not Governor Letcher intervened, that his resignation would have been accepted. His letter then to the Secretary of War was no mere threat, the outcome of injured vanity, but the earnest and deliberate protest of a man who was ready to sacrifice even his own good name to benefit his country.

The negotiations which followed his application to resign occupied some time. He remained at Winchester, and the pleasant home where he and his wife had found such kindly welcome was the scene of much discussion. Governor Letcher was not alone in his endeavours to alter his decision. Many were the letters that poured in. From every class of Virginians, from public men and private, came the same appeal. But until he was convinced that Virginia would suffer by his action, Jackson was deaf to argument. He had not yet realised the measure of confidence which he had won. To those who sought to move him by saying that his country could not spare his services, or by speaking of his hold upon the troops, he replied that they greatly overestimated his capacity for usefulness, and that his place would readily be filled by a better man. That many of his friends were deeply incensed with the Secretary of War was only natural, and his conduct was bitterly denounced. But Jackson not only forbore to criticise, but in his presence all criticism was forbidden. There can be no doubt that he was deeply wounded. He could be angry when he chose, and his anger was none the less fierce because it was habitually controlled. He never forgave Davis for his want of wisdom after Manassas; and indeed, in future campaigns, the President's action was sufficient to exasperate the most patriotic of his generals. But during this time of trouble not a word escaped Jackson which showed those nearest him that his equanimity was disturbed. Anticipating that he would be ordered to the Military Institute, he was even delighted, says his wife, at the prospect of returning home. The reason of his calmness is not far to seek. He had come to the determination that it was his duty to resign, not, we may be certain, without prayer and self-communing, and when Jackson <211>saw what his duty was, all other considerations were soon dismissed. He was content to leave the future in higher hands. It had been so with him when the question of secession was first broached. ' It was soon after the election of 1860,' wrote one of his clerical friends, 'when the country was beginning to heave in the agony of dissolution. We had just risen from morning prayers in his own house, where at that time I was a guest. Filled with gloom, I was lamenting in strong language the condition and prospect of our beloved country. "Why," said he, " should Christians be disturbed about the dissolution of the Union ? It can only come by God's permission, and will only be permitted if for His people's good. I cannot see why we should be distressed about such things, whatever be their consequence." '

For the next month the Stonewall Brigade and its commander enjoyed a well-earned rest. The Federals, on Loring's withdrawal, contented themselves with holding Romney

and Moorefield, and on Johnston's recommendation Loring and part of his troops were transferred elsewhere. The enemy showed no intention of advancing. The season was against them. The winter was abnormally wet; the Potomac was higher than it had been for twenty years, and the Virginia roads had disappeared in mud. In order to encourage re-enlistment amongst the men, furloughs were liberally granted by the authorities at Richmond, and for a short season the din of arms was unheard on the Shenandoah.

This peaceful time was one of unalloyed happiness to Jackson. The country round Winchester—the gently rolling ridges, surmounted by groves of forest trees, the great North Mountains to the westward, rising sharply from the Valley, the cosy villages and comfortable farms, and, in the clear blue distance to the south, the towering peaks of the Massanuttons—is a picture not easily forgotten. And the little town, quiet and old-fashioned, with its ample gardens and red-brick pavements, is not unworthy of its surroundings. Up a narrow street, shaded by silver maples, stood the manse, not far from the headquarter offices; and here when his daily work was done Jackson found the happiness of a home, brightened by the winning ways and attractive presence of his wife. With his host he had much in common. They were members of the same church, and neither yielded to the other in his high standard of morality. The great bookcases of the manse were well stocked with appropriate literature, and the cultured intellect of Dr. Graham met more than half-way the somewhat abstruse problems with which Jackson's powerful brain delighted to wrestle.

But Jackson and his host, even had they been so inclined, were not permitted to devote their whole leisure to theological discussion. Children's laughter broke in upon their arguments. The young staff officers, with the bright eyes of the Winchester ladies as a lure, found a welcome by that hospitable hearth, and the war was not so absorbing a topic as to drive gaiety afield.

The sedate manse was like to lose its character. There were times when the house overflowed with music and with merriment, and sounds at which a Scotch elder would have shuddered were heard far out in the street. And the fun and frolic were not confined to the more youthful members of the household. The Stonewall Brigade would hardly have been surprised had they seen their general surrounded by ponderous volumes, gravely investigating the teaching of departed commentators, or joining with quiet fervour in the family devotions. But had they seen him running down the stairs with an urchin on his shoulders, laughing like a schoolboy, they would have refused to credit the evidence of their senses.

So the months wore on. 'We spent,' says Mrs. Jackson, 'as happy a winter as ever falls to the lot of mortals upon earth.' But the brigade was not forgotten, nor the enemy. Every day the Virginia regiments improved in drill and discipline. The scouts were busy on the border, and not a movement of the Federal forces was unobserved. A vigilant watch was indeed necessary. The snows had melted and the roads were slowly drying. The Army of the Potomac, McClellan's great host, numbering over 200,000 men, encamped around Washington, hardly more than a day's march distant from Centreville, threatened to overwhelm the 32,000 Confederates who held the intrenchments at Centreville and Manassas Junction. General Lander was dead, but Shields, a veteran of the Mexican campaign, had succeeded him, and the force at both Romney and Frederick had been increased. In the West things were going badly for the new Republic. The Union troops had overrun Kentucky, Missouri, and the greater part of Tennessee. A Confederate army

had been defeated; Confederate forts captured; and 'the amphibious power' of the North had already been effectively exerted. Various towns on the Atlantic seaboard had been occupied. Not one of the European Powers had evinced a decided intention of espousing the Confederate cause, and the blockade still exercised its relentless pressure.

It was not, however, until the end of February that the great host beyond the Potomac showed symptoms of approaching movement. But it had long been evident that both Winchester and Centreville must soon be abandoned. Johnston was as powerless before McClellan as Jackson before Banks. Even if by bringing fortification to their aid they could hold their ground against the direct attack of far superior numbers, they could not prevent their intrenchments being turned. McClellan had at his disposal the naval resources of the North. It would be no difficult task to transfer his army by the broad reaches of the Potomac and the Chesapeake to some point on the Virginia coast, and to intervene between Centreville and Richmond. At the same time the army of Western Virginia, which was now under command of General Frémont, might threaten Jackson in rear by moving on Staunton from Beverley and the Great Kanawha, while Banks assailed him in front.(1)

Johnston was already preparing to retreat. Jackson, <214>reluctant to abandon a single acre of his beloved Valley to the enemy, was nevertheless constrained to face the possibilities of such a course. His wife was sent back to her father's home in the same train that conveyed his sick to Staunton; baggage and stores were removed to Mount Jackson, half-way up the Shenandoah Valley, and his little army, which had now been increased to three brigades, or 4,600 men all told, was ordered to break up its camps. 38,000 Federals had gradually assembled between Frederick and Romney. Banks, who commanded the whole force, was preparing to advance, and his outposts were already established on the south bank of the Potomac.

But when the Confederate column filed through the streets of Winchester, it moved not south but north.

Such was Jackson's idea of a retreat. To march towards the enemy, not away from him; to watch his every movement; to impose upon him with a bold front; to delay him to the utmost; and to take advantage of every opportunity that might offer for offensive action.

Shortly before their departure the troops received a reminder that their leader brooked no trifling with orders. Intoxicating liquors were forbidden in the Confederate lines. But the regulation was systematically evaded, and the friends of the soldiers smuggled in supplies. When this breach of discipline was discovered, Jackson put a stop to the traffic by an order which put the punishment on the right shoulders. 'Every waggon that came into camp was to be searched, and if any liquor were found it was to be spilled out, and the waggon horses turned over to the quartermaster for the public service.' Nevertheless, when they left Winchester, so Jackson wrote to his wife, the troops were in excellent spirits, and their somewhat hypo-chondriacal general had never for years enjoyed more perfect health—a blessing for which he had more reason to be thankful than the Federals.

[Map of The Valley, omitted.]

NOTE—THE EVILS OF CIVILIAN CONTROL

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It is well worth noticing that the interference of both the Union and Confederate

Cabinets was not confined to the movements and location of the troops. The organisation of the armies was very largely the work of the civilian authorities, and the advice of the soldiers was very generally disregarded. The results, it need hardly be said, were deplorable. The Northern wisecracks considered cavalry an encumbrance and a staff a mere ornamental appendage. McClellan, in consequence, was always in difficulties for the want of mounted regiments; and while many regular officers were retained in the command of batteries and companies, the important duties of the staff had sometimes to be assigned to volunteers. The men too, at first, were asked to serve for three months only; that is, they were permitted to take their discharge directly they had learned the rudiments of their work. Again, instead of the ranks of the old regiments being filled up as casualties occurred, the armies, despite McClellan's protests, were recruited by raw regiments, commanded by untrained officers. Mr. Davis, knowing something of war, certainly showed more wisdom. The organisation of the army of Northern Virginia was left, in great measure, to General Lee; so from the very first the Southerners had sufficient cavalry and as good a staff as could be got together. The soldiers, however, were only enlisted at first for twelve months; yet 'Lee,' says Lord Wolseley, 'pleaded in favour of the engagement being for the duration of the war, but he pleaded in vain;' and it was not for many months that the politicians could be induced to cancel the regulation under which the men elected their officers. The President, too, while the markets of Europe were still open, neglected to lay in a store of munitions of war: it was not till May that an order was sent across the seas, and then only for 10,000 muskets ! The commissariat department, moreover, was responsible to the President and not to the commander of the armies; this, perhaps, was the worst fault of all. It would seem impossible that such mistakes, in an intelligent community, should be permitted to recur. Yet, in face of the fact that only when the commanders have been given a free hand, as was Marlborough in the Low Countries, or Wellington in the Peninsula, has the English army been thoroughly efficient, the opinion is not uncommon in England that members of Parliament and journalists are far more capable of organising an army than even the most experienced soldier.

Since the above was written the war with Spain has given further proof of how readily even the most intelligent of nations can forget the lessons of the past.

Stonewall Jackson v1.

CHAPTER VIII—KERNSTOWN

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BY the end of February a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and Banks had crossed to the Virginia shore. An army of 38,000 men, including 2,000 cavalry, and accompanied by 80 pieces of artillery, threatened Winchester.

President Lincoln was anxious that the town should be occupied. Banks believed that the opportunity was favourable. 'The roads to Winchester,' he wrote, 'are turnpikes and in tolerable condition. The enemy is weak, demoralised, and depressed.'

But McClellan, who held command of all the Federal forces, had no mind to expose even a detachment to defeat. The main Confederate army at Centreville could, at any moment, dispatch reinforcements by railway to the Valley, reversing the strategic movement which had won Bull Run; while the Army of the Potomac, held fast by the mud, could do nothing to prevent it. Banks was therefore ordered to occupy the line Charlestown-Martinsburg, some two-and-twenty miles from Winchester, to cover the reconstruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and to accumulate supplies preparatory to a further advance. The troops, however, did not approve such cautious strategy. 'Their appetite for work,' according to their commander, 'was very sharp.' Banks himself was not less eager. 'If left to our own discretion,' he wrote to McClellan's chief of staff, 'the general desire will be to move early.'

On March 7 General D.H. Hill, acting under instructions, fell back from Leesburg, and two days later Johnston, <217>destroying the railways, abandoned Centreville. The Confederate General-in-Chief had decided to withdraw to near Orange Court House, trebling his distance from Washington, and surrendering much territory, but securing, in return, important strategical advantages. Protected by the Rapidan, a stream unfordable in spring, he was well placed to meet a Federal advance, and also, by a rapid march, to anticipate any force which might be transported by water and landed close to Richmond.

Jackson was now left isolated in the Valley. The nearest Confederate infantry were at Culpeper Court House, beyond the Blue Ridge, nearly sixty miles south-east. In his front, within two easy marches, was an army just seven times his strength, at Romney another detachment of several thousand men, and a large force in the Alleghanies. He was in no hurry, however, to abandon Winchester.

Johnston had intended that when the main army fell back towards Richmond his detachments should follow suit. Jackson found a loophole in his instructions which gave him full liberty of action.

'I greatly desire,' he wrote to Johnston on March 8, 'to hold this place [Winchester] so far as may be consistent with your views and plans, and am making arrangements, by constructing works, &c., to make a stand. Though you desired me some time since to fall back in the event of yourself and General Hill's doing so, yet in your letter of the 5th inst. you say, "Delay the enemy as long as you can;" I have felt justified in remaining here for the present.

'And now, General, that Hill has fallen back, can you not send him over here? I greatly need such an officer; one who can be sent off as occasion may offer against an exposed detachment of the enemy for the purpose of capturing it I believe that if you can spare

Hill, and let him move here at once, you will never have occasion to regret it. The very idea of reinforcements coming to Winchester would, I think, be a damper to the enemy, in addition to the fine effect that would be produced on our own troops, already in fine spirits. But if you cannot spare <218>Hill, can you not send me some other troops? If we cannot be successful in defeating the enemy should he advance, a kind Providence may enable us to inflict a terrible wound and effect a safe retreat in the event of having to fall back. I will keep myself on the alert with respect to communications between us, so as to be able to join you at the earliest possible moment, if such a movement becomes necessary.'⁽¹⁾

This letter is characteristic. When Jackson asked for reinforcements the cause of the South seemed well-nigh hopeless. Her Western armies were retiring, defeated and demoralised. Several of her Atlantic towns had fallen to the Federal navy, assisted by strong landing parties. The army on which she depended for the defence of Richmond, yielding to the irresistible presence of far superior numbers, was retreating into the interior of Virginia. There was not the faintest sign of help from beyond the sea. The opportunity for a great counterstroke had been suffered to escape. Her forces were too small for aught but defensive action, and it was difficult to conceive that she could hold her own against McClellan's magnificently appointed host. 'Events,' said Davis at this time, 'have cast on our arms and hopes the gloomiest shadows.' But from the Valley, the northern outpost of the Confederate armies, where the danger was most threatening and the means of defence the most inadequate, came not a whisper of apprehension. The troops that held the border were but a handful, but Jackson knew enough of war to be aware that victory does not always side with the big battalions. Neither Johnston nor Davis had yet recognised, as he did, the weak joint in the Federal harness. Why should the appearance of Hill's brigade at Winchester discourage Banks? Johnston had fallen back to the Rapidan, and there was now no fear of the Confederates detaching troops suddenly from Manassas. Why should the bare idea that reinforcements were coming up embarrass the Federals?

The letter itself does not indeed supply a definite answer. Jackson was always most guarded in his correspondence; and, if he could possibly avoid it, he never <219>made the slightest allusion to the information on which his plans were based. His staff officers, however, after the campaign was over, were generally enlightened as to the motive of his actions, and we are thus enabled to fill the gap.⁽¹⁾ Jackson demanded reinforcements for the one reason that a blow struck near Winchester would cause alarm in Washington. The communications of the Federal capital with both the North and West passed through or close to Harper's Ferry; and the passage over the Potomac, which Banks was now covering, was thus the most sensitive point in the invader's front. Well aware, as indeed was every statesman and every general in Virginia, of the state of public feeling in the North, Jackson saw with more insight than others the effect that was likely to be produced should the Government, the press, and the people of the Federal States have reason to apprehend that the capital of the Union was in danger.

If the idea of playing on the fears of his opponents by means of the weak detachment under Jackson ever suggested itself to Johnston, he may be forgiven if he dismissed it as chimerical. For 7,600 men ⁽²⁾ to threaten with any useful result a capital which was defended by 250,000 seemed hardly within the bounds of practical strategy. Johnston had nevertheless determined to turn the situation to account. In order to protect the passages

of the Upper Potomac, McClellan had been compelled to disseminate his army. Between his main body south of Washington and his right wing under Banks was a gap of fifty miles, and this separation Johnston was determined should be maintained. The President, to whom he had referred Jackson's letter, was unable to spare the reinforcements therein requested, and the defence of the Valley was left to the 4,600 men encamped at Winchester. Jackson was permitted to use his own judgment as to his own position, but something more was required of him than the mere protection of a tract of territory. ' He was to endeavour to employ the invaders in the Valley without exposing himself to the <220>danger of defeat, by keeping so near the enemy as to prevent his making any considerable detachment to reinforce McClellan, but not so near that he might be compelled to fight.' (1)

To carry out these instructions Jackson had at his disposal 8,600 infantry, 600 cavalry, and six batteries of 27 guns. Fortunately, they were all Virginians, with the exception of one battalion, the First, which was composed of Irish navvies.

This force, which had now received the title of the Army of the Valley, was organised in three brigades:—

	{	2d Virginia Regiment	
	{	4th "	"
First Brigade (' Stonewall '):	{	5th "	"
Brigadier-General Garnett	{	27th "	"
	{	33rd "	"
	{	21st "	"
Second Brigade: Col. Burks	{	42nd "	"
	{	48th "	"
Third Brigade: Col. Fulkerson	{	1st Regular Battalion (Irish)	
	{	23rd Virginia Regiment	
McLaughlin's Battery		8 guns	
Waters' "		4 "	
Carpenter's "		4 "	
Marye's "		4 "	
Shumaker's "		4 "	
Ashby's Regiment of Cavalry			
Chew's Horse Artillery Battery		3 "	

The infantry were by this time fairly well armed and equipped, but the field-pieces were mostly smoothbores of small calibre. Of the quality of the troops Bull Run had been sufficient test. Side by side with the sons of the old Virginia houses the hunters and yeomen of the Valley had proved their worth. Their skill as marksmen had stood them in good stead. Men who had been used from boyhood to shoot squirrels in the woodland found the Federal soldier a target difficult to miss. Skirmishing and patrolling came instinctively to those who had stalked the deer and the bear in the mountain forests; and the simple hardy life of an <221>agricultural community was the best probation for the trials of a campaign. The lack of discipline and of competent regimental officers might have placed them at a disadvantage had they been opposed to regulars; but they were already half-broken to the soldier's trade before they joined the ranks. They were no strangers to camp and bivouac, to peril and adventure; their hands could guard their heads. Quick sight and steady nerve, unflinching vigilance and instant resolve, the very

qualities which their devotion to field-sports fostered, were those which had so often prevailed in the war of the Revolution over the mechanical tactics of well-disciplined battalions; and on ground with which they were perfectly familiar the men of the Shenandoah were formidable indeed.

They were essentially rough and ready. Their appearance would hardly have captivated a martinet. The eye that lingers lovingly on glittering buttons and spotless belts would have turned away in disdain from Jackson's soldiers. There was nothing bright about them but their rifles. They were as badly dressed, and with as little regard for uniformity, as the defenders of Torres Vedras or the Army of Italy in 1796. Like Wellington and Napoleon, the Confederate generals cared very little what their soldiers wore so long as they did their duty. Least of all can one imagine Stonewall Jackson exercising his mind as to the cut of a tunic or the polish of a buckle. The only standing order in the English army of the Peninsula which referred to dress forbade the wearing of the enemy's uniform. It was the same in the Army of the Valley, although at a later period even this order was of necessity ignored. As their forefathers of the Revolution took post in Washington's ranks clad in hunting shirts and leggings, so the Confederate soldiers preferred the garments spun by their own women to those supplied them by the State. Grey, of all shades, from light blue to butter-nut, was the universal colour. The coatee issued in the early days of the war had already given place to a short-waisted and single-breasted jacket. The blue képi held out longer. The soft felt hat which experience soon proved the most serviceable head-dress had <222>not yet become universal. But the long boots had gone; and strong brogans, with broad soles and low heels, had been found more comfortable. Overcoats were soon discarded. ' The men came to the conclusion that the trouble of carrying them on hot days outweighed their comfort when the cold day arrived. Besides, they found that life in the open air hardened them to such an extent that changes in temperature were hardly felt.' (1) Nor did the knapsack long survive. ' It was found to gall the back and shoulders and weary the man before half the march was accomplished. It did not pay to carry around clean clothes while waiting for the time to use them.' (2) But the men still clung to their blankets and waterproof sheets, worn in a roll over the left shoulder, and the indispensable haversack carried their whole kit. Tents—except the enemy's—were rarely seen. The Army of the Valley generally bivouacked in the woods, the men sleeping in pairs, rolled in their blankets and rubber sheets. The cooking arrangements were primitive. A few frying-pans and skillets formed the culinary apparatus of a company, with a bucket or two in addition, and the frying-pans were generally carried with their handles stuck in the rifle-barrels ! The tooth-brush was a button-hole ornament, and if, as was sometimes the case, three days' rations were served out at a single issue, the men usually cooked and ate them at once, so as to avoid the labour of carrying them.

Such was Jackson's infantry, a sorry contrast indeed to the soldierly array of the Federals, with their complete appointments and trim blue uniforms. But ' fine feathers,' though they may have their use, are hardly essential to efficiency in the field; and whilst it is absolutely true that no soldiers ever marched with less to encumber them than the Confederates, it is no empty boast that 'none ever marched faster or held out longer.'

If the artillery, with a most inferior equipment, was less efficient than the infantry, the cavalry was an invaluable auxiliary. Ashby was the *beau-idéal* of a captain of light-horse. His reckless daring, both across-country and under fire, made him the idol of the army. Nor was <223>his reputation confined to the Confederate ranks. ' I think even our men,'

says a Federal officer, ' had a kind of admiration for him, as he sat unmoved upon his horse, and let them pepper away at him as if he enjoyed it.' His one shortcoming was his ignorance of drill and discipline. But in the spring of 1862 these deficiencies were in a fair way of being rectified. He had already learned something of tactics. In command of a few hundred mounted rifle-men and a section of horse-artillery he was unsurpassed; and if his men were apt to get out of hand in battle, his personal activity ensured their strict attention on the outposts. He thought little of riding seventy or eighty miles within the day along his picket line, and it is said that he first recommended himself to Jackson by visiting the Federal camps disguised as a horse doctor. Jackson placed much dependence on his mounted troops. Immediately he arrived in the Valley he established his cavalry outposts far to the front. While the infantry were reposing in their camps near Winchester, the south bank of the Potomac, forty miles northward, was closely and incessantly patrolled. The squadrons never lacked recruits. With the horse-loving Virginians the cavalry was the favourite arm, and the strength of the regiments was only limited by the difficulty of obtaining horses. To the sons of the Valley planters and farmers Ashby's ranks offered a most attractive career. The discipline was easy, and there was no time for drill. But of excitement and adventure there was enough and to spare. Scarcely a day passed without shots being exchanged at one point or another of the picket line. There were the enemy's outposts to be harassed, prisoners to be taken, bridges to be burnt, and convoys to be captured. Many were the opportunities for distinction. Jackson demanded something more from his cavalry than merely guarding the frontier. It was not sufficient for him to receive warning that the enemy was advancing. He wanted information from which he could deduce what he intended doing; information of the strength of his garrisons, of the dispositions of his camps, of every movement which took place beyond the river. The cavalry had other and more dangerous duties than vedette and <224>escort. To penetrate the enemy's lines, to approach his camps, and observe his columns—these were the tasks of Ashby's riders, and in these they were unrivalled. Many of them were no more than boys; but their qualifications for such a life were undeniable. A more gallant or high-spirited body of young soldiers never welcomed the ' boot and saddle.' Their horses were their own, scions of good Virginian stock, with the blood of many a well-known sire—Eclipse, Brighteyes, and Timoleon—in their veins, and they knew how to care for them. They were acquainted with every country lane and woodland track. They had friends in every village, and their names were known to every farmer. The night was no hindrance to them, even in the region of the mountain and the forest. The hunter's paths were as familiar to them as the turnpike roads. They knew the depth and direction of every ford, and could predict the effect of the weather on stream and track. More admirable material for the service of intelligence could not possibly have been found, and Ashby's audacity in reconnaissance found ready imitators. A generous rivalry in deeds of daring spread through the command. Bold enterprises were succeeded by others yet more bold, and, to use the words of a gentleman who, although he was a veteran of four years' service, was but nineteen years of age when Richmond fell, ' We thought no more of riding through the enemy's bivouacs than of riding round our fathers' farms.' So congenial were the duties of the cavalry, so attractive the life and the associations, that it was no rare thing for a Virginia gentleman to resign a commission in another arm in order to join his friends and kinsmen as a private in Ashby's ranks. And so before the war had been in progress for many months the fame of the Virginia cavalry rivalled that of their

Revolutionary forbears under 'Light-Horse Harry,' the friend of Washington and the father of Lee.

But if the raw material of Jackson's army was all that could be desired, no less so was the material of the force opposed to him. The regiments of Banks' army corps were recruited as a rule in the Western States; Ohio, <225>Indiana, and West Virginia furnished the majority. They too were hunters and farmers, accustomed to firearms, and skilled in woodcraft. No hardier infantry marched beneath the Stars and Stripes; the artillery, armed with a proportion of rifled guns, was more efficient than that of the Confederates; and in cavalry alone were the Federals overmatched. In numbers the latter were far superior to Ashby's squadrons; in everything else they were immeasurably inferior. Throughout the North horsemanship was practically an unknown art. The gentlemen of New England had not inherited the love of their Ironside ancestors for the saddle and the chase. Even in the forests of the West men travelled by waggon and hunted on foot. 'As cavalry,' says one of Banks' brigadiers, 'Ashby's men were greatly superior to ours. In reply to some orders I had given, my cavalry commander replied, "I can't catch them, sir; they leap fences and walls like deer; neither our men nor our horses are so trained.'"(1)

It was easy enough to fill the ranks of the Northern squadrons. Men volunteered freely for what they deemed the more dashing branch of the service, ignorant that its duties were far harder both to learn and to execute than those of the other arms, and expecting, says a Federal officer, that the regiment would be accompanied by an itinerant livery stable ! Both horses and men were recruited without the slightest reference to their fitness for cavalry work. No man was rejected, no matter what his size or weight, no matter whether he had ever had anything to do with horseflesh or not, and consequently the proportion of sick horses was enormous. Moreover, while the Southern troopers generally carried a firearm, either rifle or shot-gun, some of the Northern squadrons had only the sabre, and in a wooded country the firearm was master of the situation. During the first two years of the war, therefore, the Federal cavalry, generally speaking, were bad riders and worse horse-masters, unable to move except upon the roads, and as inefficient on reconnaissance as in action. For an invading army, information, ample and accurate, is the first requisite. <226>Operating in a country which, almost invariably, must be better known to the defenders, bold scouting alone will secure it from ambush and surprise. Bold scouting was impossible with such mounted troops as Banks possessed, and throughout the Valley campaign the Northern general was simply groping in the dark.

But even had his cavalry been more efficient, it is doubtful whether Banks would have profited. His appointment was political. He was an ardent Abolitionist, but he knew nothing whatever of soldiering. He had begun life as a hand in a cotton factory. By dint of energy and good brains his rise had been rapid; and although, when the war broke out, he was still a young man, he had been Governor of Massachusetts and Speaker of the House of Representatives. What the President expected when he gave him an army corps it is difficult to divine; what might have been expected any soldier could have told him. To gratify an individual, or perhaps to conciliate a political faction, the life of many a private soldier was sacrificed. Lincoln, it is true, was by no means solitary in the un wisdom of his selections for command. His rival in Richmond, it is said, had a fatal *penchant* for his first wife's relations; his political supporters were constantly rewarded by appointments in the field, and the worst disasters that befell the Confederacy were due, in great part, to the blunders of officers promoted for any other reason than efficiency. For Mr. Davis there

was little excuse. He had been educated at West Point. He had served in the regular army of the United States, and had been Secretary of War at Washington. Lincoln, on the other hand, knew nothing of war, beyond what he had learned in a border skirmish, and very little of general history. He had not yet got rid of the common Anglo-Saxon idea that a man who has pluck and muscle is already a good soldier, and that the same qualities which serve in a street-brawl are all that is necessary to make a general. Nor were historical precedents wanting for the mistakes of the American statesmen. In both the Peninsula and the Crimea, lives, treasure, and prestige were as recklessly wasted as in Virginia; and <227>staff officers who owed their positions to social influence alone, generals, useless and ignorant, who succeeded to responsible command by virtue of seniority and a long purse, were the standing curse of the English army. At the same time, it may well be questioned whether some of the regular officers would have done better than Banks. He was no fool, and if he had not studied the art of war, there have been barrack-square generals who have showed as much ignorance without one-quarter his ability. Natural common-sense has often a better chance of success than a rusty brain, and a mind narrowed by routine. After serving in twenty campaigns Frederick the Great's mules were still mules. On this very theatre of war, in the forests beyond Romney, an English general had led a detachment of English soldiers to a defeat as crushing as it was disgraceful, and Braddock was a veteran of many wars. Here, too, Patterson, an officer of Volunteers who had seen much service, had allowed Johnston to slip away and join Beauregard on Bull Run. The Northern people, in good truth, had as yet no reason to place implicit confidence in the leading of trained soldiers. They had yet to learn that mere length of service is no test whatever of capacity for command, and that character fortified by knowledge is the only charm which attracts success.

Jackson had already some acquaintance with Banks. During the Romney expedition the latter had been posted at Frederick with 16,000 men, and a more enterprising commander would at least have endeavoured to thwart the Confederate movements. Banks, supine in his camps, made neither threat nor demonstration. Throughout the winter, Ashby's troopers had ridden unmolested along the bank of the Potomac. Lander alone had worried the Confederate outposts, driven in their advanced detachments, and drawn supplies from the Virginian farms. Banks had been over-cautious and inactive, and Jackson had not failed to note his characteristics.

Up to March 9 the Federal general, keeping his cavalry in rear, had pushed forward no farther than Charlestown and Bunker Hill. On that day the news reached McClellan that the Confederates were preparing <228>to abandon Centreville. He at once determined to push forward his whole army. Banks was instructed to move on Winchester, and on the morning of the 12th his leading division occupied the town.

Jackson had withdrawn the previous evening. Twice, on March 7 and again on the 11th, he had offered battle.⁽¹⁾ His men had remained under arms all day in the hope that the enemy's advanced-guard might be tempted to attack. But the activity of Ashby's cavalry, and the boldness with which Jackson maintained his position, impressed his adversary with the conviction that the Confederate force was much greater than it really was. It was reported in the Federal camps that the enemy's strength was from 7,000 to 11,000 men, and that the town was fortified. Jackson's force did not amount to half that number, and, according to a Northern officer, 'one could have jumped over his intrenchments as easily as Remus over the walls of Rome.'

Jackson abandoned Winchester with extreme reluctance. Besides being the principal town in that section of the Valley, it was strategically important to the enemy. Good roads led in every direction, and communication was easy with Romney and Cumberland to the north-west, and with Washington and Manassas to the south-east. Placed at Winchester, Banks could support, or be supported by, the troops in West Virginia or the army south of Washington. A large and fertile district would thus be severed from the Confederacy, and the line of invasion across the Upper Potomac completely blocked. Overwhelming as was the strength of the Union force, exceeding his own by more than eight to one, great as was the caution of the Federal leader, it was only an unlucky accident that restrained Jackson from a resolute endeavour to at least postpone the capture of the town. He had failed to induce the <229>enemy's advanced guard to attack him in position. To attack himself, in broad daylight, with such vast disproportion of numbers, was out of the question. His resources, however, were not exhausted. After dark on the 12th, when his troops had left the town, he called a council, consisting of General Garnett and the regimental commanders of the Stonewall Brigade, and proposed a night attack on the Federal advance. When the troops had eaten their supper and rested for some hours, they were to march to the neighbourhood of the enemy, some four miles north of Winchester, and make the attack before daylight. The Federal troops were raw and inexperienced. Prestige was on the side of the Confederates, and their *moral* was high. The darkness, the suddenness and energy of the attack, the lack of drill and discipline, would all tend to throw the enemy into confusion; and ' by the vigorous use of the bayonet, and the blessing of divine Providence,' Jackson believed that he would win a signal victory. In the meantime, whilst the council was assembling, he went off, booted and spurred, to make a hasty call on Dr. Graham, whose family he found oppressed with the gloom that overspread the whole town. 'He was so buoyant and hopeful himself that their drooping spirits were revived, and after engaging with them in family worship, he retired, departing with a cheerful "Good evening," merely saying that he intended to dine with them the next day as usual.'

When the council met, however, it was found that someone had blundered. The staff had been at fault. The general had ordered his trains to be parked immediately south of Winchester, but they had been taken by those in charge to Kernstown and Newtown, from three to eight miles distant, and the troops had been marched back to them to get their rations.

Jackson learned for the first time, when he met his officers, that his brigades, instead of being on the outskirts of Winchester, were already five or six miles away. A march of ten miles would thus be needed to bring them into contact with the enemy. This fact and the disapproval of the council caused him to abandon his project. <230>

Before following his troops he once more went back to Dr. Graham's. His cheerful demeanour during his previous visit, although he had been as reticent as ever as to his plans, had produced a false impression, and this he thought it his duty to correct. He explained his plans to his friend, and as he detailed the facts which had induced him to change them, he repeatedly expressed his reluctance to give up Winchester without a blow. ' With slow and desperate earnestness he said, "Let me think—an I not yet carry my plan into execution ?" As he uttered these words he grasped the hilt of his sword, and the fierce light that blazed in his eyes revealed to his companion a new man. The next moment he dropped his head and released his sword, with the words, "No, I must not do

it; it may cost the lives of too many brave men. I must retreat and wait for a better time." He had learned a lesson. ' Late in the evening,' says the medical director of the Valley army, 'we withdrew from Winchester. I rode with the general as we left the place, and as we reached a high point overlooking the town we both turned to look at Winchester, now left to the mercy of the Federal soldiers. I think that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotion, and I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth; but my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson. His face was fairly blazing with the fire of wrath that was burning in him, and I felt awed before him. Presently he cried out, in a tone almost savage, "That is the last council of war I will ever hold ! "'

On leaving Winchester Jackson fell back to Strasburg, eighteen miles south. There was no immediate pursuit. Banks, in accordance with his instructions, occupied the town, and awaited further orders. These came on the 18th,(1) and Shields' division of 11,000 men with 27 guns was at once pushed on to Strasburg. Jackson had already withdrawn, hoping to draw Banks up the Valley, and was now encamped near Mount Jackson, a strong position twenty-five miles further south, the indefatigable Ashby still skirmishing with the enemy. The unusual <231>audacity which prompted the Federal advance was probably due to the fact that the exact strength of the Confederate force had been ascertained in Winchester. At all events, all apprehension of attack had vanished. Jackson's 4,500 men were considered a *quantité négligeable*, a mere corps of observation; and not only was Shields sent forward without support, but a large portion of Banks' corps was ordered to another field. Its *rôle* as an independent force had ceased. Its movements were henceforward to be subordinate to those of the main army, and McClellan designed to bring it into closer connection with his advance on Richmond. How his design was frustrated, how he struggled in vain to correct the original dissemination of his forces, how his right wing was held in a vice by Jackson, and how his initial errors eventually ruined his campaign, is a strategical lesson of the highest import.

From the day McClellan took command the Army of the Potomac had done practically nothing. Throughout the winter troops had poured into Washington at the rate of 40,000 a month. At the end of December there were 148,000 men fit for duty. On March 20 the grand aggregate was 240,000.(1) But during the winter no important enterprise had been undertaken. The colours of the rebels were still flaunting within sight of the forts of Washington, and the mouth of the Potomac was securely closed by Confederate batteries. With a mighty army at their service it is little wonder that the North became restive and reproached their general. It is doubtless true that the first thing needful was organisation. To discipline and consolidate the army so as to make success assured was unquestionably the wiser policy. The impatience of a sovereign people, ignorant of war, is not to be lightly yielded to. At the same time, the desire of a nation cannot be altogether disregarded. A general who obstinately refuses to place himself in accord with the political situation forfeits the confidence of his employers and the cordial support of the Administration. The cry throughout the North was for action. The President took <232>it upon himself to issue a series of orders. The army was ordered to advance on February 22, a date chosen because it was Washington's birthday, just as the third and most disastrous assault on Plevna was delivered on the 'name-day' of the Czar. McClellan secured delay. His plans were not yet ripe. The Virginia roads were still impassable. The season was not yet sufficiently advanced for active operations, and that his objections

were well founded it is impossible to deny. The prospect of success depended much upon the weather. Virginia, covered in many places with dense forests, crossed by many rivers, and with most indifferent communications, is a most difficult theatre of war, and the amenities of the Virginian spring are not to be lightly faced. Napoleon's fifth element, 'mud,' is a most disturbing factor in military calculations. It is related that a Federal officer, sent out to reconnoitre a road in a certain district of Virginia, reported that the road was there, but that he guessed 'the bottom had fallen out.' Moreover, McClellan had reason to believe that the Confederate army at Manassas was more than double its actual strength. His intelligence department, controlled, not by a trained staff officer, but by a well-known detective, estimated Johnston's force at 115,000 men. In reality, including the detachment on the Shenandoah, it at no time exceeded 50,000. But for all this there was no reason whatever for absolute inactivity. The capture of the batteries which barred the entrance to the Potomac, the defeat at of the Confederate detachments along the river, the occupation of Winchester or of Leesburg, were all feasible operations. By such means the impatience of the Northern people might have been assuaged. A few successes, even on a small scale, would have raised the *moral* of the troops and have trained them to offensive movements. The general would have retained the confidence of the Administration, and have secured the respect of his opponents. Jackson had set him the example. His winter expeditions had borne fruit. The Federal generals opposed to him gave him full credit for activity. 'Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the troops,' says one of Banks' brigadiers, 'that Jackson was permitted to <233>get away from Winchester without a fight, and but little heed was paid to my assurances that this chieftain would be apt, before the war closed, to give us an entertainment up to the utmost of our aspirations.'⁽¹⁾

It was not only of McClellan's inactivity that the Government complained. At the end of February he submitted a plan of operations to the President, and with that plan Mr. Lincoln totally disagreed. McClellan, basing his project on the supposition that Johnston had 100,000 men behind formidable intrenchments at Manassas, blocking the road to Richmond, proposed to transfer 150,000 men to the Virginia coast by sea; and landing either at Urbanna on the Rappahannock, or at Fortress Monroe on the Yorktown peninsula, to intervene between the Confederate army and Richmond, and possibly to capture the Southern capital before Johnston could get back to save it.

The plan at first sight seemed promising. But in Lincoln's eyes it had this great defect: during the time McClellan was moving round by water and disembarking his troops—and this, so few were the transports, would take at least a month—Johnston might make a dash at Washington. The city had been fortified. A cordon of detached forts surrounded it on a circumference of thirty miles. The Potomac formed an additional protection. But a cordon of isolated earthworks does not appeal as an effective barrier to the civilian mind, and above Point of Rocks the great river was easy of passage. Even if Washington were absolutely safe from a *coup de main*, Lincoln had still good reason for apprehension. The Union capital was merely the seat of government. It had no commercial interests. With a population of but 20,000, it was of no more practical importance than Windsor or Versailles. Compared with New York, Pittsburg, or Philadelphia, it was little more than a village. But, in the regard of the Northern people, Washington was the centre of the Union, the keystone of the national existence. The Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, were symbols as sacred to the States as the colours <234>to a regiment.⁽¹⁾ If the nation was set upon the fall of Richmond, it was at least as solicitous for the security of its own

chief city, and an administration that permitted that security to be endangered would have been compelled to bow to the popular clamour. The extraordinary taxation demanded by the war already pressed heavily on the people. Stocks were falling rapidly, and the financial situation was almost critical. It is probable, too, that a blow at Washington would have done more than destroy all confidence in the Government. England and France were chafing under the effects of the blockade. The marts of Europe were hungry for cotton. There was much sympathy beyond seas with the seceded States ;and, should Washington fall, the South, in all likelihood, would be recognised as an independent nation. Even if the Great Powers were to refuse her active aid in the shape of fleets and armies, she would at least have access to the money markets of the world; and it was possible that neither England nor France would endure the closing of her ports. With the breaking of the blockade, money, munitions, and perhaps recruits, would be poured into the Confederacy, and the difficulty of reconquest would be trebled. The dread of foreign interference was, therefore, very real; and Lincoln, foreseeing the panic that would shake the nation should a Confederate army cross the Potomac at Harper's Ferry or Point of Rocks, was quite justified in insisting on the security of Washington being placed beyond a doubt. He knew, as also did Jackson, that even a mere demonstration against so vital a point might have the most deplorable effect. Whatever line of invasion, he asked, might be adopted, let it be one that would cover Washington.

Lincoln's remonstrances, however, had no great weight with McClellan. The general paid little heed to the political situation. His chief argument in favour of the expedition by sea had been the strength of the fortifications at Manassas. Johnston's retreat on March 9 removed this obstacle from <235>his path; but although he immediately marched his whole army in pursuit, he still remained constant to his favourite idea. The road to Richmond from Washington involved a march of one hundred miles, over a difficult country, with a single railway as the line of supply. The route from the coast, although little shorter, was certainly easier. Fortress Monroe had remained in Federal hands. Landing under the shelter of its guns, he would push forward, aided by the navy, to West Point, the terminus of the York River Railroad, within thirty miles of Richmond, transporting his supplies by water. Washington, with the garrison he would leave behind, would in his opinion be quite secure. The Confederates would be compelled to concentrate for the defence of their capital, and a resolute endeavour on their part to cross the Potomac was forbidden by every rule of strategy. Had not Johnston, in his retreat, burnt the railway bridges ? Could there be a surer indication that he had no intention of returning ?

Such was McClellan's reasoning, and, putting politics aside, it was perfectly sound. Lincoln reluctantly yielded, and on March 17 the Army of the Potomac, withdrawing by successive divisions from Centreville to Alexandria, began its embarkation for the Peninsula, the region, in McClellan's words, 'of sandy roads and short land transportation.' (1) The vessels assembled at Alexandria could only carry 10,000 men, thus involving at least fifteen voyages to and fro. Yet the Commander-in-Chief was full of confidence. To the little force in the Shenandoah Valley, flying southward before Shields, he gave no thought. It would have been nothing short of miraculous had he even suspected that 4,500 men, under a professor of the higher mathematics, might bring to naught the operations of his gigantic host. Jackson was not even to be followed. Of Banks' three divisions, Shields', Sedgwick's, and Williams', that of Shields alone was considered sufficient to

protect Harper's Ferry, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and the Chesapeake Canal.⁽²⁾ Banks, with the remainder of his army, was to move at once to Manassas, and cover the approaches <236>to Washington east of the Blue Ridge. Sedgwick had already been detached to join McClellan; and on March 20 Williams' division began its march towards Manassas, while Shields fell back on Winchester.

On the evening of the 21st Ashby reported to Jackson that the enemy was retreating, and information came to hand that a long train of waggons, containing the baggage of 12,000 men, had left Winchester for Castleman's Ferry on the Shenandoah. Further reports indicated that Banks' whole force was moving eastward, and Jackson, in accordance with his instructions to hold the enemy in the Valley, at once pushed northward.⁽¹⁾ On the 22nd, Ashby, with 280 troopers and 3 horse-artillery guns, struck Shields' pickets about a mile south of Winchester. A skirmish ensued, and the presence of infantry, a battery, and some cavalry, was ascertained. Shields, who was wounded during the engagement by a shell, handled his troops ably. His whole division was in the near neighbourhood, but carefully concealed, and Ashby reported to Jackson that only four regiments of infantry, besides the guns and cavalry, remained at Winchester. Information obtained from the townspeople within the Federal lines confirmed the accuracy of his estimate. The enemy's main body, he was told, had already marched, and the troops which had opposed him were under orders to move to Harper's Ferry the next morning.

On receipt of this intelligence Jackson hurried forward from his camp near Woodstock, and that night reached Strasburg. At dawn on the 23rd four companies were despatched to reinforce Ashby; and under cover of this advanced guard the whole force followed in the direction of Kernstown, a tiny village, near which the Federal outposts were established. At one o'clock the three brigades, wearied by a march of fourteen miles succeeding one of twenty-two on the previous day, arrived [Graphic, Situation night of March 21st, 1862, omitted.] <237>upon the field of action. The ranks, however, were sadly weakened, for many of the men had succumbed to their unusual exertions. Ashby still confronted the enemy; but the Federals had developed a brigade of infantry, supported by two batteries and several squadrons, and the Confederate cavalry were slowly giving ground. On reaching the field Jackson ordered the troops to bivouac. ' Though it was very desirable,' he wrote, ' to prevent the enemy from leaving the Valley, yet I deemed it best not to attack until morning.' An inspection of the ground, however, convinced him that delay was impracticable. ' Ascertaining,' he continued, 'that the Federals had a position from which our forces could be seen, I concluded that it would be dangerous to postpone the attack until next day, as reinforcements might be brought up during the night.'⁽¹⁾ Ashby was directed to detach half his cavalry⁽²⁾ under Major Funsten in order to cover the left flank; and Jackson, ascertaining that his men were in good spirits at the prospect of meeting the enemy, made his preparations for fighting his first battle.

The position occupied by the Federals was by no means ill-adapted for defence. The country round Winchester, and indeed throughout the Valley of the Shenandoah, resembles in many of its features an English landscape. Low ridges, covered with open woods of oak and pine, overlook green pastures and scattered copses; and the absence of hedgerows and cottages gives a parklike aspect to the broad acres of rich ' blue grass.' But the deep lanes and hollow roads of England find here no counterpart. The tracks are rough and rude, and even the ' pikes,' as the main thoroughfares are generally called, are flush with the fields on either hand. The traffic has not yet worn them to a lower level, and

Virginia roadmaking despises such refinements as cuttings or embankments. The highways, even the 'Valley pike' itself, the great road which is inseparably linked with the fame of Stonewall Jackson and <238>his brigade, are mere ribbons of metal laid on swell and swale. Fences of the rudest description, zigzags of wooden rails, or walls of loose stone, are the only boundaries, and the land is parcelled out in more generous fashion than in an older and more crowded country. More desirable ground for military operations it would be difficult to find. There are few obstacles to the movement of cavalry and artillery, while the woods and undulations, giving ample cover, afford admirable opportunities for skilful manoeuvre. In the spring, however, the condition of the soil would be a drawback. At the date of the battle part of the country round Kernstown was under plough, and the whole was saturated with moisture. Horses sank fetlock-deep in the heavy meadows, and the rough roads, hardly seen for mud, made marching difficult.

The Federal front extended on both sides of the Valley turnpike. To the east was a broad expanse of rolling grassland, stretching away to the horizon; to the west a low knoll, crowned by a few trees, which goes by the name of Pritchard's Hill. Further north was a ridge, covered with brown woods, behind which lies Winchester. This ridge, nowhere more than 100 feet in height, runs somewhat obliquely to the road in a south-westerly direction, and passing within a mile and a half of Pritchard's Hill, sinks into the plain three miles south-west of Kerns-town. Some distance beyond this ridge, and separated from it by the narrow valley of the Opequon, rise the towering bluffs of the North Mountain, the western boundary of the Valley, sombre with forest from base to brow.

On leaving Winchester, Williams' division had struck due east, passing through the village of Berryville, and making for Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge. The Berry-ville road had thus become of importance to the garrison of Winchester, for it was from that direction, if they should become necessary, that reinforcements would arrive. General Kimball, commanding in Shields' absence the division which confronted Ashby, had therefore posted the larger portion of his troops eastward of the pike. A strong force of infantry, with waving colours, was plainly visible to <239>the Confederates, and it was seen that the extreme left was protected by several guns. On the right of the road was a line of skirmishers, deployed along the base of Pritchard's Hill, and on the knoll itself stood two batteries. The wooded ridge to westward was as yet unoccupied, except by scouting parties.

Jackson at once determined to turn the enemy's right. An attack upon the Federal left would have to be pushed across the open fields and decided by fair fighting, gun and rifle against gun and rifle, and on that flank the enemy was prepared for bottle. Could he seize the wooded ridge on his left, the initiative would be his. His opponent would be compelled to conform to his movements. The advantages of a carefully selected position would be lost. Instead of receiving attack where he stood, the Federal general would have to change front to meet it, to execute movements which he had possibly not foreseen, to fight on ground with which he was unfamiliar; and, instead of carrying out a plan which had been previously thought out, to conceive a new one on the spur of the moment, and to issue immediate orders for a difficult operation. Hesitation and confusion might ensue; and in place of a strongly established line, confidently awaiting the advance, isolated regiments, in all the haste and excitement of rapid movement, or hurriedly posted in unfavourable positions, would probably oppose the Confederate onset. Such are the advantages which accrue to the force which delivers an attack where it is not expected;

and, to all appearance, Jackson's plan of battle promised to bring them into play to the very fullest extent. The whole force of the enemy, as reported by Ashby, was before him, plainly visible. To seize the wooded ridge, while the cavalry held the Federals fast in front; to pass beyond Pritchard's Hill, and to cut the line of retreat on Winchester, seemed no difficult task. The only danger was the possibility of a counterstroke while the Confederates were executing their turning movement. But the enemy, so far as Jackson's information went, was rapidly withdrawing from the Valley. The force confronting him was no more than a rear-guard; and it was improbable in <240>the extreme that a mere rear-guard would involve itself in a desperate engagement. The moment its line of retreat was threatened it would probably fall back. To provide, however, against all emergencies, Colonel Burks' brigade of three battalions was left for the present in rear of Kernstown, and here, too, remained four of the field batteries. With the remainder of his force, two brigades of infantry and a battery, Jackson moved off to his left. Two companies of the 5th Virginia were recruited from Winchester. Early in the day the general had asked the regiment for a guide familiar with the locality; and, with the soldier showing the way, the 27th Virginia, with two of Carpenter's guns as advanced-guard, struck westward by a wagon track across the meadows, while Ashby pressed the Federals in front of Kernstown. The main body followed in two parallel columns, and the line of march soon brought them within range of the commanding batteries on Pritchard's Hill.(1) At a range of little more than a mile the enemy's gunners poured a heavy fire on the serried ranks, and Carpenter, unlimbering near the Opequon Church, sought to distract their aim.

The Confederate infantry, about 2,000 all told, although moving in mass, and delayed by fences and marshy ground, passed unscathed under the storm of shell, and in twenty minutes the advanced guard had seized the wooded ridge.

Finding a rocky clearing on the crest, about a mile distant from Pritchard's Hill, Jackson sent back for the artillery. Three batteries, escorted by two of Burks' battalions, the 21st Virginia and the Irishmen, pushed across the level as rapidly as the wearied teams could move. Two guns were dismounted by the Federal fire; but, coming into action on the ridge, the remainder engaged the hostile batteries with effect. Meanwhile, breaking their way through the ragged undergrowth of the bare March woods, the infantry, in two lines, was pressing forward along the <241>ridge. On the right was the 27th Virginia, supported by the 21st; on the left, Fulkerson's two battalions, with the Stonewall Brigade in second line. The 5th Virginia remained at the foot of the ridge near Macauley's cottage, in order to connect with Ashby. Jackson's tactics appeared to be succeeding perfectly. A body of cavalry and infantry, posted behind Pritchard's Hill, was seen to be withdrawing, and the fire of the Federal guns was visibly weakening. Suddenly, in the woods northward of the Confederate batteries, was heard a roar of musketry, and the 27th Virginia came reeling back before the onslaught of superior numbers. But the 21st was hurried to their assistance; the broken ranks rallied from their surprise; and a long line of Federal skirmishers, thronging through the thickets, was twice repulsed by the Southern marksmen.(1)

Fulkerson, further to the left, was more fortunate than the 27th. Before he began his advance along the ridge he had deployed his two battalions under cover, and when the musketry broke out on his right front, they were moving forward over an open field. Half-way across the field ran a stone wall or fence, and beyond the wall were seen the tossing colours and bright bayonets of a line of battle, just emerging from the woods. Then came

a race for the wall, and the Confederates won. A heavy fire, at the closest range, blazed out in the face of the charging Federals, and in a few moments the stubble was strewn with dead and wounded. A Pennsylvania regiment, leaving a colour on the field, gave way in panic, and the whole of the enemy's force retreated to the shelter of the woods. An attempt to turn Jackson's left was then easily frustrated; and although the Federals maintained a heavy fire, Fulker-son's men held stubbornly to the wall.

In the centre of the field the Northern riflemen were sheltered by a bank; their numbers continually increased.

(1) The Confederate advance was made in the following order :—

—	—	—	—
23rd Va.	37th Va.	27th Va.	—
	—	—	21st Va.
	4th Va.	33rd Va.	2nd Va.
			—
			Irish Battn.

<242>and here the struggle was more severe. The 4th and 33rd Virginia occupied this portion of the line, and they were without support, for the 2nd Virginia and the Irish battalion, the last available reserves upon the ridge, had been already sent forward to reinforce the right.

The right, too, was hardly pressed. The Confederate infantry had everywhere to do with superior numbers, and the artillery, in that wooded ground, could lend but small support. The batteries protected the right flank, but they could take no share in the struggle to the front; and yet, as the dusk came on, after two long hours of battle, the white colours of the Virginia regiments, fixed fast amongst the rocks, still waved defiant. The long grey line, 'a ragged spray of humanity,' plied the ramrod with still fiercer energy, and pale women on the hills round Winchester listened in terror to the crashing echoes of the leafless woods. But the end could not be long delayed. Ammunition was giving out. Every company which had reached the ridge had joined the fighting line. The ranks were thinning. Many of the bravest officers were down, and the Northern regiments, standing staunchly to their work, had been strongly reinforced.

Ashby for once had been mistaken. It was no rearguard that barred the road to Winchester, but Shields' entire division, numbering at least 9,000 men. A prisoner captured the day before had admitted that the Confederates were under the impression that Winchester had been evacuated, and that Jackson had immediately moved forward. Shields, an able officer, who had commanded a brigade in Mexico, saw his opportunity. He knew something of his opponent, and anticipating that he would be eager to attack, had ordered the greater part of his division to remain concealed. Kimball's brigade and five batteries were sent quietly, under cover of the night, to Pritchard's Hill. Sullivan's brigade was posted in support, hidden from view behind a wood. The cavalry and Tyler's brigade were held in reserve, north of the town, at a distance where they were not likely to be observed by the inhabitants. As soon as the Confederates came in sight, and Kimball deployed across the pike, Tyler was brought <243>through the town and placed in rear of Sullivan, at a point where the road dips down between two parallel ridges. Shields himself, wounded in the skirmish of the preceding day, was not present at the action, although responsible for these dispositions, and the command had devolved on Kimball. That officer, when Jackson's design became apparent, ordered Tyler to occupy the wooded ridge; and it was his five regiments, over 3,000 strong, which had struck so strongly at the

Confederate advance. But although superior in numbers by a third, they were unable to make headway. Kimball, however, rose to the situation before it was too late. Recognising that Ashby's weak attack was nothing more than a demonstration, he hurried nearly the whole of his own brigade, followed by three battalions of Sullivan's, to Tyler's aid, leaving a couple of battalions and the artillery to hold the pike.

'The struggle,' says Shields, 'had been for a short time doubtful,'⁽¹⁾ but this reinforcement of 3,000 bayonets turned the scale. Jackson had ordered the 5th and 42nd Virginia to the ridge, and a messenger was sent back to hurry forward the 48th. But it was too late. Before the 5th could reach the heights the centre of the Confederate line was broken. Garnett, the commander of the Stonewall Brigade, without referring to the general, who was in another part of the field, had given the order to fall back. Fulkerson, whose right was now uncovered, was obliged to conform to the rearward movement, and moving across from Pritchard's Hill, two Federal regiments, despite the fire of the Southern guns, made a vigorous attack on Jackson's right. The whole Confederate line, long since dissolved into a crowd of skirmishers, and with the various regiments much mixed up, fell back, still fighting, through the woods. Across the clearing, through the clouds of smoke, came the Northern masses in pursuit. On the extreme right a hot fire of canister, at a range of two hundred and fifty yards, drove back the troops that had come from Pritchard's Hill; but on the wooded ridge above the artillery was unable to hold its own. The enemy's riflemen swarmed in the thickets, <244>and the batteries fell back. As they limbered up one of the six-pounders was overturned. Under a hot fire, delivered at not more than fifty paces distant, the sergeant in charge cut loose the three remaining horses, but the gun was abandoned to the enemy.

Jackson, before the Federal reinforcements had made their presence felt, was watching the progress of the action on the left. Suddenly, to his astonishment and wrath, he saw the lines of his old brigade falter and fall back. Galloping to the spot he imperatively ordered Garnett to hold his ground, and then turned to restore the fight. Seizing a drummer by the shoulder, he dragged him to a rise of ground, in full view of the troops, and bade him in curt, quick tones, to 'Beat the rally!' The drum rolled at his order, and with his hand on the frightened boy's shoulder, amidst a storm of balls, he tried to check the flight of his defeated troops. His efforts were useless. His fighting-line was shattered into fragments; and although, according to a Federal officer, 'many of the brave Virginians lingered in rear of their retreating comrades, loading as they slowly retired, and rallying in squads in every ravine and behind every hill—or hiding singly among the trees,'⁽¹⁾ it was impossible to stay the rout. The enemy was pressing forward in heavy force, and their shouts of triumph rang from end to end of the field of battle. No doubt remained as to their overwhelming numbers, and few generals but would have been glad enough to escape without tempting fortune further.

It seemed almost too late to think of even organising a rear-guard. But Jackson, so far from preparing for retreat, had not yet ceased to think of victory. The 5th and 42nd Virginia were coming up, a compact force of 600 bayonets, and a vigorous and sudden counterstroke might yet change the issue of the day. The reinforcements, however, had not yet come in sight, and galloping back to meet them he found that instead of marching resolutely against the enemy, the two regiments had taken post to the rear, on the crest of a wooded swell, in order to cover the retreat. On his way to the front the colonel of the 5th Virginia had <245>received an order from Garnett instructing him to occupy a position

behind which the fighting-line might recover its formation. Jackson was fain to acquiesce; but the fighting-line was by this time scattered beyond all hope of rallying; the opportunity for the counterstroke had passed away, and the battle was irretrievably lost.

Arrangements were quickly made to enable the broken troops to get away without further molestation. A battery was ordered to take post at the foot of the hill, and Funsten's cavalry was called up from westward of the ridge. The 42nd Virginia came into line on the right of the 5th, and covered by a stone wall and thick timber, these two small regiments, encouraged by the presence of their commander, held stoutly to their ground. The attack was pressed with reckless gallantry. In front of the 5th Virginia the colours of the 5th Ohio changed hands no less than six times, and one of them was pierced by no less than eight-and-forty bullets. The 84th Pennsylvania was twice repulsed and twice rallied, but on the fall of its colonel retreated in confusion. The left of the 14th Indiana broke; but the 13th Indiana now came up, and 'inch by inch,' according to their commanding officer, the Confederates were pushed back. The 5th Virginia was compelled to give way before a flanking fire; but the colonel retired the colours to a short distance, and ordered the regiment to re-form on them. Again the heavy volleys blazed out in the gathering twilight, and the sheaves of death grew thicker every moment on the bare hillside. But still the Federals pressed on, and swinging round both flanks, forced the Confederate rear-guard from the field, while their cavalry, moving up the valley of the Opequon, captured several ambulances and cut off some two or three hundred fugitives.

As the night began to fall the 5th Virginia, retiring steadily towards the pike, filed into a narrow lane, fenced by a stone wall, nearly a mile distant from their last position, and there took post for a final stand. Their left was commanded by the ridge, and on the heights in the rear, coming up from the Opequon valley, appeared a large mass of Northern cavalry. It was a situation sufficiently uncomfortable. <246>If the ground was too difficult for the horsemen to charge over in the gathering darkness, a volley from their carbines could scarcely have failed to clear the wall. 'A single ramrod,' it was said in the Confederate ranks, 'would have spitted the whole battalion.' But not a shot was fired. The pursuit of the Federal infantry had been stayed in the pathless woods, the cavalry was held in check by Funsten's squadrons, and the 5th was permitted to retire unmolested.

The Confederates, with the exception of Ashby, who halted at Bartonsville, a farm upon the pike, a mile and a half from the field of battle, fell back to Newtown, three miles further south, where the trains had been parked. The men were utterly worn out. Three hours of fierce fighting against far superior numbers had brought them to the limit of their endurance. 'In the fence corners, under the trees, and around the waggons they threw themselves down, many too weary to eat, and forgot, in profound slumber, the trials, the dangers, and the disappointments of the day.'⁽¹⁾

Jackson, when the last sounds of battle had died away, followed his troops. Halting by a camp-fire, he stood and warmed himself for a time, and then, remounting, rode back to Bartonsville. Only one staff officer, his chief commissary, Major Hawks, accompanied him. The rest had dropped away, overcome by exhaustion. 'Turning from the road into an orchard, he fastened up his horse, and asked his companion if he could make a fire, adding, "We shall have to burn fence-rails to-night." The major soon had a roaring fire, and was making a bed of rails, when the general wished to know what he was doing. "Finding a place to sleep," was the reply. "You seem determined to make yourself and those around you comfortable," said Jackson. And knowing the general had fasted all day,

he soon obtained some bread and meat from the nearest squad of soldiers, and after they had satisfied their hunger, they slept soundly on the rail-bed in a fence-corner.'

Such was the battle of Kernstown, in which over [Image, Battle of Kernstown, Sunday, March 23d, 1862, omitted.] <247>1,200 men were killed and wounded, the half of them Confederates. Two or three hundred prisoners fell into the hands of the Federals. Nearly one-fourth of Jackson's infantry was *hors de combat*, and he had lost two guns. His troops were undoubtedly depressed. They had anticipated an easy victory; the overwhelming strength of the Federals had surprised them, and their losses had been severe. But no regret disturbed the slumbers of their leader. He had been defeated, it was true; but he looked further than the immediate result of the engagement. 'I feel justified in saying,' he wrote in his short report, 'that, though the battle-field is in the possession of the enemy, yet the most essential fruits of the victory are ours.' As he stood before the camp-fire near Newtown, wrapped in his long cloak, his hands behind his back, and stirring the embers with his foot, one of Ashby's youngest troopers ventured to interrupt his reverie. 'The Yankees don't seem willing to quit Winchester, General!' 'Winchester is a very pleasant place to stay in, sir!' was the quick reply. Nothing daunted, the boy went on: 'It was reported that they were retreating, but I guess they're retreating after us.' With his eyes still fixed on the blazing logs: 'I think I may say I am satisfied, sir!' was Jackson's answer; and with no further notice of the silent circle round the fire, he stood gazing absently into the glowing flames. After a few minutes the tall figure turned away, and without another word strode off into the darkness.

That Jackson divined the full effect of his attack would be to assert too much. That he realised that the battle, though a tactical defeat, was strategically a victory is very evident. He knew something of Banks, he knew more of McClellan, and the bearing of the Valley on the defence of Washington had long been uppermost in his thoughts. He had learned from Napoleon to throw himself into the spirit of his enemy, and it is not improbable that when he stood before the fire near Newtown he had already foreseen, in some degree at least, the events that would follow the news of his attack at Kernstown. <248>

The outcome of the battle was indeed far-reaching. 'Though the battle had been won,' wrote Shields, 'still I could not have believed that Jackson would have hazarded a decisive engagement, so far from the main body, without expecting reinforcements; so, to be prepared for such a contingency, I set to work during the night to bring together all the troops within my reach. I sent an express after Williams' division, requesting the rear brigade, about twenty miles distant, to march all night and join me in the morning. I swept the posts in rear of almost all their guards, hurrying them forward by forced marches, to be with me at daylight.'⁽¹⁾

General Banks, hearing of the engagement on his way to Washington, halted at Harper's Ferry, and he also ordered Williams' division to return at once to Winchester.

One brigade only,⁽²⁾ which the order did not reach, continued the march to Manassas. This counter-movement met with McClellan's approval. He now recognised that Jackson's force, commanded as it was, was something more than a mere corps of observation, and that it was essential that it should be crushed. 'Your course was right,' he telegraphed on receiving Banks' report. 'As soon as you are strong enough push Jackson hard and drive him well beyond Strasburg The very moment the thorough defeat of Jackson will permit it, resume the movement on Manassas, always leaving the whole of Shields' command at or near Strasburg and Winchester until the Manassas Gap Railway is fully

repaired. Communicate fully and act vigorously.'(3)

8,000 men (Williams' division) were thus temporarily withdrawn from the force that was to cover Washington from the south. But this was only the first step. Jackson's action had forcibly attracted the attention of the Federal Government to the Upper Potomac. The President was already contemplating the transfer of Blenker's division from McClellan to Frémont; the news of Kernstown decided the <249>question, and at the end of March these 9,000 men were ordered to West Virginia, halting at Strasburg, in case Banks should then need them, on their way.(1) But even this measure did not altogether allay Mr. Lincoln's apprehensions. McClellan had assured him, on April 1, that 73,000 men would be left for the defence of the capital and its approaches. But in the original arrangement, with which the President had been satisfied, Williams was to have been brought to Manassas, and Shields alone left in the Shenandoah Valley. Under the new distribution the President found that the force at Manassas would be decreased by two brigades; and, at the same time, that while part of the troops McClellan had promised were not forthcoming, a large portion of those actually available were good for nothing. The officer left in command at Washington reported that 'nearly all his force was imperfectly disciplined; that several of the regiments were in a very disorganised condition; that efficient artillery regiments had been removed from the forts, and that he had to relieve them with very new infantry regiments, entirely unacquainted with the duties of that arm.' (2) Lincoln submitted the question to six generals of the regular army, then present in Washington; and these officers replied that, in their opinion, 'the requirement of the President that this city shall be left entirely secure has not been fully complied with.' (3)

On receiving this report, Lincoln ordered the First Army Corps, 37,000 strong, under General McDowell, to remain at Manassas in place of embarking for the Peninsula; and thus McClellan, on the eve of his advance on Richmond, found his original force of 150,000 reduced by 46,000 officers and men. Moreover, not content with detaching McDowell for a time, Lincoln, the next day, assigned that general to an independent command, covering the approaches to Washington; Banks, also, was withdrawn from <250>McClellan's control, and directed to defend the Valley. The original dissemination of the Federal forces was thus gravely accentuated, and the Confederates had now to deal with four distinct armies, McClellan's, McDowell's, 'Banks', and Frémont's, dependent for co-operation on the orders of two civilians, President Lincoln and his Secretary of War. And this was not all. McDowell had been assigned a most important part in McClellan's plan of invasion. The road from Fortress Monroe was barred by the fortifications of Yorktown. These works could be turned, however, by sending a force up the York River. But the passage of the stream was debarred to the Federal transports by a strong fort at Gloucester Point, on the left bank, and the capture of this work was to be the task of the First Army Corps. No wonder that McClellan, believing that Johnston commanded 100,000 men, declared that in his deliberate judgment the success of the Federal cause was imperilled by the order which detached McDowell from his command. However inadequately the capital might be defended, it was worse than folly to interfere with the general's plans when he was on the eve of executing them. The best way of defending Washington was for McClellan to march rapidly on Richmond, and seize his adversary by the throat. By depriving him of McDowell, Lincoln and his advisers made such a movement difficult, and the grand army of invasion found itself in a most embarrassing situation. Such was the effect of a blow struck at the right place and the right time, though

struck by no more than 3,000 bayonets.

The battle of Kernstown was undoubtedly well fought. It is true that Jackson believed that he had no more than four regiments of infantry, a few batteries, and some cavalry before him. But it was a skilful manoeuvre, which threw three brigades and three batteries, more than two-thirds of his whole strength, on his opponent's flank. An ordinary general would probably have employed only a small portion of his force in the turning movement. Not so the student of Napoleon. 'In the general's haversack,' says one of Jackson's staff, 'were always three books: the Bible, <251>Napoleon's Maxims of War, and Webster's Dictionary—for his spelling was uncertain—and these books he constantly consulted.' Whether the chronicles of the Jewish kings threw any light on the tactical problem involved at Kerns-town may be left to the commentators; but there can be no question as to the Maxims. To hurl overwhelming numbers at the point where the enemy least expects attack is the whole burden of Napoleon's teaching, and there can be no doubt but that the wooded ridge, unoccupied save by a few scouts, was the weakest point of the defence.

The manoeuvre certainly surprised the Federals, and it very nearly beat them. Tyler's brigade was unsupported for nearly an hour and a half. Had his battalions been less staunch, the tardy reinforcements would have been too late to save the day. Coming up as they did, not in a mass so strong as to bear all before it by its own inherent weight, but in successive battalions, at wide intervals of time, they would themselves have become involved in a desperate engagement under adverse circumstances. Nor is Kimball to be blamed that he did not throw greater weight on Jackson's turning column at an earlier hour. Like Shields and Banks, he was unable to believe that Jackson was unsupported. He expected that the flank attack would be followed up by one in superior numbers from the front. He could hardly credit that an inferior force would deliberately move off to a flank, leaving its line of retreat to be guarded by a few squadrons, weakly supported by infantry; and the audacity of the assailant had the usual effect of deceiving the defender.

Kernstown, moreover, will rank as an example of what determined men can do against superior numbers. The Confederates on the ridge, throughout the greater part of the fight, hardly exceeded 2,000 muskets. They were assailed by 3,000, and proved a match for them. The 3,000 were then reinforced by at least 3,000 more, whilst Jackson could bring up only 600 muskets to support an already broken line. Nevertheless, these 6,000 Northerners were so roughly handled that there was practically no pursuit. When the Confederates fell back every one of the <252>Federal regiments had been engaged, and there were no fresh troops wherewith to follow them. Jackson was perfectly justified in reporting that 'Night and an indisposition of the enemy to press further terminated the battle.'⁽¹⁾

But the action was attended by features more remarkable than the stubborn resistance of the Virginia regiments. It is seldom that a battle so insignificant as Kernstown has been followed by such extraordinary results. Fortune indeed favoured the Confederates. At the time of the battle a large portion of McClellan's army was at sea, and the attack was delivered at the very moment when it was most dreaded by the Northern Government. Nor was it to the disadvantage of the Southerners that the real head of the Federal army was the President, and that his strategical conceptions were necessarily subservient to the attitude of the Northern people. These were circumstances purely fortuitous, and it might seem, therefore, that Jackson merely blundered into success. But he must be given full

credit for recognising that a blow at Banks might be fraught with most important consequences. It was with other ideas than defeating a rear-guard or detaining Banks that he seized the Kernstown ridge. He was not yet aware of McClellan's plan of invasion by sea; but he knew well that any movement that would threaten Washington must prove embarrassing to the Federal Government; that they could not afford to leave the Upper Potomac ill secured; and that the knowledge that an active and enterprising enemy, who had shown himself determined to take instant advantage of every opportunity, was within the Valley, would probably cause them to withdraw troops from McClellan in order to guard the river. A fortnight after the battle, asking for reinforcements, he wrote, ' If Banks is defeated it may greatly retard McClellan's movements.' (2)

Stubborn as had been the fighting of his brigades, Jackson himself was not entirely satisfied with his officers. When Sullivan and Kimball came to Tyler's aid, and a new line of battle threatened to overwhelm the Stonewall <253>regiments, Garnett, on his own responsibility, had given the order to retire. Many of the men, their ammunition exhausted, had fallen to the rear. The exertions of the march had begun to tell. The enemy's attacks had been fiercely pressed, and before the pressure of his fresh brigades the Confederate power of resistance was strained to breaking-point. Garnett had behaved with conspicuous gallantry. The officers of his brigade declared that he was perfectly justified in ordering a retreat. Jackson thought otherwise, and almost immediately after the battle he relieved him of his command, placed him under arrest, and framed charges for his trial by court-martial. He would not accept the excuse that ammunition had given out. At the time the Stonewall Brigade gave back the 5th and 42nd Virginia were at hand. The men had still their bayonets, and he did not consider the means of victory exhausted until the cold steel had been employed. ' He insisted,' says Dabney,' that a more resolute struggle might have won the field.'(1)

Now, in the first place, it must be conceded that Garnett had not the slightest right to abandon his position without a direct order.(2) In the second, if we turn to the table of losses furnished by the brigade commander, we find that in Garnett's four regiments, numbering 1,100 officers and men, there fell 153. In addition, 148 were reported missing, but, according to the official reports, the majority of these were captured by the Federal cavalry and were unwounded. At most, then, when he gave the order to retreat, Garnett had lost 200, or rather less than 20 per cent.

Such loss was heavy, but by no means excessive. A few months later hardly a brigade in either army would have given way because every fifth man had fallen. A year later and the Stonewall regiments would have considered an action in which they lost 200 men as nothing <254>more than a skirmish.(1) The truth would seem to be that the Valley soldiers were not yet ' blooded.' In peace the individual is everything; material prosperity, self-indulgence, and the preservation of existence are the general aim. In war the individual is nothing, and men learn the lesson of self-sacrifice. But it is only gradually, however high the enthusiasm which inspires the troops, that the ideas of peace become effaced, and they must be seasoned soldiers who will endure, without flinching, the losses of Waterloo or Gettysburg. Discipline, which means the effacement of the individual, does more than break the soldier to unhesitating obedience; it trains him to die for duty's sake, and even the Stonewall Brigade, in the spring of 1862, was not yet thoroughly disciplined. ' The lack of competent and energetic officers,' writes Jackson's chief of the staff, 'was at this time the bane of the service. In many there was neither an intelligent

comprehension of their duties nor zeal in their performance. Appointed by the votes of their neighbours and friends, they would neither exercise that rigidity in governing, nor that detailed care in providing for the wants of their men, which are necessary to keep soldiers efficient. The duties of the drill and the sentry-post were often negligently performed; and the most profuse waste of ammunition and other military stores was permitted. It was seldom that these officers were guilty of cowardice upon the field of battle, but they were often in the wrong place, fighting as common soldiers when they should have been directing others. Above all was their inefficiency marked in their inability to keep their men in the ranks. Absenteeism grew under them to a monstrous evil, and every poltroon and laggard found a way of escape. Hence the frequent phenomenon that regiments, which on the books of the commissary appeared as consumers of 500 or 1,000 rations, were reported as <255>carrying into action 250 or 300 bayonets. (1) It is unlikely that this picture is over-coloured, and it is certainly no reproach to the Virginia soldiers that their discipline was indifferent. There had not yet been time to transform a multitude of raw recruits into the semblance of a regular army. Competent instructors and trained leaders were few in the extreme, and the work had to be left in inexperienced hands. One Stonewall Jackson was insufficient to leaven a division of 5,000 men.

In the second place, Jackson probably remembered that the Stonewall Brigade at Bull Run, dashing out with the bayonet on the advancing Federals, had driven them back on their reserves. It seems hardly probable, had Garnett at Kernstown held his ground a little longer, that the three regiments still intact could have turned the tide of battle. But it is not impossible. The Federals had been roughly handled. Their losses had been heavier than those of the Confederates. A resolute counterstroke has before now changed the face of battle, and among unseasoned soldiers panic spreads with extraordinary effect. So far as can be gathered from the reports, there is no reason to suspect that the vigour of the Federal battalions was as yet relaxed. But no one who was not actually present can presume to judge of the temper of the troops. In every well-contested battle there comes a moment when the combatants on both sides become exhausted, and the general who at that moment finds it in his heart to make one more effort will generally succeed. Such was the experience of Grant, Virginia's stoutest enemy. (2) That moment, perhaps, had come at Kernstown; and Jackson, than whom not Skobelev himself had clearer vision or cooler brain in the tumult of battle, may have observed it. It cannot be too often repeated that numbers go for little on the battle-field. It is possible that Jackson had in his mind, when he declared that the victory might yet have been won, the decisive counter-stroke at Marengo, where 20,000 Austrians, pressing forward in pursuit of a defeated enemy, were utterly overthrown by a <256>fresh division of 6,000 men supported by four squadrons. (1)

Tactical unity and *moral* are factors of far more importance in battle than mere numerical strength. Troops that have been hotly engaged, even with success, and whose nerves are wrought up to a high state of tension, are peculiarly susceptible to surprise. If they have lost their order, and the men find themselves under strange officers, with unfamiliar faces beside them, the counterstroke falls with even greater force. It is at such moments that cavalry still finds its opportunity. It is at such moments that a resolute charge, pushed home with drums beating and a loud cheer, may have extraordinary results. On August 6, 1870, on the heights of Wörth, a German *corps d'armée*, emerging,

after three hours' fierce fighting, from the great wood on McMahon's flank, bore down upon the last stronghold of the French. The troops were in the utmost confusion. Divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies were mingled in one motley mass. But the enemy was retreating; a heavy force of artillery was close at hand, and the infantry must have numbered at least 10,000 rifles. Suddenly three battalions of Turcos, numbering no more than 1,500 bayonets, charged with wild cries, and without firing, down the grassy slope. The Germans halted, fired a few harmless volleys, and then, turning as one man, bolted to the shelter of the wood, twelve hundred yards in rear.

According to an officer of the 14th Indiana, the Federals at Kernstown were in much the same condition as the Germans at Wörth. 'The Confederates fell back in great disorder, and we advanced in disorder just as great. Over logs, through woods, over hills and fields, the brigades, regiments, and companies advanced, in one promiscuous, mixed, and uncontrollable mass. Officers shouted themselves hoarse in trying to bring order out of confusion, but <257>all their efforts were unavailing along the front line, or rather what ought to have been the front line.'⁽¹⁾

Garnett's conduct was not the only incident connected with Kernstown that troubled Jackson. March 23 was a Sunday. 'You appear much concerned,' he writes to his wife, 'at my attacking on Sunday. I am greatly concerned too; but I felt it my duty to do it, in consideration of the ruinous effects that might result from postponing the battle until the morning. So far as I can see, my course was a wise one; the best that I could do under the circumstances, though very distasteful to my feelings; and I hope and pray to our Heavenly Father that I may never again be circumstanced as on that day. I believed that, so far as our troops were concerned, necessity and mercy both called for the battle. I do hope that the war will soon be over, and that I shall never again be called upon to take the field. Arms is a profession that, if its principles are adhered to, requires an officer to do what he fears may be wrong, and yet, according to military experience, must be done if success is to be attained. And the fact of its being necessary to success, and being accompanied with success, and that a departure from it is accompanied with disaster, suggests that it must be right. Had I fought the battle on Monday instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered, whereas, as things turned out, I consider our cause gained much from the engagement.'

We may wonder if his wife detected the unsoundness of the argument. To do wrong—for wrong it was according to her creed—in order that good may ensue is what it comes to. The literal interpretation of the Scriptural rule seems to have led her husband into difficulties; but the incident may serve to show with what earnestness, in every action of his life, he strove to shape his conduct with what he believed to be his duty.

It has already been observed that Jackson's reticence was remarkable. No general could have been more careful that no inkling of his design should reach the enemy. He had not the slightest hesitation in withholding his plans from <258>even his second in command; special correspondents were rigorously excluded from his camps; and even with his most confidential friends his reserve was absolutely impenetrable. During his stay at Winchester, it was his custom directly he rose to repair to headquarters and open his correspondence. When he returned to breakfast at Dr. Graham's there was much anxiety evinced to hear the news from the front. What the enemy was doing across the Potomac, scarce thirty miles away, was naturally of intense interest to the people of the border town. But not the smallest detail of intelligence, however unimportant, escaped his lips.

To his wife he was as uncommunicative as to the rest. Neither hint nor suggestion made the least impression, and direct interrogations were put by with a quiet smile. Nor was he too shy to suggest to his superiors that silence was golden. In a report to Johnston, written four days after Kernstown, he administered what can scarcely be considered other than a snub, delicately expressed but unmistakable:—

' It is understood in the Federal army that you have instructed me to keep the forces now in this district and not permit them to cross the Blue Ridge, and that this must be done at every hazard, and that for the purpose of effecting this I made my attack. I have never so much as intimated such a thing to anyone.'⁽¹⁾

It cannot be said that Jackson's judgment in attacking Shields was at once appreciated in the South. The defeat, at first, was ranked with the disasters in the West. But as soon as the effects upon the enemy were appreciated the tide of popular feeling turned. The gallantry of the Valley regiments was fully recognised, and the thanks of Congress were tendered to Jackson and his troops.

No battle was ever yet fought in exact accordance with the demands of theory, and Kernstown, great in its results, gives openings to the critics. Jackson, it is said, attacked with tired troops, on insufficient information, and contrary to orders. As to the first, it may be said that his decision <259>to give the enemy no time to bring up fresh troops was absolutely justified by events. On hearing of his approach to Kernstown, Banks immediately countermarched a brigade of Williams' division from Castleman's Ferry. A second brigade was recalled from Snicker's Gap on the morning of the 24th, and reached Winchester the same evening, after a march of six-and-twenty miles. Had attack been deferred, Shields would have been strongly reinforced.

As to the second, Jackson had used every means in his power to get accurate intelligence.⁽¹⁾ Ashby had done his best. Although the Federals had 780 cavalry present, and every approach to Winchester was strongly picketed, his scouts had pushed within the Federal lines, and had communicated with the citizens of Winchester. Their reports were confirmed, according to Jackson's despatch, ' from a source which had been remarkable for its reliability,' and for the last two days a retrograde movement towards Snicker's Gap had been reported. The ground, it is true, favoured an ambush. But the strategic situation demanded instant action. McClellan's advanced guard was within fifty miles of Johnston's position on the Rapidan, and a few days' march might bring the main armies into collision. If Jackson was to bring Banks back to the Valley, and himself join Johnston before the expected battle, he had no time to spare. Moreover, the information to hand was quite sufficient to justify him in trusting something to fortune. Even a defeat, if the attack were resolutely pushed, might have the best effect.

The third reproach, that Jackson disobeyed orders, can hardly be sustained. He was in command of a detached force operating at a distance from the main army, and Johnston, with a wise discretion, had given him not orders, <260>but instructions; that is, the general-in-chief had merely indicated the purpose for which Jackson's force had been detached, and left to his judgment the manner in which that purpose was to be achieved. Johnston had certainly suggested that he should not expose himself to the danger of defeat. But when it became clear that he could not retain the enemy in the Valley unless he closed with him, to have refrained from attack would have been to disobey the spirit of his instructions.

(1)The truth is that in war, accurate intelligence, especially when two armies are in close contact, is

exceedingly difficult to obtain. At Jena, even after the battle ended, Napoleon believed that the Prussians had put 80,000 men in line instead of 45,000. The night before Eylau, misled by the reports of Murat's cavalry, he was convinced that the Russians were retreating; and before Ligny he underestimated Blücher's strength by 40,000. The curious misconceptions under which the Germans commenced the battles of Spicheren, Mars-la-Tour, and Gravelotte will also occur to the military reader.

Again, when Jackson attacked he had good reason to believe that he ran no risk of defeat whatever. The force before him was reported as inferior to his own, and he might well have argued: 'To confine myself to observation will be to confess my weakness, and Banks is not likely to arrest his march to Manassas because of the presence of an enemy who dare not attack an insignificant rearguard.' Demonstrations, such as Johnston had advised, may undoubtedly serve a temporary purpose, but if protracted the enemy sees through them. On the 22nd, for instance, it was reported to Banks that the Confederates were advancing. The rear brigade of Williams' division was therefore countermarched from Snicker's Gap to Berryville; but the other two were suffered to proceed. Had Jackson remained quiescent in front of Shields, tacitly admitting his inferiority, the rear brigade would in all probability have soon been ordered to resume its march; and Lincoln, with no fear for Washington, would have allowed Blenker and McDowell to join McClellan.

Johnston, at least, held that his subordinate was justified. In publishing the thanks of the Confederate Congress tendered to Jackson and his division, he expressed, at the same time, 'his own sense of their admirable conduct, by which they fully earned the high reward bestowed.'

During the evening of the 23rd the medical director of the Valley army was ordered to collect vehicles, and send the wounded to the rear before the troops continued their retreat. Some time after midnight Dr. McGuire, finding that there were still a large number awaiting removal, <261>reported the circumstances to the general, adding that he did not know where to get the means of transport, and that unless some expedient were discovered the men must be abandoned. Jackson ordered him to impress carriages in the neighbourhood. 'But,' said the surgeon, 'that requires time; can you stay till it has been done?' 'Make yourself easy, sir,' was the reply. 'This army stays here until the last man is removed. Before I leave them to the enemy I will lose many men more.' Fortunately, before daylight the work was finished.

NOTE

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The exact losses at Kernstown were as follows :—

CONFEDERATES.

By brigades		Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total
Stonewall Brigade	40	151	152	343
Burks' Brigade	24	114	39	177
Fulkerson's Brigade	15	76	71	162
Cavalry	1	17		18
Artillery		17	1	18
By regiments	Strength	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total
2nd Va..	320 N.C.O. and men	6	33	51	90

4th.	203	"	"	"	5	23	48	76
5th.	450	"	"	"	9	48	4	61
27th.	170	"	"	"	2	20	35	57
33rd.	275	"	"	"	18	27	14	59
21st.	270 officers and men				7	44	9	60
42nd	293	"	"	"	11	50	9	70
1st.	187	"	"	"	6	20	21	47
23rd.	177	"	"	"	3	14	82	49
27th.	397 N.C.O. and men				12	62	39	113

Total casualties = 718 { 80 k. including 5 officers } 13 p.c. k. and w.
{ 375 w. " 22 } 20 p.c., w. and
" { 263 m. " 10 } m.
"

FEDERALS.

Total casualties = 590 { 118 k. including 6 officers }
{ 450 w. " 27 } 6 p.c.
" { 22 m. " }

According to the reports of his regimental commanders, Jackson took into battle (including 48th Va.) 3,087 N.C.O. and men of infantry, 290 cavalry, and 27 guns. 2,742 infantry, 290 cavalry, and 18 guns were engaged, and his total strength, including officers, was probably about 3,500. Shields, in his first report of the battle, put down the strength of his own division as between 7,000 and 8,000 men. Four days later he declared that it did not exceed 7,000, viz. 6,000 infantry, 750 cavalry, and 24 guns. It is probable that only those actually engaged are included in this estimate, for on March 17 he reported the strength of the troops which were present at Kerstow six days later as 8,374 infantry, 608 artillerymen, and 780 cavalry; total, 9,752.(1)

Stonewall Jackson v1.
CHAPTER IX—M'DOWELL

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THE stars were still shining when the Confederates began their retreat from Kernstown. With the exception of seventy, all the wounded had been brought in, and the army followed the ambulances as far as Woodstock.

There was little attempt on the part of the Federals to improve their victory. The hard fighting of the Virginians had left its impress on the generals. Jackson's numbers were estimated at 15,000, and Banks, who arrived in time to take direction of the pursuit, preferred to wait till Williams' two brigades came up before he moved. He encamped that night at Cedar Creek, eight miles from Kernstown. The next day he reached Strasburg. The cavalry pushed on to near Woodstock, and there, for the time being, the pursuit terminated. Shields, who remained at Winchester to nurse his wound, sent enthusiastic telegrams announcing that the retreat was a flight, and that the houses along the road were filled with Jackson's dead and dying; yet the truth was that the Confederates were in nowise pressed, and only the hopeless cases had been left behind.⁽¹⁾ Had the 2,000 troopers at Banks' disposal been sent forward at daybreak on the 24th, something might have been done. The squadrons, however, incapable of moving across country, were practically useless in pursuit; and to start even at daybreak was to start too late. If the fruits of victory are to be secured, the work must be put in hand whilst the enemy is still reeling under the shock. A few hours' delay gives him time to recover his equilibrium, <264>to organise a rear-guard, and to gain many miles on his rearward march.

On the night of the 26th, sixty hours after the battle ceased, the Federal outposts were established along Tom's Brook, seventeen miles from Kernstown. On the opposite bank were Ashby's cavalry, while Burks' brigade lay at Woodstock, six miles further south. The remainder of the Valley army had reached Mount Jackson.

These positions were occupied until April 1, and for six whole days Banks, with 19,000 men, was content to observe a force one-sixth his strength, which had been defeated by just half the numbers he had now at his disposal. This was hardly the 'vigorous action' which McClellan had demanded. 'As soon as you are strong enough,' he had telegraphed, 'push Jackson hard, drive him well beyond Strasburg, pursuing at least as far as Woodstock, if possible, with cavalry to Mount Jackson.'⁽¹⁾

In vain he reiterated the message on the 27th: 'Feel Jackson's rear-guard smartly and push him well.' Not a single Federal crossed Tom's Brook. 'The superb scenery of the Valley,' writes General G. H. Gordon, a comrade of Jackson's at West Point, and now commanding the 2nd Massachusetts, one of Banks' best regiments, 'opened before us—the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah, winding between the parallel ranges, the groves of cedar and pine that lined its banks, the rolling surfaces of the Valley, peacefully resting by the mountain side, and occupied by rich fields and quiet farms. A mile beyond I could see the rebel cavalry. Sometimes the enemy amused himself by throwing shells at our pickets, when they were a little too venturesome; but beyond a feeble show of strength and ugliness, nothing transpired to disturb the dulness of the camp.'⁽²⁾

Banks, far from all support, and with a cavalry unable to procure information, was by no means free from apprehension. Johnston had already fallen back into the interior <265>of Virginia, and the Army of the Potomac, instead of following him, was taking

ship at Alexandria. Information had reached Strasburg that the Confederates were behind the Rapidan, with their left at Gordonsville. Now Gordonsville is sixty-five miles, or four marches, from Mount Jackson, and there was reason to believe that reinforcements had already been sent to Jackson from that locality. On March 25 Banks telegraphed to Mr. Stanton: 'Reported by rebel Jackson's aide (a prisoner) that they were assured of reinforcements to 30,000, but don't credit it.' On March 26: 'The enemy is broken, but will rally. Their purpose is to unite Jackson's and Longstreet's(1) forces, some 20,000, at New Market (seven miles south of Mount Jackson) or Washington (east of Blue Ridge) in order to operate on either side of the mountains, and will desire to prevent our junction with the force at Manassas. At present they will not attack here. It will relieve me greatly to know how far the enemy (*i.e.* Johnston) will be pressed in front of Manassas.' On the 27th his news was less alarming: 'Enemy is about four miles below Woodstock. No reinforcement received yet. Jackson has constant communication with Johnston, who is east of the mountains, probably at Gordonsville. His pickets are very strong and vigilant, none of the country people being allowed to pass the lines under any circumstances. The same rule is applied to troops, stragglers from Winchester not being permitted to enter their lines. We shall press them further and quickly.'

The pressure, however, was postponed; and on the 29th McClellan desired Banks to ascertain the intentions of the enemy as soon as possible, and if he were in force to drive him from the Valley of the Shenandoah. Thus spurred, Banks at last resolved to cross the Rubicon. 'Deficiency,' he replied, 'in ammunition for Shields' artillery detains us here; expect it hourly, when we shall push Jackson sharply.' It was not, however, till April 2, four days later, that Mr. Lincoln's *protégé* crossed Tom's Brook. His advanced-guard, after a brisk skirmish with Ashby, reached the village of Edenburg, ten miles south, the <266>same evening. The main body occupied Woodstock, and McClellan telegraphed that he was 'much pleased with the vigorous pursuit!'

It is not impossible that Banks suspected that McClellan's commendations were ironical. In any case, praise had no more effect upon him than a peremptory order or the promise of reinforcements. He was instructed to push forward as far as New Market; he was told that he would be joined by two regiments of cavalry, and that two brigades of Blenker's division were marching to Strasburg. But Jackson, although Ashby had been driven in, still held obstinately to his position, and from Woodstock and Edenburg Banks refused to move.

On April 4, becoming independent of McClellan,(1) he at once reported to the Secretary of War that he hoped 'immediately to strike Jackson an effective blow.' 'Immediately,' however, in Banks' opinion, was capable of a very liberal interpretation, for it was not till April 17 that he once more broke up his camps. Well might Gordon write that life at Edenburg became monotonous !

It is but fair to mention that during the whole of this time Banks was much troubled about supply and transport. His magazines were at Winchester, connected with Harper's Ferry and Washington by a line of railway which had been rapidly repaired, and on April 12 this line had become unserviceable through the spreading of the road-bed.(2) His waggon train, moreover, had been diverted to Manassas before the fight at Kernstown, and was several days late in reaching Strasburg. The country in which he was operating was rich, and requisitions were made upon the farmers; but in the absence of the waggons, according to his own report, it was impossible to collect sufficient supplies for a

further advance.⁽³⁾ The weather, too, had been unfavourable. The first days of April were like summer. 'But hardly,' says <267>Gordon,' had we begun to feel in harmony with sunny days and blooming peach trees and warm showers, before a chill came over us, bitter as the hatred of the women of Virginia: the ground covered with snow, the air thick with hail, and the mountains hidden in the chilly atmosphere. Our shivering sentinels on the outer lines met at times the gaze of half-frozen horsemen of the enemy, peering through the mist to see what the Yankees had been doing within the last twenty-four hours. It was hard to believe that we were in the "sunny South."

All this, however, was hardly an excuse for absolute inaction. The Confederate position on the open ridge called Rude's Hill, two and a half miles south of Mount Jackson, was certainly strong. It was defended in front by Mill Creek, swollen by the snows to a turbulent and unfordable river; and by the North Fork of the Shenandoah. But with all its natural strength Rude's Hill was but weakly held, and Banks knew it. Moreover, it was most unlikely that Jackson would be reinforced, for Johnston's army, with the exception of a detachment under General Ewell, had left Orange Court House for Richmond on April 5. 'The enemy,' Banks wrote to McClellan on April 6,' is reduced to about 6,000 men (*sic*), much demoralised by defeat, desertion, and the general depression of spirits resting on the Southern army. He is not in a condition to attack, neither to make a strong resistance, and I do not believe he will make a determined stand there. I do not believe Johnston will reinforce him.' If Banks had supplies enough to enable him to remain at Woodstock, there seems to have been no valid reason why he should not have been able to drive away a demoralised enemy, and to hold a position twelve miles further south.

But the Federal commander, despite his brave words, had not yet got rid of his misgivings. Jackson had lured him into a most uncomfortable situation. Between the two branches of the Shenandoah, in the very centre of the Valley, rises a gigantic mass of mountain ridges, parallel throughout their length of fifty miles to the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. These are the famous Massanutts, the <268>glory of the Valley. The peaks which form their northern faces sink as abruptly to the level near Strasburg as does the single hill which looks down on Harrisonburg. Dense forests of oak and pine cover ridge and ravine, and 2,500 feet below, on either hand, parted by the mighty barrier, are the dales watered by the Forks of the Shenandoah. That to the east is the narrower and less open; the Blue Ridge is nowhere more than ten miles distant from the Massanutts, and the space between them, the Luray or the South Fork Valley, through which a single road leads northward, is clothed by continuous forest. West of the great mountain, a broad expanse of green pasture and rich arable extends to the foothills of the Alleghanies, dotted with woods and homesteads, and here, in the Valley of the North Fork, is freer air and more space for movement.

The separation of the two valleys is accentuated by the fact that save at one point only the Massanutts are practically impassable. From New Market, in the western valley, a good road climbs the heights, and crossing the lofty plateau, sinks sharply down to Luray, the principal village on the South Fork. Elsewhere precipitous gullies and sheer rock faces forbid all access to the mountain, and a few hunters' paths alone wind tediously through the woods up the steep hillside. Nor are signal stations to be found on the wide area of unbroken forest which clothes the summit. Except from the peaks at either end, or from one or two points on the New Market-Luray road, the view is intercepted by the sea of foliage and the rolling spurs.

Striking eastward from Luray, two good roads cross the Blue Ridge; one running to Culpeper Court House, through Thornton's Gap; the other through Fisher's Gap to Gordonsville.

It was the Massanuttons that weighed on the mind of Banks. The Valley of the South Fork gave the Confederates a covered approach against his line of communications. Issuing from that strait cleft between the mountains Ashby's squadrons might at any time sweep down upon his trains of waggons, his hospitals, and his magazines; and <269>should Jackson be reinforced, Ashby might be supported by infantry and guns, and both Strasburg and Winchester be endangered. It was not within Banks' power to watch the defile. 'His cavalry,' he reported, 'was weak in numbers and spirit, much exhausted with night and day work.' Good cavalry, he declared, would help incalculably, and he admitted that in this arm he was greatly inferior to the enemy.

Nor was he more happy as to the Alleghanies on his right. Frémont was meditating an advance on Lewisburg, Staunton, and the Virginia and Tennessee Railway with 25,000 men.(1) One column was to start from Gauley Bridge, in the Kanawha Valley; the other from the South Branch of the Potomac. Milroy's brigade, from Cheat Mountain, had therefore occupied Monterey, and Schenck's brigade had marched from Romney to Moorefield. But Moorefield was thirty miles west of Woodstock, and between them rose a succession of rugged ridges, within whose deep valleys the Confederate horsemen might find paths by which to reach to Banks' rear.

It was essential, then, that his communications should be strongly guarded, and as he advanced up the Valley his force had diminished at every march. According to his own report he had, on April 6, 16,700 men fit for duty. Of these 4,100 were detached along the road from Woodstock to Harper's Ferry. His effective strength for battle was thus reduced to 12,600, or, including the troops escorting convoys and the garrison of Strasburg, to 14,500 men, with 40 pieces of artillery.(2)

Such were the considerations that influenced the Federal commander. Had he occupied New Market, as McClellan had desired, he would have secured the Luray road, have opened the South Fork Valley to his scouts, and have overcome half the difficulties presented by the Massanuttons. A vigorous advance would have turned the attention of the Confederates from his communications to their own; and to drive Jackson from the Valley was the best method <270>of protecting the trains and the magazines. But Banks was not inclined to beard the lion in his den, and on April 16 Jackson had been unmolested for more than three weeks. Ashby's troopers were the only men who had even seen the enemy. Daily that indefatigable soldier had called to arms the Federal outposts. 'Our stay at Edenburg,' says Gordon, 'was a continuous season of artillery brawling and picket stalking. The creek that separated the outposts was not more than ten yards wide. About one-fourth of a mile away there was a thick wood, in which the enemy concealed his batteries until he chose to stir us up, when he would sneak up behind the cover, open upon us at an unexpected moment, and retreat rapidly when we replied.' It was doubtless by such constant evidence of his vigilance that Ashby imposed caution on the enemy's reconnoitring parties. The fact remains that Jackson's camps, six miles to the rear, were never once alarmed, nor could Banks obtain any reliable information.

This period of repose was spent by Jackson in re-organising his regiments, in writing letters to his wife, and, like his old class-mate, Gordon, in admiring the scenery. It is not to be supposed that his enforced inaction was altogether to his taste. With an enemy

within sight of his outposts his bold and aggressive spirit must have been sorely tried. But with his inferior numbers prudence cried patience, and he had reason to be well content with the situation. He had been instructed to prevent Banks from detaching troops to reinforce McClellan. To attain an object in war the first consideration is to make no mistakes yourself; the next, to take instant advantage of those made by your opponent. But compliance with this rule does not embrace the whole art of generalship. The enemy may be too discreet to commit himself to risky manoeuvres. If the campaigns of the great masters of war are examined, it will be found that they but seldom adopted a quiescent attitude, but by one means or another, by acting on their adversary's *moral*, or by creating false impressions, they induced him to make a false step, and to place himself in a position which made it easy for them <271>to attain their object. The greatest general has been defined as 'he who makes the fewest mistakes;' but 'he who compels his adversary to make the most mistakes' is a definition of equal force; and it may even be questioned whether the general whose imagination is unequal to the stratagems which bring mistakes about is worthy of the name. He may be a trustworthy subordinate, but he can scarcely become a great leader.

Johnston had advised, when, at the beginning of March, the retreat of the Confederates from Winchester was determined on, that Jackson should fall back on Front Royal, and thence, if necessary, up the South Fork of the Shenandoah. His force would thus be in close communication with the main army behind the Rapidan; and it was contrary, in the General-in-Chief's opinion, to all sound discretion to permit the enemy to attain a point, such as Front Royal, which would render it possible for him to place himself between them. Jackson, however, declared his preference for a retreat up the North Fork, in the direction of Staunton. Why should Banks join McClellan at all? McClellan, so Jackson calculated, had already more men with him than he could feed; and he believed, therefore, that Staunton would be Banks' objective, because, by seizing that town, he would threaten Edward Johnson's rear, open the way for Frémont, and then, crossing the Blue Ridge, place himself so near the communications of the main army with Richmond that it would be compelled to fall back to defend them. Nor, in any case, did he agree with Johnston that the occupation of Front Royal would prevent Banks leaving the Valley and marching to Manassas. Twenty miles due east of Winchester is Snicker's Gap, where a good road crosses the Blue Ridge, and eight miles south another turnpike leads over Ashby's Gap. By either of these Banks could reach Manassas just as rapidly as Jackson could join Johnston; and, while 4,500 men could scarcely be expected to detain 20,000, they might very easily be cut off by a portion of the superior force.

If a junction with the main army were absolutely necessary, Jackson was of opinion that the move ought to <272>be made at once, and the Valley abandoned. If, on the other hand, it was desirable to keep Banks and McClellan separated, the best means of doing so was to draw the former up the North Fork; and at Mount Jackson, covering the New Market-Luray road, the Valley troops would be as near the Rapidan as if they were at Front Royal.(1) The strategical advantages which such a position would offer—the isolation of the troops pursuing him, the chance of striking their communications from the South Fork Valley, and, if reinforcements were granted, of cutting off their retreat by a rapid movement from Luray to Winchester—were always present to Jackson's mind.(2)

An additional argument was that at the time when these alternatives were discussed the road along South Fork was so bad as to make marching difficult; and it was to this rather

than to Jackson's strategical conceptions that Johnston appears to have ultimately yielded.

Be this as it may, the sum of Jackson's operations was satisfactory in the extreme. On March 27 he had written to Johnston, 'I will try and draw the enemy on.' On April 16 Banks was exactly where he wished him, well up the North Fork of the Shenandoah, cut off by the Massanuttons from Manassas, and by the Alleghanies from Frémont. The two detachments which held the Valley, his own force at Mount Jackson, and Edward Johnson's 2,800 on the Shenandoah Mountain, were in close communication, and could at any time, if permitted by the higher authorities, combine against either of the columns which threatened Staunton. 'What I desire,' he said to Mr. Boteler, a friend in the Confederate Congress, 'is to hold the country, as far as practicable, until we are in a condition to advance; and then, with God's blessing, let us make thorough work of it. But let us start right.'

On April 7 he wrote to his wife as follows :—

'Your sickness gives me great concern; but so live that it and all your tribulations may be sanctified to you, remembering that our "light afflictions, which are but for a <273>moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" I trust you and all I have in the hands of a kind Providence, knowing that all things work together for the good of His people. Yesterday was a lovely Sabbath day. Although I had not the privilege of hearing the word of life, yet it felt like a holy Sabbath day, beautiful, serene, and lovely. All it wanted was the church-bell and God's services in the sanctuary to make it complete. Our gallant little army is increasing in numbers, and my prayer is that it may be an army of the living God as well as of its country.'

The troops, notwithstanding their defeat at Kernstown, were in high spirits. The very slackness of the Federal pursuit had made them aware that they had inflicted a heavy blow. They had been thanked by Congress for their valour. The newspapers were full of their praises. Their comrades were returning from hospital and furlough, and recruits were rapidly coming in. (1) The mounted branch attracted the majority, and Ashby's regiment soon numbered more than 2,000 troopers. Their commander, however, knew little of discipline. Besides himself there was but one field-officer for one-and-twenty companies; nor had these companies any regimental organisation. When Jackson attempted to reduce this curiously constituted force to order, his path was once more crossed by the Secretary of War. Mr. Benjamin, dazzled by Ashby's exploits, had given him authority to raise and command a force of independent cavalry. A reference to this authority and a threat of resignation was Ashby's reply to Jackson's orders. 'Knowing Ashby's ascendancy over his men, and finding himself thus deprived of legitimate power, the general was constrained to pause, and the cavalry was left unorganised and undisciplined. <274>One half was rarely available for duty. The remainder were roaming over the country, imposing upon the generous hospitalities of the citizens, or lurking in their homes. The exploits of their famous leader were all performed with a few hundreds, or often scores, of men, who followed him from personal devotion rather than force of discipline.' (1)

By April 15 Jackson's force had increased to 6,000 men. (2) McClellan had now landed an army of over 100,000 at Fortress Monroe, on the Yorktown Peninsula, and Johnston had marched thither to oppose him. The weather had at last cleared; although the mountain pines stood deep in snow the roads were in good order; the rivers were once more fordable; the Manassas Gap Railway had been restored as far as Strasburg, and Banks took heart of grace. On the 17th his forces were put in motion. One of Ashby's

companies was surprised and captured. A brigade was sent to turn the Confederate left by a ford of the North Fork; and when the Virginians, burning the railway station at Mount Jackson, fell back southwards, the Federal cavalry seized New Market.

For the moment the situation of the Valley army was somewhat critical. When Johnston marched to the Peninsula he had left a force of 8,000 men, under General Ewell, on the Upper Rappahannock, and with this force Jackson had been instructed to co-operate. But with the road across the Massanuttons in his possession Banks could move into the Luray Valley, and occupying Swift Run Gap with a detachment, cut the communication between the two Confederate generals. It was essential, then, that this important pass should be secured, and Jackson's men were called on for a forced march. On the morning of the 18th they reached Harrisonburg, twenty-five <275>miles from Mount Jackson, and halted the same evening at Peale's, about six miles east. On the 19th they crossed the Shenandoah at Conrad's store, and leaving a detachment to hold the bridge, moved to the foot of Swift Run Gap, and went into camp in Elk Run Valley. In three days they had marched over fifty miles. Banks followed with his customary caution, and when, on the 17th, his cavalry occupied New Market he was congratulated by the Secretary of War on his 'brilliant and successful operations.' On the 19th he led a detachment across the Massanuttons, and seized the two bridges over the South Fork at Luray, driving back a squadron which Jackson had sent to burn them. On the night of the 22nd his cavalry reached Harrisonburg, and he reported that want of supplies alone prevented him from bringing the Confederates to bay. On the 26th he sent two of his five brigades to Harrisonburg, the remainder halting at New Market, and for the last few days, according to his own despatches, beef, flour, and forage had been abundant. Yet it had taken him ten days to march five-and-thirty miles.

On April 20 General Edward Johnson, menaced in rear by Banks' advance, in flank by the brigade which Frémont had placed at Moorefield, and in front by Milroy's brigade, which had advanced from Monterey, had fallen back from the Shenandoah Mountain to West View, seven miles west of Staunton; and to all appearance the Federal prospects were exceedingly favourable.

Harrisonburg is five-and-twenty miles, or two short marches, north of Staunton. The hamlet of M'Dowell, now occupied by Milroy, is seven-and-twenty miles north-west. Proper concert between Banks and Frémont should therefore have ensured the destruction or retreat of Edward Johnson, and have placed Staunton, as well as the Virginia Central Railroad, in their hands. But although not a single picket stood between his outposts and Staunton, Banks dared not move. By moving to Elk Run Valley Jackson had barred the way of the Federals more effectively than if he had intrenched his troops across the Staunton road. <276>

South of Harrisonburg, where the Valley widens to five-and-twenty miles, there was no strong position. And even had such existed, 6,000 men, of which a third were cavalry, could scarcely have hoped to hold it permanently against a far superior force. Moreover, cooped up inside intrenchments, the Army of the Valley would have lost all freedom of action; and Jackson would have been cut off both from Ewell and from Richmond. But, although direct intervention was impracticable, he was none the less resolved that Banks should never set foot in Staunton. The Elk Run Valley was well adapted for his purpose. Spurs of the Blue Ridge, steep, pathless, and densely wooded, covered either flank. The front, protected by the Shenandoah, was very strong. Communication with both Ewell and

Richmond was secure, and so long as he held the bridge at Conrad's store he threatened the flank of the Federals should they advance on Staunton. Strategically the position was by no means perfect. The Confederates, to use an expression of General Grant's, applied to a similar situation, were 'in a bottle.' A bold enemy would have seized the bridge, 'corking up' Jackson with a strong detachment, and have marched on Staunton with his main body.

'Had Banks been more enterprising,' says Dabney, 'this objection would have been decisive.' But he was not enterprising, and Jackson knew it.⁽¹⁾ He had had opportunities in plenty of judging his opponent's character. The slow advance on Winchester, the long delay at Woodstock, the cautious approach to New Market, had revealed enough. It was a month since the battle of Kernstown, and yet the Confederate infantry, although for the greater part of the time they had been encamped within a few miles of the enemy's outposts, had not fired a shot.

The tardy progress of the Federals from Woodstock to Harrisonburg had been due rather to the perplexities of <277>their commander than to the difficulties of supply; and Banks had got clear of the Massanuttons only to meet with fresh embarrassments. Jackson's move to Elk Run Valley was a complete checkmate. His opponent felt that he was dangerously exposed. McClellan had not yet begun his advance on Richmond; and, so long as that city was secure from immediate attack, the Confederates could spare men to reinforce Jackson. The railway ran within easy reach of Swift Run Gap, and the troops need not be long absent from the capital. Ewell, too, with a force of unknown strength, was not far distant. Banks could expect no help from Frémont. Both generals were anxious to work together, and plans had been submitted to Washington which would probably have secured the capture of Staunton and the control of the railway. But the Secretary of War rejected all advice. Frémont was given to understand that under no circumstances was he to count on Banks,⁽¹⁾ and the latter was told to halt at Harrisonburg. 'It is not the desire of the President,' wrote Mr. Stanton on April 26, 'that you should prosecute a further advance towards the south. It is possible that events may make it necessary to transfer the command of General Shields to the department of the Rappahannock [i.e. to the First Army Corps], and you are desired to act accordingly.' To crown all, Blenker's division, which had reached Winchester, instead of being sent to support Banks, forty-five miles distant by the Valley turnpike, was ordered to join Frémont in the Alleghanies by way of Romney, involving a march of one hundred and twenty miles, over bad roads, before it could reinforce his advanced brigade.

Stanton, in writing to Banks, suggested that he should not let his advanced guard get too far ahead of the main body; but he does not appear to have seen that the separation of Banks, Frémont, and Blenker, and the forward position of the two former, which he had determined to maintain, was even more dangerous.⁽²⁾ His lesson was to come, for <278>Jackson, by no means content with arresting Banks' march, was already contemplating that general's destruction.

The situation demanded instant action, and in order that the import of Jackson's movements may be fully realised it is necessary to turn to the main theatre of war. McClellan, on April 5, with the 60,000 men already landed, had moved a few miles up the Peninsula. Near the village of Yorktown, famous for the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army in 1782, he found the road blocked by a line of earthworks and numerous guns. Magruder, Jackson's captain in Mexico, was in command; but Johnston was still on the

Rapidan, one hundred and thirty miles away, and the Confederates had no more than 15,000 men in position. The flanks, however, were secured by the York and the James rivers, which here expand to wide estuaries, and the works were strong. Yorktown proved almost as fatal to the invaders as to their English predecessors. Before the historic lines their march was suddenly brought up. McClellan, although his army increased in numbers every day, declined the swift process of a storm. Personal reconnaissance convinced him that 'instant assault would have been simple folly,' and he determined to besiege the intrenchments in due form. On April 10 Johnston's army began to arrive at Yorktown, and the lines, hitherto held by a slender garrison, were now manned by 53,000 men.

The Confederate position was by no means impregnable. The river James to the south was held by the 'Merrimac,' an improvised ironclad of novel design, which had already wrought terrible destruction amongst the wooden frigates of the Federals. She was neutralised, however, by her Northern counterpart, the 'Monitor,' and after an indecisive action she had remained inactive for nearly a month. The York was less securely guarded. The channel, nearly a mile wide, was barred only by the fire of two forts; and <279>that at Gloucester Point, on the north bank, was open to assault from the land side. Had McClellan disembarked a detachment and carried this work, which might easily have been done, the river would have been opened to his gunboats, and Johnston's lines have become untenable. He decided, however, notwithstanding that his army was more than 100,000 strong, that he had no men to spare for such an enterprise.

Magruder's bold stand was of infinite service to the Confederate cause. To both parties time was of the utmost value. The Federals were still over seventy miles from Richmond; and there was always a possibility, if their advance were not rapidly pressed, that Johnston might move on Washington and cause the recall of the army to protect the capital. The Confederates, on the other hand, had been surprised by the landing of McClellan's army. They had been long aware that the flotilla had sailed, but they had not discovered its destination; the detachments which first landed were supposed to be reinforcements for the garrison of the fortress; and when McClellan advanced on Yorktown, Johnston was far to the west of Richmond. The delay had enabled him to reach the lines.⁽¹⁾ But at the time Jackson fell back to Elk Run Valley, April 17-19, fortune seemed inclining to the Federals.

Lincoln had been induced to relax his hold on the army corps which he had held back at Manassas to protect the capital, and McDowell was already moving on Fredericksburg, sixty miles north of Richmond. Here he was to be joined by Shields, bringing his force for the field up to 40,000 men; and the fall of Yorktown was to be the signal for his advance on the Confederate capital. Johnston still held the lines, but he was outnumbered by more than two to one, and the enemy was disembarking heavy ordnance. It was evident that the end could not be long delayed, and <280>that in case of retreat every single Confederate soldier, from the Valley and elsewhere, would have to be brought to Richmond for the decisive battle. Jackson was thus bound to his present position, close to the railway, and his orders from Johnston confined him to a strictly defensive attitude. In case Banks advanced eastward he was to combine with Ewell, and receive attack in the passes of the Blue Ridge.

Such cautious strategy, to one so fully alive to the opportunity offered by McClellan's retention before Yorktown, was by no means acceptable. When his orders reached him, Jackson was already weaving plans for the discomfiture of his immediate adversary, and it

may be imagined with what reluctance, although he gave no vent to his chagrin, he accepted the passive *rôle* which had been assigned to him.

No sooner, however, had he reached Elk Run Valley than the telegraph brought most welcome news. In a moment of unwonted wisdom the Confederate President had charged General Lee with the control of all military operations in Virginia, and on April 21 came a letter to Jackson which foreshadowed the downfall of McClellan and the rout of the invaders.

McDowell's advance from Manassas had already become known to the Confederates, and Lee had divined what this movement portended. 'I have no doubt,' he wrote to Jackson, 'that an attempt will be made to occupy Fredericksburg and use it as a base of operations against Richmond. Our present force there is very small, (2,500 men under General Field), and cannot be reinforced except by weakening other corps. If you can use General Ewell's division in an attack on Banks, it will prove a great relief to the pressure on Fredericksburg.'⁽¹⁾

This view of the situation was in exact agreement with Jackson's own views. He had already made preparation for combined action with Ewell. For some days they had been in active correspondence. The exact route which Ewell should take to the Blue Ridge had been decided on. The roads had been reconnoitred. Jackson had supplied <281>a map identical with his own, and had furnished an officer to act as guide. A service of couriers had been established across the mountains, and no precaution had been neglected. Ewell was instructed to bring five days' rations. He was warned that there would be no necessity for a forced march; he was to encamp at cross-roads, and he was to rest on Sunday.⁽¹⁾

Jackson, replying to Lee, stated that he was only waiting a favourable occasion to fall on Banks. 'My object,' he wrote, 'has been to get in his rear at New Market or Harrisonburg, if he gives me an opportunity, and this would be the case should he advance on Staunton with his main body. It appears to me that if I remain quiet a few days more he will probably make a move in some direction, or send a large force towards Harrisonburg, and thus enable me, with the blessing of Providence, to successfully attack his advance. If I am unsuccessful in driving back his entire force he may be induced to move forward from New Market, and attempt to follow me through this Gap, where our forces would have greatly the advantage

'Under all the circumstances I will direct General Ewell to move to Stanardsville. Should Banks remain in the position of yesterday [cavalry at Harrisonburg; infantry, &c., at New Market] I will try and seek an opportunity of attacking successfully some part of his army, and if circumstances justify press forward. My instructions from General Johnston were to unite with General Ewell near the top of the Blue Ridge, and give battle. The course I propose would be departing from General Johnston's instructions, but I do not believe that Banks will follow me to the Blue Ridge unless I first engage him, and I doubt whether he will then.'

But although authorised to draw Ewell to himself, and to carry out the project on which his heart was set, he still kept in view the general situation. After he had despatched the above letter, a report came in which led him to believe that Ewell was more needed on the Rappahannock than in <282>the Valley. Lee had already informed him that McDowell's advanced guard had occupied Falmouth, on the north bank of the river, opposite Fredericksburg, on April 19, and that General Field had fallen back.

Jackson, in consequence, permitted Ewell to remain near Gordonsville, close to the

railway; assuring Lee that ' he would make arrangements so as not to be disappointed should Ewell be ordered to Fredericksburg.'"(1)

Nor was this the only instance in which he demonstrated his breadth of view. In planning co-operation with Ewell, that general had suggested that he should take a different road to that which had been recommended by General Johnston, should necessity for a combined movement arise. Jackson protested against the route being altered. 'General Johnston,' he wrote, 'does not state why he desires you to go (by this road), but it may be for the purpose of deceiving the enemy with regard to your ultimate destination, to be 'more distant from the enemy during the movement, and also to be in a more favourable position for reinforcing some other points should it be necessary.' The interests of his own force, here as always, were subordinated to those of the army which was defending Richmond.

The next information received from General Lee was that the enemy was collecting in strong force at Fredericksburg. 'For this purpose,' he wrote, 'they must weaken other points, and now is the time to concentrate on any that may be exposed within our reach.'

He then suggested that, if Banks was too strong in numbers and position, Jackson and Ewell combined should move on Warrenton, where a Federal force was reported; or that Ewell and Field should attack Fredericksburg. ' The blow,' he added, ' wherever struck, must, to be successful, be sudden and heavy. The troops must be efficient and light. I cannot pretend at this distance to direct operations depending on circumstances unknown to me, and requiring the exercise of discretion and judgment as to time and <283>execution, but submit these ideas for your consideration.(1)

On April 26, when Banks moved two brigades to Harrisonburg, Ewell was at once called up to Stanardsville, twelve miles south-east of Swift Run Gap. No opportunity as yet had offered for attack. ' I have reason to believe,' wrote Jackson to Lee on the 28th, ' that Banks has 21,000 men within a day's march of me.(2) He has moved his main body from New Market to Harrisonburg, leaving probably a brigade at New Market, and between that town and the Shenandoah (Luray Gap), to guard against a force getting in his rear On yesterday week there were near 7,000 men in the neighbourhood of Winchester, under Blenker; as yet I have not heard of their having joined Banks I propose to attack Banks in front if you will send me 5,000 more men Now, as it appears to me, is the golden opportunity for striking a blow. Until I hear from you i will watch an opportunity for striking some exposed point.' (3)

The next day, April 29, Jackson suggested, if reinforcements could not be spared, that one of three plans should be adopted. 'Either to leave Ewell here (Swift Run Gap) to threaten Banks' rear in the event of his advancing on Staunton, and move with my command rapidly on the force in front of General Edward Johnson; or else, co-operating with Ewell, to attack the enemy's detached force between New Market and the Shenandoah, and if successful in this, then to press forward and get in Banks' rear at New Market, and thus induce him to fall back; the <284>third is to pass down the Shenandoah to Sperryville (east of the Blue Ridge), and thus threaten Winchester *viâ* Front Royal. To get in Banks' rear with my present force would be rather a dangerous undertaking, as I would have to cross the river and immediately cross the Massanutton Mountains, during which the enemy would have the advantage of position. Of the three plans I give the preference to attacking the force west of Staunton [Milroy], for, if successful, I would afterward only have Banks to contend with, and in doing this would be reinforced by

General Edward Johnson, and by that time you might be able to give me reinforcements, which, united with the troops under my control, would enable me to defeat Banks. If he should be routed and his command destroyed, nearly all our own forces here could, if necessary, cross the Blue Ridge to Warrenton, Fredericksburg, or any other threatened point.'

Lee's reply was to the effect that no reinforcements could be spared, but that he had carefully considered the three plans of operations proposed, and that the selection was left to Jackson.

The Army of the Valley, when the Commander-in-Chief's letter was received, had already been put in motion. Three roads lead from Conrad's store in the Elk Run Valley to Johnson's position at West View; one through Harrisonburg; the second by Port Republic, Cross Keys, and Mount Sidney; the third, the river road, by Port Republic and Staunton. The first of these was already occupied by the Federals; the second was tortuous, and at places almost within view of the enemy's camps; while the third, though it was nowhere less than ten miles distant, ran obliquely across their front. In fact, to all appearance, Banks with his superior force blocked Jackson's march on Staunton more effectively than did Jackson his.

On the 29th, Ashby, continually watching Banks, made a demonstration in force towards Harrisonburg. On the 30th he drove the Federal cavalry back upon their camps; and the same afternoon Jackson, leaving Elk Run Valley, which was immediately occupied by Ewell, with 8,000 men, marched up the river to Port Republic. [Graphic, Situation April 30th, 1862, omitted.] <285>The track, unmetalled and untended, had been turned into a quagmire by the heavy rains of an ungenial spring, and the troops marched only five miles, bivouacking by the roadside. May 1 was a day of continuous rain. The great mountains loomed dimly through the dreary mist. The streams which rushed down the gorges to the Shenandoah had swelled to brawling torrents, and in the hollows of the fields the water stood in sheets. Men and horses floundered through the mud. The guns sunk axle-deep in the treacherous soil; and it was only by the help of large detachments of pioneers that the heavy wag-gons of the train were able to proceed at all. It was in vain that piles of stones and brushwood were strewn upon the roadway; the quicksands dragged them down as fast as they were placed. The utmost exertions carried the army no more than five miles forward, and the troops bivouacked once more in the dripping woods.

The next day, the third in succession, the struggle with the elements continued. The whole command was called upon to move the guns and waggons. The general and his staff were seen dismounted, urging on the labourers; and Jackson, his uniform bespattered with mud, carried stones and timbers on his own shoulders. But before nightfall the last ambulance had been extricated from the slough, and the men, drenched to the skin, and worn with toil, found a halting-place on firmer ground. But this halting-place was not on the road to Staunton. Before they reached Port Republic, instead of crossing the Shenandoah and passing through the village, the troops had been ordered to change the direction of their march. The spot selected for their bivouac was at the foot of Brown's Gap, not more than twelve miles south-west of the camp in Elk Run Valley.

The next morning the clouds broke. The sun, shining with summer warmth, ushered in a glorious May day, and the column, turning its back upon the Valley, took the stony road that led over the Blue Ridge. Upward and eastward the battalions passed, the great forest

of oak and pine rising high on either hand, until from the eyry of the <286>mountain-eagles they looked down upon the wide Virginia plains. Far off, away to the south-east, the trails of white smoke from passing trains marked the line of the Central Railroad, and the line of march led directly to the station at Mechum's River. Both officers and men were more than bewildered. Save to his adjutant-general, Jackson had breathed not a whisper of his plan. The soldiers only knew that they were leaving the Valley, and leaving it in the enemy's possession. Winchester, Strasburg, Front Royal, New Market, Harrisonburg, were full of Northern troops. Staunton alone was yet unoccupied. But Staunton was closely threatened; and north of Harrisonburg the blue-coated cavalry were riding far and wide. While the women and old men looked impotently on, village and mill and farm were at the mercy of the invaders. Already the Federal commissaries had laid hands on herds and granaries. It is true that the Northerners waged war like gentlemen; yet for all that the patriotism of the Valley soldiers was sorely tried. They were ready to go to Richmond if the time had come; but it was with heavy hearts that they saw the Blue Ridge rise behind them, and the bivouac on Mechum's River was even more cheerless than the sodden woods near Port Republic. The long lines of cars that awaited them at the station but confirmed their anticipations. They were evidently wanted at the capital, and the need was pressing. Still not a word transpired as to their destination.

The next day was Sunday, and Jackson had intended that the troops should rest. But early in the morning came a message from Edward Johnson. Frémont's advanced guard was pushing forward. 'After hard debate with himself,' says Dabney, who accompanied him, 'and with sore reluctance,' Jackson once more sacrificed his scruples and ordered the command to march. The infantry was to move by rail, the artillery and waggons by road. To their astonishment and delight the troops then heard, for the first time, that their destination was not Richmond but Staunton; and although they were far from understanding the reason for their circuitous march, they began to suspect that it had not been made without good purpose. <287>

If the soldiers had been heavy hearted at the prospect of leaving the Valley, the people of Staunton had been plunged in the direst grief. For a long time past they had lived in a pitiable condition of uncertainty. On April 19 the sick and convalescents of the Valley army had been removed to Gordonsville. On the same day Jackson had moved to Elk Run Valley, leaving the road from Harrisonburg completely open; and Edward Johnson evacuated his position on the Shenandoah Mountain. Letters from Jackson's officers, unacquainted with the designs of their commander, had confirmed the apprehension that the Federals were too strong to be resisted. On the Saturday of this anxious week had come the news that the army was crossing the Blue Ridge, and that the Valley had been abandoned to the enemy. Sunday morning was full of rumours and excitement. 10,000 Federals, it was reported, were advancing against Johnson at West View; Banks was moving from Harrisonburg; his cavalry had been seen from the neighbouring hills, and Staunton believed that it was to share the fate of Winchester. Suddenly a train full of soldiers steamed into the station; and as regiment after regiment, clad in their own Confederate grey, swept through the crowded streets, confidence in Stonewall Jackson began once more to revive.

Pickets were immediately posted on all the roads leading to Harrisonburg, and beyond the line of sentries no one, whatever his business might be, was allowed to pass. The following day the remainder of the division arrived, and the junction with Johnson's

brigade was virtually effected. May 6 was spent in resting the troops, in making the arrangements for the march, and in getting information. The next morning brought a fresh surprise to both troops and townsfolk. Banks, so the rumour went, was rapidly approaching; and it was confidently expected that May 7. the twin hills which stand above the town—christened by some early settler, after two similar heights in faraway Tyrone, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray—would look down upon a bloody battle. But instead of taking post to defend the town, the Valley regiments filed away over the western <288>hills, heading for the Alleghanies; and Staunton was once more left unprotected. Jackson, although informed by Ashby that Banks, so far from moving forward, was actually retiring on New Market, was still determined to strike first at Milroy, commanding Frémont's advanced guard; and there can be little question but that his decision was correct. As we have seen, he was under the impression that Banks' strength was 21,000 a force exceeding the united strength of the Confederates by 4,200 men.(1) It was undoubtedly sound strategy to crush the weaker and more exposed of the enemy's detachments first; and then, having cleared his own rear and prevented all chance of combination between Banks and Frémont, to strike the larger.

There was nothing to be feared from Harrisonburg. Eight days had elapsed since Jackson had marched from Elk Run; but Banks was still in blissful ignorance of the blow that threatened Frémont's advanced guard.

On April 28 he had telegraphed to Washington that he was 'entirely secure.' Everything was satisfactory. 'The enemy,' he said, 'is in no condition for offensive movements. Our supplies have not been in so good condition nor my command in so good spirits since we left Winchester. General Hatch (commanding cavalry) made a reconnaissance in force yesterday, which resulted in obtaining a complete view of the enemy's position. A negro employed in Jackson's tent came in this morning, and reports preparation for retreat of Jackson to-day. You need have no apprehensions for our safety. I think we are just now in a condition to do all you can desire of us in the Valley—clear the enemy out permanently.'

On the 30th, when Ashby repaid with interest Hatch's reconnaissance in force, he reported: 'All quiet. Some alarm excited by movement of enemy's cavalry. It appears to-day that they were in pursuit of a Union prisoner who escaped to our camp. The day he left Jackson was to be reinforced by Johnson and attack *viâ* Luray. Another report says Jackson is bound for Richmond. This is the fact, I have no doubt. Jackson is on half-rations, his <289>supplies having been cut off by our advance. There is nothing to be done in this Valley this side of Strasburg.'

The same night, 'after full consultation with all leading officers,' he repeated that his troops were no longer required in the Valley, and suggested to the Secretary of War that he should be permitted to cross the Blue Ridge and clear the whole country north of Gordonsville. 'Enemy's force there is far less than represented in news-papers—not more than 20,000 at the outside. Jackson's army is reduced, demoralised, on half-rations. They are all concentrating for Richmond I am now satisfied that it is the most safe and effective disposition for our corps. I pray your favourable consideration. Such order will electrify our force.' The force was certainly to be electrified, but the impulse was not to come from Mr. Secretary Stanton.

Banks, it may have been observed, whenever his superiors wanted him to move, had invariably the best of reasons for halting. At one time supplies were most difficult to arrange for. At another time the enemy was being reinforced, and his own numbers were

small. But when he was told to halt, he immediately panted to be let loose. ' The enemy was not half so strong as had been reported; ' ' His men were never in better condition; ' 'Supplies were plentiful.' It is not impossible that Mr. Stanton had by this time discovered, as was said of a certain Confederate general, a *protégé* of the President, that Banks had a fine career before him until Lincoln ' undertook to make of him what the good Lord hadn't, a great general.' To the daring propositions of the late Governor and Speaker, the only reply vouchsafed was an order to fall back on Strasburg, and to transfer Shields' division to General McDowell at Fredericksburg.

But on May 3, the day Jackson disappeared behind the Blue Ridge, Banks, to his evident discomfiture, found that his adversary had not retreated to Richmond after all. The dashing commander, just now so anxious for one thing or the other, either to clear the Valley or to sweep the country north of Gordonsville, disappeared. 'The reduced, <290>demoralised ' enemy assumed alarming proportions. Nothing was said about his half-rations; and as Ewell had reached Swift Run Gap with a force estimated at 12,000 men, while Jackson, according to the Federal scouts, was still near Port Republic, Banks thought it impossible to divide his force with safety.

Stanton's reply is not on record, but it seems that he permitted Banks to retain Shields until he arrived at Strasburg; and on May 5 the Federals fell back to New Market, their commander, misled both by his cavalry and his spies, believing that Jackson had marched to Harrisonburg.

On the 7th, the day that Jackson moved west from Staunton, Banks' fears again revived. He was still anxious that Shields should remain with him. 'Our cavalry,' he said, ' from near Harrisonburg report to-night that Jackson occupies that town, and that he has been largely reinforced. Deserters confirm reports of Jackson's movements in this direction.'

Jackson's movements at this juncture are full of interest. Friend and foe were both mystified. Even his own officers might well ask why, in his march to Staunton, he deliberately adopted the terrible road to Port Republic. From Elk Run Valley a metalled road passed over the Blue Ridge to Gordonsville. Staunton by this route was twenty-four miles further than by Port Republic; but there were no obstacles to rapid marching, and the command would have arrived no later than it actually did. Moreover, in moving to Port Republic, eleven miles only from Harrisonburg, and within sight of the enemy's patrols, it would seem that there was considerable risk. Had Banks attacked the bridge whilst the Confederate artillery was dragging heavily through the mire, the consequences would probably have been unpleasant. Even if he had not carried the bridge, the road which Jackson had chosen ran for several miles over the open plain which lies eastward of the Shenandoah, and from the commanding bluffs on the western bank his column could have been effectively shelled without the power of reply. <291>

In moving to Staunton the Confederate commander had three objects in view :—

1. To strengthen his own force by combining with Edward Johnson.
2. To prevent the Federals combining by keeping Banks stationary and defeating Milroy.
3. To protect Staunton.

The real danger that he had to guard against was that Banks, taking advantage of his absence from the Valley, should move on Staunton. Knowing his adversary as well as he did, he had no reason to apprehend attack during his march to Port Republic. But it was not impossible that when he found out that Jackson had vanished from the Valley, Banks

might take heart and join hands with Milroy. It was necessary, therefore, in order to prevent Banks moving, that Jackson's absence from the Valley should be very short; also, in order to prevent Milroy either joining Banks or taking Staunton, that Edward Johnson should be reinforced as rapidly as possible.

These objects would be attained by making use of the road to Port Republic. In the first place, Banks would not dare to move towards Milroy so long as the flank of his line of march was threatened; and in the second place, from Port Republic to Staunton, by Mechum's River, was little more than two days' march. Within forty-eight hours, therefore, using the railway, it would be possible to strengthen Johnson in time to protect Staunton, and to prevent the Federals uniting. It was unlikely that Banks, even if he heard at once that his enemy had vanished, would immediately dash forward; and even if he did he would still have five-and-twenty miles to march before he reached Staunton. Every precaution had been taken, too, that he should not hear of the movement across the Blue Ridge till it was too late to take advantage of it; and, as we have already seen, so late as May 5 he believed that Jackson was at Harrisonburg. Ashby had done his work well.

It might be argued, however, that with an antagonist <292>so supine as Banks Jackson might have openly marched to Staunton by the most direct route; in fact, that he need never have left the Valley at all. But, had he taken the road across the Valley, he would have advertised his purpose. Milroy would have received long warning of his approach, and all chance of effecting a surprise would have been lost.

On April 29, the day on which Jackson began his movement, Richmond was still safe. The Yorktown lines were intact, held by the 53,000 Confederates under Johnston; but it was very evident that they could not be long maintained.

A large siege train had been brought from Washington, and Johnston had already learned that in a few days one hundred pieces of the heaviest ordnance would open fire on his position. His own armament was altogether inadequate to cope with such ponderous metal. His strength was not half his adversary's, and he had determined to retreat without waiting to have his works demolished.

But the mighty army in his front was not the only danger. McDowell, with 35,000 men, had already concentrated near Falmouth. Johnston, in falling back on Richmond, was in danger of being caught between two fires, for to oppose McDowell on the Rappahannock Lee had been unable to assemble more than 12,000 Confederates.

These facts were all known to Jackson. Whether the march to Mechum's River was intended by him to have any further effect on the Federals than surprising Milroy, and clearing the way for an attack on Banks, it is impossible to say. It is indisputable, at the same time, that his sudden disappearance from the Valley disturbed Mr. Stanton. The Secretary of War had suspected that Jackson's occupation of Swift Run Gap meant mischief. McDowell, who had been instructed to cross the Rappahannock, was ordered in consequence to stand fast at Falmouth, and was warned that the enemy, amusing McClellan at Yorktown, might make a sudden dash on either himself or Banks.

A few days later McDowell reported that Jackson had passed Gordonsville. The news came from deserters, 'very <293>intelligent men.' The next day he was informed that Shields was to be transferred to his command, and that he was to bear in mind his instructions as to the defence of Washington. Banks had already been ordered back to Strasburg. Now, a few days previously, Stanton had been talking of co-operation between McClellan and McDowell. Directly he learned that Jackson was east of the Blue Ridge all

thought of combination was abandoned; McDowell was held back; Shields was sent to reinforce him; and the possible danger to Washington overrode all other considerations.

The weak point of McClellan's strategy was making itself felt. In advancing on Richmond by way of the Peninsula he had deliberately adopted what are called in strategy 'the exterior lines.' That is, his forces were distributed on the arc of a circle, of which Richmond and the Confederate army were the centre. If, landing on the Peninsula, he had been able to advance at once upon Richmond, the enemy must have concentrated for the defence of his capital, and neither Banks nor Washington would have been disturbed. But the moment his advance was checked, as it was at Yorktown, the enemy could detach at his leisure in any direction that he pleased, and McClellan was absolutely unable to support the threatened point. The strategy of exterior lines demands, for success, a strong and continuous pressure on the enemy's main army, depriving him of the time and the space necessary for counterstroke. If this is impossible, a skilful foe will at once make use of his central position.

Lincoln appears to have had an instinctive apprehension that McClellan might not be able to exert sufficient pressure to hold Johnston fast, and it was for this reason that he had fought so strongly against the Peninsula line of invasion. It was the probability that the Confederates would use their opportunity with which Stanton had now to deal, complicated by the fact that their numbers were believed to be much greater than they really were. Still the problem was not one of insurmountable difficulty. Banks and Frémont united had 40,000 men, McDowell over 30,000. A few marches would have brought these forces into combination. <294>Banks and Frémont, occupying Staunton, and moving on Gordonsville, would have soon taken up communication with McDowell; an army 70,000 strong, far larger than any force the Confederates could detach against it, would have threatened Richmond from the north and west, and, at the same time, would have covered Washington. This plan, though not without elements of danger, offered some advantages. Nor were soldiers wanting to advise it. Both Rosecrans and Shields had submitted schemes for such a combination. Mr. Stanton, however, preferred to control the chessboard by the light of unaided wisdom; and while McDowell was unnecessarily strengthened, both Banks and Frémont were dangerously weakened.

The only single point where the Secretary showed the slightest sagacity was in apprehending that the Confederates would make use of their opportunity, and overwhelm one of the detachments he had so ingeniously isolated.

On April 29 Johnston proposed to Davis that his army should be withdrawn from the Peninsula, and that the North should be invaded by way of the Valley.⁽¹⁾ Lee, in the name of the President, replied that some such scheme had been for some time under consideration; and the burden of his letters, as we have seen, both to Ewell and Jackson, was that a sudden and heavy blow should be struck at some exposed portion of the invading armies. Mr. Stanton was so far right; but where the blow was to be struck he was absolutely unable to divine.

'It is believed,' he writes to the Assistant Secretary on May 8, 'that a considerable force has been sent toward the Rappahannock and Shenandoah to move on Washington. Jackson is reinforced strongly. Telegraph McDowell, Banks, and Hartsuff (at Warrenton) to keep a sharp look-out. Tell General Hitchcock to see that the force around Washington is in proper condition.'

It was indeed unfortunate for the North that at this juncture the military affairs of the

Confederacy should have been placed in the hands of the clearest-sighted soldier in America. It was an unequal match, Lincoln and Stanton <295>against Lee; and the stroke that was to prove the weakness of the Federal strategy was soon to fall. On May 7 Jackson westward marched in the following order: Edward Johnson's regiments led the way, several miles in advance; the Third and Second Brigades followed; the 'Stonewall,' under General Winder, a young West Point officer of exceptional promise, bringing up the rear. 'The corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute,' says Dabney,' was also attached to the expedition; and the spruce equipments and exact drill of the youths, as they stepped out full of enthusiasm to take their first actual look upon the horrid visage of war, under their renowned professor, formed a strong contrast with the war-worn and nonchalant veterans who composed the army.'⁽¹⁾

Eighteen miles west of Staunton a Federal picket was overrun, and in the pass leading to the Shenandoah Mountain Johnson captured a camp that had just been abandoned. The Federal rear-guard fired a few shells, and the Confederates went into bivouac. Johnson had marched fourteen and Jackson twenty miles.

That night Milroy concentrated his whole brigade of 3,700 men at M'Dowell, a little village at the foot of the Bull Pasture Mountain, and sent back in haste for reinforcements. Fremont's command was much strung out. When Milroy had moved from Cheat Mountain through Monterey, twelve miles west of M'Dowell, ⁽²⁾ the remainder of the army had started up the South Branch Valley to reinforce him. But snowstorms and heavy rains had much delayed the march, and Schenck's brigade had not advanced beyond Franklin, thirty-four miles north of M'Dowell. Frémont himself, with a couple of battalions, was approaching Petersburg, thirty-five miles from Franklin; and Blenker's division, still further to the rear, had not yet quitted Romney.

'On the following morning,' to quote from Jackson's report, 'the march was resumed, General Johnson's brigade still in front. The head of the column was halted near the top of Bull Pasture Mountain, and <296>General Johnson, accompanied by a party of thirty men and several officers, with a view to a reconnoissance of the enemy's position, ascended Sitlington's Hill, an isolated spur on the left of the turnpike and commanding a full view of the village of M'Dowell. From this point the position, and to some extent the strength, of the enemy could be seen. In the valley in which M'Dowell is situated was observed a considerable force of infantry. To the right, on a height, were two regiments, but too distant for an effective fire to that point. Almost a mile in front was a battery supported by infantry. The enemy, observing a reconnoitring party, sent a small body of skirmishers, which was promptly met by the men with General Johnson and driven back. For the purpose of securing the hill all of General Johnson's regiments were sent to him.'

Jackson had no intention of delivering a direct assault on the Federal position. The ground was altogether un-favourable for attack. The hill on which his advanced guard was now established was more than two miles broad from east to west. But it was no plateau. Rugged and precipitous ridges towered high above the level, and numerous ravines, hidden by thick timber, seamed the surface of the spur. To the front a slope of smooth unbroken greensward dropped sharply down; and five hundred feet below, behind a screen of woods, the Bull Pasture River ran swiftly through its narrow valley. On the river banks were the Federals; and beyond the valley the wooded mountains, a very labyrinth of hills, rose high and higher to the west. To the right was a deep gorge, nearly half a mile across from cliff to cliff, dividing Sitlington's Hill from the heights to northward; and

through this dangerous defile ran the turnpike, eventually debouching on a bridge which was raked by the Federal guns. To the left the country presented exactly the same features. Mountain after mountain, ridge after ridge, cleft by shadowy crevasses, and clothed with great tracts of forest, rolled back in tortuous masses to the backbone of the Alleghanies; a narrow pass, leading due westward, marking the route to Monterey and the Ohio River.
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Although commanded by Sitlington's Hill, the Federal position was difficult to reach. The river, swollen by rain, protected it in front. The bridge could only be approached by a single road, with inaccessible heights on either hand. The village of M'Dowell was crowded with troops and guns. A low hill five hundred yards beyond the bridge was occupied by infantry and artillery; long lines of tents were ranged on the level valley, and the hum of many voices, excited by the appearance of the enemy, was borne upwards to the heights. Had the Confederate artillery been brought to the brow of Sitlington's Hill, the valley would doubtless soon have become untenable, and the enemy have been compelled to retire through the mountains. It was by no means easy, however, to prevent them from getting away unscathed. But Jackson was not the man to leave the task untried, and to content himself with a mere cannonade. He had reason to hope that Milroy was ignorant of his junction with General Johnson, and that he would suppose he had only the six regiments of the latter with which to deal. The day was far spent, and the Valley brigades, toiling through the mountains, were still some miles behind. He proposed, therefore, while his staff explored the mountains for a track which might lead him the next day to the rear of the Federal position, merely to hold his ground on Sitlington's Hill.

His immediate opponent, however, was a general of more resource and energy than Banks. Milroy was at least able to supply himself with information. On May 7 he had been advised by his scouts and spies that Jackson and Johnson had combined, and that they were advancing to attack him at M'Dowell. At 10 A.M. the next day Schenck's brigade arrived from Franklin, after a march of thirty-four miles in twenty-three hours, and a little later the enemy's scouts were observed on the lofty crest of Sitlington's Hill. The day wore on. The Federal battery, with muzzles elevated and the trails thrust into trenches, threw occasional shells upon the heights, and parties of skirmishers were sent across the river to develop the Confederate strength. Johnson, to whom Jackson had confided the defence of the <298>position, kept his troops carefully concealed, merely exposing sufficient numbers to repel the Federal patrols. Late in the afternoon a staff officer reported to Jackson that he had discovered a rough mountain track, which, passing through the mountains to the north-west, crossed the Bull-Pasture River and came out upon the road between M'Dowell and Franklin. Orders had just been issued to move a strong detachment of artillery and infantry by this track during the night, when the Federal infantry, who had crossed the bridge under shelter of the woods, advanced in a strong line of battle up the slopes. Their scouts had observed what they believed to be preparations for establishing a battery on the heights, and Milroy and Schenck, with a view of gaining time for retreat, had determined on attack. Johnson had six regiments concealed behind the crest, in all about 2,800 men. Two regiments of the enemy, under 1,000 strong, advanced against his front; and shortly afterwards three regiments, bringing the numbers of the attack up to 2,500 rifles, assailed his left.

The Ohio and West Virginia Regiments, of which the Federal force was composed,

fought with the vigour which always characterised the Western troops.(1) The lofty heights held by the Confederates were but an illusory advantage. So steep were the slopes in front that the men, for the most part, had to stand on the crest to deliver their fire, and their line stood out in bold relief against the evening sky. ' On the other hand,' says Dabney, 'though the Federal troops had to scale the steep acclivity of the hill, they reaped the usual advantage in such cases, resulting from the high firing of the Confederates.' The 12th Georgia, holding the centre of Johnson's line, displayed more valour than judgment. Having been advanced at first in front of the crest, they could not be persuaded to retire to the reverse of the ridge, where other regiments found partial protection without <299>sacrificing the efficiency of their fire. Their commander, perceiving their useless exposure, endeavoured again and again to withdraw them; but amidst the roar of the musketry his voice was lifted up in vain, and when by passing along the ranks he persuaded one wing of the regiment to recede, they rushed again to the front while he was gone to expostulate with the other. A tall Georgia youth expressed the spirit of his comrades when he replied the next day to the question why they did not retreat to the shelter of the ridge: ' We did not come all this way to Virginia to run before Yankees.'(1) Nor was the courage of the other troops less ardent. The 44th Virginia was placed in reserve, thirty paces in rear of the centre. ' After the battle became animated,' says the brigadier,' and my attention was otherwise directed, a large number of the 44th quit their position, and,rushing forward, joined the 58th and engaged in the fight, while the balance of the regiment joined some other brigade.'(2)

The action gradually became so fierce that Jackson sent his Third Brigade to support the advanced guard. These nine regiments now engaged sufficed to hold the enemy in check; the Second Brigade, which moved towards them as darkness fell, was not engaged, and the Stonewall regiments were still in rear. No counterstroke was delivered. Johnson himself was wounded, and had to hand over the command; and after four hours' fighting the Federals fell back in perfect order under cover of the night. Nor was there any endeavour to pursue. The Confederate troops were superior in numbers, but there was much confusion in their ranks; the cavalry could not act on the steep and broken ground, and there were other reasons which rendered a night attack undesirable.

The enemy had been repulsed at every point. The tale of casualties, nevertheless, was by no means small. 498 Confederates, including 54 officers, had fallen. The 12th Georgia paid the penalty for its useless display of valour with the loss of 156 men and 19 officers. The <300>Federals, on the other hand, favoured by the ground, had no more than 256 killed, wounded, and missing. Only three pieces of artillery took part in the engagement. These were Federal guns; but so great was the angle of elevation that but one man on Sitlington's Hill was struck by a piece of shell. Jackson, in order to conceal his actual strength, had declined to order up his artillery. The approach to the position, a narrow steep ravine, wooded, and filled with boulders, forbade the use of horses, and the guns must have been dragged up by hand with great exertion. Moreover, the artillery was destined to form part of the turning column, and had a long night march before it.

' By nine o'clock,' says Dabney,' the roar of the struggle had passed away, and the green battle-field reposed under the starlight as calmly as when it had been occupied only by its peaceful herds. Detachments of soldiers were silently exploring the ground for their wounded comrades, while the tired troops were slowly filing off to their bivouac. At midnight the last sufferer had been removed and the last picket posted; and then only did

Jackson turn to seek a few hours' repose in a neighbouring farmhouse. The valley of M'Dowell lay in equal quiet. The camp-fires of the Federals blazed ostentatiously in long and regular lines, and their troops seemed wrapped in sleep. At one o'clock the general reached his quarters, and threw himself upon a bed. When his mulatto servant, knowing that he had eaten nothing since morning, came in with food, he said, "I want none; nothing but sleep," and in a few minutes he was slumbering like a healthy child.'

It seems, however, that the march of the turning column had already been countermanded. Putting himself in his enemy's place, Jackson had foreseen Milroy's movements. If the one could move by night, so could the other; and when he rode out at dawn, the Federals, as he anticipated, had disappeared. The next day he sent a laconic despatch to Richmond: ' God blessed our arms with victory at M'Dowell yesterday.'

This announcement was doubtless received by the people of Virginia, as Dabney declares, with peculiar delight. [Graphic, Battle of McDowell, Va., Thursday, May 8th, 1862, omitted.] <301>On May 4 Johnston had evacuated Yorktown. On the 5th he had checked the pursuit at Williamsburg, inflicting heavy losses, but had continued his retreat. On the 9th Norfolk was abandoned; and on the 11th the 'Merrimac,' grounding in the James, was destroyed by her commander. ' The victory of M'Dowell was the one gleam of brightness athwart all these clouds.' It must be admitted, however, that the victory was insignificant. The repulse of 2,500 men by 4,000 was not a remarkable feat; and it would even appear that M'Dowell might be ranked with the battles of lost opportunities. A vigorous counterstroke would probably have destroyed the whole of the attacking force. The riflemen of the West, however, were not made of the stuff that yields readily to superior force. The fight for the bridge would have been fierce and bloody. Twilight had fallen before the Confederate reinforcements arrived upon the scene; and under such conditions the losses must have been very heavy. But to lose men was exactly what Jackson wished to avoid. The object of his manoeuvres was the destruction not of Frémont's advanced guard, but of Banks' army; and if his numbers were seriously reduced it would be impossible to attain that end. Frémont's brigades, moreover, protected no vital point. A decisive victory at M'Dowell would have produced but little effect at Washington. No great results were to be expected from operations in so distant a section of the strategic theatre; and Jackson aimed at nothing more than driving the enemy so far back as to isolate him from Banks.

The next morning the small force of cavalry crossed the bridge and rode cautiously through the mountain passes. The infantry halted for some hours in M'Dowell in order that rations might be issued, but the Federals made three-and-twenty miles, and were already too far ahead to be overtaken. On the 10th and the 11th the Confederates made forced marches, but the enemy set fire to the forests on the mountain-side, and this desperate measure proved eminently successful. ' The sky was overcast with volumes of smoke, which wrapped every distant object in a veil, impenetrable alike to the eyes and telescopes <302>of the officers. Through this sultry canopy the pursuing army felt its way cautiously, cannonaded by the enemy from every advantageous position, while it was protected from ambushes only by detachments of skirmishers, who scoured the burning woods on either side of the highway. The general, often far in advance of the column in his eagerness to overtake the foe, declared that this was the most adroit expedient to which a retreating army could resort, and that it entailed upon him all the disadvantages of a night attack. By slow approaches, and with constant skirmishing, the Federals were

driven back to Franklin village, and the double darkness of the night and the smoke arrested the pursuit.'⁽¹⁾

On May 12 Jackson resolved to return to the Valley. Frémont, with Blenker's division, was at hand. It was impossible to outflank the enemy's position, and time was precious, ' for he knew not how soon a new emergency at Fredericksburg or at Richmond might occasion the recall of Ewell, and deprive him of the power of striking an effective blow at Banks.'⁽²⁾ Half the day was granted to the soldiers as a day of rest, to compensate for the Sunday spent in the pursuit, and the following order was issued to the command :—

'I congratulate you on your recent victory at M'Dowell. I request you to unite with me in thanksgiving to Almighty God for thus having crowned your arms with success; and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory, until our independence shall be established; and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine service at 10 A.M. on this day, in their respective regiments.'

Shortly after noon the march to M'Dowell was resumed. On the 15th the army left the mountains and encamped at Lebanon Springs, on the road to Harrisonburg. The 16th was spent in camp, the Confederate President having appointed a day of prayer and <303>fasting. On the 17th a halt was made at Mount Solon, and here Jackson was met by Ewell, who had ridden over from Elk Run Valley. Banks had fallen back to Strasburg, and he was now completely cut off from Frémont. On the night of the engagement at M'Dowell Captain Hotchkiss had been ordered back to the Valley, and, accompanied by a squadron of Ashby's cavalry, had blocked the passes by which Frémont could cross the mountains and support his colleague. ' Bridges and culverts were destroyed, rocks rolled down, and in one instance trees were felled along the road for nearly a mile.'⁽¹⁾ Jackson's object was thus thoroughly achieved. All combination between the Federal columns, except by long and devious routes, had now been rendered impracticable; and there was little fear that in any operations down the Valley his own communications would be endangered. The M'Dowell expedition had neutralised, for the time being, Frémont's 20,000 men; and Banks was now isolated, exposed to the combined attack of Jackson, Ewell, and Edward Johnson.

One incident remains to be mentioned. During the march to Mount Solon some companies of the 27th Virginia, who had volunteered for twelve months, and whose time had expired, demanded their discharge. On this being refused, as the Conscription Act was now in force, they threw down their arms, and refused to serve another day. Colonel Grigsby referred to the General for instructions. Jackson's face, when the circumstances were explained, set hard as flint. 'Why,' he said, ' does Colonel Grigsby refer to me to learn how to deal with mutineers ? He should shoot them where they stand.' The rest of the regiment was ordered to parade with loaded muskets; the insubordinate companies were offered the choice of instant death or instant submission. The men knew their commander, and at once surrendered. 'This,' says Dabney, 'was the last attempt at organised disobedience in the Valley army.'

Stonewall Jackson v1.
CHAPTER X—WINCHESTER

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THAT week in May when the Army of the Valley marched back to the Shenandoah was almost the darkest in the 1862. Confederate annals. The Northern armies, in May, proving daily in discipline and in efficiency, had attained an ascendancy which it seemed impossible to withstand. In every quarter of the theatre of war success inclined to the Stars and Stripes. At the end of April New Orleans, the commercial metropolis of the South, had fallen to the Federal navy. Earlier in the month a great battle had been fought at Shiloh, in Tennessee; one of the most trusted of the Confederate commanders had been killed; (1) his troops, after a gallant struggle, had been repulsed with fearful losses; and the upper portion of the Mississippi, from the source to Memphis, had fallen under the control of the invader. The wave of conquest, vast and irresistible, swept up every navigable river of the South; and if in the West only the outskirts of her territory were threatened with destruction, in Virginia the roar of the rising waters was heard at the very gates of Richmond. McClellan, with 112,000 men, had occupied West Point at the head of the York River; and on May 16 his advance reached the White House, on the Pamunkey, twenty miles from the Confederate capital. McDowell, with 40,000 men, although still north of the Rappahannock, was but five short marches distant. (2) <305>The Federal gunboats were steaming up the James; and Johnston's army, encamped outside the city, was menaced by thrice its numbers.

So black was the situation that military stores had already been removed from the capital, the archives of the Confederacy had been packed, and Mr. Davis had made arrangements for the departure of his family. In spite of the protests of the Virginia people the Government had decided to abandon Richmond. The General Assembly addressed a resolution to the President requiring him to defend the city, if necessary, 'until not a stone was left upon another.' The City Council, enthusiastically supported by the citizens, seconded the appeal. A deputation was sent to Mr. Davis; but while they conferred together, a messenger rode in with the news that the masts of the Federal fleet could be seen from the neighbouring hills. Davis dismissed the committee, saying: 'This manifestly concludes the matter.'

The gunboats, however, had still to feel their way up the winding reaches of the James. Their progress was very slow; there was time to obstruct the passage, and batteries were hastily improvised. The people made a mighty effort; and on the commanding heights of Drewry's Bluff, six miles below the city, might be seen senators and merchants, bankers and clergymen, digging parapets and hauling timber, in company with parties of soldiers and gangs of slaves. Heavy guns were mounted. A great boom was constructed across the stream. When the ships approached they were easily driven back, and men once more breathed freely in the streets of Richmond. The example of the 'Unterrified Commonwealth,' as Virginia has been proudly named, inspired the Government, and it was determined, come what might, that Richmond should be held. On the land side it was already fortified. But Lee was unwilling to resign himself to a siege. McClellan had still to cross the Chickahominy, a stream which oozes by many channels through treacherous swamps and an unwholesome jungle; and despite the overwhelming <306>numbers of the invading armies, it was still possible to strike an effective blow.

Few would have seen the opportunity, or, with a great army thundering at the gates of Richmond, have dared to seize it; but it was not McClellan and McDowell whom Lee was fighting, not the enormous hosts which they commanded, nor the vast resources of the North. The power which gave life and motion to the mighty mechanism of the attack lay not within the camps that could be seen from the housetops of Richmond and from the hills round Fredericksburg. Far away to the north, beyond the Potomac, beneath the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, was the mainspring of the invader's strength. The multitudes of armed men that overran Virginia were no more the inanimate pieces of the chess-board. The power which controlled them was the Northern President. It was at Lincoln that Lee was about to strike, at Lincoln and the Northern people, and an effective blow at the point which people and President deemed vital might arrest the progress of their armies as surely as if the Confederates had been reinforced by a hundred thousand men.

On May 16 Lee wrote to Jackson: 'Whatever movement you make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful drive him back towards the Potomac, and create the impression, as far as possible, that you design threatening that line.' For this purpose, in addition to Ewell and Johnson's forces, the Army of the Valley was to be reinforced by two brigades, Branch's and Mahone's, of which the former had already reached Gordonsville.

In this letter the idea of playing on the fears of Lincoln for the safety of his capital first sees the light, and it is undoubtedly to be attributed to the brain of Lee. That the same idea had been uppermost in Jackson's mind during the whole course of the campaign is proved not only by the evidence of his chief of the staff, but by his correspondence with headquarters. 'If Banks is defeated,' he had written on April 5, 'it may directly retard McClellan's movements.' It is true that nowhere in his correspondence <307> is the idea of menacing Washington directly mentioned, nor is there the slightest evidence that he suggested it to Lee. But in his letters to his superiors he confines himself strictly to the immediate subject, and on no single occasion does he indulge in speculation on possible results. In the ability of the Commander-in-Chief he had the most implicit confidence. 'Lee,' he said, 'is the only man I know whom I would follow blindfold,' and he was doubtless assured that the embarrassments of the Federal Government were as apparent to Lee as to himself. That the same idea should have suggested itself independently to both is hardly strange. Both looked further than the enemy's camps; both studied the situation in its broadest bearings; both understood the importance of introducing a disturbing element into the enemy's plans; and both were aware that the surest means of winning battles is to upset the mental equilibrium of the opposing leader.

Before he reached Mount Solon Jackson had instructed Ewell to call up Branch's brigade from Gordonsville. He intended to follow Banks with the whole force at his disposal, and in these dispositions Lee had acquiesced. Johnston, however, now at Richmond, had once more resumed charge of the detached forces, and a good deal of confusion ensued. Lee, intent on threatening Washington, was of opinion that Banks should be attacked. Johnston, although at first he favoured such a movement, does not appear to have realised the effect that might be produced by an advance to the Potomac. Information had been received that Banks was constructing intrenchments at Strasburg, and Johnston changed his mind. He thought the attack too hazardous, and Ewell was directed to cross the Blue Ridge and march eastward, while Jackson 'observed' Banks.

These orders placed Ewell in a dilemma. Under instructions from Lee he was to remain with Jackson. Under instructions from Jackson he was already moving on Luray. Johnston's orders changed his destination. Taking horse in haste he rode across the Valley from Swift Run Gap to Jackson's camp at Mount Solon. Jackson at once telegraphed to Lee: 'I am of opinion <308>that an attempt should be made to defeat Banks, but under instructions from General Johnston I do not feel at liberty to make an attack. Please answer by telegraph at once.' To Ewell he gave orders that he should suspend his movement until a reply was received. 'As you are in the Valley district,' he wrote, 'you constitute part of my command You will please move so as to encamp between New Market and Mount Jackson on next Wednesday night, unless you receive orders from a superior officer and of a date subsequent to the 16th instant.'

This order was written at Ewell's own suggestion. It was for this he had ridden through the night to Jackson's camp.

Lee's reply was satisfactory. Johnston had already summoned Branch to Richmond, but Ewell was to remain; and the next morning, May 18, the Confederates moved forward down the Valley. The two days' rest which had been granted to Jackson's troops had fallen at a useful time. They had marches to look back on which had tried their endurance to the utmost. In three days, before and after Kernstown, they had covered fifty-six miles, and had fought a severe engagement. The struggle with the mud on the Port Republic was only surpassed by the hardships of the march to Romney. From Elk Run to Franklin, and from Franklin to Mount Solon, is just two hundred miles, and these they had traversed in eighteen days. But the exertions which had been then demanded from them were trifling in comparison with those which were to come. From Mount Solon to Winchester is eighty miles by the Valley pike; to Harper's Ferry one hundred and ten miles. And Jackson had determined that before many days had passed the Confederate colours should be carried in triumph through the streets of Winchester, and that the gleam of his camp-fires should be reflected in the waters of the Potomac.

Johnston believed that Banks, behind the earthworks at Strasburg, was securely sheltered. Jackson saw that his enemy had made a fatal mistake, and that his earthworks, skilfully and strongly constructed as they were, were no more than a snare and a delusion.

[Graphic, Situation May 18th, 1862, omitted.]

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Ashby had already moved to New Market; and a strong cordon of pickets extended along Pugh's Run near Woodstock, within sight of the Federal outposts, and cutting off all communication between Strasburg and the Upper Valley. Ewell's cavalry regiments, the 2nd and 6th Virginia, held the Luray Valley, with a detachment east of the Blue Ridge. On the 20th Jackson arrived at New Market, thirty miles from Mount Solon. Ewell had meanwhile marched to Luray, and the two wings were now on either side of the Massanutts. On his way to New Market Jackson had been joined by the Louisiana brigade of Ewell's division. This detachment seems to have been made with the view of inducing Banks to believe, should information filter through Ashby's pickets, that the whole Confederate force was advancing direct on Strasburg.

The Army of the Valley numbered nearly 17,000 officers and men.(1) Ewell's effective strength was 7,500; Johnson's 2,500; Jackson's 6,000; and there were eleven batteries.

The troops were now organised in two divisions :—

JACKSON'S DIVISION

First (Stonewall) Brigade, General Winder: 2nd Virginia, 4th Virginia, 5th Virginia, 27th Virginia, 33rd Virginia.

Second Brigade, Colonel Campbell: 21st Virginia, 42nd Virginia, 48th Virginia, 1st Regulars (Irish).

Third Brigade, Colonel Taliaferro: 10th Virginia, 23rd Virginia, 37th Virginia.

Cavalry, Colonel Ashby: 7th Virginia.

Artillery: 5 batteries (1 horse-artillery), 22 guns.

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Taylor's Brigade: 6th Louisiana, 7th Louisiana, 8th Louisiana, 9th Louisiana, Wheat's Battalion (Louisiana Tigers).

Trimble's Brigade: 21st North Carolina, 21st Georgia, 15th Alabama, 16th Mississippi.

Elzey's Brigade: { 13th Virginia, 31st Virginia, 25th Virginia, 12th Georgia.
{ (late Johnson's)

Scott's Brigade: { 44th Virginia, 52nd Virginia, 58th Virginia.

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Maryland Line: 1st Maryland.

Cavalry, General G. H. Stuart: 2nd Virginia, Colonel Munford; 6th Virginia, Colonel Flournoy.

Artillery: 6 batteries, 26 guns.

For the first time in his career Jackson found himself in command of a considerable force. The greater part of the troops were Virginians, and with these he was personally acquainted. The strange contingents were Taylor's and Trimble's brigades, and Stuart's cavalry. These had yet to be broken to his methods of war and discipline. There was no reason, however, to fear that they would prove less efficient than his own division. They had as yet seen little fighting, but they were well commanded. Ewell was a most able soldier, full of dash and daring, who had seen much service on the Indian frontier. He was an admirable subordinate, ready to take responsibility if orders were not forthcoming, and executing his instructions to the letter. His character was original. His modesty was only equalled by his eccentricity. 'Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped bald head, and a nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a bird-like habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were someone else, was droll in the extreme. "*What* do you suppose President Davis made me a major-general for?" beginning with a sharp accent, ending with a gentle lisp, was a usual question to his friends. Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen, invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water; and with all his oddities, perhaps in some measure because of them, he was adored by officers and men.'⁽¹⁾ To Jackson he must have been peculiarly acceptable; not indeed as an intimate, for Ewell, at this period of the war, was by no means regenerate, and swore like a cowboy: but he knew the value of time, and <311>rated celerity of movement as high as did Napoleon. His instructions to Branch, when the march against Banks was first projected, might have emanated from Jackson himself: ' You cannot bring tents; tent-flies without poles, or tents cut down to that size, and only as few as are indispensable. No mess-chests, trunks, &c. It is better to

leave these things where you are than to throw them away after starting. We can get along without anything but food and ammunition. The road to glory cannot be followed with much baggage.'(1)

Trimble, too, was a good officer, an able tactician and a resolute leader. He had hardly, however, realised as yet that the movements of a brigade must be subordinated to those of the whole army, and he was wont to grumble if his troops were held back, or were not allowed to pursue some local success. Steuart was also a West Pointer, but with much to learn. Taylor and his Louisianians played so important a part in the ensuing operations that they deserve more detailed mention. The command was a mixed one. One of the regiments had been recruited from the roughs of New Orleans. The 7th and 9th were composed of planters and sons of planters, the majority of them men of fortune. 'The 6th,' writes the brigadier, 'were Irishmen, stout, hardy fellows, turbulent in camp and requiring a strong hand, but responding to justice and kindness, and ready to follow their officers to the death. The 8th were from the Attakapas—Acadians, the race of whom Longfellow sings in "Evangeline"—a home-loving, simple people; few spoke English, fewer still had ever moved ten miles from their native cabanas; and the war to them was a liberal education. They had all the light gaiety of the Gaul, and, after the manner of their ancestors, were born cooks. A capital regimental band accompanied them, and whenever weather and ground permitted, even after long marches, they would waltz and polk in couples with as much zest as if their arms encircled the supple waists of the Célestines and Mélazies of their native Teche. The Valley soldiers were largely of the Presbyterian faith, and of a solemn, pious demeanour, <312>and looked askance at the caperings of my Creoles, holding them to be "devices and snares. "'(1)

Taylor himself had been educated at West Point. He was a man of high position, of unquestioned ability, an excellent disciplinarian, and a delightful writer. More than other commanders he had paid great attention to the marching of his men. He had an eye to those practical details which a good regimental officer enforces with so much effect. Boots were properly fitted; the troops were taught the advantages of cold water, and how to heal abrasions; halts upon the march were made at frequent intervals, and the men soon held that to fall out on the march was a disgrace. Before a month 'had passed,' he says, 'the brigade had learned how to march, and in the Valley with Jackson covered long distances without leaving a straggler behind.'(2)

Jackson's first meeting with the Louisiana troops has been described by their commander :—

'A mounted officer was despatched to report our approach and select a camp, which proved to be beyond Jackson's forces, then lying in the fields on both sides of the Valley pike. Over 3,000 strong, neat in fresh clothing of grey with white gaiters, bands playing at the head of their regiments—not a straggler, but every man in his place, stepping jauntily as if on parade, though it had marched twenty miles or more—in open column, with the rays of the declining sun flaming on polished bayonets, the brigade moved down the hard smooth pike, and wheeled on to the camping-ground. Jackson's men, by thousands, had gathered on either side of the road to see us pass.

'After attending to necessary camp details, I sought Jackson, whom I had never met. The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response.

Before this came I had time to see a pair of <313>cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy dark beard and weary eyes, eyes I afterwards saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low gentle voice inquired the road and distance marched that day. "Keezleton road, six-and-twenty miles." "You seem to have no stragglers." "Never allow straggling." "You must teach my people; they straggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my Creoles started their band for a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "Thoughtless fellows for serious work" came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gaiety. A return to the lemon gave me the opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "No fellow could find out," but he was rarely without one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty dean.'(1)

The next day, marching in the grey of the morning, the force moved north, the Louisianians in advance. Suddenly, after covering a short distance, the head of the column was turned to the right; and the troops, who had confidently expected that Strasburg would be the scene of their next engagement, found themselves moving eastward and crossing the Massanuttons. The men were utterly at sea as to the intentions of their commander. Taylor's brigade had been encamped near Conrad's Store, only a few miles distant, not many days before, and they had now to solve the problem why they should have made three long marches in order to return to their former position. No word came from Jackson to enlighten them. From time to time a courier would gallop up, report, and return to Luray, but the general, absorbed in thought, rode silently across the mountain, perfectly oblivious of inquiring glances.

At New Market the troops had been halted at crossroads, and they had marched by that which they had least expected. The camp at Luray on the 21st presented the same puzzle. One road ran east across the mountains to Warrenton or Culpeper; a second north to Front Royal <314>and Winchester; and the men said that halting them in such a position was an ingenious device of Jackson's to prevent them fathoming his plans.(1) The next day, the 22nd, the army, with Ewell leading, moved quietly down the Luray Valley, and the advanced guard, Taylor's Louisianians, a six-pounder battery, and the 6th Virginia Cavalry, bivouacked that night within ten miles of Front Royal, held by a strong detachment of Banks' small army.

Since they had left Mount Solon and Elk Run Valley on May 19 the troops in four days had made just sixty miles. Such celerity of movement was unfamiliar to both Banks and Stanton, and on the night of the 22nd neither the Secretary nor the general had the faintest suspicion that the enemy had as yet passed Harrisonburg. There was serenity at Washington. On both sides of the Blue Ridge everything was going well. The attack on Frémont had not been followed up; and McClellan, though calling urgently for reinforcements, was sanguine of success. Mr. Lincoln, reassured by Jackson's retreat from Franklin, had permitted Shields to march to Falmouth; and McDowell, with a portion of his troops, had already crossed the Rappahannock. The President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, an important personage at Washington, appears to have been alone in his apprehension that a storm was gathering in the summer sky. 'The aspect of affairs in the Valley of Virginia,' he wrote to Stanton, 'is becoming very threatening. . . .The enterprise and vigour of Jackson are well known. . . .Under the circumstances will it not be more judicious to order back General Shields to co-operate with General Banks? Such a movement might be accomplished in time to prevent disaster.'(2) The Secretary, however,

saw no reason for alarm. His strategical combinations were apparently working without a hitch. Banks at Strasburg was in a strong position; and McDowell was about to lend the aid which would enable McClellan to storm the rebel capital. One of Frémont's columns, under General Cox, a <315>most able officer, which was making good progress towards the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, had certainly been compelled to halt when Milroy was driven back to Franklin. Yet the defeated troops were rapidly reorganising, and Frémont would soon resume his movement. Milroy's defeat was considered no more than an incident of *la petite guerre*. Washington seemed so perfectly secure that the recruiting offices had been closed, and the President and Secretary, anticipating the immediate fall of Richmond, left for Fredericksburg the next day. McDowell was to march on the 26th, and the departure of his fine army was to be preceded by a grand review.

Even Banks, though Shields had marched to Fredericksburg, reducing his force by a half, believed that there was no immediate reason to fear attack. 'I regard it as certain,' he wrote, 'that Jackson will move north as far as New Market . . . a position which enables him to cooperate with General Ewell, who is still at Swift Run Gap.' Yet he took occasion to remind Mr. Stanton of the 'persistent adherence of Jackson to the defence of the Valley, and his well-known purpose to expel the Government troops. This,' he added, 'may be assumed as certain. There is probably no one more fixed and determined purpose in the whole circle of the enemy's plans.' Banks had certainly learned something of Jackson by this time, but he did not yet know all.

So on this night of May 22 the President and his people were without fear of what the morrow might bring forth. The end of the rebellion seemed near at hand. Washington was full of the anticipated triumph. The crowds passed to and fro in the broad avenues, exchanging congratulations on the success of the Northern arms and the approaching downfall of the slaveholders. The theatres were filled with delighted audiences, who hailed every scoffing allusion to the 'Southern chivalry' with enthusiasm, and gaiety and confidence reigned supreme. Little dreamt the light-hearted multitude that, in the silent woods of the Luray Valley, a Confederate army lay asleep beneath the stars. Little dreamt Lincoln, or Banks, or Stanton, that <316>not more than seventy miles from Washington, and less than thirty from Strasburg, the most daring of their enemies, waiting for the dawn to rise above the mountains, was pouring out his soul in prayer,

Appealing from his native sod
In formâ pauperis to God:
'Lay bare Thine arm—stretch forth Thy rod.
Amen !' That's Stonewall's way.

It is not always joy that cometh in the morning, least of all to generals as ignorant as Banks when they have to do with a skilful foe. It was not altogether Banks' fault that his position was a bad one. Stanton had given him a direct order to take post at Strasburg or its vicinity, and to send two regiments to hold the bridges at Front Royal. But Banks had made no remonstrance. He had either failed to recognise, until it was too late, that the force at Front Royal would be exposed to attack from the Luray Valley, and, if the post fell, that his own communications with both Winchester and Washington would be at once endangered; or he had lost favour with the Secretary. For some time past Mr. Stanton's telegrams had been cold and peremptory. There had been no more effusive praise of 'cautious vigour' and 'interesting manoeuvres;' and Banks had gradually fallen from the

command of a large army corps to the charge of a single division.

His 10,000 men were thus distributed. At Strasburg were 4,500 infantry, 2,900 cavalry, and 16 guns. At Winchester 850 infantry and 600 cavalry. Two companies of infantry held Buckton station on the Manassas Gap Railway, midway between Strasburg and Front Royal.⁽¹⁾ At Rectortown, east of the Blue Ridge, nineteen miles from Front Royal, was General Geary with 2,000 infantry and cavalry; these troops, however, were independent of Banks.

Front Royal, twelve miles east of Strasburg, was committed to the charge of Colonel Kenly, of the 1st Maryland Regiment in the Federal service, and 1,000 rifles and 2 guns were placed at his disposal. The post itself was <317>indefensible. To the west and south-west, about three miles distant, stand the green peaks of the Massanutts, while to the east the lofty spurs of the Blue Ridge look down into the village streets. A mile and a half north the forks of the Shenandoah unite in the broad river that runs to Harper's Ferry. The turnpike to Winchester crosses both forks in succession, at a point where they are divided by a stretch of meadows a mile in width. In addition to these two bridges, a wooden viaduct carried the railway over the South Fork, whence, passing between the North Fork and the Massanutts, it runs south of the stream to Strasburg. Kenly had pitched his camp between the town and the river, covering the bridges, and two companies were on picket beyond the houses.

In front were the dense forests which fill the Luray Valley and cover the foothills of the mountains, and the view of the Federal sentries was very limited. A strong patrol of 100 infantry and 30 troopers, which had been sent out on the 20th, had marched eleven miles south, had bivouacked in the woods, and had captured a Confederate straggler. The officer in command had obtained information, by questioning civilians, that Confederate infantry was expected, and this was confirmed by his prisoner. Banks, however, notwithstanding this report, could not bring himself to believe that an attack was imminent, and the cavalry was called back to Strasburg. For this reason Kenly had been unable to patrol to any distance on the 22nd, and the security of his camp was practically dependent on the vigilance of his sentries.

On the morning of May 23 there was no token of the approaching storm. The day was intensely hot, and the blue masses of the mountains shimmered in May 23. the summer haze. In the Luray Valley to the south was no sign of life, save the buzzards sailing lazily above the slumbrous woods. Suddenly, and without the least warning, a long line of skirmishers broke forward from the forest. The clear notes of the Confederate bugles, succeeded by the crash of musketry, woke the echoes of the Blue Ridge, and the Federal pickets were driven in <318>confusion through the village. The long roll of the drums beat the startled camp to arms, and Kenly hastily drew up his slender force upon a ridge in rear.

The ground in front of his position was fairly open, and with his two pieces of artillery he was able to check the first rush of the Confederate infantry. The guns which had accompanied their advanced guard were only smoothbores, and it was some time before a battery capable of making effective reply to the Federal pieces was brought up. As soon as it opened fire the Southern infantry was ordered to attack; and while one regiment, working round through the woods on the enemy's left, endeavoured to outflank his guns, four others, in successive lines, advanced across the plain against his front. The Federals, undismayed by the disparity of numbers, were fighting bravely, and had just been

reinforced by a squadron of New York regiment, when word was brought to their commander that a regiment of Southern cavalry had appeared between the rivers to his right rear. He at once gave the order to retire. The movement was carried out in good order, under heavy musketry, and the tents and stores were given to the flames; but an attempt to fire the bridges failed, for the Louisiana infantry, rushing recklessly forward, darted into the flames, and extinguished the burning brands. Sufficient damage was done, however, to render the passage of the North Fork by the Confederates slow and difficult; and Kenly took post on Guard Hill, a commanding ridge beyond the stream. Again there was delay. The smoke of the burning camp, rolling past in dense volumes, formed an impenetrable screen; the river was deep and turbulent, with a strong current; and the Federal guns commanded the single bridge. The cavalry, however, were not long in discovering a practicable ford. The river was soon alive with horsemen; and, forcing their way through the swirling waters, four squadrons of the 6th Virginia, accompanied by Jackson, gained the further bank, and formed up rapidly for pursuit. The enemy had already retired, and the dust of the retreating column was receding fast down the road to Winchester. <319>

Without waiting for reinforcements, and without artillery, Jackson urged the 6th Virginia forward. The country through which the turnpike runs is rolling and well-farmed, and the rail fences on either hand made movement across the fields by no means easy. But the Confederate advance was vigorous. The New York cavalry, pressed at every point, were beginning to waver; and near the little hamlet of Cedarville, some three miles from his last position, Kenly gave orders for his infantry to check the pursuit.

The column had halted. Men were tearing down the fences, and the companies were forming for battle in the fields, when there was a sudden outcry, the rolling thunder of many hoofs, and the sharp rattle of pistol-shots. A dense cloud of dust came whirling down the turnpike, and emerging from the yellow canopy the New York troopers, riding for their lives, dashed through the ranks of the startled infantry, while the Confederate horsemen, extending far to right and left, came surging on their traces.

The leading squadron, keeping to the high road, was formed four abreast, and the deep mass was wedged tightly between the fences. The foremost files were mowed down by a volley at close range, and here, for a moment, the attack was checked. But the Virginians meant riding home. On either flank the supporting squadrons galloped swiftly forward, and up the road and across the fields, while the earth shook beneath their tread, swept their charging lines, the men yelling in their excitement and horses as frenzied as their riders. In vain the Federal officers tried to deploy their companies. Kenly, calling on them to rally round the colours, was cut down with a dreadful wound. The grey troopers fell on them before they could fix bayonets or form a front, and sabre and revolver found an easy mark in the crowded masses of panic-stricken infantry. One of the guns was surrounded, and the gunners were cut to pieces; the other escaped for the moment, but was soon abandoned; and with the appearance of a fresh Confederate squadron on the scene Kenly's whole force dispersed in flight. Through woods and orchards <320>the chase went on. Escape was impossible. Hundreds laid down their arms; and 250 Virginia horsemen, resolutely handled and charging at exactly the right moment, had the honour of bringing in as prisoners 600 Federals, including 20 officers and a complete section of artillery. The enemy lost in addition 32 killed and 122 wounded. The Confederate casualties were 11 killed and 15 wounded, and so sudden and vigorous was their attack that a Federal

colonel estimated their numbers at 3,000.

Colonel Flournoy, a most daring officer, led the squadrons to the charge; but that the opportunity was so instantly utilised was due to Jackson. 'No sooner,' says Dabney, 'did he see the enemy than he gave the order to charge with a voice and air whose peremptory determination was communicated to the whole party. His quick eye estimated aright the discouragement of the Federals and their wavering temper. Infusing his own spirit into his men, he struck the hesitating foe at the decisive moment, and shattered them.' (1) Yet he took no credit to himself. He declared afterwards to his staff that he had never, in all his experience of warfare, seen so gallant and effective a charge of cavalry, and such commendation, coming from his guarded lips, was the highest honour that his troopers could have wished.

While these events were in progress the remainder of the Confederate cavalry had also been busy. The 7th Virginia had moved to Buckton. The railway was torn up, the telegraph line cut, and an urgent message to Banks for reinforcements was intercepted. The two companies of Pennsylvania infantry, on picket near the station, occupied a log storehouse and the embankment. Dismounting his command, Ashby, after a fierce fight, in which two of his best officers were killed, stormed the building and drove out the garrison. Two locomotives were standing on the rails with steam up, and by this means the Federals attempted to escape. Twice they moved out towards Strasburg, twice they were driven back by the Confederate carbines, and eventually the two companies surrendered. <321>

Jackson's measures had been carefully thought out. Kenly's patrols had failed to discover his advance in the early morning, for at Asbury Chapel, about three and a half miles south of the Federal outpost line, he had turned to the right off the Luray road, and plunging into the woods, had approached Front Royal by a circuitous track, so rough that the enemy had thought it hardly worth while to watch it. The main body of the cavalry left the Luray road at McCoy's Ford, and crossing the South Fork of the Shenandoah, worked through the forest at the foot of the Massanuttons. During the night Ashby had withdrawn the 7th Virginia, with the exception of a few patrols, from in front of Banks, and joining Jackson, by a rough track across the mountains, before daybreak, had been directed to cut the communication between Front Royal and Strasburg. The 6th Virginia had accompanied Jackson, the 2nd, under Colonel Munford, destroyed the railway bridges eastward of Front Royal. Had Kenly retreated on Strasburg he would have found Ashby on his flank. Had reinforcements been despatched from Strasburg they would have had to deal with Ashby before they could reach Kenly. Had the Federals attempted to escape by Manassas Gap they would have found Munford across their path. Meanwhile another party of cavalry had cut the telegraph between Front Royal and Washington; and a strong detachment, scouring the country east of the Blue Ridge, checked Geary's patrols, and blocked the entrance to the Gap from the direction of Manassas. Within an hour after his pickets were surprised Kenly was completely isolated.(1)

(1)The ingenuous report of a Federal officer engaged at Front Royal is significant of the effect of the sudden attack of the Confederates. He was sick at the time, but managed to escape. 'By considerable coaxing,' he wrote, 'I obtained an entrance to a house near by. I was now completely broken down—so much so that the gentleman prepared a liniment for me, and actually bound up some of my bruises, while the female portion of the household actually screamed for joy at our defeat! I was helped to bed, and next morning was taken by Mr. Bitzer to Winchester in his carriage. He is a gentleman in all particulars, but his family is the reverse (*sic*). On reaching Winchester I found things decidedly squally, and concluded to get out. I was carried to

Martinsburg, and being offered by the agent of a luggage train to take me to Baltimore, I concluded to accept the offer, and took a sleeping bunk, arriving in Baltimore the next afternoon.' He then proceeded to Philadelphia, and sent for his physician. Several of his officers whom he found in the town he immediately sent back to the colours; but as he believed that ' the *moral* of his regiment was not as it should be' he remained himself in Philadelphia.

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A failure in staff duties marred to some extent the Confederate success. ' A vicious usage,' according to Dabney, ' obtained at this time in the Southern armies. This was the custom of temporarily attaching to the staff of a general commanding a division or an army a company of cavalry to do the work of orderlies. By this clumsy contrivance the organisation of the cavalry regiments was broken up, the men detached were deprived of all opportunity for drill, and the general had no evidence whatever of their special fitness for the responsible service confided to them. Nay, the colonel of cavalry required to furnish them was most likely to select the least serviceable company. At the time of the combat of Front Royal the duty of orderlies was performed for General Jackson by a detachment from one of Ashby's undisciplined companies, of whom many were raw youths just recruited and never under fire. As soon as the Federal pickets were driven in, orders were despatched to the rear brigades to avoid the laborious route taken by the advance, and to pursue the direct highway to the town, a level track of three miles, in place of a steep byway of seven or eight. The panic-struck boy by whom the orders were sent was seen no more. When Jackson sent orders to the artillery and rear brigades to hurry the pursuit, instead of being found near at hand, upon the direct road, they were at length overtaken toiling over the hills of the useless circuit, spent with the protracted march. Thus night overtook them by the time they reached the village. This unfortunate incident taught the necessity of a picked company of orderlies, selected for their intelligence and courage, permanently attached to headquarters, and owing no subordination to any other than the general and his staff. Such was the usage that afterwards prevailed in the Confederate armies.(1) <323>

General Gordon has described with much minuteness how the news of the disaster was received at Strasburg. The attack had begun at one o'clock, but it was not till four that Banks was made aware that his detachment was in jeopardy. Believing that Jackson was at Harrisonburg, sixty miles distant, he had certainly no cause for immediate apprehension. The Valley towards Woodstock never looked more peaceful than on that sleepy summer afternoon; the sentries dawdled on their posts, and officers and men alike resigned themselves to its restful influence. Suddenly a mounted orderly dashed violently through the camp, and Strasburg was aroused. By the road to Buckton Banks hastily despatched a regiment and two guns. Then came a lull, and many anxious inquiries: ' What is it? Is it Stonewall Jackson, or only a cavalry raid ?'

A few hours later reports came in from the field of battle, and Banks telegraphed to Stanton that 5,000 rebels had driven Kenly back on Middletown. ' The force,' he added, ' has been gathering in the mountains, it is said, since Wednesday.'

But still the Federal general showed no undue alarm.

' Nothing was done,' says Gordon, ' towards sending away to Winchester any of the immense quantities of public stores collected at Strasburg; no movement had been made to place our sick in safety. It did not seem as if Banks interpreted the attack to signify aught of future or further movement by the enemy, or that it betokened any purpose to cut us off from Winchester. I was so fully impressed, however, with Jackson's purpose, that as

soon as night set in I sought Banks at his headquarters. I laboured long to impress upon him what I thought a duty, to wit, his immediate retreat upon Winchester, carrying all his sick and all his supplies that he could transport, and destroying the remainder. Notwithstanding all my solicitations and entreaties, he persistently refused to move, ever repeating, 'I must develop the force of the enemy.'⁽¹⁾

The force that had been sent out on the Buckton road had been soon recalled, without securing further information <324>than that the Confederate pickets were in possession of every road which led west or north from Front Royal.

Again did Gordon, at the request of Banks' chief of the staff, endeavour to persuade the general to abandon Strasburg. "It is not a retreat," he urged, "but a true military movement to escape from being cut off; to prevent stores and sick from falling into the hands of the enemy." Moved with an unusual fire, General Banks, who had met all my arguments with the single reply, "I must develop the force of the enemy," rising excitedly from his seat, with much warmth and in loud tones exclaimed, "By God, sir, I will not retreat! We have more to fear, sir, from the opinions of our friends than the bayonets of our enemies!" The thought, continues the brigadier, 'so long the subject of his meditations was at last out. Banks was afraid of being thought afraid. I rose to take my leave, replying, "This, sir, is not a military reason for occupying a false position." It was eleven o'clock at night when I left him. As I returned through the town I could not perceive that anybody was troubled with anticipation for the morrow. The sutlers were driving sharp bargains with those who had escaped from or those who were not amenable to military discipline. The strolling players were moving crowds to noisy laughter in their canvas booths, through which the lights gleamed and the music sounded with startling shrillness. I thought as I turned towards my camp, how unaware are all of the drama Jackson is preparing for us, and what merriment the morning will reveal!

Fortunately for his own battalions, the brigadier had his camp equipage and baggage packed and sent off then and there to Winchester, and though his men had to spend the night unsheltered under persistent rain, they had reason to bless his foresight a few nights later.

At midnight a report was received from one of the Front Royal fugitives: 'Kenly is killed. First Maryland cut to pieces. Cavalry ditto. The enemy's forces are 15,000 or 20,000 strong, and on the march to Strasburg.'

In forwarding this despatch to Washington Banks <325>remarked that he thought it much exaggerated. At 7 A.M. on the 24th he told Stanton that the enemy's force was from 6,000 to 10,000; that it was probably Ewell's division, and that Jackson was still in his front on the Valley turnpike.

Three hours later he wrote to Gordon, informing him that the enemy had fallen back to Front Royal during the night, that ample reinforcements had been promised from Washington, and that the division would remain in Strasburg until further orders.

Up to this time he had been convinced that the attack on Front Royal was merely a raid, and that Jackson would never dare to insert his whole force between himself and McDowell.⁽¹⁾ Suddenly, by what means we are not told, he was made aware that the Confederates were in overwhelming numbers, and that Jackson was in command.

Scarcely had General Gordon digested the previous communication when an orderly, galloping furiously to his side, delivered a pencil note from the chief of staff. 'Orders have just been received for the division to move at once to Middletown, taking such steps

to oppose the enemy, reported to be on the road between Front Royal and Middletown, as may seem proper.' Banks was electrified at last. Three weeks previously, in writing to Mr. Stanton, he had expressed his regret that he was 'not to be included in active operations during the summer.' His regret was wasted. He was about to take part in operations of which the activity, on his part at least, was more than satisfying.

Such blindness as Banks had shown is difficult to explain. His latest information, previous to the attack on Kenly, told him that Jackson's trains were arriving at Harrisonburg on the 20th, and he should certainly have inferred that Jackson was in advance of his waggons. Now from Harrisonburg across the Massanuttons to Front Royal is fifty-five miles; so it was well within the bounds of possibility that the Confederates might reach the latter village at midday on the 23rd. Moreover, Banks himself had recognised that Strasburg was an unfavourable position. It is true that it was fortified, but therein lay the very reason that would induce the enemy to turn it by Front Royal. Nor did the idea, which seems to have held possession of his mind throughout the night, that Ewell alone had been sent to destroy Kenly, and had afterwards fallen back, show much strategic insight. Front Royal was the weak point in the Federal position. It was of all things unlikely that a commander, energetic and skilful as Jackson was well known to be, would, when he had once advertised his presence, fail to follow up his first blow with his whole force and the utmost vigour. It is only fair to add that the Federal authorities were no wiser than their general. At two A.M. on the morning of the 24th, although the news of Kenly's disaster had been fully reported, they still thought that there was time to move fresh troops to Strasburg from Baltimore and Washington. It seemed incredible that Jackson could be at Front Royal. 'Arrangements are making,' ran Stanton's telegram to Banks, 'to send you ample reinforcements. Do not give up the ship before succour can arrive.'

We may now turn to Jackson.

Up to the present his operations had been perfectly successful. He had captured over 700 of the enemy, with a loss of only 40 or 50 to himself. He had seized stores to the value of three hundred thousand dollars (£60,000), and a large quantity had been burned by the enemy. He had turned the intrenched position at Strasburg. He threatened the Federal line of retreat. Banks was completely at his mercy, and there seemed every prospect of inflicting on that ill-starred commander a defeat so decisive as to spread panic in the council chambers of the Northern capital.

But the problem was not so simple as it seemed. In the first place, although the positions of the Federals had been thoroughly examined, both by staff officers and scouts, the information as to their numbers was somewhat vague. Banks had actually about 8,000 effectives at Strasburg; but so far as the Confederates knew it was quite possible that he had from 12,000 to 15,000. There is nothing more difficult in war than to get an accurate estimate of the enemy's numbers, especially when civilians, ignorant of military affairs, are the chief sources of information. The agents on whom Jackson depended for intelligence from within the enemy's lines were not always selected because of their military knowledge. 'On the march to Front Royal,' says General Taylor, 'we reached a wood extending from the mountain to the river, when a mounted officer from the rear called Jackson's attention, who rode back with him. A moment later there rushed out of the wood a young, rather well-looking woman, afterwards widely known as Belle Boyd. Breathless with speed and agitation, some time elapsed before she found her voice. Then,

with much volubility, she said we were near Front Royal; that the town was filled with Federals, whose camp was on the west side of the river, where they had guns in position to cover the bridge; that they believed Jackson to be west of the Massanuttons, near Harrisonburg; that General Banks was at Winchester, where he was concentrating his widely scattered forces to meet Jackson's advance, which was expected some days later. All this she told with the precision of a staff officer making a report, and it was true to the letter. Jackson was possessed of this information before he left New Market, and based his movements on it; but it was news to me.'

In the second place, Banks had still the means of escape. He could hardly prevent the Confederates from seizing Winchester, but he might at least save his army from annihilation. Jackson's men were exhausted and the horses jaded. Since the morning of the 19th the whole army had marched over eighty, and Ewell's division over ninety miles. And this average of seventeen miles a day had been maintained on rough and muddy roads, crossed by many unbridged streams, and over a high mountain. The day which had just passed had been especially severe. Ewell, who was in bivouac at Cedarville, five miles north of Front Royal on the Winchester <328>turnpike, had marched more than twenty miles; and Jackson's own division, which had made four-and-twenty, was on foot from five in the morning till nine at night.

Banks' natural line of retreat led through Winchester, and the Confederate advanced guard at Cedarville was two miles nearer that town than were the Federals at Strasburg. But it was still possible that Banks, warned by Kenly's overthrow, might withdraw by night; and even if he deferred retreat until daylight he might, instead of falling back on Winchester, strike boldly for Front Royal and escape by Manassas Gap. Or, lastly, he might remain at Strasburg, at which point he was in communication, although by a long and circuitous road, with Frémont at Franklin.

Jackson had therefore three contingencies to provide against, and during the night which followed the capture of Front Royal he evolved a plan which promised to meet them all. Ashby, at daybreak, was to move with the 7th Virginia cavalry in the direction of Strasburg; and at the same hour a staff officer, with a small escort, supported by Taylor's Louisianians, was to ride towards Middletown, a village five miles north of Strasburg and thirteen from Winchester, and to report frequently. The 2nd and 6th Virginia cavalry, under General Stuart, were to advance to Newtown, also on the Valley turnpike, and eight miles from Winchester; while Ewell, with Trimble's brigade and his artillery, was to move to Nineveh, two miles north of Cedarville, and there halt, awaiting orders. The remainder of the command was to concentrate at Cedarville, preparatory to marching on Middletown; and strong cavalry patrols were to keep close watch on the Strasburg-Front Royal road.(1)

From Cedarville to Middletown is no more than seven miles, and Taylor's brigade is reported to have moved at six A.M., while Ashby had presumably already marched. But notwithstanding the fact that Banks' infantry did not leave Strasburg till ten A.M., and <329>that it had five miles to cover before reaching Middletown, when the Confederates reached the turnpike at that village the Federal main body had already passed, and only the rear-guard was encountered.

It seems evident, therefore, that it was not till near noon that Jackson's patrols came in sight of Middletown, and that the Confederate advanced guard had taken at least six hours to cover seven miles. The country, however, between Cedarville and the Valley turnpike

was almost a continuous forest; and wood-fighting is very slow fighting. The advance had met with strong resistance. General Gordon had prudently sent the 29th Pennsylvania to Middletown at an early hour, with orders to reconnoitre towards Front Royal, and to cover Middletown until the army had passed through.

Supported by a section of artillery, the regiment had moved eastward till it struck the Confederate scouts some four miles out on the Cedarville road. After a long skirmish it was withdrawn to Middletown; but the 1st Maine cavalry, and a squadron of the 1st Vermont, about 400 strong, which had been ordered by Banks to proceed in the same direction, made a vigorous demonstration, and then fell back slowly before the advanced guard, showing a bold front, using their carbines freely, and taking advantage of the woods to impose upon the enemy.

These manoeuvres succeeded in holding the Confederates in check till after ten o'clock, for the heavy timber concealed the real strength of the Federals, and although Ashby, with the 7th Virginia, had marched to the scene of action, the infantry was not yet up. It is to be remembered that at daybreak the Valley army was by no means concentrated. Jackson had with him at Cedarville only Ewell's division; his own division having halted near Front Royal. This last division, it appears from the reports, did not leave Front Royal until 8 A.M.; a sufficiently early hour, considering the condition of the men and horses, the absence of the trains, and the fact that one of the brigades had bivouacked four miles south of <330>the village. (1) It was not, then, till between nine and ten that the column cleared Cedarville, and Middletown was distant nearly three hours' march, by an exceedingly bad road.

In all probability, if Jackson, at daybreak or soon afterwards, had marched boldly on Middletown with Ewell's division, he would have been able to hold Banks on the Valley turnpike until the rest of his infantry and artillery arrived. But he had always to bear in mind that the Federals, finding their retreat on Winchester compromised, might make a dash for Manassas Gap. Now the road from Strasburg to Manassas Gap was protected throughout its length by the North Fork of the Shenandoah; and to attack the Federals on the march, should they take this road, the Confederates would have to move through Cedarville on Front Royal. This was the only road by which they could reach the river, and the bridges at Front Royal were the only available points of passage. Jackson, it appears, was therefore reluctant to leave Cedarville, within easy reach of the bridges, until he received information of his enemy's designs, and that information, which had to be sought at a distance, was naturally long in coming.

Criticism, after the event, is easy; but it certainly seems curious, with his knowledge of Banks, that Jackson should have believed his opponent capable of so bold a measure as retreat by way of Manassas Gap. According to his own report, the feasibility of such a course did cross Banks' mind; but it might seem that on this occasion Jackson lost an opportunity through over-caution. Nevertheless, in desperate situations even the most inert characters are sometimes capable of desperate resolutions.

Although for the time being Banks was permitted to extricate his infantry from the toils, the remainder of his command was less fortunate. The general and his brigades reached Winchester in safety, but the road between that town and Strasburg was a scene of dire disaster. <331>

Steuart, with the 2nd and 6th Virginia, had struck Newton before noon, and found a convoy of waggons strung out on the Valley turnpike. A few shots threw everything into

confusion. Many of the teamsters deserted their posts, and fled towards Winchester or Strasburg. Waggons were upset, several were captured, and others plundered. But the triumph of the Confederates was short-lived. The Federal infantry had already reached Middletown; and Banks sent forward a regiment of cavalry and a brigade of infantry to clear the way. Steuart was speedily driven back, and the Northerners resumed their march.

At some distance behind the infantry came the Federal cavalry, about 2,000 strong, accompanied by a battery and a small party of Zouaves; but by the time this force reached Middletown, Ashby, supported by the Louisiana brigade, had driven in the regiment hitherto opposed to him, and, emerging from the forest, with infantry and guns in close support, was bearing down upon the village. The batteries opened upon the solid columns of the Federal horse. The Louisiana regiments, deploying at the double, dashed forward, and the Northern squadrons, penned in the narrow streets, found themselves assailed by a heavy fire. A desperate attempt was made to escape towards Winchester, and a whirling cloud of dust through which the sabres gleamed swept northward up the turnpike. But Ashby's horsemen, galloping across country, headed off the fugitives; some of the Confederate infantry drew an abandoned waggon across the road, and others ran forward to the roadside fences. At such close quarters the effect of the musketry was terrible. ' In a few moments the turnpike, which had just before teemed with life, presented a most appalling spectacle of carnage and destruction. The road was literally obstructed with the mingled and confused mass of struggling and dying horses and riders. Amongst the survivors the wildest confusion ensued, and they scattered in disorder in various directions, leaving some 200 prisoners in the hands of the Confederates.'⁽¹⁾ Part <332>dashed back to Strasburg, where the teeming magazines of the Federal commissaries were already blazing; and part towards the mountains, flying in small parties by every country track. The rear regiments, however, still held together. Drawing off westward, in the hope of gaining the Middle road, and of making his way to Winchester by a circuitous route, General Hatch, commanding the cavalry brigade, brought his guns into action on a commanding ridge, about a mile west of the highway, and still showed a front with his remaining squadrons. Infantry were with them; more horsemen came thronging up; their numbers were unknown, and for a moment they looked threatening. The Confederate batteries trotted forward, and Taylor's brigade, with the Stonewall and Campbell's in support, was ordered to attack; whilst Ashby, accompanied by the Louisiana Tigers and two batteries, pursued the train of waggons that was flying over the hills towards Winchester.

The question now to be solved was whether the cavalry was the advanced or the rear guard of the Federal army. No message had arrived from Steuart. But the people of Middletown supplied the information. They reported that in addition to the convoy a long column of infantry had passed through the village; and Jackson, directing his infantry to follow Ashby, sent a message to Ewell to march on Winchester. Some delay took place before the three brigades, which had now driven back the Federal cavalry, could be brought back to the turnpike and reformed; and it was well on in the afternoon when, with the Stonewall regiments leading, the Confederate infantry pushed forward down the pike.

The troops had been on their legs since dawn; some of them, who had bivouacked south of Front Royal, had already marched sixteen miles, the Federals had more than two hours' start, and Winchester was still twelve miles distant. But the enemy's cavalry had been routed, and such as remained of the waggons were practically without a guard. Ashby and

Steuart, with three fine regiments of Virginia cavalry, supported by the horse-artillery <333>and other batteries, were well to the front, and ' there was every reason to believe,' to use Jackson's own words, 'that if Banks reached Winchester, it would be without a train, if not without an army.'

But the irregular organisation of the Valley forces proved a bar to the fulfilment of Jackson's hopes. On approaching Newtown he found that the pursuit had been arrested. Two pieces of artillery were engaging a Federal battery posted beyond the village, but the Confederate guns were almost wholly unsupported. Ashby had come up with the convoy. A few rounds of shell had dispersed the escort. The teamsters fled, and the supply waggons and sutlers' carts of the Federal army, filled with luxuries, proved a temptation which the half-starving Confederates were unable to resist. 'Nearly the whole of Ashby's cavalry and a part of the infantry under his command had turned aside to pillage. Indeed the firing had not ceased, in the first onset upon the Federal cavalry at Middletown, before some of Ashby's men might have been seen, with a quickness more suitable to horse-thieves than to soldiers, breaking from their ranks, seizing each two or three of the captured horses and making off across the fields. Nor did the men pause until they had carried their illegal booty to their homes, which were, in some instances, at the distance of one or two days' journey. That such extreme disorders could occur,' adds Dabney, 'and that they could be passed over without a bloody punishment, reveals the curious inefficiency of officers in the Confederate army.(1)

(1)Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 101-2. ' The difficulty,' says General Taylor, speaking of the Confederate cavalry, ' of converting raw men into soldiers is enhanced manifold when they are mounted. Both man and horse require training, and facilities for rambling, with temptation to do so, are increased. There was little time, and it may be said less disposition, to establish camps of instruction. Living on horseback, fearless and dashing, the men of the South afforded the best possible material for cavalry. They had every quality but discipline, and resembled Prince Charming, whose manifold gifts were rendered useless by the malignant fairy. Assuredly our cavalry rendered much excellent service, especially when dismounted; and such able officers as Stuart, Hampton, and the younger Lees in the east, Forrest, Green, and Wheeler in the West, developed much talent for war; but their achievements, however distinguished, fell far below the standard that would have been reached had not the want of discipline impaired their efforts.'—*Destruction and Reconstruction*, pp. 70-71. It is only fair to add, however, that the Confederate troopers had to supply their own horses, receiving no compensation for their loss by disease or capture. This in some measure excuses their anxiety to loot as many chargers as they could lay hands on.

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Banks, when the pursuit had so suddenly ceased, had determined to save the remnant of his train. Three regiments and a couple of batteries were ordered back from Bartonsville, with Gordon in command; and this rearguard had not only shown a formidable front, but had actually driven the infantry that still remained with Ashby out of Newtown, and into the woods beyond. General Hatch, who had regained the turnpike with part of his brigade, had now come up; and the addition of six squadrons of cavalry rendered Gordon's force capable of stout resistance. The Federals held a strong position. The Confederates had present but 50 cavalry, 150 infantry, and 5 guns. Nor was there any hope of immediate support, for the remainder of the troops were still several miles in rear, and Steuart's two regiments appear to have rejoined General Ewell on the road for Nineveh.

Shortly before sunset the Confederate artillery was reinforced. The Stonewall Brigade had also arrived upon the scene; and Gordon, firing such waggons as he could not carry

off, as well as the pontoons, fell back on Winchester as the night closed in.

The Confederates had now marched from sixteen to twenty miles, and the men had not eaten since the early morning. But Jackson had determined to press the march till he was within striking distance of the hills which stand round Winchester to the south. It was no time for repose. The Federals had a garrison at Harper's Ferry, a garrison at Romney, detachments along the Baltimore and Ohio Railway; and Washington, within easy distance of Winchester by rail, was full of troops.⁽¹⁾ A few hours' delay, and instead of Banks' solitary division, a large army might bar the way to the Potomac. So, with the remnant of Ashby's cavalry <335>in advance, and the Stonewall Brigade in close support, the column toiled onward through the darkness. But the Federal rear-guard was exceedingly well handled. The 2nd Massachusetts regiment held the post of honour, and, taking advantage of stream and ridge, the gallant New Englanders disputed every mile of road. At Bartonsville, where the Opequon, a broad and marshy creek, crosses the turnpike, they turned stubbornly at bay. A heavy volley, suddenly delivered, drove the Confederate cavalry back in confusion on the infantry supports. The 33rd Virginia was completely broken by the rush of flying horsemen; the guns were overridden; and Jackson and his staff were left alone upon the turnpike. In the pitch darkness it was difficult to ascertain the enemy's numbers, and the flashes of their rifles, dancing along the top of the stone walls, were the only clue to their position. The Confederate column was ordered to deploy, and the Stonewall Brigade, pushing into the fields on either flank, moved slowly forward over the swampy ground. The stream proved an impassable obstacle both below and above the Federal position; but the 27th Virginia, attacking the enemy in front, drove them back and crossed to the further bank.

The pursuit, however, had been much delayed; and the Massachusetts regiment, although ridden into by their own cavalry, fell back in good order, protected by a strong line of skirmishers on either side of the turnpike. The Confederate order of march was now changed. Three companies, who were recruited from the district and knew the ground, were ordered to the front. The 5th Virginia, four or five hundred yards from the skirmish line, were to follow in support. The cavalry and guns were left in rear; and the troops once more took up the line of march.

For more than an hour they tramped slowly forward. The darkness grew more intense, and the chaff and laughter—for the soldiers, elated by success, had hitherto shown no sign of fatigue—died gradually away. Nothing was to be heard but the clang of accoutrements, the long rumble of the guns, and the shuffle of weary feet. Men fell in the ranks, overpowered by sleep or faint with hunger, and the <336>skirmishers, wading through rank fields of wheat and clover, stumbling into ditches, and climbing painfully over high stone walls, made tardy progress. Again and again the enemy's Volleys flashed through the darkness; but still there was no halt, for at the head of the regiments, peering eagerly into the darkness, their iron-willed commander still rode forward, as regardless of the sufferings of his men as of the bullets of the Federal rear-guard, with but one thought present to his mind—to bring Banks to battle, and so prevent his escape from Winchester. The student of Napoleon had not forgotten the pregnant phrase: 'Ask me for anything but time!' The indis-cipline of Ashby's cavalry had already given Banks a respite; and, undisturbed by his reverses, the Union general had shown himself capable of daring measures. Had the Confederates halted at Newtown or at Bartonsville, the troops would doubtless have been fresher for the next day's work, but the morning might have seen

Banks far on his way to the Potomac, or possibly strongly reinforced.

When the Confederate infantry had met and overthrown their enemy it would be time enough to think of food and rest. So long as the men could stand they were to follow on his traces. 'I rode with Jackson,' says General Taylor, 'through the darkness. An officer, riding hard, overtook us, who proved to be the chief quartermaster of the army. He reported the waggon trains far behind, impeded by a bad road in the Luray Valley. "The ammunition waggons?" sternly. "All right, sir. They were in advance, and I doubled teams on them and brought them through." "Ah!" in a tone of relief.

'To give countenance to the quartermaster, if such can be given on a dark night, I remarked jocosely, "Never mind the waggons. There are quantities of stores in Winchester, and the general has invited me to breakfast there tomorrow." Jackson took this seriously, and reached out to touch me on the arm. Without physical wants himself, he forgot that others were differently constituted, and paid little heed to commissariat, but woe to the man who failed <337>to bring up ammunition. In advance his trains were left behind. In retreat he would fight for a wheelbarrow.'⁽¹⁾

At Kernstown, behind Hogg Run, the Federal rear-guard halted for the last time, but after a short engagement fell back on Winchester. It was now three o'clock, an hour before dawn, and the Massachusetts men became aware that the enemy had halted. Their skirmishers still pressed slowly forward, and an occasional shot flashed out in the darkness. But that noise which once heard on a still night is never forgotten, the solid tramp of a heavy column on a hard road, like the dull roar of a distant cataract, had suddenly died away. As the day broke the Confederate advanced guard, passing Pritchard's Hill and Kernstown battlefield, struck the Federal pickets on Parkin's Hill. In front was a brook which goes by the name of Abraham's Creek; beyond the brook rose the ridge which covers Winchester, and Jackson at last permitted his men to rest. The coveted heights were within easy grasp. The Federal army was still in Winchester, and nothing now remained but to storm the hills, and drive the enemy in panic from the town.

The Confederates, when the order was given to halt, had dropped where they stood, and lay sleeping by the roadside. But their commander permitted himself no repose. For more than an hour, without a cloak to protect him from the chilling dews, listening to every sound that came from the front, he stood like a sentinel over the prostrate ranks. As the dawn rose, in a quiet undertone he gave the word to march. The order was passed down the column, and, in the dim grey light, the men, rising from their short slumbers, stiff, cold, and hungry, advanced to battle.

Jackson had with him on the turnpike, for the most part south of Kernstown, his own division, supported by the brigades of Scott and Elzey and by nine batteries. About a mile eastward on the Front Royal road was Ewell, with Trimble's brigade and ten guns. This detachment had moved on Winchester the preceding evening, <338>driving in the Federal pickets, and had halted within three miles of the town. During the night Jackson had sent a staff officer with instructions to Ewell. The message, although the bearer had to ride nine-and-twenty miles, by Newton and Nineveh, had reached its destination in good time; and as the Stonewall Brigade moved silently past Pritchard's Hill, Trimble's brigade advanced abreast of it beyond the intervening woods.

On both the Valley turnpike and the Front Royal road the Federals were favoured by the ground, and their position, although the two wings were widely separated, had been skilfully selected. On the turnpike and west of it was Gordon's brigade of four regiments,

strengthened by eight guns, and by a strong force of cavalry in reserve. Watching the Front Royal road was Donnelly's brigade, also of four regiments, with eight guns and a few squadrons. The line of defence ran along a broken ridge, lined in many places with stout stone walls, and protected in front by the winding reaches of Abraham's Creek.

Still, strong as was the Federal position, there was little chance of holding it. Banks had been joined during the night by the larger portion of his army, and by the garrison of Winchester, but he was heavily outnumbered. At Front Royal and at Middletown he had lost over 1,500 men; part of his rear-guard had scattered in the mountains, and it was doubtful if he could now muster more than 6,500 effective soldiers. In infantry and artillery the Confederates were more than twice his strength; in cavalry alone were they inferior.

Jackson's plan of action was simple. His advanced guard was to hold Gordon in position; and when Ewell fell on Donnelly, a heavy column would move round Gordon's right.

The Stonewall regiments led the way. The line of heights, west of the turnpike and commanding Abraham's Creek, was occupied by the Federal outposts, and a general advance of the whole brigade, sweeping across the brook and up the slopes, quickly drove in the pickets.

But the enemy, whether by skill or good fortune, had occupied with his main line a position admirably adapted for an inferior force. Four hundred yards beyond the ridge which the Confederates had seized rose a second swell of ground; and eight rifled guns, supported by the 2nd Massachusetts, swept the opposite height at effective range.

Jackson immediately ordered up three batteries, posting them behind the crest; and as the sun rose, drawing up the mist from the little stream, a fierce duel of artillery began the battle.

The Confederate gunners, harassed by the enemy's skirmishers, and overwhelmed with shells, suffered heavily; one battery was compelled to retire with a loss of 17 men and 9 horses; a second lost all its officers; and it was not till near seven o'clock that the enemy's eight guns, with their infantry escort, were finally driven back.

Ewell, meanwhile, had come into action on the right; but the mist was heavy, and his advanced guard, received with a heavy fire from behind the stone walls, was driven back with a loss of 80 officers and men. Then the fog rose heavily, and for nearly an hour the engagement on this wing died away. About eight o'clock Ewell's batteries again came into action, and Trimble moved round to take the enemy in flank. But Jackson, meanwhile, was bringing matters to a crisis on the left. The Federals still held fast in front; but the Louisiana, Taliaferro's, and Scott's brigades, retained hitherto with Elzey in reserve, were now ordered to turn the enemy's flank. Moving to the left in rear of the Stonewall Brigade, these eleven regiments, three forming a second line, faced to the front and climbed the heights.

General Gordon, in anticipation of such a movement, had already transferred two regiments to his right. The fire of this force, though delivered at close range, hardly checked the Confederate onset. Closing the many gaps, and preserving an alignment that would have been creditable on parade, Taylor and Taliaferro moved swiftly forward over rocks and walls. The Federal infantry gave way in great disorder. The cavalry in support essayed a charge, but the Confederates, as the squadrons rode boldly towards them, halted where they stood, and the rolling volleys of the line of battle drove back the

horsemen with many empty saddles.-Then, as Taylor resumed his advance, the Stonewall regiments, with Elzey in close support, rose suddenly from their covert, and the whole line swept forward across the ridges. The bright sun of the May morning, dispersing the mists which veiled the field, shone down upon 10,000 bayonets; and for the first time in the Valley ' the rebel yell,' that strange fierce cry which heralded the Southern charge, rang high above the storm of battle.

It was impossible, before so strong an onset, for the Federals to hold their ground. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry gave way. From east, west, and south the grey battalions converged on Winchester; and as the enemy's columns, covered by the heavy smoke, disappeared into the streets, Jackson, no longer the imperturbable tactician, moving his troops like the pieces on a chess-board, but the very personification of triumphant victory, dashed forward in advance of his old brigade. Riding recklessly down a rocky slope he raised himself in his stirrups, and waving his cap in the direction of the retreating foe, shouted to his officers to ' Press forward to the Potomac!' Elzey's, the reserve brigade, was ordered to take up the pursuit; and within the town, where the storehouses had been already fired, the battle was renewed. The Federal regiments, with the exception of the 2nd Massachusetts, lost all order in the narrow streets.⁽¹⁾ The roar of battle followed close; and with the rattle of musketry, the crash of shells, and the loud cries of the victors speeding their rapid flight, the Northern infantry dispersed across the fields. As the Confederates passed through the town, the people of Winchester, frantic with triumph after their two months of captivity, rushed out from every doorway to meet the troops; and with weeping and with laughter, with the [Graphic, Battle of Winchester, Va., Sunday, May 24th, 1862, omitted.] <341> blessings of women and the fierce shouts of men, the soldiers of the Valley were urged forward in hot pursuit.

As they emerged from the town, and looked down upon the open pastures through which the Martinsburg turnpike runs, they saw the country before them covered with crowds of fugitives. Jackson, still in advance, turned round to seek his cavalry. From the head of every street eager columns of infantry were pouring, and, deploying without waiting orders, were pushing hastily across the fields. But not a squadron was in sight. Ashby, with the handful of men that still remained with him, had ridden to Berryville, expecting that the enemy would attempt to escape by Snicker's Gap. Steuart, with the two regiments that had done such service at Front Royal, was with Ewell and Trimble; but although Donnelly's regiments could be seen retiring in good order, they were not followed by a single sabre.

Despatching an aide-de-camp to order Steuart to the front, Jackson called up his batteries. The infantry, too, was hurried forward, in order to prevent the Federals rallying. But after a rapid march of two hours the interval between the Confederates and the enemy was still increasing; and it was evident that without cavalry it was useless to continue the pursuit. Not only was the infantry utterly exhausted, but the horses of the artillery were worn out; and about five miles out of Winchester the troops were ordered to halt and bivouac.⁽¹⁾ The Federals, relieved from the pressure of the hostile fire, gradually reformed their ranks; and Jackson, notwithstanding the extraordinary exertions he had demanded from his troops, his own skilful manoeuvres, and the high spirit of his men, saw his opportunity pass away. His impatience was almost uncontrollable. His staff was despatched in all directions to urge forward the remainder of the batteries. ' We must press them to the Potomac ! ' ' Forward to the Potomac ! ' Such was the tenor of every order; and

at length, as the Federals disappeared in the far distance, he ordered the <342>artillery teams to be unhitched, and the gunners, thus mounted, to pursue the enemy. But before this strange substitute for cavalry had moved out, the lagging squadrons arrived, and with a few fiery words they were sent at speed down the Valley turnpike. But it was too late. Banks, for the second time, was more fortunate than he deserved.

To the misconduct of Ashby's troopers, and to the pedantic folly of General Steuart, the escape of the Federal army must be attributed.

' Never have I seen an opportunity when it was in the power of cavalry to reap a richer harvest of the fruits of victory. Had the cavalry played its part in this pursuit as well as the four companies under Colonel Flournoy two days before in the pursuit from Front Royal, but a small portion of Banks' army would have made its escape to the Potomac.'

So runs Jackson's official report, and when the dis-organised condition of the Federal battalions, as they fled north from Winchester, is recalled, it is difficult to question the opinion therein expressed. The precipitate retreat from Strasburg, accompanied by the loss of waggons and of stores; the concentrated attack of overwhelming numbers, followed by the disorderly rush through the streets of Winchester, had, for the time being, dissolved the bonds of discipline. It is true that some of the Federal regiments held together; but many men were missing; some fell into the hands of the Confederates, others sought safety by devious roads, and there can be little doubt but that those who fled to the Potomac were for the time being utterly demoralised. Had they been resolutely charged before they had reformed their ranks, their rifles would no more have saved them from annihilation than they had saved Kenly's command at Cedarville.

But where was the cavalry ? Ashby's 50 men, all that he had been able to collect, were far away upon the right; out of reach of orders, and in any case too few for effective use. The two regiments under Steuart, 600 or 700 strong, were the force on which Jackson had depended, and Steuart had shown himself incapable <343>of command. He had received Jackson's message with the reply that he could obey no orders unless they came through his immediate superior.(1) Before Ewell could be found, precious time was wasted, and two hours elapsed before the cavalry took up the chase. But the Federals had now established strong rear-guards. The whole of their cavalry, supported by artillery, had been ordered to cover the retreat; and Steuart, although he picked up numerous prisoners, and followed as far as Martinsburg, twenty-two miles north of Winchester, found no opportunity for attack.

Halting for two and a half hours at Martinsburg, the Federals continued their retreat at sunset, abandoning the magazines in the town to their pursuers. Before midnight 3,000 or 4,000 men had arrived at Williamsport, and by the ford and ferry, supplemented by a few pontoon boats, the remnant of Banks' army crossed the broad Potomac.

Although not a single Confederate squadron had followed him from Martinsburg, the Northern general, elated by his unexpected escape, spoke of this operation as if it had been carried out under heavy fire. 'It is seldom,' he reported, 'that a river-crossing of such magnitude is achieved (*sic*) with greater success.' But he added, with more candour, 'there were never more grateful hearts, in the same number of men, than when at mid-day on the 26th we stood on the opposite shore;' and then, with the loss of 2,000 men, a hundred waggons, the regimental transport of his cavalry, nearly 800 sick, and a vast quantity of stores, to traverse his assertion, he stated that his command 'had not suffered an attack or rout, but had accomplished a premeditated march of near sixty miles in the

face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever he was found !(2)

(2)Some of Banks' officers shared his opinion. The captain of the Zouaves d'Afrique, the general's body-guard, who had been cut off at Strasburg, but rejoined on the Potomac, reported that, 'incredible as it may appear, my men marched 141 miles in 47 hours, as measured by Captain Abert,' and concluded by congratulating Banks upon the success of his 'unparalleled retreat.' The Zouaves, at all events, could not complain that they had been excluded from 'active operations.' Another officer declared that 'we have great reason to be grateful to kind Providence, and applaud the skill and energy of our commanding officers for the miraculous escape of our men from utter annihilation.' O.R., vol. xii., part i, pp. 573 and 611.

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But the Northern people were not to be deceived. The truth was but too apparent; and long before Banks had found leisure to write his report, terror had taken possession of the nation. While the soldiers of the Valley lay round Winchester, reposing from their fatigues, and regaling themselves on the captured stores, the Governors of thirteen States were calling on their militia to march to the defence of Washington. Jackson had struck a deadly blow. Lincoln and Stanton were electrified even more effectually than Banks. They issued an urgent call for more troops. 'There is no doubt,' wrote Stanton to the Governor of Massachusetts, 'that the enemy in great force are marching on Washington.' In the cities of the North the panic was indescribable. As the people came out of church the newsboys were crying, 'Defeat of General Banks! Washington in danger!' The newspaper offices were surrounded by anxious crowds. In the morning edition of the *New York Herald* a leader had appeared which was headed 'Fall of Richmond.' The same evening it was reported that the whole of the rebel army was marching to the Potomac. Troops were hurried to Harper's Ferry from Baltimore and Washington. The railways were ordered to place their lines at the disposal of the Government. McDowell, on the eve of starting to join McClellan, was ordered to lay aside the movement, and to send half his army to the Valley.(1) Frémont, who was about to join his column from the Great Kanawha, was called upon to support Banks. McClellan was warned, by the President himself, that the enemy was making a general movement northward, and that he must either attack Richmond forthwith or come to the defence of Washington. A reserve corps of 50,000 men was ordered to be organised at once, and stationed permanently near the capital; and in one day, nearly half a million American citizens offered their services to save the Union. <345>

Jackson's *success* was as complete as it was sudden. The second diversion against Washington was as effective as the *first*, and the victory at Winchester even more prolific of results than the defeat at Kernstown. Within four-and-twenty hours the storm-cloud which had been gathering about Fredericksburg was dispersed. McDowell's army of 40,000 men and 100 guns was scattered beyond the hope of speedy concentration. McClellan, who had pushed forward his left wing across the Chickahominy, suddenly found himself deprived of the support on which he counted to secure his right; and Johnston, who had determined to attack his opponent before that support should arrive, was able to postpone operations until the situation should become more favourable.

Immediately after his victory Jackson had sent an officer to Richmond with dispatches explaining his views, and asking for instructions. Lee, in reply, requested him to press the enemy, to threaten an invasion of Maryland, and an assault upon the Federal capital. Early on the 28th, the Stonewall Brigade advanced towards Harper's Ferry. At that point, crowded with stores of every description, 7,000 men and 18 guns, under General Saxton,

had already been assembled. At Charlestown, Winder's advanced guard struck a reconnoitring detachment, composed of two regiments, a section of artillery, and a cavalry regiment. Within twenty minutes the Federals, already demoralised by the defeat of Banks, were retiring in disorder, abandoning arms, blankets, and haversacks, along the road, and the pursuit was continued until their reserves were descried in strong force on the Bolivar Heights, a low ridge covering Harper's Ferry from the south. The same evening Ewell advanced in support of Winder; and, on the 29th, the Valley army was concentrated near Halltown, with the exception of the Louisiana brigade, posted near Berryville, the 12th Georgia, with 2 guns, in occupation of Front Royal, and Ashby, on the road to Wardensville, watching Frémont.

During the afternoon the 2nd Virginia Infantry was sent across the Shenandoah, and occupying the Loudoun Heights, <346>threatened the enemy's position on the ridge below. Saxton, in consequence, withdrew a part of his troops the same night to the left bank of the Potomac; but Jackson, although Harper's Ferry and its magazines might easily have been taken, made no attempt to follow. His scouts, riding far to east and west, had already informed him that McDowell and Frémont were in motion to out off his retreat. Shields' division, leading McDowell's advance from Fredericksburg, was approaching Manassas Gap; while Frémont, hurrying from Franklin through the passes of the North Mountain, was ten miles east of Moorefield. Lee's instructions had already been carried to the extreme point consistent with safety, and Jackson determined to retreat by the Valley turnpike. Not only was it the one road which was not yet closely threatened, but it was the one road over which the enormous train of captured stores could be rapidly withdrawn.(1) The next morning, therefore, the main body of the army marched back to Winchester; Winder, with the Stonewall Brigade and two batteries, remaining before Harper's Ferry to hold Saxton in check. Jackson himself returned to Winchester by the railway, and on the way he was met by untoward news. As the train neared Winchester a staff officer, riding at a gallop across the fields, signalled it to stop, and the general was informed that the 12th Georgia had been driven from Front Royal, burning the stores, but not the bridges, at Front Royal, and that Shields' division was in possession of the village.

The situation had suddenly become more than critical. Front Royal is but twelve miles from Strasburg. Not a single Confederate battalion was within five-and-twenty miles of that town, and Winder was just twice as far away. The next morning might see the Valley turnpike blocked by 10,000 Federals under Shields. Another 10,000, McDowell's Second Division, under General Ord, were already near Front Royal; Frémont, with 15,000, was <347>pressing forward from the west; and Banks and Saxton, with the same number, were moving south from the Potomac. With resolute management it would seem that 35,000 Federals might have been assembled round Strasburg by midday of the 31st, and that this force might have been increased to 50,000 by the evening of June 1.(1) Desperate indeed appeared the Confederate chances. The waggons which conveyed the spoils of Martinsburg and Charlestown were still at Winchester, and with them were more than 2,000 prisoners. With the utmost expedition it seemed impossible that the Valley army, even if the waggons were abandoned, could reach Strasburg before the evening of the 31st; and the Stonewall Brigade, with fifty miles to march, would be four-and-twenty hours later. Escape, at least by the Valley turnpike, seemed absolutely impossible. Over Pharaoh and his chariots the waters were already closing.

But there is a power in war more potent than mere numbers. The moral difficulties of a

situation may render the proudest display of physical force of no avail. Uncertainty and apprehension engender timidity and hesitation, and if the commander is ill at ease the movements of his troops become slow and halting. And when several armies, converging on a single point, are separated by distance or by the enemy, when communication is tedious, and each general is ignorant of his colleagues' movements, uncertainty and apprehension are inevitable. More than ever is this the case when the enemy has a character for swiftness and audacity, and some unfortunate detachment is still reeling under the effects of a crushing and unexpected blow.

Regarding, then, like Napoleon, the difficulties rather than the numbers of his enemies, Jackson held fast to his purpose, and the capture of Front Royal disturbed him little. 'What news?' he asked briefly as the staff officer rode up to the carriage door. 'Colonel Connor has been driven back from Front Royal.' Jackson smiled <348>grimly, but made no reply. His eyes fixed themselves apparently upon some distant object. Then his preoccupation suddenly disappeared. He read the dispatch which he held in his hand, tore it in pieces, after his accustomed fashion, and, leaning forward, rested his head upon his hands and apparently fell asleep. He soon roused himself, however, and turning to Mr. Boteler, who tells the story, said: 'I am going to send you to Richmond for reinforcements. Banks has halted at Williamsport, and is being reinforced from Pennsylvania. Dix (Saxton) is in my front, and is being reinforced by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. I have just received a dispatch informing me of the advance of the enemy upon Front Royal, which is captured, and Fremont is now advancing towards Wardsville. Thus, you see, I am nearly surrounded by a very large force.'

'What is your own, General?' asked his friend.

'I will tell you, but you must not repeat what I say, except at Richmond. To meet this attack I have only 15,000 effective men.'

'What will you do if they cut you off, General?'

A moment's hesitation, and then the cool reply: 'I will fall back upon Maryland for reinforcements.'

'Jackson,' says Cooke, 'was in earnest. If his retreat was cut off he intended to advance into Maryland, and doubtless make his way straight to Baltimore and Washington, depending on the Southern sentiment in that portion of the State to bring him reinforcements.' That the Federal Government was apprehensive of some such movement is certain. The wildest rumours were everywhere prevalent. Men throughout the North wore anxious faces, and it is said that one question, 'Where is Jackson? Has he taken Washington?' was on every lip. The best proof, however, that a movement on Washington was actually anticipated by the Federals is the dispatch of the Secretary of War to the Governors of the different States: 'Send forward all the troops that you can, immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy, in great force, are advancing on Washington. <349>You will please organise and forward immediately all the volunteer and militia force in your State.' Further, on receiving the news of Banks' defeat, the President had called King's division of McDowell's army corps to defend the capital; and his telegram of May 25 to McClellan, already alluded to, in which that general was warned that he might have to return to Washington, is significant of what would have happened had the Confederates entered Maryland.⁽¹⁾ McClellan's vast army, in all human probability, would have been hurriedly re-embarked, and Johnston have been free to follow Jackson.

On the night of the 30th the whole Army of the Valley was ordered back to Strasburg; and early next morning the prisoners, escorted by the 21st Virginia, and followed by the convoy of waggons in double column, covering seven miles of road, led the way. Captain Hotchkiss was sent with orders to Winder to hasten back to Winchester, and not to halt till he had made some distance between that place and Strasburg. 'I want you to go to Charlestown,' were Jackson's instructions to his staff officer, 'and bring up the First Brigade. I will stay in Winchester until you get here, if I can, but if I cannot, and the enemy gets here first, you must conduct it around through the mountains.'

The march, however, as the general had expected, was made without molestation, and during the afternoon the main body reached Strasburg, and camped there for the night. The Stonewall Brigade, meanwhile, had passed through Winchester, halting near Newtown; the 2nd Virginia Regiment having marched thirty-five miles, and all the remainder twenty-eight. Little had been seen of the enemy. Frémont had passed Wardensville, and, marching through heavy rain, had halted after nightfall at Cedar Creek, six miles west of Strasburg. On the road to Front Royal, only a few scouts had been encountered by the Confederate patrols, for Shields, deceived by a demonstration <350>which the Louisiana Brigade had made from Winchester, had let the day pass by without a decisive movement. The difficulties on which Jackson had counted had weighted the feet of his adversaries with lead.(1) Frémont, with two-and-twenty miles to march, had suffered Ashby to delay his progress; and although he had promised Lincoln that he would be in Strasburg at five o'clock that evening, he had halted on the mountains six miles distant. Shields, far ahead of the next division, had done nothing more than push a brigade towards Winchester, and place strong pickets on every road by which the enemy might approach. Neither Federal general could communicate with the other, for the country between them was held by the enemy. Both had been informed of the other's whereabouts, but both were uncertain as to the other's movements; and the dread of encountering, unsupported, the terrible weight of Jackson's onset had sapped their resolution. Both believed the enemy far stronger than he really was. The fugitives from Winchester had spread exaggerated reports of the Confederate numbers, and the prisoners captured at Front Royal had by no means minimised them.(2) Banks, impressed by the long array of bayonets that had crowned the ridge at Winchester, rated them at 20,000 infantry, with cavalry and artillery in addition. Geary, who had retired in hot haste from Rectortown, burning his tents and stores, had learned, he reported, from numerous sources that 10,000 cavalry were passing through Manassas Gap. There were constant rumours that strong reinforcements were coming up from Richmond, and even McDowell believed that the army of invasion consisted of 25,000 to 30,000 men.

(2) According to the Official Records, 156 men were taken by General Shields. It is said that when Colonel Connor, in command of the 12th Georgia Regiment, reported to Jackson at Winchester, and gave rather a sensational account of his defeat, the General looked up, and asked in his abrupt manner: 'Colonel, how many men had you killed?' 'None, I am glad to say, General.' 'How many wounded?' 'Few or none, sir.' 'Do you call that fighting, sir?' said Jackson, and immediately placed him under arrest, from which he was not released for several months.

<351>Frémont's scouts, as he approached Strasburg, 'represented the Confederate force at 30,000 to 60,000.' Shields, before he crossed the Blue Ridge and found himself in the vicinity of his old opponent, had condemned the panic that had seized his brother

generals, and he told McDowell that he would clear the Valley with his own division. But when he reached Front Royal the force that he had scornfully described as insignificant had swelled to 20,000 men. Troops from Richmond, he telegraphed, were marching down the Luray Valley; and he urged that he should be at once supported by two divisions. It cannot be said that Lincoln and Stanton were to blame for the indecision of the generals. They had urged Frémont forward to Strasburg, and Shields to Front Royal. They had informed them, by the telegraph, of each other's situation, and had passed on such intelligence of the enemy's movements as had been acquired at Harper's Ferry; and yet, although the information was sufficiently exact, both Shields and Fremont, just as Jackson anticipated, held back at the decisive moment. The waters had been held back, and the Confederates had passed through them dry-shod. Such is the effect of uncertainty in war; a mighty power in the hands of a general who understands its scope.

On the morning of June 1, Jackson's only remaining anxiety was to bring Winder back, and to expedite the retreat of the convoy. Ewell was therefore ordered to support Ashby, and to hold Frémont in check until the Stonewall Brigade had passed through Strasburg. The task was easily accomplished. At seven in the morning the Confederate pickets were driven in. As they fell back on their supports, the batteries on both sides came rapidly into action, and the Federal infantry pressed forward. But musketry replied to musketry, and finding the road blocked by a line of riflemen, Frémont ordered his troops to occupy a defensive position on Cedar Creek. 'I was entirely ignorant,' he says, 'of what had taken place in the Valley beyond, and it was now evident that Jackson, in superior force, was at or near Strasburg.' His men, also, appear to have caught the spirit of irresolution, for a forward <352>movement on the part of the Confederates drove in Blenker's Germans with the greatest ease. 'Sheep,' says General Taylor, 'would have made as much resistance as we met. Men decamped without firing, or threw down their arms and surrendered. Our whole skirmish line was advancing briskly. I sought Ewell and reported. We had a fine game before us, and the temptation to play it was great; but Jackson's orders were imperative and wise. He had his stores to save, Shields to guard against, Lee's grand strategy to promote. He could not waste time chasing Frémont.'⁽¹⁾

Winder reached Strasburg about noon. The troops that had been facing Frémont were then withdrawn; and the whole force, now reunited, fell back on Woodstock; Ashby, with the cavalry, holding his old position on Tom's Brook. The retreat was made in full view of the Federal scouts. On the Confederates retiring from before him, Frémont had pushed forward a reconnaissance, and Bayard's cavalry brigade, of McDowell's army, came up in the evening on the other flank. But attack was useless. The Confederate trains were disappearing in the distance, and heavy masses of all arms were moving slowly south. The Federal horsemen were unsupported save by a single battery. McDowell, who had reached Front Royal with part of his Second Division in the morning, had endeavoured to push Shields forward upon Strasburg. But Shields, fearing attack, had dispersed his troops to guard the various roads; and when at last they were assembled, misled by erroneous information, he had directed them on Winchester. Before the mistake was discovered the day had passed away. It was not until the next morning that the Federal columns came into communication, and then Jackson was already south of Woodstock.

On Friday morning, May 29, says Allan, 'Jackson was in front of Harper's Ferry, fifty miles from Strasburg. Frémont was at Fabius, twenty miles from Strasburg; and Shields was not more than twenty miles from Strasburg, for his advance entered Front Royal,

which is but twelve miles distant, before mid-day, while McDowell was <353>following with two divisions. Yet by Sunday night Jackson had marched between fifty and sixty miles, though encumbered with prisoners and captured stores, had reached Strasburg before either of his adversaries, and had passed safely between their armies, while he held Frémont at bay by a show of force, and blinded and bewildered Shields by the rapidity of his movements.'

From the morning of May 19 to the night of June 1, a period of fourteen days, the Army of the Valley had marched one hundred and seventy miles, had routed a force of 12,500 men, had threatened the North with invasion, had drawn off McDowell from Fredericksburg, had seized the hospitals and supply depôts at Front Royal, Winchester,(1) and Martinsburg, and finally, although surrounded on three sides by 60,000 men, had brought off a huge convoy without losing a single waggon.

This remarkable achievement, moreover, had been comparatively bloodless. The loss of 613 officers and men was a small price to pay for such results.(2)

That Jackson's lucky star was in the ascendant there can be little doubt. But fortune had far less to do with his success than skill and insight; and in two instances—the misconduct of his cavalry, and the surprise of the 12th Georgia—the blind goddess played him false. Not that he trusted to her favours. 'Every movement throughout the whole period,' says one of his staff officers, 'was the result of profound calculation. He knew what his men could do, and to whom he could entrust the execution of important orders.'(3) Nor was his danger of capture, on his retreat from Harper's Ferry, so great as it appeared.

May 31 was the crisis of his operations. On that morning, when the prisoners and the convoy marched out of Winchester, Shields was at Front Royal. But Shields <354>was unsupported; Ord's division was fifteen miles in rear, and Bayard's cavalry still further east. Even had he moved boldly on Strasburg he could hardly have seized the town. The ground was in Jackson's favour. The only road available for the Federals was that which runs south of the North Fork and the bridges had been destroyed. At that point, three miles east of Strasburg, a small flank-guard might have blocked the way until the main body of the Confederates had got up. And had Fremont, instead of halting that evening at Cedar Creek, swept Ashby aside and pushed forward to join his colleague, the Valley army might easily have effected its retreat. Winder alone would have been cut off, and Jackson had provided for that emergency.

When the embarrassments under which the Federals laboured are laid bare, the passage of the Confederates between the converging armies loses something of its extraordinary character. Nevertheless, the defeat of the Front Royal garrison and the loss of the bridges was enough to have shaken the strongest nerves. Had Jackson then burnt his convoy, and released his prisoners, few would have blamed him; and the tenacity with which he held to his original purpose, the skill with which he imposed on both Shields and Frémont, are no less admirable than his perception of his opponents' difficulties. Well has it been said: 'What gross ignorance of human nature do those declaimers display who assert that the employing of brute force is the highest qualification of a general!'

NOTE

POSITIONS OF THE TROOPS, MAY 29 TO JUNE 1

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Night of May 29

		FEDERALS.		CONFEDERATES.
	{	Shields, 10,200, Rectorstown.		Jackson's Division, 7,200, Halltown.
McDowell	{	Ord, 9,000, Thoroughfare Gap.		Ewell's Division, 5,000, Halltown
	{	Bayard, 2,000, Catlett's Station.		Ashby, 300, Wardensville road.
		Frémont, 15,000, Fabius.		Taylor's Brigade, 3,000, Berryville.
		Saxton, 7,000, Harper's Ferry.		12th Georgia Regiment, 450, Front Royal.
		Banks, 7,000, Williamsport.		2nd Virginia Regiment, 350, Loudoun Heights.
		Geary, 2,000, Middleburg.		

Night of May 30

		FEDERALS.		CONFEDERATES.
	{	Shields, 10,200, Front Royal.		Army of Valley, 13,850, Winchester.
McDowell	{	Ord, 9,000, Piedmont.		Stonewall Brigade, 1,600, Halltown.
	{	Bayard, 2,000, Thoroughfare Gap.		2nd Virginia Regiment, 380, Loudoun Heights.
		King, 10,000, near Catlett's Station.		Ashby, 300, Wardensville Road.
		Saxton, 7,000, Harper's Ferry.		
		Banks, 8,600, Williamsport.		
		Frémont, 15,000, Wardensville.		
		Geary, 2,000, Upperville.		

Night of May 31

		FEDERALS.		CONFEDERATES.
	{	Shields, Front Royal.		Army of Valley, Strasburg.
McDowell	{	Ord, Manassas Gap.		Stonewall Brigade, Newtown.
	{	King, Catlett's Station.		Ashby, Cedar Creek.
	{	Bayard, Manassas Gap.		
		Saxton, Harper's Ferry.		
		Banks, Williamsport.		
		Frémont, Cedar Creek.		
		Geary, Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps		

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Night of June 1.

		FEDERALS.		CONFEDERATES.
	{	Shields, ten miles south of Front Royal.		Army of Valley, Woodstock
McDowell	{	Ord, Front Royal.		Ashby, Tom's Brook.
	{	King, Haymarket.		
	{	Bayard, Buckton. Saxton, Harper's Ferry.		
		Banks, Williamsport.		
		Frémont, Cedar Creek.		
		Geary, Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps.		

TOTAL STRENGTH.

Federal	<u>62,000</u>
Confederate	<u>16,000.</u>

CHAPTER XI—CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC

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BY the ignorant and the envious success in war is easily explained away. The dead military lion, and, for that matter, even the living, is a fair mark for the heels of a baser animal. The greatest captains have not escaped the critics. The genius of Napoleon has been belittled on the ground that each one of his opponents, except Wellington, was only second-rate. French historians have attributed Wellington's victories to the mutual jealousy of the French marshals; and it has been asserted that Moltke triumphed only because his adversaries blundered. Judged by this rule few reputations would survive. In war, however, it is as impossible to avoid error as it is to avoid loss of life; but it is by no means simple either to detect or to take advantage of mistakes. Before both Napoleon and Wellington an unsound manoeuvre was dangerous in the extreme. None were so quick to see the slip, none more prompt to profit by it. Herein, to a very great extent, lay the secret of their success, and herein lies the true measure of military genius. A general is not necessarily incapable because he makes a false move; both Napoleon and Wellington, in the long course of their campaigns, gave many openings to a resolute foe, and both missed opportunities. Under ordinary circumstances mistakes may easily escape notice altogether, or at all events pass unpunished, and the reputation of the leader who commits them will remain untarnished. But if he is pitted against a master of war a single false step may lead to irretrievable ruin; and he will be classed as beneath contempt for a fault which his successful antagonist may have committed with impunity a hundred times over.

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So Jackson's escape from Winchester was not due simply to the inefficiency of the Federal generals, or to the ignorance of the Federal President. Lincoln was wrong in dispatching McDowell to Front Royal in order to cut off Jackson. When Shields, in execution of this order, left Fredericksburg, the Confederates were only five miles north of Winchester, and had they at once retreated McDowell must have missed them by many miles. McDowell, hotly protesting, declared, and rightly, that the movement he had been ordered to execute was strategically false. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'that Jackson can have been largely reinforced. He is merely creating a diversion, and the surest way to bring him from the lower Valley is for me to move rapidly on Richmond. In any case, it would be wiser to move on Gordonsville.'⁽¹⁾ His arguments were unavailing. But when Jackson pressed forward to the Potomac, it became possible to intercept him, and the President did all he could to assist his generals. He kept them constantly informed of the movements of the enemy and of each other. He left them a free hand, and with an opponent less able his instructions would have probably brought about complete success. Nor were the generals to blame. They failed to accomplish the task that had been set them, and they made mistakes. But the task was difficult; and, if at the critical moment the hazard of their situation proved too much for their resolution, it was exactly what might have been expected. The initial error of the Federals was in sending two detached forces, under men of no particular strength of character, from opposite points of the compass, to converge upon an enemy who was believed to be superior to either of them. Jackson at once recognised the blunder, and foreseeing the consequences that were certain to ensue, resolved to profit by them. His escape, then, was the reward of his own sagacity.

When once the actual position of the Confederates had been determined, and the dread that reinforcements were coming down the Valley had passed away, the vigour of the Federal pursuit left nothing to be desired. Directly it was found that the Confederates had gone south, on the after <359>noon of June 1, Shields was directed on Luray, and that night his advanced guard was ten miles beyond Front Royal; on the other side of the Massanuttons, Frémont, with Bayard's cavalry heading his advance, moved rapidly on Woodstock.

The Federal generals, however, had to do with a foe who never relaxed his vigilance. Whilst Ashby and Ewell, on May 31, were engaged with Frémont at Cedar Creek, Jackson had expected that Shields would advance on Strasburg. But not a single infantry soldier was observed on the Front Royal road throughout the day. Such inaction was suspicious, and the probability to which it pointed had not escaped the penetration of the Confederate leader. His line of retreat was the familiar route by New Market and Harrisonburg to Port Republic, and thence to the Gaps of the Blue Ridge. There he could secure an unassailable position, within reach of the railway and of Richmond. But, during the movement, danger threatened from the valley of the South Fork. Should Shields adopt that line of advance the White House and Columbia bridges would give him easy access to New Market; and while Frémont was pressing the Confederates in rear, their flank might be assailed by fresh foes from the Luray Gap. And even if the retiring column should pass New Market in safety, Shields, holding the bridges at Conrad's Store and Port Republic, might block the passage to the Blue Ridge. Jackson, looking at the situation from his enemy's point of view, came to the conclusion that a movement up the valley of the South Fork was already in progress, and that the aim of the Federal commander would be to secure the bridges. His conjectures hit the mark.

Before leaving Front Royal Shields ordered his cavalry to march rapidly up the valley of the South Fork, and seize the bridge at Conrad's Store; the White House and Columbia bridges he intended to secure himself. But Jackson was not to be so easily overreached. On the night of June 2 the Federal cavalry reached Luray, to find that they had come too late. The White House and Columbia bridges had both been burned <360>by a detachment of Confederate horse, and Shields was thus cut off from New Market. At dawn on the 4th, after a forced night march, his advanced guard reached Conrad's Store to find that bridge also gone,⁽¹⁾ and he was once more foiled. On his arrival at Luray, the sound of cannon on the other side of the Massanuttons was plainly heard. It seemed probable that Jackson and Frémont were already in collision; but Shields, who had written a few hours before to Mr. Stanton that with supplies and forage he could 'stampede the enemy to Richmond,' was unable to stir a foot to assist his colleague.

Once again Jackson had turned to account the strategic possibilities of the Massanuttons and the Shenandoah; and, to increase General Shields' embarrassment, the weather had broken. Heavy and incessant rain-storms submerged the Virginia roads. He was ahead of his supplies; much hampered by the mud; and the South Fork of the Shenandoah, cutting him off from Frémont, rolled a volume of rushing water which it was impossible to bridge without long delay.

Meanwhile, west of the great mountain, the tide of war, which had swept with such violence to the Potomac, came surging back. Frémont, by the rapidity of his pursuit, made full amends for his lack of vigour at Cedar Creek. A cloud of horsemen filled the space between the hostile columns. Day after day the quiet farms and sleepy villages on the

Valley turnpike heard the thunder of Ashby's guns. Every stream that crossed the road was the scene of a fierce skirmish; and the ripening corn was trampled under the hoofs of the charging squadrons. On June 2, the first day of the pursuit, between Strasburg and Woodstock the Federals, boldly led by Bayard, gained a distinct advantage. A dashing attack drove in the Confederate rear-guard, swept away the horse artillery, and sent Ashby's and Steuart's regiments, exhausted by hunger and loss of sleep, flying up the Valley. Many prisoners were taken, and the pursuit was <361>only checked by a party of infantry stragglers, whom Ashby had succeeded in rallying across the road.

Next day, June 3, the skirmishing was continued; and the Confederates, burning the bridges across the roads, retreated to Mount Jackson. On the 4th the bridge over the North Fork was given to the flames, Ashby, whose horse was shot under him, remaining to the last; and the deep and turbulent river placed an impassable obstacle between the armies. Under a deluge of rain the Federals attempted to launch their pontoons; but the boats were swept away by the rising flood, and it was not till the next morning that the bridge was made. The Confederates had thus gained twenty-four hours' respite, and contact was not resumed until the 6th. Jackson, meanwhile, constructing a ferry at Mount Crawford, had sent his sick and wounded to Staunton, thus saving them the long *détour* by Port Republic; and dispatching his stores and prisoners by the more circuitous route, had passed through Harrisonburg to Cross Keys, a clump of buildings on Mill Creek, where, on the night of the 5th, his infantry and artillery, with the exception of a brigade supporting the cavalry, went into bivouac.

On the afternoon of the 6th the Federal cavalry followed Ashby. Some three miles from Harrisonburg is a tract of forest, crowning a long ridge; and within the timber the Confederate squadrons occupied a strong position. The enemy, 800 strong, pursued without precaution, charged up a gentle hill, and were repulsed by a heavy fire. Then Ashby let loose his mounted men on the broken ranks, and the Federals were driven back to within half a mile of Harrisonburg, losing 4 officers and 30 men.

Smarting under this defeat, Frémont threw forward a still stronger force of cavalry, strengthened by two battalions of infantry. Ashby had already called up a portion of the brigade which supported him, and met the attack in a clearing of the forest. The fight was fierce. The Confederates were roughly handled by the Northern riflemen, and the ranks began to waver. Riding to the front, where <362>the opposing lines were already at close range, Ashby called upon his infantry to charge.

As he gave the order his horse fell heavily to the ground. Leaping to his feet in an instant, again he shouted, 'Charge, men! for God's sake, charge!' The regiments rallied, and inspired by his example swept forward from the wood. But hardly had they left the covert when their leader fell, shot through the heart. He was speedily avenged. The men who followed him, despite the heavy fire, dashed at the enemy in front and flank, and drove them from their ground. The cavalry, meanwhile, had worked round in rear; the horse artillery found an opportunity for action; and under cover of the night the Federals fell back on Harrisonburg.

The losses of the Union troops were heavy; but the Confederate victory was dearly purchased. The death of Ashby was a terrible blow to the Army of the Valley. From the outbreak of the war he had been employed on the Shenandoah, and from Staunton to the Potomac his was the most familiar figure in the Confederate ranks. His daring rides on his famous white charger were already the theme of song and story; and if the tale of his

exploits, as told in camp and farm, sometimes bordered on the marvellous, the bare truth, stripped of all exaggeration, was sufficient in itself to make a hero. His reckless courage, his fine horsemanship, his skill in handling his command, and his power of stimulating devotion, were not the only attributes which incited admiration. 'With such qualities,' it is said, 'were united the utmost generosity and unselfishness, and a delicacy of feeling equal to a woman's.' His loss came home with especial force to Jackson. After the unfortunate episode in the pursuit from Middletown, he had rated his cavalry leader in no measured terms for the indiscipline of his command; and for some days their intercourse, usually most cordial, had been simply official. Sensitive in the extreme to any reflection upon himself or his troops, Ashby held aloof; and Jackson, always stern when a breach of duty was concerned, made no overtures for a renewal of <363>friendly intercourse.

Fortunately, before the fatal fight near Harrisonburg, they had been fully reconciled; and with no shadow of remorse Jackson was able to offer his tribute to the dead. Entering the room in Port Republic, whither the body had been brought, he remained for a time alone with his old comrade; and in sending an order to his cavalry, added, 'Poor Ashby is dead. He fell gloriously—one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army.' A more public testimony was to come. In his official report he wrote: 'The close relation General Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy.'

On the 6th and 7th the Confederate infantry rested on the banks of Mill Creek, near Cross Keys. The cavalry, on either flank of the Massanuttons, watched both Frémont's camps at Harrisonburg and the slow advance of Shields; and on the southern peak of the mountains a party of signallers, under a staff officer, looked down upon the roads which converged on the Confederate position.

June 7 was passed in unwonted quiet. For the first time for fifteen days since the storming of Front Royal the boom of the guns was silent. The glory of the summer brooded undisturbed on hill and forest; and as the escort which followed Ashby to his grave passed down the quiet country roads, the Valley lay still and peaceful in the sunshine. Not a single Federal scout observed the melancholy *cotège*. Frémont's pursuit had been roughly checked. He was uncertain in which direction the main body of the Confederates had retreated; and it was not till evening that a strong force of infantry, reconnoitring through the woods, struck Jackson's outposts near the hamlet of Cross Keys. Only a few shots were exchanged.

Shields, meanwhile, had concentrated his troops at <364>Columbia Bridge on the 6th, and presuming that Jackson was standing fast on the strong position at Rude's Hill, was preparing to cross the river. Later in the day a patrol, which had managed to communicate with Frémont, informed him that Jackson was retreating, and the instructions he thereupon dispatched to the officer commanding his advanced guard are worthy of record:

'The enemy passed New Market on the 5th; Blenker's division on the 6th in pursuit. The enemy has flung away everything, and their stragglers fill the mountain. They need only a movement on the flank to panic-strike them, and break them into fragments. No man has had such a chance since the war commenced. You are within thirty miles of a broken, retreating enemy, who still hangs together. 10,000 Germans are on his rear, who hang on like bull-dogs. You have only to throw yourself down on Waynesborough before him, and

your cavalry will capture them by the thousands, seize his train and abundant supplies.'⁽¹⁾

In anticipation, therefore, of an easy triumph, and, to use his own words, of 'thundering down on Jackson's rear,' Shields, throwing precaution to the winds, determined to move as rapidly as possible on Port Republic. He had written to Frémont urging a combined attack on 'the demoralised rebels,' and he thought that together they 'would finish Jackson.' His only anxiety was that the enemy might escape, and in his haste he neglected the warning of his Corps commander. McDowell, on dispatching him in pursuit, had directed his attention to the importance of keeping his division well closed up. Jackson's predilection for dealing with exposed detachments had evidently been noted. Shields' force, however, owing to the difficulties of the road, the mud, the quick-sands, and the swollen streams, was already divided into several distinct fractions. His advanced brigade was south of Conrad's Store; a second was some miles in rear, and two were at Luray, retained at that point in consequence of a report that 8,000 Confederates were crossing the Blue Ridge <365>by Thornton's Gap. To correct this faulty formation before advancing he thought was not worth while. On the night of June 7 he was sure of his prey.

The situation at this juncture was as follows: Shields was stretched out over five-and-twenty miles of road in the valley of the South Fork; Frémont was at Harrisonburg; Ewell's division was near Cross Keys, and the main body of the Valley Army near Port Republic.

During his retreat Jackson had kept his attention fixed on Shields. That ardent Irishman pictured his old enemy flying in confusion, intent only on escape. He would have been much astonished had he learned the truth. From the moment Jackson left Strasburg, during the whole time he was retreating, with the 'bull-dogs' at his heels, he was meditating a counter-stroke, and his victim had already been selected. When Shields rushed boldly up the valley of the South Fork it seemed that an opportunity of avenging Kernstown was about to offer. On June 4, the day that the enemy reached Luray, Ewell was ordered to provide his men with two days' cooked rations and to complete their ammunition 'for active service.' The next day, however, it was found that Shields had halted. Ewell was ordered to stand fast, and Jackson wrote despondently to Lee: 'At present I do not see that I can do much more than rest my command and devote its time to drilling.' On the 6th, however, he learned that Shields' advanced guard had resumed its march; and, like a tiger crouching in the jungle, he prepared to spring upon his prey. But Frémont was close at hand, and Shields and Frémont between them mustered nearly 25,000 men. They were certainly divided by the Shenandoah; but they were fast converging on Port Republic; and in a couple of marches, if not actually within sight of each other's camps, they would come within hearing of each other's guns. Yet, notwithstanding their numbers, Jackson had determined to deal with them in detail.

A few miles from the camp at Port Republic was a hill honeycombed with caverns, known as the Grottoes of the Shenandoah. In the heart of the limestone Nature has <366>built herself a palace of many chambers, vast, silent, and magnificent. But far beyond the beauty of her mysterious halls was the glorious prospect which lay before the eyes of the Confederate sentries. Glimmering aisles and dark recesses, where no sunbeam lurks nor summer wind whispers, compared but ill with those fruitful valleys, watered by clear brown rivers, and steeped in the glow of a Virginian June. To the north stood the Massanuttons, with their forests sleeping in the noon-day; and to the right of the Massanuttons, displaying, in that transparent atmosphere, every shade of that royal colour

from which it takes its name, the Blue Ridge loomed large against the eastern sky. Summit after summit, each more delicately pencilled than the last, receded to the horizon, and beneath their feet, still, dark, and unbroken as the primeval wilderness, broad leagues of woodland stretched far away over a lonely land.

No battle-field boasts a fairer setting than Port Republic; but, lover of Nature as he was, the region was attractive to Jackson for reasons of a sterner sort. It was eminently adapted for the purpose he had at heart.

1. The South Fork of the Shenandoah is formed by the junction of two streams, the North and South Rivers; the village of Port Republic lying on the peninsula between the two.

2. The bridge crosses the North River just above the junction, carrying the Harrisonburg road into Port Republic; but the South River, which cuts off Port Republic from the Luray Valley, is passable only by two difficult fords.

3. North of the village, on the left bank of the Shenandoah, a line of high bluffs, covered with scattered timber, completely commands the tract of open country which lies between the river and the Blue Ridge, and across this tract ran the road by which Shields was marching.

4. Four miles north-west of Port Republic, near the village of Cross Keys, the road to Harrisonburg crosses Mill Creek, a strong position for defence. <367>

By transferring his army across the Shenandoah, and burning the bridge at Port Republic, Jackson could easily have escaped Frémont, and have met Shields in the Luray Valley with superior force. But the plain where the battle must be fought was commanded by the bluffs on the left bank of the Shenandoah; and should Frémont advance while an engagement was in progress, even though he could not cross the stream, he might assail the Confederates in flank with his numerous batteries. In order, then, to gain time in which to deal with Shields, it was essential that Frémont should be held back, and this could only be done on the left bank. Further, if Frémont could be held back until Shields' force was annihilated, the former would be isolated. If Jackson could hold the bridge at Port Republic, and also prevent Frémont reaching the bluffs, he could recross when he had done with Shields, and fight Frémont without fear of interruption.

To reverse the order, and to annihilate Frémont before falling upon Shields, was out of the question. Whether he advanced against Frémont or whether he stood still to receive his attack, Jackson's rear and communications, threatened by Shields, must be protected by a strong detachment. It would be thus impossible to meet Frémont with superior or even equal numbers, and an army weaker on the battlefield could not make certain of decisive victory.

Jackson had determined to check Frémont at Mill Creek. But the situation was still uncertain. Frémont had halted at Harrisonburg, and it was possible that he might advance no further. So the Confederates were divided, ready to meet either adversary; Ewell remaining at Cross Keys, and the Stonewall division encamping near Port Republic.

On the morning of June 8, however, it was found that Frémont was moving. Ewell's division was already under arms. At 8.30 A.M. his pickets, about two miles to the front, became engaged, and the Confederate regiments moved leisurely into position.

The line ran along the crest of a narrow ridge, commanding an open valley, through which Mill Creek, an insignificant brook, ran parallel to the front. The further <368>slopes, open and unobstructed except for scattered trees and a few fences, rose

gently to a lower ridge, about a mile distant. The ground held by the Confederates was only partially cleared, and from the Port Republic road in the centre, at a distance of six hundred yards on either flank, were woods of heavy timber, enclosing the valley, and jutting out towards the enemy. The ridge beyond the valley was also thickly wooded; but here, too, there were open spaces on which batteries might be deployed; and the forest in rear, where Ashby had been killed, standing on higher ground, completely concealed the Federal approach. The pickets, however, had given ample warning of the coming attack; and when, at 10 A.M., the hostile artillery appeared on the opposite height, it was received with a heavy fire. 'Eight and a half batteries,' says Frémont, 'were brought into action within thirty minutes.' Against this long array of guns the Confederates massed only five batteries; but these commanded the open ground, and were all in action from the first.

Ewell had with him no more than three brigades. The Louisiana regiments had bivouacked near Port Republic, and were not yet up. The whole strength of the troops which held the ridge was no more than 6,000 infantry, and perhaps 500 cavalry. Frémont had at least 10,000 infantry, twelve batteries, and 2,000 cavalry.

It was then against overwhelming numbers that Ewell was asked to hold his ground, and the remainder of the army was four miles in rear. Jackson himself was still absent from the field. The arrangements for carrying out his ambitious plans had met with an unexpected hitch. In the Luray Valley, from Conrad's Store northwards, the space between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah was covered for the most part with dense forest, and through this forest ran the road. Moving beneath the spreading foliage of oak and hickory, Shields' advanced brigade was concealed from the observation of the Confederate cavalry; and the signallers on the mountain, endangered by Frémont's movement, had been withdrawn.

North of Port Republic, between the foot-hills of the <369>Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, lies a level tract of arable and meadow, nearly a mile wide, and extending for nearly three miles in a northerly direction. On the plain were the Confederate pickets, furnished by three companies of Ashby's regiment, with their patrols on the roads towards Conrad's Store; and there seemed little chance that Shields would be able to reach the fords over the South River, much less the Port Republic bridge, without long notice being given of his approach. The cavalry, however, as had been already proved, were not entirely to be depended on. Jackson, whose headquarters were within the village, had already mounted his horse to ride forward to Cross Keys, when there was a distant fire, a sudden commotion in the streets, and a breathless messenger from the outposts reported that not only had the squadrons on picket been surprised and scattered, but that the enemy was already fording the South River.

Between the two rivers, south-west of Port Republic, were the Confederate trains, parked in the open fields. Here was Carrington's battery, with a small escort; and now the cavalry had fled there were no other troops, save a single company of the 2nd Virginia, on this side the Shenandoah. The squadron which headed the Federal advanced guard was accompanied by two guns. One piece was sent towards the bridge; the other, unlimbering on the further bank, opened fire on the church, and the horsemen trotted cautiously forward into the village street. Jackson, warned of his danger, had already made for the bridge, and crossing at a gallop escaped capture by the barest margin of time. His chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, was made prisoner, with Dr. McGuire and Captain Willis,

(1) and his whole staff was dispersed, save Captain Pendleton, a sterling soldier, though hardly more than a boy in years. And the danger was not over. With the trains was the whole of the reserve ammunition, and it seemed that a crushing disaster was near at hand. The sudden appearance of the enemy caused the greatest consternation amongst the teamsters; several of the waggons went off <370>by the Staunton road; and, had the Federal cavalry come on, the whole would have been stampeded. But Carrington's battery was called to the front by Captain Moore, commanding the company of infantry in the village. The picket, promptly put into position, opened with a well-aimed volley, and a few rounds checked the enemy's advance; the guns came rapidly and effectively into action, and at this critical moment Jackson intervened with his usual vigour.(1) From the left bank of the North River he saw a gun bearing on the bridge, the village swarming with blue uniforms, and more artillery unlimbering across the river. He had already sent orders for his infantry to fall in, and a six-pounder was hurrying to the front. 'I was surprised,' said the officer to whose battery this piece belonged, 'to see a gun posted on the opposite bank. Although I had met a cavalry man who told me that the enemy were advancing up the river, still I did not think it possible they could have brought any guns into the place in so short a time. It thereupon occurred to me that the piece at the bridge might be one of Carrington's, whose men had new uniforms something like those we saw at the bridge. Upon suggesting this to the general, he reflected a moment, and then riding a few paces to the left and front, he called out, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the enemy, "Bring that gun up here!" but getting no reply, he raised himself in his stirrups, and in a most authoritative and seemingly angry tone he shouted, "Bring that gun up here, I say!" At this they began to move the trail of the gun so as to bring it to bear on us, which, when the general perceived, he turned quickly to the officer in charge of my gun, and said in his sharp, quick way, "Let 'em have it!" The words had scarcely left his lips when Lieutenant Brown, who had his piece charged and aimed, sent a shot right among them, so disconcerting them that theirs in reply went far above us.'(2) <371>

The Confederate battalions, some of which had been formed up for inspection, or for the Sunday service, when the alarm was given, had now come up, and the 37th Virginia was ordered to capture the gun, and to clear the village. Without a moment's hesitation the regiment charged with a yell across the bridge, and so sudden was the rush that the Federal artillerymen were surprised. The gun was double-shotted with canister, and the head of the column should have been swept away. But the aim was high and the Confederates escaped. Then, as the limber came forward, the horses, terrified by the heavy fire and the yells of the charging infantry, became unmanageable; and the gunners, abandoning the field-piece, fled through the streets of Port Republic. The 37th rushed forward with a yell. The hostile cavalry, following the gunners, sought safety by the fords; and as the rout dashed through the shallow water, the Confederate batteries, coming into action on the high bluffs west of the Shenandoah, swept the plain below with shot and shell.

The hostile artillery beyond the stream was quickly overpowered; horses were shot down wholesale; a second gun was abandoned on the road; a third, which had only two horses and a driver left, was thrown into a swamp; and a fourth was found on the field without either team or men.

The Federal infantry was not more fortunate. Carroll's brigade of four regiments was close in rear of the artillery when the Confederate batteries opened fire. Catching the

contagion from the flying cavalry, it retreated northward in confusion. A second brigade (Tyler's) came up in support; but the bluffs beyond the river were now occupied by Jackson's infantry; a stream of fire swept the plain; and as Shields' advanced guard, followed by the Confederate cavalry, fell back to the woods whence it had emerged, five miles away on the other flank was heard the roar of the cannonade which opened the battle of Cross Keys.

From the hurried flight of the Federals it was evident that Shields' main body was not yet up; so, placing two brigades in position to guard the bridge, Jackson sent <372>the remainder to Ewell, and then rode to the scene of action.

Frémont, under cover of his guns, had made his preparations for attack; but the timidity which he had already displayed when face to face with Jackson had once more taken possession of his faculties. Vigorous in pursuit of a flying enemy, when that enemy turned at bay his courage vanished. The Confederate position was undoubtedly strong, but it was not impregnable. The woods on either flank gave access under cover to the central ridge. The superior weight of his artillery was sufficient to cover an advance across the open; and although he was without maps or guide, the country was not so intersected as to render manoeuvring impracticable.

In his official report Frémont lays great stress on the difficulties of the ground; but reading between the lines it is easy to see that it was the military situation which overburdened him. The vicious strategy of converging columns, where intercommunication is tedious and uncertain, once more exerted its paralysing influence. It was some days since he had heard anything of Shields. That general's dispatch, urging a combined attack, had not yet reached him: whether he had passed Luray or whether he had been already beaten, Frémont was altogether ignorant; and, in his opinion, it was quite possible that the whole of the Confederate army was before him.

A more resolute commander would probably have decided that the shortest way out of the dilemma was a vigorous attack. If Shields was within hearing of the guns—and it was by no means improbable that he was—such a course was the surest means of securing his co-operation; and even if no help came, and the Confederates maintained their position, they might be so crippled as to be unable to pursue. Defeat would not have been an irreparable misfortune. Washington was secure. Banks, Saxton, and McDowell held the approaches; and if Frémont himself were beaten back, the strategic situation could be in no way affected. In fact a defeat, if it had followed an attack so hotly pressed as to paralyse Jackson <373>for the time being, would have been hardly less valuable than a victory.

' Fortune,' it has been well said, ' loves a daring suitor, and he who throws down the gauntlet may always count upon his adversary to help him.' Fremont, however, was more afraid of losing the battle than anxious to win it. ' Taking counsel of his fears,' he would run no risks. But neither could he abstain from action altogether. An enemy was in front of him who for seven days had fled before him, and his own army anticipated an easy triumph.

So, like many another general who has shrunk from the nettle danger, he sought refuge in half-measures, the most damning course of all. Of twenty-four regiments present on the field of battle, five only, of Blenker's Germans, were sent forward to the attack. Their onslaught was directed against the Confederate right; and here, within the woods, Trimble had posted his brigade in a most advantageous position. A fiat-topped ridge, covered with

great oaks, looked down upon a wide meadow, crossed by a stout fence; and beyond the hollow lay the woods through which the Federals, already in contact with the Confederate outposts, were rapidly advancing. The pickets soon gave way, and crossing the meadow found cover within the thickets, where Trimble's three regiments lay concealed. In hot pursuit came the Federal skirmishers, with the solid lines of their brigade in close support. Steadily moving forward, they climbed the fence and breasted the gentle slope beyond. A few scattered shots, fired by the retreating pickets, were the only indications of the enemy's presence; the groves beyond were dark and silent. The skirmishers had reached the crest of the declivity, and the long wave of bayonets, following close upon their tracks, was within sixty paces of the covert, when the thickets stirred suddenly with sound and movement. The Southern riflemen rose swiftly to their feet. A sheet of fire ran along their line, followed by a crash that resounded through the woods; and the German regiments, after a vigorous effort to hold their ground, fell back in disorder across the clearing. Here, on the further edge, they rallied on their reserves, and the Confederates, <374>who had followed up no further than was sufficient to give impetus to the retreat, were once more withdrawn.

A quarter of an hour passed, and as the enemy showed no inclination to attempt a second advance across the meadow, where the dead and wounded were lying thick, Trimble, sending word to Ewell of his intention, determined to complete his victory. More skilful than his enemies, he sent a regiment against their left, to which a convenient ravine gave easy access, while the troops among the oaks were held back till the flank attack was fully developed. The unexpected movement completely surprised the Federal brigadier. Again his troops were driven in, and the Confederates, now reinforced by six regiments which Ewell had sent up, forced them with heavy losses through the woods, compelled two batteries, after a fierce fight, to limber up, routed a brigade which had been sent by Frémont to support the attack, and pressing slowly but continuously forward, threw the whole of the enemy's left wing, consisting of Blenker's eleven regiments, back to the shelter of his line of guns. Trimble had drawn the 'bulldog's' teeth.

The Confederates had reached the outskirts of the wood. They were a mile in advance of the batteries in the centre; and the Federal position, commanding a tract of open ground, was strong in itself and strongly held. A general counterstroke was outside the scope of Jackson's designs. He had still Shields to deal with. The Federal left wing had been heavily repulsed, but only a portion of Frémont's force had been engaged; to press the attack further would undoubtedly have cost many lives, and even a partial reverse would have interfered with his comprehensive plan.

In other quarters of the battle-field the fighting had been unimportant. The Confederate guns, although heavily outnumbered, held their ground gallantly for more than five hours; and when they eventually retired it was from want of ammunition rather than from loss of *moral*. The waggons which carried their reserve had taken a wrong road, and at the critical moment there were no <375>means of replenishing the supply. But so timid were Frémont's tactics that the blunder passed unpunished. While the battle on the left was raging fiercely he had contented himself elsewhere with tapping feebly at the enemy's lines. In the centre of the field his skirmishers moved against Ewell's batteries, but were routed by a bayonet charge; on the right, Milroy and Schenck, the two generals who had withstood Jackson so stubbornly at M'Dowell, advanced on their own initiative through the woods. They had driven in the Confederate skirmishers, and had induced Ewell to

strengthen this portion of his line from his reserve, when they were recalled by Frémont, alarmed by Trimble's vigorous attack, to defend the main position.

The Southerners followed slowly. The day was late, and Ewell, although his troops were eager to crown their victory, was too cool a soldier to yield to their impatience; and, as at Cedar Creek, where also he had driven back the 'Dutch' division, so at Cross Keys he rendered the most loyal support to his commander. Yet he was a dashing fighter, chafing under the restraint of command, and preferring the excitement of the foremost line. 'On two occasions in the Valley,' says General Taylor, 'during the temporary absence of Jackson, he summoned me to his side, and immediately rushed forward amongst the skirmishers, where sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that "Old Jack would not catch him at it."'(1)

How thoroughly Jackson trusted his subordinate may be inferred from the fact that, although present on the field, he left Ewell to fight his own battle. The only instructions he gave showed that he had fathomed the temper of Frémont's troops. 'Let the Federals,' he said, 'get very close before your infantry fire; they won't stand long.' It was to Ewell's dispositions, his wise use of his reserves, and to Trimble's ready initiative, that Frémont's defeat was due. Beyond sending up a couple of brigades from Port Republic, Jackson gave no orders. His ambition was of too lofty a <376>kind to appropriate the honours which another might fairly claim; and, when once battle had been joined, interference with the plan on which it was being fought did not commend itself to him as sound generalship. He was not one of those suspicious commanders who believe that no subordinate can act intelligently. If he demanded the strictest compliance with his instructions, he was always content to leave their execution to the judgment of his generals; and with supreme confidence in his own capacity, he was still sensible that his juniors in rank might be just as able. His supervision was constant, but his interference rare; and it was not till some palpable mistake had been committed that he assumed direct control of his divisions or brigades. Nor was any peculiar skill needed to beat back the attack of Frémont. Nothing proves the Federal leader's want of confidence more clearly than the tale of losses. The Confederate casualties amounted to 288, of which nearly half occurred in Trimble's counterstroke. The Federal reports show 684 killed, wounded, and missing, and of these Trimble's riflemen accounted for nearly 500, one regiment, the 8th New York, being almost annihilated; but such losses, although at one point severe, were altogether insignificant when compared with the total strength; and it was not the troops who were defeated but the general.(1)

Ewell's division bivouacked within sight of the enemy's watch-fires, and within hearing of his outposts; and throughout the night the work of removing the wounded, friend and foe alike, went on in the sombre woods. There was work, too, at Port Republic. Jackson, while his men slept, was all activity. His plans were succeeding admirably. From Frémont, cowering on the defensive before inferior numbers, there was little to be feared. It was unlikely that after his repulse he would be found more enterprising on the morrow; a small force would be sufficient to arrest his march until Shields had been crushed; and then, swinging back across the Shenandoah, <377>the soldiers of the Valley would find ample compensation, in the rout of their most powerful foe, for the enforced rapidity of their retreat from Winchester. But to fight two battles in one day, to disappear completely from Frémont's ken, and to recross the rivers before he had time to seize the bridge, were manoeuvres of the utmost delicacy, and needed most careful preparation.

It was Jackson's custom, whenever a subordinate was to be entrusted with an independent mission, to explain the part that he was to play in a personal interview. By such means he made certain, first, that his instructions were thoroughly understood; and, second, that there was no chance of their purport coming to the knowledge of the enemy. Ewell was first summoned to headquarters, and then Patton, whose brigade, together with that of Trimble, was to have the task of checking Frémont the next day. 'I found him at 2 A.M.,' says Patton, 'actively engaged in making his dispositions for battle. He immediately proceeded to give me particular instructions as to the management of the men in covering the rear, saying' "'I wish you to throw out all your men, if necessary, as skirmishers, and to make a great show, so as to cause the enemy to think the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can, then fall back when obliged; take a new position, hold it in the same way, and I will be back to join you in the morning.'"

Colonel Patton reminded him that his brigade was a small one, and that the country between Cross Keys and the Shenandoah offered few advantages for protracting such manoeuvres. He desired, therefore, to know for how long he would be expected to hold the enemy in check. Jackson replied, 'By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be back by ten o'clock.'⁽¹⁾

These interviews were not the only business which occupied the commanding general. He arranged for the feeding of his troops before their march next day,⁽²⁾ for the <378>dispositions of his trains and ammunition waggons; and at the rising of the moon, which occurred about midnight, he was seen on the banks of the South River, superintending the construction of a bridge to carry his infantry dryshod across the stream.

An hour before daybreak he was roused from his short slumbers. Major Imboden, who was in charge of a mule battery,⁽¹⁾ looking for one of the staff, entered by mistake the general's room.

'I opened the door softly, and discovered Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow-candle on the table shed a dim light, yet enough by which to re-cognise him. I endeavoured to withdraw without waking him. He turned over, sat upon the bed, and called out, "Who is that?"

'He checked my apology with, "That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?"

"" Yes, General, and cooking."

"" That's right; we move at daybreak. Sit down. I want to talk to you."

'I had learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to anyone. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss. When he paused I said, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks with yesterday." He replied, "Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with His protection and blessing we shall do still better to-day.""⁽²⁾ Then followed instructions as to the use of the mule battery in the forests through which lay Shields' line of advance.

Before 5 A.M. the next morning the Stonewall Brigade <379>had assembled in Port Republic, and was immediately ordered to advance. On the plain beyond, still dark in the shadow of the mountains, where the cavalry formed the outposts, the fire of the pickets, which had been incessant throughout the night, was increasing in intensity. The Federals were making ready for battle.

Winder had with him four regiments, about 1,200 strong, and two batteries. In rear came Taylor with his Louisianians; and Jackson, leaving Major Dabney to superintend the passage of the river, rode with the leading brigade. The enemy's pickets were encountered about a mile and a half down the river, beyond a strip of woods, on either side of the Luray road. They were quickly driven in, and the Federal position became revealed. From the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, clothed to their crests with under-growth and timber, the plain, over a mile in breadth, extended to the Shenandoah. The ground was terraced; the upper level, immediately beneath the mountain, was densely wooded, and fifty or sixty feet above the open fields round the Lewis House. Here was the hostile front. The Federal force was composed of two brigades of infantry and sixteen guns, not more than 4,000 all told, for Shields, with the remainder of the division, was still far in rear. The right rested on the river; the left on a ravine of the upper level, through which a shallow stream flowed down from the heights above. On the northern shoulder of this ravine was established a battery of seven guns, sweeping every yard of the ground beneath, and a country road, which led directly to the Shenandoah, running between stiff banks and strongly fenced, was lined with riflemen. Part of the artillery was on the plain, near the Lewis House, with a section near the river; on the hillside, beyond the seven guns, two regiments were concealed within the forest, and in rear of the battery was a third. The position was strong, and the men who held it were of different calibre from Blenker's Germans, and the leaders of stancher stuff than Frémont. Six of the seven battalions had fought at Kernstown. Tyler, who on that day had seen the Confederates retreat before him, was in command; and neither general nor soldiers had reason to dread the name of Stonewall Jackson. In the sturdy battalions of Ohio and West Virginia the Stonewall Brigade were face to face with foemen worthy of their steel; and when Jackson, anxious to get back to Frémont, ordered Winder to attack, he set him a formidable task.

It was first necessary to dislodge the hostile guns. Winder's two batteries were insufficient for the work, and two of his four regiments were ordered into the woods on the terrace, in order to outflank the battery beyond the stream. This detachment, moving with difficulty through the thickets, found a stronger force of infantry within the forest; the guns opened with grape at a range of one hundred yards, and the Confederates, threatened on either flank, fell back in some confusion.

The remainder of Winder's line had meanwhile met with a decided check. The enemy along the hollow road was strongly posted. Both guns and skirmishers were hidden by the embankment; and as the mists of the morning cleared away, and the sun, rising in splendour above the mountains, flooded the valley with light, a long line of hostile infantry, with colours flying and gleaming arms, was seen advancing steadily into battle. The Federal commander, observing his opportunity, had, with rare good judgment, determined on a counterstroke. The Louisiana brigade was moving up in support of Winder, but it was still distant. The two regiments which supported the Confederate batteries were suffering from the heavy artillery fire, and the skirmishers were already falling back. 'Below,' says General Taylor, 'Ewell was hurrying his men over the bridge; but it looked as if we should be doubled up on him ere he could cross and develop much strength. Jackson was on the road, a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with the reins on his horse's neck. Summoning a young officer from his staff, he pointed up the mountain. The head of my approaching column was turned short up the slope, and within the forest came speedily to a path which came upon the gorge

opposite the battery.(1)

But, as Taylor's regiments disappeared within the forest, Winder's brigade was left for the moment isolated, bearing up with difficulty against overwhelming numbers. Ewell's division had found great difficulty in crossing the South River. The bridge, a construction of planks laid on the running gear of waggons, had proved unserviceable. At the deepest part there was a step of two feet between two axle-trees of different height; and the boards of the higher stage, except one, had broken from their fastenings. As the men passed over, several were thrown from their treacherous platform into the rushing stream, until at length they refused to trust themselves except to the centre plank. The column of fours was thus reduced to single file; men, guns, and waggons were huddled in confusion on the river banks; and the officers present neglected to secure the footway, and refused, despite the order of Major Dabney, to force their men through the breast-high ford.

So, while his subordinates were trifling with the time, which, if Frémont was to be defeated as well as Shields, was of such extreme importance, Jackson saw his old brigade assailed by superior numbers in front and flank. The Federals, matching the rifles of the Confederate marksmen with weapons no less deadly, crossed over the road and bore down upon the guns. The 7th Louisiana, the rear regiment of Taylor's column, was hastily called up, and dashed forward in a vain attempt to stem the tide.

A most determined and stubborn conflict now took place, and, as at Kernstown, at the closest range. The Ohio troops repelled every effort to drive them back. Winder's line was thin. Every man was engaged in the <382>firing line. The flanks were scourged by bursting shells. The deadly fire from the road held back the front. Men and officers were falling fast. The stream of wounded was creeping to the rear; and after thirty minutes of fierce fighting, the wavering line of the Confederates, breaking in disorder, fell back upon the guns. The artillery, firing a final salvo at a range of two hundred yards, was ordered to limber up. One gun alone, standing solitary between the opposing lines, essayed to cover the retreat; but the enemy was within a hundred yards, men and horses were shot down; despite a shower of grape, which rent great gaps in the crowded ranks, the long blue wave swept on, and leaving the captured piece in rear, advanced in triumph across the fields.

In vain two of Ewell's battalions, hurrying forward to the sound of battle, were thrown against the flank of the attack. For an instant the Federal left recoiled, and then, springing forward with still fiercer energy, dashed back their new antagonists as they had done the rest. In vain Jackson, galloping to the front, spurred his horse into the tumult, and called upon his men to rally. Winder's line, for the time being at least, had lost all strength and order; and although another regiment had now come up, the enemy's fire was still so heavy that it was impossible to reform the defeated troops, and two fresh Federal regiments were now advancing to strengthen the attack. Tyler had ordered his left wing to reinforce the centre; and it seemed that the Confederates would be defeated piecemeal. But at this moment the lines of the assailant came to a sudden halt; and along the slopes of the Blue Ridge a heavy crash of musketry, the rapid discharges of the guns, and the charging yell of the Southern infantry, told of a renewed attack upon the battery on the mountain side.

The Louisianians had come up in the very nick of time. Pursuing his march by the forest path, Taylor had heard the sounds of battle pass beyond his flank, and the cheers of the Federals proved that Winder was hard pressed. Rapidly deploying on his advanced guard, which, led by <383>Colonel Kelley, of the 8th Louisiana, was already in line, he led his

companies across the ravine. Down the broken slopes, covered with great boulders and scattered trees, the men slipped and stumbled, and then, splashing through the stream, swarmed up the face of the bank on which the Federal artillery was in action. Breaking through the undergrowth they threw themselves on the guns. The attention of the enemy had been fixed upon the fight that raged over the plain below, and the thick timber and heavy smoke concealed the approach of Taylor's regiments. The surprise, however, was a failure. The trails were swung round in the new direction, the canister crashed through the laurels, the supporting infantry rushed forward, and the Southerners were driven back. Again, as reinforcements crowded over the ravine, they returned to the charge, and with bayonet and rammer the fight surged to and fro within the battery. For the second time the Federals cleared their front; but some of the Louisiana companies, clambering up the mountain to the right, appeared upon their flank, and once more the stormers, rallying in the hollow, rushed forward with the bayonet. The battery was carried, one gun alone escaping, and the Federal commander saw the key of his position abandoned to the enemy. Not a moment was to be lost. The bank was nearly a mile in rear of his right and centre, and commanded his line of retreat at effective range. Sending his reserves to retake the battery, he directed his attacking line, already pressing heavily on Winder, to fall back at once. But it was even then too late. The rest of Ewell's division had reached the field. One of his brigades had been ordered to sustain the Lousianians; and across the plain a long column of infantry and artillery was hurrying northwards from Port Republic.

The Stonewall Brigade, relieved of the pressure in front, had already rallied; and when Tyler's reserves, with their backs to the river, advanced to retake the battery, Jackson's artillery was once more moving forward. The guns captured by Taylor were turned against the Federals—Ewell, it is said, indulging to the full his passion for hot work, serving as a gunner—and within a short space of time <384>Tyler was in full retreat, and the Confederate cavalry were thundering on his traces.

It was half-past ten. For nearly five hours the Federals had held their ground, and two of Jackson's best brigades had been severely handled. Even if Trimble and Patton had been successful in holding Frémont back, the Valley soldiers were in no condition for a rapid march and a vigorous attack, and their commander had long since recognised that he must rest content with a single victory.

Before nine o'clock, about the time of Winder's repulse, finding the resistance of the enemy more formidable than he had anticipated, he had recalled his brigades from the opposite bank of the Shenandoah, and had ordered them to burn the bridge. Trimble and Patton abandoned the battle-field of the previous day, and fell back to Port Republic. Hardly a shot was fired during their retreat, and when they took up their march only a single Federal battery had been seen. Frémont's advance was cautious in the extreme. He was actually aware that Shields had two brigades beyond the river, for a scout had reached him, and from the ground about Mill Creek the sound of Tyler's battle could be plainly heard. But he could get no direct information of what was passing. The crest of the Massanuttons, although the sun shone bright on the cliffs below, was shrouded in haze, completely forbidding all observation; and it was not till near noon, after a march of seven miles, which began at dawn and was practically unopposed, that Frémont reached the Shenandoah. There, in the charred and smoking timbers of the bridge, the groups of Federal prisoners on the plain, the Confederates gathering the wounded, and the faint rattle of musketry far down the Luray Valley, he saw the result of his timidity.

Massing his batteries on the western bluffs, and turning his guns in impotent wrath upon the plain, he drove the ambulances and their escort from the field. But the Confederate dead and wounded had already been removed, and the only effect of his spiteful salvoes was that his suffering comrades lay under a drenching rain until he retired to Harrisonburg. By that time many, whom their enemies [Graphic, Battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, June 8th and 9th, 1862, omitted.] <385>would have rescued, had perished miserably, and not a few of the dead, with some perchance of the mangled living, were partially devoured by swine before their burial.'(1)

The pursuit of Tyler was pressed for nine miles down the river. The Ohio regiments, dispersed at first by the Confederate artillery, gathered gradually together, and held the cavalry in check. Near Conrad's Store, where Shields, marching in desperate haste to the sound of the cannonade, had put his two remaining brigades in position across the road, the chase was stayed. The Federal commander admits that he was only just in time. Jackson's horsemen, he says, were enveloping the column; a crowd of fugitives was rushing to the rear, and his own cavalry had dispersed. The Confederate army, of which some of the brigades and nearly the whole artillery had been halted far in rear, was now withdrawn; but, compelled to move by circuitous paths in order to avoid the fire of Frémont's batteries, it was after midnight before the whole had assembled in Brown's Gap. More than one of the regiments had marched over twenty miles and had been heavily engaged.

Port Republic was the battle most costly to the Army of the Valley during the whole campaign. Out of 5,900 Confederates engaged 804 were disabled.(2) The Federal losses were heavier. The killed, wounded, and missing (including 450 captured) amounted to 1,001, or one-fourth of Tyler's strength.

The success which the Confederates had achieved was undoubtedly important. The Valley army, posted in Brown's Gap, was now in direct communication with Richmond. Not only had its pursuers been roughly checked, but

(1) Dabney, vol. ii.

(2) The troops actually engaged were as follows :—

<u>4 Regiments of Winder's Brigade</u>	1,200
<u>The Louisiana Brigade, 5 regiments</u>	2,500
<u>Scott's Brigade, 3 regiments</u>	900
<u>31st Virginia }</u>	600
<u>40th Virginia }</u>	
<u>Artillery (5 batteries)</u>	300
<u>Cavalry</u>	400
	<u>5,900</u>

<386>the sudden and unexpected counterstroke, delivered by an enemy whom they believed to be in full flight, had surprised Lincoln and Stanton as effectively as Shields and Frémont. On June 6, the day Jackson halted near Port Republic, McCall's division of McDowell's Army Corps, which had been left at Fredericksburg, had been sent to the Peninsula by water; and two days later McDowell himself, with the remainder of his force, was directed to join McClellan as speedily as possible overland. Frémont, on the same date, was instructed to halt at Harrisonburg, and Shields to march to Fredericksburg. But before Stanton's dispatches reached their destination both Frémont and Shields had been defeated, and the plans of the Northern Cabinet were once more upset.

Instead of moving at once on Fredericksburg, and in spite of McDowell's

remonstrances, Shields was detained at Luray, and Ricketts, who had succeeded Ord, at Front Royal; while Frémont, deeming himself too much exposed at Harrisonburg, fell back to Mount Jackson. It was not till June 20 that Ricketts and Shields were permitted to leave the Valley, ten days after the order had been issued for McDowell to move on Richmond. For that space of time, then, his departure was delayed; and there was worse to come. The great strategist at Richmond had not yet done with Lincoln. There was still more profit to be derived from the situation; and from the subsidiary operations in the Valley we may now turn to the main armies.

By Jackson's brilliant manoeuvres McDowell had been lured westward at the very moment he was about to join McClellan. The gap between the two Federal armies had been widened from five to fifteen marches, while Jackson at Brown's Gap was no more than nine marches distant from Richmond. McClellan, moreover, had been paralysed by the vigour of Jackson's blows.

On May 16, as already related, he had reached White House on the Pamunkey, twenty miles from the Confederate capital. Ten miles south, and directly across his path, flowed the Chickahominy, a formidable obstacle to the march of a large army. <387>

On the 24th, having already been informed that he was to be reinforced by McDowell, he was told that the movement of the latter for Fredericksburg was postponed until the Valley had been cleared. This change of plan placed him in a most awkward predicament. A portion of his army, in order to lend a hand to McDowell, had already crossed the Chickahominy, a river with but few points of passage, and over which, by reason of the swamps, the construction of military bridges was a difficult and tedious operation. On May 30, two army corps were south of the Chicka-hominy, covering, in a partially intrenched position, the building of the bridges, while three army corps were still on the further bank.

McClellan's difficulties had not escaped the observation of his watchful adversaries, and on the morning of May 31 the Federal lines were heavily attacked by Johnston. The left of the position on the south side of the Chickahominy was protected by the White Oak Swamp, a broad and almost impassable morass; but the right, thrown back to the river, was unprotected by intrenchments, and thinly manned. The defence of the first line had been assigned to one corps only; the second was five miles in rear. The assailants should have won an easy triumph. But if McClellan had shown but little skill in the distribution of his troops on the defensive, the Confederate arrangements for attack were even more at fault. The country between Richmond and the Chickahominy is level and well wooded. It was intersected by several roads, three of which led directly to the enemy's position. But the roads were bad, and a tremendous rain-storm, which broke on the night of the 30th, transformed the fields into tracts of greasy mud, and rendered the passage of artillery difficult. The natural obstacles, however, were not the chief.

The force detailed for the attack amounted to 40,000 men, or twenty-three brigades. The Federal works were but five miles from Richmond, and the Confederates were ordered to advance at dawn. But it was the first time that an offensive movement on so large a scale had been <388>attempted; the woods and swamps made supervision difficult, and the staff proved unequal to the task of ensuring co-operation. The orders for attack were badly framed. The subordinate generals did not clearly comprehend what was expected from them. There were misunderstandings as to the roads to be followed, and as to who was to command the wings. The columns crossed, and half the day was wasted in getting into

position. It was not till 1 P.M. that the first gun was fired, and not till 4 P.M. that the commanding general, stationed with the left wing, was made acquainted with the progress of his right and centre. When it was at last delivered, the attack was piecemeal; and although successful in driving the enemy from his intrenchments, it failed to drive him from the field. The Federals fell back to a second line of earthworks, and were strongly reinforced from beyond the river. During the battle Johnston himself was severely wounded, and the command devolved on General G. W. Smith. Orders were issued that the attack should be renewed next morning; but for reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, only five of the twenty-three brigades were actively engaged, and the battle of Seven Pines ended with the unmolested retreat of the Confederates. Smith fell sick, and General Lee was ordered by the President to take command of the army in the field.

McClellan, thanks to the bad work of the Confederate staff at the battle of Seven Pines, had now succeeded in securing the passages across the Chickahominy. But for the present he had given up all idea of an immediate advance. Two of his army corps had suffered severely, both in men and in *moral*; the roads were practically impassable for artillery; the bridges over the Chickahominy had been much injured by the floods; and it was imperative to re-establish the communications. Such is his own explanation of his inactivity; but his official correspondence with the Secretary of War leaves no doubt that his hope of being reinforced by McDowell was a still more potent reason. During the first three weeks in June he received repeated assurances from Mr. Stanton that large bodies of troops were on their way to join him, <389>and it was for these that he was waiting. This expectant attitude, due to McDowell's non-arrival, entailed on him a serious disadvantage. If he transferred his whole army to the right bank of the Chickahominy, his line of supply, the railway to West Point, would be exposed; and, secondly, when McDowell approached from Fredericksburg, it would be possible for Lee to drive that general back before the Army of the Potomac could give him direct support, or in any case to cut off all communication with him. McClellan was consequently compelled to retain his right wing north of the river; and indeed in so doing he was only obeying his instructions. On May 18 Stanton had telegraphed: 'You are instructed to co-operate so as to establish this communication [with McDowell], by extending your right wing north of Richmond.'

The Federal army, then, whilst awaiting the promised reinforcements, was divided into two parts by a stream which another storm might render impassable. It will thus be seen that Jackson's operations not only deprived McClellan of the immediate aid of 40,000 men and 100 guns, but placed him in a most embarrassing situation. 'The faulty location of the Union army,' says General Porter, commanding the Fifth Federal Army Corps, 'was from the first realised by General McClellan, and became daily an increasing cause of care and anxiety; not the least disturbing element of which was the impossibility of quickly reinforcing his right wing or promptly withdrawing it to the south bank.'⁽¹⁾

Seeing that the Confederates were no more than 60,000 strong, while the invading army mustered 100,000, it would seem that the knot should have been cut by an immediate attack on the Richmond lines. But McClellan, who had been United States Commissioner in the Crimea, knew something of the strength of earthworks; and moreover, although the comparatively feeble numbers developed by the Confederates at Seven Pines should have enlightened him, he still believed that his enemy's army was far larger than his own. So, notwithstanding his danger, he preferred <390>to postpone his advance till Jackson's

defeat should set McDowell free.

Fatal was the mistake which retained McDowell's divisions in the Valley, and sent Shields in pursuit of Jackson. While the Federal army, waiting for reinforcements, lay astride the noisome swamps of the Chickahominy, Lee was preparing a counterstroke on the largest scale.

The first thing to do was to reduce the disparity of numbers; and to effect this troops were to be brought up from the south, Jackson was to come to Richmond, and McDowell was to be kept away. This last was of more importance than the rest, and, at the same time, more difficult of attainment. Jackson was certainly nearer to Richmond than was McDowell; but to defeat McClellan would take some time, and it was essential that Jackson should have a long start, and not arrive upon the battlefield with McDowell on his heels. It was necessary, therefore, that the greater part of the latter's force should be detained on the Shenandoah; and on June 8, while Cross Keys was being fought, Lee wrote to Jackson: 'Should there be nothing requiring your attention in the Valley, so as to prevent your leaving it in a few days, and you can make arrangements to deceive the enemy and impress him with the idea of your presence, please let me know, that you may unite at the decisive moment with the army near Richmond. Make your arrangements accordingly; but should an opportunity occur of striking the enemy a successful blow, do not let it escape you.'

At the same time a detachment of 7,000 infantry was ordered to the Valley. 'Your recent successes,' wrote Lee on the 11th, when the news of Cross Keys and Port Republic had been received, 'have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation. The practicability of reinforcing you has been the subject of gravest consideration. It has been determined <391>to do so at the expense of weakening this army. Brigadier-General Lawton with six regiments from Georgia is on his way to you, and Brigadier-General Whiting with eight veteran regiments leaves here to-day. The object is to enable you to crush the forces opposed to you. Leave your enfeebled troops to watch the country and guard the passes covered by your cavalry and artillery, and with your main body, including Ewell's division and Lawton's and Whiting's commands, move rapidly to Ashland by rail or otherwise, as you may find most advantageous, and sweep down between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey, cutting up the enemy's communications, &c., while this army attacks McClellan in front. He will then, I think, be forced to come out of his intrenchments, where he is strongly posted on the Chickahominy, and apparently preparing to move by gradual approaches on Richmond.'⁽¹⁾

Before the reinforcements reached the Valley both Frémont and Shields were out of reach. To have followed them down the Valley would have been injudicious. Another victory would have doubtless held McDowell fast, but it would have drawn Jackson too far from Richmond. The Confederate generals, therefore, in order to impose upon their enemies, and to maintain the belief that Washington was threatened, had recourse to stratagem. The departure of Whiting and Lawton for the Valley was ostentatiously announced. Federal prisoners, about to be dismissed upon parole, were allowed to see the trains full of soldiers proceeding westward, to count the regiments, and learn their destination. Thus Lee played his part in the game of deception, and meanwhile Jackson had taken active measures to the same end.

Frémont had retired from Port Republic on the morning of the 10th. On the 11th the Confederate cavalry, now under Colonel Munford, a worthy successor of the indefatigable Ashby, crossed the Shenandoah, and followed the retreating enemy. So active was the pursuit that Frémont evacuated Harrisonburg, abandoning two hundred wounded <392>in the hospitals, besides medical and other stores. 'Significant demonstrations of the enemy,' to use his own words, drove him next day from the strong position at Mount Jackson; and on June 14 he fell back to Strasburg, Banks, who had advanced to Middletown, being in close support.

On the 12th the Army of the Valley had once more moved westward, and, crossing South River, had encamped in the woods near Mount Meridian. Here for five days, by the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah, the wearied soldiers rested, while their indefatigable leader employed ruse after ruse to delude the enemy. The cavalry, though far from support, was ordered to manoeuvre boldly to prevent all information reaching the Federals, and to follow Frémont so long as he retreated.⁽¹⁾ The bearers of flags of truce were impressed with the idea that the Southerners were advancing in great strength. The outpost line was made as close as possible; no civilians were allowed to pass; and the troopers, so that they should have nothing to tell if they were captured, were kept in ignorance of the position of their own infantry. The general's real intentions were concealed from everyone except Colonel Munford. The officers of the staff fared worse than the remainder of the army. Not only were they debarred from their commander's confidence, but they became the unconscious instruments whereby false intelligence was spread. 'The engineers were directed to prepare a series of maps of the Valley; and all who acquired a knowledge of this carefully divulged order told their friends in confidence that Jackson was going at once in pursuit of Frémont. As those friends told their friends without loss of time, it was soon the well-settled conviction of everybody that nothing was further from Jackson's intention than an evacuation of the Valley.'

On June 17 arrived a last letter from Lee :—

' From your account of the position of the enemy I think it would be difficult for you to engage him in time to unite with this army in the battle for Richmond. Frémont <393>and Shields are apparently retrograding, their troops shaken and disorganised, and some time will be required to set them again in the field. If this is so, the sooner you unite with this army the better. McClellan is being strengthened There is much sickness in his ranks, but his reinforcements by far exceed his losses. The present, therefore, seems to be favourable for a junction of your army and this. If you agree with me, the sooner you can make arrangements to do so the better. In moving your troops you could let it be understood that it was to pursue the enemy in your front. Dispose those to hold the Valley, so as to deceive the enemy, keeping your cavalry well in their front, and at the proper time suddenly descending upon the Pamunkey. To be efficacious the movement must be secret. Let me know the force you can bring, and be careful to guard from friends and foes your purpose and your intention of personally leaving the Valley. The country is full of spies, and our plans are immediately carried to the enemy.'⁽¹⁾

The greater part of these instructions Jackson had already carried out on his own initiative. There remained but to give final directions to Colonel Munford, who was to hold the Valley, and to set the army in motion. Munford was instructed to do his best to spread false reports of an advance to the Potomac. Ewell's division was ordered to Charlottesville. The rest of the Valley troops were to follow Ewell; and Whiting and

Lawton, who, in order to bewilder Frémont, had been marched from Staunton to Mount Meridian, and then back to Staunton, were to take train to Gordonsville. It was above all things important that the march should be secret. Not only was it essential that Lincoln should not be alarmed into reinforcing McClellan, but it was of even more importance that McClellan should not be alarmed into correcting the faulty distribution of his army. So long as he remained with half his force on one bank of the Chickahominy and half on the other, Lee had a fair chance of concentrating superior numbers against one of the fractions. But if McClellan, warned of Jackson's <394>approach, were to mass his whole force on one bank or the other, there would be little hope of success for the Confederates.

The ultimate object of the movement was therefore revealed to no one, and the most rigorous precautions were adopted to conceal it. Jackson's letters from Richmond, in accordance with his own instructions, bore no more explicit address than 'Somewhere.' A long line of cavalry, occupying every road, covered the front, and prevented anyone, soldier or civilian, preceding them toward Richmond. Far out to either flank rode patrols of horsemen, and a strong rear-guard swept before it camp-followers and stragglers. At night, every road which approached the bivouacs was strongly picketed, and the troops were prevented from communicating with the country people. The men were forbidden to ask the names of the villages through which they passed; and it was ordered that to all questions they should make the one answer: 'I don't know.' 'This was just as much license as the men wanted,' says an eye-witness, 'and they forthwith knew nothing of the past, present, or future.' An amusing incident, it is said, grew out of this order. One of General Hood's(1) Texans left the ranks on the march, and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry-tree near at hand, when Jackson rode by and saw him.

'Where are you going?' asked the general.

'I don't know,' replied the soldier.

'To what command do you belong?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, what State are you from?'

'I don't know.'

'What is the meaning of all this?' asked Jackson of another.

'Well,' was the reply, 'Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight.'

Jackson laughed and rode on.(2)

The men themselves, intelligent as they were, were <395>unable to penetrate their general's design. When they reached Charlottesville it was reported in the ranks that the next march would be northwards, to check a movement of Banks across the Blue Ridge. At Gordonsville it was supposed that they would move on Washington.

'I recollect,' says one of the Valley soldiers, 'that the pastor of the Presbyterian church there, with whom Jackson spent the night, told me, as a profound secret, not to be breathed to mortal man, that we would move at daybreak on Culpeper Court House to intercept a column of the enemy coming across the mountains. He said there could be no mistake about this, for he had it from General Jackson himself. We did move at daybreak, but instead of moving on Culpeper Court House we marched in the opposite direction. At Hanover Junction we expected to head towards Fredericksburg to meet McDowell, and the whole movement was so secretly conducted that the troops were uncertain of their destination until the evening of June 26, when they heard A. P. Hill's guns at

Mechanicsville, and made the woods vibrate with their shouts of anticipated victory.⁽¹⁾

At Gordonsville a rumour, which proved to be false, arrested the march of the army for a whole day. On the 21st the leading division arrived at Frederickshall, fifty miles from Richmond, and there halted for the Sunday. They had already marched fifty miles, and the main body, although the railway had been of much service, was still distant. There was not sufficient rolling stock available to transport all the infantry simultaneously, and, in any case, the cavalry, artillery, and waggons must have proceeded by road. The trains, therefore, moving backwards and forwards along the line, and taking up the rear brigades in succession, forwarded them in a couple of hours a whole day's march. Beyond Frederickshall the line had been destroyed by the enemy's cavalry.

At 1 A.M. on Monday morning, Jackson, accompanied by a single orderly, rode to confer with Lee, near Richmond. He was provided with a pass, which Major Dabney had <396>been instructed to procure from General Whiting, the next in command, authorising him to impress horses; and he had resorted to other expedients to blind his friends. The lady of the house which he had made his headquarters at Frederickshall had sent to ask if the general would breakfast with her next morning. He replied that he would be glad to do so if he were there at breakfast time; and upon her inquiry as to the time that would be most convenient, he said: 'Have it at your usual time, and send for me when it is ready.' When Mrs. Harris sent for him, Jim, his coloured servant, replied to the message: 'Sh! you don't 'spec' to find the general here at this hour, do you? He left here 'bout midnight, and I 'spec' by this time he's whippin' Banks in the Valley.'

During the journey his determination to preserve his incognito was the cause of some embarrassment. A few miles from his quarters he was halted by a sentry. It was in vain that he represented that he was an officer on duty, carrying dispatches. The sentry, one of the Stonewall Brigade, was inexorable, and quoted Jackson's own orders. The utmost that he would concede was that the commander of the picket should be called. When this officer came he recognised his general. Jackson bound them both to secrecy, and praising the soldier for his obedience, continued his ride. Some hours later his horse broke down. Proceeding to a plantation near the road, he told his orderly to request that a couple of horses might be supplied for an officer on important duty. It was still dark, and the indignant proprietor, so unceremoniously disturbed by two unknown soldiers, who declined to give their names, refused all aid. After some parley Jackson and his orderly, finding argument wasted, proceeded to the stables, selected the two best horses, shifted the saddles, and left their own chargers as a temporary exchange.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, after passing rapidly through Richmond, he reached the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. It is unfortunate that no record of the meeting that took place has been preserved. There <397>were present, besides Lee and Jackson, the three officers whose divisions were to be employed in the attack upon the Federals, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill. The names of the two former are associated with almost every Confederate victory won upon the soil of Virginia. They were trusted by their great leader, and they were idolised by their men. Like others, they made mistakes; the one was sometimes slow, the other careless; neither gave the slightest sign that they were capable of independent command, and both were at times impatient of control. But, taking them all in all, they were gallant soldiers, brave to a fault, vigorous in attack, and undaunted by adverse fortune. Longstreet, sturdy and sedate, his 'old war-horse' as Lee affectionately called him, bore on his broad shoulders the weight of twenty

years' service in the old army. Hill's slight figure and delicate features, instinct with life and energy, were a marked contrast to the heavier frame and rugged lineaments of his older colleague.

Already they were distinguished. In the hottest of the fight they had won the respect that soldiers so readily accord to valour; yet it is not on these stubborn fighters, not on their companion, less popular, but hardly less capable, that the eye of imagination rests. Were some great painter, gifted with the sense of historic fitness, to place on his canvas the council in the Virginia homestead, two figures only would occupy the foreground: the one weary with travel, white with the dust of many leagues, and bearing on his frayed habiliments the traces of rough bivouacs and mountain roads; the other, tall, straight, and stately; still, for all his fifty years, remarkable for his personal beauty, and endowed with all the simple dignity of a noble character and commanding intellect. In that humble chamber, where the only refreshment the Commander-in-Chief could offer was a glass of milk, Lee and Jackson met for the first time since the war had begun. Lee's hours of triumph had yet to come. The South was aware that he was sage in council; he had yet to prove his mettle in the field. But there was at least one Virginia soldier who knew his worth. With the prescient sympathy <398>of a kindred spirit Jackson had divined his daring and his genius, and although he held always to his own opinions, he had no will but that of his great commander. With how absolute a trust his devotion was repaid one of the brightest pages in the history of Virginia tells us; a year crowded with victories bears witness to the strength begotten of their mutual confidence. So long as Lee and Jackson led her armies hope shone on the standards of the South. Great was the constancy of her people; wonderful the fortitude of her soldiers; but on the shoulders of her twin heroes rested the burden of the tremendous struggle.

To his four major-generals Lee explained his plan of attack, and then, retiring to his office, left them to arrange the details. It will be sufficient for the present to state that Jackson's troops were to encamp on the night of the 25th east of Ashland, fifteen miles north of Richmond, between the village and the Virginia Central Railway. The day following the interview, the 24th, he returned to his command, rejoining the column at Beaver Dam Station.

His advanced guard were now within forty miles of Richmond, and, so far from McDowell being on his heels, that general was still north of Fredericksburg. No reinforcements could reach McClellan for several days; the Confederates were concentrated round Richmond in full strength; and Lee's strategy had been entirely successful. Moreover, with such skill had Jackson's march been made that the Federal generals were absolutely ignorant of his whereabouts. McClellan indeed seems to have had some vague suspicion of his approach; but Lincoln, McDowell, Banks, Frémont, together with the whole of the Northern people and the Northern press, believed that he was still west of Gordonsville. Neither scout, spy, nor patrol was able to penetrate the cordon of Munford's outposts. Beyond his pickets, strongly posted at New Market and Conrad's Store, all was dim and dark. Had Jackson halted, awaiting reinforcements? Was he already in motion, marching swiftly and secretly against some <399>isolated garrison? Was he planning another dash on Washington, this time with a larger army at his back? Would his advance be east or west of the Blue Ridge, across the sources of the Rappahannock, or through the Alleghanies? Had he 15,000 men or 50,000?

Such were the questions which obtruded themselves on the Federal generals, and not

one could give a satisfactory reply. That a blow was preparing, and that it would fall where it was least expected, all men knew. 'We have a determined and enterprising enemy to contend with,' wrote one of Lincoln's generals. 'Jackson,' said another, 'marches thirty miles a day.' The successive surprises of the Valley campaign had left their mark; and the correspondence preserved in the Official Records is in itself the highest tribute to Jackson's skill. He had gained something more than the respect of his enemies. He had brought them to fear his name, and from the Potomac to the Rappahannock uncertainty and apprehension reigned supreme. Not a patrol was sent out which did not expect to meet the Confederate columns, pressing swiftly northward; not a general along the whole line, from Romney to Fredericksburg, who did not tremble for his own security.

There was sore trouble on the Shenandoah. The disasters of McDowell and Front Royal had taught the Federal officers that when the Valley army was reported to be sixty miles distant, it was probably deploying in the nearest forest; and with the rout of Winchester still fresh in their memories they knew that pursuit would be as vigorous as attack would be sudden. The air was full of rumours, each more alarming than its predecessor, and all of them contradictory. The reports of the cavalry, of spies, of prisoners, of deserters, of escaped negroes, told each a different story.

Jackson, it was at first reported, had been reinforced to the number of 35,000 men.⁽¹⁾ A few days later his army had swelled to 60,000 with 70 guns, and he was rebuilding the bridge at Port Republic in order to follow Frémont. <400>On June 13 he was believed to be moving through Charlottesville against one or other of McDowell's divisions. 'He was either going against Shields at Luray, or King at Catlett's, or Doubleday at Fredericksburg, or going to Richmond.' On the 16th it was absolutely certain that he was within striking distance of Front Royal. On the 18th he had gone to Richmond, but Ewell was still in the Valley with 40,000 men. On the 19th Banks had no doubt but that another immediate movement down the Valley was intended 'with 30,000 or more.' On the 20th Jackson was said to be moving on Warrenton, east of the Blue Ridge. On the 22nd 'reliable persons' at Harper's Ferry had learned that he was about to attack Banks at Middletown; and on the same day Ewell, who was actually near Frederickshall, was discovered to be moving on Moorefield! On the 25th Frémont had been informed that large reinforcements had reached Jackson from Tennessee; and Banks was on the watch for a movement from the west. Frémont heard that Ewell designed to attack Winchester in rear, and the threat from so dangerous a quarter made Lincoln anxious.

'We have no definite information,' wrote Stanton to McClellan, 'as to the numbers or position of Jackson's force. Within the last two days the evidence is strong that for some purpose the enemy is circulating rumours of Jackson's advance in various directions, with a view to conceal the real point of attack. Neither McDowell nor Banks nor Frémont appear to have any accurate knowledge of the subject.'

This was on June 25, the day the Valley army halted at Ashland; but the climax was reached on the 28th. For forty-eight hours Jackson had been fighting McClellan, yet Banks, although 'quite confident that he was not within thirty miles, believed that he was preparing for an attack on Middletown.' To reach Middletown Jackson would have had to march one hundred and fifty miles!

Under the influence of these rumours the movements of the Federal troops were erratic in the extreme.

Frémont, who had originally been ordered to remain at Harrisonburg, had fallen back on

Banks at Middletown, <401>although ordered to Front Royal, was most reluctant to move so far south. Shields was first ordered to stand fast at Luray, where he would be reinforced by Ricketts, and was then ordered to fall back on Front Royal. Reinforcements were ordered to Romney, to Harper's Ferry, and to Winchester; and McDowell, who kept his head throughout, struggled in vain to reunite his scattered divisions. Divining the true drift of the Confederate strategy, he realised that to protect Washington, and to rescue McClellan, the surest method was for his own army corps to march as rapidly as possible to the Chickahominy. But his pleadings were disregarded. Lincoln and Stanton had not yet discovered that the best defence is generally a vigorous attack. They had learned nothing from the Valley campaign, and they were infected with the fears of Banks and Frémont. Jackson was well on his way to Richmond before Shields and Ricketts were permitted to cross the Blue Ridge; and it was not till the 25th that McDowell's corps was once more concentrated at Fredericksburg. The Confederates had gained a start of five marches, and the Northern Government was still ignorant that they had left the Valley.

McClellan was equally in the dark. Faint rumours had preceded the march of Jackson's army, but he had given them scant credit. On the morning of the 26th, however, he was rudely enlightened. It was but too clear that Jackson, strongly reinforced from Richmond, was bearing down upon his most vulnerable point—his right wing, which, in anticipation of McDowell's advance, remained exposed on the north bank of the Chickahominy.

Nor was this the sum of his troubles. On this same day, when his outposts were falling back before superior numbers, and the Valley regiments were closing round their flank, he received a telegram from Stanton, informing him that the forces commanded by McDowell, Banks, and Frémont were to form one army under Major-General Pope; and that this army was ' to attack and overcome the rebel forces under Jackson and Ewell, and threaten the <402>enemy in the direction of Charlottesville !' All hope of succour passed away, and the ' Young Napoleon' was left to extricate himself, as best he could, from his many difficulties; difficulties which were due in part to his own political blindness, in part to the ignorance of Lincoln, but, in a far larger degree, to the consummate strategy of Lee and Jackson.

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NOTE

The Marches in the Valley Campaign, March 22 to June 25, 1862

			Miles	
March	22.	Mount Jackson—Strasburg .	22	
"	23.	Strasburg—Kernstown—Newtown	18	Battle of Kernstown.
"	24-26.	Newtown—Mt. Jackson	35	
April	17-19.	Mt. Jackson—Elk Run Valley	50	
"	30-May 3.	Elk Run Valley—Mechum's River Station	60	
May	7-8.	Staunton—Shenandoah Mt.	32	Battle of M'Dowell
	9-11.	Bull Pasture Mount—Franklin	30	Skirmishes.
	12-15.	Franklin—Lebanon Springs .	40	
	17.	Lebanon Springs—Bridgewater.	18	
	19-20.	Bridgewater—New Market	24	
	21.	New Market—Luray .	12	
	22.	Luray—Milford .	12	
	23.	Milford—Front Royal—Cedarville	22	Action at Front Royal.

	24.	Cedarville—Abraham's Creek .	22	Action at Middletown and Newtown.
	25.	Abraham's Creek—Stevenson's .	7	Battle of Winchester.
	28.	Stevenson's—Charlestown.	15	Skirmish.
	29.	Charlestown—Halltown	5	Skirmish.
	30.	Halltown—Winchester	25	
	31.	Winchester—Strasburg	18	
June	1.	Strasburg—Woodstock	12	Skirmish.
	2.	Woodstock—Mount Jackson	12	
	3.	Mount Jackson—New Market	7	
	4-5.	New Market—Port Republic	30	
	8.		Battle of Cross Keys.
	9.	Cross Keys—Brown's Gap	16	
	12.	Brown's Gap—Mount Meridian 10	10	Battle of Port Republic.
	17-25.	Mount Meridian—Ashland Station (one rest day)	120	
			676	miles in 48 marching days.
				Average 14 miles per diem.

Stonewall Jackson v1.

CHAPTER XII—REVIEW OF THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN

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IN March, 1862, more than 200,000 Federals were prepared to invade Virginia. McClellan, before McDowell was withheld, reckoned on placing 150,000 men at West Point. Frémont, in West Virginia, commanded 30,000 including the force in the Kanawha Valley; and Banks had crossed the Potomac with over 30,000.

Less than 60,000 Confederate soldiers were available to oppose this enormous host, and the numerical disproportion was increased by the vast material resources of the North. The only advantages which the Southerners possessed were that they were operating in their own country, and that their cavalry was the more efficient. Their leaders, therefore, could count on receiving more ample and more accurate information than their adversaries. (1) But, except in these respects, everything was against them. In mettle and in discipline the troops were fairly matched. On both sides the higher commands, with few exceptions, were held by regular officers, who had received the same training. On both sides the staff was inexperienced. If the Confederate infantry were better marksmen than the majority of the Federals, they were not so well armed; and the Federal artillery, both in *matériel* and in handling, was the more efficient.

The odds against the South were great; and to those who believed that Providence sides with the big battalions, <405>that numbers, armament, discipline, and tactical efficiency, are all that is required to ensure success, the fall of Richmond must have seemed inevitable.

But within three months of the day that McClellan started for the Peninsula the odds had been much reduced. The Confederates had won no startling victories. Except in the Valley, and there only small detachments were concerned, the fighting had been indecisive. The North had no reason to believe that her soldiers, save only the cavalry, were in any way inferior to their adversaries. And yet, on June 26, where were the 'big battalions ?' 105,000 men were intrenched within sight of the spires of Richmond; but where were the rest ? Where were the 70,000(1) that should have sided McClellan, have encircled the rebel capital on every side, cut the communications, closed the sources of supply, and have overwhelmed the starving garrison ? How came it that Frémont and Banks were no further south than they were in March ? that the Shenandoah Valley still poured its produce into Richmond ? that McDowell had not yet crossed the Rappahannock ? What mysterious power had compelled Lincoln to retain a force larger than the whole Confederate army' to protect the national capital from danger and insult ?

It was not hard fighting. The Valley campaign, from Kernstown to Port Republic, had not cost the Federals more than 7,000 men; and, with the exception of Cross Heys, the battles had been well contested. It was not the difficulties of supply or movement. It was not absence of information; for until Jackson vanished from the sight of both friend and foe on June 17, spies and 'contrabands'(2) (i.e. fugitive slaves) had done good work. Nor was it want of will on the part of the Northern Government. None <406>were more anxious than Lincoln and Stanton to capture Richmond, to disperse the rebels, and to restore the Union. They had made stupendous efforts to organise a sufficient army. To equip that army as no army had ever been equipped before they had spared neither expense nor labour; and it can hardly be denied that they had created a vast machine,

perhaps in part imperfect, but, considering the weakness of the enemy, not ill-adapted for the work before it.

There was but one thing they had overlooked, and that was that their host would require intelligent control. So complete was the mechanism, so simple a matter it appeared to set the machine in motion, and to keep it in the right course, that they believed that their untutored hands, guided by common-sense and sound abilities, were perfectly capable of guiding it, without mishap, to the appointed goal. Men who, aware of their ignorance, would probably have shrunk from assuming charge of a squad of infantry in action, had no hesitation whatever in attempting to direct a mighty army, a task which Napoleon has assured us requires profound study, incessant application, and wide experience.(1)

(1) 'In consequence of the excessive growth of armies tactics have lost in weight, and the strategical design, rather than the detail of the movements, has become the decisive factor in the issue of a campaign. The strategical design depends, as a rule, upon the decision of cabinets, and upon the resources placed at the disposal of the commander. Consequently, either the leading statesmen should have correct views of the science of war, or should make up for their ignorance by giving their entire confidence to the man to whom the supreme command of the army is entrusted. Otherwise, the germs of defeat and national ruin may be contained in the first preparations for war.'—*The Archduke Charles of Austria*.

They were in fact ignorant—and how many statesmen, and even soldiers, are in like case?—that strategy, the art of manoeuvring armies, is an art in itself, an art which none may master by the light of nature, but to which, if he is to attain success, a man must serve a long apprenticeship.

The rules of strategy are few and simple. They may be learned in a week. They may be taught by familiar illustrations or a dozen diagrams. But such knowledge will no more teach a man to lead an army like Napoleon <407> than a knowledge of grammar will teach him to write like Gibbon. Lincoln, when the army he had so zealously toiled to organise, reeled back in confusion from Virginia, set himself to learn the art of war. He collected, says his biographer, a great library of military books; and, if it were not pathetic, it would be almost ludicrous, to read of the great President, in the midst of his absorbing labours and his ever-growing anxieties, poring night after night, when his capital was asleep, over the pages of Jomini and Clausewitz. And what was the result? In 1864, when Grant was appointed to the command of the Union armies, he said: 'I neither ask nor desire to know anything of your plans. Take the responsibility and act, and call on me for assistance.' He had learned at last that no man is a born strategist.

The mistakes of Lincoln and Stanton are not to be condoned by pointing to McClellan.

McClellan designed the plan for the invasion of Virginia, and the plan failed. But this is not to say that the plan was in itself a bad one. Nine times out of ten it would have succeeded. In many respects it was admirable. It did away with a long line of land communications, passing through a hostile country. It brought the naval power of the Federals into combination with the military. It secured two great waterways, the York and the James, by which the army could be easily supplied, which required no guards, and by which heavy ordnance could be brought up to bombard the fortifications of Richmond. But it had one flaw. It left Washington, in the opinion of the President and of the nation, insecure; and this flaw, which would have escaped the notice of an ordinary enemy, was at once detected by Lee and Jackson. Moreover, had McClellan been left in control of the whole theatre of war, Jackson's manoeuvres would probably have failed to produce so decisive an effect. The fight at Kernstown would not have induced McClellan to strike

40,000 men off the strength of the invading army. He had not been deceived when Jackson threatened Harper's Ferry at the end of May. The reinforcements sent from Richmond after Port Republic <408>had not blinded him, nor did he for a moment believe that Washington was in actual danger. There is this, however, to be said: had McClellan been in sole command, public opinion, alarmed for Washington, would have possibly compelled him to do exactly what Lincoln did, and to retain nearly half the army on the Potomac.

So much for the leading of civilians. On the other hand, the failure of the Federals to concentrate more than 105,000 men at the decisive point, and even to establish those 105,000 in a favourable position, was mainly due to the superior strategy of the Confederates. Those were indeed skilful manoeuvres which prevented McDowell from marching to the Chickahominy; and, at the critical moment, when Lee was on the point of attacking McClellan, which drew McDowell, Banks, and Fremont on a wild-goose chase towards Charlottesville. The weak joint in the enemy's armour, the national anxiety for Washington, was early recognised. Kernstown induced Lincoln, departing from the original scheme of operations, to form four independent armies, each acting on a different line. Two months later, when McClellan was near Richmond, and it was of essential importance that the movements of these armies should be combined, Jackson once more intervened; Banks was driven across the Potomac, and again the Federal concentration was postponed. Lastly, the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, followed by the despatch of Whiting and Lawton to the Valley, led the Northern President to commit his worst mistake. For the second time the plan of campaign was changed, and McClellan was left isolated at the moment he most needed help.

The brains of two great leaders had done more for the Confederacy than 200,000 soldiers had done for the Union. Without quitting his desk, and leaving the execution of his plans to Jackson, Lee had relieved Richmond of the pressure of 70,000 Federals, and had lured the remainder into the position he most wished to find them. The Confederacy, notwithstanding the enormous disparity of force, had once more gained the upper hand; and from this <409>instance, as from a score of others, it may be deduced that Providence is more inclined to side with the big brains than with the big battalions.

It was not mere natural ability that had triumphed. Lee, in this respect, was assuredly not more highly gifted than Lincoln, or Jackson than McClellan. But, whether by accident or design, Davis had selected for command of the Confederate army, and had retained in the Valley, two past masters in the art of strategy. If it was accident he was singularly favoured by fortune. He might have selected many soldiers of high rank and long service, who would have been as innocent of strategical skill as Lincoln himself. His choice might have fallen on the most dashing leader, the strictest disciplinarian, the best drill, in the Confederate army; and yet the man who united all these qualities might have been altogether ignorant of the higher art of war. Mr. Davis himself had been a soldier. He was a graduate of West Point, and in the Mexican campaign he had commanded a volunteer regiment with much distinction. But as a director of military operations he was a greater marplot than even Stanton. It by no means follows that because a man has lived his life in camp and barrack, has long experience of command, and even long experience of war, that he can apply the rules of strategy before the enemy. In the first place he may lack the character, the inflexible resolution, the broad grasp, the vivid imagination, the power of patient thought, the cool head, and, above all, the moral courage. In the second place,

there are few schools where strategy may be learned, and, in any case, a long and laborious course of study is the only means of acquiring the capacity to handle armies and outwit an equal adversary. The light of common-sense alone is insufficient; nor will a few months' reading give more than a smattering of knowledge.

'Read and *re-read*,' said Napoleon, 'the eighty-eight campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugène, and Frederick. Take them as your models, for it is the only means of becoming a great leader, and of mastering the secrets of the art of war. Your <410>intelligence, enlightened by such study, will then reject methods contrary to those adopted by these great men.'

In America, as elsewhere, it had not been recognised before the Civil War, even by the military authorities, that if armies are to be handled with success they must be directed by trained strategists. No *Kriegsakademie* or its equivalent existed in the United States, and the officers whom common-sense induced to follow the advice of Napoleon had to pursue their studies by themselves. To these the campaigns of the great Emperor offered an epitome of all that had gone before; the campaigns of Washington explained how the principles of the art might be best applied to their own country, and Mexico had supplied them with practical experience. Of the West Point graduates there were many who had acquired from these sources a wide knowledge of the art of generalship, and among them were no more earnest students than the three Virginians, Lee, Jackson, and Johnston.

When Jackson accepted an appointment for the Military Institute, it was with the avowed intention of training his intellect for war. In his retirement at Lexington he had kept before his eyes the possibility that he might some day be recalled to the Army. He had already acquired such practical knowledge of his profession as the United States service could afford. He had become familiar with the characteristics of the regular soldier. He knew how to command, to maintain discipline, and the regulations were at his fingers' ends. A few years had been sufficient to teach him all that could be learned from the routine of a regiment, as they had been sufficient to teach Napoleon, Frederick, and Lee. But there remained over and above the intellectual part of war, and with characteristic thoroughness he had set himself to master it. His reward came quickly. The Valley campaign practically saved Richmond. In a few short months the quiet gentleman of Lexington became, in the estimation of both friend and foe, a very thunderbolt of war; and his name, which a year previous had hardly been known beyond the Valley, was already famous. <411>

It is, perhaps, true that Johnston and Lee had a larger share in Jackson's success than has been generally recognised. It was due to Johnston that Jackson was retained in the Valley when McClellan moved to the Peninsula; and his, too, was the fundamental idea of the campaign, that the Federals in the Valley were to be prevented from reinforcing the army which threatened Richmond. To Lee belongs still further credit. From the moment he assumed command we find the Confederate operations directed on a definite and well-considered plan: a defensive attitude round Richmond, a vigorous offensive in the Valley, leading to the dispersion of the enemy, and a Confederate concentration on the Chickahominy. His operations were very bold. When McClellan, with far superior numbers, was already within twenty miles of Richmond, he had permitted Jackson to retain Ewell's 8,000 in the Valley, and he would have given him the brigades of Branch and Mahone. From Lee, too, came the suggestion that a blow should be struck at Banks, that he should be driven back to the Potomac, and that the North should be threatened

with invasion. From him, too, at a moment when McClellan's breastworks could be actually seen from Richmond, came the 7,000 men under Whiting and Lawton, the news of whose arrival in the Valley had spread such consternation amongst the Federals. But it is to be remembered that Jackson viewed the situation in exactly the same light as his superiors. The instructions he received were exactly the instructions he would have given had he been in command at Richmond; and it may be questioned whether even he would have carried them out with such whole-hearted vigour if he had not thoroughly agreed with every detail.

Lee's strategy was indeed remarkable. He knew McClellan and he knew Lincoln. He knew that the former was over-cautious; he knew that the latter was over-anxious. No sudden assault on the Richmond lines, weak as they were, was to be apprehended, and a threat against Washington was certain to have great results. Hence the audacity which, at a moment apparently most critical, sent 17,000 of the best troops in the Confederacy as far northward as Harper's Ferry, and, a fortnight later, weakened the garrison of Richmond by 7,000 infantry. He was surely a great leader who, in the face of an overwhelming enemy, dared assume so vast a responsibility. But it is to be remembered that Lee made no suggestion whatever as to the manner in which his ideas were to be worked out. Everything was left to Jackson. The swift manoeuvres which surprised in succession his various enemies emanated from himself alone. It was his brain that conceived the march by Mechum's Station to M'Dowell, the march that surprised Frémont and bewildered Banks. It was his brain that conceived the rapid transfer of the Valley army from the one side of the Massanuttons to the other, the march that surprised Kenly and drove Banks in panic to the Potomac. It was his brain that conceived the double victory of Cross Keys and Port Republic; and if Lee's strategy was brilliant, that displayed by Jackson on the minor theatre of war was no less masterly. The instructions he received at the end of April, before he moved against Milroy, were simply to the effect that a successful blow at Banks might have the happiest results. But such a blow was not easy. Banks was strongly posted and numerically superior to Jackson, while Fremont, in equal strength, was threatening Staunton. Taking instant advantage of the separation of the hostile columns, Jackson struck at Milroy, and having checked Frémont, returned to the Valley to find Banks retreating. At this moment he received orders from Lee to threaten Washington. Without an instant's hesitation he marched northward. By May 23, had the Federals received warning of his advance, they might have concentrated 30,000 men at Strasburg and Front Royal; or, while Banks was reinforced, McDowell might have moved on Gordonsville, cutting Jackson's line of retreat on Richmond.

But Jackson took as little count of numbers as did Cromwell. Concealing his march with his usual skill he dashed with his 16,000 men into the midst of his enemies. Driving Banks before him, and well aware that Frémont and McDowell were converging in his rear, he advanced boldly on Harper's Ferry, routed Saxton's outposts, and remained for two days on the Potomac, with 62,000 Federals within a few days' march. Then, retreating rapidly up the Valley, beneath the southern peaks of the Massanuttons he turned fiercely at bay; and the pursuing columns, mustering together nearly twice his numbers, were thrust back with heavy loss at the very moment they were combining to crush him. (1) A week later he had vanished, and when he appeared on the Chickahominy, Banks, Frémont, and McDowell were still guarding the roads to Washington, and McClellan was waiting for McDowell. 175,000 men absolutely paralysed by 16,000 ! Only Napoleon's

campaign of 1814 affords a parallel to this extraordinary spectacle.(2)

Jackson's task was undoubtedly facilitated by the ignorance of Lincoln and the incapacity of his political generals. But in estimating his achievements, this ignorance and incapacity are only of secondary importance. The historians do not dwell upon the mistakes of Colli, Beaulieu, and Wurmser in 1796, but on the brilliant resolution with which Napoleon took advantage of them; and the salient features, both of the Valley Campaign and of that of 1796, are the untiring vigilance with which opportunities were looked for, the skill with which they were detected, and the daring rapidity with which they were seized.

History often unconsciously injures the reputation of great soldiers. The more detailed the narrative, the less brilliant seems success, the less excusable defeat. When we are made fully acquainted with the dispositions of both sides, the correct solution of the problem, strategical or tactical, is generally so plain that we may easily be led to believe that it must needs have spontaneously suggested itself to the victorious leader; and, as a natural corollary, that success is due rather to force of will than to force of intellect; to vigilance, energy, and audacity, rather than <414>to insight and calculation. It is asserted, for instance, by superficial critics that both Wellington and Napoleon, in the campaign of 1815, committed unpardonable errors. Undoubtedly, at first sight, it is inconceivable that the one should have disregarded the probability of the French invading Belgium by the Charleroi road, or that the other, on the morning of the great battle, should never have suspected that Blücher was close at hand. But the critic's knowledge of the situation is far more ample and accurate than that of either commander. Had either Wellington before Quatre Bras, or Napoleon on the fateful June 18 known what we know now, matters would have turned out very differently. 'If,' said Frederick the Great, 'we had exact information of our enemy's dispositions, we should beat him every time;' but exact information is never forthcoming. A general in the field literally walks in darkness, and his success will be in proportion to the facility with which his mental vision can pierce the veil. His manoeuvres, to a greater or less degree, must always be based on probabilities, for his most recent reports almost invariably relate to events which, at best, are several hours old; and, meanwhile, what has the enemy been doing? This it is the most essential part of his business to discover, and it is a matter of hard thinking and sound judgment. From the indications furnished by his reports, and from the consideration of many circumstances, with some of which he is only imperfectly acquainted, he must divine the intentions of his opponent. It is not pretended that even the widest experience and the finest intellect confer infallibility. But clearness of perception and the power of deduction, together with the strength of purpose which they create, are the fount and origin of great achievements; and when we find a campaign in which they played a predominant part, we may fairly rate it as a masterpiece of war. It can hardly be disputed that these qualities played such a part on the Shenandoah. For instance; when Jackson left the Valley to march against Milroy, many things might have happened which would have brought about disaster :—<415>

1. Banks, who was reported to have 21,000 men at Harrisonburg, might have moved on Staunton, joined hands with Milroy, and crushed Edward Johnson.

2. Banks might have attacked Ewell's 8,000 with superior numbers.

3. Frémont, if he got warning of Jackson's purpose, might have reinforced Milroy, occupied a strong position, and requested Banks to threaten or attack the Confederates in

rear.

4. Frémont might have withdrawn his advanced brigade, and have reinforced Banks from Moorefield.

5. Banks might have been reinforced by Blenker, of whose whereabouts Jackson was uncertain.

6. Banks might have marched to join McDowell at Fredericksburg.

7. McClellan might have pressed Johnston so closely that a decisive battle could not have been long delayed.

8. McDowell might have marched on Richmond, intervening between the Valley army and the capital.

Such an array of possibilities would have justified a passive attitude on Elk Run. A calculation of the chances, however, showed Jackson that the dangers of action were illusory. 'Never take counsel of your fears,' was a maxim often on his lips. Unlike many others, he first made up his mind what he wanted to do, and then, and not till then, did he consider what his opponents might do to thwart him. To seize the initiative was his chief preoccupation, and in this case it did not seem difficult to do so. He knew that Banks was unenterprising. It was improbable that McDowell would advance until McClellan was near Richmond, and McClellan was very slow. To prevent Frémont getting an inkling of his design in time to cross it was not impossible, and Lincoln's anxiety for Washington might be relied on to keep Banks in the Valley.

It is true that Jackson's force was very small. But the manifestation of military genius is not affected by numbers. The handling of masses is a mechanical art, of which knowledge and experience are the key; but it is the manner in which the grand principles of war are applied which marks the great leader, and these principles may be applied as resolutely and effectively with 10,000 men as with 100,000.

'In meditation,' says Bacon, 'all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless they are very formidable.' It was on this precept that Jackson acted. Not a single one of his manoeuvres but was based on a close and judicial survey of the situation. Every risk was weighed. Nothing was left to chance. 'There was never a commander,' says his chief of the staff, 'whose foresight was more complete. Nothing emerged which had not been considered before in his mind; no possibility was overlooked; he was never surprised.'⁽¹⁾ The character of his opponent, the *moral* of the hostile troops, the nature of the ground, and the manner in which physical features could be turned to account, were all matters of the most careful consideration. He was a constant student of the map, and his topographical engineer was one of the most important officers on his staff. 'It could readily be seen,' writes Major Hotchkiss, 'that in the preparations he made for securing success he had fully in mind what Napoleon had done under similar circumstances; resembling Napoleon especially in this, that he was very particular in securing maps, and in acquiring topographical information. He furnished me with every facility that I desired for securing topographical information and for making maps, allowing me a complete transportation outfit for my exclusive use and sending men into the enemy's country to procure copies of local maps when I expressed a desire to have them. I do not think he had an accurate knowledge of the Valley previous to the war. When I first reported to him for duty, at the beginning of March 1862, he told me that he wanted "a complete map of the entire Shenandoah Valley from Harper's Ferry to Lexington, one showing every point of offence and defence," and to that task I immediately addressed myself. As a rule he did

not refer to maps in the field, making his study of them in advance. He undoubtedly had the power of retaining the topography <417>of the country in his imagination. He had spent his youth among the mountains, where there were but few waggon roads but many bridle and foot paths. His early occupation made it necessary for him to become familiar with such intricate ways; and I think this had a very important bearing on his ability to promptly recognise the topographical features of the country, and to recall them whenever it became necessary to make use of them. He was quick in comprehending topographical features. I made it a point, nevertheless, to be always ready to give him a graphic representation of any particular point of the region where operations were going on, making a rapid sketch of the topography in his presence, and using different coloured pencils for greater clearness in the definition of surface features. The carefully prepared map generally had too many points of detail, and did not sufficiently emphasise features apparently insignificant, but from a military standpoint most important. I may add that Jackson not only studied the general maps of the country, but made a particular study of those of any district where he expected to march or fight, constantly using sketch maps made upon the ground to inform him as to portions of the field of operations that did not immediately come under his own observation. I often made rough sketches for him when on the march, or during engagements, in answer to his requests for information.'⁽¹⁾

It is little wonder that it should have been said by his soldiers that ' he knew every hole and corner of the Valley as if he had made it himself.'

But to give attention to topography was not all that Jackson had learned from Napoleon. ' As a strategist,' says Dabney, 'the first Napoleon was undoubtedly his model. He had studied his campaigns diligently, and he was accustomed to remark with enthusiasm upon the evidences of his genius. "*Napoleon,*" he said, "*was* the first to show what an army could be made to accomplish. He had shown what was the value of time as an element <418>of strategic combination, and that good troops, if well cared for, could be made to march twenty-five miles daily, and win battles besides.'" And he had learned more than this. ' We must make this campaign,' he said at the beginning of 1863, ' an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow.'

It would perhaps be difficult, in the writings of Napoleon, to find a passage which embodies his conception of war in terms as definite as these; but no words could convey it more clearly. It is sometimes forgotten that Napoleon was often outnumbered at the outset of a campaign. It was not only in the campaigns of Italy, of Leipsic, of 1814, and of Waterloo, that the hostile armies were larger than his own. In those of Ulm, Austerlitz, Eckmühl, and Dresden, he was numerically inferior on the whole theatre of war; but while the French troops were concentrated under a single chief, the armies of the Allies were scattered over a wide area, and unable to support each other. Before they could come together, Napoleon, moving with the utmost rapidity, struck the first blow, and they were defeated in succession. The first principle of war is to concentrate superior force at the decisive point, that is, upon the field of battle. But it is exceedingly seldom that by standing still, and leaving the initiative to the enemy, that this principle can be observed, for a numerically inferior force, if it once permits its enemy to concentrate, can hardly hope for success. True generalship is, therefore, ' to make up in activity for lack of

strength; ' to strike the enemy in detail, and overthrow his columns in succession. And the highest art of all is to compel him to disperse his army, and then to concentrate superior force against each fraction in turn.

It is such strategy as this that 'gains the ends of States and makes men heroes.' Napoleon did not discover it. Every single general who deserves to be entitled great <419>has used it. Frederick, threatened by Austria, France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden, used it in self-defence, and from the Seven Years' War the little kingdom of Prussia emerged as a first-class Power. It was such strategy which won back the Peninsula; not the lines of Torres Vedras, but the bold march northwards to Vittoria.⁽¹⁾ It was on the same lines that Lee and Jackson acted. Lee, in compelling the Federals to keep their columns separated, manoeuvred with a skill which has seldom been surpassed; Jackson, falling as it were from the skies into the midst of his astonished foes, struck right and left before they could combine, and defeated in detail every detachment which crossed his path.

It is when regarded in connection with the operations of the main armies that the Valley campaign stands out in its true colours; but, at the same time, even as an isolated incident, it is in the highest degree interesting. It has been compared, and not inaptly, with the Italian campaign of 1796. And it may even be questioned whether, in some respects, it was not more brilliant. The odds against the Confederates were far greater than against the French. Jackson had to deal with a homogeneous enemy, with generals anxious to render each other loyal support, and not with the contingents of different States. His marches were far longer than Napoleon's. The theatre of war was not less difficult. His troops were not veterans, but, in great part, the very rawest of recruits. The enemy's officers and soldiers were not inferior to his own; their leaders were at least equal in capacity to Colli, Beaulieu, and Alvinzi, and the statesmen who directed them were not more purblind than the Aulic Council. Moreover, Jackson was merely the commander of a detached force, which might at any moment be required at Richmond. The risks which Napoleon freely accepted he could not afford. He dared not deliver battle unless he were certain of success, <420>and his one preoccupation was to lose as few men as possible. But be this as it may, in the secrecy of the Confederate movements, the rapidity of the marches, and the skilful use of topographical features, the Valley campaign bears strong traces of the Napoleonic methods. Seldom has the value of these methods been more forcibly illustrated. Three times was McDowell to have marched to join McClellan: first, at the beginning of April, when he was held back by Kernstown; second, on May 26, when he was held back by Front Royal and Winchester; third, on June 25, when he was held back by Jackson's disappearance after Port Republic. Above all, the campaign reveals a most perfect appreciation of the surest means of dealing with superior numbers. ' In my personal intercourse with Jackson,' writes General Imboden, ' in the early part of the war, he often said that there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander. "Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manoeuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible."⁽¹⁾ And again: "To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory, is the secret

of successful war."

These maxims were the outcome of his studies, 'drawn absolutely and merely,' says Lord Wolseley, 'from his knowledge of war, as learned from the great leaders of former days;'(2) and if he made war by rule, as he had regulated his conduct as a cadet, it can hardly be denied that his rules were of the soundest. They are a complete summary of the tactics which wrought such havoc in the <421>Valley. The order in which they are placed is interesting. 'To mystify, mislead, and surprise,' is the first precept. How thoroughly it was applied! The measures by which his adversaries were to be deceived were as carefully thought out as the maps had been closely studied. The troops moved almost as often by country roads and farm tracks as by the turnpikes. The longer route, even when time was of importance, was often preferred, if it was well concealed, to the shorter. No precaution, however trivial, that might prevent information reaching the enemy was neglected. In order that he might give his final instructions to Colonel Munford before marching to Richmond, he told that officer to meet him at ten o'clock at night in Mount Sidney. 'I will be on my horse,' he wrote, 'at the north end of the town, so you need not inquire after me.'(1) ' *Le bon général ordinaire* ' would have scoffed at the atmosphere of mystery which enveloped the Confederate camp. The march from Elk Run Valley to Port Republic, with its accompaniments of continuous quagmire and dreary bivouacs, he would have ridiculed as a most useless stratagem. The infinite pains with which Jackson sought to conceal, even from his most trusted staff officers, his movements, his intentions, and his thoughts, a commander less thorough would have pronounced useless. The long night ride to Richmond, on June 22, with its untoward delays and provoking *contretemps*, sounds like an excess of precaution which was absolutely pedantic.(2) But war, according to Napoleon, is made up of accidents. The country was full of spies; the Southern newspapers were sometimes indiscreet; and the simple fact that Jackson had been seen near Richmond would have warned McClellan that his right wing was in jeopardy. Few men would have taken such infinite trouble to hide the departure from the Valley and the march across Virginia to attack McClellan. But soldiers of experience, alive to the full bearing of seemingly <422>petty details, appreciate his skill.(1) According to the dictum of Napoleon, 'there are no such things as trifles in war.'

It was not, however, on such expedients that Jackson principally relied to keep his enemy in the dark. The use he made of his cavalry is perhaps the most brilliant tactical feature of the campaign. Ashby's squadrons were the means whereby the Federals were mystified. Not only was a screen established which perfectly concealed the movements of the Valley army, but constant demonstrations, at far distant points, alarmed and bewildered the Federal commanders. In his employment of cavalry Jackson was in advance of his age. His patrols were kept out two or three marches to front and flank; neither by day nor by night were they permitted to lose touch of the enemy; and thus no movement could take place without their knowledge. Such tactics had not been seen since the days of Napoleon. The Confederate horsemen in the Valley were far better handled than those of France or Austria in 1859, of Prussia or Austria in 1866, of France in 1870, of England, France, or Russia in the Crimea.

In the flank march on Sebastopol the hostile armies passed within a few miles, in an open country, without either of them being aware of the proximity of the other, and the English headquarter staff almost rode into a Russian baggage-train. At Solferino and at Sadowa, armies which were counted by hundreds of thousands encamped almost within

sight of each other's watch-fires, without the slightest suspicion that the enemy lay over the next ridge. The practice of Napoleon had been forgotten. The great cloud of horsemen which, riding sometimes a hundred miles to the front, veiled the march of the Grand Army had vanished from memory. The vast importance ascribed by the Emperor to procuring early information of his enemy and hiding his own movements had been overlooked; and it was left to an American soldier to revive his methods.

The application of Jackson's second precept, 'to hurl <423>your own force on the weakest part of the enemy's,' was made possible by his vigorous application of the first. The Federals, mystified and misled by demonstrations of the cavalry, and unable to procure information, never knew at what point they should concentrate, and support invariably came too late. Jackson's tactical successes were achieved over comparatively small forces. Except at Cross Keys, and there he only intended to check Frémont for the moment, he never encountered more than 10,000 men on any single field. No great victory, like Austerlitz or Salamanca, was won over equal numbers. No Chancellorsville, where a huge army was overthrown by one scarce half the size, is reckoned amongst the triumphs of the Valley campaign. But it is to be remembered that Jackson was always outnumbered, and outnumbered heavily, on the theatre of war; and if he defeated his enemies in detail, their overthrow was not less decisive than if it had been brought about at one time and at one place. The fact that they were unable to combine their superior numbers before the blow fell is in itself the strongest testimony to his ability. 'How often,' says Napier, 'have we not heard the genius of Buonaparte slighted, and his victories talked of as destitute of merit, because, at the point of attack, he was superior in numbers to his enemies! This very fact, which has been so often converted into a sort of reproach, constitutes his greatest and truest praise. He so directed his attack as at once to divide his enemy, and to fall with the mass of his own forces upon a point where their division, or the distribution of their army, left them unable to resist him. It is not in man to defeat armies by the breath of his mouth; nor was Buonaparte commissioned, like Gideon, to confound and destroy a host with three hundred men. He knew that everything depended ultimately upon physical superiority; and his genius was shown in this, that, though outnumbered on the whole, he was always superior to his enemies at the decisive point.'

(1) The following table, of which the idea is borrowed from *The Principles of Strategy*, by Capt. Bigelow, U.S.A., may be found interesting. Under the heading 'Strategic' appear the numbers available on the theatre of operations; under the heading 'Tactical' the numbers present on the field of battle. See also note at the end of the volume.

	Strategic.	Tactical.
<i>M' Dowell.</i>		
Federal	30,000	2,500
Confederate	17,000	6,000
<i>Winchester.</i>		
Federal	60,000	7,500
Confederate	16,000	16,000
<i>Cross Keys.</i>		
Federal	23,000	12,750
Confederate	13,000	8,000
<i>Port Republic.</i>		
Federal	22,000	4,500
Confederate	12,700	6,000

The material results of the Valley campaign were by no means inconsiderable. 3,500 prisoners were either paroled or sent to Richmond. 3,500 Federals were killed or wounded. An immense quantity of stores was captured, and probably as much destroyed. 9 guns were taken and over 10,000 rifles, while the loss of the Confederates was no more than 2,500 killed and wounded, 600 prisoners, and 3 guns. It may be added that the constant surprises, together with the successive conflict with superior numbers, had the worst effect on the *moral* of the Federal soldiers. The troops commanded by Frémont, Shields, Banks, Saxton, and Geary were all infected. Officers resigned and men deserted. On the least alarm there was a decided tendency to 'stampede.' The generals thought only of retreat. Frémont, after Cross Heys, did not think that his men would stand, and many of his men declared that it was 'only murder' to fight without reinforcements.(1)

When to those results is added the strategical effect of the campaign, it can hardly be denied that the success he achieved was out of all proportion to Jackson's strength. Few generals have done so much with means so small. Not only were the Valley troops comparatively few in <425>numbers, but they were volunteers, and volunteers of a type that was altogether novel. Even in the War of the Revolution many of the regimental officers, and indeed many of the soldiers, were men who had served in the Indian and French wars under the English flag. But there were not more than half a dozen regular officers in the whole Army of the Valley. Except Jackson himself, and his chief of artillery, not one of the staff had more than a year's service. Twelve months previous several of the brigadiers had been civilians. The regimental officers were as green as the men; and although military offences were few, the bonds of discipline were slight. When the march to M'Dowell was begun, which was to end five weeks later at Port Republic, a considerable number of the so-called 'effectives' had only been drilled for a few hours. The cavalry on parade was little better than a mob; on the line of march they kept or left the ranks as the humour took them. It is true that the Federals were hardly more efficient. But Jackson's operations were essentially offensive, and offensive operations, as was shown at Bull Run, are ill-suited to raw troops. Attack cannot be carried to a triumphant issue unless every fraction of the force co-operates with those on either hand; and co-operation is hardly to be expected from inexperienced officers. Moreover, offensive operations, especially when a small force is manoeuvring against the fraction of a larger, depend for success on order, rapidity, and endurance; and it is in these qualities, as a rule, that raw troops are particularly deficient. Yet Jackson, like Napoleon at Ulm, might have boasted with truth that he had 'destroyed the enemy merely by marches,' and his men accomplished feats of which the hardiest veterans might well be proud.

From April 29 to June 5, that is, in thirty-eight days, they marched four hundred miles, fought three battles and numerous combats, and were victorious in all. Several of the marches exceeded twenty-five miles a day; and in retreat, from the Potomac to Port Republic, the army made one hundred and four miles between the morning of May 30 and the night of June 5, that is, fifteen miles daily <426>without a rest day intervening. This record, if we take into consideration the infamous roads, is remarkable; and it well may be asked by what means these half-trained troops were enabled to accomplish such a feat ?

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(1)'Campaigning in France,' says General Sheridan, who was with the Prussian Headquarter Staff in 1870, 'that is, the marching, camping, and subsisting of an army, is an easy matter, very unlike anything we had in

the War of the Rebellion. To repeat: the country is rich, beautiful, and densely populated, subsistence abundant, and the roads all macadamised highways; thus the conditions are altogether different from those existing with us I can but leave to conjecture how the Germans would have got along on bottomless roads—often none at all—through the swamps and quicksands of Northern *Virginia*.'—*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 450.

Jackson's rules for marching have been preserved. ' He never broke down his men by long-continued movement. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time. He liked to see the men lie fiat on the ground to rest, and would say, "A man rests all over when he lies down."' (2) Nor did he often call upon his troops for extraordinary exertions. In the period between his departure from Elk Run Mountain to the battle of Port Republic there were only four series of forced marches. (3) 'The hardships of forced marches,' he said, 'are often more painful than the dangers of battle.' It was only, in short, when he intended a surprise, or when a rapid retreat was imperative, that he sacrificed everything to speed. The troops marched light, carrying only rifles, blankets, haversacks, and ammunition. When long distances were to be covered, those men who still retained their knapsacks were ordered to leave them behind. No heavy trains accompanied the army. The ambulances and ammunition waggons were always present; but the supply waggons were often far in rear. In their haversacks the men carried several days' rations; and when these were consumed they lived either on the farmers, or on the stores they had captured from the enemy.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the ranks <427>remained full. ' I had rather,' said Jackson, ' lose one man in marching than five in fighting,' and to this rule he rigorously adhered. He never gave the enemy warning by a deliberate approach along the main roads; and if there was a chance of effecting a surprise, or if the enemy was already flying, it mattered little how many men fell out. And fall out they did, in large numbers. Between May 17 and the battle of Cross Keys the army was reduced from 16,500 men to 13,000. Not more than 500 had been killed or wounded, so there were no less than 3,000 absentees. Many were footsore and found no place in the ambulances. Many were sick; others on detachment; but a large proportion had absented themselves without asking leave. Two days after Winchester, in a letter to Ewell, Jackson writes that ' the evil of straggling has become enormous.'

Such severe exertion as the march against Kenly, the pursuit of Banks, and the retreat from the Potomac, would have told their tale upon the hardiest veterans. When the German armies, suddenly changing direction from west to north, pushed on to Sedan by forced marches, large numbers of the infantry succumbed to pure exhaustion. When the Light Division, in 1813, pressing forward after Sauroren to intercept the French retreat, marched nineteen consecutive hours in very sultry weather, and over forty miles of mountain roads, 'many men fell and died convulsed and frothing at the mouth, while others, whose spirit and strength had never before been quelled, leant on their muskets and muttered in sullen tones that they yielded for the first time.' (1)

But the men that fell out on the march to Sedan and in the passes of the Pyrenees were physically incapable of further effort. They were not stragglers in the true sense of the term; and in an army broken to discipline straggling on the line of march is practically unknown. The sickly and feeble may fall away, but every sound man may confidently be relied upon to keep his place. The secret of full ranks is good officers and strict discipline; and the most marked difference between regular troops and those hastily <428>organised

is this—with the former the waste of men will be small, with the latter very great. In all armies, however constituted, there is a large proportion of men whose hearts are not in the business.(1)

When hard marching and heavy fighting are in prospect the inclination of such men is to make themselves scarce, and when discipline is relaxed they will soon find the opportunity. But when their instincts of obedience are strong, when the only home they know is with the colours, when the credit of their regiment is at stake—and even the most worthless have some feeling for their own corps—engrained habit and familiar associations overcome their natural weakness. The troop-horse bereft of his rider at once seeks his comrades, and pushes his way, with empty saddle, into his place in the ranks. And so the soldier by profession, faint-hearted as he may be, marches shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, and acquires a fictitious, but not unuseful, courage from his contact with braver men.

It is true that the want of good boots told heavily on the Confederates. A pair already half-worn, such as many of the men started with, was hardly calculated to last out a march of several hundred miles over rocky tracks, and fresh supplies were seldom forthcoming. There was a dearth both of shoe-leather and shoe-factories in the South; and if Mr. Davis, before the blockade was established, had indented on the shoemakers of Europe, he would have added very largely to the efficiency of his armies. A few cargoes of good boots would have been more useful than a shipload of rifled guns.

Nevertheless, the absentees from the ranks were not all footsore. The vice of straggling was by no means confined to Jackson's command. It was the curse of both armies, Federal and Confederate. The Official Records, as well as the memoirs of participants, teem with references to it. It was an evil which the severest punishments seemed incapable of checking. It was in vain that it was denounced <429>in orders, that the men were appealed to, warned, and threatened. Nor were the faint-hearted alone at fault. The day after Jackson's victory at M'Dowell, Johnston, falling back before McClellan, addressed General Lee as follows :-

'Stragglers cover the country, and Richmond is no doubt filled with the absent without leave The men are full of spirit when near the enemy, but at other times to avoid restraint leave their regiments in crowds.'(1) A letter from a divisional general followed :

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' It is with deep mortification that I report that several thousand soldiers and many individuals with commissions have fled to Richmond under pretext of sickness. They have even thrown away their arms that their flight might not be impeded. Cannot these miserable wretches be arrested and returned to their regiments, where they can have their heads shaved and be drummed out of the service ? '(2)

Jackson, then, had to contend with difficulties which a general in command of regular troops would not have been called on to provide against; and in other respects also he suffered from the constitution of his army. The one thing lacking in the Valley campaign was a decisive victory over a considerable detachment of the Federal army, the annihilation of one of the converging forces, and large capture of guns and prisoners. A victory as complete as Rivoli would have completed its dramatic interest. But for this Jackson himself was hardly to blame. The misconduct of the Confederate cavalry on May 24 and 25 permitted Banks to escape destruction; and the delay at the temporary bridge near Port Republic, due, mainly, to the disinclination of the troops to face the ford, and the

want of resolute obedience on the part of their commanders, saved Frémont from the same fate. Had Shields' advanced brigades been driven back, as Jackson designed, while the day was still young, the operations of the Valley army would in all probability have been crowned by a brilliant triumph over nearly <430>equal forces. Frémont, already feaful and irresolute, was hardly the man to withstand the vigour of Jackson's onset; and that onset would assuredly have been made if more careful arrangements had been made to secure the bridge. This was not the only mistake committed by the staff. The needlessly long march of the main body when approaching Front Royal on May 23 might well have been obviated. But for this delay the troops might have pushed on before nightfall to within easy reach of the Valley turnpike, and Banks have been cut off from Winchester.

It is hardly necessary to say that, even with regular troops, the same mistakes might have occurred. They are by no means without parallel, and even those committed by the Federals have their exact counterpart in European warfare. At the beginning of August, 1870, the French army, like Banks' division on May 23, 1862, was in two portions, divided by a range of mountains. The staff was aware that the Germans were in superior strength, but their dispositions were unknown. Like Banks, they neglected to reconnoitre; and when a weak detachment beyond the mountains was suddenly overwhelmed, they still refused to believe that attack was imminent. The crushing defeats of Wörth and Spicheren were the result.

The staff of a regular army is not always infallible. It would be hard to match the extraordinary series of blunders made by the staffs of the three armies—English, French, and Prussian—in the campaign of Waterloo, and yet there was probably no senior officer present in Belgium who had not seen several campaigns. But the art of war has made vast strides since Waterloo, and even since 1870. Under Moltke's system, which has been applied in a greater or less degree to nearly all professional armies, the chance of mistakes has been much reduced. The staff is no longer casually educated and selected haphazard; the peace training of both officers and men is far more thorough; and those essential details on which the most brilliant conceptions, tactical and strategical, depend for success stand much less chance of being overlooked than in 1815. It is by the standard of a modern army, and not of those <431>whose only school in peace was the parade-ground, that the American armies must be judged.

That Jackson's tactical skill, and his quick eye for ground, had much to do with his victories can hardly be questioned. At Kernstown and Port Republic he seized the key of the position without a moment's hesitation. At Winchester, when Ewell was checked upon the right, three strong brigades, suddenly thrown forward on the opposite flank, completely rolled up the Federal line. At Cross Keys the position selected for Ewell proved too formidable for Fremont, despite his superiority in guns. At Port Republic, Taylor's unexpected approach through the tangled forest was at once decisive of the engagement. The cavalry charge at Front Royal was admirably timed; and the manner in which Ashby was employed throughout the campaign, not only to screen the advance but to check pursuit, was a proof of the highest tactical ability. Nor should the quick insight into the direction of Shields' march on June 1, and the destruction of the bridges by which he could communicate with Frémont, be omitted. It is true that the operations in the Valley were not absolutely faultless. When Jackson was bent on an effective blow his impatience to bring the enemy to bay robbed him more than once of complete success. On the march to M'Dowell Johnson's brigade, the advanced guard, had been permitted to

precede the main body by seven miles, and, consequently, when Milroy attacked there was not sufficient force at hand for a decisive counterstroke. Moreover, with an ill-trained staff a careful supervision was most essential, and the waggon-bridge at Port Republic should have been inspected by a trustworthy staff officer before Winder rushed across to fall on Tyler.

Errors of this nature, however instructive they may be to the student of war, are but spots upon the sun; and in finding in his subordinate such breadth of view and such vigour of execution, Lee was fortunate indeed. Jackson was no less fortunate when Ashby came under his command. That dashing captain of free-lances was undoubtedly a most valuable colleague. It was something to have a <432>cavalry leader who could not only fight and reconnoitre, but who had sagacity enough to divine the enemy's intentions. But the ideas that governed the employment of the cavalry were Jackson's alone. He it was who placed the squadrons across Frémont's road from Wardensville, who ordered the demonstrations against Banks, before both M'Dowell and Front Royal, and those which caused Frémont to retreat after Port Republic. More admirable still was the quickness with which he recognised the use that might be made of mounted rifle-men. From the Potomac to Port Republic his horsemen covered his retreat, dismounting behind every stream and along the borders of every wood, checking the pursuers with their fire, compelling them to deploy their infantry, and then retreating rapidly to the next position. Day after day were the Federal advanced guards held in check, their columns delayed, and the generals irritated by their slippery foe. Meanwhile, the Confederate infantry, falling back at their leisure, were relieved of all annoyance. And if the cavalry was suddenly driven in, support was invariably at hand, and a compact brigade of infantry, supported by artillery, sent the pursuing horsemen to the right-about. The retreat of the Valley army was managed with the same skill as its advance, and the rear-guard tactics of the campaign are no less remarkable than those of the attack.

To judge from the Valley campaign, Jackson handled his horsemen with more skill than any other commander, Confederate or Federal. A cavalry that could defend itself on foot as well as charge in the saddle was practically a new arm, of far greater efficiency than cavalry of the old type, and Jackson at once recognised, not only its value; but the manner in which it could be most effectively employed. He was not led away by the specious advantages, so eagerly urged by young and ambitious soldiers, of the so-called raids. Even Lee himself, cool-headed as he was, appears to have been fascinated by the idea of throwing a great body of horsemen across his enemy's communications, spreading terror amongst his supply trains, cutting his <433>telegraphs, and destroying his magazines. In hardly a single instance did such expeditions inflict more than temporary discomfort on the enemy; and the armies were led more than once into false manoeuvres, for want of the information which only the cavalry could supply. Lee at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, Hooker at Chancellorsville, Grant at Spotsylvania, owed defeat, in great measure, to the absence of their mounted troops. In the Valley, on the contrary, success was made possible because the cavalry was kept to its legitimate duty—that is, to procure information, to screen all movements, to take part in battle at the decisive moment, and to carry out the pursuit.

With all his regard for Napoleon's maxims, Jackson was no slave to rule. In war, circumstances vary to such an extent that a manoeuvre, which at one time is manifestly unsound, may at another be the most judicious. The so-called rules are never binding;

they merely point out the risks which are generally entailed by some particular course of action. There is no principle on which Napoleon lays more stress than that a general should never divide his force, either on the field of battle or the theatre of war. But when he marched to M'Dowell and left Ewell at Swift Run Gap, Jackson deliberately divided his forces and left Banks between them, knowing that the apparent risk, with an opponent like Banks, was no risk at all. At the battle of Winchester, too, there was a gap of a mile between the brigades on the left of the Kernstown road and Ewell on the right; and owing to the intervening hills, one wing was invisible to the other. Here again, like Moltke at Königgrätz, Jackson realised that the principle might be disregarded not only with impunity but with effect. He was not like Lord Galway, 'a man who was in war what Molière's doctors were in medicine, who thought it much more honourable to fail according to rule than to succeed by innovation.'⁽¹⁾

But the triumphs of the Valley campaign were not due alone to the orders issued by Lee and Jackson. The Confederate troops displayed extraordinary endurance. When <434>the stragglers were eliminated their stauncher comrades proved themselves true as steel. In every engagement the regiments fought with stubborn courage. They sometimes failed to break the enemy's line at the first rush; but, except at Kernstown, the Federals never drove them from their position, and Taylor's advance at Winchester, Trimble's counterstroke at Cross Keys, the storming of the battery at Port Republic, and the charge of the cavalry at Cedarville, were the deeds of brave and resolute men.

A retreat is the most exhausting of military movements. It is costly in men, 'more so,' says Napoleon, 'than two battles,' and it shakes the faith of the soldiers in their general and in themselves. Jackson's army retreated for seven days before Fremont, dwindling in numbers at every step, and yet it never fought better than when it turned at bay. From first to last it believed itself superior to its enemies; from first to last it was equal to the tasks which its exacting commander imposed upon it, and its spirit was indomitable throughout. 'One mile a week and three fights a day,' according to one of Jackson's Irishmen, was the rule in the campaigns of 1862. The forced marches were not made in luxury. Not seldom only half-rations were issued, and more often none at all. The weather, for many days in succession, was abominable, and the forest bivouacs were comfortless in the extreme. On May 25 twenty per cent. of Trimble's brigade went into action barefoot; and had it not been for the stores captured in Winchester, the march to the Potomac, and the subsequent unmolested retreat to Woodstock, would have been hardly possible.

If the troops were volunteers, weak in discipline and prone to straggling, they none the less bore themselves with conspicuous gallantry. Their native characteristics came prominently to the front. Patient under hardships, vigorous in attack, and stubborn in defence, they showed themselves worthy of their commander. Their enthusiastic patriotism was not without effect on their bearing before the enemy. Every private in the ranks believed that he was fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, and the spirit <435>which nerved the resolution of the Confederate soldier was the same which inspired the resistance of their revolutionary forefathers. His hatred of the Yankee, as he contemptuously styled the Northerner, was even more bitter than the wrath which Washington's soldiers felt towards England; and it was intensified by the fact that his detested foe had not only dared to invade the South, but had proclaimed his intention, in no uncertain tones, of dealing with the Sovereign States exactly as he pleased.

But it was something more than native courage and enthusiastic patriotism which

inspired the barefooted heroes of Winchester. It would be difficult to prove that in other parts of the theatre of war the Confederate troops were inferior to those that held the Valley. Yet they were certainly less successful, and in very many instances they had failed to put forth the same resolute energy as the men who followed Jackson.

But it is hardly possible to discuss the spirit of an army apart from that of its commander. If, in strategy wholly, and in tactics in great part, success emanates from a single brain, the *moral* of the troops is not less dependent on the influence of one man. 'Better an army of stags,' runs the old proverb, 'led by a lion, than an army of lions led by a stag.'

Their leader's character had already made a sensible impression on the Valley soldiers. Jackson was as un-theatrical as Wellington. He was hardly to be distinguished, even by his dress, from the private in the ranks. Soon after his arrival at Richmond he called on Mrs. Pendleton, the wife of the reverend captain of the Rockbridge battery. The negro servant left him standing in the hall, thinking that this quiet soldier, clad in a faded and sunburnt uniform, need not be treated with further ceremony.⁽¹⁾ Headquarters in camp were an ordinary bell-tent, or a room in the nearest cottage, and they were often without guard or sentry. In bivouac the general rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down under a tree or in a fence corner. He could sleep anywhere, in the saddle, under fire, or in church; and he could compel sleep to come to him when and where he pleased. He cared as little for good quarters as a mountain hunter, and he was as abstemious as a Red Indian on the war-path. He lived as plainly as the men, and often shared their rations. The majority of the cavalry were better mounted, and many of his officers were *better* dressed. He was not given to addressing his troops, either in mass or as individuals. His praises he reserved for his official reports, and then he was generous. In camp he was as silent as the Sphinx, and he never posed, except in action, as the commander of an army. Off duty he was the gentlest and most unpretentious of men, and the most approachable of generals. He was always scrupulously polite; and the private soldier who asked him a question might be sure of a most courteous reply. But there was no man with whom it was less safe to take liberties; and where duty was concerned he became a different being. The gentle tones grew curt and peremptory, and the absent demeanour gave place to a most purposeful energy. His vigilance was marvellous- his eye was everywhere; he let nothing pass without his personal scrutiny. The unfortunate officer accused of indolence or neglect found the shy and quiet professor transformed into the most implacable of masters. No matter how high the rank of the offender, the crime met with the punishment it deserved. The scouts compared him with Lee. The latter was so genial that it was a pleasure to report to him. Jackson cross-questioned them on every detail, treating them as a lawyer does a hostile witness, and his keen blue eyes seemed to search their very souls.

Nor did the men escape when they misbehaved. Ashby's cavalry were reprimanded in general orders for their indiscipline at Middletown, and again at Port Republic; and if either officer or regiment displeased the general, it was duly mentioned in his published reports.⁽¹⁾ <437>But the troops knew that their grave leader, so uncommunicative in camp, and so unrelenting to misconduct, was constantly occupied with their well-being. They knew that he spared them, when opportunity offered, as he never spared himself. His *camarderie* was expressed in something more than words. The hospitals constructed in the Valley excited the admiration even of the Federals, and Jackson's wounded were his first care. Whatever it might cost the army, the ambulances must be got safely away, and

the sick and disabled soldiers transferred to their own people. But, at the same time, the troops had long since learned that, as administered by Jackson, the military code was a stern reality. They had seen men shot for striking their officers, and they knew that for insubordination or disobedience it was idle to plead excuse. They had thought their general harsh, and even cruel; but as their experience increased they recognised the wisdom of his severity, and when they looked upon that kindly face, grave and determined as it was, they realised how closely his firmness was allied to tenderness. They had learned how highly he esteemed them. Once, in his twelve months of command, he had spoken from his heart. When, on the heights near Centreville, he bade farewell to his old brigade, his pride in their achievements had broken through the barriers of his reserve, and his ringing words had not yet been forgotten. If he was swift to blame, his general orders and official dispatches gave full credit to every gallant action, and each man felt himself a hero because his general so regarded him.

They had learned, too, that Jackson's commendation was worth having. They had seen him in action, the coolest of them all, riding along the line of battle with as much composure as if the hail of bullets was no more than summer rain. They had seen him far in advance of the charging lines, cheering them to the pursuit; and they knew the tremendous vigour of his flank attacks.

But it was not only confidence in the skill of their <438>commander that inspired the troops. It was impossible not to admire the man who, after a sleepless night, a long march, and hard fighting, would say to his officers, ' We must push on—we must push on !' as unconcernedly as if his muscles were of steel and hunger an unknown sensation. Such fortitude was contagious. The men caught something of his resolution, of his untiring energy, and his unhesitating audacity. The regiments which drove Banks to the Potomac were very different from those that crawled to Romney through the blinding sleet, or that fell back with the loss of one-sixth their number from the Kernstown Ridge. It has been related of Jackson that when he had once made up his mind, ' he seemed to discard all idea of defeat, and to regard the issue as assured. A man less open to the conviction that he was beaten could not be imagined.' To this frame of mind he brought his soldiers. Jackson's brigade at Bull Run, Jackson's division in the Valley, Jackson's army corps later in the war, were all imbued with the characteristics of their leader. The exertions that he demanded of them seemed beyond the powers of mortal men, but with Jackson leading them the troops felt themselves able to accomplish impossibilities. ' I never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach,' said Ewell, ' without expecting an order to assault the North Pole !' But had the order been given neither Ewell nor the Valley troops would have questioned it.

With the senior officers of his little army Jackson's relations were in some instances less cordial than with the men. His staff was devoted to him, for they had learned to know him. At the beginning of the Valley campaign some of them thought him mad; before it was over they believed him to be a genius. He lived with his military family on the most intimate terms, and his unfailing courtesy, his utter absence of self-assertion, his sweet temper, and his tactful consideration for others, no matter how humble their rank, were irresistible. On duty, indeed, his staff officers fared badly. Tireless himself, regardless of all personal comforts, he seemed to think that others were fashioned in the same mould. After <439>a weary day's marching or fighting, it was no unusual thing for him to send them for a ride of thirty or forty miles through the night. And he gave the order with no

more thought than if he were sending them with a message to the next tent. But off duty he was simply a personal friend, bent on making all things pleasant. 'Never,' says Dr. Hunter McGuire, 'can I forget his kindness and gentleness to me when I was in great sorrow and trouble. He came to my tent and spent hours with me, comforting me in his simple, kindly, Christian way, showing a depth of friendship and affection which can never be forgotten. There is no measuring the intensity with which the very soul of Jackson burned in battle. Out of it he was very gentle. Indeed, as I look back on the two years that I was daily, indeed hourly, with him, his gentleness as a man, his tenderness to those in trouble or affliction—the tenderness indeed of a woman—impress me more than his wonderful prowess as a warrior.'

It was with his generals and colonels that there was sometimes a lack of sympathy. Many of these were older than himself. Ewell and Whiting were his seniors in point of service, and there can be little doubt that it was sometimes a little hard to receive peremptory orders from a younger man. Jackson's secrecy was often irritating. Men who were over-sensitive thought it implied a want of confidence. Those overburdened with dignity objected to being treated like the private soldiers; and those over-conscious of superior wisdom were injured because their advice was not asked. Before the march to Richmond there was much discontent. General Whiting, on reaching Staunton with his division, rode at once to Port Republic to report. 'The distance,' says General Imboden, 'was twenty miles, and Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, "How is that possible, General?—he is very polite to everyone."

"Oh, hang him! he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He <440> simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he has no more sense than my horse." '(1)

The orders, when they came, simply directed him to take his troops by railway to Gordonsville, through which they had passed two days before, and gave no reason whatever for the movement.

General Whiting was not the only Confederate officer who was mystified. When the troops left the Valley not a single soul in the army, save Jackson alone, knew the object of their march. He had even gone out of his way to blind his most trusted subordinates.

'During the preceding afternoon,' says Major Hotchkiss, 'he sent for me to his tent, and asked me to bring maps of the country from Port Republic to Lexington (at the head of the Valley), as he wished to examine them. I took the maps to his tent, and for about half an hour we talked concerning the roads and streams, and points of offence and defence of that region, just as though he had in mind a march in that direction. After this interval had passed he thanked me and said that that would do. About half an hour later he sent for me again, and remarked that there had been some fighting down about Richmond, referring, of course, to the battle of Seven Pines, and that he would like to see the map of the field of the operations. I brought the maps of the district round Richmond, and we spent nearly twice as much time over those, talking about the streams, the roads, the condition of the country, and so forth. On retiring to my tent I said to myself, "Old Jack" is going to Richmond.'(2)

Even the faithful Dabney was left in the dark till the troops had reached Mechum's Station. There, calling him into a room in the hotel, the general locked the door and

explained the object of his march. But it was under seal of secrecy; and Ewell, the second in command, complained to the chief of the staff that Jackson had gone off by train, leaving him without orders, or even a hint of what was in <441>the wind. In fact, a few days after the battle of Port Republic, Ewell had sent some of his staff on leave of absence, telling them that large reinforcements were coming up, and that the next move would be 'to beat up Banks' quarters about Strasburg.'

When Jackson was informed of the irritation of his generals he merely smiled, and said, 'If I can deceive my own friends I can make certain of deceiving the enemy.' Nothing shook his faith in Frederick the Great's maxim, which he was fond of quoting: 'If I thought my coat knew my plans, I would take it off and burn it.' An anecdote told by one of his brigadiers illustrates his reluctance to say more than necessary. Previous to the march to Richmond this officer met Jackson riding through Staunton. 'Colonel,' said the general, 'have you received the order?' 'No, sir.' 'Want you to march.' 'When, sir?' 'Now.' 'Which way?' 'Get in the cars—go with Lawton.' 'How must I send my train and the battery?' 'By the road.' 'Well, General, I hate to ask questions, but it is impossible to send my waggons off without knowing which road to send them.' 'Oh!—laughing—' send them by the road the others go.'

At last, when they saw how constant fortune was to their reticent leader, his subordinates ceased to complain; but unfortunately there was another source of trouble. Jackson had no regard whatever for persons. Reversing the usual procedure, he held that the choleric word of the soldier was rank blasphemy in the captain; the higher the rank of the offender the more severe, in his opinion, should be the punishment. Not only did he hold that he who would rule others must himself set the example of punctiliousness, but that to whom much is given, from him much is to be expected. Honour and promotion fall to the lot of the officer. His name is associated in dispatches with the valorous deeds of his command, while the private soldier fights on unnoticed in the crowd. To his colonels, therefore. Jackson was a strict master, and stricter to his generals. If he had reason to believe that his subordinates were indolent or disobedient, he visited their shortcomings with <442>a heavy hand. No excuse availed. Arrest and report followed immediately on detection, and if the cure was rude, the plague of incompetency was radically dealt with. Spirited young soldiers, proud of their high rank, and in no way underrating their own capacity, rebelled against such discipline; and the knowledge that they were closely watched, that their omissions would be visited on their heads with unfaltering severity, sometimes created a barrier between them and their commander.

But it was only wilful disobedience or actual insubordination that roused Jackson's wrath. 'If he found in an officer,' says Dabney, 'a hearty and zealous purpose to do all his duty, he was the most tolerant and gracious of superiors, overlooking blunders and mistakes with unbounded patience, and repairing them through his own exertions, without even a sign of vexation.' The delay at the bridge on the morning of Port Republic, so fatal to his design of crushing Frémont, caused no outburst of wrath. He received his adjutant-general's report with equanimity, regarding the accident as due to the will of Providence, and therefore to be accepted without complaint.(1)

Whether the nobler side of Jackson's character had a share in creating the confidence which his soldiers already placed in him must be matter of conjecture. It was well known in the ranks that he was superior to the frailties of human nature; that he was as thorough a Christian as he was a soldier; that he feared the world as little as he did the enemy.(2) In

all things he was consistent; his sincerity was as clear as the noonday sun, and his faith as firmly rooted as the Massanuttons. Publicly and privately, in official dispatches and in ordinary conversation, the success of his army was ascribed to the Almighty. Every victory, as <443>soon as opportunity offered, was followed by the order 'The chaplains will hold divine service in their respective regiments.' 'The General Commanding,' ran the order after Winchester, 'would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievements, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action, and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the danger of battle. The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future.

' But his chief duty of to-day and that of the army is to recognise devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days (which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses), and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His service to us and our country in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending, as far as possible, all military exercises; and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine service in their several charges at 4 o'clock P.M.'⁽¹⁾

Whenever it was possible Sunday was always set apart for a day of rest; and the claims of the day were seldom altogether disregarded.⁽²⁾ On the morning of Cross Keys it is related that a large portion of Elzey's brigade were at service, and that the crash of the enemy's artillery interrupted the ' thirdly' of the chaplain's sermon.

It has been sometimes asserted that Jackson was of the same type as the saints militant who followed Cromwell, who, when they were not slaughtering their enemies, would expound the harsh tenets of their unlovely creed to the grim circle of belted Ironsides. He has been described <444>as taking the lead at religious meetings, as distributing tracts from tent to tent, as acting as aide-de-camp to his chaplains, and as consigning to perdition all those ' whose doxy was not his doxy.'

Nothing is further from the truth. ' His views of each denomination,' says his wife, 'had been obtained from itself, not from its opponents. Hence he could see excellences in all. Even of the Roman Catholic Church he had a much more favourable impression than most Protestants, and he fraternised with all Evangelical denominations. During a visit to New York, one Sabbath morning, we chanced to find ourselves at the door of an Episcopal Church at the hour of worship. He proposed that we should enter; and as it was a day for the celebration of the Communion, he remained for that service, and it was with the utmost reverence and solemnity that he walked up the chancel and knelt to receive the elements.'

Jackson, then, was by no means imbued with the belief that the Presbyterian was the one true Church, and that all others were in error. Nor did he attempt, in the very slightest degree, to usurp the functions of his chaplains. Although he invariably went to sleep during their sermons, he was deeply interested in their endeavours, and gave them all the assistance in his power. But he no more thought of taking their duties on himself than of interfering with the treatment of the men in hospital. He spoke no ' words in season,' even to his intimates. He had no ' message' for them. Where religion was concerned, so long as

duly qualified instructors were available, he conceived it his business to listen and not to teach. Morning and evening prayers were the rule at his headquarters, but if any of his staff chose to remain absent, the general made no remark. Yet all suspicion of indifference to vice was effectually removed. Nothing ungenerous or unclean was said in his presence without incurring his displeasure, always unmistakably expressed, and although he made no parade of his piety he was far too manly to hide it.

Yet he was never a prominent figure at the camp services. Rather than occupy a conspicuous place he <445>would seat himself amongst the privates; and the only share he took in directing the proceedings was to beckon men to the seats that respect had left empty beside him. Those who picture him as an enthusiastic fanatic, invading, like the Puritan dragoons, the pulpits of the chaplains, and leading the devotions of his troops with the same fervour that he displayed in battle, have utterly misread his character. The humblest soldier in the Confederate army was not more modest and unassuming than Stonewall Jackson.

NOTE

<446>

The Federal strength at M'Dowell

Frémont's return of	
April 30 is as follows :—	
Milroy's Brigade	4,307
Schenck's Brigade	8,335
of May 10 :-	
Milroy	3,694
Schenck	3,335
of May 31 :-	
Milroy	2,914
Schenck	3,335

Schenck reports that the total force engaged at M'Dowell was 1,768 of Milroy's brigade, and about 500 of his own, total 2,268; and that he himself brought to M'Dowell 1,300 infantry, a battery, and 250 cavalry—say, 1,600 men.

Milroy's command may fairly be estimated at 3,500; Schenck brought 1,600 men; there were therefore available for action at M'Dowell 5,100 Federals.

Frémont's strength at Cross Keys.

The return of May 31 gives :-13,520 officers and men.

Frémont, in his report of the battle, says that on May 29 he had over 11,000 men, which, deducting guards, garrisons, working parties and stragglers, were reduced to 10,500 combatants at Cross Keys.

But he does not include in this last estimate Bayard's cavalry, which joined him at Strasburg.

On May 31 Bayard had 1,844 officers and men; he had suffered some loss in fighting Ashby, and his strength at the battle may be put down as 1,750.

All garrisons, guards and working parties are included in the Confederate numbers, so they should be added to the Federal estimate. We may fairly say, then, that at Cross Keys

the following troops were available :—

<u>Frémont</u>	<u>11,000</u>
<u>Bayard</u>	<u>1,750</u>
<u>Total</u>	<u>12,750</u>

NOTE

<447>

Strength of the Federals, May 17-25.

On April 30 Banks' 'effective' numbers	
were as follows :-	
Donnelly's Brigade	2,747
Gordon's Brigade	3,005
Artillery (26 guns)	492
Cavalry (General Hatch)	2,834
Body-guard	70
	<u>9,148</u>
On May 23 he had :-	
At Strasburg: Infantry	4,476
" Cavalry	9,600
" Artillery (18 guns)	350
At Front Royal, Buckton, &c.	1,300
" Bodyguard	70
From the Harper's Ferry Garrison :-	
At Strasburg: Cavalry	800
At Winchester: Infantry	856
" Cavalry	600
	<u>10,552</u>
On May 31, after losing 2,019 men at Front Royal and Winchester, he had, the Harper's Ferry troops having been added to his command :—	
<u>Infantry</u>	<u>5,124</u>
<u>Cavalry</u>	<u>3,230</u>
<u>Artillery (16 guns)</u>	<u>286</u>
<u>Miscellaneous</u>	<u>82</u>
	<u>8,722</u>
	<u>Add</u> 2,019
	<u>10,741</u>

10,500 effectives on May 23 is therefore a fair estimate.

Geary's 2,000 at Rectortown, as they were acting under Mr. Stanton's orders, have not been included.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

This letter is in the possession of Thomas Jackson Arnold, Esq., of Beverly, West Va., nephew of General ' Stonewall' Jackson.

Anglicè, 'house-warmings.'

Dabney, vol. i. p. 29.

A. P. Hill, G. E. Pickett, and D. H. Maury.

Communicated by General John Gibbon, U.S.A.

Communicated by Colonel P. T. Turnley.

Colonel Turnley.

General R. S. Ewell.

Grant's *Memoirs*, vol. i..p. 53.

Lieutenant D. H. Hill, afterwards his brother-in-law.

He had been promoted second lieutenant on March 3. *Records of the First Regiment of Artillery.*

The Americans had about 8,500 men upon the field, and their loss was 431, including two generals. *Memoirs of Lieut.-General Scott.*

According to the Regimental Records his company (K) was not engaged in the battle, but only in the pursuit.

Two 24-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers, and two light pieces. Ripley's History of the Mexican War.

It is said, however, that their horses were little more than ponies, and far too light for a charge. Semmes' *Campaign of General Scott*.

4,500 Americans (rank and file) were engaged, and the losses did not exceed 50. Scott's *Memoirs*.

862 officers and men fell at Chapultepec. Scott's *Memoirs*.

Grant's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 169.

The total loss in the battles before the capital was 2,703, including 383 officers. Scott's Memoirs.

Letter to the author.

Grant's *Memoirs*, vol. i.p. 168.

Ripley's *History of the Mexican War*, vol. ii. p. 73, &c.

Grant's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 192.

Amongst these may be mentioned Grant, Sherman, and McClellan. Lee himself, as an engineer, had but small acquaintance with regimental life. The men who saved India for England in the Great Mutiny were of the same type.

Cooke, p. 28.

Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson, p. 108.

Marion Crawford.

Oliver Cromwell. by Frederic Harrison, p. 29.

Grant's *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 214.

Of 8,300,000 whites in the fifteen slave-holding States, only 346,000 were slave-holders, and of these 69,000 owned only one negro.

Battles and Leaders, vol. iii., p. 689.

There is no doubt that a feeling of aversion to slavery was fast spreading among a numerous and powerful class in the South. In Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri the number of slaves was decreasing, and in Delaware the institution had almost disappeared.

Grant's *Memoirs*, p. 214.

Uncle Tom's Cabin to wit.

For an admirable statement of the Southern doctrine, see Ropes' *History of the Civil War*, vol. i. chap. i.

'The Government had been Federal under the Articles of Confederation (1781), but the [Northern] people quickly recognised that that relation was changing under the Constitution (1789). They began to discern that the power they thought they had delegated was in fact surrendered, and that henceforth no single State could meet the general Government as sovereign and equal.'—Draper's *History of the American Civil War*, vol. i., p. 286.

It has been remarked that States' Rights, as a political principle, cannot be placed on the same plane as those with which it is here grouped. History, however, proves conclusively that, although it may be less vital to the common weal, the right of self-government is just as deeply cherished. A people that has once enjoyed independence can seldom be brought to admit that a Union with others deprives it of the prerogatives of sovereignty, and it would seem that the treatment of this instinct of nationality is one of the most delicate and important tasks of statesmanship.

History of the Civil War, Ropes, chap. i., p. 3.

Kentucky and Missouri attempted to remain neutral. Maryland was held in check by the Federal Government, and Delaware sided with the North. The first three, however, supplied large contingents to the Confederate armies.

Even after the Peninsular War had enlarged the experience of the British army, Sir Charles Napier declared that he knew but one general who could handle 100,000 men, and that was the Duke of Wellington.

Grant's *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 168.

Cf. U.S. Census Returns, 1860.

Battles and Leaders, vol. i.

The Virginia troops were merged in the army of the Confederate States on June 8, 1861. The total strength was 40,000 men and 115 guns. O. R., vol. ii., p. 928.

When the battery arrived at Harper's Ferry, it was quartered in a church, already occupied by a company called the 'Grayson Dare-devils,' who, wishing to show their hospitality, assigned the pulpit to Captain Pendleton as an appropriate lodging. The four guns were at once christened Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Ibid., pp. 881, 889, 897, 898, 901, 923.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 814.

Cooke, p. 47.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 157.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 515.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 507.

O. R., vol. ii., pp. 169, 170.

'The discouragements of that day's march,' says Johnston, 'to one accustomed to the steady gait of regular soldiers, is indescribable. The views of military obedience and command then taken both by officers and men confined their duties and obligations almost exclusively to the drill-ground and guards. In camps and marches they were scarcely known. Consequently, frequent and unreasonable delays caused so slow a rate of marching as to make me despair of joining General Beauregard in time to aid him.'—Johnston's *Narrative*.

Letter to Mrs. Jackson, *Memoirs*, p. 176.

Sherman's Memoirs, vol. i., p. 181.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 324. McDowell's Report.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 324. McDowell's Report.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 505.

Hunter and Heintzleman had 13,200 officers and men; Tyler, 12,000. Bee and Bartow had 3,200 officers and men; Hampton, (630; Jackson, 3,000.

Battles and Leaders, vol. i., p. 236.

General Kirby Smith being severely wounded, the command of this brigade devolved upon Colonel Elzey.

Report of Captain Woodbury, U.S. Engineers, O. R., vol. ii., p. 334.

General J. B. Fry, *Battles and Leaders*, vol. i., p. 191.

McClellan's Own Story, pp. 66, 67.

Both Johnston and Beauregard, in their official reports, did full justice to Jackson and his brigade.

O. R., vol. ii., p. 482.

For the strength of divisions and brigades, see the Note at the end of the chapter.

'Had an attack,' said General Johnston, 'been made in force, with double line of battle, such as any major-general in the United States service would now make, we could not have held [the position] half an hour, for they would have enveloped us on both *flanks*.'—*Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, W. Swinton, p. 58.

Colonel Williams, of the 5th Virginia, writes that the Stonewall Brigade was a notable exception to the general disintegration, and that it was in good condition for immediate service on the morning after the battle.

Battles and Leaders, vol. i., pp. 122, 123.

A defensive war is apt to betray us into too frequent detachments. Those generals who have had but little experience attempt to protect every point, while those who are better acquainted with their profession, having only the capital object in view, guard against a decisive blow, and acquiesce in smaller misfortunes to avoid greater.'—Frederick the Great's *Instructions* to his Generals.

Letter of General G. W. Smith to the author.

O. R., vol. v., p. 909.

Loring was at Huntersville, Johnson on Alleghany Mountain, not far from Monterey. General Lee, unable with an inferior force to drive the enemy from West Virginia, had been transferred to South Carolina on November 1.

Ante, p. 174.

Cooke, p. 87.

O. R., vol. v., p. 965.

The Federal commander was granted two hours in which to remove the women and children.

'Any attempt,' Banks reported to McClellan, 'to intercept the enemy would have been unsuccessful... It would have resulted in almost certain failure to cut him off, and have brought an exhausted force into his presence to fight him in his stronghold at Winchester. In any case, it promised no positive prospect of success, nor did it exclude large chances of disaster.' -O. R., vol. v., p. 694.

Dabney, vol. i., p. 320.

Dabney, vol. i., p. 321.

Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson.

O.R., vol. v., p. 1053.

Ibid., pp. 1046-8.

O. R., vol. v., p. 1053.

Ibid., pp. 702, 703.

'I have taken special pains,' he writes on January 17, 'to obtain information respecting General Banks, but I have not been informed of his having gone east. I will see what can be effected through the Catholic priests at Martinsburg.'—O. R., vol. v., p. 1036.

O. R., vol. v., pp. 1057, 1058.

O. R., vol. v., pp. 1059, 1060.

Memoirs, pp. 232, 233.

Dabney, vol. i., p. 327.

The inexpediency of evacuating Romney was soon made apparent. The enemy reoccupied the village, seized Moorefield, and, with the valley of the South Branch in their possession, threatened the rear of Edward Johnson's position on the Alleghany Mountain so closely that he was compelled to retreat. Three fertile counties were thus abandoned to the enemy, and the Confederate sympathisers in North-west Virginia were proportionately discouraged.

Fortunately for the Confederates this army had been reduced to 18,000 men, and the want of transport, together with the condition of the mountain roads, kept it stationary until the weather improved.

O. R., vol. v., p. 1094.

Letter from Major Hotchkiss to the author.

Jackson, 4,600; Hill, 3,000.

Johnston's *Narrative*.

Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia, chap. ii.

Ibid.

Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain, General G. H. Gordon, p. 136.

Major Harman, of Jackson's staff, writing to his brother on March 6, says: ' The general told me last night that the Yankees had 17,000 men at the two points, Charlestown and Bunker Hill.' On March 8 he writes: '3,000 effective men is about the number of General Jackson's force. The sick, those on furlough, and the deserters from the militia, reduce him to about that number.'—MS.

O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 164.

O. R.. vol. xi., part iii., p. 26.

General G. H. Gordon.

For an interesting exposition of the views of the soldiers at Washington, see evidence of General Hitchcock, U.S.A., acting as Military Adviser to the President, O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 221.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 7.

Ibid., p. 11.

A large portion of the Army of the Potomac, awaiting embarkation, still remained at Centreville. The cavalry had pushed forward towards the Rapidan, and the Confederates, unable to get information, did not suspect that McClellan was moving to the Peninsula until March 25.

O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 381. The staff appears to have been at fault. It was certainly of the first importance, whether battle was intended or not, to select a halting place concealed from the enemy's observation.

140 sabres.

No hidden line of approach was available. Movement to the south was limited by the course of the Opequon. Fulkerson's brigade, with Carpenter's two guns, marched nearest to the enemy; the Stonewall Brigade was on Fulkerson's left.

O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 341.

Colonel E. H. C. Cavins, 14th Indiana. *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 307.

Jackson's Valley Campaign, Colonel William Allan, C.S.A., p. 54.

O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 341.

Abercrombie's, 4,500 men and a battery. The brigade marched to Warrenton, where it remained until it was transferred to McDowell's command.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 16.

Blenker's division was at Hunter's Chapel, south of Washington, when it received the order.

Report of General Wadsworth; O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 225.

Letter of Mr. Stanton; O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 726.

Ibid., part iii., p. 844.

O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 382.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 46.

He was aware, moreover, that supports were coming up, for the order to the 5th Virginia was sent through him. Report of Colonel W. H. Harman, 5th Virginia, O. R., vol. xii., part i., pp. 391,392.

On March 5, 1811, in the battle fought on the arid ridges of Barossa, the numbers were almost identical with those engaged at Kernstown. Out of 4,000 British soldiers there fell in an hour over 1,200, and of 9,000 French more than 2,000 were killed or wounded; and yet, although the victors were twenty-four hours under arms without food, the issue was never doubtful.

Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 18, 19.

Grant's *Memoirs*.

The morning after the battle one of the Confederate officers expressed the opinion that even if the counterstroke had been successful, the Federal reserves would have arrested it. Jackson answered, 'No, if I had routed the men on the ridge, they would all have gone off together.'

Colonel E. H. C. Cavins, *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 307.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 840.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 4

Major Harman wrote on March 26 that 150 wounded had been brought to Woodstock. MS.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 16. The telegrams and letters quoted in this chapter, unless otherwise stated, are from this volume.

From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain, p. 133.

Commanding a division under Johnston.

On this date McClellan ceased to be Commander-in-Chief.

The bridges over the railway between Strasburg and Manassas Gap, which would have made a second line available, had not yet been repaired.

On April 3 Jackson wrote that the country around Banks was 'very much drained of forage.'

See *ante*, p. 213.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 50.

Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 22, 23. O.R., vol. v., p. 1087.

Of. letters of April 5. O.R., vol. xii., part iii.. *pp.* 843-4.

Congress, on April 16, passed a Conscription Act, under which all able-bodied whites, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, were compelled to serve. It was not found necessary, however, except in the case of three religious denominations, to enforce the Act in the Valley; and, in dealing with these sectarians, Jackson found a means of reconciling their scruples with their duty to their State. He organised them in companies as teamsters, pledging himself to employ them, so far as practicable, in other ways than fighting. O.R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 835.

On April 5 he had over 4,000 infantry. O.R., vol. xii., pt. iii., p. 844. The estimate in the text is from Colonel Allan's *Valley Campaign*, p. 64. On April 9, however, he was so short of arms that 1,000 pikes were ordered from Richmond. 'Under Divine blessing,' he wrote, 'we must rely upon the bayonet when firearms cannot be furnished.' O.R., vol. xii., part iii., pp. 842, 845.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 49.

My own opinion,' he wrote, when this movement was in contemplation, 'is that Banks will not follow me up to the Blue Ridge. My desire is, as far as practicable, to hold the Valley, and I hope that Banks will be deterred from advancing [from New Market] much further toward Staunton by the apprehension of my returning to New Market [by Luray], and thus getting in his rear.'—O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 848.

O. B., vol. xii., p. 104.

Jackson had recognised all along the mistake the Federals had made in pushing comparatively small forces up the Valley before McClellan closed in on Richmond. On April 5, when Banks was at Woodstock, he wrote: 'Banks is very cautious. As he belongs to McClellan's army, I suppose that McClellan is at the helm, and that he would not, even if Banks so desired, permit him to advance much farther until other parts of his army are farther advanced' (O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 843). He did not know that at the date he wrote the President and Mr. Stanton had relieved McClellan at the helm.

The first detachment of Federals embarked at Alexandria on March 16, and the army was thereafter transferred to the Peninsula by successive divisions. On March 25 Johnston was ordered to be ready to move to Richmond. On April 4 he was ordered to move at once. On that date 50,000 Federals had landed.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 859.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., pp. 849, 854, 857.

O. R, vol. xii., part iii., pp. 863-4.

Jackson himself showed the same wise self-restraint. In his communications with Ewell, after that officer had been placed under his orders, but before they had joined hands, he suggested certain movements as advisable, but invariably left the ultimate decision to his subordinate's judgment.

On April 30 Banks and Shields, who had been reinforced, numbered 20,000 effective officers and men, of whom a portion must have been guarding the communications. Reports of April 30 and May 31. O.R., vol. xii., part iii.

It is amusing to note how far, at this time, his staff officers were from understanding their commander. On this very date one of them wrote in a private letter: 'As sure as you and I live, Jackson is a cracked man, and the sequel will show it.' A month later he must have been sorry he had posed as a prophet.

Jackson, 6,000; Ewell, 8,000; E. Johnson, 2,800.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 477.

See *ante*, pp. 185, 269, 275.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 65.

Jackson fully recognised the fine fighting qualities of his compatriots 'As Shields' brigade (division), he wrote on April 5, 'is composed principally of Western troops, who are familiar with the use of arms, we must calculate on hard fighting to oust Banks if attacked only in front, and may meet with obstinate resistance, however the attack may be made.'

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 73.

Report of Colonel Scott, 44th Virginia Infantry. O.R., vol. xii., part i., p. 486.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 77.

Ibid., p. 78. On May 9, in anticipation of a movement down the Valley, he had ordered thirty days' forage, besides other supplies, to be accumulated at Staunton. *Harman MS.*

Frémont's Report, O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 11.

General A. S. Johnston.

Directly McClellan closed in on Richmond, McDowell was ordered, as soon as Shields should join him, to march from Manassas to his assistance. Lincoln and Stanton had recovered confidence when Jackson returned to the Valley from Mechum's Station.

This estimate is Colonel Allan's. Cf. *The Valley Campaign*, pp. 92-3. Dabney gives 16,000 men.

Destruction and Reconstruction, General R. Taylor, pp. 38-9.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 890.

Destruction and Reconstruction, pp. 52-3.

Ibid., p. 37.

Destruction and Reconstruction, pp. 54-6.

Compare instructions to Ewell, *ante*, p. 281.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 201.

O. R., vol xii., part i., pp. 523 and 560.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 95.

Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 93-94. It may be recalled that Wellington found it necessary to form a corps of the same kind in the Peninsular War; it is curious that no such organisation exists in regular armies.

From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain, pp. 191, 192.

Article in *Harper's Weekly* by Colonel Strother, aide-de-camp to General Banks.

Jackson's Report. O.R., vol. xii., part i., p. 703.

The supply waggons were still eight miles south of Front Royal, in the Luray Valley.

Jackson's Report. O.R., vol. xii., part i., p. 704.

Twenty regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry. O.R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 313.

Destruction and Reconstruction, p. 65.

Banks' aide-de-camp, Colonel Strother, says, 'For several minutes it looked like the commencement of a Bull Run panic. The stragglers,' he adds, 'rapidly increased in numbers, and many threw down their arms.'—*Harper's Weekly*. See also Jackson's Report, O. R., vol. xii., part i., p. 706.

The greater part of the troops had marched over thirty miles in thirty hours, during which time they had been almost continuously engaged.

Jackson's Report.

Shields' and Ord's divisions of infantry, and Bayard's brigade of cavalry, numbering all told 21,200 officers and men.

Jackson, although the harvest was in full swing, had given orders that all waggons in the valley were to be impressed and sent to Winchester and Martinsburg.

For the distribution of the different forces during this period see Note at end of chapter.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 31. King's division, when it was found that Jackson had halted near Winchester, was ordered to Front Royal. The fourth division, McCall's, was left to defend Fredericksburg.

Up to the time that they arrived within striking distance of Jackson they had acted vigorously, Shields marching eighty miles in five days, and Frémont seventy over a mountain road.

Destruction and Reconstruction, p. 78.

Quartermaster's stores, to the value of 25,000l., were captured at Win. chester alone, and 9,354 small arms, besides two guns, were carried back to Staunton.

68 killed; 386 wounded; 3 missing; 156 captured.

Letter from Major Hotchkiss.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., pp. 220, 229 (letter of S. P. Chase).

Of the existence of the bridge at Port Republic, held by a party of Confederate cavalry, the Federals do not appear to have been aware.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 352.

All three of these officers escaped from their captors.

According to General Shields' account his cavalry had reported to him that the bridge at Port Republic had been burned, and he had therefore ordered his advanced guard to take up a defensive position and prevent the Confederates crossing the Shenandoah River. It was the head of this detachment which had dispersed the Confederate squadrons.

Belated by Colonel Poague, C.S.A.

Destruction and Reconstruction, p. 39.

The Confederates at Kernstown lost 20 per cent.; the Federals at Port Republic 18 per cent. At Manassas the Stonewall Brigade lost 16 per cent, at Cross Keys Ewell only lost 3 per cent. and Frémont 5 per cent.

Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. ix., p. 372.

Rations appear to have been short, for General Ewell reports that when he marched against Shields the next day many of his men had been without food for four-and-twenty hours.

The mule battery does not appear to have done much more than afford the Confederate soldiers an opportunity of airing their wit. With the air of men anxiously seeking for information they would ask the gunners whether the mule or the gun was intended to go off first ? and whether the gun was to fire the mule or the mule the gun ?

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 293.

Destruction and Reconstruction, p. 90. Jackson's order to the staff officer (Major Hotchkiss) was brief:
"Sweeping with his hand to the eastward, and then towards the Lewis House, where the Federal guns were
raking the advance, he said: "Take General Taylor around and take that battery."

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 324.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 910.

'The only true rule for cavalry is to follow as long as the enemy retreats.'—Jackson to Munford, June 13.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 913.

Whiting's division.

Cooke, p. 205.

Communicated by the Rev. J. W. Jones, D.D.

The telegrams and letters containing the reports quoted on pages 399-400 are to be found in O. R., vol xi., part iii., and vol. xii., part iii.

' If I were mindful only of my own glory, I would choose always to make war in my own country, for there every man is a spy, and the enemy can make no movement of which I am not informed.'—Frederick the Great's *Instructions to his Generals*.

At the date of the action at Front Royal, May 23, the following was the strength of the detached forces: Banks, 10,000; Frémont, 25,000; McDowell (including Shields, but excluding McCall), 85,000.

The blacks, however, appear to have been as unreliable as regards numbers as McClellan's detectives. ' If a negro were asked how many Confederates he had seen at a certain point, his answer was very likely to be: "I dunno, Massa, but I guess about a million." '—McClellan's Own Story, p. 254.

'An operation which stamps him as a military genius of the highest order.'—Lord Wolseley, *North American Review*, vol 149, No. 2, p. 166.

' These brilliant successes appear to me models of their kind, both in conception and execution. They should be closely studied by all officers who wish to learn the art and science of war.'—*Ibid.*

Dabney, vol. i., p. 76.

Letter to the author.

' In six weeks, Wellington marched with 100,000 men six hundred miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and drove 120,000 veteran troops from Spain.'—*The War in the Peninsula*, Napier, vol. v., p. 132.

Battles Leaders, vol. ii., p. 297.

North American Review, vol. 149, p. 168.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 914.

He instructed the orderly that accompanied him, and who knew the roads, to call him ' Colonel.'

'The manner,' says Lord Wolseley, 'in which he thus mystified his enemy regarding this most important movement is a masterpiece.'—*North American Review*, vol. 149, pp. 166, 167.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., pp. 297, 298.

From April 17 to April 19, when he moved to Elk Run Valley; May 6 to May 8, when he moved against Milroy; May 18 to May 25, when he moved against Banks; and May 29 to June 1, when he passed south between Frémont and Shields.

The War in the Peninsula, Napier, vol. v., p. 244.

General Sheridan is said to have declared that 25 per cent. of the Federal soldiers lacked the military spirit.

O.R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 503.

Ibid. p. 506.

Macaulay.

Memoirs of W. N. Pendleton, D.D., Brigadier General, C.S.A., p. 201.

It is worth remark that Jackson's methods of punishment showed his deep knowledge of his soldiers. The sentence on the men who were tempted from their duty, during Banks' retreat, by the plunder on the Winchester road was that they should not be allowed to serve with the advanced guard until further orders. It was considered terribly severe. O.R., vol. xii., part iii. p. 902.

Battles and Leaders, p. 297.

Letter to the author.

Dabney, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xi., p. 152.

His devout habits were no secret in the camp. Jim, most faithful of servants, declared that he could always tell when there was going to be a battle. 'The general,' he said, 'is a great man for prayin'. He pray night and mornin'—all times. But when I see him git up several times in the night, an' go off an' pray, *den I know there is goin' to be somethin' to pay*, an' I go right away and pack his haversack!'

Sometimes,' says Major Hotchkiss, ' Jackson would keep two or three Sundays running, so as to make up arrears, and balance the account !'

Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 114-5.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 402.

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Chapter XIII—The Seven Days. Gaines' Mill

<1>

THE region whither the interest now shifts is very different from the Valley. From the terraced banks of the Rappahannock, sixty miles north of Richmond, to the shining reaches of the James, where the capital of

the Confederacy stands high on her seven hills, the lowlands of Virginia are clad with luxuriant vegetation. The roads and railways run through endless avenues of stately trees; the shadows of the giant oaks lie far across the rivers, and ridge and ravine are mantled with the unbroken foliage of the primeval forest. In this green wilderness the main armies were involved. But despite the beauty of broad rivers and sylvan solitudes, gay with gorgeous blossoms and fragrant with aromatic shrubs, the eastern, or 'tidewater,' counties of Virginia had little to recommend them as a theatre of war. They were sparsely settled. The wooden churches, standing lonely in the groves where the congregations hitched their horses; the solitary taverns, half inns and half stores; the court-houses of the county justices, with a few wooden cottages clustered round them, were poor substitutes for the market-towns of the Shenandoah. Here and there on the higher levels, surrounded by coppice and lawn, by broad acres of corn and clover, the manors of the planters gave life and brightness to the landscape. But the men were fighting in Lee's ranks, their families <2>had fled to Richmond, and these hospitable homes showed signs of poverty and neglect. Neither food nor forage was to be drawn from the country, and the difficulties of supply and shelter were not the worst obstacles to military operations. At this season of the year the climate and the soil were persistent foes. The roads were mere tracks, channels which served as drains for the interminable forest. The deep meadows, fresh and green to the eye, were damp and unwholesome camping-grounds. Turgid streams, like the Chickahominy and its affluents, winding sluggishly through rank jungles, spread in swamp and morass across the valleys, and the languid atmosphere, surcharged with vapour, was redolent of decay.

Through this malarious region the Federal army had been pushing its slow way forward for more than six weeks, and 105,000 men, accompanied by a large siege train, lay intrenched within sight of the spires of Richmond.

30,000 were north of the Chickahominy, covering the York River Railway and waiting the coming of McDowell. The remainder, from Woodbury's Bridge to the Charles City road, occupied the line of breastworks which stood directly east of the beleaguered city. So nearly was the prize within their grasp that the church bells, and even the clocks striking the hour, were heard in the camps; and at Mechanicsville Bridge, watched by a picket, stood a sign-post which bore the legend ' To Richmond, 4½ miles.' The sentries who paced that beat were fortunate. For the next two years they could boast that no Federal soldier, except as a prisoner, had stood so close as they had to the rebel stronghold. But during these weeks in June not a single soul in McClellan's army, and few in the Confederacy, suspected that the flood of invasion had reached high-water mark. Richmond, gazing night after night at the red glow which throbbled on the eastern vault, the reflection of countless camp-fires, and listening with strained ears to the far-off call of hostile bugles, seemed in perilous case. No formidable position protected the approaches. Earthworks, indeed, were in process of construction; but, although the left flank at New

Bridge was covered by the Chickahominy, the right was protected by no natural obstacle, as had been the case at Yorktown; and the lines occupied no commanding site. Nor had the Government been able to assemble an army of a strength sufficient to man the whole front. Lee, until Jackson joined him, commanded no more than 72,500 men. Of these a large portion were new troops, and their numbers had been reduced by the 7,000 dispatched under Whiting to the Valley.

But if the Federal army was far superior in numbers, it was not animated by an energy in proportion to its strength. The march from the White House was more sluggish than the current of the Chickahominy. From May 17 to June 26 the Army of the Valley had covered four hundred miles. Within the same period the Army of the Potomac had covered twenty. It is true that the circumstances were widely different. McClellan had in front of him the lines of Richmond, and his advance had been delayed by the rising of the Chickahominy. He had fought a hard fight at Seven Pines; and the constant interference of Jackson had kept him waiting for McDowell. But, at the same time, he had displayed an excess of caution which was perfectly apparent to his astute opponent. He had made no attempt to use his superior numbers; and Lee had come to the conclusion that the attack on Richmond would take the same form as the attack on Yorktown,—the establishment of great batteries, the massing of heavy ordnance, and all the tedious processes of a siege. He read McClellan like an open book. He had personal knowledge both of his capacity and character, for they had served together on the same staff in the Mexican war. He knew that his young adversary was a man of undoubted ability, of fascinating address, and of courage that was never higher than when things were at their worst. But these useful qualities were accompanied by marked defects. His will was less powerful than his imagination. Bold in conception, he was terribly slow in execution. When his good sense showed him the opportunity, his imagination whispered, 'Suppose the enemy has reserves of which I know nothing? Is it not more prudent to wait until I receive more accurate information?' And so 'I dare not,' inevitably waited on 'I would.' He forgot that in war it is impossible for a general to be absolutely certain. It is sufficient, according to Napoleon, if the odds in his favour are three to two; and if he cannot discover from the attitude of his enemy what the odds are, he is unfitted for supreme command.

Before Yorktown McClellan's five army corps had been held in check, first by 15,000 men, then by 53,000, protected by earthworks of feeble profile.⁽¹⁾ The fort at Gloucester Point was the key of the Confederate lines.⁽²⁾ McClellan, however, although a division was actually under orders to move against it, appears to have been unwilling to risk a failure.⁽³⁾ The channel of the York was thus closed both to his transports and the gunboats, and he did nothing whatever to interfere with Johnston's long line of communications, which passed at several points within easy reach of the river bank. Nor had he been more active since he had reached West Point. Except for a single expedition, which had dispersed a Confederate division near Hanover Court House, north of the Chickahominy, he had made no aggressive movement. He had never attempted to test the strength of the fortifications of Richmond, to hinder their construction, or to discover their weak points. His urgent demands for reinforcements had appeared in the Northern newspapers, and those newspapers had found their way to Richmond. From the same source the Confederates were made aware that he believed himself confronted by an army far larger than his own; and when, on the departure of Whiting's division for the Valley, he refused to take advantage of the opportunity to attack Lee's diminished force, it became

abundantly clear, if further proof were wanting, that much might be ventured against so timid a commander.

From his knowledge of his adversary's character, and <5>still more from his attitude, Lee had little difficulty in discovering his intentions. McClellan, on the other hand, failed to draw a single correct inference. And yet the information at his disposal was sufficient to enable him to form a fair estimate of how things stood in the Confederate camp. He had been attacked at Seven Pines, but not by superior numbers; and it was hardly likely that the enemy had not employed their whole available strength in this battle; otherwise their enterprise was insensate. Furthermore, it was clearly to the interests of the Confederates to strike at his army before McDowell could join him. They had not done so, and it was therefore probable that they did not feel themselves strong enough to do so. It is true that he was altogether misled by the intelligence supplied as to the garrison of Richmond by his famous detective staff. 200,000 was the smallest number which the chief agent would admit. But that McClellan should have relied on the estimate of these untrained observers rather than on the evidence furnished by the conduct of the enemy is but a further proof that he lacked all power of deduction.(1)

It may well be questioned whether he was anxious at heart to measure swords with Lee. His knowledge of his adversary, whose reputation for daring, for ability, for strength of purpose, had been higher than any other in the old army, must needs have had a disturbing influence on his judgment. Against an enemy he did not know McClellan might have acted with resolution. Face to face with Lee, it can hardly be doubted that the weaker will was dominated by the stronger. Vastly different were their methods of war. McClellan made no effort whatever either to supplement or to corroborate the information supplied by his detectives. Since he had reached West Point his cavalry had done little? Lee, on the other hand, had found

(1) In one sense McClellan was not far wrong in his estimate of the Confederate numbers. In assuming control of the Union armies Lincoln and Stanton made their enemies a present of at least 50,000 men.

(2) It must be admitted that his cavalry was very weak in proportion to the other arms. On June 20 he had just over 5,000 sabres (O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 238), of which 3,000 were distributed among the army corps. The Confederates appear to have had about 3,000, but of superior quality, familiar, more or less, with the country, and united under one command. It is instructive to notice how the necessity for a numerous cavalry grew on the Federal commanders. In 1864 the Army of the Potomac was accompanied by a cavalry corps over 13,000 strong, with 32 guns. It is generally the case in war, even in a close country, that if the cavalry is allowed to fall below the usual proportion of one trooper to every six men of the other arms the army suffers.

<6>

means to ascertain the disposition of his adversary's troops, and had acquired ample information of the measures which had been taken to protect the right wing, north of the Chickahominy, the point he had determined to attack.

Early on June 12, with 1,200 horsemen and a section of artillery, Stuart rode out on an enterprise of a kind which at that time was absolutely unique, and which will keep his memory green so long as cavalry is used in war. Carefully concealing his march, he encamped that night near Taylorsville, twenty-two miles north of Richmond, and far beyond the flank of the Federal intrenchments. The next morning he turned eastward towards Hanover Court House. Here he drove back a picket, and his advanced-guard, with the loss of one officer, soon afterwards charged down a squadron of regulars. A few

miles to the south-east, near Old Church, the enemy's outposts were finally dispersed; and then, instead of halting, the column pushed on into the very heart of the district occupied by the Federals, and soon found itself in rear of their encampments. Stuart had already gained important information. He had learned that McClellan's right flank extended but a short way north of the Chickahominy, that it was not fortified, and that it rested on neither swamp nor stream, and this was what Lee had instructed him to discover. But it was one thing to obtain the information, another to bring it back. If he returned by the road he had come, it was probable he would be cut off, for the enemy was thoroughly roused, and the South Anna River, unfordable from recent rains, rendered a *détour* to the north impracticable. To the south and west of him lay the Federal army, some of the infantry camps not five miles distant. It was about <7>four o'clock in the afternoon. He could hardly reach Hanover Court House before dark, and he might find it held by the enemy. To escape from the dilemma he determined on a plan of extraordinary daring, which involved nothing less than the passage of the Chickahominy in rear of the enemy, and a circuit of the entire Federal army.

The audacity of the design proved the salvation of his command. The enemy had assembled a strong force of both cavalry and infantry at Hanover Court House, under Stuart's father-in-law, General Cooke; but, misled by the reports brought in, and doubtless perplexed by the situation, the latter pursued but slowly and halted for the night at Old Church. Stuart, meanwhile, had reached Tunstall's Station on the York River Railway, picking up prisoners at every step. Here, routing the guard, he toro up the rails, destroyed a vast amount of stores and many waggons, broke down the telegraph and burnt the railway bridge, his men regaling themselves on the luxuries which were found in the well-stored establishments of the sutlers. Two squadrons, despatched to Garlick's Landing on the Pamunkey, set fire to two transports, and rejoined with a large number of prisoners, horses, and mules. Then, led by troopers who were natives of the country, the column marched south-east by the Williamsburg road, moving further and still further away from Richmond. The moon was full, and as the troops passed by the forest farms, the women, running to the wayside, wept with delight at the unexpected apparition of the grey jackets, and old men showered blessings on the heads of their gallant countrymen. At Talleysville, eight miles east, Stuart halted for three hours; and shortly after midnight, just as a Federal infantry brigade reached Tunstall's Station in hot pursuit, he turned off by a country road to the Chickahominy. At Forge Bridge, where he arrived at daylight, he should have found a ford; but the river had overflowed its banks, and was full of floating timber. Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, not the least famous member of a famous family, accompanied by a few men, swam his horse at imminent peril over to the <8>other bank; but, although he re-crossed the swollen waters in the same manner, the daring young officer had to report that the passage was impracticable. It was already light. The enemy would soon be up, and the capture of the whole column seemed absolutely certain. Hitherto the men, exhilarated by the complete success of the adventure, had borne themselves as gaily as if they were riding through the streets of Richmond. But the danger of their situation was now forcibly impressed upon them, and the whole command became grave and anxious. Stuart alone was unmoved, and at this juncture one of his scouts informed him that the skeleton of an old bridge spanned the stream about a mile below. An abandoned warehouse furnished the materials for a footway, over which the troopers passed, holding the bridles of their horses as they swam alongside. Half the column thus crossed, while the remainder strengthened

the bridge so as to permit the passage of the artillery. By one o'clock the whole force was over the Chickahominy, unmolested by the enemy, of whom only small parties, easily driven back by the rear-guard, had made their appearance.

Thirty-five miles now to Richmond, in rear of the left wing of the Northern army, and within range, for some portion of the march, of the gunboats on the James River! Burning the bridge, with a wave of the hand to the Federal horsemen who covered the heights above Stuart plunged into the woods, and without further misadventure brought his troops at sunset to the neighbourhood of Charles City Court House. Leaving his men sleeping, after thirty-six hours in the saddle, he rode to Richmond to report to Lee. Before dawn on the 15th, after covering another thirty miles, over a road which was patrolled by the enemy, he reached head-quarters. His squadrons followed, marching at midnight, and bringing with them 165 prisoners and 260 captured horses and mules.

This extraordinary expedition, which not only effected the destruction of a large amount of Federal property, and broke up, for the time being, their line of supplies, but acquired information of the utmost value, and shook the confidence <9>of the North in McClellan's generalship, was accomplished with the loss of one man. These young Virginia soldiers marched one hundred and ten miles in less than two days. ' There was something sublime,' says Stuart, ' in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the hope of extrication.' (1) Nor was the influence of their achievement on the *moral* of the whole Confederate army the least important result attained. A host of over 100,000 men, which had allowed a few squadrons to ride completely round it, by roads which were within hearing of its bugles, was no longer considered a formidable foe.

On receiving Stuart's information, Lee drew up the plan of operations which had been imparted to Jackson on the 22nd.

It was a design which to all appearance was almost foolhardy. The Confederate army was organised as follows :—

<u>Longstreet</u>	9,000
<u>A. P. Hill</u>	14,000
<u>Magruder</u>	13,000
<u>Huger</u>	9,000
<u>Holmes</u>	6,500
<u>D. H. Hill</u>	10,000
<u>Jackson</u>	18,500
<u>Cavalry</u>	3,000
<u>Reserve Artillery</u>	3,500
	<u>86,500 (2)</u>

On the night of June 24 the whole of these troops, with the exception of the Valley army, were south of the Chickahominy, holding the earthworks which protected Richmond. Less than two miles eastward, strongly intrenched, lay four of McClellan's army corps, in round numbers 75,000 officers and men(3)

To attack this force, even after Jackson's arrival, <10>was to court disaster. The right was protected by the Chickahominy, the left rested on White Oak Swamp, a network of sluggish streams and impassable swamps, screened everywhere by tangled thickets. It needed not the presence of the siege ordnance, placed on the most commanding points

within the lines, to make such a position absolutely impregnable.

North of the Chickahominy, however, the Federals were less favourably situated. The Fifth Army Corps, 25,000 strong,⁽¹⁾ under General FitzJohn Porter, had been pushed forward, stretching a hand to McDowell and protecting the railway, in the direction of Mechanicsville; and although the tributaries of the Chickahominy, running in from the north, afforded a series of positions, the right flank of these positions, resting, as Stuart had ascertained, on no natural obstacle, was open to a turning movement. Furthermore, in rear of the Fifth Corps, and at an oblique angle to the front, ran the line of supply, the railway to West Point. If Porter's right were turned, the Confederates, threatening the railway, would compel McClellan to detach largely to the north bank of the Chickahominy in order to recover or protect the line.

On the north bank of the Chickahominy, therefore, Lee's attention had been for some time fixed. Here was his adversary's weak point, and a sudden assault on Porter, followed up, if necessary, by an advance against the railway, would bring McClellan out of his intrenchments, and force him to fight at a disadvantage. To ensure success, however, in the attack on Porter it was necessary to concentrate an overwhelming force on the north bank; and this could hardly be done without so weakening the force which held the Richmond lines that it would be unable to resist the attack of the 75,000 men who faced it. If McClellan, while Lee was fighting Porter, boldly threw forward the great army he had on the south bank, the rebel capital might be the reward of his resolution. The danger <11>was apparent to all, but Lee resolved to risk it, and his audacity has not escaped criticism. It has been said that he deliberately disregarded the contingency of McClellan either advancing on Richmond, or reinforcing Porter. The truth is, however, that neither Lee, nor those generals about him who knew McClellan, were in the least apprehensive that their over-cautious adversary, if the attack were sudden and well sustained, would either see or utilise his opportunity.

From Hannibal to Moltke there has been no great captain who has neglected to study the character of his opponent, and who did not trade on the knowledge thus acquired, and it was this knowledge which justified Lee's audacity.

The real daring of the enterprise lay in the inferiority of the Confederate armament. Muskets and shot-guns, still carried by a large part of the army, were ill-matched against rifles of the most modern manufacture; while the smooth-bore field-pieces, with which at least half the artillery was equipped, possessed neither the range nor the accuracy of the rifled ordnance of the Federals.

That Lee's study of the chances had not been patient and exhaustive it is impossible to doubt. He was no hare-brained leader, but a profound thinker, following the highest principles of the military art. That he had weighed the disconcerting effect which the sudden appearance of the victorious Jackson, with an army of unknown strength, would produce upon McClellan, goes without saying. He had omitted no precaution to render the surprise complete, and although the defences of Richmond were still too weak to resist a resolute attack, Magruder, the same officer who had so successfully imposed upon McClellan at Yorktown, was such a master of artifice that, with 28,000 men and the reserve artillery,⁽¹⁾ he might be relied upon to hold Richmond until Porter had been disposed <12>of. The remainder of the army, 2,000 of Stuart's cavalry, the divisions of Longstreet and the two Hills, 35,000 men all told, crossing to the north bank of the Chickahominy and combining with the 18,500 under Jackson, would be sufficient to

crush the Federal right.

The initial operations, however, were of a somewhat complicated nature. Four bridges (1) crossed the river on Lee's left. A little more than a mile and a half from Mechanicsville Bridge, up stream, is Meadow Bridge, and five and a half miles further up is another passage at the Half Sink, afterwards called Winston's Bridge. Three and a half miles below Mechanicsville Bridge is New Bridge. The northern approaches to Mechanicsville, Meadow, and New Bridge, were in possession of the Federals; and it was consequently no simple operation to transfer the troops before Richmond from one bank of the Chickahominy to the other. Only Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridges could be used. Winston's Bridge was too far from Richmond, for, if Longstreet and the two Hills were to cross at that point, not only would Magruder be left without support during their march, but McClellan, warned by his scouts, would receive long notice of the intended blow and have ample time for preparation. To surprise Porter, to give McClellan no time for reflection, and at the same time to gain a position which would bring the Confederates operating on the north bank into close and speedy communication with Magruder on the south, another point of passage must be chosen. The position would be the one commanding New Bridge, for the Confederate earthworks, held by Magruder, ran due south from that point. But Porter was already in possession of the coveted ground, with strong outposts at Mechanicsville. To secure, then, the two centre bridges was the first object. This, it was expected, would be achieved by the advance of the Valley army, aided by a brigade from the Half Sink, against the flank and rear of the Federals at Mechanicsville. Then, as soon <13>as the enemy fell back, Longstreet and the two Hills would cross the river by the Meadow and Mechanicsville Bridges, and strike Porter in front, while Jackson attacked his right. A victory would place the Confederates in possession of New Bridge, and the troops north of the Chickahominy would be then in close communication with Magruder.

Lee's orders were as follows :—' Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia, June 24, 1862. General Orders, No. 75.

' I.—General Jackson's command will proceed to-morrow (June 25) from Ashland towards the Slash (Merry Oaks) Church, and encamp at some convenient point west of the Central Railroad. Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division will also, to-morrow evening, take position on the Chickahominy, near Half Sink. At three o'clock Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch, who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill, with the rest of his division, will cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and move direct upon Mechanicsville. To aid his advance the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy will at the proper time open upon the batteries at Mechanicsville. The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville and the passage of the bridge being opened, General Longstreet, with his division and that of General D. H. Hill, will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point; General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill; the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en échelon* on separate roads if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharpshooters extending in their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy, and endeavour to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson

bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards <14>Cold Harbour. They will then press forward towards the York River Railroad, closing upon the enemy's rear, and forcing him down the Chickahominy. An advance of the enemy towards Richmond will be prevented by vigorously following his rear, and crippling and arresting his progress.

' II.—The divisions under Generals Huger and Magruder will hold their position in front of the enemy against attack, and make such demonstrations, Thursday, as to discover his operations. Should opportunity offer, the feint will be converted into a real attack

' IV.—General Stuart, with the 1st, 4th, and 9th Virginia Cavalry, the cavalry of Cobb's Legion, and the Jeff Davis Legion, will cross the Chickahominy to-morrow (Wednesday, June 25), and take position to the left of General Jackson's line of march. The main body will be held in reserve, with scouts well extended to the front and left. General Stuart will keep General Jackson informed of the movements of the enemy on his left, and will cooperate with him in his advance

On the 25th Longstreet and the two Hills moved towards the bridges; and although during the movement McClellan drove back Magruder's pickets to their trenches, and pushed his own outposts nearer Richmond, Lee held firmly to his purpose. As a matter of fact, there was little to be feared from McClellan. With a profound belief in the advantages of defensive and in the strength of a fortified position, he expected nothing less than that the Confederates would leave the earthworks they had so laboriously constructed, and deliberately risk the perils of an attack. He seems to have had little idea that in the hands of a skilful general intrenchments may form a 'pivot of operations,'(1) the means whereby he covers his most vulnerable point, holds the enemy in front, and sets his main body free for offensive action. Yet <15>McClellan was by no means easy in his mind. He knew Jackson was approaching. He knew his communications were threatened. Fugitive negroes, who, as usual, either exaggerated or lied, had informed him that the Confederates had been largely reinforced, and that Beauregard, with a portion of the Western army, had arrived in Richmond. But that his right wing was in danger he had not the faintest suspicion. He judged Lee by himself. Such a plan as leaving a small force to defend Richmond, and transferring the bulk of the army to join Jackson, he would have at once rejected as over daring. If attack came at all, he expected that it would come by the south bank; and he was so far from anticipating that an opportunity for offensive action might be offered to himself that, on the night of the 25th, he sent word to his corps commanders that they were to regard their intrenchments as ' the true field of battle.(1)

Lee's orders left much to Jackson. The whole operation which Lee had planned hinged upon his movements. On the morning of the 24th he was at Beaver Dam Station. The same night he was to reach Ashland, eighteen miles distant as the crow flies. On the night of the 25th he was to halt near the Slash Church, just west of the Virginia Central Railway, and six miles east of Ashland. At three o'clock, June 26. however, on the morning of the 26th, the Army of 3 A.M. the Valley was still at Ashland, and it was not till nine that it crossed the railroad. Branch, on hearing that Jackson was at last advancing, passed the Chickahominy by Winston's Bridge, and driving the Federal pickets before him, moved on Mechanicsville. General A. P. Hill was meanwhile near Meadow Bridge, waiting until the advance of Jackson and Branch should turn the flank of the Federal force which blocked his passage. At 3 P.M., hearing nothing from his colleagues, and apprehensive that longer delay might hazard the failure of the whole plan, he ordered his

advanced-guard to seize the bridge. The enemy, already threatened in rear by Branch, at once fell back. Hill followed <16>the retiring pickets towards Beaver Dam Creek, and after a short march of three miles found himself under fire of the Federal artillery. Porter had occupied a position about two miles above New Bridge.

The rest of the Confederate army was already crossing the Chickahominy; and although there was no sign of Jackson, and the enemy's front was strong, protected by a long line of batteries, Hill thought it necessary to order an attack. A message from Lee, ordering him to postpone all further movement, arrived too late.(1) There was no artillery preparation, and the troops, checked unexpectedly by a wide abattis, were repulsed with terrible slaughter, the casualties amounting to nearly 2,000 men.(2) The Union loss was 360.(3)

Jackson, about 4.30 P.M., before this engagement had begun, had reached Hundley's Corner, three miles north of the Federal position, but separated from it by dense forest and the windings of the creek. On the opposite bank was a detachment of Federal infantry, supported by artillery. Two guns, accompanied by the advanced guard, sufficed to drive this force to the shelter of the woods; and then, establishing his outposts, Jackson ordered his troops to bivouac.

It has been asserted by more than one Southern general that the disaster at Beaver Dam Creek was due to Jackson's indifferent tactics; and, at first sight, the bare facts would seem to justify the verdict. He had not reached his appointed station on the night of the 25th, and on the 26th he was five hours behind time. He should have crossed the Virginia Central Railway at sunrise, but at nine o'clock he was still three miles distant. His advance against the Federal right flank and rear should have been made in co-operation with the remainder of the army. But his whereabouts was unknown when Hill attacked; and although the cannonade was distinctly heard at Hundley's Corner, he made no effort to lend assistance, and his troops were encamping when their comrades, not three miles <17>away, were rushing forward to the assault. There would seem to be some grounds, then, for the accusation that his delay thwarted General Lee's design; some reason for the belief that the victor of the Valley campaign, on his first appearance in combination with the main army, had proved a failure, and that his failure was in those very qualities of swiftness and energy to which he owed his fame.

General D. H. Hill has written that ' Jackson's genius never shone when he was under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralysed MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison than was Jackson his own master from Jackson in a subordinate position. This was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry.'(1)

The reader who has the heart to follow this chronicle to the end will assuredly find reason to doubt the acumen, however he may admire the eloquence, of Jackson's brother-in-law. When he reads of the Second Manassas, of Harper's Ferry, of Sharpsburg and of Chancellorsville, he will recall this statement with astonishment; and it will not be difficult to show that Jackson conformed as closely to the plans of his commander at Mechanicsville as elsewhere.

The machinery of war seldom runs with the smoothness of clockwork. The course of circumstances can never be exactly predicted. Unforeseen obstacles may render the highest skill and the most untiring energy of no avail; and it may be well to point out that the task which was assigned to Jackson was one of exceeding difficulty. In the first place, his march of eight-and-twenty miles, from Frederickshall to Ashland, on June 23, 24, and

25, was made over an unmapped country, unknown either himself or to his staff, which had lately been in occupation of the Federals. Bridges had been destroyed and roads obstructed. The Valley army had already marched far and fast; and although Dabney hints that inexperienced and sluggish subordinates were the chief cause of delay, <18>there is hardly need to look so far for excuse.(1) The march from Ashland to Hundley's Corner, sixteen miles, was little less difficult. It was made in two columns, Whiting and the Stonewall division, now under Winder, crossing the railway near Merry Oaks Church, Ewell moving by Shady Grove Church; but this distribution did not accelerate the march. The midsummer sun blazed fiercely down on the dusty roads; the dense woods on either hand shut out the air, and interruptions were frequent. The Federal cavalry held a line from Atlee's Station to near Hanover Court House. The 8th Illinois, over 700 strong, picketed all the woods between the Chickahominy and the Totopotomoy Creek. Two other regiments prolonged the front to the Pamunkey, and near Hundley's Corner and Old Church were posted detachments of infantry. Skirmishing was constant. The Federal outposts contested every favourable position. Here and there the roads were obstructed by felled trees; a burned bridge over the Totopotomoy delayed the advance for a full hour, and it was some time before the enemy's force at Hundley's Corner was driven behind Beaver Dam Creek.

At the council of war, held on the 23rd, Lee had left it to Jackson to fix the date on which the operation against the Federal right should begin, and on the latter deciding on the 26th, Longstreet had suggested that he should make more ample allowance for the difficulties that might be presented by the country and by the enemy, and give himself more time.(2) Jackson had not seen fit to alter his decision, and it is hard to say that he was wrong.

Had McClellan received notice that the Valley army was approaching, a day's delay would have given him a fine opportunity. More than one course would have been open to him. He might have constructed formidable intrenchments on the north bank of the Chickahominy and <19>have brought over large reinforcements of men and guns; or he might have turned the tables by a bold advance on Richmond. It was by no means inconceivable that if he detected Lee's intention and was given time to prepare, he might permit the Confederates to cross the Chickahominy, amuse them there with a small force, and hurl the rest of his army on the works which covered the Southern capital. It is true that his caution was extreme, and to a mind which was more occupied with counting the enemy's strength than with watching for an opportunity, the possibility of assuming the offensive was not likely to occur. But, timid as he might be when no enemy was in sight, McClellan was constitutionally brave; and when the chimeras raised by an over-active imagination proved to be substantial dangers, he was quite capable of daring resolution. Time, therefore, was of the utmost importance to the Confederates. It was essential that Porter should be overwhelmed before McClellan realised the danger; and if Jackson, in fixing a date for the attack which would put a heavy tax on the marching powers of his men, already strained to the utmost, ran some risks, from a strategical point of view those risks were fully justified.

In the second place, an operation such as that which Lee had devised is one of the most difficult manoeuvres which an army can be called upon to execute. According to Moltke, to unite two forces on the battle-field, starting at some distance apart, at the right moment, is the most brilliant feat of generalship. The slightest hesitation may ruin the combination.

Haste is even more to be dreaded. There is always the danger that one wing may attack, or be attacked, while the other is still far distant, and either contingency may be fatal. The Valley campaign furnishes more than one illustration. In their pursuit of Jackson, Shields and Frémont failed to co-operate at Strasburg, at Cross Keys, and at Port Republic. And greater generals than either Shields or Frémont have met with little better success in attempting the same manoeuvre. At both Eylau and Bautzen Napoleon was deprived of decisive victory by his failure to ensure the co-operation of his widely separated columns.

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Jackson and A. P. Hill, on the morning of the 26th, were nearly fifteen miles apart. Intercommunication at the outset was ensured by the brigade under Branch; but as the advance progressed, and the enemy was met with, it became more difficult. The messengers riding from one force to the other were either stopped by the Federals, or were compelled to make long *détours*; and as they approached the enemy's position, neither Hill nor Jackson was informed of the whereabouts of the other.

The truth is, that the arrangements made by the Confederate headquarter staff were most inadequate. In the first place, the order of the 24th, instructing Jackson to start from Slash Church at 3 A.M. on the 26th, and thus leading the other generals to believe that he would certainly be there at that hour, should never have been issued. When it was written Jackson's advanced-guard was at Beaver Dam Station, the rear brigades fifteen miles behind; and to reach Slash Church his force had to march forty miles through an intricate country, in possession of the enemy, and so little known that it was impossible to designate the route to be followed. To fix an hour of arrival so long in advance was worse than useless, and Jackson cannot be blamed if he failed to comply with the exact letter of a foolish order. As it was, so many of the bridges were broken, and so difficult was it to pass the fords, that if Dr. Dabney had not found in his brother, a planter of the neighbourhood, an efficient substitute for the guide headquarters should have provided, the Valley army would have been not hours but days too late. In the second place, the duty of keeping up communications should not have been left to Jackson, but have been seen to at headquarters. Jackson had with him only a few cavalry, and these few had not only to supply the necessary orderlies for the subordinate generals, and the escorts for the artillery and trains, but to form his advanced-guard, for Stuart's squadrons were on his left flank, and not in his front. Moreover, his cavalry were complete strangers to the country, and there were no <21>maps. In such circumstances the only means of ensuring constant communication was to have detached two of Stuart's squadrons, who knew the ground, to establish a series of posts between Jackson's line of march and the Chickahominy; and to have detailed a staff officer, whose sole duty would have been to furnish the Commander-in-Chief with hourly reports of the progress made, to join the Valley army.(1) It may be remarked, too, that Generals Branch and Ewell, following converging roads, met near Shady Grove Church about 3 P.M. No report appears to have been sent by the latter to General A. P. Hill; and although Branch a little later received a message to the effect that Hill had crossed the Chickahominy and was moving on Mechanics-ville,(2) the information was not passed on to Jackson.

Neglect of these precautions made it impracticable to arrange a simultaneous attack, and co-operation depended solely on the judgment of Hill and Jackson. In the action which ensued on Beaver Dam Creek there was no cooperation whatever. Hill attacked and was repulsed. Jackson had halted at Hundley's Corner, three miles distant from the battle-field.

Had the latter come down on the Federal rear while Hill moved against their front an easy success would in all probability have been the result.

Nevertheless, the responsibility for Hill's defeat cannot be held to rest on Jackson's shoulders. On August 18, 1870, the Prussian Guards and the Saxon Army Corps

(1) Of the events of June 26 Dr. Dabney, in a letter to the author, writes as follows :—' Here we had a disastrous illustration of the lack of an organised and intelligent general staff. Let my predicament serve as a specimen. As chief of Jackson's staff, I had two assistant adjutant-generals, two men of the engineer department, and two clerks. What did I have for orderlies and couriers ? A detail from some cavalry company which happened to bivouac near. The men were sent to me without any reference to their local knowledge, their intelligence, or their courage; most probably they were selected for me by their captain on account of their lack of these qualities. Next to the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of the General Staff should be the best man in the country. The brains of an army should be in the General Staff. The lowest orderlies attached to it should be the very best soldiers in the service, for education, intelligence, and courage. Jackson had to find his own guide for his march from Beaver Dam Station. He had not been furnished with a map, and not a single orderly or message reached him during the whole day.'

(2) Branch's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part ii., p. 882.

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were ordered to make a combined attack on the village of St. Privat, the Guards moving against the front, the Saxons against the flank. When the order was issued the two corps were not more than two miles apart. The tract of country which lay between them was perfectly open, the roads were free, and inter-communication seemed easy in the extreme. Yet, despite their orders, despite the facilities of communication, the Guards advanced to the attack an hour and a half too soon; and from six o'clock to nearly seven their shattered lines lay in front of the position, at the mercy of a vigorous counterstroke, without a single Saxon regiment coming to their aid. But the Saxons were not to blame. Their march had been unchecked; they had moved at speed. On their part there had been no hesitation; but on the part of the commander of the Guards there had been the same precipitation which led to the premature attack on the Federal position at Beaver Dam Creek. It was the impatience of General Hill, not the tardiness of Jackson, which was the cause of the Confederate repulse.

We may now turn to the question whether Jackson was justified in not marching to the sound of the cannon. Referring to General Lee's orders, it will be seen that as soon as Longstreet and D. H. Hill had crossed the Chickahominy the four divisions of the army were to move forward *in communication with each other* and drive the enemy from his position, Jackson, in advance upon the left,' turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction of Cold Harbour.'

When Jackson reached Hundley's Corner, and drove the Federal infantry behind the Creek, the first thing to do, as his orders indicated, was to get touch with the rest of the army. It was already near sunset; between Hundley's Corner and Mechanicsville lay a dense forest, with no roads in the desired direction; and it was manifestly impossible, under ordinary conditions, to do more that evening than to establish connection; the combined movement against the enemy's position must be deferred till the morning. But the sound of battle to the south-west introduced a complication. ' We distinctly heard,' says Jackson, <23>' the rapid and continued discharges of cannon.' (1) What did this fire portend ? It might proceed, as was to be inferred from Lee's orders, from the heavy batteries on the Chickahominy covering Hill's passage. It might mean a Federal counterstroke on Hill's advanced-guard; or, possibly, a premature attack on the part of the

Confederates. General Whiting, according to his report, thought it 'indicated a severe battle.' (2) General Trimble, marching with Ewell, heard both musketry and artillery; and in his opinion the command should have moved forward; (3) and whatever may have been Jackson's orders, it was undoubtedly his duty, if he believed a hot engagement was in progress, to have marched to the assistance of his colleagues. He could not help them by standing still. He might have rendered them invaluable aid by pressing the enemy in flank. But the question is, What inference did the cannonade convey to Jackson's mind? Was it of such a character as to leave no doubt that Hill was in close action, or might it be interpreted as the natural accompaniment of the passage of the Chickahominy? The evidence is conflicting. On the one hand we have the evidence of Whiting and Trimble, both experienced soldiers; on the other, in addition to the indirect evidence of Jackson's inaction, we have the statement of Major Dabney. 'We heard no signs,' says the chief of the staff, 'of combat on Beaver Dam Creek until a little while before sunset. The whole catastrophe took place in a few minutes about that time; and in any case our regiments, who had gone into bivouac, could not have been reassembled, formed up, and moved forward in time to be of any service. A night attack through the dense, pathless, and unknown forest was quite impracticable.' (4) It seems probable, then—and the Federal reports are to the same effect (5)—that the firing was only really heavy for a very short period, and that Jackson believed it <24>to be occasioned by Hill's passage of the Chickahominy, and the rout of the Federals from Mechanicsville. Neither Trimble nor Whiting were aware that Lee's orders directed that the operation was to be covered by a heavy cannonade.

Obedying orders very literally himself, Jackson found it difficult to believe that others did not do the same. He knew that the position he had taken up rendered the line of Beaver Dam Creek untenable by the Federals. They would never stand to fight on that line with a strong force established in their rear and menacing their communications, nor would they dare to deliver a counterstroke through the trackless woods. It might confidently be assumed, therefore, that they would fall back during the night, and that the Confederate advance would then be carried out in that concentrated formation which Lee's orders had dictated. Such, in all probability, was Jackson's view of the situation; and that Hill, in direct contravention of those orders, would venture on an isolated attack before that formation had been assumed never for a moment crossed his mind. (1)

Hill, on the other hand, seems to have believed that if the Federals were not defeated on the evening of the 26th they would make use of the respite, either to bring up reinforcements, or to advance on Richmond by the opposite bank of the Chickahominy. It is not impossible that he thought the sound of his cannon would bring Jackson to his aid. That it would have been wiser to establish communication, and to make certain of that aid before attacking, there can be no question. It was too late to defeat Porter the same evening. Nothing was to be gained by immediate attack, and much would be risked. The last assault, in which the heaviest losses were incurred, was made just as night fell. It was a sacrifice of life as unnecessary as that of the Prussian Guard before St. Privat. At the same time, that General Hill did wrong in crossing the Chickahominy before he heard of his colleague's approach is not a fair <25>[Graphic, Environs of Richmond, omitted.] accusation. To have lingered on the south bank would have been to leave Jackson to the tender mercies of the Federals should they turn against him in the forest. Moreover, it was Hill's task to open a passage for the remaining divisions, and if that passage had been

deferred to a later hour, it is improbable that the Confederate army would have been concentrated on the north bank of the Chickahominy until the next morning. It must be admitted, too, that the situation in which Hill found himself, after crossing the river, was an exceedingly severe test of his self-control. His troops had driven in the Federal outposts; infantry, cavalry, and artillery were retiring before his skirmishers. The noise of battle filled the air. From across the Chickahominy thundered the heavy guns, and his regiments were pressing forward with the impetuous ardour of young soldiers. If he yielded to the excitement of the moment, if eagerness for battle overpowered his judgment, if his brain refused to work calmly in the wild tumult of the conflict, he is hardly to be blamed. The patience which is capable of resisting the eagerness of the troops, the imperturbable judgment which, in the heat of action, weighs with deliberation the necessities of the moment, the clear vision which forecasts the result of every movement—these are rare qualities indeed.

During the night Porter fell back on Gaines' Mill. While the engagement at Beaver Dam Creek was still in progress vast clouds of dust, rising above the forests to the north-west and north, had betrayed the approach of Jackson, and the reports of the cavalry left no doubt that he was threatening the Federal rear.

The retreat was conducted in good order, a strong rear-guard, reinforced by two batteries of horse-artillery, holding the Confederates in check, and before morning a second position, east of Powhite Creek, and covering two bridges over the Chickahominy, Alexander's and Grapevine, was occupied by the Fifth Army Corps.

New Bridge was now uncovered, and Lee's army was in motion shortly after sunrise, Jackson crossing Beaver Dam Creek and moving due south in the direction of Walnut Grove Church.⁽¹⁾ <26>The enemy, however, had already passed eastward; and the Confederates, well concentrated and in hand, pushed forward in pursuit; A. P. Hill, with Longstreet on his right, moving on Gaines' Mill, while Jackson, supported by D. H. Hill, and with Stuart covering his left, marched by a more circuitous route to Old Cold Harbour. Near Walnut Grove Church Jackson met the Commander-in-Chief, and it is recorded that the staff officers of the Valley army, noting the eagerness displayed by General Lee's suite to get a glimpse of 'Stonewall,' then for the first time realised the true character and magnitude of the Valley campaign.

About noon, after a march of seven miles, A. P. Hill's scouts reported that the Federals had halted behind Powhite Creek. The leading brigade was sent across the stream, which runs past Gaines' Mill, and pressing through the thick woods found the enemy in great strength on a ridge beyond. Hill formed his division for attack, and opened fire with his four batteries. The enemy's guns, superior in number, at once responded, and the skirmish lines became actively engaged. The Confederate general, despite urgent messages from his subordinates, requesting permission to attack, held his troops in hand, waiting till he should be supported, and for two and a half hours the battle was no more than an affair of long bowls.'

The position held by the defence was emphatically one to impose caution on the assailants. To reach it the Confederates were confined to three roads, two from Mechanicsville, and one from Old Cold Harbour. These roads led each of them through a broad belt of forest, and then, passing through open fields, descended into a

Jackson's division—so-called in Lee's order—really consisted of three divisions:

	Whiting's Division	{ Hood's Brigade	
		{ Law's	
	{ Stonewall Brigade		{ B. T. Johnson's Brigade
Jackson's	{ Cunningham's	Ewell's	{ Elzey's
[Winder]	{ Fulkerson's	Division	{ Trimble's
Division	{ Lawton's		{ Taylor's

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winding valley, from five hundred to a thousand yards in breadth. Rising near McGehee's House, due south of Old Cold Harbour, a sluggish creek, bordered by swamps and thick timber, and cutting in places a deep channel, filtered through the valley to the Chickahominy. Beyond this stream rose an open and undulating plateau, admirably adapted to the movement of all arms, and with a slight command of the opposite ridge. On the plateau, facing west and north, the Federals were formed up. A fringe of trees and bushes along the crest gave cover and concealment to the troops. 60 feet below, winding darkly through the trees, the creek covered the whole front; and in the centre of the position, east of New Cold Harbour, the valley was completely filled with tangled wood.

Towards Old Cold Harbour the timber on the Confederate side of the ravine was denser than elsewhere. On the Federal left flank the valley of the Chickahominy was open ground, but it was swept by heavy guns from the right bank of the river, and at this point the creek became an almost impassable swamp.

Porter, who had been reinforced by 9,000 men under General Slocum, now commanded three divisions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, and twenty-two batteries, a total of 36,000 officers and men. The *moral* of the troops had been strengthened by their easy victory of the previous day. Their commander had gained their confidence; their position had been partially intrenched, and they could be readily supported by way of Alexander's and Grapevine Bridges from the south bank of the Chickahominy.

The task before the Confederates, even with their superior numbers, was formidable in the extreme. The wooded ridge which encircled the position afforded scant room for artillery, and it was thus impracticable to prepare the attack by a preliminary bombardment. The ground over which the infantry must advance was completely swept by fire, and the centre and left were defended by three tiers of riflemen, the first sheltered by the steep banks of the creek, the second halfway up the bluff, <28>covered by a breastwork, the third on the crest, occupying a line of shelter-trenches; and the riflemen were supported by a dozen batteries of rifled guns. (1)

But Lee had few misgivings. In one respect the Federal position seemed radically defective. The line of retreat on White House was exposed to attack from Old Cold Harbour. In fact, with Old Cold Harbour in possession of the Confederates, retreat could only be effected by one road north of the Chickahominy, that by Parker's Mill and Dispatch Station; and if this road were threatened, Porter, in order to cover it, would be compelled to bring over troops from his left and centre, or to prolong his line until it was weak everywhere. There was no great reason to fear that McClellan would send Porter heavy reinforcements. To do so he would have to draw troops from his intrenchments on the south bank of the Chickahominy, and Magruder had been instructed to maintain a brisk demonstration against this portion of the line. It was probable that the Federal commander, with his exaggerated estimate of the numbers opposed to him, would be induced by this means to anticipate a general attack against his whole front, and would postpone moving his reserves until it was too late.

While Hill was skirmishing with the Federals, Lee was anxiously awaiting intelligence of Jackson's arrival at Old Cold Harbour. Longstreet was already forming up for battle, and at 2.30 Hill's regiments were slipped to the attack. A fierce and sanguinary conflict now ensued. Emerging in well-ordered lines from the cover of the woods, the Confederates swept down the open slopes. Floundering in the swamps, and struggling through the abattis which had been placed on the banks of the stream, they drove in the advanced line of hostile riflemen, and strove gallantly to ascend the slope which lay beyond. 'But brigade after brigade,' says General Porter, 'seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry; yet others pressed on, followed by supports daring and brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening <29>effect of having to clamber over many of their disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest.'(1) For over an hour Hill fought on without support. There were no signs of Jackson, and Longstreet, whom it was not intended to employ until Jackson's appearance should have caused the Federals to denude their left, was then sent in to save the day.

As on the previous day, the Confederate attack had failed in combination. Jackson's march had been again delayed. The direct road from Walnut Grove Church to Old Cold Harbour, leading through the forest, was found to be obstructed by felled timber and defended by sharpshooters, and to save time Jackson's division struck off into the road by Bethesda Church. This threw it in rear of D. H. Hill, and it was near 2 P.M. when the latter's advanced-guard reached the tavern at the Old Cold Harbour cross roads. No harm, however, had been done. A. P. Hill did not attack till half an hour later. But when he advanced there came no response from the left. A battery of D. H. Hill's division was brought into action, but was soon silenced, and beyond this insignificant demonstration the Army of the Valley made no endeavour to join the battle. The brigades were halted by the roadside. Away to the right, above the intervening forest, rolled the roar of battle, the crash of shells and the din of musketry, but no orders were given for the advance.

Nor had Jackson's arrival produced the slightest consternation in the Federal ranks. Although from his position at Cold Harbour he seriously threatened their line of retreat to the White House, they had neither denuded their left nor brought up their reserves. Where he was now established he was actually nearer White House than any portion of Porter's army corps, and yet that general apparently accepted the situation with equanimity.

Lee had anticipated that Jackson's approach would cause the enemy to prolong their front in order to cover their line of retreat to the White House, and so weaken <30>that part of the position which was to be attacked by Longstreet; and Jackson had been ordered(1) to draw up his troops so as to meet such a contingency. 'Hoping,' he says in his report, 'that Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet would soon drive the Federals towards me, I directed General D. H. Hill to move his division to the left of the wood, so as to leave between him and the wood on the right an open space, across which I hoped that the enemy would be driven.' But Lee was deceived. The Federal line of retreat ran not to the White House, but over Grapevine Bridge. McClellan had for some time foreseen that he might be compelled to abandon the York River Railway, and directly he suspected that Jackson was marching to Richmond had begun to transfer his line of operations from the York to the James, and his base of supply from the White House to Harrison's Landing.

So vast is the amount of stores necessary for the subsistence, health, and armament of a host like McClellan's that a change of base is an operation which can only be effected

under the most favourable circumstances.(2) It is evident, then, that the possibility of the enemy shifting his line of operations to the James, abandoning the York River Railroad, might easily have

(1) This order was verbal; no record of it is to be found, and Jackson never mentioned, either at the time or afterwards, what its purport was. His surviving staff officers, however, are unanimous in declaring that he must have received direct instructions from General Lee. 'Is it possible,' writes Dr. McGuire,' that Jackson, who knew nothing of the country, and little of the exact situation of affairs, would have taken the responsibility of stopping at Old Cold Harbour for an hour or more, unless he had had the authority of General Lee to do so? I saw him that morning talking to General Lee. General Lee was sitting on a log, and Jackson standing up. General Lee was evidently giving him instructions for the day.' In his report (O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 492) Lee says: 'The arrival of Jackson on our left was momentarily expected; it was supposed that his approach would cause the enemy's extension in that direction.'

(2) The Army of the Potomac numbered 105,000 men, and 25,000 animals. 600 tons of ammunition, food, forage, medical and other supplies had to be forwarded each day from White House to the front; and at one time during the operations from fifty to sixty days' rations for the entire army, amounting probably to 25,000 tons, were accumulated at the depôt. 5 tons daily per 1,000 men is a fair estimate for an army operating in a barren country.

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escaped the penetration of either Lee or Jackson. They were not behind the scenes of the Federal administrative system. They were not aware of the money, labour, and ingenuity which had been lavished on the business of supply. They had not seen with their own eyes the fleet of four hundred transports which covered the reaches of the York. They had not yet realised the enormous advantage which an army derives from the command of the sea.

Nor were they enlightened by the calmness with which their immediate adversaries on the field of battle regarded Jackson's possession of Old Cold Harbour. Still, one fact was manifest: the Federals showed no disposition whatever to weaken or change their position, and it was clear that the success was not to be attained by mere manoeuvre. Lee, seeing Hill's division roughly handled, ordered Longstreet forward, while Jackson, judging from the sound and direction of the firing that the original plan had failed, struck in with vigour. Opposed to him was Sykes' division of regulars, supported by eighteen guns, afterwards increased to twenty-four; and in the men of the United States Army the Valley soldiers met a stubborn foe. The position, moreover, occupied by Sykes possessed every advantage which a defender could desire. Manned even by troops of inferior mettle it might well have proved impregnable. The valley was wider than further west, and a thousand yards intervened between the opposing ridges. From either crest the cornfields sloped gently to the marshy sources of the creek, hidden by tall timber and dense undergrowth. The right and rear of the position were protected by a second stream, running south to the Chickahominy, and winding through a swamp which Stuart, posted on Jackson's left, pronounced impassable for horsemen. Between the head waters of these two streams rose the spur on which stands McGehee's house, facing the road from Old Cold Harbour, and completely commanding the country to the north and north-east. The flank, therefore, was well secured; the front was strong, with a wide field of fire; the Confederate artillery, even if it could <32>make its way through the thick woods on the opposite crest, would have to unlimber under fire at effective range, and the marsh below, with its tangled undergrowth and abattis, could hardly fail to throw the attacking infantry into disorder. Along the whole of Sykes' line only two weak points were apparent. On his

left, as already described, a broad tract of woodland, covering nearly the whole valley, and climbing far up the slope on the Federal side, afforded a covered approach from one crest to the other; on his right, a plantation of young pines skirted the crest of McGehee's Hill, and ran for some distance down the slope. Under shelter of the timber it was possible that the Confederate infantry might mass for the assault; but once in the open, unaided by artillery, their further progress would be difficult. Under ordinary circumstances a thorough reconnaissance, followed by a carefully planned attack, would have been the natural course of the assailant. The very strength of the position was in favour of the Confederates. The creek which covered the whole front rendered a counterstroke impracticable, and facilitated a flank attack. Holding the right bank of the creek with a portion of his force, Jackson might have thrown the remainder against McGehee's Hill, and, working round the flank, have repeated the tactics of Kernstown, Winchester, and Port Republic.

But the situation permitted no delay. A. P. Hill was hard pressed. The sun was already sinking. McClellan's reserves might be coming up, and if the battle was to be won, it must be won by direct attack. There was no time for further reconnaissance, no time for manoeuvre.

Jackson's dispositions were soon made. I. H. Hill, eastward of the Old Cold Harbour road, was to advance against McGehee's Hill, overlapping, if possible, the enemy's line. Ewell was to strike in on Hill's right, moving through the tract of woodland; Lawton, Whiting, and Winder, in the order named, were to fill the gap between Ewell's right and the left of A. P. Hill's division, and the artillery was ordered into position opposite McGehee's Hill.

D. H. Hill, already in advance, was the first to move. Pressing forward from the woods, under a heavy fire of <33>artillery, his five brigades, the greater part in first line, descended to the creek, already occupied by his skirmishers. In passing through the marshy thickets, where the Federal shells were bursting on every hand, the confusion became great. The brigades crossed each other's march. Regiments lost their brigades, and companies their regiments. At one point the line was so densely crowded that whole regiments were forced to the rear; at others there were wide intervals, and effective supervision became impossible. Along the edge of the timber the fire was fierce, for the Union regulars were distant no more than four hundred yards; the smoke rolled heavily through the thickets, and on the right and centre, where the fight was hottest, the impetuosity of both officers and men carried them forward up the slope. An attempt to deliver a charge with the whole line failed in combination, and such portion of the division as advanced, scourged by both musketry and artillery, fell back before the fire of the unshaken Federals.

In the wood to the right Ewell met with even fiercer opposition. So hastily had the Confederate line been formed, and so difficult was it for the brigades to maintain touch and direction in the thick covert, that gaps soon opened along the front; and of these gaps, directly the Southerners gained the edge of the timber, the Northern brigadiers took quick advantage. Not content with merely holding their ground, the regular regiments, changing front so as to strike the flanks of the attack, came forward with the bayonet, and a vigorous counterstroke, delivered by five battalions, drove Ewell across the swamp. Part of Trimble's brigade still held on in the wood, fighting fiercely; but the Louisiana regiments were demoralised, and there were no supports on which they might have

rallied.

Jackson, when he ordered Hill to the front, had sent verbal instructions—always dangerous—for the remainder of his troops to move forward in line of battle.(1) The young

(1) The instructions, according to Dr. Dabney, ran as follows:—

'The troops are standing at ease along our line of march. Ride back rapidly along the line and tell the commanders to advance instantly en échelon from the left. Each brigade is to follow as a guide the right regiment of the brigade on the left, and to keep within supporting distance. Tell the commanders that if this formation fails at any point, to form line of battle and move to the front, pressing to the sound of the heaviest firing and attack the enemy vigorously wherever found. As to artillery, each commander must use his discretion. If the ground will at all permit tell them to take in their field batteries and use them. If not, post them in the rear.' Letter to the author.

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staff officer to whom these instructions were entrusted, misunderstanding the intentions of his chief, communicated the message to the brigadiers with the addition that 'they were to await further orders before engaging the enemy.' Partly for this reason, and partly because the rear regiments of his division had lost touch with the leading brigades, Ewell was left without assistance. For some time the error was undiscovered. Jackson grew anxious. From his station near Old Cold Harbour little could be seen of the Confederate troops. On the ridge beyond the valley the dark lines of the enemy's infantry were visible amongst the trees, with their well-served batteries on the crests above. But in the valley immediately beneath, and as well as in the forest to the right front, the dense smoke and the denser timber hid the progress of the fight. Yet the sustained fire was a sure token that the enemy still held his own; and for the first time and the last his staff beheld their leader riding restlessly to and fro, and heard his orders given in a tone which betrayed the storm within.(1) 'Unconscious,' says Dabney, 'that his veteran brigades were but now reaching the ridge of battle, he supposed that all his strength had been put forth, and (what had never happened before) the enemy was not crushed.'(2) Fortunately, the error of the aide-de-camp had already been corrected by the vigilance of the chief of the staff, and the remainder of the Valley army was coming up.

Their entry into battle was not in accordance with the

(1) It may be noted that Jackson's command had now been increased by two divisions, Whiting's and D. H. Hill's, but there had been no increase in the very small staff which had sufficed for the Valley army. The mistakes which occurred at Gaines' Mill, and Jackson's ignorance of the movements and progress of his troops, were in great part due to his lack of staff officers. a most important message, writes Dr. Dabney, involving tactical knowledge, was carried by a non-combatant.

(2) Dabney, vol. ii., p. 194.

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intentions of their chief. Whiting should have come in on Ewell's right, Lawton on the right of Whiting, and Jackson's division on the right of Lawton. Whiting led the way; but he had advanced only a short distance through the woods when he was met by Lee, who directed him to support General A. P. Hill.(1) The brigades of Law and of Hood were therefore diverted to the right, and, deploying on either side of the Gaines' Mill road, were ordered to assault the commanding bluff which marked the angle of the Federal position. Lawton's Georgians, 3,500 strong, moved to the support of Ewell; Cunningham and Fulkerson, of Winder's division, losing direction in the thickets, eventually sustained the

attack of Longstreet, and the Stonewall Brigade reinforced the shattered ranks of D. H. Hill. Yet the attack was strong, and in front of Old Cold Harbour six batteries had forced their way through the forest.

As this long line of guns covered McGehee's Hill with a storm of shells, and the louder crash of musketry told him that his lagging brigades were coming into line, Jackson sent his last orders to his divisional commanders: 'Tell them,' he said, 'this affair must hang in suspense no longer; let them sweep the field with the bayonet.' But there was no need for further urging. Before the messengers arrived the Confederate infantry, in every quarter of the battlefield, swept forward from the woods, and a vast wave of men converged upon the plateau. Lee, almost at the same moment as Jackson, had given the word for a general advance. As the supports came thronging up the shout was carried down the line, 'The Valley men are here!' and with the cry of 'Stonewall Jackson!' for their slogan, the Southern army dashed across the deep ravine. Whiting, with the eight regiments of Hood and Law, none of which had been yet engaged, charged impetuously against the centre. The brigades of A.P. Hill, spent with fighting but clinging stubbornly to their ground, found strength for a final effort. Longstreet threw in his last reserve against the triple line which had already decimated his division. Lawton's Georgians bore back the regulars. D. H. Hill, despite the <36>fire of the batteries on McGehee's Hill, which, disregarding the shells of Jackson's massed artillery, turned with canister on the advancing infantry, made good his footing on the ridge; and as the sun, low on the horizon, loomed blood-red through the murky atmosphere, the Confederate colours waved along the line of abandoned breastworks.

As the Federals retreated, knots of brave men, hastily collected by officers of all ranks, still offered a fierce resistance, and, supported by the batteries, inflicted terrible losses on the crowded masses which swarmed up from the ravine; but the majority of the infantry, without ammunition and with few officers, streamed in disorder to the rear. For a time the Federal gunners stood manfully to their work. Porter's reserve artillery, drawn up midway across the upland, offered a rallying point to the retreating infantry. Three small squadrons of the 5th United States Cavalry made a gallant but useless charge, in which out of seven officers six fell; and on the extreme right the division of regulars, supported by a brigade of volunteers, fell back fighting to a second line. As at Bull Run, the disciplined soldiers alone showed a solid front amid the throng of fugitives. Not a foot of ground had they yielded till their left was exposed by the rout of the remainder. Of the four batteries which supported them only two guns were lost, and on their second position they made a determined effort to restore the fight. But their stubborn valour availed nothing against the superior numbers which Lee's fine strategy had concentrated on the field of battle.

Where the first breach was made in the Federal line is a matter of dispute. Longstreet's men made a magnificent charge on the right, and D. H. Hill claimed to have turned the flank of the regulars; but it is abundantly evident that the advent of Jackson's fresh troops, and the vigour of their assault, broke down the resistance of the Federals. (1) When the final attack developed, and along the whole front masses of determined men, in overwhelming <37>numbers, dashed against the breastworks, Porter's troops were well-nigh exhausted, and not a single regiment remained in reserve. Against the very centre of his line the attack was pushed home by Whiting's men with extraordinary resolution. His two brigades, marching abreast, were formed in two lines, each about 2,000 strong. Riding along the front, before they left the wood, the general had enjoined his men to

charge without a halt, in double time, and without firing. ' Had these orders,' says General Law, ' not been strictly obeyed the assault would have been a failure. No troops could have stood long under the withering storm of lead and iron that beat in their faces as they became fully exposed to view from the Federal line.' (1) The assault was met with a courage that was equally admirable.(2) But the Confederate second line reinforced the first at exactly the right moment, driving it irresistibly forward; and the Federal regiments, which had been hard pressed through a long summer afternoon, and had become scattered in the thickets, were ill-matched with the solid and ordered ranks of brigades which had not yet fired a shot. It was apparently at this point that the Southerners first set foot on the plateau, and sweeping over the intrenchments, outflanked the brigades which still held out to right and left, and compelled them to fall back. Inspired by his soldierly enthusiasm for a gallant deed, Jackson himself has left us a vivid description of the successful charge. ' On my extreme right,' he says in his report, ' General Whiting advanced his division through the dense forest and swamp, emerging from the wood into the field near the public road and at the head of the deep ravine which covered the enemy's left. Advancing thence through a number of retreating and disordered regiments he came within range of the enemy's fire, who, concealed in an open wood and protected by breastworks, poured a destructive fire for a quarter of a mile into his advancing <38>line, under which many brave officers and men fell. Dashing on with unfaltering step in the face of these murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel Law, at the heads of their respective brigades, rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, those brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well-selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upwards of 1,000 men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which 14 pieces of artillery and nearly a whole regiment were captured, the 4th Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns.'(1)

How fiercely the Northern troops had battled is told in the outspoken reports of the Confederate generals. Before Jackson's reserves were thrown in the first line of the Confederate attack had been exceedingly roughly handled. A. P. Hill's division had done good work in preparing the way for Whiting's assault, but a portion of his troops had become demoralised. Ewell's regiments met the same fate; and we read of them ' skulking from the front in a shameful manner; the woods on our left and rear full of troops in safe cover, from which they never stirred;' of 'regiment after regiment rushing back in utter disorder;' of others which it was impossible to rally; and of troops retiring in confusion, who cried out to the reinforcements, ' You need not go in; we are whipped, we can't do anything !' It is only fair to say that the reinforcements replied, ' Get out of our way, we will show you how to do it;' (2) but it is not to be disguised that the Confederates at one time came near defeat. With another division in reserve at the critical moment, Porter might have maintained his line unbroken. His troops, had they been supported, were still capable of resistance. <39>

McClellan, however, up to the time the battle was lost, had sent but one division (Slocum's) and two batteries to Porter's support. 66,000 Federals, on the south bank of the Chickahominy, had been held in their intrenchments, throughout the day, by the demonstrations of 28,000 Confederates. Intent on saving his trains, on securing his retreat

to the river James, and utterly regardless of the chances which fortune offered, the 'Young Napoleon' had allowed his rearguard to be overwhelmed. He was not seen on the plateau which his devoted troops so well defended, nor even at the advanced posts on the further bank of the Chickahominy. So convinced was he of the accuracy of the information furnished by his detective staff that he never dreamt of testing the enemy's numbers by his own eyesight. Had he watched the development of Lee's attack, noted the small number of his batteries, the long delay in the advance of the supports, the narrow front of his line of battle, he would have discovered that the Confederate strength had been greatly exaggerated. There were moments, too, during the fight when a strong counterstroke, made by fresh troops, would have placed Lee's army in the greatest peril. But a general who thinks only of holding his lines and not of annihilating the enemy is a poor tactician, and McClellan's lack of enterprise, which Lee had so accurately gauged, may be inferred from his telegram to Lincoln: 'I have lost this battle because my force is too small.'⁽¹⁾

Porter was perhaps a more than sufficient substitute for the Commander-in-Chief. His tactics, as fighting a waiting battle, had been admirable; and, when his front was broken, strongly and with cool judgment he sought to hold back the enemy and cover the bridges. The line of batteries he established across the plateau—80 guns in all—proved at first an effective barrier. But the retreat of the infantry, the waning light, and the general dissolution of all order, had its effect upon the gunners. When the remnant of the 5th Cavalry was borne back in flight, the greater part of the batteries had already limbered up, and over the bare surface of the upland the Confederate infantry, shooting down <40>the terrified teams, rushed forward in hot pursuit. 22 guns, with a large number of ammunition waggons, were captured on the field, prisoners surrendered at every step, and the fight surged onward towards the bridges. But between the bridges and the battlefield, on the slopes falling to the Chickahominy, the dark forest covered the retreat of the routed army. Night had already fallen. The confusion in the ranks of the Confederates was extreme, and it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. All direction had been lost. None knew the bearings of the bridges, or whether the Federals were retreating east or south. Regiments had already been exposed to the fire of their comrades, and in front of the forest a perceptible hesitation seized on both officers and men. At this moment, in front of D. H. Hill's division, which was advancing by the road leading directly to the bridges, loud cheers were heard. It was clear that Federal reinforcements had arrived; the general ordered his troops to halt, and along the whole line the forward movement came quickly to a standstill. Two brigades, French's and Meagher's, tardily sent over by McClellan, had arrived in time to stave off a terrible disaster. Pushing through the mass of fugitives with the bayonet, these fine troops had crossed the bridge, passed through the woods, and formed line on the southern crest of the plateau. Joining the regulars, who still presented a stubborn front, they opened a heavy fire, and under cover of their steadfast lines Porter's troops withdrew across the river.

Notwithstanding this strong reinforcement of 5,000 or 6,000 fresh troops, it is by no means impossible, had the Confederates pushed resolutely forward, that the victory would have been far more complete. 'Winder,' says General D. H. Hill, 'thought that we ought to pursue into the woods, on the right of the Grapevine Bridge road; but not knowing the position of our friends, nor what Federal reserves might be awaiting us in the woods, I thought it advisable not to move on. General Lawton concurred with me. I had no artillery to shell the woods in front, as mine had not got through the swamp. Winder,' <41>he

adds, 'was right; even a show of pressure must have been attended with great result.'⁽¹⁾ Had Jackson been at hand the pressure would in all probability have been applied. The contagion of defeat soon spreads; and whatever reserves a flying enemy may possess, if they are vigorously attacked whilst the fugitives are still passing through their ranks, history tells us, however bold their front, that, unless they are intrenched, their resistance is seldom long protracted. More than all, when night has fallen on the field, and prevents all estimate of the strength of the attack, a resolute advance has peculiar chances of success. But when his advanced line halted Jackson was not yet up; and before he arrived the impetus of victory had died away; the Federal reserves were deployed in a strong position, and the opportunity had already passed.

It is no time, when the tide of victory bears him forward, for a general 'to take counsel of his fears.' It is no time to count numbers, or to conjure up the phantoms of possible reserves; the sea itself is not more irresistible than an army which has stormed a strong position, and which has attained, in so doing, the exhilarating consciousness of superior courage. Had Stuart, with his 2,000 horsemen, followed up the pursuit towards the bridges, the Federal reserves might have been swept away in panic. But Stuart, in common with Lee and Jackson, expected that the enemy would endeavour to reach the White House, and when he saw that their lines were breaking he had dashed down a lane which led to the river road, about three miles distant. When he reached that point, darkness had already fallen, and finding no traces of the enemy, he had returned to Old Cold Harbour.

On the night of the battle the Confederates remained where the issue of the fight had found them. Across the Grapevine road the pickets of the hostile forces were in close proximity, and men of both sides, in search of water, or carrying messages, strayed within the enemy's lines. Jackson himself, it is said, came near capture. Riding forward in the darkness, attended by only a few staff <42>officers, he suddenly found himself in presence of a Federal picket. Judging rightly of the enemy's moral, he set spurs to his horse, and charging into the midst, ordered them to lay down their arms; and fifteen or twenty prisoners, marching to the rear, amused the troops they met on the march by loudly proclaiming that they had the honour of being captured by Stonewall Jackson. These men were not without companions. 2,830 Federals were reported either captured or missing; and while some of those were probably among the dead, a large proportion found their way to Richmond; 4,000, moreover, had fallen on the field of battle.⁽¹⁾

The Confederate casualties were even a clearer proof of the severity of the fighting. So far as can be ascertained, 8,000 officers and men were killed or wounded.

<u>Longstreet</u>	1,850
<u>A. P. Hill</u>	2,450
Jackson	3,700

Jackson's losses were distributed as follows :—

<u>Jackson's own Division</u>	600
<u>Ewell</u>	650
<u>Whiting</u>	1,020
<u>D. H. Hill</u>	1,430

The regimental losses, in several instances, were exceptionally severe. Of the 4th Texas, of Hood's brigade, the first to pierce the Federal line, there fell 20 officers and 230 men.

The 20th North Carolina, of D. H. Hill's division, which charged the batteries on McGehee's Hill, lost 70 killed and 200 wounded; of the same division the 3rd Alabama lost 200, and the 12th North Carolina 212; while two of Lawton's regiments, the 31st and the 38th Georgia, had each a casualty list of 170. Almost every single regiment north of the Chickahominy took part in the action. The cavalry did nothing, but at least 48,000 infantry were engaged, and seventeen batteries are mentioned in the reports as having participated in the battle.

[Graphic, Omitted.]

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XIV—The Seven Days. Frayser's Farm And Malvern Hill

<43>

THE battle of Gaines' Mill, although the assailants suffered heavier losses than they inflicted, was a long step towards accomplishing the deliverance of Richmond. One of McClellan's five army corps had been disposed of, a heavy blow had been struck at the *moral* of his whole army, and his communications with the White House and the Pamunkey were at the mercy of his enemies. Still the Confederate outlook was not altogether clear. It is one thing to win a victory, but another to make such use of it as to annihilate the enemy. Porter's defeat was but a beginning of operations; and although Lee was convinced that McClellan would retreat, he was by no means so certain that his escape could be prevented. Yet this was essential. If the Federal army were suffered to fall back without incurring further loss, it would be rapidly reinforced from Washington, and resuming the advance, this time with still larger numbers, might render Gaines' Mill a barren victory. How to compass the destruction of McClellan's host was the problem that now confronted the Confederate leader; and before a plan could be devised it was necessary to ascertain the direction of the retreat.

On the morning of June 28 it was found that no formed body of Federal troops remained north of the Chickahominy. French, Meagher, and Sykes, the regulars forming the rear-guard, had fallen back during the night and destroyed the bridges. Hundreds of stragglers were picked up, and one of the most gallant of the Northern brigadiers(1) <44>was found asleep in the woods, unaware that his troops had crossed the stream. No further fighting was to be expected on the plateau. But it was possible that the enemy might still endeavour to preserve his communications, marching by the south bank of the river and recrossing by the railway and Bottom's Bridges. Stuart, supported by Ewell, was at once ordered to seize the former; but when the cavalry reached Dispatch Station, a small Federal detachment retreated to the south bank of the Chickahominy and fired the timbers.

Meanwhile, from the field of Gaines' Mill, long columns of dust, rising above the forests to the south, had been descried, showing that the enemy was in motion; and when the news came in that the railway bridge had been destroyed, and that the line itself was unprotected, it was at once evident that McClellan had abandoned his communications with White House.

This was valuable information, but still the line of retreat had not yet been ascertained. The Federals might retreat to some point on the James River, due south, there meeting their transports, or they might march down the Peninsula to Yorktown and Fortress Monroe. 'In the latter even,' says Lee, 'it was necessary that our troops should continue on the north bank of the river, and until the intention of General McClellan was discovered it was deemed injudicious to change their disposition. Ewell was therefore ordered to proceed to Bottom's Bridge, and the cavalry to watch the bridges below. No certain indications of a retreat to the James River were discovered by our forces (Magruder) on the south side of the Chickahominy, and late in the afternoon the enemy's works were reported to be fully manned. Below (south of) the enemy's works the country was densely wooded and intersected by impassable swamps, at once concealing his movements and precluding reconnaissances except by the regular roads, all of which were

strongly guarded. The bridges over the Chickahominy in rear of the enemy were destroyed, and their reconstruction impracticable in the presence of <45>his whole army and powerful batteries. We were therefore compelled to wait until his purpose should be developed.' (1)

During the day, therefore, the Confederate army remained on the battle-field, waiting for the game to bolt. In the evening, however, signs of a general movement were reported in rear of the intrenchments at Seven Pines; and as nothing had been observed by the cavalry on the Chickahominy, Lee, rightly concluding that McClellan was retreating to the James, issued orders for the pursuit to be taken up the next morning.

But to intercept the enemy before he could fortify a position, covered by the fire of his gunboats, on the banks of the James, was a difficult operation. The situation demanded rapid marching, close concert, and delicate manoeuvres. The Confederate army was in rear of the Federals, and separated from them by the Chickahominy, and, to reach the James, McClellan had only fourteen miles to cover. But the country over which he had to pass was still more intricate, and traversed by even fewer roads, than the district which had hitherto been the theatre of operations. Across his line of march ran the White Oak Swamp, bordered by thick woods and a wide morass, and crossed by only one bridge. If he could transfer his whole army south of this stream, without molestation, he would find himself within six miles of his gunboats; and as his left flank was already resting on the Swamp, it was not easy for *Lee's* army to prevent his passage.

But 28,000 Confederates were already south of the Chickahominy, on the flank of McClellan's line of march, and it was certainly possible that this force might detain the Federals until A. P. Hill, Longstreet, and Jackson should come up. Magruder and Huger were therefore ordered to advance early on the 29th, and moving, the one by the Williamsburg, the other by the Charles City road, to strike the enemy in flank.

A. P. Hill and Longstreet, recrossing the Chickahominy at New Bridge, were to march by the Darbytown road in the <46>direction of Charles City cross roads, thus turning the head waters of the White Oak Swamp, and threatening the Federal rear.

Jackson, crossing Grapevine Bridge, was to move down the south bank of the Chickahominy, cross the Swamp by the bridge, and force his way to the Long Bridge road.

The Confederate army was thus divided into four columns, moving by four different roads; each column at starting was several miles distant from the others, and a junction was to be made upon the field of battle. The cavalry, moreover, with the exception of a few squadrons, was far away upon the left, pursuing a large detachment which had been observed on the road to the White House.(1)

McClellan had undoubtedly resolved on a most hazardous manoeuvre. His supply and ammunition train consisted of over five thousand waggons. He was encumbered with the heavy guns of the siege artillery. He had with him more than fifty field batteries; his army was still 95,000 strong; and this unwieldy multitude of men, horses, and vehicles, had to be passed over White Oak Swamp, and then to continue its march across the front of a powerful and determined enemy.

But Lee also was embarrassed by the nature of the country.(2) If McClellan's movements were retarded by the woods, swamps, and indifferent roads, the same obstacles would interfere with the combination of the Confederate columns; and the pursuit depended for success on their close co-operation.

(1) This detachment, about 3,500 strong, consisted of the outposts that had been established north and north-east of Beaver Dam Creek on June 27, of the garrison of the White House, and of troops recently disembarked.

(2) Strange to say, while the Confederates possessed no maps whatever, McClellan was well supplied in this respect. 'Two or three weeks before this,' says General Averell (*Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 431), 'three officers of the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, and others, penetrated the region between the Chickahominy and the James, taking bearings and making notes. Their fragmentary sketches, when put together, made a map which exhibited all the roadways, fields, forests, bridges, the streams, and houses, so that our commander knew the country to be traversed far better than any Confederate commander.'

<47>

The first day's work was hardly promising. The risks of unconnected manoeuvres received abundant illustration. Magruder, late in the afternoon, struck the enemy's rearguard near Savage's Station, but was heavily repulsed by two Federal army corps. Huger, called by Magruder to his assistance, turned aside from the road which had been assigned to him, and when he was recalled by an urgent message from Lee, advanced with the timidity which almost invariably besets the commander of an isolated force in the neighbourhood of a large army. Jackson, whose line of march led him directly on Savage's Station, was delayed until after nightfall by the necessity of rebuilding the Grapevine Bridge. (1) Stuart had gone off to the White House, bent on the destruction of the enemy's supply depôt. Longstreet and Hill encamped south-west of Charles City cross roads, but saw nothing of the enemy. Holmes, with 6,500 men, crossed the James during the afternoon and encamped on the north bank, near Laurel Hill Church. During the night the Federal rearguard fell back, destroying the bridge over White Oak Swamp; and although a large quantity of stores were either destroyed or abandoned, together with a hospital containing 2,500 wounded, the whole of McClellan's army, men, guns, and trains, effected the passage of this dangerous obstacle.

The next morning Longstreet, with Hilt in support, moved forward, and found a Federal division in position near Glendale. Bringing his artillery into action, he held his infantry in hand until Huger should come up on his left, and Jackson's guns be heard at White Oak Bridge. Holmes, followed by Magruder, was marching up the Newmarket road to Malvern House; and when the sound of Jackson's artillery became audible to the northwards, Lee sent Longstreet forward to the attack. A sanguinary conflict, on ground covered with heavy timber, and cut up by deep ravines, resulted in the Federals holding <48>their ground till nightfall; and although many prisoners and several batteries were captured by the Confederates, McClellan, under cover of the darkness, made good his escape.

The battle of Glendale or Frayser's Farm was the crisis of the 'Seven Days.' Had Lee been able to concentrate his whole strength against the Federals it is probable that McClellan would never have reached the James. But Longstreet and Hill fought unsupported. As the former very justly complained, 50,000 men were within hearing of the guns but none came to co-operate, and against the two Confederate divisions fought the Third Federal Army Corps, reinforced by three divisions from the Second, Fifth, and Sixth. Huger's march on the Charles City road was obstructed by felled trees. When he at last arrived in front of the enemy, he was held in check by two batteries, and he does not appear to have opened communication with either Lee or Longstreet. Magruder had been ordered to march down from Savage Station to the Darbytown road, and there to await orders. At 4.30 P.M. he was ordered to move to Newmarket in support of Holmes. This

order was soon countermanded, but he was unable to join Longstreet until the fight was over. Holmes was held in check by Porter's Army Corps, minus McCall's division, on Malvern Hill; and the cavalry, which might have been employed effectively against the enemy's left flank and rear, was still north of the Chickahominy, returning from a destructive but useless raid on the depôt at the White House. Nor had the conduct of the battle been unaffected by the complicated nature of the general plan. Longstreet attacked alone, Hill being held back, in order to be fresh for the pursuit when Jackson and Huger should strike in. The attack was successful, and McCall's division, which had shared the defeat at Gaines' Mill, was driven from its position. But McCall was reinforced by other divisions; Longstreet was thrown on to the defensive by superior numbers, and when Hill was at length put in, it was with difficulty that the fierce counterblows of the Federals were beaten off.

[Graphic, Seven Days, June 26th-July 2d, 1862, omitted.]

<49>

Jackson had been unable to participate in the conflict. When night fell he was still north of the White Oak Swamp, seven miles distant from his morning bivouac, and hardly a single infantry man in his command had pulled a trigger. According to his own report his troops reached White Oak Bridge about noon. ' Here the enemy made a determined effort to retard our advance and thereby to prevent an immediate junction between General Longstreet and myself. We found the bridge destroyed, the ordinary place of crossing commanded by their batteries on the other side, and all approach to it barred by detachments of sharpshooters concealed in a dense wood close by A heavy cannonading in front announced the engagement of General Longstreet at *Fray-ser's Farm* (Glendale) and made me eager to press forward; but the marshy character of the soil, the destruction of the bridge over the marsh and creek, and the strong position of the enemy for defending the passage, prevented my advancing until the following morning.' (1)

Such are Jackson's reasons for his failure to co-operate with Longstreet. It is clear that he was perfectly aware of the importance of the part he was expected to play; and he used every means which suggested itself as practicable to force a crossing. The 2nd Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Munford, had now joined him from the Valley, and their commanding officer bears witness that Jackson showed no lack of energy.

' When I left the general on the preceding evening, he ordered me to be at the cross-roads (five miles from White Oak Bridge) at sunrise the next morning, ready to move in advance of his troops. The worst thunderstorm came up about night I ever was in, and in that thickly wooded country one could not see his horse's ears. My command scattered in the storm, and I do not suppose that any officer had a rougher time in any one night than I had to endure. When the first grey dawn appeared I started off my adjutant and officers to bring up the scattered regiment; but at sunrise I had not more than fifty men, <50>and I was half a mile from the cross-roads. When I arrived, to my horror there sat Jackson waiting for me. He was in a bad humour, and said, "Colonel, my orders to you were to be here at sunrise." I explained my situation, telling him that we had no provisions, and that the storm and the dark night had conspired against me. When I got through he replied, "Yes, sir. But, Colonel, I ordered you to be here at sunrise. Move on with your regiment. If you meet the enemy drive in his pickets, and if you want artillery, Colonel Crutchfield will furnish you."

' I started on with my little handful of men. As others came straggling on to join me, Jackson noticed it, and sent two couriers to inform me that "my men were straggling badly." I rode back and went over the same story, hoping that he would be impressed with my difficulties. He listened to me, but replied as before, "Yes, sir. But I ordered you to be here at sunrise, and I have been waiting for you for a quarter of an hour."

' Seeing that he was in a peculiar mood, I determined to make the best of my trouble, sent my adjutant back, and made him halt the stragglers and form my men as they came up; and with what I had, determined to give him no cause for complaint. When we came upon the enemy's picket we charged, and pushed the picket every step of the way into their camp, where there were a large number of wounded and many stores. It was done so rapidly that the enemy's battery on the other side of White Oak Swamp could not fire on us without endangering their own friends.

' When Jackson came up he was smiling, and he at once (shortly after noon) ordered Colonel Crutchfield to bring up the artillery, and very soon the batteries were at work. After the lapse of about an hour my regiment had assembled, and while our batteries were shelling those of the enemy, Jackson sent for me and said, "Colonel, move your regiment over the creek, and secure those guns. I will ride with you to the Swamp. When we reached the crossing we found that the enemy had torn up the bridge, and had thrown the timbers into the stream, forming a <51>tangled mass which seemed to prohibit a crossing. I said to General Jackson that I did not think that we could cross. He looked at me, waved his hand, and replied, "Yes, Colonel, try it." In we went and floundered over, and before I formed the men, Jackson cried out to me to move on at the guns. Colonel Breckenridge started out with what we had over, and I soon got over the second squadron, and moved up the hill. We reached the guns, but they had an infantry support which gave us a volley; at the same time a battery on our right, which we had not seen, opened on us, and back we had to come. I moved down the Swamp about a quarter of a mile, and re-crossed with great difficulty by a cow-path.' (1)

The artillery did little better than the cavalry. The ground on the north bank of the Swamp by no means favoured the action of the guns. To the right of the road the slopes were clear and unobstructed, but the crest was within the forest; while to the left a thick pine wood covered both ridge and valley. On the bank held by the Federals the ground was open, ascending gently to the ridge; but the edge of the stream, immediately opposite the cleared ground on the Confederate right, was covered by a belt of tall trees, in full leaf, which made observation, by either side, a matter of much difficulty. This belt was full of infantry, while to the right rear, commanding the ruined bridge, stood the batteries which had driven back the cavalry.

After some time spent in reconnaissance, it was determined to cut a track through the wood to the right of the road. This was done, and thirty-one guns, moving forward simultaneously, ready-shotted, opened fire on the position. The surprise was complete. One of the Federal batteries dispersed in confusion; the other disappeared, and the infantry supports fell back. Jackson immediately ordered two guns to advance down the road, and shell the belt of trees which harboured the <52>enemy's skirmishers. These were driven back; the divisions of D. H. Hill and Whiting were formed up in the pine wood on the left, and a working party was sent forward to repair the bridge. Suddenly, from the high ground behind the belt of trees, by which they were completely screened, two fresh Federal batteries—afterwards increased to three—opened on the line of

Confederate guns. Under cover of this fire their skirmishers returned to the Swamp, and their main line came forward to a position whence it commanded the crossing at effective range. The two guns on the road were sent to the right-about. The shells of the Federal batteries fell into the stream, and the men who had been labouring at the bridge ran back and refused to work. The artillery duel, in which neither side could see the other, but in which both suffered some loss, continued throughout the afternoon.

Meantime a Confederate regiment, fording the stream, drove in the hostile skirmishers, and seized the belt of trees; Wright's brigade, of Huger's division, which had joined Jackson as the guns came into action, was sent back to force a passage at Brackett's Ford, a mile up stream; and reconnaissances were pushed out to find some way of turning the enemy's position. Every road and track, however, was obstructed by felled trees and abattis, and it was found that a passage was impracticable at Brackett's Ford. Two companies were pushed over the creek, and drove back the enemy's pickets. 'I discovered,' says Wright, 'that the enemy had destroyed the bridge, and had completely blockaded the road through the Swamp by felling trees in and across it I ascertained that the road debouched from the Swamp into an open field (meadow), commanded by a line of high hills, all in cultivation and free from timber. Upon this ridge of hills the enemy had posted heavy batteries of field-artillery, strongly supported by infantry, which swept the meadow by a direct and cross fire, and which could be used with terrible effect upon my column while struggling through the fallen timber in the wood through the Swamp.' (1) <53>

Having ascertained that the enemy was present in great strength on the further bank, that every road was obstructed, and that there was no means of carrying his artillery over the creek, or favourable ground on which his infantry could act, Jackson gave up all hope of aiding Longstreet.

That the obstacles which confronted him were serious there can be no question. His smooth-bore guns, although superior in number, were unable to beat down the fire of the rifled batteries. The enemy's masses were well hidden. The roads were blocked, the stream was swollen, the banks marshy, and although infantry could cross them, the fords which had proved difficult for the cavalry would have stopped the artillery, the ammunition waggons, and the ambulances; while the Federal position, on the crest of a long open slope, was exceedingly strong. Jackson, as his report shows, maturely weighed these difficulties, and came to the conclusion that he could do no good by sending over his infantry alone. It was essential, it is true, to detain as many as possible of the enemy on the banks of the Swamp, while Longstreet, Hill, Huger, and Magruder dealt with the remainder; and this he fully realised, but it is by no means improbable that he considered the heavy fire of his guns and the threatening position of his infantry would have this effect.

It is interesting to note how far this hope, supposing that he entertained it, was fulfilled. Two divisions of Federal infantry and three batteries—a total of 22,000 men—defended the passage at White Oak Bridge against 27,000 Confederates, including Wright; and a detached force of infantry and guns was posted at Brackett's Ford.(1) On the Confederate artillery opening fire, two

(1) General Heintzleman, commanding the Federal 3rd Corps, reports that he had placed a force at Brackett's Ford (O. R., vol. xi., part ii., p. 100). General Slocum (6th Corps) sent infantry and a 12-pounder howitzer (O. R., vol. xi., part ii., p. 435) to the same point; and Seeley's battery of the 3rd Corps was also engaged here (O. R., vol. xi., part ii., p. 106). The force at White Oak Bridge was

constituted as follows :—

Smith's Division		of the	6th Corps.
Richardson's Division		"	2nd Corps.
Dana's Brigade	} Sedgwick's Division	"	2nd Corps.
Sully's Brigade			
Naglee's Brigade,		"	4th Corps.
Peck's Division			

<54>

brigades were sent up from near Glendale, but when it was found that this fire was not followed up by an infantry attack, these brigades, with two others in addition, were sent over to reinforce the troops which were engaged with Longstreet. When these facts became known; when it was clear that had Jackson attacked vigorously, the Federals would hardly have dared to weaken their line along White Oak Swamp, and that, in these circumstances, Longstreet and A. P. Hill would probably have seized the Quaker road, his failure to cross the creek exposed him to criticism. Not only did his brother-generals complain of his inaction, but Franklin, the Federal commander immediately opposed to him, writing long afterwards, made the following comments :—

' Jackson seems to have been ignorant of what General Lee expected of him, and badly informed about Brackett's Ford. When he found how strenuous was our defence at the bridge, he should have turned his attention to Brackett's Ford also. A force could have been as quietly gathered there as at the bridge; a strong infantry movement at the ford would have easily overrun our small force there, placing our right at Glendale, held by Slocum's division, in great jeopardy, and turning our force at the bridge by getting between it and Glendale. In fact, it is likely that we should have been defeated that day had General Jackson done what his great reputation seems to make it imperative he should have done.' (1) But General Franklin's opinion as to the ease with which Brackett's Ford might have been passed is not justified by the facts. In the first place, General Slocum, who was facing Huger, and had little to do throughout the day, had two brigades within easy distance of the crossing; in the second place. General Wright reported the ford impassable; and in the third place, General Franklin himself admits that directly Wright's scouts were seen near the ford two brigades of Sedgwick's division were sent to oppose their passage.

General Long, in his life of Lee, finds excuse for Jackson in a story that he was utterly exhausted, and that <55>his staff let him sleep until the sun was high. Apart from the unlikelihood that a man who seems to have done without sleep whenever the enemy was in front should have permitted himself to be overpowered at such a crisis, we have Colonel Munford's evidence that the general was well in advance of his columns at sunrise, and the regimental reports show that the troops were roused at 2.30 A.M.

Jackson may well have been exhausted. He had certainly not spared himself during the operations. On the night of the 27th, after the battle of Gaines' Mill, he went over to Stuart's camp at midnight, and a long conference took place. At 3.30 on the morning of the 29th he visited Magruder, riding across Grapevine Bridge from McGehee's House, and his start must have been an early one. In a letter to his wife, dated near the White Oak Bridge, he says that in consequence of the heavy rain he rose ' about midnight' on the 30th. Yet his medical director, although he noticed that the general fell asleep while he was eating his supper the same evening, says that he never saw him more active and

energetic than during the engagement;(1) and Jackson himself, neither in his report nor elsewhere, ever admitted that he was in any way to blame.

It is difficult to conceive that his scrupulous regard for truth, displayed in every action of his life, should have yielded in this one instance to his pride. He was perfectly aware of the necessity of aiding Longstreet; and if, owing to the obstacles enumerated in his report, he thought the task impossible, his opinion, as that of a man who as difficulties accumulated became the more determined to overcome them, must be regarded with respect. The critics, it is possible, have forgotten for the moment that the condition of the troops is a factor of supreme importance in military operations. General D. H. Hill has told us that ' Jackson's own corps was worn out by long and exhausting marches, and reduced in numbers by numerous sanguinary battles ;' (2) and he records his conviction that pity for his <56>troops had much to do with the general's inaction. Hill would have probably come nearer the truth if he had said that the tired regiments were hardly to be trusted in a desperate assault, unsupported by artillery, on a position which was even stronger than that which they had stormed with such loss at Gaines' Mill.

Had Jackson thrown two columns across the fords—which the cavalry, according to Munford, had not found easy, —and attempted to deploy on the further bank, it was exceedingly probable that they would have been driven back with tremendous slaughter. The refusal of the troops to work at the bridge under fire was in itself a sign that they had little stomach for hard fighting.

It may be argued that it was Jackson's duty to sacrifice his command in order to draw off troops from Glendale. But on such unfavourable ground the sacrifice would have been worse than useless. The attack repulsed—and it could hardly have gone otherwise—Franklin, leaving a small rear-guard to watch the fords, would have been free to turn nearly his whole strength against Longstreet. It is quite true, as a tactical principle, that demonstrations, such as Jackson made with his artillery, are seldom to be relied upon to hold an enemy in position. When the first alarm has passed off, and the defending general becomes aware that nothing more than a feint is intended, he will act as did the Federals, and employ his reserves elsewhere. A vigorous attack is, almost invariably, the only means of keeping him to his ground. But an attack which is certain to be repulsed, and to be repulsed in quick time, is even less effective than a demonstration. It may be the precursor of a decisive defeat.

But it is not so much for his failure to force the passage at White Oak Swamp that Jackson has been criti-cised, as for his failure to march to Frayser's Farm on finding that the Federal position was impregnable. ' When, on the forenoon of the 30th,' writes Longstreet, ' Jackson found his way blocked by Franklin, he had time to march to the head of it (White Oak Swamp), and across to the Charles City road, in season for the engagement at <57>Frayser's Farm [Glendale], the distance being about four miles.'(1)

Without doubt this would have been a judicious course to pursue, but it was not for Jackson to initiate such a movement. He had been ordered by General Lee to move along the road to White Oak Swamp, to endeavour to force his way to the Long Bridge road, to guard Lee's left flank from any attack across the fords or bridges of the lower Chickahominy, and to keep on that road until he received further orders. These further orders he never received; and it was certainly not his place to march to the Charles City road until Lee, who was with Longstreet, sent him instructions to do so. ' General Jackson,' says Dr. McGuire, ' demanded of his subordinates implicit, blind obedience. He

gave orders in his own peculiar, terse, rapid way, and he did not permit them to be questioned. He obeyed his own superiors in the same fashion. At White Oak Swamp he was looking for some message from General Lee, but he received none, and therefore, as a soldier, he had no right to leave the road which had been assigned to him. About July 13, 1862, the night before we started to Gordonsville, Crutchfield, Pendleton (assistant-adjutant-general), and myself were discussing the campaign just finished. We were talking about the affair at Frayser's Farm, and wondering if it would have been better for Jackson with part of his force to have moved to Longstreet's aid. The general came in while the discussion was going on, and curtly said: "If General Lee had wanted me he could have sent for me." It looked the day after the battle, and it looks to me now, that if General Lee had sent a staff officer, who could have ridden the distance in forty minutes, to order Jackson with three divisions to the cross roads, while D. H. Hill and the artillery watched Franklin, we should certainly have crushed McClellan's army. If Lee had wanted Jackson to give direct support to Longstreet, he could have had him there in under three hours. The staff officer was not sent, and the evidence is that General Lee believed Longstreet strong enough to defeat the Federals without <58>direct aid from Jackson.' (1) Such reasoning appears in. controvertible. Jackson, be it remembered, had been directed to guard the left flank of the army ' until further orders.' Had these words been omitted, and he had been left free to follow his own judgment, it is possible that he would have joined Huger on the Charles City road with three divisions. But in all probability he felt himself tied down by the phrase which Moltke so strongly reprobates. Despite Dr. McGuire's statement Jackson knew well that disobedience to orders may sometimes be condoned. It may be questioned whether he invariably demanded ' blind ' obedience. 'General,' said an officer, 'you blame me for disobedience of orders, but in Mexico you did the same yourself.' ' But I was successful,' was Jackson's reply; as much as to say that an officer, when he takes upon himself the responsibility of ignoring the explicit instructions of his superior, must be morally certain that he is doing what that superior, were he present, would approve. Apply this rule to the situation at White Oak Swamp. For anything Jackson knew it was possible that Longstreet and Hill might defeat the Federals opposed to them without his aid. In such case, Lee, believing Jackson to be still on the left flank, would have ordered him to prevent the enemy's escape by the Long Bridge. What would Lee have said had his ' further orders' found Jackson marching to the Charles City road, with the Long Bridge some miles in rear ? The truth is that the principle of 'marching to the sound of the cannon,' though always to be borne in mind, cannot be invariably followed. The only fair criticism on Jackson's conduct is that he should have informed Lee of his inability to force the passage across the Swamp, and have held three divisions in readiness to march to Glendale. This, so far as can be ascertained, was left undone, but the evidence is merely negative.

Except for this apparent omission, it cannot be fairly said that Jackson was in the slightest degree responsible for the failure of the Confederate operations. If the truth be told, Lee's design was by no means <59>perfect. It had two serious defects. In the first place, it depended for success on the co-operation of several converging columns, moving over an intricate country, of which the Confederates had neither accurate maps nor reliable information. The march of the columns was through thick woods, which not only impeded intercommunication, but provided the enemy with ample material for obstructing the roads, and Jackson's line of march was barred by a formidable obstacle in White Oak

Swamp, an admirable position for a rear-guard. In the second place, concentration at the decisive point was not provided for. The staff proved incapable of keeping the divisions in hand. Magruder was permitted to wander to and fro after the fashion of D'Erlon between Quatre Braes and Ligny. Holmes was as useless as Grouchy at Waterloo. Huger did nothing, although some of his brigades, when the roads to the front were found to be obstructed, might easily have been drawn off to reinforce Longstreet. The cavalry had gone off on a raid to the White House, instead of crossing the Chickahominy and harassing the enemy's eastward flank; and at the decisive point only two divisions were assembled, 20,000 men all told, and these two divisions attacked in succession instead of simultaneously. Had Magruder and Holmes, neither of whom would have been called upon to march more than thirteen miles, moved on Frayser's Farm, and had part of Huger's division been brought over to the same point, the Federals would in all probability have been irretrievably defeated. It is easy to be wise after the event. The circumstances were extraordinary. An army of 75,000 men was pursuing an army of 95,000, of which 65,000, when the pursuit began, were perfectly fresh troops. The problem was, indeed, one of exceeding difficulty; but, in justice to the reputation of his lieutenants, it is only fair to say that Lee's solution was not a masterpiece.

During the night which followed the battle of Frayser's Farm the whole Federal army fell back on Malvern Hill—a strong position, commanding the country for many miles, and very difficult of access, on which the reserve artillery, <60>supported by the Fourth and Fifth Corps, was already posted.

The Confederates, marching at daybreak, passed over roads which were strewn with arms, blankets, and equipments. Stragglers from the retreating army were picked up at every step. Scores of wounded men lay untended by the roadside. Waggon and ambulances had been abandoned; and with such evidence before their eyes it was difficult to resist the conviction that the enemy was utterly demoralised. That McClellan had seized Malvern Hill, and that it was strongly occupied by heavy guns, Lee was well aware. But, still holding to his purpose of annihilating his enemy before McDowell could intervene from Fredericksburg, he pushed forward, determined to attack; and with his whole force now well in hand the result seemed assured. Three or four miles south of White Oak Swamp Jackson's column, which was leading the Confederate advance, came under the fire of the Federal batteries. The advanced-guard deployed in the woods on either side of the road, and Lee, accompanied by Jackson, rode forward to reconnoitre.

Malvern Hill, a plateau rising to the height of 150 feet above the surrounding forests, possessed nearly every requirement of a strong defensive position. The open ground on the top, undulating and unobstructed, was a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth. To the north, north-west, and north-east it fell gradually, the slopes covered with wheat, standing or in shock, to the edge of the woods, which are from eight to sixteen hundred yards distant from the commanding crest. The base of the hill, except to the east and south-east, was covered with dense forest; and within the forest, at the foot of the declivity, ran a tortuous and marshy stream. The right flank was partially protected by a long mill-dam. The left, more open, afforded an excellent artillery position overlooking a broad stretch of meadows, drained by a narrow stream and deep ditches, and flanked by the fire of several gunboats. Only three approaches, the Quaker and the river roads, and a track from the north-west, gave access to the heights. <61>

The reconnaissance showed that General Porter, commanding the defence, had utilised

the ground to the best advantage. A powerful artillery, posted just in rear of the crest, swept the entire length of the slopes, and under cover in rear were dense masses of infantry, with a strong line of skirmishers pushed down the hill in front.

Nevertheless, despite the formidable nature of the Federal preparations, orders were immediately issued for attack. General Lee, who was indisposed, had instructed Longstreet to reconnoitre the enemy's left, and to report whether attack was feasible. Jackson was opposed to a frontal attack, preferring to turn the enemy's right. Longstreet, however, was of a different opinion. 'The spacious open,' he says, 'along Jackson's front appeared to offer a field for play of a hundred or more guns.... I thought it probable that Porter's batteries, under the cross-fire of the Confederates' guns posted on his left and front, could be thrown into disorder, and thus make way for the combined assaults of the infantry. I so reported, and General Lee ordered disposition accordingly, sending the pioneer corps to cut a road for the right batteries.'⁽¹⁾

It was not till four o'clock that the line of battle was formed. Jackson was on the left, with Whiting to the left of the Quaker road, and D. H. Hill to the right; Ewell's and Jackson's own divisions were in reserve. Nearly half a mile beyond Jackson's right came two of Huger's brigades, Armistead and Wright, and to Huger's left rear was Magruder. Holmes, still on the river road, was to assail the enemy's left. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were in reserve behind Magruder, on the Long Bridge road.

The deployment of the leading divisions was not effected without loss, for the Federal artillery swept all the roads and poured a heavy fire into the woods; but at length D. H. Hill's infantry came into line along the edge of the timber.

The intervening time had been employed in bringing the artillery to the front; and now were seen the tremendous difficulties which confronted the attack. The swamps <62>and thickets through which the batteries had to force their way were grievous impediments to rapid or orderly movement, and when they at last emerged from the cover, and unlimbered for action, the concentrated fire of the Federal guns overpowered them from the outset. In front of Huger four batteries were disabled in quick succession, the enemy concentrating fifty or sixty guns on each of them in turn; four or five others which Jackson had ordered to take post on the left of his line, although, with two exceptions, they managed to hold their ground, were powerless to subdue the hostile fire. 'The obstacles,' says Lee in his report, 'presented by the woods and swamp made it impracticable to bring up a sufficient amount of artillery to oppose successfully the extraordinary force of that arm employed by the enemy, while the field itself afforded us few positions favourable for its use and none for its proper concentration.'

According to Longstreet, when the inability of the batteries to prepare the way for the infantry was demonstrated by their defeat, Lee abandoned the original plan of attack. 'He proposed to me to move "round to the left with my own and A. P. Hill's division, and turn the Federal right." I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when in some way unknown to me the battle was drawn on.'⁽¹⁾

Unfortunately, through some mistake on the part of Lee's staff, the order of attack which had been already issued was not rescinded. It was certainly an extraordinary production. 'Batteries,' it ran, 'have been established to rake the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.'⁽²⁾ This was to D. H. Hill and to Magruder, who had under his command Huger's and McLaws' divisions as well as his own. So, between five and six

o'clock, General D. H. Hill, believing that he heard the appointed signal, broke forward from the timber, and five brigades, in one irregular line, charged full against the enemy's front. The <63>Federals, disposed in several lines, were in overwhelming strength. Their batteries were free to concentrate on the advancing infantry. Their riflemen, posted in the interval between the artillery masses, swept the long slopes with a grazing fire, while fence, bank, and ravine, gave shelter from the Confederate bullets. Nor were the enormous difficulties which confronted the attack in any way mitigated by careful arrangement on the part of the Confederate staff. The only hope of success, if success were possible, lay in one strong concentrated effort; in employing the whole army; in supporting the infantry with artillery, regardless of loss, at close range; and in hurling a mass of men, in several successive lines, against one point of the enemy's position. It is possible that the Federal army, already demoralised by retreat, might have yielded to such vigorous pressure. But in the Confederate attack there was not the slightest attempt at concentration. The order which dictated it gave an opening to misunderstanding; and, as is almost invariably the case when orders are defective, misunderstanding occurred. The movement was premature. Magruder had only two brigades of his three divisions, Armistead's and Wright's, in position. Armistead, who was well in advance of the Confederate right, was attacked by a strong body of skirmishers. D. H. Hill took the noise of this conflict for the appointed signal, and moved forward. The divisions which should have supported him had not yet crossed the swamp in rear; and thus 10,500 men, absolutely unaided, advanced against the whole Federal army. The blunder met with terrible retribution. On that midsummer evening death reaped a fearful harvest. The gallant Confederate infantry, nerved by their success at Gaines' Mill, swept up the field with splendid determination. 'It was the onset of battle,' said a Federal officer present, 'with the good order of a review.' But the iron hail of grape and canister, laying the ripe wheat low as if it had been cut with a sickle, and tossing the shocks in air, rent the advancing lines from end to end. Hundreds fell, hundreds swarmed back to the woods, but still the brigades pressed on, and through the smoke of battle <64>the waving colours led the charge. But the Federal infantry had yet to be encountered. Lying behind their shelter they had not yet fired a shot; but as the Confederates reached close range, regiment after regiment, springing to their feet, poured a devastating fire into the charging ranks. The rush was checked. Here and there small bodies of desperate men, following the colours, still pressed onward, but the majority lay down, and the whole front of battle rang with the roar of musketry. But so thin was the Confederate line that it was impossible to overcome the sustained fire of the enemy. The brigade reserves had already been thrown in; there was no further support at hand; the Federal gunners, staunch and resolute, held fast to their position, and on every part of the line Porter's reserves were coming up. As one regiment emptied its cartridge-boxes it was relieved by another. The volume of fire never for a moment slackened; and fresh batteries, amongst which were the 32-prs. of the siege train, un-limbering on the flanks, gave further strength to a front which was already impregnable.

Jackson, meanwhile, on receiving a request for reinforcements, had sent forward three brigades of his own division and a brigade of Hill's. But a mistake had been committed in the disposition of these troops. The order for attack had undoubtedly named only D. H. Hill's division. But there was no good reason that it should have been so literally construed as to leave the division unsupported. Whiting was guarding the left flank, and

was not available; but Ewell and Winder were doing nothing, and there can be no question but that they should have advanced to the edge of the woods directly D. H. Hill moved forward, and have followed his brigades across the open, ready to lend aid directly his line was checked. As it was, they had been halted within the woods and beyond the swamp, and the greater part, in order to avoid the random shells, had moved even further to the rear. It thus happened that before the reinforcements arrived Hill's division had been beaten back, and under the tremendous fire of the Federal artillery it was with difficulty that the border of the forest was maintained. <65>

[Graphic, Malvern Hill, omitted.]

While Hill was retiring, Huger, and then Magruder, came into action on the right. It had been reported to Lee that the enemy was beginning to fall back. This report originated, there can be little doubt, in the withdrawal of the Federal regiments and batteries which had exhausted their ammunition and were relieved by others; but, in any case, it was imperative that D. H. Hill should be supported, and the other divisions were ordered forward with all speed. Huger's and Magruder's men attacked with the same determination as had been displayed by Hill's, but no better success attended their endeavours. The brigades were not properly formed when the order arrived, but scattered over a wide front, and they went in piecemeal. Magruder's losses were even greater than Hill's; and with his defeat the battle ceased.

Had the Federals followed up the repulse with a strong counter-attack the victory of Malvern Hill might have been more decisive than that of Gaines' Mill. It is true that neither Longstreet nor A. P. Hill had been engaged, and that three of Jackson's divisions, his own, Whiting's and Ewell's, had suffered little. But Magruder and D. H. Hill, whose commands included at least 30,000 muskets, one half of Lee's infantry, had been completely crushed, and Holmes on the river road was too far off to lend assistance. The fatal influence of a continued retreat had paralysed, however, the initiative of the Federal generals. Intent only on getting away unscathed, they neglected, like McClellan at Gaines' Mill, to look for opportunities, forgetting that when an enemy is pursuing in hot haste he is very apt to expose himself. Jackson had acted otherwise at Port Republic.

The loss of over 5,000 men was not the worst which had befallen the Confederates. 'The next morning by dawn,' says one of Ewell's brigadiers, 'I went off to ask for orders, when I found the whole army in the utmost disorder—thousands of straggling men were asking every passer-by for their regiments; ambulances, waggons, and artillery obstructing every road, and altogether, in a drenching rain, presenting a scene of the most woeful and disheartening <66>confusion.' (1) The reports of other officers corroborate General Trimble's statement, and there can be no question that demoralisation had set in. Whether, if the Federals had used their large reserves with resolution, and, as the Confederates fell back down the slopes, had followed with the bayonet, the demoralisation would not have increased and spread, must remain in doubt. Not one of the Southern generals engaged has made public his opinion. There is but one thing certain, that with an opponent so blind to opportunity as McClellan a strong counterstroke was the last thing to be feared. After witnessing the opening of the attack, the Federal commander, leaving the control of the field to Porter, had ridden off to Harrison's Landing, eight miles down the James, whither his trains, escorted by the Fourth Army Corps, had been directed, and where he had determined to await reinforcements. The Federal troops, moreover, although they had withstood the charge of the Confederate

infantry with unbroken ranks, had not fought with the same spirit as they had displayed at Gaines' Mill. General Hunt, McClellan's chief of artillery, to whose admirable disposition of the batteries the victory was largely due, wrote that 'the battle was desperately contested, and frequently trembled in the balance. The last attack . . . was nearly successful; but we won from the fact that we had kept our reserves in hand.' (2) Nor had McClellan much confidence in his army. 'My men,' he wrote to Washington on the morning of the battle, 'are completely exhausted, and I dread the result if we are attacked to-day by fresh troops. If possible, I shall retire to-night to Harrison's Landing, where the gunboats can render more aid in covering our position. Permit me to urge that not an hour should be lost in sending me fresh troops. More gunboats are much needed I now pray for time. My

(1) Trimble's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 619.

(2) Three horse-batteries and eight 32-pr. howitzers were 'brought up to the decisive point at the close of the day, thus bringing every gun of this large artillery force (the artillery reserve) into the most active and decisive use. Not a gun remained unemployed: not one could have been safely spared. —Hunt's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part ii., p. 239.

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men have proved themselves the equals of any troops in the world, but they are worn out. Our losses have been very great, we have failed to win only because overpowered by superior numbers.'(1)

Surely a more despairing appeal was never uttered. The general, whose only thought was 'more gunboats and fresh troops,' whatever may have been the condition of his men, had reached the last stage of demoralisation.

The condition to which McClellan was reduced seems to have been realised by Jackson. The crushing defeat of his own troops failed to disturb his judgment. Whilst the night still covered the battle-field, his divisional generals came to report the condition of their men and to receive instructions. 'Every representation,' says Dabney, 'which they made was gloomy.' At length, after many details of losses and disasters, they concurred in declaring that McClellan would probably take the aggressive in the morning, and that the Confederate army was in no condition to resist him. Jackson had listened silently, save when he interposed a few brief questions, to all their statements; but now he replied: 'No; he will clear out in the morning.'

The forecast was more than fulfilled. When morning dawned, grey, damp, and cheerless, and the Confederate sentinels, through the cold mist which rose from the sodden woods, looked out upon the battle-field, they saw that Malvern Hill had been abandoned. Only a few cavalry patrols rode to and fro on the ground which had been held by the Federal artillery, and on the slopes below, covered with hundreds of dead and dying men, the surgeons were quietly at work. During the night the enemy had fallen back to Harrison's Landing, and justification for Lee's assault at Malvern Hill may be found in the story of the Federal retreat. The confusion of the night march, following on a long series of fierce engagements, told with terrible effect on the *moral* of the men, and stragglers increased at every step. 'It was like the retreat,' said one of McClellan's generals, 'of a whipped army. We retreated like a parcel of sheep, and a <68>few shots from the rebels would have panic-stricken the whole command.' (1) At length, through blinding rain, the flotilla of gunboats was discovered, and on the long peninsula between Herring Run and the James the exhausted army reached a resting-place. But so great was

the disorder, that during the whole of that day nothing was done to prepare a defensive position; a ridge to the north, which commanded the whole camp, was unoccupied; and, according to the Committee of Congress which took evidence on the conduct of the war, 'nothing but a heavy rain, thereby preventing the enemy from bringing up their artillery, saved the army from destruction.' (2) McClellan's own testimony is even more convincing. 'The army,' he wrote on July 3, the second day after the battle, 'is thoroughly worn out and requires rest and very heavy reinforcements I am in hopes that the enemy is as completely worn out as we are The roads are now very bad; for these reasons I hope we shall have enough breathing space to reorganise and rest the men, and get them into position before the enemy can attack again

It is of course impossible to estimate as yet our losses, but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with the colours.' (3)

As his army of 105,000 men, during the whole of the Seven Days, lost only 16,000, the last admission, if accurate, is most significant. Nearly half the men must either have been sick or straggling.

It was not because the Confederates were also worn out that the Federals were given time to reorganise and to establish themselves in a strong position. Jackson, the moment it was light, rode through the rain to the front. Learning that the enemy had evacuated their position, he ordered his chief of staff to get the troops under arms, to form the infantry in three lines of battle, and then to allow the men to build fires, cook their rations, and dry their clothes. By 11 o'clock the ammunition had been <69>replenished, and his four divisions were formed up. Longstreet's brigades had pushed forward a couple of miles, but no orders had reached the Valley troops, and Major Dabney rode off to find his general. 'I was told,' he writes, 'that he was in the Poindexter House, a large mansion near Willis' Church. Lee, Jackson, Dr. McGuire, and Major Taylor of Lee's staff, and perhaps others, were in the dining-room. Asking leave to report to General Jackson that his orders had been fulfilled, I was introduced to General Lee, who, with his usual kindness, begged me to sit by the fire and dry myself. Here I stayed much of the day, and witnessed some strange things. Longstreet, wet and muddy, was the first to enter. He had ridden round most of the battle-field, and his report was not particularly cheerful. Jackson was very quiet, never volunteering any counsel or suggestion, but answering when questioned in a brief, deferential tone. His countenance was very serious, and soon became very troubled. After a time the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and two gentlemen came in, dripping. They were the President and his nephew. Davis and Lee then drew to the table, and entered into an animated military discussion. Lee told the President the news which the scouts were bringing in, of horrible mud, and of abandoned arms and baggage-waggons. They then debated at length what was to be done next. McClellan was certainly retiring, but whether as beaten or as only manoeuvring was not apparent, nor was the direction of his retreat at all clear. Was he aiming for some point on the lower James where he might embark and get away? or at some point on the upper James—say Shirley, or Bermuda Hundred—where he could cross the river (he had pontoons and gunboats) and advance on Richmond from the south? Such were the questions which came up, and at length it was decided that the army should make no movement until further information had been received. The enemy was not to be pursued until Stuart's cavalry, which had arrived the previous evening at Nance's Shop, should obtain reliable information. 'Jackson, meanwhile, sat silent in his corner. I <70>watched

his face. The expression, changing from surprise to dissent, and lastly to intense mortification, showed clearly the tenor of his thoughts. He knew that McClellan was defeated, that he was retreating and not manoeuvring. He knew that his troops were disorganised, that sleeplessness, fasting, bad weather, and disaster must have weakened their *moral*. He heard it said by General Lee that the scouts reported the roads so deep in mud that the artillery could not move, that our men were wet and wearied. But Jackson's mind reasoned that where the Federals could march the Confederates could follow, and that a decisive victory was well worth a great effort.' (1)

The decision of the council of war was that the army should move the next morning in the direction of Harrison's Landing. Longstreet, whose troops had not been engaged at Malvern Hill, was to lead the way. But the operations of this day were without result. The line of march was by Carter's Mill and the river road. But after the troops had been set in motion, it was found that the river road had been obstructed by the enemy, and Lee directed Longstreet to countermarch to the Charles City cross roads and move on Evelington Heights.(2) But ignorance of the country and inefficient guides once more played into the enemy's hands, and when night closed the troops were still some distance from the Federal outposts.

The delay had been exceedingly unfortunate. At 9 A.M. Stuart's cavalry had occupied the Evelington Heights, and, believing that Longstreet was close at hand, had opened fire with a single howitzer on the camps below. The consternation caused by this unlooked-for attack was great. But the Federals soon recovered from their surprise, and, warned as to the danger of their situation, sent out infantry and artillery to drive back the enemy and secure the heights. Stuart, dismounting his troopers, held on for some time; but at two o'clock, finding that the Confederate infantry was still six or seven miles distant, <71>and that his ammunition was failing, he gave up the Heights, which were immediately fortified by the enemy. Had the cavalry commander resisted the temptation of spreading panic in the enemy's ranks, and kept his troops under cover, infantry and artillery might possibly have been brought up to the Heights before they were occupied by the Federals. In any case, it was utterly useless to engage a whole army with one gun and a few regiments of cavalry, and in war, especially in advanced-guard operations, silence is often golden.(1) It was not till they were warned by the fire of Stuart's howitzer that the Federals realised the necessity of securing and intrenching the Evelington Heights, and it is within the bounds of possibility, had they been left undisturbed, that they might have neglected them altogether. McClellan, according to his letters already quoted, believed that the condition of the roads would retard the advance of the enemy; and, as is evident from a letter he wrote the same morning, before the incident took place, he was of opinion that there was no immediate need for the occupation of a defensive position.(2)

During this day the Valley divisions, crawling in rear of Longstreet, had marched only three miles; and such sluggish progress, at so critical a moment, put the climax to Jackson's discontent. His wrath blazed forth with unwonted vehemence. 'That night,' says Dabney,(3) 'he was quartered in a farmhouse a mile or two east of Willis' Church. The soldier assigned to him as a guide made a most stupid report, and admitted that he knew nothing of the road. Jackson turned on him in fierce anger, and ordered him from his presence with threats of the severest punishment. On retiring, he said to his staff, "Now, gentlemen, Jim will have breakfast for you punctually at dawn. I expect you to be up, to eat immediately, and be in the saddle without delay. We must burn no more daylight."

About daybreak I heard him tramping down the stairs. I alone went out to meet him. All the rest were asleep. He addressed me in <72>stern tones: "Major, how is it that this staff never will be punctual?" I replied: "I am in time; I cannot control the others." Jackson turned in a rage to the servant: "Put back that food into the chest, have that chest in the waggon, and that waggon moving in two minutes." I suggested, very humbly, that he had better at least take some food himself. But he was too angry to eat, and repeating his orders, flung himself into the saddle, and galloped off. Jim gave a low whistle, saying: "My stars, but de general is just mad dis time; most like lightnin' strike him!"

With the engagement on the Evelington Heights the fighting round Richmond came to an end. When Lee came up with his advanced divisions on the morning of the 4th, he found the pickets already engaged, and the troops formed up in readiness for action. He immediately rode forward with Jackson, and the two, dismounting, proceeded without staff or escort to make a careful reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Their inspection showed them that it was practically impregnable. The front, facing westward, was flanked from end to end by the fire of the gunboats, and the Evelington Heights, already fortified, and approached by a single road, were stronger ground than even Malvern Hill. The troops were therefore withdrawn to the forest, and for the next three days, with the exception of those employed in collecting the arms and stores which the Federals had abandoned, they remained inactive. On July 8, directing Stuart to watch McClellan, General Lee fell back to Richmond.

The battles of the Seven Days cost the Confederates 20,000 men. The Federals, although defeated, lost no more than 16,000, of whom 10,000, nearly half of them wounded, were prisoners. In addition, however, 52 guns and 35,000 rifles became the prize of the Southerners; and vast as was the quantity of captured stores, far greater was the amount destroyed.

But the defeat of McClellan's army is not to be measured by a mere estimate of the loss in men and in *matériel*. The discomfited general sought to cover his failure by a lavish employment of strategic phrases. The <73>retreat to the James, he declared, had been planned before the battle of Mechanicsville. He had merely manoeuvred to get quit of an inconvenient line of supply, and to place his army in a more favourable position for attacking Richmond. He congratulated his troops on their success in changing the line of operations, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. Their conduct, he said, ranked them among the most celebrated armies of history. Under every disadvantage of numbers, and necessarily of position also, they had in every conflict beaten back their foes with enormous slaughter. They had reached the new base complete in organisation and unimpaired in spirit.(1)

It is possible that this address soothed the pride of his troops. It certainly deluded neither his own people nor the South. The immediate effect of his strategic manoeuvre was startling.

5,000 men, the effective remnant of Shields' division, besides several new regiments, were sent to the Peninsula from the army protecting Washington. General Burnside, who had mastered a portion of the North Carolina coast, was ordered to suspend operations, to leave a garrison in New Berne, and to bring the remainder of his army to Fortress Monroe. Troops were demanded from General Hunter, who had taken the last fort which defended Savannah, the port of Georgia.(2) The Western army of the Union was asked to reinforce McClellan, and Lincoln called on the Northern States for a fresh levy. But

although 300,000 men were promised him, the discouragement of the Northern people was so great that recruits showed no alacrity in coming forward. The South, on the other hand, ringing with the brilliant deeds of Lee and Jackson, turned with renewed vigour to the task of resisting the invader. Richmond, the beleaguered capital, although the enemy was in position not more than twenty miles away, knew that her agony was over. The city was one vast hospital. Many of the best and bravest of the Confederacy had fallen in the Seven Days, and the voice of mourning hushed all sound <74>of triumph. But the long columns of prisoners, the captured cannon, the great trains of waggons, piled high with spoil, were irrefragable proof of the complete defeat of the invader.

When the army once more encamped within sight of the city it was received as it deserved. Lee and Jackson were the special objects of admiration. All recognised the strategic skill which had wrought the overthrow of McClellan's host; and the hard marches and sudden blows of the campaign on the Shenandoah, crowned by the swift transfer of the Valley army from the Blue Ridge to the Chickahominy, took fast hold of the popular imagination. The mystery in which Jackson's operations were involved, the dread he inspired in the enemy, his reticence, his piety, his contempt of comfort, his fiery energy, his fearlessness, and his simplicity aroused the interest and enthusiasm of the whole community. Whether Lee or his lieutenant was the more averse to posing before the crowd it is difficult to say. Both succeeded in escaping all public manifestation of popular favour; both went about their business with an absolute absence of ostentation, and if the handsome features of the Commander-in-Chief were familiar to the majority of the citizens, few recognised in the plainly dressed soldier, riding alone through Richmond, the great leader of the Valley, with whose praises not the South only, but the whole civilised world, was already ringing.

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XV—Cedar Run

<75>

THE victories in the Valley, the retreat of Banks, Shields, and Frémont, followed by the victory of Gaines' Mill, had raised the hopes of the South to the highest pitch.

When McClellan fell back to the James the capture or destruction of his army seemed a mere matter of time, and it was confidently expected that a disaster of such magnitude would assuredly bring the North to terms. But the slaughter of the Confederates at Malvern Hill, the unmolested retreat of the enemy to Harrison's Landing, the fortification of that strong position, induced a more sober mood. The Northern soldiers had displayed a courage for which the South had not yet given them credit. On the last of the Seven Days they had fought almost as stubbornly as on the first. Their losses had been heavy, but they had taught their adversaries that they were no longer the unmanageable levies of Bull Run, scattered by the first touch of disaster to the four winds. It was no frail barrier which stood now between the South and her independence, but a great army of trained soldiers, seasoned by experience, bound together by discipline, and capable of withstanding a long series of reverses. And when it became clear that McClellan, backed by the fleet, had no intention of losing his grip on Richmond; when the news came that Lincoln had asked for 300,000 fresh troops; and that the Federal Army of the West, undisturbed by Lee's victories, was still advancing through Tennessee,⁽¹⁾ the power and persistency of the North were revealed in all their huge proportions. <76>

But the disappointment of the Southern people in no way abated their gratitude. The troops drank their fill of praise. The deeds of the Valley regiments were on every tongue. The Stonewall Brigade was the most famous organisation in the Confederacy. To have marched with Jackson was a sure passport to the good graces of every citizen. Envied by their comrades, regarded as heroes by the admiring crowds that thronged the camps, the ragged soldiers of the Shenandoah found ample compensation for their labours. They had indeed earned the rest which was now given them. For more than two months they had been marching and fighting without cessation. Since they left Elk Run, on April 29, until they fell back to the capital on July 8, their camps had never stood in the same spot for more than four days in succession.

But neither they nor their general looked forward to a long sojourn within the works round Richmond. The men pined for the fresh breezes of their native highlands. The tainted atmosphere of a district which was one vast battle-ground told upon their health, and the people of Richmond, despite their kindness, were strangers after all. Nor was Jackson less anxious to leave the capital. The heavy rain which had deluged the bivouac on the Chickahominy had chilled him to the bone. During the whole of the pursuit, from White Oak Swamp to Westover, he had suffered from fever. But his longing for a move westward was dictated by other motives than the restoration of his health. No sooner had it become evident that McClellan's position was impregnable than he turned his thoughts to some more vulnerable point. He would allow the enemy no respite. In his opinion there should be no 'letting up' in the attack. The North should be given no leisure to reorganise the armies or to train recruits. A swift succession of fierce blows, delivered at a vital point, was the only means of bringing the colossus to its knees, and that vital point was far from Richmond.

Before the Confederate troops marched back to Richmond <77>he laid his views before the member of Congress for the Winchester district, and begged Mr. Boteler to impress them on the Government. 'McClellan's army,' he said, 'was manifestly thoroughly beaten, incapable of moving until it had been reorganised and reinforced. There was danger,' he foresaw, 'that the fruits of victory would be lost, as they had been lost after Bull Run. The Confederate army should at once leave the malarious district round Richmond, and moving northwards, carry the horrors of invasion across the border. This,' he said, 'was the only way to bring the North to its senses, and to end the war. And it was within the power of the Confederates, if they were to concentrate their resources, to make a successful bid for victory. 60,000 men might march into Maryland and threaten Washington. But while he was anxious that these views should be laid before the President, he would earnestly disclaim the charge of self-seeking. He wished to follow, and not to lead. He was willing to follow anyone—Lee, or Ewell, or anyone who would fight.' 'Why do you not urge your views,' asked Mr. Boteler, 'on General Lee?' 'I have done so,' replied Jackson. 'And what does he say to them?' 'He says nothing,' was the answer; 'but do not understand that I complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility, and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me.' (1)

Jackson was perfectly right in his estimate of the Federal army. McClellan had 90,000 men, but 16,000 were sick, and he was still under the delusion that he had been defeated by more than twice his numbers. His letters to the President, it is true, betrayed no misgiving. He was far from admitting that he had been defeated. His army, he wrote, was now so favourably placed that an advance on Richmond was easy. He was full of confidence. He was watching carefully for any fault committed by the enemy, and would take advantage of it. The spirit of his <78>army, he declared, was such that he felt unable to restrain it from speedily assuming the offensive. He had determined not to fall back unless he was absolutely forced to do so. He was ready for a rapid and heavy blow at Richmond. But to strike that blow he required heavy reinforcements, and while waiting their arrival he was unwilling to leave his strong position.(1)

Jackson's views were considered by Mr. Davis. For the present, however, they were disregarded. The situation, in the opinion of the Government, was still critical. McClellan might be reinforced by sea. He might be superseded by a more energetic commander, and the Federals might then cross to the right bank of the James, cut the railways which connected Richmond with the South, and turn the line of fortifications. The losses of the Seven Days had reduced the Confederate strength to 60,000. Under such circumstances it was not considered safe to remove the army from the capital. Jackson, however, was entrusted with a more congenial duty than watching an enemy who, he was absolutely convinced, had no intention of leaving his intrenchments. His longing for active work was gratified by an order to march westward. Lee, finding McClellan immovable, had recourse to his former strategy. He determined to play once more on Lincoln's fears. The Army of Virginia, under the command of Pope, defended Washington. Would the Northern Government, when the news came that Stonewall Jackson was returning to the Shenandoah, deem this force sufficient to protect the capital? Would they not rather think it necessary to recall McClellan? The experiment was worth trying. After some delay in recovering from the disorganisation caused by the disasters in the Valley, Pope had assembled his army east of the Blue Ridge, near the sources of the Rappahannock.

Sperryville, his advanced post, was no more than forty miles north of the Virginia Central Railway, and his cavalry was already advancing. It was essential that <79>the railway, the chief line of supply of the Confederate army, should be protected; and Jackson was instructed to halt near Gordonsville. On the 16th his leading brigades reached their destination. Their arrival was opportune. The Federal cavalry, with a strong infantry support, was already threatening Gordonsville. On learning, however, that the town was occupied they at once fell back.

Jackson, as soon as his command was up, and he had had time to ascertain the Federal strength, applied for reinforcements. His own numbers were very small. The divisions of D. H. Hill and Whiting had remained at Richmond. The Army of the Valley, reduced to its original elements, was no more than 11,000 strong. Pope's army consisted of 47,000 men. (1) But the Federals were scattered over a wide front. Sigel, a German who had succeeded Frémont, was near Sperryville, and Banks lay close to Sigel. Each of these officers commanded an army corps of two divisions. Of McDowell's army corps, Ricketts' division held Warrenton, twenty-five miles east of Banks; while King's division was retained at Fredericksburg, forty miles south-east of Ricketts'. Such dispersion seemed to invite attack. Lee, however, found it impossible to comply with his lieutenant's request for such aid as would enable him to assume the offensive. The army covering Richmond was much smaller than McClellan's, and the Confederates were aware that a large reinforcement for the latter, under General Burnside, had landed in the Peninsula. But assistance was promised in case Pope advanced so far south that troops could be detached without risk to Richmond. Pope, in fact, was too far off, and Jackson was to entice him forward.

A week, however, passed away without any movement on the part of McClellan. He knew that Lee's army was diminished; and it was believed at his headquarters that ' Jackson had started towards the Valley with 60,000 to 80,000 troops.' (2) He knew that there was no large force <80>within ten miles of his outposts, and if the President would send him 20,000 or 30,000 more men he said that he was ready to march on Richmond. But, as yet, he had not observed the opportunity for which, according to his own account, he was so carefully watching. Pope was far more enterprising. His cavalry had burned the railway depôt at Beaver Dam, destroyed some Confederate stores, cut the line at several points, and threatened Hanover Junction. Stuart, with his cavalry division, was immediately sent northwards, and Lee ordered A. P. Hill to Gordonsville.

Jackson's letters to headquarters at this period are missing. But Lee's answers indicate the tenor of the views therein expressed. On July 27 the Commander-in-Chief wrote :—

' I have received your dispatch of the 26th instant. I will send A. P. Hill's division and the Second Brigade of Louisiana volunteers to you I want Pope to be suppressed A. P. Hill you will, I think, find a good officer, with whom you can consult, and by advising with your division commanders as to your movements, much trouble will be saved you in arranging details, and they can act more intelligently. I wish to save you trouble from my increasing your command. *Cache* your troops as much as possible till you can strike your blow, and be prepared to return to me when done, if necessary. I will endeavour to keep General McClellan quiet till it is over, if rapidly executed.'

This letter, besides containing a delicate hint that extreme reticence is undesirable, evidently refers to some plan proposed by Jackson. Whatever this may have been, it is certain that both he and Lee were in close accord. They believed that the best method of

protecting the railway was, in Lee's words, 'to find the main body of the enemy and drive it,' and they were agreed that there should be no more Malvern Hills. 'You are right,' says Lee on August 4, 'in not attacking them in their strong and chosen positions. They ought always to be turned as you propose, and thus force them on to more favourable ground.'

At the end of July, about the same time that Hill <81>joined Jackson, Pope, under instructions from Washington, moved forward. His cavalry occupied the line of Robertson River, within twenty miles of the Confederate lines, and it became clear that he intended advancing on Gordonsville. His infantry, however, had not yet crossed Hazel Run, and Jackson, carefully concealing his troops, remained on the watch for a few days longer. His anxiety, however, to bring his enemy to battle was even greater than usual. Pope had already gained an unenviable notoriety. On taking over command he had issued an extraordinary address. His bombast was only equalled by his want of tact. Not content with extolling the prowess of the Western troops, with whom he had hitherto served, he was bitterly satirical at the expense of McClellan and of McClellan's army. 'I have come to you,' he said to his soldiers, 'from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defence I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases, which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory axe in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.' (1)

Even the Northern press made sport of Pope's 'Ercles vein,' and the Confederates contrasted his noisy declamation with the modesty of Lee and Jackson. To the South the new commander was peculiarly obnoxious. He was the first of the Federal generals to order that the troops should subsist upon the country, and that the people should be held responsible for all damage done to roads, railways, and <82>telegraphs by guerillas. His orders, it is true, were warranted by the practice of war. But 'forced requisitions,' unless conducted on a well-understood system, must inevitably degenerate into plunder and oppression; and Pope, in punishing civilians, was not careful to distinguish between the acts of guerillas and those of the regular Confederate cavalry. 'These orders,' says a Northern historian, 'were followed by the pillaging of private property, and by insults to females to a degree unknown heretofore during the war.' But in comparison with a third edict they were mild and humane. On July 23 Pope's generals were instructed to arrest every Virginian within the limits of their commands, to administer the oath of allegiance to the Union, and to expel from their homes all those who refused to take it. This order was preceded by one from General von Steinwehr, a German brigadier, directing the arrest of five prominent citizens, to be held as hostages, and to suffer death in the event of any soldiers being shot by bushwhackers. The Confederate Government retaliated by declaring that Pope and his officers were not entitled to be considered as soldiers. If captured they were to be imprisoned so long as their orders remained unrepealed; and in the event of any unarmed Confederate citizens being tried and shot, an equal number of Federal prisoners were to be hanged. It need hardly be added that the operations north of Gordonsville were watched with peculiar interest by the South. 'This new general,' it was

said to Jackson, 'claims your attention.' 'And, please God, he shall have it,' was the reply.

Nevertheless, with all his peculiar characteristics, Pope was no despicable foe. The Federal cavalry were employed with a boldness which had not hitherto been seen. Their outposts were maintained twenty miles in advance of the army. Frequent reconnaissances were made. A regiment of Jackson's cavalry was defeated at Orange Court House, with a loss of 60 or 70 men, and scouting parties penetrated to within a few miles of Gordonsville. Even Banks was spurred to activity, and learned at last that information is generally to be obtained <83>if it is resolutely sought.(1) Very little that occurred within the Confederate lines escaped the vigilance of the enemy; and although Jackson's numbers were somewhat overestimated, Pope's cavalry, energetically led by two able young officers, Generals Buford and Bayard, did far better service than McClellan's detectives. Jackson had need of all his prudence. Including the Light Division, his force amounted to no more than 24,000 men; and if Pope handled his whole army with as much skill as he used his cavalry, it would go hard with Gordonsville. 24,000 men could hardly be expected to arrest the march of 47,000 unless the larger force should blunder.

During the first week in August events began to thicken. Stuart made a strong reconnaissance towards Fredericksburg, and administered a check to the Federal scouting parties in that quarter. But McClellan threw forward a division and occupied Malvern Hill, and it became evident that Pope also was meditating a further advance.

Jackson, for the purpose of luring him forward, and also of concealing Hill's arrival, had drawn back his cavalry, and moved his infantry south of Gordonsville. Pope was warned from Washington that this was probably a ruse. His confidence, however, was not to be shaken. 'Within ten days,' he reported, 'unless the enemy is heavily reinforced from Richmond, I shall be in possession of Gordonsville and Charlottesville.'

Although such an operation would carry Pope far from Washington there was no remonstrance from headquarters. Lincoln and Stanton, mistrustful at last of their ability as strategists, had called to their councils General Halleck, who had shown some evidence of capacity while in command of the Western armies. The new Commander-in-Chief had a difficult problem to work out. It is impossible to determine how far Jackson's movement to Gordonsville influenced the Federal authorities, but immediately on Halleck's arrival <84>at Washington, about the same date that the movement was reported, he was urged, according to his own account, to withdraw McClellan from the Peninsula. 'I delayed my decision,' he says, 'as long as I dared delay it;' but on August 3 his mind was made up, and McClellan, just after Hill joined Jackson, was ordered to embark his army at Fortress Monroe, sail to Aquia Creek, near Fredericksburg, and join Pope on the Rappahannock. The proposed combination, involving the transfer by sea of 90,000 men, with all their artillery and trains, was a manoeuvre full of danger.(1) The retreat and embarkation of McClellan's troops would take time, and the Confederates, possessing 'the interior lines,' had two courses open to them :—

1. Leaving Jackson to check Pope, they might attack McClellan as soon as he evacuated his intrenched position at Harrison's Landing.

2. They might neglect McClellan and concentrate against Pope before he could be reinforced.

Halleck considered that attack on McClellan was the more likely, and Pope was accordingly instructed to threaten Gordonsville, so as to force Lee to detach heavily from Richmond, and leave him too weak to strike the Army of the Potomac.

On August 6 Pope commenced his advance. Banks had pushed a brigade of infantry from Sperryville to Culpeper Court House, and Ricketts' division (of McDowell's corps) was ordered to cross the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge and march to the same spot. Jackson, whose spies had informed him of the enemy's dispositions, received early intelligence of Banks' movement, and the next afternoon his three divisions were ordered forward, marching by roads where there was no chance of their being seen. 'He hoped,' so he wrote to Lee, 'through the blessing of Providence, to defeat the advanced Federal detachment before reinforcements should arrive.' This detachment was <85>his first objective; but he had long since recognised the strategic importance of Culpeper Court House. At this point four roads meet, and it was probable, from their previous dispositions, that the Federal army corps would use three of these in their advance. Pope's right wing at Sperryville would march by Woodville and Griffinsburg. His centre had already moved forward from Warrenton. His left wing at Falmouth, north of Fredericksburg, would march by Bealeton and Brandy Station, or by Richardsville and Georgetown. As all these roads were several miles apart, and the lateral communications were indifferent, the three columns, during the movement on Culpeper Court House, would be more or less isolated; and if the Confederates could seize the point at which the roads met, it might be possible to keep them apart, to prevent them combining for action, and to deal with them in detail. Pope, in fact, had embarked on a manoeuvre which is always dangerous in face of a vigilant and energetic enemy. Deceived by the passive attitude which Jackson had hitherto maintained, and confident in the strength of his cavalry, which held Robertson River, a stream some ten miles south of Culpeper Court House, he had pushed a small force far in advance, and was preparing to cross Hazel Run in several widely separated columns. He had no apprehension that he might be attacked during the process. Most generals in Jackson's situation, confronted by far superior numbers, would have been content with occupying a defensive position in front of Gordonsville, and neither Pope nor Halleck had gauged as yet the full measure of their opponent's enterprise. So confident was the Federal Commander-in-Chief that General Cox, with 11,000 men, was ordered to march from Lewisburg, ninety miles southwest of Staunton, to join Pope at Charlottesville.(1)

Jackson's force was composed as follows :—

<u>Jackson's Own Division (commanded by Winder)</u>	3,000
<u>Ewell</u>	7,550
<u>A. P. Hill (The Light Division)</u>	12,000
<u>Cavalry</u>	1,200
	<u>23,750</u>

<86>

Jackson was by no means displeased when he learned who was in command of the Federal advance. 'Banks is in front of me,' he said to Dr. McGuire, 'he is always ready to fight;' and then, laughing, he added as if to himself, 'and he generally gets whipped.'

The Confederate regiments, as a rule, were very weak. The losses of the Seven Days, of Winchester, of Cross Keys, and of Port Republic had not yet been replaced. Companies had dwindled down to sections. Brigades were no stronger than full battalions, and the colonel was happy who could muster 200 muskets. But the waste of the campaign was not altogether an evil. The weak and sickly had been weeded out. The faint-hearted had

disappeared, and if many of the bravest had fallen before Richmond, those who remained were hardy and experienced soldiers. The army that lay round Gordonsville was the best that Jackson had yet commanded. The horses, which had become almost useless in the Peninsula, had soon regained condition on the rich pastures at the foot of the South-west Mountains. Nearly every man had seen service. The officers were no longer novices. The troops had implicit confidence in their leaders, and their *moral* was high. They had not yet tasted defeat. Whenever they had met the enemy he had abandoned the field of battle. With such troops much might be risked, and if the staff was not yet thoroughly trained, the district in which they were now operating was far less intricate than the Peninsula. As the troops marched westward from Richmond, with their faces towards their own mountains, the country grew more open, the horizon larger, and the breezes purer. The dark forests disappeared. The clear streams, running swiftly over rocky beds, were a welcome change from the swamps of the Chickahominy. North of Gordonsville the spurs of the Blue Ridge, breaking up into long chains of isolated hills, towered high above the sunlit plains. The rude tracks of the Peninsula, winding through the woods, gave place to broad and well-trodden highways. Nor did the marches now depend upon the guidance of some casual rustic or terrified negro. There were many in the Confederate ranks who were familiar with the country; and the quick pencil of Captain Hotchkiss, Jackson's trusted engineer, who had rejoined from the Valley, was once more at his disposal. Information, moreover, was not hard to come by. The country was far more thickly populated than the region about Richmond, and, notwithstanding Pope's harsh measures, he was unable to prevent the people communicating with their own army. If the men had been unwilling to take the risk, the women were quite ready to emulate the heroines of the Valley, and the conduct of the Federal marauders had served only to inflame their patriotism. Under such circumstances Jackson's task was relieved of half its difficulties. He was almost as much at home as on the Shenandoah, and although there were no Massanuttons to screen his movements, the hills to the north, insignificant as they might be when compared with the great mountains which divide the Valley, might still be turned to useful purpose.

On August 7, starting late in the afternoon, the Confederates marched eight miles by a country track, and halted at Orange Court House. Culpeper was still twenty miles distant, and two rivers, the Rapidan and Robertson, barred the road. The Robertson was held by 5,000 or 6,000 Federal cavalry; five regiments, under General Buford, were near Madison Court House; four, under General Bayard, near Rapidan Station. East of the railway two more regiments held Raccoon Ford; others watched the Rappahannock as far as Fredericksburg, and on Thoroughfare Mountain, ten miles south-west of Culpeper, and commanding a view of the surrounding country as far as Orange Court House, was a signal station.

Early on the 8th, Ewell's division crossed the Rapidan at Liberty Mills, while the other divisions were ordered to make the passage at Barnett's Ford, six miles below. A forced march should have carried the Confederates to within striking distance of Culpeper, and a forced march was almost imperative. The cavalry had been in contact; the advance must already have been reported to Pope, and within twenty-four hours the whole of the Federal army, with the exception of the division at Fredericksburg, might easily be concentrated in a strong position.

Still there were no grounds for uneasiness. If the troops made sixteen miles before

nightfall, they would be before Culpeper soon after dawn, and sixteen miles was no extraordinary march for the Valley regiments. But to accomplish a long march in the face of the enemy, something is demanded more than goodwill and endurance on the part of the men. If the staff arrangements are faulty, or the subordinate commanders careless, the best troops in the world will turn sluggards. It was so on August 8. Jackson's soldiers never did a worse day's work during the whole course of his campaigns. Even his energy was powerless to push them forward. The heat, indeed, was excessive. Several men dropped dead in the ranks; the long columns dragged wearily through the dust, and the Federal cavalry was not easily pushed back. Guns and infantry had to be brought up before Bayard's dismounted squadrons were dislodged. But the real cause of delay is to be found elsewhere. Not only did General Hill misunderstand his orders, but, apparently offended by Jackson's reticence, he showed but little zeal. The orders were certainly incomplete. Nothing had been said about the supply trains, and they were permitted to follow their divisions, instead of moving in rear of the whole force. Ewell's route, moreover, was changed without Hill being informed. The lines of march crossed each other, and Hill was delayed for many hours by a long column of ambulances and wagons. So tedious was the march that when the troops halted for the night, Ewell had made eight miles, Hill only two, and the latter was still eighteen miles from Culpeper. Chagrined by the delay, Jackson reported to Lee that ' he had made but little progress, and that the expedition,' he feared, ' in consequence of his tardy movements, would be productive of little good.'

How the blame should be apportioned it is difficult to say. Jackson laid it upon Hill, and that officer's conduct <89>was undoubtedly reprehensible. The absence of Major Dabney, struck down by sickness, is a possible explanation of the faulty orders. But that Jackson would have done better to have accepted Lee's hint, to have confided his intentions to his divisional commanders, and to have trusted something to their discretion, seems more than clear. In war, silence is not invariably a wise policy. It was not a case in which secrecy was all-important. The

movement had already been discovered by the Federal cavalry, and in such circumstances the more officers that understood the intention of the general-in-chief the better. Men who have been honoured with their leader's confidence, and who grasp the purpose of the efforts they are called upon to make, will co-operate, if not more cordially, at least more intelligently, than those who are impelled by the sense of duty alone.

As it was, so much time had been wasted that Jackson would have been fully warranted in suspending the movement, and halting on the Rapidan. The Federals were aware he was advancing. Their divisions were not so far apart that they could not be concentrated within a few hours at Culpeper, and, in approaching so close, he was entering the region of uncertainty. Time was too pressing to admit of waiting for the reports of spies. The enemy's cavalry was far more numerous than his own, and screened the troops in rear from observation. The information brought in by the country people was not to be implicitly relied on; their estimate of numbers was always vague, and it would be exceedingly difficult to make sure that the force at Culpeper had not been strongly reinforced. It was quite on the cards that the whole of Pope's army might reach that point in the course of the next day, and in that case the Confederates would be compelled to retreat, followed by a superior army, across two bridgeless rivers.

Nevertheless, the consideration of these contingencies had no effect on Jackson's

purpose. The odds, he decided, were in his favour; and the defeat of Pope's army in detail, with all the consequences that might follow, was worth risking much to bring about. It was still possible <90>that Pope might delay his concentration; it was still possible that an opportunity might present itself; and, as he had done at Winchester in March, when threatened by a force sevenfold stronger than his own, he resolved to look for that opportunity before he renounced his enterprise.

In speed and caution lay the only chance of success. The start on the 9th was early. Hill, anxious to redeem his shortcomings, marched long before daylight, and soon caught up with Ewell and Winder. Half of the cavalry covered the advance; the remainder, screening the left flank, scouted west and in the direction of Madison Court House. Two brigades of infantry, Gregg's and Lawton's, were left in rear to guard the trains, for the Federal horsemen threatened danger, and the army, dis-embarrassed of the supply waggons, pressed forward across the Rapidan. Pushing the Federal cavalry before them, the troops reached Robertson River. The enemy's squadrons, already worn out by incessant reconnaissance and picket duty, were unable to dispute the passage, and forming a single column, the three divisions crossed the Locustdale Ford. Climbing the northern bank, the high-road to Culpeper, white with dust, lay before them, and to their right front, little more than two miles distant, a long wooded ridge, bearing the ominous name of Slaughter Mountain, rose boldly from the plain.

Ewell's division led the march, and shortly before noon, as the troops swept past the western base of Slaughter Mountain, it was reported that the Federal cavalry, massed in some strength, had come to a halt a mile or two north, on the bank of a small stream called Cedar Run.

The Confederate guns opened, and the hostile cavalry fell back; but from a distant undulation a Federal battery came into action, and the squadrons, supported by this fire, returned to their old position. Although Cedar Run was distant seven miles from Culpeper, it was evident, from the attitude of the cavalry, that the enemy was inclined to make a stand, and that in all probability Banks' army corps was in support.(1) Early's brigade, forming the advanced-guard, <91>which had halted in a wood by the roadside, was now ordered forward. Deploying to the right of the highway, it drove in the enemy's vedettes, and came out on the open ground which overlooks the stream. Across the shallow valley, covered with the high stalks and broad leaves of Indian corn, rose a loftier ridge, twelve hundred yards distant, and from more than one point batteries opened on the Confederate scouts. The regiments of the advanced-guard were immediately withdrawn to the reverse slope of the ridge, and Jackson galloped forward to the sound of the guns. His dispositions had been quickly made. A large force of artillery was ordered to come into action on either flank of the advanced-guard. Ewell's division was ordered to the right, taking post on the northern face of Slaughter Mountain; Winder was ordered to the left, and Hill, as soon as he came up, was to form the reserve, in rear of Winder. These movements took time. The Confederate column, 20,000 infantry and fifteen batteries, must have occupied more than seven miles of road; it would consequently take over two hours for the whole force to deploy for battle.

Before three o'clock, however, the first line was formed. On the right of the advanced-guard, near a clump of cedars, were eight guns, and on Slaughter Mountain eight more. Along the high-road to the left six guns of Winder's division were soon afterwards deployed, reinforced by four of Hill's. These twenty-six pieces, nearly the whole of the

long-range ordnance which the Confederates possessed, were turned on the opposing batteries, and for nearly two hours the artillery thundered across the valley. The infantry, meanwhile, awaiting Hill's arrival, had come into line. Ewell's brigades, Trimble's, and the Louisianians (commanded by Colonel Forno) had halted in the woods on the extreme right, at the base of the mountain, threatening the enemy's flank. Winder had come up on the left, and had posted the Stonewall Brigade in rear of his guns; Campbell's <92>brigade, under Lieut.-Colonel Garnett, was stationed in front, west, and Taliaferro's brigade east, of the road. The 10,000 men of the Light Division, however, were still some distance to the rear, and the position was hardly secure against a counterstroke. The left of the line extended along a skirt of woodland, which ran at right angles to the road, overlooking a wheat-field but lately reaped, on the further side of which, and three hundred yards distant, was dense wood. This point was the most vulnerable, for there was no support at hand, and a great tract of forest stretched away westward, where cavalry was useless, but through which it was quite possible that infantry might force its way. Jackson ordered Colonel Garnett, commanding the brigade on this flank, 'to look well to his left, and to ask his divisional commander for reinforcements.' The brigadier sent a staff officer and an orderly to reconnoitre the forest to the left, and two officers were dispatched to secure the much-needed support.

But at this juncture General Winder was mortally wounded by a shell; there was some delay in issuing orders, and before the weak place in the line could be strengthened the storm broke. The enemy's batteries, five in number, although the concentrated fire of the Confederates had compelled them to change position, had not yet been silenced. No large force of Federal infantry had as yet appeared; skirmishers only had pushed forward through the corn; but the presence of so many guns was a clear indication that a strong force was not far off, and Jackson had no intention of attacking a position which had not yet been reconnoitred until his rear division had closed up, and the hostile artillery had lost its sting. About five o'clock, however, General Banks, although his whole force, including Bayard's cavalry, did not exceed 9,000 officers and men,⁽¹⁾ and Ricketts' division, in support, was four miles distant, gave orders for a general attack.⁽²⁾ Two brigades, crossing the rise which formed the Federal position, <93>bore down on the Confederate centre, and strove to cross the stream. Early was hard pressed, but, Taliaferro's brigade advancing on his left, he held his own; and on the highroad, raked by a Confederate gun, the enemy was unable to push forward. But within the wood to the left, at the very point where Jackson had advised precaution, the line of defence was broken through. On the edge of the timber commanding the wheat-field only two Confederate regiments were posted, some 500 men all told, and the 1st Virginia, on the extreme left, was completely isolated. The Stonewall Brigade, which should have been placed in second line behind them, had not yet received its orders; it was more than a half-mile distant, in rear of Winder's artillery, and hidden from the first line by the trees and undergrowth. Beyond the wheat-field 1,500 Federals, covered by a line of skirmishers, had formed up in the wood. Emerging from the covert with fixed bayonets and colours flying, their long line, overlapping the Confederate left, moved steadily across the three hundred yards of open ground. The shocks of corn, and some ragged patches of scrub timber, gave cover to the skirmishers, but in the closed ranks behind the accurate fire of the Southern riflemen made fearful ravages. Still the enemy pressed forward; the skirmishers darted from bush to bush; the regiments on the right swung round, enveloping

the Confederate line; and the 1st Virginia, despite the entreaties of its officers, broke and scattered.⁽¹⁾ Assailed in front from the field and in flank from the forest, the men would stand no longer, and flying back through the woodland, left the way open to the very rear of the position. The 42nd Virginia, outflanked in turn, was compelled to give ground; and the Federals, without waiting to reform, swept rapidly through the wood, and bore down upon the flank of Taliaferro's brigade and Winder's batteries.

And now occurred a scene of terrible confusion. So swift was the onslaught that the first warning received by the Confederates on the highroad was a sudden storm ^{<94>}of musketry, the loud cheers of the enemy, and the rush of fugitives from the forest. Attacked simultaneously in front, flank and rear, with the guns and limbers entangled among the infantry, Winder's division was subjected to an ordeal of which it was without experience. The batteries, by Jackson's order, were at once withdrawn, and not a gun was lost. The infantry, however, did not escape so lightly. The Federals, emboldened by the flight of the artillery, charged forward with reckless courage. Every regimental commander in Garnett's brigade was either killed or wounded. Taliaferro's brigade was driven back, and Early's left was broken. Some regiments attempted to change front, others retreated in disorder. Scattered groups, plying butt and bayonet, endeavoured to stay the rout. Officers rushed into the *mêlée*, and called upon those at hand to follow. Men were captured and recaptured, and, for a few moments, the blue and grey were mingled in close conflict amid the smoke. But the isolated efforts of the Confederates were of no avail. The first line was irretrievably broken; the troops were mingled in a tumultuous mass, through which the shells tore shrieking; the enemy's bayonets were surging forward on every side, and his well-served batteries, firing over the heads of their own infantry, played heavily on the road. But fortunately for the Virginians the Federal right wing was unsupported; and although the Light Division was still at some distance from the field, the Stonewall Brigade was already advancing. Breaking through the rout to the left of the highroad, these five staunch regiments, undismayed by the disaster, opened a heavy fire. The Federals, although still superior in numbers at the decisive point, had lost all order in their successful charge; to meet this fresh onset they halted and drew together, and then Jackson, with wonderful energy, restored the battle.

Sending orders for Ewell and A. P. Hill to attack at once, he galloped forward, unattended by either staff officer or orderly, and found himself in the midst of his own men, his soldiers of the Valley, no longer presenting the stubborn front of Bull Run or Kernstown, but an ungovernable mob, breaking rapidly to the rear, and on the very ^{<95>}verge of panic. Drawing his sword, for the first time in the war, his voice pealed high above the din; the troops caught the familiar accents, instinct with resolution, and the presence of their own general acted like a spell. 'Rally, men,' he shouted, 'and follow me!' Taliaferro, riding up to him, emphatically insisted that the midst of the *mêlée* was no place for the leader of an army. He looked a little surprised, but with his invariable ejaculation of 'Good, good,' turned slowly to the rear. The impulse, however, had already been given to the Confederate troops. With a wild yell the remnant of the 21st Virginia rushed forward to the front, and received the pursuers with a sudden volley. The officers of other regiments, inspired by the example of their commander, bore the colours forward, and the men, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, followed in the path of the 21st. The Federals recoiled. Taliaferro and Early, reforming their brigades, again advanced upon the right; and Jackson, his front once more established, turned his attention to the

counterstroke he had already initiated.

Ewell was ordered to attack the Federal left. Branch, leading the Light Division, was sent forward to support the Stonewall Brigade, and Lane to charge down the highroad. Thomas was to give aid to Early. Archer and Pender, following Branch, were to outflank the enemy's right, and Field and Stafford were to follow as third line.

Ewell was unable to advance at once, for the Confederate batteries on Slaughter Mountain swept the whole field, and it was some time before they could be induced to cease fire. But on the left the mass of fresh troops, directed on the critical point, exerted a decisive influence. The Federal regiments, broken and exhausted, were driven back into the wood and across the wheat-field by the charge of the Stonewall Brigade. Still they were not yet done with. Before Hill's troops could come into action, Jackson's old regiments, as they advanced into the open, were attacked in front and threatened on the flank. The 4th and 27th Virginia were immediately thrown back to meet the more pressing danger, forming to the left within the wood; but assailed in the confusion of rapid movement, they gave way and scattered through the thickets. But the rift in the line was rapidly closed up. Jackson, riding in front of the Light Division, and urging the men to hold their fire and use their bayonets, rallied the 27th and led them to the front; while Branch's regiments, opening their ranks for the fugitives to pass through, and pressing forward with unbroken line, drove back the Northern skirmishers, and moving into the wheat-field engaged their main body in the opposite wood.

Lane, meanwhile, was advancing astride the road Archer and Pender, in accordance with Jackson's orders, were sweeping round through the forest, and Field and Stafford were in rear of Branch. A fresh brigade had come up to sustain the defeated Federals; but gallantly as they fought, the Northerners could make no head against overwhelming numbers. Outflanked to both right and left, for Early and Ewell were now moving forward, they began to yield. Jackson rode forward to the wheat-field, and just at this moment Banks made a despairing effort to extricate his infantry. Two squadrons, hitherto concealed by the woods, appeared suddenly on the road, and, deploying into two lines, charged full against the Confederate centre. The skirmishers were ridden down; but the troops in rear stood firm, and several companies, running to a fence along the highway, poured a devastating fire into the mass of horsemen. Out of 174 officers and men only 71 rode back.⁽¹⁾

This brilliant but useless exploit brought no respite to the Federals. Archer and Pender had turned their right; Ewell was pressing forward against their left, 6.30 P.M. scaling the ridge on which their batteries had been posted; Early and Lane were pressing back their centre, and their guns had already limbered up. Jackson, galloping to the front, was received with the cheers of his victorious troops. In every quarter of the field the enemy was in full retreat, and as darkness began to fall the whole Confederate line crossed Cedar Run and swept up the

[Graphic, Battle of Cedar Run, Va., August 9th, 1862, omitted.]

slopes beyond. Every yard of ground bore witness to the severity of the fighting. The slaughter had been very heavy. Within ninety minutes 3,000 men had fallen. The woods were a shambles, and among the corn the dead lay thick. Scores of prisoners surrendered themselves, and hundreds of discarded muskets bore witness to the de-moralisation of the Northerners. Nevertheless, the pursuit was slow. The impetuosity of the Confederates, eager to complete their triumph, was checked with a firm hand. The infantry were ordered

to reform before they entered the dense forest which lay between them and Culpeper. The guns, unable to cross Cedar Run except by the road, were brought over in a single column, and two fresh brigades, Field's and Stafford's, which had not yet fired a shot, were brought forward as advanced-guard. Although Jackson had been careful to bring guides who knew the woodland tracks, there was need for prudence. The light was failing; the cavalry could find no space to act; and, above all, the whereabouts of Pope's main body was still uncertain. The Federals had fought with fine courage. Their resolute attack, pressed home with extraordinary dash, had rolled up the choicest of the Valley regiments. And yet it was evident that only a small portion of the Northern army had been engaged. The stirring incidents of the battle had been crowded into a short space of time. It was five o'clock when the Federals left their covert. An hour and a half later they had abandoned the field. Their precipitate retreat, the absence of a strong rear-guard, were sure tokens that every regiment had been employed in the attack, and it was soon discovered by the Confederate soldiers that these regiments were old opponents of the Valley army. The men who had surprised and outflanked Jackson's old division were the same men that had been surprised at Front Royal and outflanked at Winchester. But Banks' army corps formed only a third part of Pope's army. Sigel and McDowell were still to be accounted for.

It was possible, however, that no more formidable enemies than the troops already defeated would be found between Cedar Run and Culpeper, and Jackson, intent upon securing that strategic point before morning,⁽¹⁾ pushed steadily forward. Of the seven miles that intervened between the battle-field and the Court House only one-and-a-half had been passed, when the scouts brought information that the enemy was in position a few hundred yards to the front. A battery was immediately sent forward to develop the situation. The moon was full, and on the far side of the glade where the advanced-guard, acting under Jackson's orders, had halted and deployed, a strong line of fire marked the hostile front. Once more the woodland avenues reverberated to the crash of musketry, and when the guns opened a portion of the Federal line was seen flying in disorder. Pope himself had arrived upon the scene, but surprised by the sudden salvo of Jackson's guns, he was constrained to do what he had never done in the West—to turn his back upon the enemy, and seek a safer position. Yet despite the disappearance of the staff the Union artillery made a vigorous reply. Two batteries, hidden by the timber, concentrated on the four guns of the advanced-guard, and about the same moment the Confederate cavalry on the extreme right reported that they had captured prisoners belonging to Sigel's army corps. 'Believing it imprudent,' says Jackson, 'to continue to move forward during the darkness, I ordered a halt for the night.'

Further information appears to have come to hand after midnight; and early the next morning General Stuart, who had arrived on a tour of inspection, having been placed in charge of the cavalry, ascertained beyond all question that the greater part of Pope's army had come up. The Confederates were ordered to withdraw, and before noon nearly the whole force had regained their old position on Cedar Run. They were not followed, save by the Federal cavalry; and for two days they remained in position, ready to receive attack. The enemy, however, gave no sign of aggressive intentions.

On the morning of the 11th a flag of truce was received, and Pope was permitted to bury the dead which had not already been interred. The same night, his wounded, his prisoners, and the captured arms having already been removed, Jackson returned to his

old camps near Gordonsville. His position on Cedar Run, tactically strong, was strategically unsound. The intelligence he had obtained was substantially correct. With the exception of five regiments of McDowell's cavalry, only Banks' army corps had been engaged at Cedar Run. But during the evening both Sigel and McDowell had reached the field, and it was their troops which had checked the Confederate pursuit. In fact, on the morning of the 10th, Pope, besides 5,000 cavalry, had 22,000 fresh troops in addition to those which had been defeated, and which he estimated at 5,000 effectives, wherewith to bar the way to Culpeper. McDowell's second division, 10,000 strong, on the march from Fredericksburg, was not more than twenty miles east of Slaughter Mountain.

In front, therefore, Jackson was confronted by superior numbers. At the least estimate, 32,000 men were posted beyond Cedar Run, and 10,000 under King were coming up from Fredericksburg. Nor was a preponderance of numbers the only obstacle with which Jackson had to deal. A direct attack on Pope was impossible, but a turning movement, by way of James City, might have found him unprepared, or a swift advance might have crushed King. But for the execution of either manoeuvre a large force of cavalry was absolutely essential. By this means alone could the march be concealed and a surprise effected. In view, however, of the superior strength of the Federal horsemen such a project was unfeasible, and retreat was manifestly the only alternative. Nevertheless, it was not till he was assured that no further opportunity would be given him that Jackson evacuated his position. For two days he remained on Cedar Run, within two miles of the Federal outposts, defying his enemy to battle. If an attack on the Federals promised nothing but defeat, it was not so sure that Pope with 27,000 infantry, of whom a considerable number had just tasted defeat, would be able to oust Jackson with 22,000 from a position <100>which the latter had selected; and it was not till King's approach gave the Federals an overwhelming superiority that the Confederates withdrew behind the Rapidan.

With sublime audacity, as soon as his enemy had disappeared, Pope claimed the battle of Cedar Run as a Federal success. Carried away by enthusiasm he ventured to forecast the future. 'It is safe to predict,' he declared in a general order, 'that this is only the first of a series of victories which shall make the Army of Virginia famous in the land.' That such language, however, was the natural result of intense relief at Jackson's retreat may be inferred from his telegrams, which, unfortunately for his reputation, have been preserved in the archives of Washington. Nor was his attitude on the 10th and 11th that of a victorious commander. For two days he never stirred from his position. He informed Halleck that the enemy was in very superior force, that Stuart and Longstreet had joined Jackson, and while the Confederates were withdrawing he was telegraphing that he would certainly be attacked the next morning.

Halleck's reply to Pope's final dispatch, which congratulated the defeated army corps on a 'hard-earned but brilliant success,' must have astonished Banks and his hapless troops. They might indeed be fairly considered to have 'covered themselves with glory.' (1) 9,000 men, of which only 7,000 were infantry, had given an enemy of more than double their strength a hard fight. They had broken some of the best troops in the Confederate army, under their most famous leader; and if they had been overwhelmed by numbers, they had at least fought to the last man. Jackson himself bore witness to the vigour of their onslaught, to their 'temporary triumph,' and to the 'impetuous valour' of their cavalry. The Federal defeat was more honourable than many victories. But that it was a crushing defeat can hardly be disputed. The two divisions which had been engaged were completely

shattered, and Pope reported that they were no longer fit for service. The casualties amongst the infantry amounted to a third <101>of the total strength. Of the brigade that had driven in the Confederate left the 28th New York lost the whole of its company officers; the 5th Connecticut 17 officers out of 20, and the 10th Maine had 170 killed or wounded. In two brigades nearly every field-officer and every adjutant was struck down. The 2nd Massachusetts, employed in the last effort to hold back Jackson's counterstroke, lost 16 officers out of 23, and 147 men out of 451. The Ohio regiments, which had been with Shields at Kernstown and Port Republic, and had crossed Cedar Run opposite the Confederate centre, were handled even more roughly. The 5th lost 118 men out of 275, the 7th 10 officers out of 14, and 170 men out of 293. Two generals were wounded and one captured. 400 prisoners, three stand of colours, 5,000 rifles and one gun were taken by the Southerners, and, including those suffered by Sigel and McDowell in the night action, the sum of losses reached 2,380. The Confederates by no means came off scatheless. General Winder died upon the field, and the two brigades that stood the brunt of the attack, together with Early's, suffered heavily. But the number of killed and wounded amounted to no more than 1,314, and many of the brigades had few losses to report. The spirit of the Valley troops was hardly to be tamed by such punishment as this. Nevertheless, Northern historians have not hesitated to rank Cedar Run as a battle unfavourable to the Confederates. Swinton declares that Jackson undertook the pursuit of Banks, '*under the impression* that he had gained a victory.' (1) Southern writers, on the other hand, have classed Cedar Run amongst the most brilliant achievements of the war, and an unbiased investigation goes far to support their view.

During the first week in August Jackson, protecting the Virginia Central Railroad, was confronted by a much superior force. He could expect no further reinforcements, <102>for McClellan was still near Richmond, and according to the latest information was actually advancing. On the 7th he heard that Pope also was moving forward from Hazel Run, and had pushed a portion of his army as far as Culpeper. In face of the overwhelming strength of the Federal cavalry it was impossible, if he occupied a defensive position, that he could protect the railroad; for while their infantry and artillery held him in front, their swarming squadrons would operate at their leisure on either flank. Nor could a defensive position have been long maintained. There were no natural obstacles, neither river nor mountains, to protect Jackson's flanks; and the railroad—his line of supply—would have been parallel to his front. In a vigorous offensive, then, should opportunity offer, lay his best chance of success. That opportunity was offered by the unsupported advance of the Federal detachment under Banks. It is true that Jackson hoped to achieve more than the defeat of this comparatively small force. If he could have seized Culpeper he might have been able to deal with Pope's army in detail; he saw before him another Valley campaign, and he was fully justified in believing that victory on the Rapidan would bring McClellan back to Washington.

His anticipations were not altogether realised. He crushed the detachment immediately opposed to him, but he failed to seize Culpeper, and McClellan had already been ordered, although this was unknown to the Confederates, to evacuate the Peninsula. But it cannot be fairly said that his enterprise was therefore useless. Strategically it was a fine conception. The audacity of his manoeuvre was not the least of its merits. For an army of 24,000 men, weak in cavalry, to advance against an army of 47,000, including 5,000 horsemen, was the very height of daring. But it was the daring of profound calculation. As

it was, Jackson ran little risk. He succeeded in his immediate object. He crushed Pope's advanced-guard, and he retreated unmolested, bearing with him the prisoners, the colours, and the arms which he had captured. If he did not succeed in occupying Culpeper, it was not his fault. Fortune was against <103>him. On the very day that he had moved forward Pope had done the same. Banks and McDowell were at Culpeper on the 8th, and Sigel received orders to move the same day.

Nevertheless the expedition was far from barren in result. If Jackson failed to defeat Pope altogether, he at least 'sing'd his beard.' It was well worth the loss of 1,300 men to have destroyed two whole divisions under the very eyes of the general commanding a superior army. A few days later Pope was to feel the want of these gallant regiments, (1) and the confidence of his troops in their commander was much shaken. Moreover, the blow was felt at Washington. There was no more talk of occupying Gordonsville. Pope was still full of ardour. But Halleck forbade him to advance further than the Rapidan, where Burnside would reinforce him; and McClellan was ordered to hasten the departure of his troops from the Peninsula.

Jackson's tactics have been criticised as severely as his strategy. Because his first line was broken it is asserted that he narrowly escaped a serious defeat, and that had the two forces been equally matched Banks would have won a decisive victory. This is hardly sound criticism. In the first place, Jackson was perfectly well aware that the two forces were not equally matched. If he had had no more men than Banks, would he have disposed his forces as he did? He would scarcely have occupied the same extent of ground with 9,000 men that he did with 20,000. His actual front, when Banks attacked, was two miles long. With smaller numbers he would have occupied a smaller front, and would have retained a sufficient force in reserve. In the second place, it is generally possible for an inferior force, if it puts every man into the fighting-line, to win some measure of success. But such success, as was shown at Kernstown, can seldom be more than temporary; and if the enemy makes good use of his reserves must end in defeat. <104>

So far from Jackson's tactics being indifferent, it is very easy to show that they were exactly the contrary. Immediately he came upon the field he sent Ewell to occupy Slaughter Mountain, a mile distant from his line of march; and the huge hill, with batteries planted on its commanding terraces, not only secured his flank, but formed a strong pivot for his attack on the Federal right. The preliminary operations were conducted with due deliberation. There was no rushing forward to the attack while the enemy's strength was still uncertain. The ridge occupied by the enemy, so far as possible, was thoroughly reconnoitred, and every rifled gun was at once brought up. The artillery positions were well selected, for, notwithstanding their superiority of ordnance, the Federal batteries suffered far more heavily than the Confederates. The one weak point was the extreme left, and to this point Jackson in person directed the attention of his subordinates. 'Had reinforcements,' says Colonel Garnett, who commanded the troops that first gave way, 'momentarily expected, arrived ten minutes sooner no disaster would have happened.' (1) That the point was not strengthened, that the Stonewall Brigade was not posted in second line behind the 1st Virginia, and that only a staff officer and an orderly were sent to patrol the forest to the westward, instead of several companies of infantry, was in no way due to the general-in-chief.

Nor was the position of A. P. Hill's division, which, in conjunction with the Stonewall

Brigade, averted the disaster and won the victory, a fortuitous circumstance. Before the attack began it had been directed to this point, and the strong counterstroke which was made by these fresh troops was exactly the manoeuvre which the situation demanded. At the time it was ordered the Confederate left and centre were hard pressed. The Stonewall Brigade had checked the troops which had issued from the forest, but the whole Confederate line was shaken. The normal, though less brilliant, course would have been to have re-established the front, and not <105>till that had been done to have ventured on the counter-stroke. Jackson, with that quick intuition which is possessed by few, saw and seized his opportunity while the Federals were still pressing the attack. One of Hill's brigades was sent to support the centre, and, almost in the same breath, six others, a mass of 7,000 or 8,000 men, were ordered to attack the enemy's right, to outflank it, and to roll back his whole line upon Ewell, who was instructed at the same moment to outflank the left. Notwithstanding some delay in execution, Ewell's inability to advance, and the charge of the Federal cavalry, this vigorous blow changed the whole aspect of the battle within a short half-hour. Conceived in a moment, in the midst of wild excitement and fierce tumult, delivered with all the strength available, it cannot be judged otherwise than as the mark of a great captain. Few battles, indeed, bear the impress of a single personality more clearly than Cedar Run. From the first cannon-shot of the advanced-guard until the last volley in the midnight forest, one will direct every movement. The field was no small one. The fight was full of startling changes. It was no methodical conflict, but a fierce struggle at close quarters, the lines swaying to and fro, and the ground covered with confused masses of men and guns, with flying batteries and broken regiments. But the turmoil of battle found a master. The strong brain was never clearer than when the storm raged most fiercely. Wherever his presence was most needed there Jackson was seen, rallying the fugitives, reinforcing the centre, directing the counterstroke, and leading the pursuit. And he was well supported. His subordinate generals carried out their orders to the letter. But every order which bore upon the issue of the battle came from the lips of one man.

If Northern writers have overlooked the skill with which Jackson controlled the fight, they have at the same time misunderstood his action two days later. His retreat to Gordonsville has been represented as a flight. He is said to have abandoned many wounded and stragglers, and to have barely saved his baggage. In all this there is not one word <106>of truth. We have, indeed, the report of the Federal officer who conducted the pursuit. 'The flight of the enemy after Saturday's fight was most precipitate and in great confusion. His old camp was strewn with dead men, horses, and arms A good many (Federal) prisoners, wounded in Saturday's fight, were found almost abandoned. Major Andrews, chief of artillery to General Jackson, was found, badly wounded, at Crooked Run, in charge of an assistant surgeon.' It is hardly necessary to say that General Buford, the officer thus reporting, had not been present at the battle. He had been cut off with his four regiments by the advance of the Confederate cavalry, and had retired on Sperryville. He may accordingly be excused for imagining that a retreat which had been postponed for two days was precipitate. But dead men, dead horses, and old arms which the Confederates had probably exchanged for those which were captured, several wounded Federals, who had been prisoners in the enemy's hands, and one wounded Confederate, a major of horse-artillery and not a staff-officer at all, are hardly evidences of undue haste or great confusion. Moreover, in the list of Confederate casualties only thirty-one men

were put down as missing.

It is true that Jackson need not have retreated so far as Gordonsville. He might have halted behind the Rapidan, where the bluffs on the south bank overlook the level country to the north. But Jackson's manoeuvres, whether in advance or retreat, were invariably actuated by some definite purpose, and what that purpose was he explains in his dispatches.⁽¹⁾ 'I remained in position until the night of the 11th, when I returned to the vicinity of Gordonsville, in order to avoid being attacked by the vastly superior force in front of me, *and with the hope that by thus falling back, General Pope would be induced to follow me until I should be reinforced.*' That Pope, had he been left to his own judgment, would have crossed the Rapidan is certain. 'The enemy,' he reported, 'has retreated to Gordons-ville I shall move forward on Louisa Court House as soon as Burnside arrives.' He was restrained, however, <107>by the more wary Halleck. 'Beware of a snare,' wrote the Commander-in-Chief. 'Feigned retreats are "Secesh" tactics.' How wise was this warning, and what would have been the fate of Pope had he recklessly crossed the Rapidan, the next chapter will reveal.

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XVI—Groveton And The Second Manassas

<108>

DURING the summer of 1862 the stirring events in the Western hemisphere attracted universal attention. All eyes were fixed on Richmond. The fierce fighting on the Chickahominy, and the defeat of the invaders, excited Europe hardly less than it did the North. The weekly mails were eagerly awaited. The newspapers devoted many columns to narrative, criticism, and prediction. The strategy and tactics of the rival armies were everywhere discussed, and the fact that almost every single item of intelligence came from a Northern source served only as a whet to curiosity. The vast territory controlled by the Confederacy was so completely cut off from the outer world that an atmosphere of mystery enveloped the efforts of the defence. 'The Southern States,' it has been said, 'stood in the attitude of a beleaguered fortress. The war was in truth a great siege; the fortress covered an area of more than 700,000 square miles, and the lines of investment around it extended over more than 10,000 miles.' Within the circle of Federal cannon and Federal cruisers only the imagination could penetrate. At rare intervals some daring blockade-runner brought a budget of Southern newspapers, or an enterprising correspondent succeeded in transmitting a dispatch from Richmond. But such glimpses of the situation within the cordon did little more than tantalise. The news was generally belated, and had often been long discounted by more recent events. Still, from Northern sources alone, it was abundantly clear that the weaker of the two belligerents was making a splendid struggle. Great names and great achievements loomed large through <109>the darkness. The war at the outset, waged by ill-trained and ill-disciplined volunteers, commanded by officers unknown to fame, had attracted small notice from professional soldiers. After the Seven Days' battles it assumed a new aspect. The men, despite their shortcomings, had displayed undeniable courage, and the strategy which had relieved Richmond recalled the master-strokes of Napoleon. It was evident that the Southern army was led by men of brilliant ability, and the names of Lee's lieutenants were on every tongue. Foremost amongst these was Stonewall Jackson. Even the Northern newspapers made no scruple of expressing their admiration, and the dispatches of their own generals gave them constant opportunities of expatiating on his skill. During the first weeks of August, the reports from the front, whether from Winchester, from Fredericksburg, or from the Peninsula, betrayed the fear and uneasiness he inspired. The overthrow of Pope's advanced-guard at Cedar Run, followed by the unaccountable disappearance of the victorious army, was of a piece with the manoeuvres in the Valley. What did this disappearance portend? Whither had the man of mystery betaken himself? Where would the next blow fall? 'I don't like Jackson's movements,' wrote McClellan to Halleck; 'he will suddenly appear when least expected.' This misgiving found many echoes. While Jackson was operating against Pope, McClellan had successfully completed the evacuation of Harrison's Landing. Embarking his sick, he marched his five army corps to Fortress Monroe, observed by Lee's patrols, but otherwise unmolested. The quiescence of the Confederates, however, brought no relief to the North. Stocks fell fast, and the premium on gold rose to sixteen per cent. For some days not a shot had been fired along the Rapidan. Pope's army rested in its camps. Jackson had completely vanished. But the silence at the front was not considered a reassuring symptom.

If the Confederates had allowed McClellan to escape, it was very generally felt that they had done so only because they were preparing to crush Pope before he could be reinforced. <110>'It is the fear of this operation,' wrote the *Times* Special Correspondent in the Northern States, 'conducted by the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson, that has filled New York with uneasy forebodings. Wall Street does not ardently believe in the present good fortune or the future prospects of the Republic.' (1)

Neither the knowledge which McClellan possessed of his old West Point comrade, nor the instinct of the financiers, proved misleading. Jackson had already made his plans. Even before he had lured Pope forward to the Rapidan he had begun to plot his downfall. 'When we were marching back from Cedar Run,' writes Major Hotchkiss, 'and had passed Orange Court House on our way to Gordonsville, the general, who was riding in front of the staff, beckoned me to his side. He at once entered into conversation, and said that as soon as we got back to camp he wished me to prepare maps of the whole country between Gordonsville and Washington, adding that he required several copies—I think five. This was about noon on Sunday, and as we were near camp I asked him if the map was to be begun immediately, knowing his great antipathy to doing anything on Sunday which was not a work of necessity. He replied that it was important to have it done at once.' (2) The next day, August 14, the exact position of the Federal army was ascertained. The camps were north and east of Slaughter Mountain, and Jackson instructed Captain Boswell, his chief engineer, who had lived in the neighbourhood, to report on the best means of turning the enemy's left flank and reaching Warrenton, thus intervening between Pope and Washington, or between Pope and Aquia Creek. The line of march recommended by Boswell led through Orange Court House to Pisgah Church, and crossing the Rapidan at Somerville Ford, ran by Lime Church and Stevensburg to Brandy Station.

On the night of the 15th, after two days' rest, the three divisions moved from Gordonsville to Pisgah Church, and there halted to await reinforcements. <111>These were already on their way. On the 13th General Lee had learned that Burnside, who had already left the Peninsula for Aquia Creek on the Potomac, was preparing to join Pope, and it was reported by a deserter that part of McClellan's army had embarked on the transports at Harrison's Landing. Inferring that the enemy had relinquished all active operations in the Peninsula, and that Pope would soon be reinforced by the Army of the Potomac, Lee resolved to take the offensive without delay. The campaign which Jackson had suggested more than a month before, when McClellan was still reeling under the effects of his defeat, and Pope's army was not yet organised, was now to be begun. The same evening the railway conveyed Longstreet's advanced brigade to Gordonsville, and with the exception of D. H. Hill's and McLaws' divisions, which remained to watch McClellan, the whole army followed.

On the 15th Lee met his generals in council. The map drawn by Captain Hotchkiss was produced, and the manoeuvre which had suggested itself to Jackson was definitely ordered by the Commander-in-Chief. The Valley army, at dawn on the 18th, was to cross the Rapidan at Somerville Ford. Longstreet, preceded by Stuart, who was to cut the Federal communications in rear of Culpeper Court House, was to make the passage at Raccoon Ford. Jackson's cavalry was to cover the left and front, and Anderson's division was to form a general reserve. The movement was intended to be speedy. Only ambulances and ammunition waggons were to follow the troops. Baggage and supply trains were to be parked on the south side of the Rapidan, and the men were to carry three

days' cooked rations in their haversacks.

On Clark's Mountain, a high hill near Pisgah Church, Jackson had established a signal station. The view from the summit embraced an extensive landscape. The ravages of war had not yet effaced its tranquil beauty, nor had the names of its bright rivers and thriving villages become household words. It was still unknown to history, a peaceful and pastoral district, remote from the beaten <112>tracks of trade and travel, and inhabited by a quiet and industrious people. To-day there are few regions which boast sterner or more heroic memories. To the right, rolling away in light and shadow for a score of miles, is the great forest of Spotsylvania, within whose gloomy depths lie the fields of Chancellorsville; where the breastworks of the Wilderness can still be traced; and on the eastern verge of which stand the grass-grown batteries of Fredericksburg. Northward, beyond the woods which hide the Rapidan, the eye ranges over the wide and fertile plains of Culpeper, with the green crest of Slaughter Mountain overlooking Cedar Run, and the dim levels of Brandy Station, the scene of the great cavalry battle, (1) just visible beyond. Far away to the north-east the faint outline of a range of hills marks the source of Bull Run and the Manassas plateau, and to the west, the long rampart of the Blue Ridge, softened by distance, stands high above the Virginia plains.

On the afternoon of August 17, Pope's forces seemed doomed to inevitable destruction. The Confederate army, ready to advance the next morning, was concentrated behind Clark's Mountain, and Lee and Jackson, looking toward Culpeper, saw the promise of victory in the careless attitude of the enemy. The day was hot and still. Round the base of Slaughter Mountain, fifteen miles northward, clustered many thousands of tents, and the blue smoke of the camp-fires rose straight and thin in the sultry air. Regiments of infantry, just discernible through the glare, were marching and countermarching in various directions, and long waggon-trains were creeping slowly along the dusty roads. Near at hand, rising above the tree-tops, the Union colours showed that the outposts still held the river, and the flash of steel at the end of some woodland vista betrayed the presence of scouting party or vedette. But there were no symptoms of unusual excitement, no sign of working parties, of reinforcements for the advanced posts, of the construction of earthworks or abattis. Pope's camps were scattered over a wide tract of <113>country, his cavalry was idle, and it seemed absolutely certain that he was unconscious of the near neighbourhood of the Confederate army.

The inference was correct. The march to Pisgah Church had escaped notice. The Federals were unaware that Lee had arrived at Gordonsville, and they had as yet no reason to believe that there was the smallest danger of attack.

Between Raccoon and Locustdale fords, and stretching back to Culpeper Court House, 52,500 men—for Reno, with two divisions of Burnside's army, 8,000 strong, had arrived from Fredericksburg—were in camp and bivouac. The front was protected by a river nearly a hundred yards wide, of which every crossing was held by a detachment, and Pope had reported that his position was so strong that it would be difficult to drive him from it. But he had not made sufficient allowance for the energy and ability of the Confederate leaders. His situation, in reality, was one of extreme danger. In ordering Pope to the Rapidan, and bidding him 'fight like the devil' (1) until McClellan should come up, Halleck made the same fatal error as Stanton, when he sent Shields up the Luray Valley in pursuit of Jackson. He had put an inferior force within reach of an enemy who held the interior lines, and had ordered two armies, separated by several marches, to effect their

concentration under the fire of the enemy's guns. And if Pope's strategical position was bad, his tactical position was even worse. His left, covering Raccoon and Somerville Fords, was very weak. The main body of his army was massed on the opposite flank, several miles distant, astride the direct road from Gordonsville to Culpeper Court House, and he remained without the least idea, so late as the morning of the 18th, that the whole Confederate army was concentrated behind Clark's Mountain, within six miles of his most vulnerable point. Aware that Jackson was based on Gordonsville, he seems to have been convinced that if he advanced at all, he would advance directly on Culpeper Court House; <114>and the move to Pisgah Church, which left Gordonsville unprotected, never entered into his calculations. A sudden attack against his left was the last contingency that he anticipated; and had the Confederates moved as Lee intended, there can be no question but that the Federal army, deprived of all supplies, cut off from Washington, and forced to fight on ground where it was unprepared, would have been disastrously defeated.

But it was not to be. The design was thwarted by one of those petty accidents which play so large a part in war. Stuart had been instructed to lead the advance. The only brigade at his disposal had not yet come up into line, but a message had been sent to appoint a rendezvous, and it was expected to reach Verdiersville, five miles from Raccoon Ford, on the night of the 17th. Stuart's message, however, was not sufficiently explicit. Nothing was said of the exigencies of the situation; and the brigadier, General Fitzhugh Lee, not realising the importance of reaching Verdiersville on the 17th, marched by a circuitous route in order to replenish his supplies. At nightfall he was still absent, and the omission of a few words in a simple order cost the Confederates dear. Moreover, Stuart himself, who had ridden to Verdiersville with a small escort, narrowly escaped capture. His plumed hat, with which the whole army was familiar, as well as his adjutant-general and his dispatch-box, fell into the hands of a Federal reconnoitring party; and among the papers brought to Pope was found a letter from General Lee, disclosing the fact that Jackson had been strongly reinforced.

In consequence of the absence of Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, the movement was postponed until the morning of the 20th. The Commander-in-Chief was of opinion that the horses, exhausted by their long march, would require some rest before they were fit for the hard work he proposed for them. Jackson, for once in opposition, urged that the movement should go forward. His signal officer on Clark's Mountain reported that the enemy was quiet, and even extending his right up stream. The location of the Federal divisions had been already ascertained. The <115>cavalry was not required to get information. There was no need, therefore, to wait till Fitzhugh Lee's brigade was fit for movement. Jackson had, with his own command, a sufficient number of squadrons to protect the front and flanks of the whole army; and the main object was not to cut the enemy's communications, but to turn his left and annihilate him. Pope was still isolated, still unconscious of his danger, and the opportunity might never return.

The suggestion, however, was overruled, and 'it was fortunate,' says one of Pope's generals, 'that Jackson was not in command of the Confederates on the night of August 17; for the superior force of the enemy must have overwhelmed us, if we could not have escaped, and escape on that night was impossible.' (1)

It is probable, however, that other causes induced General Lee to hold his hand. There is good reason to believe that it was not only the cavalry that was unprepared. The movement from Richmond had been rapid, and both vehicles and supplies had been

delayed. Nor were all the generals so avaricious of time as Jackson. It was impossible, it was urged, to move without some food in the waggons. Jackson replied that the enemy had a large magazine at Brandy Station, which might easily be captured, and that the intervening district promised an abundance of ripening corn and green apples. It was decided, however, that such fare, on which, it may be said, the Confederates learned afterwards to subsist for many days in succession, was too meagre for the work in hand. Jackson, runs the story, groaned so audibly when Lee pronounced in favour of postponement, that Longstreet called the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to his apparent disrespect.

Be this as it may, had it been possible to adopt Jackson's advice, the Federal army would have been caught in the execution of a difficult manoeuvre. On the morning of the 18th, about the very hour that the advance should have begun, Pope was informed by a spy that the Confederate army was assembled behind Clark's Mountain <116>and the neighbouring hills; that the artillery horses were harnessed, and that the troops were momentarily expecting orders to cross the river and strike his rear. He at once made preparations for retreat. The trains moved off to seek shelter behind the Rappahannock, and the army followed, leaving the cavalry in position, and marching as follows :—

Reno by Stevensburg to Kelly's Ford.

Banks and McDowell by Culpeper Court House and Brandy Station to the Rappahannock railway bridge.

Sigel by Rixeyville to Sulphur Springs.

The march was slow and halts were frequent. The long lines of waggons blocked every road, and on the morning of August 19 the troops were still at some distance from the Rappahannock, in neither condition nor formation to resist a resolute attack.

The movement, however, was not discovered by the Confederates until it had been more than four-and-twenty hours in progress. General Lee, on August 19, had taken his stand on Clark's Mountain, but the weather was unfavourable for observation. Late in the afternoon the haze lifted, and almost at the same moment the remaining tents of the Federal army, fifteen miles away to the north-west, suddenly vanished from the landscape, and great clouds of dust, rising high above the woods, left it no longer doubtful that Pope had taken the alarm. It was too late to interfere, and the sun set on an army baffled of its prey. In the Confederate councils there was some dismay, among the troops much heart-burning. Every hour that was wasted brought nearer the junction of Pope and McClellan, and the soldiers were well aware that a most promising opportunity, which it was worth while living on green corn and apples to secure, had been allowed to slip. Nevertheless, the pursuit was prompt. By the light of the rising moon the advanced-guards plunged thigh-deep into the clear waters of the Rapidan, and the whole army crossed by Raccoon and Somerville Fords. Stuart, with Robertson's and Fitzhugh Lee's brigades, pressed forward on the traces <117>of the retreating foe. Near Brandy Station the Federal cavalry made a stubborn stand. The Confederates, covering a wide front, had become separated. Robertson had marched through Stevensburg, Fitzhugh Lee on Kelly's Ford, an interval of six miles dividing the two brigades; and when Robertson was met by Bayard's squadrons, holding a skirt of woods with dismounted men, it was several hours before a sufficient force could be assembled to force the road. Towards evening two of Fitzhugh Lee's regiments came up, and the Confederates were now concentrated in

superior numbers. A series of vigorous charges, delivered by successive regiments on a front of fours, for the horsemen were confined to the road, hurried the retreating Federals across the Rappahannock; but the presence of infantry and guns near the railway bridge placed an effective barrier in the way of further pursuit. Before nightfall Jackson's advanced-guard reached Brandy Station, after a march of twenty miles, and Longstreet bivouacked near Kelly's Ford.

The Rappahannock, a broad and rapid stream, with banks high and well-timbered, now rolled between the hostile armies. Pope, by his timely retreat, had gained a position where he could be readily reinforced, and although the river, in consequence of the long drought, had much dwindled from its usual volume, his front was perfectly secure.

The situation with which the Confederate commander had now to deal was beset by difficulties. The delay from August 18 to August 20 had been most unfortunate. The Federals were actually nearer Richmond than the Army of Northern Virginia, and if McClellan, landing as Burnside had done at Aquia Creek, were to move due south through Fredericksburg, he would find the capital but feebly garrisoned. It was more probable, however, that he would reinforce Pope, and Lee held fast to his idea of crushing his enemies in detail. Aquia Creek was only thirty-five miles' march from the Rappahannock, but the disembarkation with horses, trains, and artillery must needs be a lengthy process, and it might still be possible, by skilful and swift manoeuvres, to redeem the time which had been already lost. But the Federal position was very strong. Early on the 21st it was ascertained that Pope's whole army was massed on the left bank of the Rappahannock, extending from Kelly's Ford to Hazel Run, and that a powerful artillery crowned the commanding bluffs. To turn the line of the river from the south was hardly practicable. The Federal cavalry was vigilant, and Pope would have quietly fallen back on Washington. A turning movement from the north was more promising, and during the day Stuart, supported by Jackson, made vigorous efforts to find a passage across the river. Covered by a heavy fire of artillery, the squadrons drove in a regiment and a battery holding Beverley Ford, and spread their patrols over the country on the left bank. It was soon evident, however, that the ground was unsuitable for attack, and Stuart, menaced by a strong force of infantry, withdrew his troopers across the stream. Nothing further was attempted. Jackson went into bivouac near St. James's Church, and Longstreet closed in upon his right.

The next morning, in accordance with Lee's orders to 'seek a more favourable place to cross higher up the river, and thus gain the enemy's right,' Jackson, still preceded by Stuart, and concealing his march as far as possible in the woods, moved towards the fords near Warrenton Springs. Longstreet, meanwhile, marched towards the bridge at Rappahannock Station, where the enemy had established a *tête-de-pont*, and bringing his guns into action at every opportunity, made brisk demonstrations along the river.

Late in the afternoon, after an attack on his rear-guard at Welford's Mill had been repulsed by Trimble, reinforced by Hood, Jackson, under a lowering sky, reached the ruined bridge at the Sulphur Springs. Only a few of the enemy's cavalry had been descried, and he at once made preparations to effect the passage of the Rappahannock. The 13th Georgia dashed through the ford, and occupied the cottages of the little watering-place. Early's brigade and two batteries crossed by an old mill-dam, a mile below, and took post on the ridge beyond. But heavy rain had begun to fall; the night was closing in; and the river, swollen by the storms in the mountains, was already

rising. The difficulties of the passage increased every moment, and the main body of the Valley army was ordered into bivouac on the western bank. It was not, however, the darkness of the ford or the precarious footing of the mill-dam that held Jackson back from reinforcing his advanced-guard, but the knowledge that these dangerous roadways would soon be submerged by a raging torrent. Early was, indeed, in peril, but it was better that one brigade should take its chance of escape than that one half the column should be cut off from the remainder. Next morning the pioneers were ordered to repair the bridge, while Longstreet, feinting strongly against the *tête-de-pont*, gave Pope occupation. Early's troops, under cover of the woods, moved northward to the protection of a creek named Great Run, and although the Federal cavalry kept close watch upon him, no attack was made till nightfall. This was easily beaten back; and Jackson, anxious to keep the attention of the enemy fixed on this point, sent over another brigade. At dawn on the 24th, however, as the Federals were reported to be advancing in force, the detachment was brought back to the Confederate bank. The men had been for two days and a night without food or shelter. It was in vain that Early, after the bridge had been restored, had requested to be withdrawn. Jackson sent Lawton to reinforce him with the curt message: 'Tell General Early to hold his position;' and although the generals grumbled at their isolation, Pope was effectually deluded into the conviction that a serious attack had been repulsed, and that no further attempt to turn his right was to be immediately apprehended. The significance of Jackson's action will be seen hereafter.

While Jackson was thus mystifying the enemy, both Longstreet and Stuart had been hard at work. The former, after an artillery contest of several hours' duration, had driven the enemy from his *tête-de-pont* on the railway, and had burnt the bridge. The latter, on the morning of the <120>22nd, had moved northward with the whole of the cavalry, except two regiments, and had ridden round the Federal right. Crossing the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge and Hart's Mills, he marched eastward without meeting a single hostile scout, and as evening fell the column of 1,500 men and two pieces of artillery clattered into Warrenton. The troopers dismounted in the streets. The horses were fed and watered, and while the officers amused themselves by registering their names, embellished with fantastic titles, at the hotel, Stuart's staff, questioning the throng of women and old men, elicited important information. None of the enemy's cavalry had been seen in the vicinity for some days, and Pope's supply trains were parked at Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railway, ten miles south-east. After an hour's rest the force moved on, and passing through Auburn village was caught by the same storm that had cut off Early. The narrow roads became running streams, and the creeks which crossed the line of march soon rose to the horses' withers. But this was the very condition of the elements most favourable for the enterprise. The enemy's vedettes and patrols, sheltering from the fury of the storm, were captured, one after another, by the advanced-guard, and the two brigades arrived at Catlett's Station without the Federals receiving the least notice of their approach.

A moment's halt, a short consultation, a silent movement forward, and the astonished sentinels were overpowered. Beyond were the encampments and the trains, guarded by 1,500 infantry and 500 horsemen. The night was dark—the darkest, said Stuart, that he had ever known. Without a guide concerted action seemed impossible. The rain still fell in torrents, and the raiders, soaked to the skin, could only grope aimlessly in the gloom. But just at this moment a negro was captured who recognised Stuart, and who knew where

Pope's baggage and horses were to be found. He was told to lead the way, and Colonel W. H. F. Lee, a son of the Commander-in-Chief, was ordered to follow with his regiment. The guide <121>led the column towards the headquarter tents. 'Then there mingled with the noise of the rain upon the canvas and the roar of the wind in the forest the rushing sound of many horsemen, of loud voices, and clashing sabres.' One of Pope's staff officers, together with the uniform and horses of the Federal commander, his treasure chest, and his personal effects, fell into the hands of the Confederates, and the greater part of the enemy's troops, suddenly alarmed in the deep darkness, dispersed into the woods. Another camp was quickly looted, and the 1st and 5th Virginia Cavalry were sent across the railway, riding without accident, notwithstanding the darkness, over a high embankment with deep ditches on either side. But the Federal guards had now rallied under cover, and the attack on the railway waggons had to be abandoned. Another party had taken in hand the main object of the expedition, the destruction of the railway bridge over Cedar Run. The force which should have defended it was surprised and scattered. The timbers, however, were by this time thoroughly saturated, and only a few axes had been discovered. Some Federal skirmishers maintained a heavy fire from the opposite bank, and it was impossible to complete the work. The telegraph was more easily dealt with; and shortly before daylight on the 23rd, carrying with him 300 prisoners, including many officers, Stuart withdrew by the light of the blazing camp, and after a march of sixty miles in six-and-twenty hours, reached the Sulphur Springs before evening.

The most important result of this raid was the capture of Pope's dispatch book, containing most detailed information as to his strength, dispositions, and designs; referring to the reinforcements he expected, and disclosing his belief that the line of the Rappahannock was no longer tenable. But the enterprise had an indirect effect upon the enemy's calculations, which was not without bearing on the campaign. Pope believed that Stuart's advance on Catlett's Station had been made in connection with Jackson's attempt to cross at Sulphur Springs; and the retreat of the cavalry, combined with that of Early, seemed <122>to indicate that the movement to turn his right had been definitely abandoned.

The Federal commander was soon to be undeceived. Thrice had General Lee been balked. The enemy, who should have been annihilated on August 19, had gained six days' respite. On the 20th he had placed himself behind the Rappahannock. On the 22nd the rising waters forbade Jackson's passage at the Sulphur Springs; and now, on the afternoon of the 24th, the situation was still unchanged. Disregarding Longstreet's demonstrations, Pope had marched northward, keeping pace with Jackson, and his whole force was concentrated on the great road which runs from the Sulphur Springs through Warrenton and Gainesville to Washington and Alexandria. He had answered move by countermove. Hitherto, except in permitting Early to re-cross the river, he had made no mistake, and he had gained time. He had marched over thirty miles, and executed complicated manoeuvres, without offering the Confederates an opening. His position near the Sulphur Springs was as strong as that which he had left on the lower reaches near the railway bridge. Moreover, the correspondence in his dispatch book disclosed the fact that a portion at least of McClellan's army had landed at Aquia Creek, and was marching to Bealtown; (1) that a strong force, drawn from the Kanawha Valley and elsewhere, was assembling at Washington; and that 150,000 men might be concentrated within a few days on the Rappahannock. Lee, on learning McClellan's destination, immediately asked that

the troops which had been retained at Richmond should be sent to join him. Mr. Davis assented, but it was not till the request had been repeated and time lost that the divisions of D. H. Hill and McLaws', two brigades of infantry, under J. G. Walker, and Hampton's cavalry

(1) Between August 21 and 25 Pope received the following reinforcements for the Army of the Potomac, raising his strength to over 80,000 men:

Third Corps.	Heintzleman	{	Hooker's Division	}	10,000
			Kearney's	}	
Fifth Corps.	Porter	{	Morell's	}	10,000
			Sykes'	}	
Pennsylvania	Reserves.		Reynolds		8,000

<123>

brigade were ordered up. Yet these reinforcements only raised Lee's numbers to 75,000 men, and they were from eighty to a hundred miles distant by an indifferent railroad.

Nor was it possible to await their arrival. Instant action was imperative. But what action was possible? A defensive attitude could only result in the Confederate army being forced back by superior strength; and retreat on Richmond would be difficult, for the Federals held the interior lines. The offensive seemed out of the question. Pope's position was more favourable than before. His army was massed, and reinforcements were close at hand. His right flank was well secured. The ford at Sulphur Springs and the Waterloo Bridge were both in his possession; north of the Springs rose the Bull Run Mountains, a range covered with thick forest, and crossed by few roads; and his left was protected by the march of McClellan's army corps from Aquia Creek. Even the genius of a Napoleon might well have been baffled by the difficulties in the way of attack. But there were men in the Confederate army to whom overwhelming numbers and strong positions were merely obstacles to be overcome.

On August 24 Lee removed his headquarters to Jefferson, where Jackson was already encamped, and on the same evening, with Pope's captured correspondence before them, the two generals discussed the problem. What occurred at this council of war was never made public. To use Lee's words: 'A plan of operations was determined on;' but by whom it was suggested there is none to tell us. 'Jackson was so reticent,' writes Dr. McGuire, 'that it was only by accident that we ever found out what he proposed to do, and there is no staff officer living (1897) who could throw any light on this matter. The day before we started to march round Pope's army I saw Lee and Jackson conferring together. Jackson—for him—was very much excited, drawing with the toe of his boot a map in the sand, and gesticulating in a much more earnest way than he was in the habit of doing. General Lee was simply listening, and after Jackson had got through, he nodded his head, as if acceding <124>to some proposal. I believe, from what occurred afterwards, that Jackson suggested the movement as it was made, but I have no further proof than the incident I have just mentioned.' (1) It is only certain that we have record of few enterprises of greater daring than that which was then decided on; and no matter from whose brain it emanated, on Lee fell the burden of the responsibility; on his shoulders, and on his alone, rested the honour of the Confederate arms, the fate of Richmond, the independence of the South; and if we may suppose, so consonant was the design proposed with the strategy which Jackson had already practised, that it was to him its inception was due, it is still to Lee that we must assign the higher merit. It is easy to conceive. It is less easy to execute. But to risk cause and country, name and reputation, on a single throw, and to abide the

issue with unflinching heart, is the supreme exhibition of the soldier's fortitude.

Lee's decision was to divide his army. Jackson, marching northwards, was to cross the Bull Run Mountains at Thoroughfare Gap, ten miles as the crow flies from the enemy's right, and strike the railway which formed Pope's line of supply. The Federal commander, who would meanwhile be held in play by Longstreet, would be compelled to fall back in a north-easterly direction to save his communications, and thus be drawn away from McClellan. Longstreet would then follow Jackson, and it was hoped that the Federals, disconcerted by these movements, might be attacked in detail or forced to fight at a disadvantage. The risk, however, was very great.

An army of 55,000 men was about to march into a region occupied by 100,000,(2) who might easily be reinforced to 150,000; and it was to march in two wings,

(1) Letter to the author.

(2) Pope, 80,000; Washington and Aquia Creek, 20,000. Lee was well aware, from the correspondence which Stuart had captured, if indeed he had not already inferred it, that Pope had been strictly enjoined to cover Washington, and that he was dependent on the railway for supplies. There was not the slightest fear of his falling back towards Aquia Creek to join McClellan.

<125>

separated from each other by two days' march. If Pope were to receive early warning of Jackson's march, he might hurl his whole force on one or the other. Moreover, defeat, with both Pope and McClellan between the Confederates and Richmond, spelt ruin and nothing less. But as Lee said after the war, referring to the criticism evoked by manoeuvres, in this as in other of his campaigns, which were daring even to rashness, 'Such criticism is obvious, but the disparity of force between the contending forces rendered the risks unavoidable.' (1) In the present case the only alternative was an immediate retreat; and retreat, so long as the enemy was not fully concentrated, and there was a chance of dealing with him in detail, was a measure which neither Lee nor Jackson was ever willing to advise.

On the evening of the 24th Jackson began his preparations for the most famous of his marches. His troops were quietly withdrawn from before the Sulphur Springs, and Longstreet's division, unobserved by the Federals, took their place. Captain Boswell was ordered to report on the most direct and hidden route to Manassas Junction, and the three divisions—Ewell's, Hill's, and the Stonewall, now commanded by Taliaferro—assembled near Jefferson. Three days' cooked rations were to be carried in the haversacks, and a herd of cattle, together with the green corn standing in the fields, was relied upon for subsistence until requisition could be made on the Federal magazines. The troops marched light. Knapsacks were left behind. Tin cans and a few frying-pans formed the only camp equipment, and many an officer's outfit consisted of a few badly baked biscuits and a handful of salt.

Long before dawn the divisions were afoot. The men were hungry, and their rest had been short; but they were old acquaintances of the morning star, and to march while the east was still grey had become a matter of routine. But as their guides led northward, and the sound of the guns, opening along the Rappahannock, grew fainter and fainter, a certain excitement began to pervade the column. Something mysterious was in the air. <126>What their movement portended not the shrewdest of the soldiers could divine; but they recalled their marches in the Valley and their inevitable results, and they knew instinctively that a surprise on a still larger scale was in contemplation. The thought was

enough. Asking no questions, and full of enthusiasm, they followed with quick step the leader in whom their confidence had become so absolute. The flood had subsided on the Upper Rappahannock, and the divisions forded it at Hinson's Mill, unmolested and apparently unobserved. Without halting it pressed on, Boswell with a small escort of cavalry leading the way. The march led first by Amissville, thence north to Orleans, beyond Hedgeman's River, and thence to Salem, a village on the Manassas Gap Railroad. Where the roads diverged from the shortest line the troops took to the fields. Guides were stationed by the advanced-guard at each gap and gate which marked the route. Every precaution was taken to conceal the movement. The roads in the direction of the enemy were watched by cavalry, and so far as possible the column was directed through woods and valleys. The men, although they knew nothing of their destination, whether Winchester, or Harper's Ferry, or even Washington itself, strode on mile after mile, through field and ford, in the fierce heat of the August noon, without question or complaint. 'Old Jack' had asked them to do their best, and that was enough to command their most strenuous efforts.

Near the end of the day Jackson rode to the head of the leading brigade, and complimented the officers on the fine condition of the troops and the regularity of the march. They had made more than twenty miles, and were still moving briskly, well closed up, and without stragglers. Then, standing by the wayside, he watched his army pass. The sun was setting, and the rays struck full on his familiar face, brown with exposure, and his dusty uniform. Ewell's division led the way, and when the men saw their general, they prepared to salute him with their usual greeting. But as they began to cheer he raised his hand to stop them, and the word passed down the column, 'Don't shout, boys, the <127>Yankees will hear us;' and the soldiers contented themselves with swinging their caps in mute acclamation. When the next division passed a deeper flush spread over Jackson's face. Here were the men he had so often led to triumph, the men he had trained himself, the men of the Valley, of the First Manassas, of Kernstown, and M'Dowell. The Stonewall regiments were before him, and he was unable to restrain them; devotion such as theirs was not to be silenced at such a moment, and the wild battle-yell of his own brigade set his pulses tingling. For once a breach of discipline was condoned. 'It is of no use,' said Jackson, turning to his staff, 'you see I can't stop them;' and then, with a sudden access of intense pride in his gallant veterans, he added, half to himself, 'Who could fail to win battles with such men as these?'

It was midnight before the column halted near Salem village, and the men, wearied outright with their march of six-and-twenty miles, threw themselves on the ground by the piles of muskets, without even troubling to unroll their blankets. So far the movement had been entirely successful. Not a Federal had been seen, and none appeared during the warm midsummer night. Yet the soldiers were permitted scant time for rest. Once more they were aroused while the stars were bright; and, half awake, snatching what food they could, they stumbled forward through the darkness. As the cool breath of the morning rose about them, the dark forests of the Bull Run Mountains became gradually visible in the faint light of the eastern sky, and the men at last discovered whither their general was leading them. With the knowledge, which spread quickly through the ranks, that they were making for the communications of the boaster Pope, the regiments stepped out with renewed energy. 'There was no need for speech, no breath to spare if there had been — only the shuffling tramp of marching feet, the rumbling of wheels, the creak and clank of

harness and accoutrements, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath, and always the same' "Close up, men ! Close up!" (1) <128>

Through Thoroughfare Gap, a narrow gorge in the Bull Run range, with high cliffs, covered with creepers and crowned with pines on either hand, the column wound steadily upwards; and, gaining the higher level, the troops looked down on the open country to the eastward. Over a vast area of alternate field and forest, bounded by distant uplands, the shadows of the clouds were slowly sailing. Issuing from the mouth of the pass, and trending a little to the south-east, ran the broad high-road, passing through two tiny hamlets, Haymarket and Gainesville, and climbing by gentle gradients to a great bare plateau, familiar to the soldiers of Bull Run under the name of Manassas Plains. At Gainesville this road was crossed by another, which, lost in dense woods, appeared once more on the open heights to the far north-east, where the white buildings of Centreville glistened in the sunshine. The second road was the Warrenton and Alexandria highway, the direct line of communication between Pope's army and Washington, and it is not difficult to divine the anxiety with which it was scrutinised by Jackson. If his march had been detected, a far superior force might already be moving to intercept him. At any moment the news might come in that the Federal army was rapidly approaching; and even were that not the case, it seemed hardly possible that the Confederate column, betrayed by the dust, could escape the observation of passing patrols or orderlies. But not a solitary scout was visible; no movement was reported from the direction of Warrenton; and the troops pressed on, further and further round the Federal rear, further and further from Lee and Longstreet. The cooked rations which they carried had been consumed or thrown away; there was no time for the slaughter and distribution of the cattle; but the men took tribute from the fields and orchards, and green corn and green apples were all the morning meal that many of them enjoyed. At Gainesville the column was joined by Stuart, who had maintained a fierce artillery fight at Waterloo Bridge the previous day; and then, slipping quietly away under cover of the darkness, had marched at two in the morning to cover <129>Jackson's flank. The sun was high in the heavens, and still the enemy made no sign. Munford's horsemen, forming the advanced-guard, had long since reached the Alexandria turnpike, sweeping up all before them, and neither patrols nor orderlies had escaped to carry the news to Warrenton.

So the point of danger was safely passed, and thirteen miles in rear of Pope's headquarters, right across the communications he had told his troops to disregard, the long column swung swiftly forward in the noonday heat. Not a sound, save the muffled roll of many wheels, broke the stillness of the tranquil valley; only the great dust cloud, rolling always eastward up the slopes of the Manassas plateau, betrayed the presence of war.

Beyond Gainesville Jackson took the road which led to Bristoe Station, some seven miles south of Manassas Junction. Neither the success which had hitherto accompanied his movement, nor the excitement incident on his situation, had overbalanced his judgment. From Gainesville the Junction might have been reached in little more than an hour's march; and prudence would have recommended a swift dash at the supply depôt, swift destruction, and swift escape. But it was always possible that Pope might have been alarmed, and the railroad from Warrenton Junction supplied him with the means of throwing a strong force of infantry rapidly to his rear. In order to obstruct such a movement Jackson had determined to seize Bristoe Station. Here, breaking down the

railway bridge over Broad Run, and establishing his main body in an almost impregnable position behind the stream, he could proceed at his leisure with the destruction of the stores at Manassas Junction. The advantages promised by this manoeuvre more than compensated for the increased length of the march.

The sun had not yet set when the advanced-guard arrived within striking distance of Bristoe Station. Munford's squadrons, still leading the way, dashed upon the village. Ewell followed in hot haste, and a large portion of the guard, consisting of two companies, one of cavalry and one of infantry, was immediately captured. <130>A train returning empty from Warrenton Junction to Alexandria darted through the station under a heavy fire. (1) The line was then torn up, and two trains which followed in the same direction as the first were thrown down a high embankment. A fourth, scenting danger ahead, moved back before it reached the break in the road. The column had now closed up, and it was already dark. The escape of the two trains was most unfortunate. It would soon be known, both at Alexandria and Warrenton, that Manassas Junction was in danger. The troops had marched nearly five-and-twenty miles, but if the object of the expedition was to be accomplished, further exertions were absolutely necessary. Trimble, energetic as ever, volunteered with two regiments, the 21st Georgia and 21st North Carolina, to move on Manassas Junction. Stuart was placed in command, and without a moment's delay the detachment moved northward through the woods. The night was hot and moonless. The infantry moved in order of battle, the skirmishers in advance; and pushing slowly forward over a broken country, it was nearly midnight before they reached the Junction. Half a mile from the depôt their advance was greeted by a salvo of shells. The Federal garrison, warned by the fugitives from Bristoe Station, were on the alert; but so harmless was their fire that Trimble's men swept on without a check. The two regiments, one on either side of the railroad, halted within a hundred yards of the Federal guns. The countersign was passed down the ranks, and the bugles sounded the charge. The Northern gunners, without waiting for the onset, fled through the darkness, and two batteries, each with its full complement of guns and waggons, became the prize of the Confederate infantry. Stuart, coming up on the flank, rode down the fugitives. Over 300 prisoners were taken, and the remainder of the garrison streamed northward through the deserted camps. The results of <131>this attack more than compensated for the exertions the troops had undergone. Only 15 Confederates had been wounded, and the supplies on which Pope's army, whether it was intended to move against Longstreet or merely to hold the line of the Rappahannock, depended both for food and ammunition were in Jackson's hands.

The next morning Hill's and Taliaferro's divisions joined Trimble. Ewell remained at Bristoe; cavalry patrols were sent out in every direction, and Jackson, riding to Manassas, saw before him the reward of his splendid march. Streets of warehouses, stored to overflowing, had sprung up round the Junction. A line of freight cars, two miles in length, stood upon the railway. Thousands of barrels, containing flour, pork, and biscuit, covered the neighbouring fields. Brand-new ambulances were packed in regular rows. Field-ovens, with the fires still smouldering, and all the paraphernalia of a large bakery, attracted the wondering gaze of the Confederate soldiery; while great pyramids of shot and shell, piled with the symmetry of an arsenal, testified to the profusion with which the enemy's artillery was supplied.

It was a strange commentary on war. Washington was but a long day's march to the north; Warrenton, Pope's headquarters, but twelve miles distant to the south-west; and

along the Rappahannock, between Jackson and Lee, stood the tents of a host which outnumbered the whole Confederate army. No thought of danger had entered the minds of those who selected Manassas Junction as the depôt of the Federal forces. Pope had been content to leave a small guard as a protection against raiding cavalry. Halleck, concerned only with massing the whole army on the Rappahannock, had used every effort to fill the storehouses. If, he thought, there was one place in Virginia where the Stars and Stripes might be displayed in full security, that place was Manassas Junction; and here, as nowhere else, the wealth of the North had been poured out with a prodigality such as had never been seen in war. To feed, clothe, and equip the Union armies no expenditure was <132>deemed extravagant. For the comfort and well-being of the individual soldier the purse-strings of the nation were freely loosed. No demand, however preposterous, was disregarded. The markets of Europe were called upon to supply the deficiencies of the States; and if money could have effected the re-establishment of the Union, the war would have already reached a triumphant issue. But the Northern Government had yet to learn that the accumulation of men, *matériel*, and supplies is not in itself sufficient for success. Money alone cannot provide good generals, a trained staff, or an efficient cavalry; and so on this August morning 20,000 ragged Confederates, the soldiers of a country which ranked as the poorest of nations, had marched right round the rear of the Federal army, and were now halted in undisturbed possession of all that made that army an effective force.

Few generals have occupied a position so commanding as did Jackson on the morning of August 27. His enemies would henceforward have to dance while he piped; It was Jackson, and not Pope, who was to dictate the movements of the Federal army. It was impossible that the latter could now maintain its position on the Rappahannock, and Lee's strategy had achieved its end. The capture of Manassas Junction, however, was only the first step in the campaign. Pope, to restore his communications with Alexandria, would be compelled to fall back; but before he could be defeated the two Confederate wings must be united, and the harder part of the work would devolve on Jackson. The Federals, at Warrenton, were nearer by five miles to Thoroughfare Gap, his shortest line of communication with Lee and Longstreet, than he was himself. Washington held a large garrison, and the railway was available for the transit of the troops. The fugitives from Manassas must already have given the alarm, and at any moment the enemy might appear.

If there were those in the Confederate ranks who considered the manoeuvres of their leader overbold, their misgivings were soon justified. <133>

A train full of soldiers from Warrenton Junction put back on finding Ewell in possession of Bristoe Station; but a more determined effort was made from the direction of Alexandria. So early as seven o'clock a brigade of infantry, accompanied by a battery, detrained on the north bank of Bull Run, and advanced in battle order against the Junction.⁽¹⁾ The Federals, unaware that the depôt was held in strength, expected to drive before them a few squadrons of cavalry. But when several batteries opened a heavy fire, and heavy columns advanced against their flanks, the men broke in flight towards the bridge. The Confederate infantry followed rapidly, and two Ohio regiments, which had just arrived from the Kanawha Valley, were defeated with heavy loss. Fitzhugh Lee, who had fallen back before the enemy's advance, was then ordered in pursuit. The cars and railway bridge were destroyed; and during the day the brigade followed the fugitives as far as Burke's Station, only twelve miles from Alexandria.

This feeble attack appears to have convinced Jackson that his danger was not pressing. It was evident that the enemy had as yet no idea of his strength. Stuart's cavalry watched every road; Ewell held a strong position on Broad Run, barring the direct approach from Warrenton Junction, and it was determined to give the wearied soldiers the remainder of the day for rest and pillage. It was impossible to carry away even a tithe of the stores, and when an issue of rations had been made, the bakery set working, and the liquor placed under guard, the regiments were let loose on the magazines. Such an opportunity occurs but seldom in the soldier's service, and the hungry Confederates were not the men to let it pass. 'Weak and haggard from their diet of green corn and apples, one can well imagine,' says Gordon, 'with what surprise their eyes opened upon the contents of the sutlers' stores, containing an amount and <134>variety of property such as they had never conceived. Then came a storming charge of men rushing in a tumultuous mob over each other's heads, under each other's feet, anywhere, everywhere, to satisfy a craving stronger than a yearning for fame. There were no laggards in that charge, and there was abundant evidence of the fruits of victory. Men ragged and famished clutched tenaciously at whatever came in their way, whether of clothing or food, of luxury or necessity. Here a long yellow-haired, barefooted son of the South claimed as prizes a toothbrush, a box of candles, a barrel of coffee; while another, whose butternut homespun hung round him in tatters, crammed himself with lobster salad, sardines, potted game and sweetmeats, and washed them down with Rhenish wine. Nor was the outer man neglected. From piles of new clothing the Southerners arrayed themselves in the blue uniforms of the Federals. The naked were clad, the barefooted were shod, and the sick provided with luxuries to which they had long been strangers.'⁽¹⁾

The history of war records many extraordinary scenes, but there are few more ludicrous than this wild revel at Manassas. Even the chagrin of Northern writers gives way before the spectacle; and Jackson must have smiled grimly when he thought of the maxim which Pope had promulgated with such splendid confidence: 'Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves !'

It was no time, however, to indulge in reflections on the irony of fortune. All through the afternoon, while the sharp-set Confederates were sweeping away the profits which the Northern sutlers had wrung from Northern soldiers, Stuart's vigilant patrols sent in report on report of the Federal movements. From Warrenton heavy columns were hurrying over the great highroad to Gainesville, and from Warrenton Junction a large force of all arms was marching direct on Bristoe. There was news, too, from Lee. Despite the distance to be covered, and the <135>proximity of the enemy, a trooper of the 'Black Horse,' a regiment of young planters which now formed Jackson's escort, disguised as a countryman, made his way back from headquarters, and Jackson learned that Longstreet, who had started the previous evening, was following his own track by Orleans, Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap.⁽¹⁾ It was evident, then, that the whole Federal army was in motion northwards, and that Longstreet had crossed the Rappahannock. But Longstreet had many miles to march and Thoroughfare Gap to pass before he could lend assistance; and the movement of the enemy on Gainesville threatened to intervene between the widely separated wings of the Confederate army.

It was no difficult matter for Jackson to decide on the course to be adopted. There was but one thing to do, to retreat at once; and only one line of escape still open, the roads leading north and north-west from Manassas Junction. To remain at Manassas and await

Lee's arrival would have been to sacrifice his command. 20,000 men, even with the protection of intrenchments, could hardly hope to hold the whole Federal army at bay for two days; and it was always possible that Pope, blocking Thoroughfare Gap with a portion of his force, might delay Lee for even longer than two days. Nor did it recommend itself to Jackson as sound strategy to move south, attack the Federal column approaching Bristoe, and driving it from his path to escape past the rear of the column moving to Gainesville. The exact position of the Federal troops was far from clear. Large forces might be encountered near the Rappahannock, and part of McClellan's army was known to be marching westward from Aquia Creek. Moreover, such a movement would have accentuated the separation of the Confederate wings, and a local success over a portion of the hostile army would have been but a poor substitute for the decisive victory which Lee hoped to win when his whole force was once more concentrated. <136>

About three in the afternoon the thunder of artillery was heard from the direction of Bristoe. Ewell had sent a brigade along the railroad to support some cavalry on reconnaissance, and to destroy a bridge over Kettle Run. Hardly had the latter task been accomplished when a strong column of Federal infantry emerged from the forest and deployed for action. Hooker's division of 5,500 men, belonging to McClellan's army, had joined Pope on the same day that Jackson had crossed the Rappahannock, and had been dispatched northwards from Warrenton Junction as soon as the news came in that Manassas Junction had been captured. Hooker had been instructed to ascertain the strength of the enemy at Manassas, for Pope was still under the impression that the attack on his rear was nothing more than a repetition of the raid on Catlett's Station. Striking the Confederate outposts at Kettle Run, he deployed his troops in three lines and pushed briskly forward. The batteries on both sides opened, and after a hot skirmish of an hour's duration Ewell, who had orders not to risk an engagement with superior forces, found that his flanks were threatened. In accordance with his instructions he directed his three brigades to retire in succession across Broad Run. This difficult manoeuvre was accomplished with trifling loss, and Hooker, ascertaining that Jackson's whole corps, estimated at 30,000 men, was near at hand, advanced no further than the stream. Ewell fell back slowly to the Junction; and shortly after midnight the three Confederate divisions had disappeared into the darkness. The torch had already been set to the captured stores; warehouses, trains, camps, and hospitals were burning fiercely, and the dark figures of Stuart's troopers, still urging on the work, passed to and fro amid the flames. Of the value of property destroyed it is difficult to arrive at an estimate. Jackson, in his official report, enumerates the various items with an unctious which he must have inherited from some moss-trooping ancestor. Yet the actual quantity mattered little, for the stores could be readily replaced. But the effect of their destruction on the Federal operations was for the time being overwhelming. And of this destruction <137>Pope himself was a witness. The fight with Ewell had just ceased, and the troops were going into bivouac, when the Commander-in-Chief, anxious to ascertain with his own eyes the extent of the danger to which he was exposed, reached Bristoe Station. There, while the explosion of the piles of shells resembled the noise of a great battle, from the ridge above Broad Run he saw the sky to the north-east lurid with the blaze of a vast conflagration; and there he learned for the first time that it was no mere raid of cavalry, but Stonewall Jackson, with his whole army corps, who stood between himself and Washington.

For the best part of three days the Union general had been completely mystified.

Jackson had left Jefferson on the 25th. But although his march had been seen by the Federal signallers on the hills near Waterloo Bridge,(1) and the exact strength of his force had been reported, his destination had been unsuspected. When the column was last seen it was moving northward from Orleans, but the darkness had covered it, and the measure of prolonging the march to midnight bore good fruit. For the best part of two days Jackson had vanished from his enemy's view, to be found by Pope himself at Manassas Junction.(2) Nevertheless, although working in the dark, the Federal commander, up to the moment he reached Bristoe Station, had acted with sound judgment. He had inferred from the reports of his signalmen that Jackson was marching to Front Royal on the Shenandoah; but in order to clear up the situation, on the 26th Sigel and McDowell were ordered to force the passage of the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge and the Sulphur Springs, and obtain information of the enemy's movements. Reno, at the same time, was to

(1) Five messages were sent in between 8.45 A.M. and 11 A.M., but evidently reached headquarters much later. O.R., vol. xii., part iii., pp. 654.5.

(2) There is a curious undated report on page 671, O. R., vol. xii., part iii., from Colonel Duffie, a French officer in the Federal service, which speaks of a column passing through Thoroughfare Gap; but, although the compilers of the Records have placed it under the date August 26, it seems evident, as this officer (see p. 670) was at Rappahannock Station on the 26th and 27th (O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 688), that the report refers to Longstreet's and not Jackson's troops, and was written on August 28.

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cross below the railway bridge and make for Culpeper. The manoeuvres, however, were not carried out as contemplated. Only McDowell advanced; and as Lee had replaced Longstreet, who marched to Orleans the same afternoon, by Anderson, but little was discovered.

It was evident, however, that the Confederates were trending steadily northwards, and on the night of the 26th Pope ordered his 80,000 Federals to concentrate in the neighbourhood of Warrenton. Reports had come in that hostile troops had passed through Salem, White Plains, and Thoroughfare Gap.(1) But it seemed improbable, both to Pope and McDowell, the second in command, that more was meant by this than a flank attack on Warrenton. McDowell expressed his opinion that a movement round the right wing in the direction of Alexandria was far too hazardous for the enemy to attempt. Pope appears to have acquiesced, and a line of battle near Warrenton, with a strong reserve at Greenwich, to the right rear, was then decided on. Franklin's army corps from the Peninsula, instead of proceeding to Aquia Creek, was disembarking at Alexandria, and Halleck had been requested to push these 10,000 men forward with all speed to Gainesville. The Kanawha regiments had also reached Washington, and Pope was under the impression that these too would be sent to join him. He had therefore but little apprehension for his rear. The one error of judgment into which both Pope and McDowell had been betrayed was in not giving Lee due credit for audacity or Jackson for energy. That Lee would dare to divide his army they had never conceived; that Jackson would march fifty miles in two days and place his single corps astride their communications was an idea which had they thought of they would have instantly dismissed. Like the Austrian generals when they first confronted Napoleon, they might well have complained that their enemy broke every rule of the military art; and like all generals who believe that war is a mere matter of precedent, they found themselves egregiously deceived. <139>

[Graphic, Situation at Sunset, August 27th, 1862, omitted.]

The capture of Manassas, to use Pope's own words, rendered his position at Warrenton no longer tenable, and early on the 27th, the army, instead of concentrating on Warrenton, was ordered to move to Gainesville (from Gainesville it was easy to block Thoroughfare Gap); Buford's cavalry brigade was thrown out towards White Plains to observe Longstreet, and Hooker was dispatched to clear up the situation at Manassas. This move, which was completed before nightfall, could hardly have been improved upon. The whole Federal army was now established on the direct line of communication between Jackson and Lee, and although Jackson might still escape, the Confederates had as yet gained no advantage beyond the destruction of Pope's supplies. It seemed impossible that the two wings could combine east of the Bull Run Mountains. But on the evening of the 27th, after the conclusion of the engagement at Bristoe Station, Pope lost his head. The view he now took of the situation was absolutely erroneous. Ewell's retreat before Hooker he interpreted as an easy victory, which fully compensated for the loss of his magazines. He imagined that Jackson had been surprised, and that no other course was open to him than to take refuge in the intrenchments of Manassas Junction and await Lee's arrival. Orders were at once issued for a manoeuvre which should ensure the defeat of the presumptuous foe. The Federal army corps, marching in three columns, were called up to Manassas, a movement which would leave Thoroughfare Gap unguarded save by Buford's cavalry. Some were to move at midnight, others' at the very earliest blush of dawn.' ' We shall bag the whole crowd, if they are prompt and expeditious,' (1) said Pope, with a sad lapse from the poetical phraseology he had just employed.

And so, on the morning of the 28th, a Federal army once more set out with the expectation of surrounding Jackson, to find once more that the task was beyond their powers.

The march was slow. Pope made no movement from <140>Bristoe Station until Hooker had been reinforced by Kearney and Reno; McDowell, before he turned east from Gainesville, was delayed by Sigel's trains, which crossed his line of march, and it was not till noon that Hooker's advanced-guard halted amid the still smouldering ruins on the Manassas plateau. The march had been undisturbed. The redoubts were untenanted. The woods to the north were silent. A few grey-coated vedettes watched the operations from far-distant ridges; a few stragglers, overcome perhaps by their Gargantuan meal of the previous evening, were picked up in the copses, but Jackson's divisions had vanished from the earth.

Then came order and counterorder. Pope was completely bewildered. By four o'clock, however, the news arrived that the railway at Burke's Station, within twelve miles of Alexandria, had been cut, and that the enemy was in force between that point and Centreville. On Centreville, therefore, the whole army was now directed; Hooker, Kearney, and Reno, forming the right wing, marched by Blackburn's Ford, and were to be followed by Porter and Banks; Sigel and Reynolds, forming the centre, took the road by New Market and the Stone Bridge; McDowell (King's and Ricketts' divisions), forming the left, was to pass through Gainesville and Groveton. But when the right wing reached Centreville, Pope was still at fault. There were traces of a marching column, but some small patrols of cavalry, who retreated leisurely before the Federal advance, were the sole evidence of the enemy's existence. Night was at hand, and as the divisions he accompanied were directed to their bivouacs, Pope sought in vain for the enemy he had

believed so easy a prey.

Before his troops halted the knowledge came to him. Far away to the south-west, where the great Groveton valley, backed by the wooded mountains, lay green and beautiful, rose the dull booming of cannon, swelling to a continuous roar; and as the weary soldiers, climbing the slopes near Centreville, looked eagerly in the direction of the sound, the rolling smoke of a fierce battle was distinctly visible above the woods which bordered the Warrenton-Alexandria highway. <141>Across Bull Run, in the neighbourhood of Groveton, and still further westward, where the cleft in the blue hills marked Thoroughfare Gap, was seen the flash of distant guns. McDowell, marching northwards through Gainesville, had evidently come into collision with the enemy. Jackson was run to earth at last; and it was now clear that while Pope had been moving northwards on Centreville, the Confederates had been moving westward, and that they were once more within reach of Lee. But by what means, Pope might well have asked, had a whole army corps, with its batteries and waggons, passed through the cordon which he had planned to throw around it, and passed through as if gifted with the secret of invisibility ?

The explanation was simple. While his enemies were watching the midnight glare above Manassas, Jackson was moving north by three roads; and before morning broke A. P. Hill was near Centreville, Ewell had crossed Bull Run by Blackburn's Ford, and Taliaferro was north of Bald Hill, with a brigade at Groveton, while Stuart's squadrons formed a screen to front and flank. Then, as the Federals slowly converged on Manassas, Hill and Ewell, marching unobserved along the north bank of Bull Run, crossed the Stone Bridge; Taliaferro joined them, and before Pope had found that his enemy had left the Junction, the Confederates were in bivouac north of Groveton, hidden in the woods, and recovering from the fatigue of their long night march.(1)

Jackson's arrangements for deceiving his enemy, for concealing his line of retreat, and for drawing Pope northward on Centreville, had been carefully thought out. The march from Manassas was no hasty movement to the rear. Taliaferro, as soon as darkness fell, had moved by New Market on Bald Hill. At 1 A.M. Ewell followed Hill to Blackburn's Ford; but instead of continuing the march on Centreville, had crossed Bull Run, and moving up stream, had joined Taliaferro by way of the Stone Bridge. Hill, leaving Centreville at 10 A.M., <142>marched to the same rendezvous. Thus, while the attention of the enemy was attracted to Centreville, Jackson's divisions were concentrated in the woods beyond Bull Run, some five or six miles west. The position in which his troops were resting had been skilfully selected. South of Sudley Springs, and north of the Warrenton turnpike, it was within twelve miles of Thoroughfare Gap, and a line of retreat, in case of emergency, as well as a line by which Lee could join him, should Thoroughfare Gap be blocked, ran to Aldie Gap, the northern pass of the Bull Run Mountains.

Established on his enemy's flank, he could avoid the full shock of his force should Lee be delayed, or he could strike effectively himself; and it was to retain the power of striking that he had not moved further northward, and secured his front by camping beyond Catharpen Run. It was essential that he should be prepared for offensive action. The object with which he had marched upon Manassas had only been half accomplished. Pope had been compelled to abandon the strong line of the Rappahannock, but he had not yet been defeated; and if he were not defeated, he would combine with McClellan, and advance in a few days in overwhelming force. Lee looked for a battle with Pope before he could be reinforced, and to achieve this end it was necessary that the Federal commander

should be prevented from retreating further; that Jackson should hold him by the throat until Lee should come up to administer the coup *de grâce*.

It was with this purpose in his mind that Jackson had taken post near Groveton, and he was now awaiting the information that should tell him the time had come to strike. But, as already related, the march of the Federals on Manassas was slow and toilsome. It was not till the morning was well on that the brigade of Taliaferro's division near Groveton, commanded by Colonel Bradley Johnson, was warned by the cavalry that the enemy was moving through Gainesville in great strength. A skirmish took place a mile or two north of that village, and Johnson, finding himself menaced by far superior numbers, fell back <143>to the wood near the Douglass House. He was not followed. The Union generals, Sigel and Reynolds, who had been ordered to Manassas to 'bag' Jackson, had received no word of his departure from the Junction; and believing that Johnson's small force was composed only of cavalry, they resumed the march which had been temporarily interrupted.

The situation, however, was no clearer to the Confederates. The enemy had disappeared in the great woods south-west of Groveton, and heavy columns were still reported coming up from Gainesville. During the afternoon, however, the cavalry captured a Federal courier, carrying McDowell's orders for the movement of the left and centre, which had been placed under his command, to Manassas Junction,(1) and this important document was immediately forwarded to Jackson.

'Johnson's messenger,' says General Taliaferro, 'found the Confederate headquarters established on the shady side of an old-fashioned worm-fence, in the corner of which General Jackson and his division commanders were profoundly sleeping after the fatigues of the preceding night, notwithstanding the intense heat of the August day. There was not so much as an ambulance at headquarters. The headquarters' train was back beyond the Rappahannock, at Jefferson, with remounts, camp equipage, and all the arrangements for cooking and serving food. All the property of the general, the staff, and the headquarters' bureau was strapped to the pommels and cantels of the saddles, and these formed the pillows of their weary owners. The captured dispatch roused Jackson like an electric shock. He was essentially a man of action. He rarely, if ever, hesitated. He never asked advice. He called no council to discuss the situation disclosed by this

(1) The order, dated 2 A.M., August 28, was to the following effect :—

' 1. Sigel's Corps to march from Gainesville to Manassas Junction, the right resting on the Manassas railroad.

' 2. Reynolds to follow Sigel.

' 3. King to follow Reynolds.

' 4. Ricketts to follow King; but to halt at Thoroughfare Gap if the enemy threatened the pass.'

King was afterwards, while on the march, directed to Centreville by the Warrenton-Alexandria road.

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communication, although his ranking officers were almost at his side. He asked no conference of opinion. He made no suggestion, but simply, without a word, except to repeat the language of the message, turned to me and said: "Move your division and attack the enemy ;" and to Ewell, "Support the attack." The slumbering soldiers sprang from the earth at the first murmur. They were sleeping almost in ranks; and by the time the horses of their officers were saddled, the long lines of infantry were moving to the anticipated battle-field.

' The two divisions, after marching some distance to the north of the turnpike, were halted and rested, and the prospect of an engagement on that afternoon seemed to disappear with the lengthening shadows. The enemy did not come. The Warrenton turnpike, along which it was supposed he would march, was in view, but it was as free from Federal soldiery as it had been two days before, when Jackson's men had streamed along its highway.'⁽¹⁾

Jackson, however, was better informed than his subordinate. Troops were still moving through Gainesville, and, instead of turning off to Manassas, were marching up the turnpike on which so many eyes were turned from the neighbouring woods. King's division, while on the march to Manassas, had been instructed to countermarch and make for Centreville, by Groveton and the Stone Bridge. Ricketts, who had been ordered by McDowell to hold Thoroughfare Gap, was already engaged with Longstreet's advanced-guard, and of this Jackson was aware; for Stuart, in position at Haymarket, three miles north of Gainesville, had been skirmishing all day with the enemy's cavalry, and had been in full view of the conflict at the Gap.⁽²⁾

Jackson, however, knew not that one division was all that was before him. The Federal movements had covered

(1) *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., pp. 507, 508.

(2) Longstreet had been unable to march with the same speed as Jackson. Leaving Jefferson on the afternoon of August 26, he did not reach Thoroughfare Gap until 'just before night' on August 28. He had been delayed for an hour at White Plains by the Federal cavalry, and the trains of the army, such as they were, may also have retarded him. In two days he covered only thirty miles.

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so wide an extent of country, and had been so well concealed by the forests, that it was hardly possible for Stuart's patrols, enterprising as they were, to obtain accurate information. Unaccustomed to such disjointed marches as were now in progress across his front, Jackson believed that King's column was the flank-guard of McDowell's army corps. But, although he had been compelled to leave Hill near the Stone Bridge, in order to protect his line of retreat on Aldie, he had still determined to attack. The main idea which absorbed his thoughts is clear enough. The Federal army, instead of moving direct from Warrenton on Alexandria, as he had anticipated, had apparently taken the more circuitous route by Manassas, and if Pope was to be fought in the open field before he could be reinforced by McClellan, he must be induced to retrace his steps. To do this, the surest means was a resolute attack on King's division, despite the probability that it might be strongly reinforced; and it is by no means unlikely that Jackson deferred his attack until near sunset in order that, if confronted by superior numbers, he might still be able to hold on till nightfall, and obtain time for Longstreet to come up.

Within the wood due north of the Dogan House, through which ran an unfinished railroad, Ewell's and Taliaferro's divisions, awaiting the propitious moment for attack, were drawn up in order of battle. Eight brigades, and three small batteries, which had been brought across country with great difficulty, were present, and the remainder of the artillery was not far distant.⁽¹⁾ Taliaferro, on the right, had two brigades (A. G. Taliaferro's and the Stonewall) in first line; Starke was in second line, and Bradley Johnson near Groveton village. Ewell, on the left, had placed Lawton and Trimble in front, while Early and Forno formed a general reserve. This force numbered in all about 8,000 men, and even the skirmishers, thrown out well to the front, were concealed by the

undulations of the ground. <146>

The Federal division commanded by General King, although unprovided with cavalry and quite unsupported, was no unworthy enemy. It was composed of four brigades of infantry, led by excellent officers, and accompanied by four batteries. The total strength was 10,000 men. The absence of horsemen, however, placed the Northerners at a disadvantage from the outset.

The leading brigade was within a mile of Groveton, a hamlet of a few houses at the foot of a long descent, and the advanced-guard, deployed as skirmishers, was searching the woods in front. On the road in rear, with the batteries between the columns, came the three remaining brigades—Gibbon's, Doubleday's, and Patrick's—in the order named.

The wood in which the Confederates were drawn up was near a mile from the highway, on a commanding ridge, overlooking a broad expanse of open ground, which fell gently in successive undulations to the road. The Federals were marching in absolute unconsciousness that the enemy, whom the last reports had placed at Manassas, far away to the right, was close at hand. No flank-guards had been thrown out. General King was at Gainesville, sick, and a regimental band had just struck up a merry quickstep. On the open fields to the left, bathed in sunshine, there was not a sign of life. The whitewashed cottages, surrounded by green orchards, which stood upon the slopes, were lonely and untenanted, and on the edge of the distant wood, still and drooping in the heat, was neither stir nor motion. The troops trudged steadily forward through the dust; regiment after regiment disappeared in the deep copse which stands west of Grove-ton, and far to the rear the road was still crowded with men and guns. Jackson's time had come.

Two Confederate batteries, trotting forward from the wood, deployed upon the ridge. The range was soon found, and the effect was instantaneous. But the confusion in the Northern ranks was soon checked; the troops found cover inside the bank which lined the road, and two batteries, one with the advanced-guard and one from the centre of the column, wheeling into the fields to the <147>left, came quickly into action. About the same moment Bradley Johnson became engaged with the skirmishers near Groveton.

The Confederate infantry, still hidden by the rolling ground, was forming for attack, when a Federal brigade, led by General Gibbon, rapidly deploying on the slopes, moved forward against the guns. It was Stuart's horse-artillery, so the Northerners believed, which had fired on the column, and a bold attack would soon drive back the cavalry. But as Gibbon's regiments came forward the Southern skirmishers, lying in front of the batteries, sprang to their feet and opened with rapid volleys; and then the grey line of battle, rising suddenly into view, bore down upon the astonished foe. Taliaferro, on the right, seized a small farmhouse near Gainesville, and occupied the orchard; the Stonewall Brigade advanced upon his left, and Lawton and Trimble prolonged the front towards the Douglass House. But the Western farmers of Gibbon's brigade were made of stubborn stuff. The Wisconsin regiments held their ground with unflinching courage. Both flanks were protected by artillery, and strong reinforcements were coming up. The advanced-guard was gradually falling back from Groveton; the rear brigades were hurrying forward up the road. The two Confederate batteries, overpowered by superior metal, had been compelled to shift position; only a section of Stuart's horse-artillery under Captain Pelham had come to their assistance, and the battle was confined to a frontal attack at the closest range. In many places the lines approached within a hundred yards, the men standing in the open and blazing fiercely in each other's faces. Here and there, as fresh regiments

came up on either side, the grey or the blue gave way for a few short paces; but the gaps were quickly filled, and the wave once more surged forward over the piles of dead. Men fell like leaves in autumn. Ewell was struck down, and Taliaferro, and many of their field officers, and still the Federals held their ground. Night was settling on the field, and although the gallant Pelham, the boy soldier, brought a gun into action within seventy paces of Gibbon's line, yet <148>the front of fire, flashing redly through the gloom, neither receded nor advanced. A flank attack on either side would have turned the scale, but the fight was destined to end as it had begun. The Federal commander, ignorant of the enemy's strength, and reaching the field when the fight was hottest, was reluctant to engage his last reserves. Jackson had ordered Early and Forno, moving through the wood west of the Douglass House, to turn the enemy's right; but within the thickets ran the deep cuttings and high embankments of the unfinished railroad; and the regiments, bewildered in the darkness, were unable to advance. Meanwhile the fight to the front had gradually died away. The Federals, outflanked upon the left, and far outnumbered, had slowly retreated to the road. The Confederates had been too roughly handled to pursue.

The reports of the engagement at Groveton are singularly meagre. Preceded and followed by events of still greater moment, it never attracted the attention it deserved. On the side of the Union 2,800 men were engaged, on the side of the Southerners 4,500, and for more than an hour and a half the lines of infantry were engaged at the very closest quarters. The rifled guns of the Federals undoubtedly gave them a marked advantage. But the men who faced each other that August evening fought with a gallantry that has seldom been surpassed. The Federals, surprised and unsupported, bore away the honours. The Western brigade, commanded by General Gibbon, displayed a coolness and a steadfastness worthy of the soldiers of Albuera. Out of 2,000 men the four Wisconsin and Indiana regiments lost 750, and were still unconquered. The three regiments which supported them, although it was their first battle, lost nearly half their number, and the casualties must have reached a total of 1,100. The Confederate losses were even greater. Ewell, who was shot down in the first line, and lay long on the field, lost 725 out of 3,000. The Stonewall Brigade, which had by this time dwindled to 600 muskets, lost over 200, including five field officers; the 21st Georgia, of Trimble's brigade, 173 men out of 242; and it is probable that the Valley army on <149>this day was diminished by more than 1,200 stout soldiers. The fall of Ewell was a terrible disaster. Zealous and indefatigable, a stern fighter and beloved by his men, he was the most able and the most loyal of Jackson's generals. Taliaferro, peculiarly acceptable to his Virginia regiments as a Virginian himself, had risen from the rank of colonel to the command of a division, and his spurs had been well won. The battle of Groveton left gaps in Jackson's ranks which it was hard to fill, and although the men might well feel proud of their stubborn fight, they could hardly boast of a brilliant victory.

Strategically, however, the engagement was decisive. Jackson had brought on the fight with the view of drawing the whole Federal army on himself, and he was completely successful. The centre, marching on the Stone Bridge from Manassas Junction, heard the thunder of the cannon and turned westward; and before nightfall A. P. Hill's artillery became engaged with Sigel's advanced-guard. Pope himself, who received the intelligence of the engagement at 9.20 P.M., immediately issued orders for an attack on Jackson the next morning, in which the troops who had already reached Centreville were to take part. 'McDowell,' ran the order, 'has intercepted the retreat of the enemy, Sigel is

immediately in his front, and I see no possibility of his escape.'

But Pope, full of the idea that Jackson had been stopped in attempting to retreat through Thoroughfare Gap, altogether misunderstood the situation. He was badly informed. He did not know even the position of his own troops. His divisions, scattered over a wide extent of country, harassed by Stuart's cavalry, and ignorant of the topography, had lost all touch with the Commander-in-Chief. Important dispatches had been captured. Messages and orders were slow in arriving, if they arrived at all. Even the generals were at a loss to find either the Commander-in-Chief or the right road. McDowell had ridden from Gainesville to Manassas in order to consult with Pope, but Pope had gone to Centreville. McDowell thereupon set out to rejoin his troops, but lost his way in the forest and went <150>back to Manassas. From Ricketts Pope received no information whatever.⁽¹⁾ He was not aware that after a long skirmish at Thoroughfare Gap, Longstreet had opened the pass by sending his brigades over the mountains on either hand, threatening both flanks of the Federals, and compelling them to retire. He was not aware that King's division, so far from intercepting Jackson's retreat, had abandoned the field of Groveton at 1 A.M., and, finding its position untenable in face of superior numbers, had fallen back on Manassas; or that Ricketts, who had by this time reached Gainesville, had in consequence continued his retreat in the same direction.

Seldom have the baneful effects of dispersion been more strikingly illustrated, and the difficulty, under such circumstances, of keeping the troops in the hand of the Commander-in-Chief. On the morning of the 28th Pope had ordered his army to march in three columns on Manassas, one column starting from Warrenton Junction, one from Greenwich, and one from Buckland Mills, the roads which they were to follow being at their furthest point no more than seven miles apart. And yet at dawn on the 29th he was absolutely ignorant of the whereabouts of McDowell's army corps; he was but vaguely informed of what had happened during the day; and while part of his army was at Bald Hill, another part was at Centreville, seven miles north-east, and a third at Manassas and at Bristoe, from seven to twelve miles south-east. Nor could the staff be held to blame for the absence of communication between the columns. In peace it is an easy matter to assume that a message sent to a destination seven miles distant by a highroad or even country lanes arrives in good time. Seven miles in peace are very short. In war, in the neighbourhood of the enemy, they are very long. In peace, roads are easy to find. In war, it is the exception that they are found, even when messengers are provided with good maps <151>and the country is thickly populated; and it is from war that the soldier's trade is to be learned.

Jackson's army corps bivouacked in the position they had held when the fierce musketry of Groveton died away. It was not till long after daybreak on the 29th that his cavalry patrols discovered that King's troops had disappeared, and that Longstreet's advanced-guard was already through Thoroughfare Gap. Nor was it till the sun was high that Lee learned the events of the previous evening, and these threw only a faint light on the general situation. But had either the Commander-in-Chief or his lieutenant, on the night of the 28th, known the true state of affairs, they would have had reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the plan which had been hatched on the Rappahannock. They had anticipated that should Jackson's movement on Manassas prove successful, Pope would not only fall back, but that he would fall back in all the confusion which arises from a hastily conceived plan and hastily executed manoeuvres. They had expected

that in his hurried retreat his army corps would lose touch and cohesion; that divisions would become isolated; that the care of his *impedimenta*, suddenly turned in a new direction, would embarrass every movement; and that the general himself would become demoralised.

The orders and counterorders, the marches and countermarches of August 28, and the consequent dispersion of the Federal army, are sufficient in themselves to prove the deep insight into war possessed by the Confederate leaders.

Nevertheless, the risk bred of separation which, in order to achieve great results, they had deliberately accepted had not yet passed away. Longstreet had indeed cleared the pass, and the Federals who guarded it had retreated; but the main body of the Confederate army had still twelve miles to march before it could reach Jackson, and Jackson was confronted by superior numbers. On the plateau of Bull Run, little more than two miles from the field of Groveton, were encamped over 20,000 Federals, with the same number at Manassas. At Centreville, a seven miles' march, were 18,000; and at Bristoe Station, about the same distance, 11,000. <152>

It was thus possible for Pope to hurl a superior force against Jackson before Lee could intervene; and although it would have been sounder strategy, on the part of the Federal commander, to have concentrated towards Centreville, and have there awaited reinforcements, now fast coming up, he had some reason for believing that he might still, unaided, deal with the enemy in detail. The high virtue of patience was not his. Ambition, anxiety to retrieve his reputation, already blemished by his enforced retreat, the thought that he might be superseded by McClellan, whose operations in the Peninsula he had contemptuously criticised, all urged him forward. An unsuccessful general who feels instinctively that his command is slipping from him, and who sees in victory the only hope of retaining it, seldom listens to the voice of prudence.

So on the morning of the 29th Jackson had to do with an enemy who had resolved to overwhelm him by weight of numbers. Nor could he expect immediate help. The Federal cavalry still stood between Stuart and Thoroughfare Gap, and not only was Jackson unaware that Longstreet had broken through, but he was unaware whether he *could* break through. In any case, it would be several hours before he could receive support, and for that space of time his three divisions, worn with long marching and the fierce fight of the previous evening, would have to hold their own unaided. The outlook, to all appearance, was anything but bright. But on the opposite hills, where the Federals were now forming in line of battle, the Valley soldiers had already given proof of their stubborn qualities on the defensive. The sight of their baptismal battle-field and the memories of Bull Run must have gone far to nerve the hearts of the Stonewall regiments, and in preparing once more to justify their proud title the troops were aided by their leader's quick eye for a position. While it was still dark the divisions which had been engaged at Groveton took ground to their left, and passing north of the hamlet, deployed on the right of A. P. Hill. The long, flat-topped ridge, covered with scattered copses and rough undergrowth, which stands north of the Warrenton-Centreville <153>road, commands the approaches from the south and east, and some five hundred yards below the crest ran the unfinished railroad.

Behind the deep cuttings and high embankments the Confederate fighting-line was strongly placed. The left, slightly thrown back, rested on a rocky spur near Bull Run, commanding Sudley Springs Ford and the road to Aldie Gap. The front extended for a mile and three-quarters south-west. Early, with two brigades and a battery, occupied a

wooded knoll where the unfinished railroad crosses the highroad, protecting the right rear, and stretching a hand to Longstreet.

The infantry and artillery were thus disposed :—

Infantry.

Left.—A. P. Hill's Division. First and Second line: Three brigades. (Field, Thomas, Gregg.) Third line: Three brigades. (Branch, Pender, Archer.)

Centre.—Two brigades of Ewell's Division (now commanded by Lawton). (Trimble's and Lawton's.)

Right.—Taliaferro's Division (now commanded by Starke). First and Second line: Two brigades. Third line: Two brigades.

Force detached on the right: Two brigades of Ewell's Division (Early and Forno), and one battery.

Artillery.

16 guns behind the left,	On the ridge, five hundred yards
24 guns behind the right centre,	in rear of the fighting-line.

The flanks were secured by Stuart. A portion of the cavalry was placed at Haymarket to communicate as soon as possible with Longstreet. A regiment was pushed out towards Manassas, and on the left bank of Bull Run Fitzhugh Lee's brigade watched the approaches from Centreville and the north. Jackson's strength, deducting the losses of the previous day, and the numerous stragglers left behind during his forced marches, can hardly have exceeded 18,000 muskets, supported by 40 guns, all that there was room for, and some 2,500 cavalry. These numbers, however, were ample for the defence of the position which had been selected. Excluding the detached force on the extreme right, the line occupied was three thousand yards in length, and to every yard of this line there were more than five muskets, so that half the force could be retained in third line or reserve. The position was thus strongly held and strong by nature. The embankments formed stout parapets, the cuttings deep ditches.

Before the right and the right centre the green pastures, shorn for thirteen hundred yards of all obstacles save a few solitary cottages, sloped almost imperceptibly to the brook which is called Young's Branch. The left centre and left, however, were shut in by a belt of timber, from four hundred to six hundred yards in width, which we may call the Groveton wood. This belt closed in upon, and at one point crossed, the railroad, and, as regards the field of fire, it was the weakest point. In another respect, however, it was the strongest, for the defenders were screened by the trees from the enemy's artillery. The rocky hill on the left, facing north-east, was a point of vantage, for an open corn-field lay between it and Bull Run. Within the position, behind the copses and undulations, there was ample cover for all troops not employed on the fighting-line; and from the ridge in rear the general could view the field from commanding ground.

Shortly after 5 A.M., while the Confederates were still taking up their positions, the Federal columns were seen moving down the heights near the Henry House. Jackson had ridden round his lines, and ordering Early to throw forward two regiments east of the turnpike, had then moved to the great battery forming in rear of his right centre. His orders had already been issued. The troops were merely to hold their ground, no general counterstroke was intended, and the divisional commanders were to confine themselves to repulsing the attack. The time for a strong offensive return had not yet come.

The enemy advanced slowly in imposing masses. Shortly after seven o'clock, hidden to some extent by the woods, four divisions of infantry deployed in several lines at the foot of the Henry Hill, and their skirmishers became engaged with the Confederate pickets. At the same moment three batteries came into action on a rise north-east of Groveton, opposite the Confederate centre, and Sigel, supported by Reynolds, prepared to carry out his instructions, and hold Jackson until the remainder of Pope's army should arrive upon the field. At the end of July, Sigel's army corps had numbered 13,000 men. Allowing for stragglers and for casualties on the Rappahannock, where it had been several times engaged, it must still have mustered 11,000. It was accompanied by ten batteries, and Reynolds' division was composed of 8,000 infantry and four batteries. The attack was thus no stronger than the defence, and as the Federal artillery positions were restricted by the woods, there could be little doubt of the result. In other respects, moreover, the combatants were not evenly matched. Reynolds' Pennsylvanians were fine troops, already seasoned in the battles on the Peninsula, and commanded by such officers as Meade and Seymour. But Sigel, who had been an officer in the Baden army, had succeeded Frémont, and his corps was composed of those same Germans whom Ewell had used so hardly at Cross Keys. Many of them were old soldiers, who had borne arms in Europe; but the stern discipline and trained officers of conscript armies were lacking in America, and the Confederate volunteers had little respect for these foreign levies. Nor were Sigel's dispositions a brilliant example of offensive tactics. His three divisions, Schurz', Schenck's, and Steinwehr's, supported by Milroy's independent brigade, advanced to the attack along a wide front. Schurz, with two brigades, moving into the Grove-ton wood, assailed the Confederate left, while Milroy and Schenck advanced over the open meadows which lay in front of the right. Steinwehr was in reserve, and Reynolds, somewhat to the rear, moved forward on the extreme left. The line was more than two miles long; the artillery, hampered by the ground, could render but small assistance; and at no single point were the troops disposed in sufficient depth to break through the front of the defence. The attack, too, was piecemeal. Advancing through the wood, Schurz' division was at once met by a sharp counterstroke, delivered by the left brigade (Gregg's South Carolina) of A. P. Hill's division, which drove the two Federal brigades apart. Reinforcements were sent in by Milroy, who had been checked on the open ground by the heavy fire of Jackson's guns, and the Germans rallied; but, after some hard fighting, a fresh counterstroke, in which Thomas' brigade took part, drove them in disorder from the wood; and the South Carolinians, following to the edge, poured heavy volleys into their retreating masses. Schenck, meanwhile, deterred by the batteries on Jackson's right, had remained inactive; the Federal artillery, such as had been brought into action, had produced no effect; Reynolds, who had a difficult march, had not yet come into action; and in order to support the broken troops Schenck was now ordered to close in upon the right. But the opportunity had already passed.

It was now 10.30 A.M., and Jackson had long since learned that Lee was near at hand. Longstreet's advanced-guard had passed through Gainesville, and the main body was closing up. Not only had time been gained, but two brigades alone had proved sufficient to hold the enemy at arm's length, and the rough counter-strokes had disconcerted the order of attack. A fresh Federal force, however, was already approaching. The troops from Centreville, comprising the divisions of Hooker, Kearney, and Reno, 17,000 or 18,000 men, were hurrying over the Stone Bridge; and a second and more vigorous attack was

now to be withstood. Sigel, too, was still capable of further effort. Bringing up Steinwehr's division, and demanding reinforcements from Reno, he threw his whole force against the Confederate front. Schenck, however, still exposed to the fire of the massed artillery, was unable to advance, and Milroy in the centre was hurled back. But through the wood the attack was vigorously pressed, and the fight raged fiercely at close quarters along the railway. Between Gregg's and Thomas' brigades a gap of over a hundred yards, as the men closed in upon the <157>centre, had gradually opened. Opposite the gap was a deep cutting, and the Federals, covered by the wood, massed here unobserved in heavy force. Attack from this quarter was unexpected, and for a moment Hill's first line was in jeopardy. Gregg, however, had still a regiment in second line, and throwing it quickly forward he drove the enemy across the railroad. Then Hill, bringing up Branch from the third line, sent this fresh brigade to Gregg's support, and cleared the front.

The Germans had now been finally disposed of. But although Longstreet had arrived upon the ground, and was deploying in the woods on Jackson's right, thus relieving Early, who at once marched to support the centre, Jackson's men had not yet finished with the enemy. Pope had now taken over command; and besides the troops from Centreville, who had already reached the field, McDowell and Porter, with 27,000 men, were coming up from Manassas, and Reynolds had not yet been engaged. But it is one thing to assemble large numbers on the battle-field, another to give them the right direction.

In the direction of Gainesville high woods and rolling ridges had concealed Longstreet's approach, and the Federal patrols had been everywhere held in check by Stuart's squadrons. In ignorance, therefore, that the whole Confederate army was concentrated before him, Pope, anticipating an easy victory, determined to sweep Jackson from the field. But it was first necessary to relieve Sigel. Kearney's division had already deployed on the extreme right of the Federal line, resting on Bull Run. Hooker was on the left of Kearney and a brigade of Reno's on the left of Hooker. While Sigel assembled his shattered forces, these 10,000 fresh troops, led by some of the best officers of the Army of the Potomac, were ordered to advance against A. P. Hill. Reynolds, under the impression that he was fighting Jackson, was already in collision with Longstreet's advanced-guard; and McDowell and Porter, marching along the railway from Manassas, might be expected to strike the Confederate right rear at any moment. It was then with good <158>hope of victory that Pope rode along his line and explained the situation to his generals.

But the fresh attack was made with no better concert than those which preceded it. Kearney, on the right, near Bull Run, was held at bay by Jackson's guns, and Hooker and Reno advanced alone.

As the Federals moved forward the grey skirmishers fell back through the Groveton wood, and scarcely had they reached the railroad before the long blue lines came crashing through the undergrowth. Hill's riflemen, lying down to load, and rising only to fire, poured in their deadly volleys at point-blank range. The storm of bullets, shredding leaves and twigs, stripped the trees of their verdure, and the long dry grass, ignited by the powder sparks, burst into flames between the opposing lines. But neither flames nor musketry availed to stop Hooker's onset. Bayonets flashed through the smoke, and a gallant rush placed the stormers on the embankment. The Confederates reeled back in confusion, and men crowded round the colours to protect them. But assistance was at hand. A fierce yell and a heavy volley, and the regiments of the second line surged forward, driving back the intruders, and closing the breach. Yet the Federal ranks

reformed; the wood rang with cheers, and a fresh brigade advanced to the assault. Again the parapet was carried; again the Southern bayonets cleared the front. Hooker's leading brigade, abandoning the edge of the wood, had already given ground. Reno's regiments, suffering fearful slaughter, with difficulty maintained their place; and Hill, calling once more upon his reserves, sent in Pender to the counterstroke. Passing by the right of Thomas, who, with Field, had borne the brunt of the last attack, Pender crossed the railroad, and charged into the wood. Many of the men in the fighting-line joined in the onward movement. The Federals were borne back; the brigades in rear were swept away by the tide of fugitives; the wood was cleared, and a battery near by was deserted by the gunners.

Then Pender, received with a heavy artillery fire from the opposite heights, moved boldly forward across the open. But the counterstroke had been pushed too far. The line

[Graphic, Positions on August 29th, 1862, omitted.]

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faltered; hostile infantry appeared on either flank, and as the Confederates fell back to the railroad, the enemy came forward in pursuit. Grover's brigade of Hooker's division had hitherto been held in reserve, sheltered by a roll of the land opposite that portion of the front which was held by Thomas. It was now directed to attack. 'Move slowly forward,' were the orders which Grover gave to his command, 'until the enemy opens fire. Then advance rapidly, give them one volley, and then the bayonet.' The five regiments moved steadily through the wood in a single line. When they reached the edge they saw immediately before them the red earth of the embankment, at this point ten feet high and lined with riflemen. There was a crash of fire, a swift rush through the rolling smoke, and the Federals, crossing the parapet, swept all before them. Hill's second line received them with a scattered fire, turned in confusion, and fled back upon the guns. Then beckoned victory to him who had held his reserves in hand. Jackson had seen the charge, and Forno's Louisianians, with a regiment of Lawton's, had already been sent forward with the bayonet.

In close order the counterstroke came on. The thinned ranks of the Federals could oppose no resolute resistance. Fighting they fell back, first to the embankment, where for a few moments they held their own, and then to the wood. But without supports it was impossible to rally. Johnson's and Starke's brigades swept down upon their flank, the Louisianians, supported by Field and Archer, against their front, and in twenty minutes, with a loss of one-fourth his numbers, Grover in his turn was driven beyond the Warrenton turnpike.

Four divisions, Schurz', Steinwehr's, Hooker's, and Reno's, had been hurled in succession against Jackson's front. Their losses had been enormous. Grover's brigade had lost 461 out of 2,000, of which one regiment, 283 strong, accounted for 6 officers and 106 men; three regiments of Reno's lost 530; and it is probable that more than 4,000 men had fallen in the wood which lay in front of Hill's brigades.

The fighting, however, had not been without effect on <160>the Confederates. The charges to which they had been exposed, impetuous as they were, were doubtless less trying than a sustained attack, pressed on by continuous waves of fresh troops, and allowing the defence no breathing space. Such steady pressure, always increasing in strength, saps the *moral* more rapidly than a series of fierce assaults, delivered at wide

intervals of time. But such pressure implies on the part of the assailant an accumulation of superior force, and this accumulation the enemy's generals had not attempted to provide. In none of the four attacks which had shivered against Hill's front had the strength of the assailants been greater than that of his own division; and to the tremendous weight of such a stroke as had won the battles of Gaines' Mill or Cedar Run, to the closely combined advance of overwhelming numbers, Jackson's men had not yet been subjected.

The battle, nevertheless, had been fiercely contested, and the strain of constant vigilance and close-range fighting had told on the Light Division. The Federal skirmishers, boldly advancing as Pender's men fell back, had once more filled the wood, and their venomous fire allowed the defenders no leisure for repose.⁽¹⁾ Ammunition had already given out; many of the men had but two or three cartridges remaining, and the volunteers who ran the gauntlet to procure fresh supplies were many of them shot down. Moreover, nine hours' fighting, much of it at close range, had piled the corpses thick upon the railroad, and the ranks of Hill's brigades were terribly attenuated. The second line had already been brought up to fill the gaps, and every brigade had been heavily engaged.

It was about four o'clock, and for a short space the pressure on the Confederate lines relaxed. The continuous

(1) The Federal sharpshooters at this time,' says Colonel McCrady, of the Light Division, 'held possession of the wood, and kept up a deadly fire of single shots whenever any one of us was exposed. Every lieutenant who had to change position did so at the risk of his life. What was my horror, during an interval in the attack, to see General Jackson himself walking quickly down the railroad cut, examining our position, and calmly looking into the wood that concealed the enemy ! Strange to say, he was not molested.'—*Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xiii., p. 27.

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roar of the artillery dwindled to a fitful cannonade; and along the edge of the wood, drooping under the heat, where the foliage was white with the dust of battle, the skirmishers let their rifles cool. But the Valley soldiers knew that their respite would be short. The Federal masses were still marching and countermarching on the opposite hills; from the forest beyond long columns streamed steadily to the front, and near the Warrenton turnpike fresh batteries were coming into action.

Pope had ordered Kearney and Reno to make a fresh attack. The former, one of the most dashing officers in the Federal army, disposed his division in two lines. Reno, in the same formation, deployed upon Kearney's right, and with their flank resting on Bull Run the five brigades went forward to the charge. The Confederate batteries, posted on the ridge in rear, swept the open ground along the stream; but, regardless of their fire, the Federals came rapidly to close quarters, and seized the railroad. When

Hill saw this formidable storm bursting on his 4.30 P.M. lines he felt that the supreme moment had arrived.

Would Gregg, on whose front the division of Reno was bearing down, be able to hold his own ? That gallant soldier, although more than one half of his command lay dead or wounded, replied, in answer to his chief's enquiry, that his ammunition was almost expended, but that he had still the bayonet. Nevertheless, the pressure was too heavy for his wearied troops. Foot by foot they were forced back, and, at the same moment, Thomas, Field, and Branch, still fighting desperately, were compelled to yield their ground. Hill, anxiously looking for succour, had already called on Early. The enemy, swarming across the railroad, had penetrated to a point three hundred yards within the

Confederate position. But the grey line was not yet shattered. The men of the Light Division, though borne backwards by the rush, still faced towards the foe; and Early's brigade, supported by two regiments of Lawton's division, advanced with levelled bayonets, drove through the tumult, and opposed a solid line to the crowd of Federals.

Once more the fresh reserve, thrown in at the propitious <162>moment, swept back numbers far superior to itself. Once more order prevailed over disorder, and the cold steel asserted its supremacy. The strength of the assailants was already spent. The wave receded more swiftly than it had risen, and through the copses and across the railroad the Confederates drove their exhausted foe. General Hill had instructed Early that he was not to pass beyond the original front; but it was impossible to restrain the troops, and not till they had advanced several hundred yards was the brigade halted and brought back. The counterstroke was as completely successful as those that had preceded it. Early's losses were comparatively slight, those inflicted on the enemy very heavy, and Hill's brigades were finally relieved. Pope abandoned all further efforts to crush Jackson. Five assaults had failed. 30,000 infantry had charged in vain through the fatal wood; and of the 8,000 Federal casualties reported on this day, by far the larger proportion was due to the deadly fire and dashing counterstrokes of Jackson's infantry.

While Pope was hurling division after division against the Confederate left, Lee, with Longstreet at his side, observed the conflict from Stuart's Hill, the wooded eminence which stands south-west of Groveton. On this wing, though a mile distant from Jackson's battle, both Federals and Confederates were in force. At least one half of Pope's army had gradually assembled on this flank. Here were Reynolds and McDowell, and on the Manassas road stood two divisions under Porter.

Within the woods on Stuart's Hill, with the cavalry on his flank, Longstreet had deployed his whole force, with the exception of Anderson, who had not yet passed Thoroughfare Gap. But although both Pope and Lee were anxious to engage, neither could bring their subordinates to the point. Pope had sent vague instructions to Porter and McDowell, and when at length he had substituted a definite order it was not only late in arriving, but the generals found that it was based on an absolutely incorrect view of the situation. The Federal commander had no knowledge that Longstreet, <163>with 25,000 men, was already in position beyond his left. So close lay the Confederates that under the impression that Stuart's Hill was still untenanted, he desired Porter to move across it and envelop Jackson's right. Porter, suspecting that the main body of the Southern army was before him, declined to risk his 10,000 men until he had reported the true state of affairs. A peremptory reply to attack at once was received at 6.30, but it was then too late to intervene.

Nor had Lee been more successful in developing a counterstroke. Longstreet, with a complacency it is difficult to understand, has related how he opposed the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. Three times Lee urged him forward. The first time he rode to the front to reconnoitre, and found that the position, in his own words, was not inviting. Again Lee insisted that the enemy's left might be turned. While the question was under discussion, a heavy force (Porter and McDowell) was reported advancing from Manassas Junction. No attack followed, however, and Lee repeated his instructions. Longstreet was still unwilling. A large portion of the Federal force on the Manassas road now marched northward to join Pope, and Lee, for the last time, bade Longstreet attack towards Groveton. 'I suggested,' says the latter, 'that the day being far spent, it might be as well to

advance before night on a forced reconnaissance, get our troops into the most favourable positions, and have all things ready for battle the next morning. To this General Lee reluctantly gave consent, and orders were given for an advance to be pursued under cover of night, until the main position could be carefully examined. It so happened that an order to advance was issued on the other side at the same time, so that the encounter was something of a surprise on both sides.' (1) Hood, with his two Texan brigades, led the Confederates, and King's division, now commanded by Hatch, met him on the slopes of Stuart's Hill. Although the Federals, since 1 A.M. the same morning, had marched to Manassas and back again, the fight was spirited. Hood, however, was strongly supported, and the Texans pushed forward <164>a mile and a half in front of the position they had held since noon. Longstreet had now full leisure to make his reconnaissance. The ground to which the enemy had retreated was very strong. He believed it strongly manned, and an hour after midnight Hood's brigades were ordered to withdraw.

The firing, even of the skirmishers, had long since died away on the opposite flank. The battle was over, and the Valley army had been once more victorious. But when Jackson's staff gathered round him in the bivouac, 'their triumph,' says Dabney, 'bore a solemn hue.' Their great task had been accomplished, and Pope's army, harassed, starving, and bewildered, had been brought to bay. But their energies were worn down. The incessant marching, by day and night, the suspense of the past week, the fierce strife of the day that had just closed, pressed heavily on the whole force. Many of the bravest were gone. Trimble, that stout soldier, was severely wounded, Field and Forno had fallen, and in Gregg's brigade alone 40 officers were dead or wounded. Doctor McGuire, fresh from the ghastly spectacle of the silent battle-field, said, 'General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting.' 'No,' replied Jackson, very quietly, 'it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence.' And in this attitude of acknowledgment general and soldiers were as one. When the pickets had been posted, and night had fallen on the forest, officers and men, gathered together round their chaplains, made such preparations for the morrow's battle as did the host of King Harry on the eve of Agincourt.

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NOTE

Students of war will note with interest the tactical details of the passage of the Rappahannock by the Army of Northern Virginia.

August 21.—FEDERALS.

In position behind the river from Kelly's Ford to Freeman's Ford. *Tête de pont* covering the railway bridge, occupied by a brigade.

CONFEDERATES.

Longstreet to Kelly's Ford. Jackson to Beverley Ford.
Stuart to above Beverley Ford.
Constant skirmishing and artillery fire.

August 22.—FEDERALS.

In position from Kelly's Ford to Freeman's Ford. Bayard's cavalry brigade on right flank.

Buford's cavalry brigade at Rappahannock Station.

CONFEDERATES.

Jackson to Sulphur Springs. Early crosses the river.
Longstreet to Beverley Ford and railway.
Constant skirmishing and artillery fire.

August 23.—FEDERALS.

Pope abandons *tête de pont* and burns railway bridge.
Sigel moves against Early, but his advance is repulsed.
Army to a position about Warrenton, with detachments along the river, and a strong force at Kelly's Ford.

CONFEDERATES.

Early moves north to Great Run, and is reinforced by Lawton.
Stuart to Catlett's Station.
Longstreet demonstrates against railway bridge.

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August 24.—FEDERALS

Buford's and Bayard's cavalry to Waterloo.
Army to Waterloo and Sulphur Springs.

CONFEDERATES.

Jackson in the evening retires to Jefferson, and is relieved after dark opposite Sulphur Springs and Waterloo by Longstreet.
Anderson relieves Longstreet on the railway. Constant skirmishing and artillery fire all along the line.

August 25.—FEDERALS.

Pope extends his left down the river to Kelly's Ford, determining to receive attack at Warrenton should the Confederates cross.

CONFEDERATES.

Jackson moves north and crosses the river at Hinson's Mills. Longstreet demonstrates at Waterloo, and Anderson at the Sulphur Springs.

August 26.—FEDERALS.

A reconnoissance in force, owing to bad staff arrangements, comes to nothing. At nightfall the whole army is ordered to concentrate at Warrenton.

CONFEDERATES.

2 A.M. Stuart follows Jackson.
Late in the afternoon, Longstreet, having been relieved by Anderson, marches to Hinson's Mills.
Jackson captures Manassas Junction. Skirmishing all day along the Rappahannock.

August 27.—FEDERALS.

7 A.M. Hooker's division from Warrenton Junction to Bristoe Station.
8.30 A.M. Army ordered to concentrate at Gainesville, Buckland Mills, and
Greenwich. Porter and Banks at Warrenton Junction.
3 P.M. Action at Bristoe Station.
6.30 P.M. Pope arrives at Bristoe Station.
Army ordered to march to Manassas Junction at dawn.

CONFEDERATES.

Jackson at Manassas Junction.
Longstreet to White Plains.

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XVII—The Second Manassas (*Continued*)

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DURING the night of August 30 the long line of camp-fires on the heights above Bull Run, and the frequent skirmishes along the picket line, told General Lee that his enemy had no intention of falling back behind the stream. And when morning broke the Federal troops were observed upon every ridge.

The Confederate leader, eager as he had been to force the battle to an issue on the previous afternoon, had now abandoned all idea of attack. The respite which Aug. 30. the enemy had gained might have altogether changed the situation. It was possible that the Federals had been largely reinforced. Pope and McClellan had been given time, and the hours of the night might have been utilised to bring up the remainder of the Army of the Potomac. Lee resolved, therefore, to await events. The Federal position was strong; their masses were well concentrated; there was ample space, on the ridges beyond Young's Branch, for the deployment of their numerous artillery, and it would be difficult to outflank them. Moreover, a contingent of fresh troops from Richmond, the divisions of D. H. Hill, McLaws, and Walker, together with Hampton's brigade of cavalry, and part of the reserve artillery, 20,350 men in all, had crossed the Rappahannock.(1) Until this force should join him he determined

(1)

<u>D. H. Hill</u>	7,000
<u>McLaws</u>	6,850
<u>Walker</u>	4,000
<u>Hampton</u>	1,500
<u>Artillery</u>	1,000
	<u>20,350</u>

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to postpone further manoeuvres, and to rest his army. But he was not without hope that Pope might assume the initiative and move down from the heights on which his columns were already forming. Aware of the sanguine and impatient temper of his adversary, confident in the moral of his troops, and in the strength of his position, he foresaw that an opportunity might offer for an overwhelming counterstroke.

Meanwhile, the Confederate divisions, still hidden in the woods, lay quietly on their arms. Few changes were made in the dispositions of the previous day. Jackson, despite his losses, had made no demand for reinforcements; and the only direct support afforded him was a battery of eighteen guns, drawn from the battalion of Colonel S. D. Lee, and established on the high ground west of the Douglass House, at right angles to his line of battle. These guns, pointing north-east, overlooked the wide tract of undulating meadow which lay in front of the Stonewall and Lawton's divisions, and they commanded a field of fire over a mile long. The left of the battery was not far distant from the guns on Jackson's right, and the whole of the open space was thus exposed to the cross-fire of a formidable artillery.

To the right of the batteries, Stuart's Hill was strongly occupied by Longstreet, with Anderson's division as general reserve; and this wing of the Confederate army was

gradually wheeled up, but always under cover, until it was almost perpendicular to the line of the unfinished railroad. The strength of Lee's army at the battle of Manassas was hardly more than 50,000 of all arms. Jackson's command had been reduced by battle and forced marches to 17,000 men. Longstreet mustered 30,000, and the cavalry 2,500.

But numbers are of less importance than the confidence of the men in their ability to conquer,(1) and the spirit of the Confederates had been raised to the highest pitch. The keen

(1) Hood's Texans had a hymn which graphically expressed this truism:

' The race is not to him that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to those people
That shoot the biggest gun.'

[Graphic, Groveton and Second Manassas, omitted.]

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critics in Longstreet's ranks, although they had taken no part in the Manassas raid, or in the battles of August 28 and 29, fully appreciated the daring strategy which had brought them within two short marches of Washington. The junction of the two wings, in the very presence of the enemy, after many days of separation, was a manoeuvre after their own hearts. The passage of Thoroughfare Gap revealed the difficulties which had attended the operations, and the manner in which the enemy had been outwitted appealed with peculiar force to their quick intelligence. Their trust in Lee was higher than ever; and the story of Jackson's march, of the capture of Manassas, of the repulse of Pope's army, if it increased their contempt for the enemy, inspired them with an enthusiastic determination to emulate the achievements of their comrades. The soldiers of the Valley army, who, unaided by a single bayonet, had withstood the five successive assaults which had been launched against their position, were supremely indifferent, now Longstreet was in line, to whatever the enemy might attempt. It was noticed that notwithstanding the heavy losses they had experienced Jackson's troops were never more light-hearted than on the morning of August 30. Cartridge-boxes had been replenished, rations had been issued, and for several hours the men had been called on neither to march nor fight. As they lay in the woods, and the pickets, firing on the enemy's patrols, kept up a constant skirmish to the front, the laugh and jest ran down the ranks, and the unfortunate Pope, who had only seen ' the backs of his enemies,' served as whetstone for their wit.

By the troops who had revelled in the spoils of Winchester Banks had been dubbed ' Old Jack's Commissary General.' By universal acclamation, after the Manassas foray, Pope was promoted to the same distinction; and had it been possible to penetrate to the Federal headquarters, the mirth of those ragged privates would hardly have diminished. Pope was in an excellent humour, conversing affably with his staff, and viewing with pride the martial aspect of his massed divisions. Nearly his whole force <170>was concentrated on the hills around him, and Porter, who had been called up from the Manassas road, was already marching northwards through the woods. Banks still was absent at Bristoe Station, in charge of the trains and stores which had been removed from Warrenton; but, shortly after ten o'clock, 65,000 men, with eight-and-twenty batteries, were at Pope's disposal. He had determined to give battle, although Franklin and Sumner, who had already reached Alexandria, had not yet joined him; and he anticipated an easy triumph. He was labouring, however, under an extraordinary delusion. The retreat of Hood's

brigades the preceding night, after their reconnaissance, had induced him to believe that Jackson had been defeated, and he had reported to Halleck at daybreak: ' We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up. We lost not less than 8,000 men killed and wounded, but from the appearance of the field the enemy lost at least two to one. The news has just reached me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains.'

If, in these days of long-range weapons, Napoleon's dictum still stands good, that the general who is ignorant of his enemy's strength and dispositions is ignorant of his trade, then of all generals Pope was surely the most incompetent. At ten o'clock on the morning of August 30, and for many months afterwards, despite his statement that he had fought ' the combined forces of the enemy' on the previous day, he was still under the impression, so skilfully were the Confederate troops concealed, that Longstreet had not yet joined Jackson, and that the latter was gradually falling back on Thoroughfare Gap. His patrols had reported that the enemy's cavalry had been withdrawn from the left bank of Bull Run. A small reconnaissance in force, sent to test Jackson's strength, had ascertained that the extreme left was not so far forward as it had been yesterday; while two of the Federal generals, reconnoitring beyond the turn-pike, <171>observed only a few skirmishers. On these negative reports Pope based his decision to seize the ridge which was held by Jackson. Yet the woods along the unfinished railroad had not been examined, and the information from other sources was of a different colour and more positive. Buford's cavalry had reported on the evening of the 29th that a large force had passed through Thoroughfare Gap. Porter declared that the enemy was in great strength on the Manassas road. Reynolds, who had been in close contact with Longstreet since the previous afternoon, reported that Stuart's Hill was strongly occupied. Ricketts, moreover, who had fought Longstreet for many hours at Thoroughfare Gap, was actually present on the field. But Pope, who had made up his mind that the enemy ought to retreat, and that therefore he must retreat, refused credence to any report whatever which ran counter to these preconceived ideas. Without making the slightest attempt to verify, by personal observation, the conclusions at which his subordinates had arrived, at midday, to the dismay of his best officers, his army being now in position, he issued orders for his troops to be 'immediately thrown forward in pursuit of the enemy, and to press him vigorously.'

Porter and Reynolds formed the left of the Federal army. These generals, alive to the necessity of examining the woods, deployed a strong skirmish line before them as they formed for action. Further evidence of Pope's hallucination was at once forthcoming. The moment Reynolds moved forward against Stuart's Hill he found his front overlapped by long lines of infantry, and, riding back, he informed Pope that in so doing he had had to run the gauntlet of skirmishers who threatened his rear. Porter, too, pushing his reconnaissance across the meadows west of Groveton, drew the fire of several batteries. But at this juncture, unfortunately for the Federals, a Union prisoner, recaptured from Jackson, declared that he had ' heard the rebel officers say that their army was retiring to unite with Longstreet.' So positively did the indications before him contradict this statement, that Porter, on sending the man <172>to Pope, wrote: ' In duty bound I send him, but I regard him as either a fool or designedly released to give a wrong impression. No faith should be put in what he says.' If Jackson employed this man to delude his

enemy, the ruse was eminently successful. Porter received the reply: 'General Pope believes that soldier, and directs you to attack ;' Reynolds was dismissed with a message that cavalry would be sent to verify his report; and McDowell was ordered to put in the divisions of Hatch and Ricketts on Porter's right.

During the whole morning the attention of the Confederates had been directed to the Groveton wood. Beyond the timber rose the hill north-east, and on this hill three or four Federal batteries had come into action at an early hour, firing at intervals across the meadows. The Confederate guns, save when the enemy's skirmishers approached too close, hardly deigned to reply, reserving their ammunition for warmer work. That such work was to come was hardly doubtful. Troops had been constantly in motion near the hostile batteries, and the thickets below were evidently full of men. Shortly after noon the enemy's skirmishers became aggressive, swarming over the meadows, and into the wood which had seen such heavy slaughter in the fight of yesterday. As Jackson's pickets, extended over a wide front, gave slowly back, his guns opened in earnest, and shell and shrapnel flew fast over the open space. The strong force of skirmishers betrayed the presence of a line of battle not far in rear, and ignoring the fire of the artillery, the Confederate batteries concentrated on the covert behind which they knew the enemy's masses were forming for attack. But, except the pickets, not a single man of either the Stonewall or Lawton's division was permitted to expose himself. A few companies held the railroad, the remainder were carefully concealed. The storm was not long in breaking. Jackson had just ridden along his lines, examining with his own eyes the stir in the Groveton wood, when, in rear of the skirmishers, advancing over the highroad, appeared the serried ranks of the line of battle. 20,000 bayonets, on a front which extended from Groveton to near Bull Run, swept forward against his front; 40,000, formed in dense masses on the slopes in rear, stood in readiness to support them; and numerous batteries, coming into action on every rising ground, covered the advance with a heavy fire.

Pope, standing on a knoll near the Stone House, saw victory within his grasp. The Confederate guns had been pointed out to his troops as the objective of the attack. Unsupported, as he believed, save by the scattered groups of skirmishers who were already retreating to the railroad, and assailed in front and flank, these batteries, he expected, would soon be flying to the rear, and the Federal army, in possession of the high ground, would then sweep down in heavy columns towards Thoroughfare Gap. Suddenly his hopes fell. Porter's masses, stretching far to right and left, had already passed the Dogan House; Hatch was entering the Groveton wood; Ricketts was moving forward along Bull Run, and the way seemed clear before them; when loud and clear above the roar of the artillery rang out the Confederate bugles, and along the whole length of the ridge beyond the railroad long lines of infantry, streaming forward from the woods, ran down to the embankment. 'The effect,' said an officer who witnessed this unexpected apparition, 'was not unlike flushing a covey of quails.'

Instead of the small rear-guard which Pope had thought to crush by sheer force of overwhelming numbers, the whole of the Stonewall division, with Lawton on the left, stood across Porter's path.

Reynolds, south of the turnpike, and confronting Longstreet, was immediately ordered to fall back and support the attack, and two small brigades, Warren's and Alexander's, were left alone on the Federal left. Pope had committed his last and his worst blunder. Sigel with two divisions was in rear of Porter, and for Sigel's assistance Porter had already

asked. But Pope, still under the delusion that Longstreet was not yet up, preferred rather to weaken his left than grant the request of a subordinate. <174>

[Graphic, Approximate Positions in the attack on Jackson August 30th, 1862, omitted.]

Under such a leader the courage of the troops, however vehement, was of no avail, and in Porter's attack the soldiers displayed a courage to which the Confederates paid a willing tribute. Morell's division, with the two brigades abreast, arrayed in three lines, advanced across the meadows. Hatch's division, in still deeper formation, pushed through the wood on Morell's right. Nearer Bull Run were two brigades of Ricketts; and to Morell's left rear the division of regulars moved forward under Sykes.

Morell's attack was directed against Jackson's right. In the centre of the Federal line a mounted officer, whose gallant bearing lived long in the memories of the Stonewall division, rode out in front of the column, and, drawing his sabre, led the advance over the rolling grass-land. The Confederate batteries, with a terrible cross-fire, swept the Northern ranks from end to end. The volleys of the infantry, lying behind their parapet, struck them full in face. But the horse and his rider lived through it all. The men followed close, charging swiftly up the slope, and then the leader, putting his horse straight at the embankment, stood for a moment on the top. The daring feat was seen by the whole Confederate line, and a yell went up from the men along the railroad, 'Don't kill him! don't kill him!' But while the cry went up horse and rider fell in one limp mass across the earthwork, and the gallant Northerner was dragged under shelter by his generous foes.

With such men as this to show the way what soldiers would be backward? As the Russians followed Skobelev's grey up the bloody slopes of Plevna, so the Federals followed the bright chestnut of this unknown hero, and not till the colours waved within thirty paces of the parapet did the charge falter. But, despite the supports that came thronging up, Jackson's soldiers, covered by the earthwork, opposed a resistance which no mere frontal attack could break. Three times, as the lines in rear merged with the first, the Federal officers brought their men forward to the assault, and three times were they hurled back, leaving hundreds of their number dead and wounded on the blood-soaked <175>turf. One regiment of the Stonewall division, posted in a copse beyond the railroad, was driven in; but others, when cartridges failed them, had recourse, like the Guards at Inkermann, to the stones which lay along the railway-bed; and with these strange weapons, backed up by the bayonet, more than one desperate effort was repulsed. In arresting Garnett after Kernstown, because when his ammunition was exhausted he had abandoned his position, Jackson had lost a good general, but he had taught his soldiers a useful lesson. So long as the cold steel was left to them, and their flanks were safe, they knew that their indomitable leader expected them to hold their ground, and right gallantly they responded. For over thirty minutes the battle raged along the front at the closest range. Opposite a deep cutting the colours of a Federal regiment, for nearly half an hour, rose and fell, as bearer after bearer was shot down, within ten yards of the muzzles of the Confederate rifles, and after the fight a hundred dead Northerners were found where the flag had been so gallantly upheld.

Hill, meanwhile, was heavily engaged with Hatch. Every brigade, with the exception of Gregg's, had been thrown into the fighting-line; and so hardly were they pressed, that Jackson, turning to his signallers, demanded reinforcements from his colleague. Longstreet, in response to the call, ordered two more batteries to join Colonel Stephen Lee; and Morell's division, penned in that deadly cockpit between Stuart's Hill and the

Groveton wood, shattered by musketry in front and by artillery at short range in flank, fell back across the meadows. Hatch soon followed suit, and Jackson's artillery, which during the fight at close quarters had turned its fire on the supports, launched a storm of shell on the defeated Federals. Some batteries were ordered to change position so as to rake their lines; and the Stonewall division, reinforced by a brigade of Hill's, was sent forward to the counter-attack. At every step the losses of the Federals increased, and the shattered divisions, passing through two regiments of regulars, which had been sent forward to support them, sought shelter in the woods. Then Porter and Hatch, under cover of their artillery, withdrew their <176>infantry. Ricketts had fallen back before his troops arrived within decisive range. Under the impression that he was about to pursue a retreating enemy, he had found on advancing, instead of a thin screen of skirmishers, a line of battle, strongly established, and backed by batteries to which he was unable to reply. Against such odds attack would only have increased the slaughter.

It was after four o'clock. Three hours of daylight yet remained, time enough still to secure a victory. But the Federal army was in no condition to renew the 4.15 P.M. attack. Worn with long marches, deprived of their supplies, and oppressed by the consciousness that they were ill-led, both officers and men had lost all confidence. Every single division on the field had been engaged, and every single division had been beaten back. For four days, according to General Pope, they had been following a flying foe. ' We were sent forward,' reported a regimental commander with quiet sarcasm, ' to pursue the enemy, who was said to be retreating; we found the enemy, but did not see them retreat.'

Nor, had there been a larger reserve in hand, would a further advance have been permitted. The Stonewall division, although Porter's regiments were breaking up before its onset, had been ordered to fall back before it became exposed to the full sweep of the Federal guns. But the woods to the south, where Longstreet's divisions had been lying for so many hours, were already alive with bayonets. The grey skirmishers, extending far beyond Pope's left, were moving rapidly down the slopes of Stuart's Hill, and the fire of the artillery, massed on the ridge in rear, was increasing every moment in intensity. The Federals, just now advancing in pursuit, were suddenly thrown on the defensive; and the hand of a great captain snatched control of the battle from the grasp of Pope.

As Porter reeled back from Jackson's front, Lee had seen his opportunity. The whole army was ordered to advance to the attack. Longstreet, prepared since dawn for the counterstroke, had moved before the message <177>reached him, and the exulting yells of his soldiers were now resounding through the forest. Jackson was desirous to cover Longstreet's left; and sending Starke and Lawton across the meadows, strewn with the bloody *débris* of Porter's onslaught, he instructed Hill to advance *en échelon* with his left ' refused.' Anticipating the order, the commander of the Light Division was already sweeping through the Groveton wood.

The Federal gunners, striving valiantly to cover the retreat of their shattered infantry, met the advance of the Southerners with a rapid fire. Pope and McDowell exerted themselves to throw a strong force on to the heights above Bull Run; and the two brigades upon the left, Warren's and Alexander's, already overlapped, made a gallant effort to gain time for the occupation of the new position.

But the counterstroke of Lee was not to be withstood by a few regiments of infantry. The field of Bull Run had seen many examples of the attack as executed by indifferent tacticians. At the first battle isolated brigades had advanced at wide intervals of time. At

the second battle the Federals had assaulted by successive divisions. Out of 50,000 infantry, no more than 20,000 had been simultaneously engaged, and when a partial success had been achieved there were no supports at hand to complete the victory. When the Confederates came forward it was in other fashion; and those who had the wit to understand were now to learn the difference between mediocrity and genius, between the half-measures of the one and the resolution of the other. Lee's order for the advance embraced his whole army. Every regiment, every battery, and every squadron was employed. No reserves save the artillery were retained upon the ridge, but wave after wave of bayonets followed closely on the fighting-line. To drive the attack forward by a quick succession of reinforcements, to push it home by weight of numbers, to pile blow on blow, to keep the defender occupied along his whole front, and to provide for retreat, should retreat be necessary, not by throwing in fresh troops, but by leaving the enemy so crippled that he would be powerless <178>to pursue—such were the tactics of the Confederate leader.

The field was still covered with Porter's and Hatch's disordered masses when Lee's strong array advanced, and the sight was magnificent. As far as the eye could reach the long grey lines of infantry, with the crimson of the colours gleaming like blood in the evening sun, swept with ordered ranks across the Groveton valley. Batteries galloped furiously to the front; far away to the right fluttered the guidons of Stuart's squadrons, and over all the massed artillery maintained a tremendous fire. The men drew fresh vigour from this powerful combination. The enthusiasm of the troops was as intense as their excitement. With great difficulty, it is related, were the gunners restrained from joining in the charge, and the officers of the staff could scarcely resist the impulse to throw themselves with their victorious comrades upon the retreating foe.

The advance was made in the following order:

Wilcox' division, north of the turnpike, connected with Jackson's right. Then came Evans, facing the two brigades which formed the Federal left, and extending across the turnpike. Behind Evans came Anderson on the left and Kemper on the right. Then, in prolongation of Kemper's line, but at some interval, marched the division of D. R. Jones, flanked by Stuart's cavalry, and on the further wing, extending towards Bull Run, were Starke, Lawton, and A. P. Hill. 50,000 men, including the cavalry, were thus deployed over a front of four miles; each division was formed in at least two lines; and in the centre, where Anderson and Kemper supported Evans, were no less than eight brigades one in rear of the other.

The Federal advanced line, behind which the troops which had been engaged in the last attack were slowly rallying, extended from the Groveton wood to a low hill, south of the turnpike and east of the village. This hill was quickly carried by Hood's brigade of Evans's division. The two regiments which defended it, rapidly outflanked, and assailed by overwhelming numbers, were routed with the loss of nearly half their muster. Jackson's attack <179>through the Groveton wood was equally successful, but on the ridge in rear were posted the regulars under Sykes; and, further east, on Buck Hill, had assembled the remnants of four divisions.

Outflanked by the capture of the hill upon their left, and fiercely assailed in front, Sykes's well-disciplined regiments, formed in lines of columns and covered by a rear-guard of skirmishers, retired steadily under the tremendous fire, preserving their formation, and falling back slowly across Young's Branch. Then Jackson, reforming his

troops along the Sudley road, and swinging round to the left, moved swiftly against Buck Hill. Here, in addition to the infantry, were posted three Union batteries, and the artillery made a desperate endeavour to stay the counterstroke.

But nothing could withstand the vehement charge of the Valley soldiers. 'They came on,' says the correspondent of a Northern journal, 'like demons emerging from the earth.' The crests of the ridges blazed with musketry, and Hill's infantry, advancing in the very teeth of the canister, captured six guns at the bayonet's point. Once more Jackson reformed his lines; and, as twilight came down upon the battle-field, from position after position, in the direction of the Stone Bridge, the divisions of Stevens, Ricketts, Kearney, and Hooker, were gradually pushed back.

On the Henry Hill, the key of the Federal position, a fierce conflict was meanwhile raging. From the high ground to the south Longstreet had driven back several brigades which, in support of the artillery, Sigel and McDowell had massed upon Bald Hill. But this position had not been occupied without a protracted struggle. Longstreet's first line, advancing with over-impetuosity, had outstripped the second; and before it could be supported was compelled to give ground under the enemy's fire, one of the brigades losing 62 officers and 560 men. Anderson and Kemper were then brought up; the flank of the defenders was turned; a counterstroke was beaten back, ridge after ridge was mastered, the edge of every wood was stormed; and as the sun set <180>behind the mountains Bald Hill was carried. During this fierce action the division of D. R. Jones, leaving the Chinn House to the left, had advanced against the Henry Hill. On the very ground which Jackson had held in his first battle the best troops of the Federal army were rapidly assembling. Here were Sykes' regulars and Reynolds' Pennsylvanians; where the woods permitted batteries had been established; and Porter's Fifth Army Corps, who at Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill had proved such stubborn fighters, opposed a strong front once more to their persistent foes.

Despite the rapid fire of the artillery the Southerners swept forward with unabated vigour. But as the attack was pressed the resistance of the Federals grew more stubborn, and before long the Confederate formation lost its strength. The lines in rear had been called up. The assistance of the strong centre had been required to rout the defenders of Bald Hill; and although Anderson and Wilcox pressed forward on his left, Jones had not sufficient strength to storm the enemy's last position. Moreover, the Confederate artillery had been unable to follow the infantry over the broken ground; the cavalry, confronted by Buford's squadrons and embarrassed by the woods, could lend no active aid, and the Federals, defeated as they were, had not yet lost all heart. Whatever their guns could do, in so close a country, to relieve the infantry had been accomplished; and the infantry, though continually outflanked, held together with unflinching courage. Stragglers there were, and stragglers in such large numbers that Bayard's cavalry brigade had been ordered to the rear to drive them back; but the majority of the men, hardened by months of discipline and constant battle, remained staunch to the colours. The conviction that the battle was lost was no longer a signal for 'the thinking bayonets' to make certain of their individual safety; and the regulars, for the second time on the same field, provided a strong nucleus of resistance.

Thrown into the woods along the Sudley-Manassas road, five battalions of the United States army held the extreme left, the most critical point of the Federal line, until <181>a second brigade relieved them. To their right Meade and his Pennsylvanians held fast

against Anderson and Wilcox; and although six guns fell into the hands of the Confederate infantry, and four of Longstreet's batteries, which had accompanied the cavalry, were now raking their left, Pope's soldiers, as twilight descended upon the field, redeemed as far as soldiers could the errors of their general. Stuart, on the right flank of the Confederate line, charged down the opposing cavalry(1) and crossed Bull Run at Lewis' Ford; but the dark masses on the Henry Hill, increased every moment by troops ascending from the valley, still held fast, with no hope indeed of victory, but with a stern determination to maintain their ground. Had the hill been lost, nothing could have saved Pope's army. The crest commanded the crossings of Bull Run. The Stone Bridge, the main point of passage, was not more than a mile northward, within the range of artillery, and Jackson was already in possession of the Matthew Hill, not fourteen hundred yards from the road by which the troops must pass in their retreat.

The night, however, put an end to the battle. Even the Valley soldiers were constrained to halt. It was impossible in the obscurity to distinguish friend from foe. The 7.30 P.M. Confederate lines presented a broken front, here pushed forward, and here drawn back; divisions, brigades, and regiments had intermingled; and the thick woods, intervening at frequent intervals, rendered combination impracticable. During the darkness, which was accompanied by heavy rain, the Federals quietly withdrew, leaving thousands of

(1) This was one of the most brilliant cavalry fights of the war. Colonel Munford, of the 2nd Virginia, finding the enemy advancing, formed line and charged, the impetuosity of the attack carrying his regiment through the enemy's first line, with whom his men were thoroughly intermingled in hand-to-hand conflict. The Federals, however, who had advanced at a trot, in four successive lines, were far superior in numbers; but the 7th and 12th Virginia rapidly came up, and the charge of the 12th, constituting as it were a last reserve, drove the enemy from the field. The Confederates lost 5 killed and 40 wounded. Munford himself, and the commander of the First Michigan (Union) cavalry were both wounded by sabre-cuts, the latter mortally. 300 Federals were taken prisoners, 19 killed, and 80 wounded. Sabre, carbine, and revolver were freely used.

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wounded on the field, and morning found them in position on the heights of Centreville, four miles beyond Bull Run.

Pope, with an audacity which disaster was powerless to tame, reported to Halleck that, on the whole, the results of the battle were favourable to the Federal army. 'The enemy,' he wrote, 'largely reinforced, assailed our position early to-day. We held our ground firmly until 6 o'clock P.M., when the enemy, massing very heavy forces on our left, forced that wing back about half a mile. At dark we held that position. Under all the circumstances, with horses and men having been two days without food, and the enemy greatly outnumbering us, I thought it best to move back to this place at dark. The movement has been made in perfect order and without loss. The battle was most furious for hours without cessation, and the losses on both sides very heavy. The enemy is badly whipped, and we shall do well enough. Do not be uneasy. We will hold our own here.'

Pope's actions, however, were invariably at variance with Pope's words. At 6 P.M. he had ordered Franklin, who was approaching Bull Run from Alexandria with 10,000 fresh troops, to occupy with his own command and whatever other troops he could collect, the fortifications round Centreville, and hold them 'to the last extremity.' Banks, still at Bristoe Station, was told to destroy all the supplies of which he was in charge, as well as the railway, and to march on Centreville; while 30 guns and more than 2,000 wounded were left upon the field. Nor were Pope's anticipations as to the future to be fulfilled. The

position at Centreville was strong. The intrenchments constructed by the Confederates during the winter of 1861 were still standing. Halleck had forwarded supplies; there was ammunition in abundance, and 20,000 infantry under Franklin and Sumner—for the latter also had come up from Washington—more than compensated for the casualties of the battle. But formidable earthworks, against generals who dare manoeuvre, are often a mere trap for the unwary.

Before daylight Stuart and his troopers were in the saddle; and, picking up many stragglers as they marched, came within range of the guns at Centreville. Lee, accompanied by Jackson, having reconnoitred the position, determined to move once more upon the Federal rear. Longstreet remained on the battle-field to engage the attention of the enemy and cover the removal of the wounded; while Jackson, crossing not by the Stone Bridge, but by Sudley Ford, was entrusted with the work of forcing Pope from his strong position.

The weather was inclement, the roads were quagmires, and the men were in no condition to make forced marches. Yet before nightfall Jackson had pushed ten miles through the mud, halting near Pleasant Valley, on the Little River turnpike, five miles north-west of Centreville. During the afternoon Longstreet, throwing a brigade across Bull Run to keep the enemy on the *qui vive*, followed the same route. Of these movements Pope received no warning, and Jackson's proclivity for flank manoeuvres had evidently made no impression on him, for, in blissful unconsciousness that his line of retreat was already threatened, he ordered all waggons to be unloaded at Centreville, and to return to Fairfax Station for forage and rations.

But on the morning of September 1, although his whole army, including Banks, was closely concentrated behind strong intrenchments, Pope had conceived a suspicion that he would find it difficult to fulfil his promise to Halleck that 'he would hold on.' The previous night Stuart had been active towards his right and rear, capturing his reconnoitring parties, and shelling his trains. Before noon suspicion became certainty. Either stragglers or the country people reported that Jackson was moving down the Little River turnpike, and Centreville was at once evacuated, the troops marching to a new position round Fairfax Court House.

Jackson, meanwhile, covered by the cavalry, was advancing to Chantilly—a fine old mansion which the Federals had gutted—with the intention of seizing a position whence he could command the road. The day was sombre, and tempest was gathering in the mountains. Late in the afternoon, Stuart's patrols near Ox Hill were driven in by hostile infantry, the thick woods preventing the scouts from ascertaining the strength or dispositions of the Federal force. Jackson at once ordered two brigades of Hill's to feel the enemy. The remainder of the Light Division took ground to the right, followed by Lawton; Starke's division held the turnpike, and Stuart was sent towards Fairfax Court House to ascertain whether the Federal main body was retreating or advancing.

Reno, who had been ordered to protect Pope's flank, came briskly forward, and Hill's advanced-guard was soon brought to a standstill. Three fresh brigades were rapidly deployed; as the enemy pressed the attack a fourth was sent in, and the Northerners fell back with the loss of a general and many men. Lawton's first line became engaged at the same time, and Reno, now reinforced by Kearney, made a vigorous effort to hold the Confederates in check. Hays' brigade of Lawton's division, commanded by an inexperienced officer, was caught while 'clubbed' during a change of formation, and

driven back in disorder; and Trimble's brigade, now reduced to a handful, became involved in the confusion. But a vigorous charge of the second line restored the battle. The Federals were beginning to give way. General Kearney, riding through the murky twilight into the Confederate lines, was shot by a skirmisher. The hostile lines were within short range, and the advent of a reserve on either side would have probably ended the engagement. But the rain was now falling in torrents; heavy peals of thunder, crashing through the forest, drowned the discharges of the two guns which Jackson had brought up through the woods, and the red flash of musketry paled before the vivid lightning. Much of the ammunition was rendered useless, the men were unable to discharge their pieces, and the fierce wind lashed the rain in the faces of the Confederates. The night grew darker and the tempest fiercer; and as if by mutual consent the opposing lines drew gradually apart.(1) <185>

On the side of the Confederates only half the force had been engaged. Starke's division never came into action, and of Hill's and Lawton's there were still brigades in reserve. 500 men were killed or wounded; but although the three Federal divisions are reported to have lost 1,000, they had held their ground, and Jackson was thwarted in his design. Pope's trains and his whole army reached Fairfax Court House without further disaster. But the persistent attacks of his indefatigable foe had broken down his resolution. He had intended, he told Halleck, when Jackson's march down the Little River turnpike was first announced, to attack the Confederates the next day, or 'certainly the day after.' The action at Chantilly, however, induced a more prudent mood; and, on the morning of the 2nd, he reported that 'there was an intense idea among the troops that they must get behind the intrenchments [of Alexandria]; that there was an undoubted purpose, on the part of the enemy, to keep on slowly turning his position so as to come in on the right, and that the forces under his command were unable to prevent him doing so in the open field. Halleck must decide what was to be done.' The reply was prompt, Pope was to bring his forces, 'as best he could,' under the shelter of the heavy guns.

Whatever might be the truth as regards the troops, there could be no question .but that the general was demoralised; and, preceded by thousands of stragglers, the army fell back without further delay to the Potomac. It was not followed except by Stuart. 'It was found,' says Lee, in his official dispatch, 'that the enemy had conducted his retreat so rapidly that the attempt to interfere with him was abandoned. The proximity of the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington rendered further pursuit useless.'

On the same day General McClellan was entrusted with the defence of Washington, and Pope, permitted to resign, was soon afterwards relegated to an obscure <186>command against the Indians of the North-west. His errors had been flagrant. He can hardly be charged with want of energy, but his energy was spasmodic; on the field of battle he was strangely indolent, and yet he distrusted the reports of others. But more fatal than his neglect of personal reconnoissance was his power of self-deception. He was absolutely incapable of putting himself in his enemy's place, and time after time he acted on the supposition that Lee and Jackson would do exactly what he most wished them to do. When his supplies were destroyed, he concentrated at Manassas Junction, convinced that Jackson would remain to be overwhelmed. When he found Jackson near Sudley Springs, and Thoroughfare Gap open, he rushed forward to attack him, convinced that Longstreet could not be up for eight-and. forty hours. When he sought shelter at Centreville, he told Halleck not to be un. easy, convinced that Lee would knock his head against his fortified

position. Before the engagement at Chantilly he had made up his mind to attack the enemy the next morning. A few hours later he reported that his troops were utterly untrustworthy, although 20,000 of them, under Franklin and Sumner, had not yet seen the enemy. In other respects his want of prudence had thwarted his best endeavours. His cavalry at the beginning of the campaign was effectively employed. But so extravagant were his demands on the mounted arm, that before the battle of Manassas half his regiments were dismounted. It is true that the troopers were still indifferent horsemen and bad horse-masters, but it was the fault of the commander that the unfortunate animals had no rest, that brigades were sent to do the work of patrols, and that little heed was paid to the physical wants of man and beast. As a tactician Pope was incapable. As a strategist he lacked imagination, except in his dispatches. His horizon was limited, and he measured the capacity of his adversaries by his own. He was familiar with the campaign in the Valley, with the operations in the Peninsula, and Cedar Run should have enlightened him as to Jackson's daring. But he had no conception that his adversaries would cheerfully accept <187>great risks to achieve great ends; he had never dreamt of a general who would deliberately divide his army, or of one who would make fifty-six miles in two marches.

Lee, with his extraordinary insight into character, had played on Pope as he had played on McClellan, and his strategy was justified by success. In the space of three weeks he had carried the war from the James to the Potomac. With an army that at no time exceeded 55,000 men he had driven 80,000 into the fortifications of Washington.(1) He had captured 30 guns, 7,000 prisoners, 20,000 rifles, and many stand of colours; he had killed or wounded 13,500 Federals, destroyed supplies and material of enormous value; and all this with a loss to the Confederates of 10,000 officers and men.

So much had he done for the South; for his own reputation he had done more. If, as Moltke avers, the junction of two armies on the field of battle is the highest achievement of military genius,(2) the campaign against Pope has seldom been surpassed; and the great counter-stroke at Manassas is sufficient in itself to make Lee's reputation as a tactician. Salamanca was perhaps a more brilliant example of the same manoeuvre, for at Salamanca Wellington had no reason to anticipate that Marmont would blunder, and the mighty stroke which beat 40,000 French in forty minutes was conceived in a few moments. Nor does Manassas equal Austerlitz. No such subtle manoeuvres were employed as those by which Napoleon induced the Allies to lay bare their centre, and drew them blindly to their doom. It was not due to the skill of Lee that Pope weakened his left at the crisis of the battle.(3)

(1) Sumner and Franklin had become involved in Pope's retreat.

(2) Tried by this test alone Lee stands out as one of the greatest soldiers of all times. Not only against Pope, but against McClellan at Gaines' Mill, against Burnside at Fredericksburg, and against Hooker at Chancellorsville, he succeeded in carrying out the operations of which Moltke speaks; and in each case with the same result of surprising his adversary. None knew better how to apply that great principle of strategy, 'to march divided but to fight concentrated.'

(3) It may be noticed, however, that the care with which Longstreet's troops were kept concealed for more than four-and-twenty hours had much to do with Pope's false manoeuvres.

But in the rapidity with which the opportunity was seized, in the combination of the three arms, and in the vigour of the blow, Manassas is in no way inferior to Austerlitz or Salamanca. That the result was less decisive was due to the greater difficulties of the

battle-field, to the stubborn resistance of the enemy, to the obstacles in the way of rapid and connected movement, and to the inexperience of the troops. Manassas was not, like Austerlitz and Salamanca, won by veteran soldiers, commanded by trained officers, perfect in drill and inured to discipline.

Lee's strategic manoeuvres were undoubtedly hazardous. But that an antagonist of different calibre would have met them with condign punishment is short-sighted criticism. Against an antagonist of different calibre, against such generals as he was afterwards to encounter, they would never have been attempted. 'He studied his adversary,' says his Military Secretary, 'knew his peculiarities, and adapted himself to them. His own methods no one could foresee—he varied them with every change in the commanders opposed to him. He had one method with McClellan, another with Pope, another with Hooker, another with Meade, and yet another with Grant.' Nor was the dangerous period of the Manassas campaign so protracted as might be thought. Jackson marched north from Jefferson on August 25. On the 26th he reached Bristoe Station. Pope, during these two days, might have thrown himself either on Longstreet or on Jackson. He did neither, and on the morning of the 27th, when Jackson reached Sudley Springs, the crisis had passed. Had the Federals blocked Thoroughfare Gap that day, and prevented Longstreet's passage, Lee was still able to concentrate without incurring defeat. Jackson, retreating by Aldie Gap, would have joined Longstreet west of the mountains; Pope would have escaped defeat, but the Confederates would have lost nothing.

Moreover, it is well to remember that the Confederate cavalry was in every single respect, in leading, horsemanship, training, and knowledge of the country, superior to the Federal. The whole population, too, was staunchly <189>Southern. It was always probable, therefore, that information would be scarce in the Federal camps, and that if some items did get through the cavalry screen, they would be so late in reaching Pope's headquarters as to be practically useless. There can be no question that Lee, in these operations, relied much on the skill of Stuart. Stuart was given a free hand. Unlike Pope, Lee issued few orders as to the disposition of his horsemen. He merely explained the manoeuvres he was about to undertake, pointed out where he wished the main body of the cavalry should be found, and left all else to their commander. He had no need to tell Stuart that he required information of the enemy, or to lay down the method by which it was to be obtained. That was Stuart's normal duty, and right well was it performed. How admirably the young cavalry general co-operated with Jackson has already been described. The latter suggested, the former executed, and the combination of the three arms, during the whole of Jackson's operations against Pope, was as close as when Ashby led his squadrons in the Valley.

Yet it was not on Stuart that fell, next to Lee, the honours of the campaign. Brilliant as was the handling of the cavalry, impenetrable the screen it formed, and ample the information it procured, the breakdown of the Federal horse made the task comparatively simple. Against adversaries whose chargers were so leg-weary that they could hardly raise a trot it was easy to be bold. One of Stuart's brigadiers would have probably done the work as well as Stuart himself. But the handling of the Valley army, from the time it left Jefferson on the 25th until Longstreet reached Gainesville on the 29th, demanded higher qualities than vigilance and activity. Throughout the operations Jackson's endurance was the wonder of his staff. He hardly slept. He was untiring in reconnaissance, in examination of the country and in observation of the enemy, and no detail of the march

escaped his personal scrutiny. Yet his muscles were much less hardly used than his brain. The intellectual problem was more difficult than the physical. To march his <190>army fifty-six miles in two days was far simpler than to maintain it on Pope's flank until Longstreet came into line. The direction of his marches, the position of his bivouacs, the distribution of his three divisions, were the outcome of long premeditation. On the night of the 25th he disappeared into the darkness on the road to Salem, leaving the Federals under the conviction that he was making for the Valley. On the 26th he moved on Bristoe Station, rather than on Manassas Junction, foreseeing that he might be interrupted from the southwest in his destruction of the stores. On the 27th he postponed his departure till night had fallen, moving in three columns, of which the column marching on Centreville, whither he desired that the enemy should follow, was the last to move. Concentrating at Sudley Springs on the 28th, he placed himself in the best position to hold Pope fast, to combine with Longstreet, or to escape by Aldie Gap; and on the 29th the ground he had selected for battle enabled him to hold out against superior numbers.

Neither strategically nor tactically did he make a single mistake. His attack on King's division at Groveton, on the evening of the 28th, was purely frontal, and his troops lost heavily. But he believed King to be the flank-guard of a larger force, and under such circumstances turning movements were over-hazardous. The woods, too, prevented the deployment of his artillery; and the attack, in its wider aspect, was eminently successful, for the aim was not to defeat King, but to bring Pope back to a position where Lee could crush him. On the 29th his dispositions were admirable. The battle is a fine example of defensive tactics. The position, to use a familiar illustration, 'fitted the troops like a glove.' It was of such strength that, while the front was adequately manned, ample reserves remained in rear. The left, the most dangerous flank, was secured by Bull Run, and massed batteries gave protection to the right. The distribution of the troops, the orders, and the amount of latitude accorded to subordinate leaders, followed the best models. The front was so apportioned that each brigadier on the fighting-line had his own reserve, and <191>each divisional general half his force in third line. The orders indicated that counter-strokes were not to be pushed so far as to involve the troops in an engagement with the enemy's reserves, and the subordinate generals were encouraged, without waiting for orders, and thus losing the occasion, to seize all favourable opportunities for counter-stroke. The methods employed by Jackson were singularly like those of Wellington. A position was selected which gave cover and concealment to the troops, and against which the powerful artillery of a more numerous enemy was practically useless. These were the characteristics of Vimiera, Busaco, Talavera, and Waterloo. Nor did Jackson's orders differ from those of the great Englishman.

The Duke's subordinates, when placed in position, acted on a well-established rule. Within that position they had unlimited power. They could defend the first line, or they could meet the enemy with a counter-attack from a position in rear, and in both cases they could pursue. But the pursuit was never to be carried beyond certain defined limits. Moreover, Wellington's views as to the efficacy of the counter-stroke were identical with those of Jackson, and he had the same predilection for cold steel. 'If they attempt this point again, Hill,' were his orders to that general at Busaco, 'give them a volley and charge bayonets; but don't let your people follow them too far.'

But it was neither wise strategy nor sound tactics which was the main element in Pope's defeat; neither the strong effort of a powerful brain, nor the judicious devolution of

responsibility. A brilliant military historian, more conversant perhaps with the War of Secession than the wars of France, concludes his review of this campaign with a reference to Jackson as 'the Ney of the Confederate army.' (1) The allusion is obvious. So long as the victories of Napoleon are remembered, the name of his lieutenant will always be a synonym for heroic valour. But the valour of Ney was of a different type from that of Jackson. Ney's valour was animal, Jackson's was moral, and between the two there is a vast distinction. before the <192>enemy, when his danger was tangible, Ney had few rivals. But when the enemy was unseen and his designs were doubtful, his resolution vanished. He was without confidence in his own resources. He could not act without direct orders, and he dreaded responsibility. At Bautzen his timidity ruined Napoleon's combinations; in the campaign of Leipsic he showed himself incapable of independent command; and he cannot be acquitted of hesitation at Quatre Bras.

It was in the same circumstances that Ney's courage invariably gave way that Jackson's courage shone with the brightest lustre. It might appear that he had little cause for fear in the campaign of the Second Manassas, that he had only to follow his instructions, and that if he had failed his failure would have been visited upon Lee. The instructions which he received, however, were not positive, but contingent on events. If possible, he was to cut the railway, in order to delay the reinforcements which Pope was expecting from Alexandria; and then, should the enemy permit, he was to hold fast east of the Bull Run Mountains until Lee came up. But he was to be guided in everything by his own discretion. He was free to accept battle or refuse it, to attack or to defend, to select his own line of retreat, to move to any quarter of the compass that he pleased. For three days, from the morning of August 26 to the morning of August 29, he had complete control of the strategic situation; on his movements were dependent the movements of the main army; the bringing the enemy to bay and the choice of the field of battle were both in his hands. And during those three days he was cut off from Lee and Longstreet. The mountains, with their narrow passes, lay between; and, surrounded by three times his number, he was abandoned entirely to his own resources.

Throughout the operations he had been in unusually high spirits. The peril and responsibility seemed to act as an elixir, and he threw off much of his constraint. But as the day broke on August 29 he looked long and earnestly in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, and <193>when a messenger from Stuart brought the intelligence that Longstreet was through the pass, he drew a long breath and uttered a sigh of relief.(1) The period of suspense was over, but even on that unyielding heart the weight of anxiety had pressed with fearful force. For three days he had only received news of the main army at long and uncertain intervals. For two of these days his information of the enemy's movements was very small. While he was marching to Bristoe Station, Pope, for all he knew, might have been marching against Longstreet with his whole force. When he attacked King on the 28th the Federals, in what strength he knew not, still held Thoroughfare Gap; when he formed for action on the 29th he was still ignorant of what had happened to the main body, and it was on the bare chance that Longstreet would force the passage that he accepted battle with far superior numbers.

It is not difficult to imagine how a general like Ney, placed in Jackson's situation, would have trimmed and hesitated: how in his march to Manassas, when he had crossed the mountains and left the Gap behind him, he would have sent out reconnaissances in all directions, halting his troops until he learned the coast was clear; how he would have

dashed at the Junction by the shortest route; how he would have forced his weary troops northward when the enemy's approach was reported; how, had he reached Sudley Springs, he would have hugged the shelter of the woods and let King's division pass unmolested; and, finally, when Pope's columns converged on his position, have fallen back on Thoroughfare or Aldie. Nor would he have been greatly to blame. Unless gifted with that moral fortitude which Napoleon ranks higher than genius or experience, no general would have succeeded in carrying Lee's design to a successful issue. In his unhesitating march to Manassas Junction, in his deliberate sojourn for four-and-twenty hours astride his enemy's communications, in his daring challenge to Pope's whole army at Groveton, Jackson displayed the indomitable courage characteristic of the greatest soldiers. <194>

As suggested in the first volume, it is too often overlooked, by those who study the history of campaigns, that war is the province of uncertainty. The reader has the whole theatre of war displayed before him. He notes the exact disposition of the opposing forces at each hour of the campaign, and with this in his mind's eye he condemns or approves the action of the commanders. In the action of the defeated general he usually often sees much to blame; in the action of the successful general but little to admire. But his judgment is not based on a true foundation. He has ignored the fact that the information at his disposal was not at the disposal of those he criticises; and until he realises that both generals, to a greater or less degree, must have been groping in the dark, he will neither make just allowance for the errors of the one, nor appreciate the genius of the other.

It is true that it is difficult in the extreme to ascertain how much or how little those generals whose campaigns have become historical knew of their enemy at any particular moment. For instance, in the campaign before us, we are nowhere told whether Lee, when he sent Jackson to Manassas Junction, was aware that a portion of McClellan's army had been shipped to Alexandria in place of Aquia; or whether he knew, on the second day of the battle of Manassas, that Pope had been reinforced by two army corps from the Peninsula. He had certainly captured Pope's dispatch book, and no doubt it threw much light on the Federal plans, but we are not aware how far into the future this light projected. We do know, however, that, in addition to this correspondence, such knowledge as he had was derived from reports. But reports are never entirely to be relied on; they are seldom full, they are often false, and they are generally exaggerated. However active the cavalry, however patriotic the inhabitants, no general is ever possessed of accurate information of his enemy's dispositions, unless the forces are very small, or the precautions to elude observation very feeble. On August 28 Stuart's patrols covered the whole country round Jackson's army, and during the <195>whole day the Federal columns were converging on Manassas. Sigel and Reynolds' four divisions passed through Gainesville, not five miles from Sudley Springs, and for a time were actually in contact with Jackson's outposts; and yet Sigel and Reynolds mistook Jackson's outposts for reconnoitring cavalry. Again, when King's single division, the rear-guard of Pope's army, appeared upon the turnpike, Jackson attacked it with the idea that it was the flank-guard of a much larger force. Nor was this want of accurate intelligence due to lack of vigilance or to the dense woods. As a matter of fact the Confederates were more amply provided with information than is usually the case in war, even in an open country and with experienced armies.

But if, in the most favourable circumstances, a general is surrounded by an atmosphere which has been most aptly named 'the fog of war,' his embarrassments are intensified

tenfold when he commands a portion of a divided army. Under ordinary conditions a general is at least fully informed of the dispositions of his own forces. But when between two widely separated columns a powerful enemy, capable of crushing each in turn, intervenes; when the movements of that enemy are veiled in obscurity; when anxiety has taken possession of the troops, and the soldiers of either column, striving hopelessly to penetrate the gloom, reflect on the fate that may have overtaken their comrades, on the obstacles that may delay them, on the misunderstandings that may have occurred—it is at such a crisis that the courage of their leader is put to the severest test.

His situation has been compared to a man entering a dark room full of assailants, never knowing when or whence a blow may be struck against him. The illustration is inadequate. Not only has he to contend with the promptings of his own instincts, but he has to contend with the instincts and to sustain the resolution of his whole army. It is not from the enemy that he has most to fear. A time comes in all protracted operations when the nervous energy of the best troops becomes exhausted, when the most daring shrink from further sacrifice, when <196>the desire of self-preservation infects the stoutest veterans, and the will of the mass opposes a tacit resistance to all further effort. 'Then,' says Clausewitz, 'the spark in the breast of the commander must rekindle hope in the hearts of his men, and so long as he is equal to this he remains their master. When his influence ceases, and his own spirit is no longer strong enough to revive the spirit of others, the masses, drawing him with them, sink into that lower region of animal nature which recoils from danger and knows not shame. Such are the obstacles which the brain and courage of the military commander must overcome if he is to make his name illustrious.' And the obstacles are never more formidable than when his troops see no sign of the support they have expected. Then, if he still moves forward, although his peril increase at every step, to the point of junction; if he declines the temptation, although overwhelming numbers threaten him, of a safe line of retreat; if, as did Jackson, he deliberately confronts and challenges the hostile masses, then indeed does the soldier rise to the highest level of moral energy.

Strongly does Napoleon inveigh against operations which entail the division of an army into two columns unable to communicate; and especially does he reprobate the strategy which places the point of junction under the very beard of a concentrated enemy. Both of these maxims Lee violated. The last because he knew Pope, the first because he knew Jackson. It is rare indeed that such strategy succeeds. When all has depended on a swift and unhesitating advance, generals renowned for their ardent courage have wavered and turned aside. Hasdrubal, divided from Hannibal by many miles and a Consular army, fell back to the Metaurus, and Rome was saved. Two thousand years later, Prince Frederick Charles, divided by a few marches and two Austrian army corps from the Crown Prince, lingered so long upon the Iser that the supremacy of Prussia trembled in the balance. But the character of the Virginian soldier was of loftier type. It has been remarked that after Jackson's death Lee never again attempted those great turning movements which had <197>achieved his most brilliant victories. Never again did he divide his army to unite it again on the field of battle. The reason is not far to seek. There was now no general in the Confederate army to whom he dared confide the charge of the detached wing, and in possessing one such general he had been more fortunate than Napoleon.(1)

(1) It is noteworthy that Moltke once, at Königgrätz, carried out the operation referred to; Wellington twice, at Vittoria and Toulouse; Napoleon, although he several times attempted it, and against inferior numbers, never, except at Ulm, with complete success.

Stonewall Jackson v2.
Chapter XVIII—Harper's Ferry

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THE Confederate operations in Virginia during the spring and summer of 1862 had been successful beyond expectation and almost beyond precedent. Within six months two great armies had been defeated; McClellan had been driven from the Peninsula, and Pope from the Rappahannock. The villages of Virginia no longer swarmed with foreign bayonets. The hostile camps had vanished from her inland counties. Richmond was free from menace; and in the Valley of the Shenandoah the harvest was gathered in without let or hindrance. Except at Winchester and Martinsburg, where the garrisons, alarmed by the news of Pope's defeat, were already preparing to withdraw; in the vicinity of Norfolk, and at Fortress Monroe, the invaders had no foothold within the boundaries of the State they had just now overrun; and their demoralised masses, lying exhausted behind the fortifications of Washington and Alexandria, were in no condition to resume the offensive. The North had opened the campaign in the early spring with the confident hope of capturing the rebel capital; before the summer was over it was questionable whether it would be able to save its own. Had the rival armies been equally matched in numbers and equipment this result would have hardly been remarkable. The Federals had had great difficulties to contend with—an unknown country, bad roads, a hostile population, natural obstacles of formidable character, statesmen ignorant of war, and generals at loggerheads with the Administration. Yet so superior were their numbers, so ample their resources, that even these disadvantages <199>might have been overcome had the strategy of the Southern leaders been less admirable. Lee, Jackson, and Johnston had played the *rôle* of the defender to perfection. No attempt had been made to hold the frontier. Mobility and not earthworks was the weapon on which they had relied. Richmond, the only fortress, had been used as a 'pivot of operations,' and not merely as a shelter for the army. The specious expedient of pushing forward advanced-guards to harass or delay the enemy had been avoided; and thus no opportunity had been offered to the invaders of dealing with the defence in detail, or of raising their own *moral* by victory over isolated detachments. The generals had declined battle until their forces were concentrated and the enemy was divided. Nor had they fought except on ground of their own choice. Johnston had refused to be drawn into decisive action until McClellan became involved in the swamps of the Chickahominy. Jackson, imitating like his superior the defensive strategy of Wellington and Napoleon, had fallen back to a 'zone of manoeuvre' south of the Massanuttons. By retreating to the inaccessible fastness of Elk Run Valley he had drawn Banks and Frémont up the Shenandoah, their lines of communication growing longer and more vulnerable at every march, and requiring daily more men to guard them. Then, rushing from his stronghold, he had dealt his blows, clearing the Valley from end to end, destroying the Federal magazines, and threatening Washington itself; and when the overwhelming masses he had drawn on himself sought to cut him off, he had selected his own battlefield, and crushed the converging columns which his skill had kept apart. The hapless Pope, too, had been handled in the same fashion as McClellan, Banks, Shields, and Frémont. Jackson had lured him forward to the Rapidan; and although his retreat had been speedy, Lee had completed his defeat before he could be efficiently supported. But, notwithstanding all that had been done, much yet remained to do.

It was doubtless within the bounds of probability that a second attempt to invade Virginia would succeed no <200>better than the first. But it was by no means certain that the resolution of the North was not sufficient to withstand a long series of disasters so long as the war was confined to Southern territory; and, at the same time, it might well be questioned whether the South could sustain, without foreign aid, the protracted and exhausting process of a purely defensive warfare. If her tactics, as well as her strategy, could be confined to the defensive; that is, if her generals could await the invaders in selected and prepared positions, and if no task more difficult should devolve upon her troops than shooting down their foes as they moved across the open to the assault of strong intrenchments, then the hope might reasonably be entertained that she might tire out the North. But the campaign, so far as it had progressed, had shown, if indeed history had not already made it sufficiently clear, that opportunities for such tactics were not likely to occur. The Federal generals had consistently refused to run their heads against earthworks. Their overwhelming numbers would enable them to turn any position, however formidable; and the only chance of success lay in keeping these numbers apart and in preventing them from combining.

It was by strategic and tactical counterstrokes that the recent victories had been won. Although it had awaited attack within its own frontier, the Army of Northern Virginia had but small experience of defensive warfare. With the exception of the actions round Yorktown, of Cross Keys, and of the Second Manassas, the battles had been entirely aggressive. The idea that a small army, opposed to one vastly superior, cannot afford to attack because the attack is costly, and that it must trust for success to favourable ground, had been effectually dispelled. Lee and Jackson had taught the Southerners that the secret of success lies not in strong positions, but in the concentration, by means of skilful strategy, of superior numbers on the field of battle. Their tactics had been essentially offensive, and it is noteworthy that their victories had not been dearly purchased. If we compare them with those of the British in the Peninsula, we shall <201>find that with no greater loss than Wellington incurred in the defensive engagements of three years, 1810, 1811, 1812, the Confederates had attacked and routed armies far larger in proportion than those which Wellington had merely repulsed.(1)

But if they had shown that the best defence lies in a vigorous offensive, their offensive had not yet been applied at the decisive point. To make victory complete it is the sounder policy to carry the war into hostile territory. A nation endures with comparative equanimity defeat beyond its own borders. Pride and prestige may suffer, but a high-spirited people will seldom be brought to the point of making terms unless its army is annihilated in the heart of its own country, unless the capital is occupied and the hideous sufferings of war are brought directly home to the mass of the population. A single victory on Northern soil, within easy reach of Washington, was far more likely to bring about the independence of the South than even a succession of victories in Virginia. It was time, then, for a strategic counterstroke on a larger scale than had hitherto been attempted. The opportunity was ripe. No great risk would be incurred by crossing the Potomac. There was no question of meeting a more powerful enemy. The Federals, recruited by fresh levies, would undoubtedly be numerically the stronger; and the Confederate equipment, despite the large captures of guns and rifles, was still deficient. But for deficiencies in numbers and in *matériel* the higher *moral* and the more skilful leading would make ample compensation. It might safely be inferred that the Northern soldiers would no longer

display the cool confidence of Gaines' Mill or even of Malvern Hill. The places of the brave and seasoned soldiers who had fallen would

(1) Wellington's losses in the battles of these three years were 33,000. The Confederates lost 23,000 in the Valley and the Seven Days and 10,000 in the campaign against Pope. It is not to be understood, however, that the Duke's strategy was less skilful or less audacious than Lee's and Jackson's. During these three years his army, largely composed of Portuguese and Spaniards, was incapable of offensive tactics against his veteran enemies, and he was biding his time. It was the inefficiency of his allies and the miserable support he received from the English Government that prevented him, until 1813, from adopting a bolder policy.

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be filled by recruits; and generals who had been out-manoeuvred on so many battle-fields might fairly be expected, when confronted once more with their dreaded opponents, to commit even more egregious errors than those into which they had already fallen.

Such were the ideas entertained by Lee and accepted by the President, and on the morning of September 2, as soon as it was found that the Federals had sought shelter under the forts of Alexandria, Jackson was instructed to cross the Potomac, and form the advanced-guard of the army of invasion. It may be imagined with what feelings he issued his orders for the march on Leesburg, above which lay an easy ford. For more than twelve months, since the very morrow of Bull Run, he had persistently advocated an aggressive policy.⁽¹⁾ The fierce battles round Richmond and Manassas he had looked upon as merely the prelude to more resolute efforts. After he had defeated Banks at Winchester he had urged his friend Colonel Boteler to inform the authorities that, if they would reinforce him, he would undertake to capture Washington. The message had been conveyed to Lee. 'Tell General Jackson,' was the reply of the Commander-in-Chief, 'that he must first help me to drive these people away from Richmond.' This object had been now thoroughly accomplished, and General Lee's decision to redeem his promise was by none more heartily approved than by the leader of the Valley army. And yet, though the risks of the venture were small, the prospects of complete success were dubious. The opportunity had come, but the means of seizing it were feeble. Lee himself was buoyed up by no certain expectation of great results. In

(1) In Mrs. Jackson's Memoirs of her husband a letter is quoted from her brother-in-law, giving the substance of a conversation with General Jackson on the conduct of the war. This letter I have not felt justified in quoting. In the first place, it lacks corroboration; in the second place, it contains a very incomplete statement of a large strategical question; in the third place, the opinions put in Jackson's mouth are not only contradictory, but altogether at variance with his practice; and lastly, it attributes certain ideas to the general—raising 'the black flag,' &c.—which his confidential staff officers declare that he never for a moment entertained.

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advocating invasion he confessed to the President that his troops were hardly fit for service beyond the frontier. 'The army,' he wrote, 'is not properly equipped for an invasion of the enemy's territory. It lacks much of the material of war, is feeble in transportation, the animals being much reduced, and the men are poorly provided with clothes, and in thousands of instances are destitute of shoes

What concerns me most is the fear of getting out of ammunition.'⁽¹⁾

This description was by no means over-coloured. As a record of military activity the campaign of the spring and summer of 1862 has few parallels. Jackson's division, since the evacuation of Winchester at the end of February, that is, in six months, had taken part

in no less than eight battles and innumerable minor engagements; it had marched nearly a thousand miles, and it had long ago discarded tents. The remainder of the army had been hardly less severely tasked. The demands of the outpost service in front of Richmond had been almost as trying as the forced marches in the Valley, and the climate of the Peninsula had told heavily on the troops. From the very first the army had been indifferently equipped; the ill effects of hasty organisation were still glaring; the regimental officers had not yet learned to study the wants and comfort of their men; the troops were harassed by the ignorance of a staff that was still half-trained, and the commissariat officials were not abreast of their important duties. More than all, the operations against Pope, just brought to a successful issue, had been most arduous; and the strain on the endurance of the troops, not yet recovered from their exertions in the Peninsula, had been so great that a period of repose seemed absolutely necessary. It was not only that battle and sickness had thinned the ranks, but that those whose health had been proof against continued hardships, and whose strength and spirit were still equal to further efforts, were so badly shod that a few long marches over indifferent roads were certain to be more productive of casualties than a pitched battle. The want of <204>boots had already been severely felt.

(1) It has been said that the route of the Confederate army from the Rappahannock to Chantilly might have been traced by the stains of bloody feet along the highways; and if the statement is more graphic than exact, yet it does not fall far short of the truth. Many a stout soldier, who had hobbled along on his bare feet until Pope was encountered and defeated, found himself utterly incapable of marching into Maryland. In rear of the army the roads were covered with stragglers. Squads of infantry, banding together for protection, toiled along painfully by easy stages, unable to keep pace with the colours, but hoping to be up in time for the next fight; and amongst these were not a few officers. But this was not the worst. Lax discipline and the absence of soldierly habits asserted themselves with the same pernicious effect as in the Valley. Not all the stragglers had their faces turned towards the enemy, not all were incapacitated by physical suffering. Many, without going through the formality of asking leave, were making for their homes, and had no idea that their conduct was in any way peculiar. They had done their duty in more than one battle, they had been long absent from their farms, their equipment was worn out, the enemy had been driven from Virginia, and they considered that they were fully entitled to some short repose. And amongst these, whose only fault was an imperfect sense of their military obligations, was the residue of cowards and malin-gerers shed by every great army engaged in protracted operations.

Lee had been joined by the divisions of D. H. Hill, McLaws, Walker, and by Hampton's cavalry, and the strength of his force should have been 65,000 effectives (2). But it was evident that these numbers could not be long

(1) 1,000 pairs of shoes were obtained in Fredericks town, 250 pairs in Williamsport, and about 400 pairs in this city (Hagerstown). They will not be sufficient to cover the bare feet of the army.' Lee to Davis, September 12, 1862. O.R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 605.

(2) Calculated on the basis of the Field Returns dated July 20, 1862, with the addition of Jackson's and Ewell's divisions, and subtracting the losses (10,000) of the campaign against Pope.

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maintained. The men were already accustomed to half-rations of green corn, and they would be no worse off in Maryland and Pennsylvania, untouched as yet by the ravages of war, than in the wasted fields of Virginia. The most ample commissariat, however, would

not compensate for the want of boots and the want of rest, and a campaign of invasion was certain to entail an amount of hard marching to which the strength of the troops was hardly equal. Not only had the South to provide from her seven millions of white population an army larger than that of Imperial France, but from a nation of agriculturists she had to provide another army of craftsmen and mechanics to enable the soldiers to keep the field. For guns and gun-carriages, powder and ammunition, clothing and harness, gunboats and torpedoes, locomotives and railway plant, she was now dependent on the hands of her own people and the resources of her own soil; the organisation of those resources, scattered over a vast extent of territory, was not to be accomplished in the course of a few months, nor was the supply of skilled labour sufficient to fill the ranks of her industrial army. By the autumn of 1862, although the strenuous efforts of every Government department gave the lie to the idea, not uncommon in the North, that the Southern character was shiftless and the Southern intellect slow, so little real progress had been made that if the troops had not been supplied from other sources they could hardly have marched at all. The captures made in the Valley, in the Peninsula, and in the Second Manassas campaign proved of inestimable value. Old muskets were exchanged for new, smooth-bore cannon for rifled guns, tattered blankets for good overcoats. ' Mr. Commissary Banks,' his successor Pope, and McClellan himself, had furnished their enemies with the material of war, with tents, medicines, ambulances, and ammunition waggons. Even the vehicles at Confederate headquarters bore on their tilts the initials U.S.A.; many of Lee's soldiers were partially clothed in Federal uniforms, and the bad quality of the boots supplied by the Northern contractors was a very general subject of complaint in the Southern ranks. Nor while the men were fighting were the women idle. The output of the Government factories was supplemented by private enterprise. Thousands of spinning-wheels, long silent in dusty lumber-rooms, hummed busily in mansion and in farm; matrons and maids, from the wife and daughters of the Commander-in-Chief to the mother of the drummer-boy, became weavers and seamstresses; and in every household of the Confederacy, although many of the necessities of life—salt, coffee and sugar—had become expensive luxuries, the needs of the army came before all else.

But notwithstanding the energy of the Government and the patriotism of the women, the troops lacked everything but spirit. Nor, even with more ample resources, could their wants have been readily supplied. In any case this would have involved a long halt in a secure position, and in a few weeks the Federal strength would be increased by fresh levies, and the *moral* of their defeated troops restored. But even had time been given the Government would have been powerless to render substantial aid. Contingents of recruits were being drilled into discipline at Richmond; yet they hardly exceeded 20,000 muskets; and it was not on the Virginia frontier alone that the South was hard pressed. The Valley of the Mississippi was beset by great armies; Alabama was threatened, and Western Tennessee was strongly occupied; it was already difficult to find a safe passage across the river for the supplies furnished by the prairies of Texas and Louisiana, and communication with Arkansas had become uncertain. If the Mississippi were lost, not only would three of the most fertile States, as prolific of hardy soldiers as of fat oxen, be cut off from the remainder, but the enemy, using the river as a base, would push his operations into the very heart of the Confederacy. To regain possession of the great waterway seemed of more vital importance than the defence of the Potomac or the

secession of Maryland, and now that Richmond had been relieved, the whole energy of the Government was expended on the operations in Kentucky and <207>Tennessee. It may well be questioned whether a vigorous endeavour, supported by all the means available, and even by troops drawn from the West, to defeat the Army of the Potomac and to capture Washington, would not have been a more efficacious means to the same end; but Davis and his Cabinet consistently preferred dispersion to concentration, and, indeed, the situation of the South was such as might well have disturbed the strongest brains. The sea-power of the Union was telling with deadly effect. Although the most important strategic points on the Mississippi were still held by Confederate garrisons, nearly every mile of the great river, from Cairo to New Orleans, was patrolled by the Federal gunboats; and in deep water, from the ports of the Atlantic to the road.steads of the Gulf, the frigates maintained their vigilant blockade.

Even on the northern border there was hardly a gleam of light across the sky. The Federal forces were still formidable in numbers, and a portion of the Army of the Potomac had not been involved in Pope's defeat. It was possible, therefore, that more skilful generalship than had yet been displayed by the Northern commanders might deprive the Confederates of all chance of winning a decisive victory. Yet, although the opportunity of meeting the enemy with a prospect of success might never offer, an inroad into Northern territory promised good results.

1. Maryland, still strong in sympathy with the South, might be induced by the presence of a Southern army to rise against the Union.

2. The Federal army would be drawn off westward from its present position; and so long as it was detained on the northern frontier of Virginia nothing could be attempted against Richmond, while time would be secured for improving the defences of the Confederate capital.

3. The Shenandoah Valley would be most effectively protected, and its produce transported without risk of interruption both to Lee's army and to Richmond.

To obtain such advantages as these was worth an effort, and Lee, after careful consideration, determined to cross the <208>Potomac. The movement was made with the same speed which had characterised the operations against Pope. It was of the utmost importance that the passage of the river should be accomplished before the enemy had time to discover the design and to bar the way. Stuart's cavalry formed the screen. On the morning after the battle of Chantilly, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade followed the retreating Federals in the direction of Alexandria. Hampton's brigade was pushed forward to Dranesville by way of Hunter's Mill. Robertson's brigade made a strong demonstration towards Washington, and Munford, with the 2nd Virginia, cleared out a Federal detachment which occupied Leesburg. Behind the cavalry the army marched unmolested and unobserved.(1) D.H. Hill's division was pushed forward as ad-vanced-guard; Jackson's troops, who had been granted a day's rest, brought up the rear, and on the morning of the 6th reached White's Ford on the Potomac.

Through the silver reaches of the great river the long columns of men and waggons, preceded by Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, splashed and stumbled, and passing through the groves of oaks which overhung the water, wound steadily northward over the green fields of Maryland.

(1) The Army of Northern Virginia was thus organised during the Maryland campaign :—

	McLaws' Division		
	{ B.H. Anderson's Division }		
	{ D.B. Jones' Division }		
Longstreet's.	{ J.G. Walker's Division }	=	35,600
	{ Evans' Brigade }		
	{ Washington Artillery }		
	S. D. Lee's Artillery battalion		
	[Ewell's (Lawton) Division]		
Jackson's	[The Light (A. P. Hill) Division]	=	16,800
	[Jackson's own (J. R. Jones) Division]		
	D. H. Hill's Division		7,000
Pendleton's	Reserve Artillery, 4 battalions		1,000
	{ Hampton's Brigade }		
	{ Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade }	=	4,000
Stuart	{ Robertson's Brigade }		
	{ 3 H. A. batteries, Captain Pelham }		
	Total	=	64,400

No allowance has been made for straggling. It is doubtful if more than 55,000 men entered Maryland.

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The next day Frederick was occupied by Jackson, who was once more in advance; the cavalry at Urbanna watched the roads to Washington, and every city in the North was roused by the tidings that the grey jackets had crossed the border. But although the army had entered Maryland without the slightest difficulty, the troops were not received with the enthusiasm they had anticipated. The women, indeed, emulating their Virginia sisters, gave a warm welcome to the heroes of so many victories. But the men, whether terrorised by the stern rule of the Federal Government, or mistrusting the power of the Confederates to secure them from further punishment, showed little disposition to join the ranks. It is possible that the appearance of the Southern soldiery was not without effect. Lee's troops, after five months' hard marching and hard fighting, were no delectable objects. With torn and brimless hats, strands of rope for belts, and raw-hide moccasins of their own manufacture in lieu of boots; covered with vermin, and carrying their whole kit in Federal haversacks, the ragged scarecrows who swarmed through the streets of Frederick presented a pitiful contrast to the trim battalions which had hitherto held the Potomac. Their conduct indeed was exemplary. They had been warned that pillage and depredations would be severely dealt with, and all requisitions, even of fence-rails, were paid for on the spot. Still recruits were few. The war-worn aspect and indifferent equipment of the 'dirty darlings,' as more than one fair Marylander spoke of Jackson's finest soldiers, failed to inspire confidence, and it was soon evident that the western counties of Maryland had small sympathy with the South.

There were certainly exceptions to the general absence of cordiality. The troops fared well during their sojourn in Frederick. Supplies were plentiful; food and clothing were gratuitously distributed, and Jackson was presented with a fine but unbroken charger. The gift was timely, for 'Little Sorrel,' the companion of so many marches, was lost for some days after the passage of the Potomac; but the Confederacy was near paying a heavy price for <210>the 'good grey mare.' When Jackson first mounted her a band struck up close by, and as she reared the girth broke, throwing her rider to the ground. Fortunately, though stunned and severely bruised, the general was only temporarily disabled, and, if he

appeared but little in public during his stay in Frederick, his inaccessibility was not due to broken bones. 'Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson, and for a time Jeb Stuart,' writes a staff officer, 'had their headquarters near one another in Best's Grove. Hither in crowds came the good people of Frederick, especially the ladies, as to a fair. General Jackson, still suffering from his hurt, kept to his tent, busying himself with maps and official papers, and declined to see visitors. Once, however, when he had been called to General Lee's tent, two young girls waylaid him, paralysed him with smiles and questions, and then jumped into their carriage and drove off rapidly, leaving him there, cap in hand, bowing, blushing, speechless. But once safe in his tent, he was seen no more that day.' (1) The next evening (Sunday) he went with his staff to service in the town, and slept soundly, as he admitted to his wife, through the sermon of a minister of the German Reformed Church.

(2)

But it was not for long that the Confederates were permitted to repose in Frederick. The enemy had made no further reply to the passage of the Potomac beyond concentrating to the west of Washington. McClellan, who had superseded Pope, was powerless, owing to the inefficiency of his cavalry, to penetrate the cordon of Stuart's pickets, and to ascertain, even approximately, the dispositions of the invading force. He was still in doubt if the whole or only part of Lee's army had crossed

(1) Stonewall Jackson in Maryland.' Colonel H. K. Douglas. *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 621.

(2) 'The minister,' says Colonel Douglas, ' was credited with much loyalty and courage, because he had prayed for the President of the United States in the very presence of Stonewall Jackson. Well, the general didn't hear the prayer, and if he had he would doubtless have felt like replying as General Ewell did, when asked at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, if he would permit the usual prayer for President Lincoln—" Certainly; I'm sure he needs it." '

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into Maryland; and whether his adversary intended to attack Washington by the left bank of the Potomac, to move on Baltimore, or to invade Pennsylvania, were questions which he had no means of determining. This uncertainty compelled him to move cautiously, and on September 9 his advanced-guard was still twenty miles east of Frederick.

Nevertheless, the situation of the Confederates had become suddenly complicated. When the march into Maryland was begun, three towns in the Valley were held by the Federals. 3,000 infantry and artillery occupied Winchester. 3,000 cavalry were at Martinsburg; and Harper's Ferry, in process of conversion into an intrenched camp, had a garrison of 8,000 men. Lee was well aware of the presence of these forces when he resolved to cross the Potomac, but he believed that immediately his advance threatened to separate them from the main army, and to leave them isolated, they would be ordered to insure their safety by a timely retreat. Had it depended upon McClellan this would have been done. Halleck, however, thought otherwise; and the officer commanding at Harper's Ferry was ordered to hold his works until McClellan should open communication with him.

On arrival at Frederick, therefore, the Confederates, contrary to anticipation, found 14,000 Federals still established in their rear, and although Winchester had been evacuated,(1) it was clear that Harper's Ferry was to be defended. The existence of the intrenched camp was a serious obstacle to the full development of Lee's designs. His line of communication had hitherto run from Rapidan Station to Manassas Junction, and

thence by Leesburg and Point of Rocks to Frederick. This line was within easy reach of Washington, and liable to be cut at any moment by the enemy's cavalry. Arrangements had therefore been already made to transfer the line to the Valley. There, sheltered by the Blue Ridge, the convoys of <212>sick and wounded, of arms, clothing, and ammunition, could move in security from Staunton to Shepherdstown, and the recruits which were accumulating at Richmond be sent to join the army in Northern territory. But so long as Harper's Ferry was strongly garrisoned this new line would be liable to constant disturbance, and it was necessary that the post should either be masked by a superior force, or carried by a coup de main. The first of these alternatives was at once rejected, for the Confederate numbers were too small to permit any permanent detachment of a considerable force, and without hesitation Lee determined to adopt the bolder course. 25,000 men, he considered, would be no more than sufficient to effect his object. But 25,000 men were practically half the army, and the plan, when laid before the generals, was not accepted without remonstrance. Longstreet, indeed, went so far as to refuse command of the detachment. 'I objected,' he writes, 'and urged that our troops were worn with marching and were on short rations, and that it would be a bad idea to divide our forces while we were in the enemy's country, where he could get information, in six or eight hours, of any movement we might make. The Federal army, though beaten at the Second Manassas, was not disorganised, and it would certainly come out to look for us, and we should guard against being caught in such a condition. Our army consisted of a superior quality of soldiers, but it was in no condition to divide in the enemy's country. I urged that we should keep it in hand, recruit our strength, and get up supplies, and then we could do anything we pleased. General Lee made no reply to this, and I supposed the Harper's Ferry scheme was abandoned.(1)

Jackson, too, would have preferred to fight McClellan first, and consider the question of communications afterwards ;(2) but he accepted with alacrity the duty which his colleague had declined. His own divisions, reinforced by <213>those of McLaws, R. H. Anderson,(1) and Walker, were detailed for the expedition; Harper's Ferry was to be invested on three sides, and the march was to begin at daybreak on September 10. Meanwhile, the remainder of the army was to move north-west to Hagerstown, five-and-twenty miles from Frederick, where it would alarm Lincoln for the safety of Pennsylvania, and be protected from McClellan by the parallel ranges of the Catoctin and South Mountains.

Undoubtedly, in ordinary circumstances, General Longstreet would have been fully justified in protesting against the dispersion of the army in the presence of the enemy. Hagerstown and Harper's Ferry are five-and-twenty miles apart, and the Potomac was between them. McClellan's advanced-guard, on the other hand, was thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, and forty-five from Hagerstown. The Federals were advancing, slowly and cautiously it is true, but still pushing westward, and it was certainly possible, should they receive early intelligence of the Confederate movements, that before Harper's Ferry fell a rapid march might enable them to interpose between Lee and Jackson. But both Lee and Jackson calculated the chances with a surer grasp of the several factors. Had the general in command of the Federal army been bold and enterprising, had the Federal cavalry been more efficient, or Stuart less skilful, they would certainly have hesitated before running the risk of defeat in detail. But so long as McClellan controlled the movements of the enemy, rapid and decisive action was not to be apprehended; and it was exceedingly

improbable that the scanty and unreliable information which he might obtain from civilian sources would induce him to throw off his customary caution. Moreover, only a fortnight previously the Federal army had been heavily defeated.(2)

Lee had resolved to woo fortune while she was in the

(1) Anderson was placed under McLaws' command.

(2) Are you acquainted with McClellan ?' said Lee to General Walker on September 8, 1862. ' He is an able general but a very cautious one. His enemies among his own people think him too much so. His army is in a very demoralised and chaotic condition, and will not be prepared for often. sive operations—or he will not think it so—for three or four weeks.'—*Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., pp. 605 and 606.

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mood. The movement against Harper's Ferry once determined, it was essential that it should be carried out with the utmost speed, and Jackson marched with even more than ordinary haste, but without omitting his usual precautions. Before starting he asked for a map of the Pennsylvania frontier, and made many inquiries as to roads and localities to the north of Frederick, whereas his route lay in the opposite direction. ' The cavalry, which preceded the column,' says Colonel Douglas,' had instructions to let no civilian go to the front, and we entered each village we passed before the inhabitants knew of our coming. In Middletown two very pretty girls, with ribbons of red, white, and blue floating from their hair, and small Union flags in their hands, rushed out of a house as we passed, came to the kerbstone, and with much laughter waved their flags defiantly in the face of the general. He bowed, raised his hat, and turning with his quiet smile to the staff, said, "We evidently have no friends in this town." Having crossed South Mountain at Turner's Gap, the command encamped for the night within a mile of Boonsboro' (fourteen miles from Frederick). Here General Jackson must determine whether he would go to Williamsport or turn towards Shepherdstown. I at once rode into the village with a cavalryman to make some inquiries, but we ran into a Federal squadron, who without ceremony proceeded to make war upon us. We retraced our steps, and although we did not stand upon the order of our going, a squad of them escorted us out of the town with great rapidity. Reaching the top of the hill, we discovered, just over it, General Jackson, walking slowly towards us, leading his horse. There was but one thing to do. Fortunately the chase had become less vigorous, and with a cry of command to unseen troops, we turned and charged the enemy. They, suspecting trouble, turned and fled, while the general quickly galloped to the rear. As I returned to camp I picked up the gloves which he had dropped in mounting, and took them to him. Although he had sent a regiment of infantry to the front as soon as he went back, the only <215>allusion he made to the incident was to express the opinion that I had a very fast horse.

' The next morning, having learned that the Federal troops still occupied Martinsburg, General Jackson took the direct road to Williamsport. He then forded the Potomac, the troops singing, the bands playing "Carry me back to ole Virginny!" We marched on Martinsburg. General A. P. Hill took the direct turnpike, while Jackson, with the rest of his command, followed a side road, so as to approach Martinsburg from the west, and encamped four miles from the town. His object was to drive General White, who occupied Martinsburg, towards Harper's Ferry, and thus "corral" all the Federal troops in that military pen. As the Comte de Paris puts it, he "organised a grand hunting match through the lower Valley, driving all the Federal detachments before him and forcing them

to crowd into the blind alley of Harper's Ferry."

"The next morning the Confederates entered Martinsburg. Here the general was welcomed with enthusiasm, and a great crowd hastened to the hotel to greet him. At first he shut himself up in a room to write dispatches, but the demonstration became so persistent that he ordered the door to be opened. The crowd, chiefly ladies, rushed in and embarrassed the general with every possible outburst of affection, to which he could only reply, "Thank you, you are very kind." He gave them his autograph in books and on scraps of paper, cut a button from his coat for a little girl, and then submitted patiently to an attack by the others, who soon stripped the coat of nearly all the remaining buttons. But when they looked beseechingly at his hair, which was thin, he drew the line, and managed to close the interview. These blandishments did not delay his movements, however, for in the afternoon he was off again, and his troops bivouacked on the banks of the Opequon.'⁽¹⁾ <216>

On the 13th Jackson passed through Halltown and halted a mile north of that village,⁽¹⁾ throwing out pickets to hold the roads which lead south and west from Harper's Ferry. Meanwhile, McLaws and Walker had taken possession of the heights to the north and east, and the intrenched camp of the Federals, which, in addition to the garrison, now held the troops who had fled from Martinsburg, was surrounded on every side. The Federal officer in command had left but one brigade and two batteries to hold the Maryland Heights, the long ridge, 1,000 feet high, on the north shore of the Potomac, which looks down on the streets of the little town. This detachment, although strongly posted, and covered by breastworks and abattis, was driven off by General McLaws; while the Loudoun Heights, a portion of the Blue Ridge, east of the Shenandoah, and almost equally commanding, were occupied without opposition by General Walker. Harper's Ferry was now completely surrounded. Lee's plans had been admirably laid and precisely executed, and the surrender of the place was merely a question of hours.

Nor had matters progressed less favourably elsewhere. In exact accordance with the anticipations of Lee and Jackson, McClellan, up till noon on the 13th, had received no inkling whatever of the dangerous manoeuvres which Stuart so effectively concealed, and his march was very slow. On the 12th, after a brisk skirmish with the Confederate cavalry, his advanced-guard had occupied Frederick, and discovered that the enemy had marched off in two columns, one towards Hagerstown, the other towards Harper's Ferry, but he was uncertain whether Lee intended to recross the Potomac or to move northwards into Pennsylvania. On the morning of the 13th, although General Hooker, commanding the First Army Corps, took the liberty of reporting that, in his opinion, 'the rebels had no more intention of going to Pennsylvania than they had <217>of going to heaven,' the Federal Commander-in-Chief was still undecided, and on the Boonsboro' road only his cavalry was pushed forward. In four days McClellan had marched no more than five-and-twenty miles; he had been unable to open communication with Harper's Ferry, and he had moved with even more than his usual caution. But at noon on the 13th he was suddenly put into possession of the most ample information. A copy of Lee's order for the investment of Harper's Ferry, in which the exact position of each separate division of the Confederate army was laid down, was picked up in the streets of Frederick, and chance had presented McClellan with an opportunity unique in history.⁽¹⁾ He was within twenty miles of Harper's Ferry. The Confederates were more than that distance apart. The intrenched camp still held out, for the sound of McLaws' battle on the Maryland Heights

was distinctly heard during the afternoon, and a resolute advance would have either compelled the Confederates to raise the siege, or have placed the Federal army between their widely separated wings.

But, happily for the South, McClellan was not the man for the opportunity. He still hesitated, and during the afternoon of the 13th only one division was pushed forward. In front of him was the South Mountain, the name given to the continuation of the Blue Ridge north of the Potomac, and the two passes, Turner's and Crampton's Gaps, were held by Stuart. No Confederate infantry, as Lee's order indicated, with the exception, perhaps, of a rear-guard, were nearer the passes than

(1) General Longstreet, in his *From Manassas to Appomattox*, declares that the lost order was sent by General Jackson to General D. H. Hill, 'but was not delivered. The order,' he adds, 'that was sent to General Hill from general headquarters was carefully preserved.' General Hill, however, in *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 570 (note), says: 'It was proper that I should receive that order through Jackson, and not through Lee. I have now before me (1888) the order received from Jackson. My adjutant-general swore affidavit, twenty years ago, that no order was received at our office from General Lee.' Jackson was so careful that no one should learn the contents of the order that the copy he furnished to Hill was written by his own hand. The copy found by the Federals was wrapped round three cigars, and was signed by Lee's adjutant-general.

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the Maryland Heights and Boonsboro'. (1) The roads were good and the weather fine, and a night march of twelve miles would have placed the Federal advanced guards at the foot of the mountains, ready to force the Gaps at earliest dawn. McClellan, however, although his men had made no unusual exertions during the past few days, preferred to wait till daylight.

Nevertheless, on the night of the 13th disaster threatened the Confederates. Harper's Ferry had not yet fallen, and, in addition to the cavalry, D. H. Hill's division was alone available to defend the passes. Lee, however, still relying on McClellan's irresolution, determined to hold South Mountain, thus gaining time for the reduction of Harper's Ferry, and Longstreet was ordered back from Hagerstown, thirteen miles west of Boonsboro', to Hill's assistance.

On the same night Jackson, at Halltown, opened communications with McLaws and Walker, and on the next morning (Sunday) he made the necessary arrangements to ensure combination in the attack. The Federal lines, although commanded by the Maryland and Loudoun Heights to the north and east, opposed a strong front to the south and west. The Bolivar Heights, an open plateau, a mile and a quarter in length, which has the Potomac on the one flank and the Shenandoah on the other, was defended by several batteries and partially intrenched. Moreover, it was so far from the summits occupied by McLaws and Walker that their guns, although directed against the enemy's rear, could hardly render effective aid; only the extremities of the plateau were thoroughly exposed to fire from the heights.

In order to facilitate communication across the two great rivers Jackson ordered a series of signal stations to be established, and while his own batteries were taking up their ground to assail the Bolivar Heights he issued his instructions to his colleagues. At ten o'clock the flags on the Loudoun Heights signalled that Walker had six rifled guns in position. He was ordered to wait until McLaws, <219>who was employed in cutting roads through the woods, should have done the same, and the following message explained the method of attack :—

' General McLaws,—If you can, establish batteries to drive the enemy from the hill west of Bolivar and on which Barbour's House is, and from any other position where he may be damaged by your artillery. Let me know when you are ready to open your batteries, and give me any suggestions by which you can operate against the enemy. Cut the telegraph line down the Potomac if it is not already done. Keep a good look-out against a Federal advance from below. Similar instructions will be sent to General Walker. I do not desire any of the batteries to open until all are ready on both sides of the river, except you should find it necessary, of which you must judge for yourself. I will let you know when to open all the batteries.

' **T. J. JACKSON,**

' *Major-General Commanding.*'(1)

About half-past two in the afternoon McLaws reported that his guns were up, and a message 'to fire at such positions of the enemy as will be most effective,' followed the formal orders for the co-operation of the whole force.

'Headquarters, Valley District,
Sept. 14, 1862.

' 1. To-day Major-General McLaws will attack so as to sweep with his artillery the ground occupied by the enemy, take his batteries in reverse, and otherwise operate against him as circumstances may justify.

' 2. Brigadier-General Walker will take in reverse the battery on the turnpike, and sweep with his artillery the ground occupied by the enemy, and silence the batteries on the island of the Shenandoah should he find a battery (*sic*) there.

' 3. Major-General A. P. Hill will move along the left bank of the Shenandoah, and thus turn the enemy's left flank and enter Harper's Ferry. <220>

' 4. Brigadier-General Lawton will move along the turnpike for the purpose of supporting General Hill, and otherwise operating against the enemy to the left of General Hill.

' 5. Brigadier-General Jones will, with one of his brigades and a battery of artillery, make a demonstration against the enemy's right; the remaining part of his division will constitute the reserve and move along the turnpike.

' By order of Major-General Jackson,

' **WM. L. JACKSON,**

' *Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*'(1)

Jackson, it appears, was at first inclined to send a flag of truce, for the purpose of giving the civilian population time to get away, should the garrison refuse to surrender; but during the morning heavy firing was heard to the northward, and McLaws reported that he had been obliged to detach troops to guard his rear against McClellan. The batteries were therefore ordered to open fire on the Federal works without further delay.

According to General Walker, Jackson, although he was aware that McClellan had occupied Frederick, not over twenty miles distant, could not bring himself to believe that his old classmate had overcome his prudential instincts, and attributed the sounds of battle to a cavalry engagement. It is certain that he never for a single moment anticipated a resolute attempt to force the passages of the South Mountain, for, in reply to McLaws, he merely instructed him to ask General D. H. Hill to protect his rear, and to communicate with Lee at Hagerstown. Had he entertained the slightest suspicion that McClellan was

advancing with his whole force against the passages of the South Mountain, he would hardly have suggested that Hill should be asked to defend Crampton's as well as Turner's Gap.

With full confidence, therefore, that he would have time to enforce the surrender of Harper's Ferry and to join Lee on the further bank of the Potomac, the progress of

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[Graphic, Harper's Ferry, Va., omitted.]

his attack was cautious and methodical. 'The position in front of me,' he wrote to McLaws, 'is a strong one, and I desire to remain quiet, and let you and Walker draw attention from Furnace Hill (west of Bolivar Heights), so that I may have an opportunity of getting possession of the hill without much loss.' It was not, then, till the artillery had been long in action, and the fire of the enemy's guns had been in some degree subdued, that the infantry was permitted to advance. Although the Federal batteries opened vigorously on the lines of skirmishers, the casualties were exceedingly few. The troops found cover in woods and broken ground, and before nightfall Hill had driven in the enemy's pickets, and had secured a knoll on their left flank which afforded an admirable position for artillery. Lawton, in the centre, occupied a ridge over which ran the Charlestown turnpike, brought his guns into action, and formed his regiments for battle in the woods. Jones' division held the Shepherdstown road on Lawton's left, seized Furnace Hill, and pushed two batteries forward.

No attempt was made during this Sunday evening to storm the Bolivar Heights; and yet, although the Confederate infantry had been hardly engaged, the enemy had been terribly shaken. From every point of the compass, from the lofty crests which looked down upon the town, from the woods towards Charlestown, from the hill to westward, a ceaseless hail of shells had swept the narrow neck to which the garrison was confined. Several guns had been dismounted. More than one regiment of raw troops had dispersed in panic, and had been with difficulty rallied. The roads were furrowed with iron splinters. Many buildings had been demolished, and although the losses among the infantry, covered by their parapets, had been insignificant, the batteries had come almost to their last round.

During the night Jackson made preparations for an early assault. Two of A. P. Hill's brigades, working their way along the bank of the Shenandoah, over ground which the Federal commander had considered impassable, established themselves to the left rear of the Bolivar Heights. Guns were brought up to the knoll which Hill <222>had seized during the afternoon; and ten pieces, which Jackson had ordered to be taken across the Shenandoah by Keyes' Ford, were placed in a position whence they could enfilade the enemy's works at effective range. Lawton and Jones pushed forward their lines until they could hear voices in the intrenchments; and a girdle of bayonets, closely supported by many batteries, encircled the hapless Federals. The assault was to be preceded by a heavy bombardment, and the advance was to be made as soon as Hill's guns ceased fire.

All night long the Confederates slept upon their arms, waiting for the dawn. When day broke, a soft silver mist, rising from the broad Potomac, threw its protecting folds over Harper's Ferry. But the Southern gunners knew the direction of their targets; the clouds were rent by the passage of screaming shells, and as the sun, rising over the Loudoun Heights, dispersed the vapours, the whole of Jackson's artillery became engaged. The Federal batteries, worked with stubborn courage, and showing a bold front to every fresh

opponent, maintained the contest for an hour; but, even if ammunition had not failed them, they could not have long withstood the terrible fire which took them in front, in flank, and in reverse.(1) Then, perceiving that the enemy's guns were silenced, Hill ordered his batteries to cease fire, and threw forward his brigades against the ridge. Staunch to the last, the Federal artillerymen ran their pieces forward, and opened on the Confederate infantry. Once more the long line of Jackson's guns crashed out in answer, and two batteries, galloping up to within four hundred yards of the ridge, poured in a destructive fire over the heads of their own troops. Hill's brigades, when the artillery duel recommenced, had halted at the foot of the slope. Beyond, over the bare fields, the way was obstructed by felled timber, the lopped branches of which were closely interlaced, and above the abattis rose the line of breastworks. But before the charge was sounded <223>the Confederate gunners completed the work they had so well begun. At 7.30 A.M. the white flag was hoisted, and with the loss of no more than 100 men Jackson had captured Harper's Ferry with his artillery alone.

The general was near the church in the wood on the Charlestown road, and Colonel Douglas was sent forward to ascertain the enemy's purpose. 'Near the top of the hill,' he writes, 'I met General White (commanding the Federals), and told him my mission. Just then General Hill came up from the direction of his line, and on his request I conducted them to General Jackson, whom I found sitting on his horse where I had left him. He was not, as the Comte de Paris says, leaning against a tree asleep, but exceedingly wide-awake The surrender was unconditional, and then General Jackson turned the matter over to General A. P. Hill, who allowed General White the same liberal terms that Grant afterwards gave Lee at Appomattox. The fruits of the surrender were 12,520 prisoners, 13,000 small arms, 73 pieces of artillery, and several hundred waggons.

'General Jackson, after a brief dispatch to General Lee announcing the capitulation, rode up to Bolivar and down into Harper's Ferry. The curiosity in the Union army to see him was so great that the soldiers lined the sides of the road. Many of them uncovered as he passed, and he invariably returned the salute. One man had an echo of response all about him when he said aloud: "Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him we wouldn't have been caught in this trap." '(1)

The completeness of the victory was marred by the escape of the Federal cavalry. Under cover of the night 1,200 horsemen, crossing the pontoon bridge, and passing swiftly up the towpath under the Maryland Heights, had ridden boldly beneath the muzzles of McLaws' batteries, and, moving north-west, had struck out for Pennsylvania. Yet the capture of Harper's Ferry was a notable exploit, although Jackson seems to have looked upon it as a mere matter of course. <224>

'Through God's blessing,' he reported to Lee at eight o'clock, 'Harper's Ferry and its garrison are to be surrendered. As Hill's troops have borne the heaviest part of the engagement, he will be left in command until the prisoners and public property shall be disposed of, unless you direct otherwise. The other forces can move off this evening so soon as they get their rations. To what point shall they move? I write at this time in order that you may be apprised of the condition of things. You may expect to hear from me again to-day, after I get more information respecting the number of prisoners, &c. (1)

Lee, with D. H. Hill, Longstreet, and Stuart, was already falling back from the South Mountain to Sharpsburg, a little village on the right bank of the Antietam Creek; and late in the afternoon Jackson, Walker, and McLaws were ordered to rejoin without delay.(2)

September 14 had been an anxious day for the Confederate Com-mander-in-Chief. During the morning D. H. Hill, with no more than 5,000 men in his command, had seen the greater part of McClellan's army deploy for action in the wide valley below and to the eastward of Turner's Gap. Stuart held the woods below Crampton's Gap, six miles south, with Robertson's brigade, now commanded by the gallant Munford; and on the heights above McLaws had posted three brigades, for against this important pass, the shortest route by which the Federals could interpose between Lee and Jackson, McClellan's left wing, consisting of 20,000 men under General Franklin, was steadily advancing.

The positions at both Turner's and Crampton's Gaps were very strong. The passes, at their highest points, are at least 600 feet above the valley, and the slopes steep, rugged, and thickly wooded. The enemy's artillery had

(1) O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 951. General Longstreet (*From Manassas to Appomattox*, p. 233) suggests that Jackson, after the capitulation of Harper's Ferry, should have moved east of South Mountain against McClellan's rear. Jackson, however, was acquainted neither with McClellan's position nor with Lee's intentions, and nothing could have justified such a movement except the direct order of the Commander-in-Chief.

(2) 'The Invasion of Maryland,' General Longstreet, *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 666.

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little chance. Stone walls, running parallel to the crest, gave much protection to the Southern infantry, and loose boulders and rocky scarps increased the difficulties of the ascent. But the numbers available for defence were very small; and had McClellan marched during the night he would probably have been master of the passes before midday. As it was, Crampton's Gap was not attacked by Franklin until noon; and although at the same hour the advanced-guard of the Federal right wing had gained much ground, it was not till four in the evening that a general attack was made on Turner's Gap. By this time Longstreet, after a march of thirteen miles, had reached the battle-field;(1) and despite the determination with which the attack was pressed, Turner's Gap was still held when darkness fell.

The defence of Crampton's Gap had been less successful. Franklin had forced the pass before five o'clock, and driving McLaws' three brigades before him, had firmly established himself astride the summit. The Confederate losses were larger than those which they had inflicted. McClellan reports 1,791 casualties on the right, Franklin 533 on the left. McLaws' and Munford's loss was over 800, of whom 400 were captured. The number of killed and wounded in Hill's and Longstreet's commands is unknown; it probably reached a total of 1,500, and 1,100 of their men were marched to Frederick as prisoners. Thus the day's fighting had cost the South 3,400 men. Moreover, Longstreet's ammunition column, together with an escort of 600 men, had been cut up by the cavalry which had escaped from Harper's Ferry, and which had struck the Hagerstown road as it marched northward into Pennsylvania.

(1) The order for the march had been given the night before ('The Invasion of Maryland,' General Longstreet, *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 666), and there seems to have been no good reason, even admitting the heat and dust, that Longstreet's command should not have joined Hill at noon. The troops marched 'at daylight' (5 A.M.), and took ten hours to march thirteen miles. As it was, only four of the brigades took part in the action, and did so, owing to their late arrival, in very disjointed fashion. Not all the Confederate generals appear to have possessed the same 'driving power' as Jackson.

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Yet, on the whole, Lee had no reason to be chagrined with the result of his operations. McClellan had acted with unexpected vigour. But neither in strategy nor in tactics had he displayed improvement on his Peninsular methods. He should have thrown the bulk of his army against Crampton's Gap, thus intervening between Lee and Jackson; but instead of doing so he had directed 70,000 men against Turner's Gap. Nor had his attack on Hill and Longstreet been characterised by resolution. The advanced-guard was left unsupported until 2 P.M., and not more than 30,000 men were employed throughout the day. Against this number 8,000 Confederates had held the pass. Cobb, one of McLaws' brigadiers, who commanded the defence at Crampton's Gap, though driven down the mountain, had offered a stout resistance to superior forces; and twenty-four hours had been gained for Jackson. On the other hand, in face of superior numbers, the position at Turner's Gap had become untenable; and during the night Hill and Longstreet marched to Sharpsburg.

This enforced retreat was not without effect on the *moral* of either army. McClellan was as exultant as he was credulous. 'I have just learned,' he reported to Halleck at 8.A.M on the 15th, 'from General Hooker, in advance, that the enemy is making for Shepherdstown in a perfect panic; and that General Lee last night stated publicly that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped. I am hurrying forward to endeavour to press their retreat to the utmost.' Then, two hours later: 'Information this moment received completely confirms the rout and demoralisation of the rebel army. It is stated that Lee gives his losses as 15,000. We are following as rapidly as the men can move.' (1) Nor can it be doubted that McClellan's whole army, unaccustomed to see their antagonists give ground before them, shared the general's mood.(2) Amongst the Confederates, on the other hand, there was some depression. It could not be disguised that a portion of the troops had shown symptoms of demoralisation. The retreat to the Antietam, although effectively screened by Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry, was not effected in the best of order. Many of the regiments had been broken by the hard fighting on the mountain; men had become lost in the forest, or had sought safety to the rear; and the number of stragglers was very large. It was not, then, with its usual confidence that the army moved into position on the ridge above the Antietam Creek. General Longstreet, indeed, was of opinion that the army should have recrossed the Potomac at once. 'The moral effect of our move into Maryland had been lost by our discomfiture at South Mountain, and it was evident we could not hope to concentrate in time to do more than make a respectable retreat, whereas by retiring before the battle [of Sharpsburg] we could have claimed a very successful campaign.' (1) So spake the voice of prudence. Lee, however, so soon as he was informed of the fall of Harper's Ferry, had ordered Jackson to join him, resolving to hold his ground, and to bring McClellan to a decisive battle on the north bank of the Potomac.

Although 45,000 men—for Lee at most could count on no more than this number, so great had been the straggling—were about to receive the attack of over 90,000, Jackson, when he reached Sharpsburg on the morning of the 16th, heartily approved the Commander-in-Chief's decision, and it is worth while to consider the reasons which led them to disagree with Longstreet.

1. Under ordinary conditions, to expect an army of 45,000 to wrest decisive victory from one of 90,000 well-armed enemies would be to demand an impossibility. The defence, when two armies are equally matched, is physically stronger than the attack, although we have Napoleon's word for it that the defence has the harder task. But that the inherent strength of the defence is so great as to enable the smaller force to annihilate its

enemy is contrary to all the teaching of history. By making good use of favourable ground, or by constructing substantial works, <228>the smaller force may indeed stave off defeat and gain time. But it can hope for nothing more. The records of warfare contain no instance, when two armies were of much the same quality, of the smaller army bringing the campaign to a decisive issue by defensive tactics. Wellington and Lee both fought many defensive battles with inferior forces. But neither of them, under such conditions, ever achieved the destruction of their enemy. They fought such battles to gain time, and their hopes soared no higher. At Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, where the French were superior to the allies, Wellington repulsed the attack, but he did not prevent the defeated armies taking the field again in a few days. At the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, the North Anna, and Cold Harbour, the great battles of 1864, Lee maintained his ground, but he did not prevent Grant moving round his flank in the direction of Richmond. At the Second Manassas, Jackson stood fast for the greater part of two days, but he would never have driven Pope across Bull Run without the aid of Longstreet. Porter at Gaines' Mill held 55,000 men with 35,000 for more than seven hours, but even if he had maintained his position, the Confederate army would not have become a mob of fugitives. No; except on peculiarly favourable ground, or when defending an intrenched camp, an army matched with one of equal efficiency and numerically superior, can never hope for decisive success. So circum-stanced, a wise general will rather retreat than fight, and thus save his men for a more favourable opportunity.(1)

But Lee and Jackson had not to deal with ordinary conditions. Whatever may have been the case in the Peninsula and in the Valley, there can be no question but that the armies in Maryland were by no means equal in

(1) Before Salamanca, for instance, because Marmont, whose strength was equal to his own, was about to be reinforced by 4,000 cavalry, Wellington had determined to retreat. It is true, however, that when weaker than Mas-séna, whom he had already worsted, by 8,000 infantry and 3,800 sabres, but somewhat stronger in artillery, he stood to receive attack at Fuentes d'Onor. Yet Napier declares that it was a very audacious resolution. The knowledge and experience of the great historian told him that to pit 32,000 infantry against 40,000 was to trust too much to fortune.

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quality. The Federals were far more accustomed to retreat than advance. For several months, whether they were engaged on the Shenandoah, on the Chickahominy, on the Rappahannock, or on Bull Run, they had been invariably outmanoeuvred. Their losses had been exceedingly severe, not only in battle, but from sickness and straggling. Many of their bravest officers and men had fallen. With the exception of the Second and Sixth Army Corps, commanded by Sumner and by Franklin, by far the greater part of the troops had been involved in Pope's defeat, and they had not that trust in their leaders which promises a strong offensive. While at Washington the army had been reinforced by twenty-four regiments of infantry, but the majority of these troops had been but lately raised; they knew little of drill; they were commanded by officers as ignorant as themselves, and they had never fired a musket. Nor were the generals equal in capacity to those opposing them. ' If a student of history,' says a Northern officer, ' familiar with the characters who figured in the War of Secession, but happening to be ignorant of the battle of Antietam, should be told the names of the men who held high commands there, he would say that with anything like equality of forces the Confederates must have won, for their leaders were men who made great names in the war, while the Federal leaders were,

with few exceptions, men who never became conspicuous, or became conspicuous only through failure.' (1) And the difference in military capacity extended to the rank and file. When the two armies met on the Antietam, events had been such as to confer a marked superiority on the Southerners. They were the children of victory, and every man in the army had participated in the successes of Lee and Jackson. They had much experience of battle. They were supremely confident in their own prowess, for the fall of Harper's Ferry had made more than amends for the retreat from South Mountain, and they were supremely confident in their leaders. No new regiments weakened <230>the stability of their array. Every brigade and every regiment could be depended on. The artillery, which had been but lately reorganised in battalions, had, under the fostering care of General Pendleton, become peculiarly efficient, although the *matériel* was still indifferent; and against Stuart's horsemen the Federal cavalry was practically useless.

In every military attribute, then, the Army of Northern Virginia was so superior to the Army of the Potomac that Lee and Jackson believed that they might fight a defensive battle, outnumbered as they were, with the hope of annihilating their enemy. They were not especially favoured by the ground, and time and means for intrenching were both wanting; but they were assured that not only were their veterans capable of holding the position, but, if favoured by fortune, of delivering a counterstroke which should shiver the Army of the Potomac into a thousand fragments.

2. By retreating across the Potomac, in accordance with General Longstreet's suggestion, Lee would certainly have avoided all chances of disaster. But, at the same time, he would have abandoned a good hope of ending the war. The enemy would have been fully justified in assuming that the retrograde movement had been made under the compulsion of his advance, and the balance of *moral* have been sensibly affected in favour of the Federals. If the Potomac had once been placed between the opposing forces, McClellan would have had it in his power to postpone an encounter until his army was strongly reinforced, his raw regiments trained, and his troops rested. The passage of the river, it is true, had been successfully forced by the Confederates on September 5. But it by no means followed that it could be forced for the second time in face of a concentrated enemy, who would have had time to recover his *moral* and supply his losses. McClellan, so long as the Confederates remained in Maryland, had evidently made up his mind to attack. But if Maryland was evacuated he would probably content himself with holding the line of the Potomac; and, in view of the relative strength of the two armies, it would be an <231>extraordinary stroke of fortune which should lay him open to assault. Lee and Jackson were firmly convinced that it was the wiser policy to give the enemy no time to reorganise and recruit, but to coerce him to battle before he had recovered from the defeat which he had sustained on the heights above Bull Run. To recross the Potomac would be to slight the favours of fortune, to abandon the initiative, and to submit, in face of the vast numbers of fresh troops which the North was already raising, to a defensive warfare, a warfare which might protract the struggle, but which must end in the exhaustion of the Confederacy. McClellan's own words are the strongest justification of the views held by the Southern leaders :—

' The Army of the Potomac was thoroughly exhausted and depleted by the desperate fighting and severe marching in the unhealthy regions of the Chickahominy and afterwards, during the second Bull Run campaign; its trains, administrative services and supplies were dis-organised or lacking in consequence of the rapidity and manner of its

removal from the Peninsula, as well as from the nature of its operations during the second Bull Run campaign.

' Had General Lee remained in front of Washington (south of the Potomac) it would have been the part of wisdom to hold our own army quiet until its pressing wants were fully supplied, its organisation was restored, and its ranks were filled with recruits—in brief, until it was prepared for a campaign. But as the enemy maintained the offensive, and crossed the Upper Potomac to threaten or invade Pennsylvania, it became necessary to meet him at any cost, notwithstanding the condition of the troops, to put a stop to the invasion, to save Baltimore and Washington, and throw him back across the Potomac. Nothing but sheer necessity justified the advance of the Army of the Potomac to South Mountain and Antietam in its then condition. The purpose of advancing from Washington was simply to meet the necessities of the moment by frustrating Lee's invasion of the Northern States, and when that was accomplished, to push with the <232>utmost rapidity the work of reorganisation and supply, so that a new campaign might be promptly inaugurated with the army in condition to prosecute it to a successful termination without intermission.(1)

And in his official report, showing what the result of a Confederate success might well have been, he says: ' One battle lost and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might have marched as it pleased on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York. It could have levied its supplies from a fertile and undevastated country, extorted tribute from wealthy and populous cities, and nowhere east of the Alleghanies was there another organised force to avert its march.' (2)

3. The situation in the West was such that even a victory in Maryland was exceedingly desirable. Confederate movements in Tennessee and Kentucky had won a measure of success which bade fair to open up a brilliant opportunity. Should the Federals be defeated in both the theatres of war, the blow would be felt throughout the length and breadth of the Northern States; and, in any case, it was of the utmost importance that all McClellan's troops should be retained in the East.

So, when the tidings came of Jackson's victory at Harper's Ferry, both armies braced themselves for the coming battle, the Confederates in the hope that it would be decisive of the war, the Federals that it would save the capital. But the Confederates had still a most critical time before them, and Lee's daring was never more amply illustrated than when he made up his mind to fight on the Antietam. McClellan's great army was streaming through the passes of the South Mountain. At Rohrer'sville, six miles east of the Confederate bivouacs, where he had halted as soon as the cannonade at Harper's Ferry ceased, Franklin was still posted with 20,000 men. From their battle-field at Turner's Gap, ten miles from Sharpsburg, came the 70,000 which composed the right and centre; and on the banks of the Antietam but 15,000 Southerners were in position. Jackson <233>had to get rid of his prisoners, to march seventeen miles, and to ford the Potomac before he could reach the ground. Walker was twenty miles distant, beyond the Shenandoah; and McLaws, who would be compelled by Franklin's presence near Rohrer'sville to cross at Harper's Ferry and follow Jackson, over five-and-twenty. Would they be up before McClellan attacked? Lee, relying on McClellan's caution and Jackson's energy, answered the question in the affirmative.

The September day wore on. The country between the South Mountain and Sharpsburg, resembling in every characteristic the Valley of the Shenandoah, is open and gently

undulating. No leagues of woodland, as in Eastern Virginia, block the view. The roads run through wide cornfields and rolling pastures, and scattered copses are the only relics of the forest. It was not yet noon when the Federal scouts appeared among the trees which crown the left bank of the Antietam Creek. ' The number increased, and larger and larger grew the field of blue until it seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle,' adds Longstreet, ' as this grand force settled down in sight of the Confederates, shattered by battles and scattered by long and tedious marches.' (1) But when night fell upon the field the only interchange of hostilities had been a brief engagement of artillery. McClellan's advance, owing to the difficulty of passing his great army through the mountains, and to the scarcity of roads, had been slow and tedious; in some of the divisions there had been unnecessary delay; and Lee had so disposed his force that the Federal commander, unenlightened as to the real strength of his adversary, believed that he was opposed by 50,000 men.

Nor was the next morning marked by any increase of activity. McClellan, although he should have been well aware that a great part of the Confederate army was still west of the Potomac, made no attack. ' It was discovered,' he reports, ' that the enemy had changed the position of some of his batteries. The masses of <234>his troops, however, were still concealed behind the opposite heights. It was afternoon before I could move the troops to their positions for attack, being compelled to spend the morning in reconnoitring the new position taken up by the enemy, examining the ground, and finding fords, clearing the approaches, and hurrying up the ammunition and supply trains.'(1)

Considering that McClellan had been in possession of the left bank of the Antietam since the forenoon of the previous day, all these preliminaries might well have been completed before daylight on the 16th. That a change in the dispositions of a few batteries, a change so unimportant as to pass unnoticed in the Confederate reports, should have imposed a delay, when every moment was precious, of many hours, proves that Lee's and Jackson's estimate of their opponent's character was absolutely correct. While McClellan was reconnoitring, and the guns were thundering across the Antietam, Jackson and Walker crossed the Potomac, and reported to Lee in Sharpsburg.(2) Walker had expected to find the Commander-in-Chief anxious and careworn. ' Anxious no doubt he was; but there was nothing in his look or manner to indicate it. On the contrary, he was calm, dignified, and even cheerful. If he had had a well-equipped army of a hundred thousand veterans at his back, he could not have appeared more composed and confident. On shaking hands with us, he simply expressed his satisfaction with the result of our operations at Harper's Ferry, and with our timely arrival at Sharpsburg; adding that with our reinforcements he felt confident of being able to hold his ground until the arrival of the divisions of R. H. Anderson, McLaws, and A. P. Hill, which were still behind, and which did not arrive till next day.' (3)

Yet the reinforcements which Jackson and Walker had brought up were no considerable addition to Lee's <235>strength. Jones' division consisted of no more than 1,600 muskets, Lawton's of less than 3,500. Including officers and artillery, therefore, the effectives of these divisions numbered about 5,000. A. P. Hill's division appears to have mustered 5,000 officers and men, and we may add 1,000 for men sick or on detached duties. The total should undoubtedly have been larger. After the battle of Cedar Run, Jackson had 22,450 effectives in his ranks. His losses in the operations against Pope, and the transfer of Robertson's cavalry to Stuart, had brought his numbers down by 5,787; but on

September 16, including 70 killed or wounded at Harper's Ferry, they should have been not less than 16,800. In reality they were only 11,500. We have not far to look for the cause of this reduction. Many of the men had absented themselves before the army crossed into Maryland; and if those who remained with the colours had seen little fighting since Pope's defeat, they had had no reason to complain of inactivity. The operations which resulted in the capture of Harper's Ferry had been arduous in the extreme. Men who had taken part in the forced marches of the Valley campaign declared that the march from Frederick to Harper's Ferry surpassed all their former experiences. In three-and-a-half days they had covered over sixty miles, crossing two mountain ranges, and fording the Potomac. The weather had been intensely hot, and the dust was terrible. Nor had the investment of Harper's Ferry been a period of repose. They had been under arms during the night which preceded the surrender, awaiting the signal to assault within a few hundred yards of the enemy's sentries. As soon as the terms of capitulation were arranged they had been hurried back to the bivouac, had cooked two days' rations, and shortly after midnight had marched to the Potomac, seventeen miles away. This night march, coming on the top of their previous exertions, had taxed the strength of many beyond endurance. The majority were badly shod. Many were not shod at all. They were ill-fed, and men ill-fed are on the highroad to hospital. There were stragglers, then, from every company in the command. Even the Stonewall Brigade, <236>though it had still preserved its five regiments, was reduced to 300 muskets; and the other brigades of Jackson's division were but little stronger. Walker's division, too, although less hardly used in the campaign than the Valley troops, had diminished under the strain of the night march, and mustered no more than 3,500 officers and men at Sharpsburg. Thus the masses of troops which McClellan conceived were hidden in rear of D. H. Hill and Longstreet amounted in reality to some 10,000 effective soldiers.

It was fortunate, indeed, that in their exhausted condition there was no immediate occasion for their services on September 16. The shadows grew longer, but yet the Federals made no move; even the fire of the artillery died away, and the men slept quietly in the woods to north and west of the little town. Meanwhile, in an old house, one of the few which had any pretensions to comfort in Sharpsburg, the generals met in council. Staff officers strolled to and fro over the broad brick pavement; the horses stood lazily under the trees which shaded the dusty road; and within, Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet pored long and earnestly over the map of Maryland during the bright September afternoon. But before the glow of a lovely sunset had faded from the sky the artillery once more opened on the ridge above, and reports came in that the Federals were crossing the Antietam near Pry's Mill. Lee at once ordered Longstreet to meet this threat with Hood's division, and Jackson was ordered into line on the left of Hood. No serious collision, however, took place during the evening. The Confederates made no attempt to oppose the passage of the Creek. Hood's pickets were driven in, but a speedy reinforcement restored the line, and except that the batteries on both sides took part the fighting was little more than an affair of outposts. At eleven o'clock Hood's brigades were withdrawn to cook and eat. Jackson's division filled their place; and the night, although broken by constant alarms, passed away without further conflict. The Federal movements clearly exposed their intention of attacking, and had even revealed the point which they would first assail. <237>McClellan had thrown two army corps, the First under Hooker, and the Twelfth under Mansfield, across the Antietam; and they were now posted, facing southward, a

mile and a half north of Sharpsburg, concealed by the woods beyond Jackson's left.

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NOTE.

The essential paragraphs of the lost order ran as follows :—

'The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portions as he may select, take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night (September 12) take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

'General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro', where it will halt with the reserve, supply, and baggage trains of the army.

'General McLaws, with his own division and that of General Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning (September 12) possess himself of the Maryland Heights and endeavour to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

'General Walker with his division . . . will take possession of the Loudoun Heights, if practicable by Friday morning (September 12), . . . He will as far as practicable co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

'General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear-guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body.

'General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and, with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers.

'The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown.'

The second paragraph was afterwards modified by General Lee so as to place Longstreet at Hagerstown.

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XIX—Sharpsburg

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It is a curious coincidence that not only were the numbers of the opposing armies at the battle of Sharpsburg almost identical with those of the French and Germans at the battle of Wörth, but that there is no small resemblance between the natural features and surrounding scenery of the two fields. Full in front of the Confederate position rises the Red Hill, a spur of the South Mountain, wooded, like the Vosges, to the very crest, and towering high above the fields of Maryland, as the Hochwald towers above the Rhineland. The Antietam, however, is a more difficult obstacle than the Sauerbach, the brook which meanders through the open meadows of the Alsatian valley. A deep channel of more than sixty feet in width is overshadowed by forest trees; and the ground on either bank ascends at a sharp gradient to the crests above. Along the ridge to the west, which parts the Antietam from the Potomac, and about a mile distant from the former stream, runs the Hagerstown turnpike, and in front of this road there was a strong position. Sharpsburg, a village of a few hundred inhabitants, lies on the reverse slope of the ridge, extending in the direction of the Potomac, and only the church steeples were visible to the Federals. Above the hamlet was the Confederate centre. Here, near a limestone boulder, which stood in a plot which is now included in the soldiers' cemetery, was Lee's station during the long hours of September 17, and from this point he overlooked the whole extent of his line of battle. A mile northward, on the Hagerstown pike, his left centre was marked by a square white building, famous <240>under the name of the Dunkard Church, and backed by & long dark wood. To the right, a mile southward, a bold spur, covered with scattered trees, forces the Antietam westward, and on this spur, overlooking the stream, he had placed his right.

Between the Hagerstown pike and the Antietam the open slopes, although not always uniform, but broken, like those on the French side of the Sauerbach, by long ravines, afforded an admirable field of fire. The lanes which cross them are sunk in many places below the surface: in front of Sharpsburg the fields were divided by low stone walls; and these natural intrenchments added much to the strength of the position. Nor were they the only advantages. The belt of oaks beyond the Dunkard Church, the West Wood, was peculiarly adapted for defence. Parallel ledges of outcropping limestone, both within the thickets and along the Hagerstown road, rising as high as a man's waist, gave good cover from shot and shell; the trees were of old growth, and there was little underwood. To the north-east, however, and about five hundred yards distant across the fields, lay the East Wood, covering the slopes to the Antietam, with Poffenberger's Wood beyond; while further to the left, the North Wood, extending across the Hagerstown pike, approached the Confederate flank. The enemy, if he advanced to the attack in this quarter of the field, would thus find ample protection during his march and deployment; and in case of reverse he would find a rallying-point in the North and Poffenberger's Woods, of which Hooker was already in possession. In the space between the woods were several small farms, surrounded by orchards and stone fences; and on the slope east of the Dunkard Church stood a few cottages and barns.

Access to the position was not easy. Only a single ford, near Snavely's house, exists across the Antietam, and this was commanded by the bluff on the Confederate right. The

stone bridges, however, for want of time and means to destroy them, had been left standing. That nearest the confluence of the Antietam and the Potomac, <241>

[Graphic, Sharpsburg (Md.), omitted.]

at the Antietam Iron-works, by which A. P Hill was expected, was defended by rifle-pits and enfiladed by artillery. The next, known as the Burnside Bridge, was completely overlooked by the heights above. That opposite Lee's centre could be raked throughout its length; but the fourth, at Pry's Mill, by which Hooker and Mansfield had already crossed, was covered both from view and fire. Roads within the position were numerous. The Hagerstown turnpike, concealed for some distance on either side of Sharpsburg by the crest of the ridge, was admirably adapted for the movement of reserves, and another broad highway ran through Sharpsburg to the Potomac.

The position, then, in many respects, was well adapted to Lee's purpose. The flanks were reasonably secure. The right rested on the Antietam. The left was more open; but the West Wood formed a strong *point d'appui*, and beyond the wood a low ridge, rising above Nicodemus Run, gave room for several batteries; while the Potomac was so close that the space available for attack on this flank was much restricted. The ground could thus be held by a comparatively small number of men, and a large reserve set free for the counterstroke. The great drawback was that the ridge east of the Antietam, although commanded by the crest which the Confederates occupied, would permit McClellan to deploy the whole of his powerful artillery, and in no place did the range exceed two thousand yards. In case of retreat, moreover, the Potomac, two hundred yards from shore to shore, would have to be crossed by a few deep fords,(1) of which only one was practicable for waggons. These disadvantages, however, it was impossible to avoid; and if the counterstroke were decisive, they would not be felt.

The left of the position was assigned to Jackson, with Hood in third line. Next in order came D. H. Hill. Longstreet held the centre and the right, with Walker in reserve behind the flank. Stuart, with Fitzhugh Lee's <242>brigade and his four guns, was between the West Wood and the Potomac. Munford's two regiments of cavalry, reinforced by a battery, held the bridge at the Antietam Iron-works, and kept open the communication with Harper's Ferry; and twenty-six rifled pieces of the reserve artillery were with D. H. Hill. From the Nicodemus Run to the bluff overhanging the Burnside Bridge is just three miles, and for the occupation of this front the following troops were at Lee's disposal :—

		<u>Men</u>	<u>Guns</u>
Jackson	{ Jones' Division }		
	{ Ewell's Division (General Lawton) }	5,500	16(1)
	[D. R. Jones' Division]		
	[Hood's Division (detached to Jackson)]	8,000	50
Longstreet	[D. H. Hill's Division]	5,000	26
Evans' Brigade	[Walker's Division]	8,500	12
Stuart	{ Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade }	2,500	4
	{ Munford's Brigade }		
Reserve Artillery	1,000	26
		<u>25,500</u>	<u>134</u>

On the far side of the Potomac the Shepherdstown Ford was protected by the remainder of the reserve artillery, with an infantry escort; but so small was the force whose retreat

was thus secured that nearly every man was required in the fighting-line. Except the divisions of Hood and Walker, 5,500 men all told, there was no immediate reserve.

But at daybreak on the 17th the troops which had been left at Harper's Ferry were rapidly coming up. McLaws and Anderson, who had started before midnight, were already nearing the Potomac; Hampton's cavalry brigade was not far behind, and orders had been dispatched to A. P. Hill. But could these 13,000 bayonets be up in time—before Hooker and Mansfield received strong support, or before the Burnside Bridge was heavily attacked? The question was indeed momentous. If the Federals were to put forth their whole strength without delay, bring their numerous artillery into action, and press the battle at every point, it seemed hardly possible that defeat could be averted. McClellan, however, who had never yet ventured on a resolute offensive, was not likely, in Lee's judgment, to assault so strong a position as that held by the Confederates with whole-hearted energy, and it was safe to calculate that his troops would be feebly handled. Yet the odds were great. Even after the arrival of the absent divisions(1) no more than 35,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and 194 guns would be in line, and the enemy's numbers were far superior. McClellan had called in Franklin from Rohrer'sville, and his muster roll was imposing.

	Men	Guns
First Corps—Hooker	14,856	40
Second Corps—Sumner	18,813	42
Fifth Corps—Porter	12,930	70
Sixth Corps- Franklin	12,300	36
Ninth Corps—Burnside	13,819	35
Twelfth Corps—Mansfield	10,126	36
Cavalry—Pleasanton	4,320	16
	<u>87,164</u>	<u>275</u>

In comparison with the masses arrayed between the Red Hill and the Antietam, the Confederate army was but a handful.

Notwithstanding McClellan's caution, the opening of the battle was not long delayed. Before sunrise the desultory firing of the pickets had deepened to the roar of battle. Hooker, who had been ordered to begin the attack, forming his troops behind the North Wood, directed them on the Dunkard Church, which, standing on rising ground, appeared the key of the position. Jackson had already thrown back his two divisions at nearly a right angle to the Confederate front. His

(1)

	Men	Guns
A. P. Hill's Division	5,000	18
McLaws' Division	4,500	24
R. H. Anderson's Division	3,500	18
Hampton's Cavalry Brigade .	1,500	—
	<u>14,500</u>	<u>60</u>

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right, which connected with the left of D. H. Hill, and resting on the western edge of the East Wood extended as far as the Miller House, was held by Lawton, with two brigades in front and one in second line. West of the Hagerstown turnpike, and covering the ground as

far as the Nicodemus Farm, was Jones' division; the Stonewall and Jones' brigades in front, Taliaferro's and Starke's along the edge of the wood in rear. Three guns stood upon the turnpike; the remainder of the artillery (thirteen) guns was with Stuart on the high ground north of Nicodemus Run. Hood, in third line, stood near the Dunkard Church; and on Hood's right were three of Longstreet's batteries under Colonel Stephen Lee.

The ground which Jackson had been ordered to occupy was not unfavourable for defence, although the troops had practically no cover except the rail-fences and the rocky ledges. There was a wide and open field of fire, and when the Federal skirmishers appeared north of the Miller House the Confederate batteries, opening with vigour at a range of eight hundred yards, struck down sixteen men at the first salvo. This fire, and the stubborn resistance of the pickets, held the enemy for some time in check; but Hooker deployed six batteries in reply, and after a cannonade of nearly an hour his infantry advanced. From the cover of the woods, still veiled by the morning mist, the Federals came forward in strong force. Across the dry ploughed land in Lawton's front the fight grew hot, and on the far side of the turnpike the meadows round the Nicodemus Farm became the scene of a desperate struggle. Hooker had sent in two divisions, Meade on the left and Doubleday on the right, while a third under Ricketts acted in close support of Meade.⁽¹⁾ The attack was waged with the dash and energy which had earned for Hooker the sobriquet of 'Fighting Joe,' and the troops he commanded had already proved their mettle on many murderous fields. Meade's Pennsylvanians, together with the Indiana and Wisconsin

(1) Doubleday's Division consisted of Phelps', Wainwright's, Patrick's, and Gibbon's brigades; Rickett's Division of Duryea's, Lyle's, and Hartsuff's; and Meade's Pennsylvania Division of Seymour's, Magilton's, and Anderson's.

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regiments, which had wrought such havoc in Jackson's ranks at Grovetown, were once more bearing down upon his line. Nor were the tactics of the leaders ill-calculated to second the valour of the troops. Hooker's whole army corps of 12,500 men was manoeuvred in close combination. The second line was so posted as to render quick support. No portion of the front was without an adequate reserve in rear. The artillery was used in mass, and the flanks were adequately guarded.

The conflict between soldiers so well matched was not less fierce than when they had met on other fields. Hooker's troops had won a large measure of success at South Mountain three days previously, and their blood was up. Meade, Gibbon, and Ricketts were there to lead them, and the battle opened with a resolution which, if it had infected McClellan, would have carried the Sharpsburg ridge ere set of sun. Stubborn was the resistance of Jackson's regiments, unerring the aim of his seasoned riflemen; but the opposing infantry, constantly reinforced, pressed irresistibly forward, and the heavy guns beyond the Antietam, finding an opening between the woods, swept the thin grey line from end to end. Jones' division, after fighting for three-quarters of an hour on the meadows, fell back to the West Wood; General Jones was carried wounded from the field, and the guns on the turnpike were abandoned. So tremendous was the fire, that the corn, said Hooker, over thirty acres was cut as close by the bullets as if it had been reaped with the sickle, and the dead lay piled in regular ranks along the whole Confederate front. Never, he added, had been seen a more bloody or dismal battle-field. To the east of the turnpike Lawton's division, strengthened at the critical moment by the brigade in second

line, held Meade in check, and with a sharp counter-stroke drove the Pennsylvanians back upon their guns. But Gibbon, fighting fiercely in the centre by the Miller House, brought up a battery in close support of his first line, and pressed heavily on the West Wood until the Confederate skirmishers, creeping through the maize, shot <246>down the gunners and the teams;' and Starke, who had succeeded Jones, led the Valley regiments once more into the open field. The battle swayed backwards and forwards under the clouds of smoke; the crash of musketry, reverberating in the woods, drowned the roar of the artillery; and though hundreds were shot down at the shortest range neither Federal nor Confederate flinched from the dreadful fray. Hooker sent in a fresh brigade, and Patrick, reinforcing Gibbon with four regiments, passed swiftly to the front, captured two colours, and made some headway. But again the Virginians rallied, and Starke, observing that the enemy's right had become exposed, led his regiments forward to the charge. Doubleday's division, struck fiercely in front and flank, reeled back in confusion past the Miller House, and although the gallant Starke fell dead, the Confederates recovered the ground which they had lost. Jackson's men had not been left unaided. Colonel Lee's guns had themselves to look to, for along the whole course of the Antietam McClellan's batteries were now in action, sweeping the Sharpsburg ridge with a tremendous fire; but Stuart, west of the Nicodemus Farm, had done much to embarrass Hooker's operations. Bringing his artillery into action, for the ground was unsuited to cavalry, he had distracted the aim of the Federal gunners, and, assailing their infantry in flank, had compelled Doubleday to detach a portion of his force against him. Jackson, with supreme confidence in the ability of his men to hold their ground, had not hesitated to reinforce Stuart with Early's brigade, the strongest in his command; but before Doubleday was beaten back, Early had been recalled.

It was now half-past seven. The battle had been in progress nearly three hours, and Hooker's attack had been repulsed. But fresh troops were coming into action from the north and north-east, and Lawton's and Jones' divisions were in no condition to withstand a renewed assault. No less than three officers in succession had led the latter. Not one single brigade in either

(1) This battery of regulars, 'B' 4th U.S. Artillery, lost 40 officers and men killed and wounded, besides 33 horses. O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 229.

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division was still commanded by the officer who brought it into action, and but few regiments. Of 4,200 infantry,(1) 1,700 had already fallen. Never had Jackson's soldiers displayed a spirit more akin to that of their intrepid leader, and their fierce courage was not to be wasted. Reinforcements were close at hand. Early's brigade, 1,100 strong,(2) was moving across from Nicodemus Run into the West Wood. Hood brought his Texans, 1,800 muskets, to the relief of Lawton; and on Hood's right, but facing eastward, for Ricketts was working round Jackson's right, three of D. H. Hill's brigades, hitherto hidden under cover, came rapidly into line. Lawton's division, nearly half the command being killed or wounded, was withdrawn to the Dunkard Church; but on the skirt of the West Wood the heroic remnant of the Valley regiments still held fast among the limestone ledges.

The 8,500 infantry which McClellan had sent to Hooker's assistance formed the Twelfth Army Corps, commanded by Mansfield; and with these men, too, Jackson's soldiers were well acquainted.(3) They were the men who had followed Banks and Shields from

Kernstown to Winchester, from Port Republic to Cedar Run; and the Valley army had not yet encountered more determined foes. Their attack was delivered with their wonted vigour. Several regiments, moving west of the turnpike, bore down on the West Wood. But coming into action at considerable intervals, they were roughly handled by Jones' division, now commanded by Colonel Grigsby, and protected by the rocks; and Stuart's artillery taking them in flank they were rapidly dispersed. East of the highroad the battle raged with still greater violence. Hood and his Texans, as Lawton's brigades passed to the rear, dashed across the corn-field against Meade and Ricketts, driving back the infantry on the batteries, and shooting down the

(1) Early's brigade had not yet been engaged.

(2) One small regiment was left with Stuart.

(3) Mansfield's corps consisted of two divisions, commanded by Crawford (two brigades) and Greene (three brigades). The brigadiers were Knipe, Gordon, Tynedale, Stainbrook, Goodrich.

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gunners. But the Federal line remained unbroken, and Mansfield's troops were already moving forward. Crawford's brigade, and then Gordon's, struck the Texans in front, while Greene, working round the East Wood, made a resolute onslaught on D. H. Hill. The struggle was long and bloody. The men stood like duellists, firing and receiving the fire at fifty or a hundred paces. Crawford lost 1,000 men without gaining a foot of ground; but Gordon turned the scale, and Hood's brigades were gradually forced back through the corn-field to the Dunkard Church. A great gap had now opened in Jackson's line. Jones' division, its flank uncovered by Hood's retreat, found itself compelled to seek a new position. D. H. Hill's brigades, in the same plight, gave ground towards Sharpsburg; and Greene, following in pursuit, actually crossed the turnpike, and penetrated the West Wood; but neither Hooker nor Mansfield were able to support him, and unassisted he could make no progress.

At this moment, as if by common consent, the firing ceased on this flank of the battle; and as McClellan's Second Army Corps, led by Sumner, advanced to sustain the First and Twelfth, we may stand by Jackson near the Dunkard Church, and survey the field after four hours' fighting.

Assailed in front by superior numbers, and enfiladed by the batteries beyond the Antietam, the Confederate left had everywhere given back. The East Wood was in possession of the enemy. Their right occupied the Miller House; their centre, supported by many batteries, stood across the corn-field; while the left, thrust forward, was actually established on the edge of the West Wood, some five hundred yards to northward of the church. But if Jackson had yielded ground, he had exacted a fearful price. The space between the woods was a veritable slaughter-pen, reeking under the hot September sun, where the blue uniforms lay thicker than the grey. The First Army Corps had been cut to pieces. It had been beaten in fair fight by Jackson's two divisions, counting at the outset less than half its numbers, and aided only by

[Graphic, Approximate Positions of the Troops during the attacks of Hooker and Mansfield on the Confederate left, at the battle of Sharpsburg, omitted.]

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the cavalry. It had lost in killed and wounded over 100 officers and 2,400 men. Hooker himself had been struck down, and as far as the Antietam the field was covered with his

stragglers. The Twelfth Corps had suffered hardly less severely; and Mansfield himself, an old man and a gallant soldier, was dying of his wounds. His batteries indeed remained in action, pouring shot and shell on the West Wood and the Dunkard Church; but his infantry, reduced by more than 1,500 rifles, could do no more than hold their ground.

Nor was the exhaustion of the enemy the only advantage which the Confederates had gained by the slaughter of 4,000 men. The position to which Jackson had retired was more favourable than that from which he had been driven. The line, no longer presenting a weak angle, was almost straight, and no part of the front was open to enfilade. Stuart and his artillery, withdrawn to a more favourable position, secured the left. D.H. Hill on the right, though part of his force had given way, still held the Roulette House and the sunken road, and the troops in the West Wood were well protected from the Northern batteries. The one weak point was the gap occupied by Greene's Federals, which lay between Grigsby's regiments in the northern angle of the West Wood and Hood's division at the Dunkard Church. The enemy, however, showed no signs of making good his opportunity; Early's brigade was close at hand, and Lee had promised further reinforcements.

A glance southward showed that there was no reason for despair. Over all the field lay the heavy smoke of a great artillery battle. From near the Dunkard Church to the bluff overhanging the Antietam, a distance of two miles, battery on battery was in line. Here were Longstreet's artillery under Stephen Lee, together with the six-and-twenty guns of Cutts' reserve battalion, forty-eight guns in all; the divisional batteries of D. H. Hill, and the Washington artillery of New Orleans,⁽¹⁾ and in addition to these eighty guns others were in action above the Burnside Bridge. An array even more formidable crowned the opposite crest; but although the Confederate batteries, opposed by larger numbers and heavier metal, had suffered terribly, both in men and in *matériel*, yet the infantry, the main strength of the defence, was still intact.⁽¹⁾ The cliffs of the Red Hill, replying to the rolling thunder of near 300 guns, gave back no echo to the sharper crack of musketry. Save a few skirmishers, who had crossed the Sharpsburg Bridge, not one company of McClellan's infantry had been sent into action south of the Dunkard Church. Beyond the Antietam, covering the whole space between the river and the hills, the blue masses were plainly to be seen through the drifting smoke; some so far in the distance that only the flash of steel in the bright sunshine distinguished them from the surrounding woods; others moving in dense columns towards the battle:

Standards on standards, men on men;
In slow succession still

But neither by the Sharpsburg nor yet by the Burnside Bridge had a single Federal regiment crossed the stream; Lee's centre and right were not even threatened, and it was evident his reserves might be concentrated without risk at whatever point he pleased.

Walker's division was therefore withdrawn from the right, and McLaws, who had reached Sharpsburg shortly after sunrise, was ordered to the front. G.T. Anderson's brigade was detached from D. H. Hill; and the whole force was placed at Jackson's disposal. These fresh troops, together with Early's regiments, not yet engaged, gave 10,000 muskets for the counterstroke, and had Hooker and Mansfield been alone upon the field the Federal right wing would have been annihilated. But as the Confederate reserves approached the Dunkard Church, Sumner, whom McClellan

(1) 'Our artillery,' says General D. H. Hill, 'could not cope with the superior weight, calibre, range, and number of the Yankee guns; hence it ought only to have been used against masses of infantry. On the contrary, our guns were made to reply to the Yankee guns, and were smashed up or withdrawn before they could be effectually turned against massive columns of attack.' After Sharpsburg Lee gave orders that there were to be no more 'artillery duels' so long as the Confederates fought defensive battles

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had ordered to cross Pry's Bridge with the Second Army Corps, threw three divisions against the West Wood and the Roulette House. In three lines, up the slope from the Antietam. at sixty yards distance and covering a wide front, came Sedgwick on the right, French on the left, and Richardson to the left rear. So orderly was the advance of those 18,000 Northerners, and so imposing their array, that even the Confederate officers watched their march with admiration, and terrible was the shock with which they renewed the conflict.

Sedgwick, emerging from the East Wood, moved directly over the corn-field, crossed the turnpike, and entering the West Wood to northward of the point still held by Greene, swept through the timber, and with a portion of his advanced brigade reached the further edge. Greene, at the same moment, moved upon the Dunkard Church, and Early, who with the fragments of Jones' division was alone within the wood, marched rapidly in the same direction. Attacked suddenly in flank from behind a ridge of rock Greene's regiments were driven back; and then Early, observing Sedgwick's third line pushing across the turnpike, reformed his troops for further action. Greene, for the moment, had been disposed of, but a more formidable attack was threatening. Sedgwick's 6,000 muskets, confronted only by some 600(1) of the Valley soldiers under Grigsby, were thronging through the wood, and a change of front southward would have sent them sweeping down the Confederate line. Early could hardly have withstood their onset; Hood was incapable of further effort, and D. H. Hill was heavily pressed by French. But Jackson's hand still held the reins of battle. During the fierce struggle of the morning he had remained on the edge of the West Wood, leaving, as was his wont, the conduct of the divisions to his subordinates, but watching his enemy with a glance that saw beyond the numbers arrayed against him. He had already demanded reinforcements from General Lee; and in anticipation of their speedy arrival <252>their orders had been already framed. They had not been called for to sustain his front, or to occupy a new position. Despite the thronging masses of the Federals, despite the fact that his line was already broken, attack, and attack only, was in Jackson's mind, and the reserves and the opportunity arrived together. A staff officer was dispatched to direct Walker, on the left, to sustain the Texans, to clear the West Wood, and to place a detachment in the gap between the Dunkard Church and the batteries of Colonel Lee;(1) while Jackson himself, riding to meet McLaws, ordered him 'to drive the enemy back and turn his right.' Anderson's brigade was sent to support McLaws, and Semmes' brigade of McLaws' division was detached to strengthen Stuart.

Forming into line as they advanced, McLaws and Walker, leaving the Dunkard Church on their right, and moving swiftly through the wood, fell suddenly on Sedgwick's flank. Early joined in the *mêlée*, and 'the result,' says Palfrey, a Northern general who was present on the field, 'was not long doubtful. Sedgwick's fine division was at the mercy of their enemy. Change of front was impossible. In less time than it takes to tell it the ground was strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded, while the unwounded were moving

off rapidly to the north. Nearly 2,000 men were disabled in a moment.'⁽²⁾ And the impetus of the counterstroke was not yet spent. Gordon's brigade of the Twelfth Corps had been dispatched to Sedgwick's help, but McLaws had reformed his troops, and after a short struggle the Confederates drove all before them.

Confusion reigned supreme in the Federal ranks. In vain their powerful artillery, firing case and canister with desperate energy, strove to arrest the rush of the pursuing infantry. Out from the West Wood and across the cornfield the grey lines of battle, preceded by clouds of skirmishers, pressed forward without a check, and the light batteries, plying whip and spur, galloped to the front in <253>close support. Hope rose high. The Southern yell, pealing from ten thousand throats, rang with a wild note of anticipated triumph, and Jackson, riding with McLaws, followed with kindling gaze the progress of his counterstroke attack. 'God,' he said to his companion, as the shells fell round them and the masses of the enemy melted away like the morning mist, 'has been very kind to us this day.'

But the end was not yet. Sedgwick's brigades, flying to the north-east, rallied under the fire of their batteries, and as the Confederates advanced upon the East Wood, they found it already occupied by a fresh brigade. Smith's division of the Sixth Corps had been sent forward by McClellan to sustain the battle, and its arrival saved his army from defeat. Once more the corn-field became the scene of a furious struggle, the Southerners fighting for decisive victory, the Federals for existence. So impetuous was McLaws' attack that the regiments on his left, although checked by the fences, drove in a battery and dashed back the enemy's first line; but the weight of the artillery in front of the North Wood, supported by a portion of Smith's division, prevented further advance, and a Federal brigade, handled with rare judgment, rushed forward to meet the assailants in the open. Sharp was the conflict, for McLaws, a fine soldier, as daring as he was skilful, strove fiercely to complete the victory; but the fight within the woods and the swift pursuit had broken the order of his division. Brigade had mingled with brigade, regiment with regiment. There were no supports; and the broken ranks, scourged by the terrible cross-fire of many batteries, were unable to withstand the solid impact of the Federal reserve. Slowly and sullenly the troops fell back from the deadly strife. The enemy, no less exhausted, halted and lay down beyond the turnpike; and while the musketry once more died away to northward of the Dunkard Church, Jackson, rallying his brigades, re-established his line along the edge of the West Wood.

Near the church was a portion of Walker's division. Further north were two of McLaws' brigades; then Armistead, who had been sent forward from Sharpsburg, and <254>then Early. A brigade of McLaws' division formed the second line, and Anderson was sent back to D. H. Hill. Hood also was withdrawn, and the survivors of Jones' division, many of whom had shared in the counterattack, were permitted to leave the front. Their rifles were no longer needed, for from half-past ten onwards, so far as the defence of the Confederate left was concerned, the work was done. For many hours the West Wood was exposed to the concentrated fire of the Federal artillery; but this fire, although the range was close, varying from six to fifteen hundred yards, had little effect. The shattered branches fell incessantly among the recumbent ranks, and the shells, exploding in the foliage, sent their hissing fragments far and wide; yet the losses, so more than one general reported, were surprisingly small.

But although the enemy's infantry had been repulsed, no immediate endeavour was

made by the Confederates to initiate a fresh counterstroke. When Lee sent McLaws and Walker to Jackson's aid, he sent in his last reserve, for A. P. Hill had not yet reached the field, and R. H. Anderson's division had already been taken to support the centre. Thus no fresh troops were available, and the Federal right was strong. At least fifteen batteries of artillery were in position along the edge of the North Wood, and they were powerfully supported by the heavy guns beyond the stream.

Yet the infantry so effectively protected was only formidable by reason of its numbers. The First Corps and the Twelfth no longer existed as organised bodies. (1) Sedgwick's division of the Second Corps was still more shattered. Only Smith's division was effective, and General McClellan, acting on the advice of Sumner, forbade all further attack. Slocum's division of the Sixth Corps, which reached the East Wood at twelve o'clock, was ordered to remain in rear as support to Smith. The Confederate left wing, then, had offered such strenuous resistance that eight divisions of infantry, more than half of McClellan's army, lay paralysed before them for the remainder of the day. 30,500 infantry, at the lowest calculation, (1) and probably 100 guns, besides those across the Antietam, had been massed by the Federals in this quarter of the field. Jackson's numbers, even after he had been reinforced by McLaws and Walker, at no time approached those arrayed against him, and 19,400 men, including Stuart and three brigades of Hill, and 40 guns, is a liberal estimate of his strength. (2) The losses on both sides had been exceedingly heavy. Nearly 13,000 men, (3) including no less than fifteen generals and brigadiers, had fallen within six hours. But although the Confederate casualties were not greatly exceeded by those of the enemy, and were much larger in proportion to their strength, the Federals had lost more than mere numbers. The moral of the troops had suffered, and still more the moral of the leaders. Even

(1)

<u>Hooker</u>	11,000
<u>Mansfield</u>	8,500
<u>Sedgwick</u>	6,000
<u>Smith</u>	5,000
	<u>30,500</u>

(2)

<u>Lawton</u>	3,600
<u>Jones</u>	1,800
<u>Hood</u>	2,000
<u>Stuart</u>	1,500
<u>G. T. Anderson</u>	1,000
<u>Walker</u>	3,500
<u>McLaws</u>	4,500
<u>D. H. Hill (3 brigades)</u>	1,500
	<u>19,400</u>

(3) The Federals engaged against Jackson lost in five and a half hours 7,000 officers and men. During the seven hours they were engaged at Gravelotte the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army Corps lost 10,349; but 50,000 infantry were in action. The percentage of loss (20) was about the same in both cases. The Confederate losses up to 10.30 A.M. were as follows:

<u>Jones</u>	700
<u>Lawton</u>	1,334
<u>Hood</u>	1,002

McLaws	1,119	
Walker	1,012	
Anderson	87	
D. H. Hill (estimate)	500	
	5,754	(29 p.c.)

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Sumner, bravest of men, had been staggered by the fierce assault which had driven Sedgwick's troops like sheep across the corn-field, nor was McClellan disposed to push matters to extremity.

Over in the West Wood, on the other hand, discouragement had no place. Jackson had not yet abandoned hope of sweeping the enemy from the field. He was disappointed with the partial success of McLaws' counterstroke. It had come too late. The fortuitous advance of Smith's division, at the very crisis of the struggle, had, in all human probability, rescued the Federal right from a terrible defeat. Had McLaws been able to reach the East Wood he would have compelled the hostile batteries to retreat; the Federal infantry, already shattered and disorganised, could hardly have held on, and the line would have been broken through. But although one opportunity had been lost, and he was once more thrown on the defensive, Jackson's determination to make the battle decisive of the war was still unshaken. His judgment was never clearer. Shortly before eleven o'clock his medical director, appalled by the number of wounded men sent back from the front, and assured that the day was going badly, rode to the West Wood in order to discuss the advisability of transferring the field hospitals across the Potomac. Dr. McGuire found Jackson sitting quietly on 'Little Sorrel' behind the line of battle, and some peaches he had brought with him were gratefully accepted. He then made his report, and his apprehensions were not made less by the weakness of the line which held the wood. The men, in many places, were lying at intervals of several yards; for support there was but one small brigade, and over in the corn-fields the overwhelming strength of the Federal masses was terribly apparent. Yet his imperturbable commander, apparently paying more attention to the peaches than to his subordinate's suggestions, replied by pointing to the enemy and saying quietly, 'Dr. McGuire, they have done their worst.'

Meanwhile, the tide of battle, leaving Jackson's front and setting strongly southwards, threatened to submerge the Confederate centre. French's division of Sumner's <257>corps, two brigades of Franklin's, and afterwards Richardson's division, made repeated efforts to seize the Dunkard Church, the Roulette Farm, and the Piper House. From before ten until one o'clock the battle raged fiercely about the sunken road which was held by D. H. Hill, and which witnessed on this day such pre-eminence of slaughter that it has since been known by the name of the 'Bloody Lane.' Here, inspired by the unyielding courage of their leaders, fought the five brigades of D. H. Hill, with R. H. Anderson's division and two of Walker's regiments; and here Longstreet, confident as always, controlled the battle with his accustomed skill. The Confederate artillery was by this time overpowered, for on each battery in turn the enemy's heavy ordnance had concentrated an overwhelming fire, and the infantry were supported by no more than a dozen guns. The attack was strong, but the sunken road, fortified by piles of fence-rails, remained inviolable. Still the Confederate losses were enormous, and defeat appeared a mere question of time; at one moment, the enemy under French had actually seized the wood near the Dunkard Church, and was only dispossessed by a desperate counter-stroke.

Richardson, who advanced on French's right, and at an appreciable interval of time, was even more successful than his colleague. The 'Bloody Lane,' already piled with dead, and enfiladed from a height to the north-west, was carried by a brilliant charge; and when the Roulette Farm, a strong defensive post, was stormed, Longstreet fell back to the turnpike through the wreck of the artillery. But at this critical juncture the Federals halted. They had not been supported by their batteries. Richardson had received a mortal wound, and a succession of rough counterstrokes had thinned their ranks. Here, too, the musketry dwindled to a spattering fire, and the opposing forces, both reduced to the defensive, lay watching each other through the long hours of the afternoon. A threat of a Federal advance from the Sharpsburg Bridge came to nothing. Four batteries of regulars, preceded by a force of infantry, pushed across the stream and came into action on either side of <258>the Boonsboro' road; but on the slopes above, strongly protected by the walls, Evans' brigade stood fast; Lee sent up a small support, and the enemy confined his movements to a demonstration.

Still further to the south, however, the battle blazed out at one o'clock with unexpected fury. The Federal attack, recoiling first from Jackson and then from Longstreet, swung round to the Confederate right; and it seemed as if McClellan's plan was to attempt each section of Lee's line in succession. Burnside had been ordered to force the passage of the bridge at nine o'clock, but either the difficulty of the task, or his inexperience in handling troops on the offensive, delayed his movements; and when the attack was made, it was fiercely met by four Confederate brigades. At length, well on in the afternoon, three Federal divisions crowned the spur, and, driving Longstreet's right before them, made good their footing on the ridge. Sharpsburg was below them; the Southern infantry, outflanked and roughly handled, was falling back in confusion upon the town; and although Lee had assembled a group of batteries in the centre, and regiments were hurrying from the left, disaster seemed imminent. But strong assistance was at hand. A.P. Hill, who had forded the Potomac and crossed the Antietam by the lower bridge, after a forced march of seventeen miles in eight hours from Harper's Ferry,(1) attacked without waiting for orders, and struck the Federals in flank with 3,000 bayonets. By this brilliant counterstroke Burnside was repulsed and the position saved.

Northern writers have laid much stress on this attack. Had Burnside displayed more, or A. P. Hill less, energy, the Confederates, they assert, could hardly have escaped defeat. It is certainly true that Longstreet's four brigades had been left to bear the brunt of Burnside's assault without further support than could be rendered by the artillery. They were not so left, however, because it was impossible to aid them. Jackson's and Longstreet's <259>troops, despite the fiery ordeal through which they had passed, were not yet powerless, and the Confederate leaders were prepared for offensive tactics. A sufficient force to sustain the right might have been withdrawn from the left and centre; but Hill's approach was known, and it was considered inadvisable to abandon all hold of the means for a decisive counterstroke on the opposite flank. Early in the afternoon Longstreet had given orders for an advance. Hood's division, with full cartridge-boxes, had reappeared upon the field. Jones' and Lawton's divisions were close behind; the batteries had replenished their ammunition, and if Longstreet was hardly warranted in arranging a general counter-attack on his own responsibility, he had at least full confidence in the ability of the troops to execute it. 'It seemed probable,' he says, 'that by concealing our movements under cover of the (West) wood, we could draw our columns

so near to the enemy to the front that we would have but a few rods to march to mingle our ranks with his; that our columns, massed in goodly numbers, and pressing heavily upon a single point, would give the enemy much trouble and might cut him in two, breaking up his battle arrangements at Burnside Bridge.(1)

The stroke against the centre was not, however, to be tried. Lee had other views, and Jackson had been already ordered to turn the Federal right. Stuart, reinforced by a regiment of infantry and several light batteries, was instructed to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and if favourable ground were found, he was to be supported by all the infantry available. 'About half-past twelve,' says General Walker, 'I sought Jackson to report that from the front of my position in the wood I thought I had observed a movement of the enemy, as if to pass through the gap where I had posted Colonel Cooke's two regiments. I found Jackson in rear of Barksdale's brigade, under an apple tree, sitting on his horse, with one leg thrown carelessly over the pommel of his saddle, plucking and eating the fruit. Without making any reply to my report, he asked me abruptly- "Can you spare me a <260>regiment and a battery?" . . . adding that he wished to make up, from the different commands on our left, a force of four or five thousand men, and give them to Stuart, with orders to turn the enemy's right and attack him in the rear; that I must give orders to my division to advance to the front, and attack the enemy as soon as I should hear Stuart's guns, and that our whole left wing would move to the attack at the same time. Then, replacing his foot in the stirrup, he said with great emphasis, "We'll drive McClellan into the Potomac."

'Returning to my command, I repeated General Jackson's order to my brigade commanders and directed them to listen to the sound of Stuart's guns. We all confidently expected to hear the welcome sound by two o'clock at least, and as that hour approached every ear was on the alert. Napoleon at Waterloo did not listen more intently for the sound of Grouchy's fire than did we for Stuart's. Two o'clock came, but nothing was heard of Stuart. Half-past two, and then three, and still Stuart made no sign.

'About half-past three a staff officer of General Longstreet's brought me an order to advance and attack the enemy in my front. As the execution of this order would have materially interfered with Jackson's plans, I thought it my duty before beginning the movement to communicate with General Longstreet personally. I found him in rear of the position in which I had posted Cooke in the morning, and upon informing him of Jackson's intentions, he withdrew his order.

'While we were discussing this subject, Jackson himself joined us with the information of Stuart's failure to turn the Federal right, for the reason that he found it securely posted on the Potomac. Upon my expressing surprise at this statement, Jackson replied that he also had been surprised, as he had supposed the Potomac much further away; but he remarked that Stuart had an excellent eye for topography, and it must be as he represented. "It is a great pity," he added; "we should have driven McClellan into the Potomac.'" (1) <261>

That a counterstroke which would have combined a frontal and flank attack would have been the best chance of destroying the Federal army can hardly be questioned. The front so bristled with field artillery, and the ridge beyond the Antietam was so strong in heavier ordnance, that a purely frontal attack, such as Longstreet suggested, was hardly promising; but the dispositions which baffled Stuart were the work of a sound tactician. Thirty rifled guns had been assembled in a single battery a mile north of the West Wood,

where the Hagerstown turnpike ascends a commanding ridge, and the broad channel of the Potomac is within nine hundred yards. Here had rallied such portions of Hooker's army corps as had not dispersed, and here Mansfield's two divisions had reformed; and although the infantry could hardly have opposed a resolute resistance the guns were ready to repeat the lesson of Malvern Hill. Against the rifled pieces the light Confederate smoothbores were practically useless. Stuart's caution was fully justified, and the sun sank on an indecisive battle.

' The blessed night came, and brought with it sleep and forgetfulness and refreshment to many; but the murmur of the night wind, breathing over fields of wheat and clover, was mingled with the groans of the countless sufferers of both armies. Who can tell, who can even imagine, the horrors of such a night, while the unconscious stars shone above, and the unconscious river went rippling by?' (1) Out of 130,000 men upon the ground, 21,000 had been killed or wounded, more than sixteen per cent.; and 25,000 of the Federals can hardly be said to have been engaged.

The losses of the Confederate left have already been enumerated. Those of the centre and the right, although A. P. Hill reported only 350 casualties, had hardly been less severe. In all 9,500 officers and men, one-fourth of the total strength, had fallen, and many of the regiments had almost disappeared.(2) The 17th Virginia, for instance, <262>of Longstreet's command, took into battle 9 officers and 46 men; of these 7 officers and 24 men were killed or wounded, and 10 taken prisoners, leaving 2 officers and 12 men to represent a regiment which was over 1,000 strong at Bull Run. Yet as the men sank down to rest on the line of battle, so exhausted that they could not be awakened to eat their rations; as the blood cooled and the tension on the nerves relaxed, and even the officers, faint with hunger and sickened with the awful slaughter, looked forward with apprehension to the morrow, from one indomitable heart the hope of victory had not yet vanished. In the deep silence of the night, more oppressive than the stunning roar of battle, Lee, still mounted, stood on the highroad to the Potomac, and as general after general rode in wearily from the front, he asked quietly of each, ' How is it on your part of the line?' Each told the same tale: their men were worn out; the enemy's numbers were overwhelming; there was nothing left but to retreat across the Potomac before daylight. Even Jackson had no other counsel to offer. His report was not the less impressive for his quiet and respectful tone. He had had to contend, he said, against the heaviest odds he had ever met. Many of his divisional and brigade commanders were dead or wounded, and his loss had been severe. Hood, who came next, was quite unmanned. He exclaimed that he had no men left. ' Great God!' cried Lee, with an excitement he had not yet displayed, ' where is the splendid division you had this morning ?' 'They are lying on the field, where you sent them,' was the reply, ' for few have straggled. My division has been almost wiped out.'

After all had given their opinion, there was an appalling silence, which seemed to last for several minutes, and then General Lee, rising erect in his stirrups, said, ' Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. You will go to your respective commands, strengthen your lines; send <263>two officers from each brigade towards the ford to collect your stragglers and get them up. Many have come in. I have had the proper steps taken to collect all the men who are in the rear. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle again. Go!' Without a word of remonstrance the group broke up, leaving their great commander alone with his responsibility, and, says an eye-

witness, ' if I read their faces aright, there was not one but considered that General Lee was taking a fearful risk.'⁽¹⁾ So the soldiers' sleep was undisturbed. Through the September night they lay beside their arms, and from the dark spaces beyond came the groans of the wounded and the nameless odours of the battle-field. Not often has the night looked down upon a scene more terrible. The moon, rising above the mountains, revealed the long lines of men and guns, stretching far across hill and valley, waiting for the dawn to shoot each other down, and between the armies their dead lay in such numbers as civilised war has seldom seen. So fearful had been the carnage, and comprised within such narrow limits, that a Federal patrol, it is related, passing into the corn-field, where the fighting had been fiercest, believed that they had surprised a whole Confederate brigade. There, in the shadow of the woods, lay the skirmishers, their muskets beside them, and there, in regular ranks, lay the line of battle, sleeping, as it seemed, the profound sleep of utter exhaustion. But the first man that was touched was cold and lifeless, and the next, and the next; it was the bivouac of the dead.

When the day dawned the Confederate divisions, reinforced by some 5,000 or 6,000 stragglers, held the same position as the previous evening, and over against them, seen dimly through the mist, lay the Federal lines. The skirmishers, crouching behind the shattered fences, confronted each other at short range; the guns of both armies were unlimbered, and the masses of infantry, further to the rear, lay ready for instant conflict. But not a shot was fired. The sun rose higher in the <264>heavens; the warm breath of the autumn morning rustled in the woods, but still the same strange silence prevailed. The men spoke in undertones, watching intently the movements of staff officers and orderlies; but the ranks lay as still as the inanimate forms, half hidden by the trodden corn, which lay so thickly between the lines; and as the hours passed on without stir or shot, the Southern generals acknowledged that Lee's daring in offering battle was fully justified. The enemy's aggressive strength was evidently exhausted; and then arose the question, Could the Confederates attack ? It would seem that the possibility of a great counterstroke had already been the subject of debate, and that Lee, despite the failure of the previous evening, and Jackson's adverse report, believed that the Federal right might be outflanked and overwhelmed. 'During the morning,' writes General Stephen D. Lee, 'a courier from headquarters came to my battalion of artillery with a message that the Commander-in-Chief wished to see me. I followed the courier, and on meeting General Lee, he said, "Colonel Lee, I wish you to go with this courier to General Jackson, and say that I sent you to report to him." I replied, "General, shall I take my batteries with me ?" He said, "No, just say that I told you to report to him, and he will tell you what he wants." I soon reached General Jackson. He was dismounted, with but few persons round him. He said to me, "Colonel Lee, I wish you to take a ride with me," and we rode to the left of our lines with but one courier, I think. We soon reached a considerable hill and dismounted. General Jackson then said, "Let us go up this hill, and be careful not to expose yourself, for the Federal sharpshooters are not far off." The hill bore evidence of fierce fight the day before.⁽¹⁾ A battery of artillery had been on it, and there were wrecked caissons, broken wheels, dead bodies, and dead horses around. General Jackson said: "Colonel, I wish you to take your glasses and carefully examine the Federal line of battle." I did so, and saw a remarkably strong line of battle, with more troops than I knew General Lee had. After locating the <265>different batteries, unlimbered and ready for action, and noting the strong skirmish line, in front of the dense masses of infantry, I said to him,

"General, that is a very strong position, and there is a large force there.' He said, "Yes. I wish you to take fifty pieces of artillery and crush that force, which is the Federal right. Can you do it ?" I can scarcely describe my feelings as I again took my glasses, and made an even more careful examination. I at once saw such an attempt must fail. More than fifty guns were unlimbered and ready for action, strongly supported by dense lines of infantry and strong skirmish lines, advantageously posted. The ground was unfavourable for the location of artillery on the Confederate side, for, to be effective, the guns would have to move up close to the Federal lines, and that, too, under fire of both infantry and artillery. I could not bring myself to say all that I felt and knew. I said, "Yes, General; where will I get the fifty guns ?" He said, "How many have you ?" I replied, "About twelve out of the thirty I carried into the action the day before." (My losses had been very great in men, horses, and carriages.) He said, "I can furnish you some, and General Lee says he can furnish some." I replied, "Shall I go for the guns ?" "No, not yet," he replied. "Colonel Lee, can you crush the Federal right with fifty guns ?" I said, "General, I can try. I can do it if anyone can." He replied, "That is not what I asked you, sir. If I give you fifty guns, can you crush the Federal right ?" I evaded the question again and again, but he pressed it home. Finally I said, "General, you seem to be more intent upon my giving you my technical opinion as an artillery officer, than upon my going after the guns and making the attempt." "Yes, sir," he replied, "and I want your positive opinion, yes or no." I felt that a great crisis was upon me, and I could not evade it. I again took my glasses and made another examination. I waited a good while, with Jackson watching me intently.

I said, "General, it cannot be done with fifty guns and the troops you have near here." In an instant he said, "Let us ride back, Colonel." I felt that I had <266>positively shown a lack of nerve, and with considerable emotion begged that I might be allowed to make the attempt, saying, "General, you forced me to say what I did unwillingly. If you give the fifty guns to any other artillery officer, I am ruined for life. I promise you I will fight the guns to the last extremity, if you will only let me command them." Jackson was quiet, seemed sorry for me, and said, "It is all right, Colonel. Everybody knows you are a brave officer and would fight the guns well," or words to that effect. We soon reached the spot from which we started. He said, "Colonel, go to General Lee, and tell him what has occurred since you reported to me. Describe our ride to the hill, your examination of the Federal position, and my conversation about your crushing the Federal right with fifty guns, and my forcing you to give your opinion."

'With feelings such as I never had before, nor ever expect to have again, I returned to General Lee, and gave a detailed account of my visit to General Jackson, closing with the account of my being forced to give my opinion as to the possibility of success. I saw a shade come over General Lee's face, and he said, "Colonel, go and join your command."

' For many years I never fully understood my mission that day, or why I was sent to General Jackson. When Jackson's report was published of the battle, I saw that he stated, that on the afternoon of September 17, General Lee had ordered him to move to the left with a view of turning the Federal right, but that he found the enemy's numerous artillery so judiciously posted in their front, and so near the river, as to render such an attempt too hazardous to undertake. I afterwards saw General J. E. B. Stuart's report, in which he says that it was determined, the enemy not attacking, to turn the enemy's right on the 18th. It appears General Lee ordered General Jackson, on the evening of the 17th, to turn the enemy's right, and Jackson said that it could not be done. It also appears from Stuart's

report, and from the incident I relate, that General Lee reiterated the order on the 18th, <267>and told Jackson to take fifty guns, and crush the Federal right. Jackson having reported against such attempt on the 17th, no doubt said that if an artillerist, in whom General Lee had confidence, would say the Federal right could be crushed with fifty guns, he would make the attempt.

' I now have the satisfaction of knowing that the opinion which I was forced to give on September 18 had already been given by Jackson on the evening of September 17, and that the same opinion was reiterated by him on September 18, and confirmed by General J. E. B. Stuart on the same day. I still believe that Jackson, Stuart, and myself were right, and that the attempt to turn the Federal right either on the 17th or on the 18th would have been unwise.

' The incident shows General Lee's decision and boldness in battle, and General Jackson's delicate loyalty to his commanding general, in convincing him of the inadvisability of a proposed movement, which he felt it would be hazardous to undertake.'⁽¹⁾

The Federal left, protected by the Antietam, was practically inaccessible; and on receiving from the artillery officers' lips the confirmation of Jackson's report, Lee was fain to relinquish all hope of breaking McClellan's line. The troops, however, remained in line of battle; but during the day information came 'm which made retreat imperative. The Federals were being reinforced. Humphreys' division, hitherto held back at Frederick by orders from Washington, had marched over South Mountain; Couch's division, which McClellan had left to observe Harper's Ferry, had been called in; and a large force of militia was assembling on the Pennsylvania border. Before evening, therefore, Lee determined to evacuate his position, and during the night the Army of Northern Virginia, with all its trains and artillery, recrossed the Potomac at Boteler's Ford. <268>

Such was the respect which the hard fighting of the Confederates had imposed upon the enemy, that although the rumbling of heavy vehicles, and the tramp of the long columns, were so distinctly audible in the Federal lines that they seemed to wakeful ears like the steady flow of a river, not the slightest attempt was made to interfere. It was not till the morning of the 19th that a Federal battalion, re-connoitring towards Sharpsburg found the ridge and the town deserted; and although Jackson, who was one of the last, except the cavalry scouts, to cross the river, did not reach the Virginia shore till eight o'clock, not a shot was fired at him.

Nor were the trophies gathered by the Federals considerable. Several hundred badly wounded men were found in Sharpsburg, and a number of stragglers were picked up, but neither gun nor waggon had been left upon the field. The retreat, despite many obstacles, was as successfully as skilfully executed. The night was very dark, and a fine rain, which had set in towards evening, soon turned the heavy soil into tenacious mud; the ford was wide and beset with boulders, and the only approach was a narrow lane. But the energetic quartermaster of the Valley army, Major Harman, made light of all difficulties, and under the immediate supervision of Lee and Jackson, the crossing was effected without loss or misadventure. Just before nightfall, however, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, the Federals pushed a force of infantry across the ford, drove back the two brigades, which, with thirty pieces of artillery, formed the Confederate rear-guard, and captured four guns. Em-boldened by this partial success, McClellan ordered Porter to put three brigades of the Fifth Army Corps across the river the next morning, and reconnoitre towards Winchester.

The news of the disaster to his rear-guard was long in reaching Lee's headquarters. His army had not yet recovered from the confusion and fatigue of the retreat. The bivouacs of the divisions were several miles from the river, and were widely scattered. The generals were ignorant of each other's dispositions. No arrangements had been <269>made to support the rear-guard in case of emergency. The greater part of the cavalry had been sent off to Williamsport, fifteen miles up stream, with instructions to cross the Potomac and delay the enemy's advance by demonstration. The brigadiers had no orders; many of the superior generals had not told their subordinates where they would be found; and the commander of the rear-guard, General Pendleton, had not been informed of the strength of the infantry placed at his disposal. On the part of the staff, worn out by the toils and anxieties of the past few days, there appears to have been a general failure; and had McClellan, calculating on the chances invariably offered by an enforced retreat, pushed resolutely forward in strong force, success might possibly have followed.

Lee, on receiving Pendleton's report, long after midnight, sent off orders for Jackson to drive the enemy back.

When the messenger arrived, Jackson had already ridden to the front. He, too, had received news of the capture of the guns; and ordering A. P. Hill and Early,⁽¹⁾ who were in camp near Martinsburg, to march at once to Shepherdstown, he had gone forward to reconnoitre the enemy's movements. When Lee's courier found him he was on the Shepherdstown road, awaiting the arrival of his divisions, and watching, unattended by a single aide-de-camp, the advance of Porter's infantry. He had at once grasped the situation. The Confederates were in no condition to resist an attack in force. The army was not concentrated. The cavalry was absent. No reconnaissance had been made either of lines of march or of positions. The roads were still blocked by the trains. The men were exhausted by their late exertions, and depressed by their retreat, and the straggling was terrible. The only chance of safety lay in driving back the enemy's advanced-guard across the river before it could be reinforced; and the chance was seized without an instant's hesitation.

The Federals advanced leisurely, for the cavalry which <270>should have led the way had received its orders too late to reach the rendezvous at the appointed hour, and the infantry, compelled to reconnoitre for itself, made slow progress. Porter's leading brigade was consequently not more than a mile and a half from the river when the Light Division reported to Jackson. Hill was ordered to form his troops in two lines, and with Early in close support to move at once to the attack. The Federals, confronted by a large force, and with no further object than to ascertain the whereabouts of the Confederate army, made no attempt to hold their ground. Their left and centre, composed mainly of regulars, withdrew in good order. The right, hampered by broken country, was slow to move; and Hill's soldiers, who had done much at Sharpsburg with but little loss, were confident of victory. The Federal artillery beyond the river included many of their heavy batteries, and when the long lines of the Southerners appeared in the open, they were met by a storm of shells. But without a check, even to close the gaps in the ranks, or to give time to the batteries to reply to the enemy's fire, the Light Division pressed forward to the charge. The conflict was short. The Northern regulars had already passed the ford, and only a brigade of volunteers was left on the southern bank. Bringing up his reserve regiment, the Federal general made a vain effort to prolong his front. Hill answered by calling up a brigade from his second line; and then, outnumbered and outflanked, the enemy was

driven down the bluffs and across the river. The losses in this affair were comparatively small. The Federals reported 340 killed and wounded, and of these a raw regiment, armed with condemned Enfield rifles, accounted for no less than 240. Hill's casualties were 271. Yet the engagement was not without importance. Jackson's quick action and resolute advance convinced the enemy that the Confederates were still dangerous; and McClellan, disturbed by Stuart's threat against his rear, abandoned all idea of crossing the Potomac in pursuit of Lee.

The losses at Sharpsburg may be here recorded.

<271>

LOSSES

JONES' DIVISION—1,800.

The Stonewall Brigade, 250 strong	88	
Taliaferro's Brigade	173	
Starke's Brigade	287	
Jones' Brigade	152	
	700	(38 p.c.)

EWELL'S (LAWTON) DIVISION—3,600.

Lawton's Brigade, 1,150 strong	567	
Early's Brigade, 1,200 strong	194	
Trimble's Brigade, 700 strong	237	
Hays' Brigade, 550 strong	336	
	1,334	(47 p.c.)

THE LIGHT DIVISION—3,000.

Branch's Brigade	104	
Gregg's Brigade	165	
Archer's Brigade	105	
Pender's Brigade	30	
Field's Brigade (not engaged)	—	
Thomas' Brigade (at Harper's Ferry)	—	
	404	
Artillery (Estimated)	50	
Total	2,488	(209 officers)

D. H. HILL'S DIVISION—3,500.

Rodes' Brigade	203
Garland's Brigade (estimated)	300
Anderson's Brigade	302
Ripley's Brigade (estimated)	300
Colquitt's Brigade (estimated)	300
	1,405

McLAWS' DIVISION—4,500.

Kershaw's Brigade	355
Cobb's Brigade	156

<u>Semmes' Brigade</u>	314 (1)
<u>Barksdale's Brigade</u>	294
	<u>1,119</u>

(1) Semmes' four regiments, engaged in Jackson's counterstroke, reported the following percentage of loss. 53rd Georgia, 30 p.c.; 32nd Virginia, 45 p.c.; 10th Georgia, 57 p.c; 15th Virginia, 58 p.c.

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D. R. JONES' DIVISION—3,500.

<u>Toombs' Brigade (estimated)</u>	125
<u>Drayton's Brigade (estimated)</u>	400
<u>Anderson's Brigade</u>	87
<u>Garnett's Brigade</u>	99
<u>Jenkins' Brigade</u>	210
<u>Kemper's Brigade (estimated)</u>	120
	<u>1,041</u>

WALKER'S DIVISION—3,500.

<u>Walker's Brigade</u>	825
<u>Ransom's Brigade</u>	187
	<u>1,012</u>

HOOD'S DIVISION—2,000.

<u>Laws' Brigade</u>	454
<u>Hood's Brigade</u>	548
	<u>1,002</u>
<u>Evans' Brigade, 250 strong</u>	200

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION—3,500.

<u>Featherston's Brigade</u>	304
<u>Mahone's Brigade</u>	76
<u>Pryor's Brigade</u>	182
<u>Armistead's Brigade</u>	35
<u>Wright's Brigade</u>	203
<u>Wilcox' Brigade</u>	221
	<u>1,021</u>

ARTILLERY.

<u>Colonel S. D. Lee's Battalion</u>	85
<u>Washington Artillery</u>	34
<u>Cavalry, &c. &c. (estimated)</u>	143
	262
<u>Grand total</u>	<u>9,550</u>

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

<u>First Corps—Hooker</u>	2,590
<u>Second Corps—Sumner</u>	5,138
<u>Fifth Corps—Porter</u>	109
<u>Sixth Corps—Franklin</u>	439

<u>Ninth Corps—Burnside</u>	2,349
<u>Twelfth Corps—Mansfield</u>	1,746
<u>Cavalry Division, &c.</u>	39
(2,108 killed)	<u>12,410 (1)</u>

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With Porter's repulse the summer campaign of 1862 was closed. Begun on the Chickahominy, within thirty miles of Richmond, it ended on the Potomac, within seventy miles of Washington; and six months of continuous fighting had brought both belligerents to the last stage of exhaustion. Falling apart like two great battleships of the older wars,

The smoke of battle drifting slow a-lee,

hulls rent by roundshot, and scuppers awash with blood, but with the colours still flying over shattered spars and tangled shrouds, the armies drew off from the tremendous struggle. Neither Confederates nor Federals were capable of further effort. Lee, gathering in his stragglers, left Stuart to cover his front, and fell back towards Winchester. McClellan was content with seizing the Maryland Heights at Harper's Ferry, and except the cavalry patrols, not a single Federal soldier was sent across the river.

Reorganisation was absolutely imperative. The Army of the Potomac was in no condition to undertake the invasion of Virginia. Not only had the losses in battle been very large, but the supply train, hurriedly got together after Pope's defeat, had broken down; in every arm there was great deficiency of horses; the troops, especially those who had been engaged in the Peninsula, were half-clad and badly shod; and, above all, the army was very far from sharing McClellan's conviction that Sharpsburg was a brilliant victory. The men in the ranks were not so easily deceived as their commander. McClellan, relying on a return drawn up by General Banks, now in command at Washington, estimated the Confederate army at 97,000 men, and his official reports made frequent mention of Lee's overwhelming strength.(1)

(1) Mr. Lincoln had long before this recognised the tendency of McClellan and others to exaggerate the enemy's strength. As a deputation from New England was one day leaving the White House, a delegate turned round and said: ' Mr. President, I should much like to know what you reckon to be the number the rebels have in arms against us.' Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Lincoln replied: ' Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men, for whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength. Now I know we have half a million soldiers, so I am bound to believe that the rebels have twice that number.'

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The soldiers knew better. They had been close enough to the enemy's lines to learn for themselves how thin was the force which manned them. They were perfectly well aware that they had been held in check by inferior numbers, and that the battle on the Antietam, tactically speaking, was no more of a victory for the North than Malvern Hill had been for the South. From dawn to dark on September 18 they had seen the tattered colours and bright bayonets of the Confederates still covering the Sharpsburg ridge; they had seen the grey line, immovable and defiant, in undisputed possession of the battle-ground, while their own guns were silent and their own generals reluctant to renew the fight. Both the Government and the people expected McClellan to complete his success by attacking Lee in Virginia. The Confederates, it was said—and men based their opinions on McClellan's

reports—had been heavily defeated, not only at Antietam, but also at South Mountain; and although the Army of the Potomac might be unfit for protracted operations, the condition of the enemy must necessarily be far worse.

Such arguments, however, were entirely inapplicable to the situation. The Confederates had not been defeated at all, either at South Mountain or Sharpsburg; and although they had eventually abandoned their positions they had suffered less than their opponents. The retreat, however, across the Potomac had undoubtedly shaken their moral. ' In a military point of view,' wrote Lee to Davis on September 25, ' the best move, in my opinion, the army could make would be to advance upon Hagerstown and endeavour to defeat the enemy at that point. I would not hesitate to make it even with our diminished numbers did the army exhibit its former temper and condition, but, as far as I am able to judge, the hazard would be great and reverse disastrous.'⁽¹⁾ But McClellan was not more cheerful. ' The army,' he said on the 27th, ' is not now in a <275>condition to undertake another campaign nor to bring on another battle, unless great advantages are offered by some mistake of the enemy, or pressing military exigencies render it necessary.' So far from thinking of pursuit, he thought only of the defence of the Potomac, apprehending a renewed attempt to enter Maryland, and by no means over-confident that the two army corps which he had at last sent to Harper's Ferry would be able to maintain their position if attacked.⁽¹⁾ Nor were the soldiers more eager than their commander to cross swords with their formidable enemy. ' It would be useless,' says General G. H. Gordon, who now commanded a Federal division, ' to deny that at this period there was a despondent feeling in the army,' and the Special Correspondents of the New York newspapers, the ' World' and ' Tribune,' confirm the truth of this statement. But the clearest evidence as to the condition of the troops is furnished in the numerous reports which deal with straggling. The vice had reached a pitch which is almost inconceivable. Thousands and tens of thousands, Federals as well as Confederates, were absent from their commands.

'The States of the North,' wrote McClellan, 'are flooded with deserters and absentees. One corps of this army has 13,000 men present and 15,000 absent; of this 15,000, 8,000 probably are at work at home.'⁽²⁾ On September 23, General Meade, who had succeeded to the command of Hooker's corps, reported that over 8,000 men, including 250 officers, had quitted the ranks either before or during the battle of Antietam; adding that ' this terrible and serious evil seems to pervade the whole body.'⁽³⁾ The Confederates, although the privations of the troops during the forced marches, their indifferent equipment, and the deficiencies of the commissariat were contributory causes, had almost as much reason to complain. It is said that in the vicinity of Leesburg alone over 10,000 men were living on the citizens. Jackson's own division, which took into action 1,600 effectives on September 17 and lost 700, had 3,900 present for duty on September 30; Lawton's

(1) O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 70.

(2) *Ibid.*, part ii., p. 365.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 348.

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division rose from 2,500 to 4,450 during the same period; and the returns show that the strength of Longstreet's and Jackson's corps was only 37,992 on September 22, but 52,019 on October 1.⁽¹⁾ It is thus evident that in eight days the army was increased by more than 14,000 men, yet only a few conscripts had been enrolled. Lee's official reports and correspondence allude in the strongest terms to the indiscipline of his army. ' The absent,'

he wrote on September 23, 'are scattered broadcast over the land;' and in the dispatches of his subordinates are to be found many references to the vagrant tendencies of their commands.(2) A strong provost guard was established at Winchester for the purpose of collecting stragglers. Parties of cavalry were sent out to protect the farms from pillage, and to bring in the marauders as prisoners. The most stringent regulations were issued as to the preservation of order on the march, the security of private property, and the proper performance of their duties by regimental and commissariat officers. On September 23, General Jones reported from Winchester that the country was full of stragglers, that he had already sent back 5,000 or 6,000, and that the numbers of officers amongst them was astonishing.(3) The most earnest representations were made to the President, suggesting trial of the offenders by drumhead court-martial, and ordinary police duties became the engrossing occupation of every general officer.

It can hardly be said, then, that the Confederates had drawn much profit from the invasion of Maryland. The capture of Harper's Ferry made but small amends for

(1) O.R., vol. xix., part ii., pp. 621, 639.

(2) General orders, Sept. 4; Lee to Davis, Sept. 7; Lee to Davis, Sept. 13; special orders, Sept. 21; circular order, Sept. 22; Lee to Davis, Sept. 23; Lee to Secretary of War, Sept. 23; Lee to Pendleton, Sept. 24; Lee to Davis, Sept. 24; Lee to Davis, Sept. 28; Lee to Davis, Oct. 2; O.R., vol. xix., part ii. See also Report of D.H. Hill, O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 1026. Stuart to Secretary of War, Oct. 13. On Sept. 21, Jackson's adjutant-general wrote, 'We should have gained a victory and routed them, had it not been for the straggling. We were twenty-five thousand short by this cause.' *Memoirs of W. N. Pendleton, D.D.*, p. 217. It is but fair to say that on September 13 there was a camp of 900 barefooted men at Winchester, and 'a great many more with the army.' Lee to Quarter-Master-General, O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 614.

(3) O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 629.

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the retreat into Virginia; and the stubborn endurance of Sharpsburg, however remarkable in the annals of war, had served no useful purpose beyond crippling for the time being the Federal army. The battle must be classed with Aspern and Talavera; Lee's soldiers saved their honour, but no more. The facts were not to be disguised. The Confederates had missed their mark. Only a few hundred recruits had been raised in Maryland, and there had been no popular outbreak against the Union Government. The Union army had escaped defeat; Lincoln had been able to announce to the Northern people that Lee's victorious career had at length been checked; and 12,000 veteran soldiers, the flower of the Southern army, had fallen in battle. Had General Longstreet's advice been taken, and the troops withdrawn across the Potomac after the fall of Harper's Ferry, this enormous loss, which the Confederacy could so ill afford, would certainly have been avoided. Yet Lee was not ill-satisfied with the results of the campaign, nor did Jackson doubt the wisdom of accepting battle on the Antietam.

The hazard was great, but the stake was greater. To achieve decisive success in war some risk must be run. 'It is impossible,' says Moltke, 'to forecast the result of a pitched battle;' but this is no reason that pitched battles, if there is a fair prospect of success, should be shirked. And in the Sharpsburg campaign the Confederates had undoubtedly fair prospects of success. If the lost order had not fallen into McClellan's hands, Lee in all probability would have had ample time to select his battlefield and concentrate his army; there would have been no need of forced marches, and consequently much less straggling. Both Lee and Jackson counted on the caution of their opponent. Both were surprised by

the unwonted vigour he displayed, especially at South Mountain and in the march to Sharpsburg. Such resolution in action, they were aware, was foreign to his nature. ' I cannot understand this move of McClellan's,' was Jackson's remark, when it was reported that the Federal general had boldly advanced against the strong position on South Mountain. But neither Lee <278>nor Jackson was aware that McClellan had exact information of their dispositions, and that the carelessness of a Confederate staff officer had done more for the Union than all the Northern scouts and spies in Maryland. Jackson had been disposed to leave a larger margin for accidents than his commander. He would have left Harper's Ferry alone, and have fought the Federals in the mountains;(1) and he was probably right, for in the Gettysburg campaign of the following year, when Lee again crossed the Potomac, Harper's Ferry was ignored, although occupied by a strong garrison, and neither in advance nor retreat were the Confederate communications troubled. But as to the wisdom of giving battle on the Antietam, after the fall of Harper's Ferry, there was no divergence of opinion between Lee and his lieutenant. They had no reason to respect the Union army as a weapon of offence, and very great reason to believe that McClellan was incapable of wielding it. Their anticipations were well founded. The Federal attack was badly designed and badly executed. If it be compared with the German attack at Wörth, the defects of McClellan, the defects of his subordinates, the want of sound training throughout the whole army, become at once apparent. On August 6, 1870, there was certainly, early in the day, much disjointed fighting, due in great part to the difficulties of the country, the absence of the Crown Prince, and the anxiety of the generals to render each other loyal support. But when once the Commander-in-Chief appeared upon the field, and, assuming direction of the battle, infused harmony into the operations, the strength and unity of the attack could hardly have been surpassed. Almost at the same moment 30,000 men were launched against McMahan's front, 25,000 against his right, and 10,000 against his left. Every battalion within sound of the cannon participated in the forward movement; and numerous batteries, crossing the stream which corresponds with the Antietam, supported the infantry at the closest range. No general hesitated to act on his own responsibility. Everywhere there was <279>co-operation, between infantry and artillery, between division and division, between army corps and army corps; and such co-operation, due to a sound system of command, is the characteristic mark of a well-trained army and a wise leader. At Sharpsburg, on the other hand, there was no combination whatever, and even the army corps commanders dared not act without specific orders. There was nothing like the close concert and the aggressive energy which had carried the Southerners to victory at Gaines' Mill and the Second Manassas. The principle of mutual support was utterly ignored. The army corps attacked in succession and not simultaneously, and in succession they were defeated. McClellan fought three separate battles, from dawn to 10 A.M. against Lee's left; from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. against his centre; from 1 to 4 P.M. against his right, The subordinate generals, although, with a few exceptions, they handled their commands skilfully, showed no initiative, and waited for orders instead of improving the opportunity. Only two-thirds of the army was engaged; 25,000 men hardly fired a shot, and from first to last there was not the slightest attempt at co-operation. McClellan was made aware by his signallers on the Red Hill of every movement that took place in his opponent's lines, and yet he was unable to take advantage of Lee's weakness. He had still to grasp the elementary rule that the combination of superior numbers and of all arms against a single point is necessary to

win battles.

The Northern infantry, indeed, had not fought like troops who own their opponents as the better men. Rather had they displayed an elasticity of spirit unsuspected by their enemies; and the Confederate soldiers, who knew with what fierce courage the attack had been sustained, looked on the battle of Sharpsburg as the most splendid of their achievements. No small share of the glory fell to Jackson. Since the victory of Cedar Run, his fame, somewhat obscured by Frayer's Farm and Malvern Hill, had increased by leaps and bounds, and the defence of the West Wood was classed with the march to Manassas Junction, the three days' battle about Groveton, <280>and the swift seizure of Harper's Ferry. On October 2, Lee proposed to the President that the Army of Northern Virginia should be organised in two army corps, for the command of which he recommended Longstreet and Jackson. 'My opinion,' wrote Lee, 'of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave; has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object.' (1) On October 11, Jackson received his promotion as Lieutenant-General, and was appointed to the Second Army Corps, consisting at that date of his own division, the Light Division, Ewell's, and D. H. Hill's, together with Colonel Brown's battalion of artillery; a force of 1,917 officers, 25,000 men, and 126 guns.

Jackson does not appear to have been unduly elated by his promotion, for two days after his appointment he wrote to his wife that there was no position in the world equal to that of a minister of the Gospel, and his letter was principally concerned with the lessons he had learned from the sermon of the previous Sunday.(2) The soldiers of

(1) O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 643.

(2) About this time he made a successful appearance in a new *rôle*. In September, General Bradley T. Johnson was told off to accompany Colonel Garnet Wolseley, the Hon. Francis Lawley, Special Correspondent to the Times, and Mr. Vizetelly, Special Correspondent of the Illustrated London News, round the Confederate camps. 'By order of General Lee,' he says, 'I introduced the party to General Jackson. We were all seated in front of General Jackson's tent, and he took up the conversation. He had been to England, and had been greatly impressed with the architecture of Durham Cathedral and with the history of the bishopric. The Bishops had been Palatines from the date of the Conquest, and exercised semi-royal authority over their bishopric.

'There is a fair history of the Palatinate of Durham in Blackstone and Coke, but I can hardly think that General Jackson derived his information from those two fountains of the law. Anyhow, he cross-examined the Englishmen in detail about the cathedral and the close and the rights of the bishops, &c. &c. He gave them no chance to talk, and kept them busy answering questions, for he knew more about Durham than they did.

'As we rode away, I said: "Gentlemen, you have disclosed Jackson in new character to me, and I've been carefully observing him for a year and a half. You have made him exhibit *finesse*, for he did all the talking to keep you from asking too curious or embarrassing questions. I never saw anything like it in him before." We all laughed, and agreed that the general had been too much for the interviewers.'—*Memoirs*, pp. 530-1.

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the Second Army Corps, however, did not allow him to forget his greatness. In their bivouacs by the clear waters of the Opequon, with abundance of supplies and with ample leisure for recuperation, the troops rapidly regained their strength and spirit. The reaction found vent in the most extravagant gaiety. No circumstance that promised entertainment was permitted to pass without attention, and the jest started at the expense of some unfortunate wight, conspicuous for peculiarity of dress or demeanour, was taken up by a hundred voices. None were spared. A trim staff officer was horrified at the irreverent

reception of his nicely twisted moustache, as he heard from behind innumerable trees: 'Take them mice out o' your mouth ! take 'era out—no use to say they ain't there, see their tails hanging out!' Another, sporting immense whiskers, was urged 'to come out o' that bunch of hair! I know you're in there ! I see your ears a-working !' So the soldiers chaffed the dandies, and the camp rang with laughter; fun and frolic were always in the air, and the fierce fighters of Sharpsburg behaved like schoolboys on a holiday. But when the general rode by the men remembered the victories they had won and to whom they owed them, the hardships they had endured, and who had shared them; and the appearance of 'Little Sorrel' was the sure precursor of a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The horse soon learned what the cheers implied, and directly they began he would break into a gallop, as if to carry his rider as quickly as possible through the embarrassing ordeal. But the soldiers were not to be deterred by their commander's modesty, and whenever he was compelled to pass through the bivouacs the same tribute was so invariably offered that the sound of a distant cheer, rolling down the lines of the Second Army Corps, always evoked the exclamation: 'Boys, look out! here comes old Stonewall or an old hare !' 'These being the only individuals,' writes one of Jackson's soldiers, 'who never failed to bring down the whole house.'

Nothing could express more clearly the loyalty of the soldiers to their general than this quaint estimate of his <282>popularity. The Anglo-Saxon is averse to the unrestrained display of personal affection; and when his natural reluctance is overborne by irrepressible emotion, he attempts to hide it by a jest. So Jackson's veterans laughed at his peculiarities, at his dingy uniform, his battered cap, his respect for clergymen, his punctilious courtesy, and his blushes. They delighted in the phrase, when a distant yell was heard, 'Here's "Old Jack" or a rabbit!' They delighted more in his confusion when he galloped through the shouting camp. 'Here he comes,' they said, 'we'll make him take his hat off.' They invented strange fables of which he was the hero. 'Stonewall died,' ran one of the most popular, 'and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent. He was not there. They went to the hospital. He was not there. They went to the outposts. He was not there. They went to the prayer-meeting. He was not there. So they had to return without him; but when they reported that he had disappeared, they found that he had made a flank march and reached heaven before them.' Another was to the effect that whereas Moses took forty years to get the children of Israel through the wilderness, "' Old Jack" would have double-quickened them through in three days on half rations !'

But, nevertheless, beneath this affectation of hilarity lay a deep and passionate devotion; and two incidents which occurred at this time show the extent of this feeling, and at least one reason for its existence. 'On October 8th,' writes Major Heros von Borcke, adjutant-general of the cavalry division, 'I was honoured with the pleasing mission of presenting to Stonewall, as a slight token of Stuart's high regard, a new uniform coat, which had just arrived from the hands of a Richmond tailor. Starting at once, I reached the simple tent of our great general just in time for dinner. I found him in his old weather-stained coat, from which all the buttons had been clipped by the fair hands of patriotic ladies, and which, from exposure to sun, rain, and powder-smoke, and by reason of many rents and patches, was in a very unseemly <283>condition. When I had despatched more important matters, I produced General Stuart's present in all its magnificence of gilt buttons and sheeny facings and gold lace, and I was heartily amused at the modest confusion with which the

hero of many battles regarded the fine uniform, scarcely daring to touch it, and at the quiet way in which at last he folded it up carefully and deposited it in his portmanteau, saying to me, "Give Stuart my best thanks, Major; the coat is much too handsome for me, but I shall take the best care of it, and shall prize it highly as a souvenir. And now let us have some dinner." But I protested emphatically against the summary disposition of the matter of the coat, deeming my mission indeed but half executed, and remarked that Stuart would certainly ask how the coat fitted, and that I should take it as a personal favour if he would put it on. To this with a smile he readily assented, and having donned the garment, he escorted me outside the tent to the table where dinner had been served in the open air. The whole of the staff were in a perfect ecstasy at their chief's brilliant appearance, and the old negro servant, who was bearing the roast turkey to the board, stopped in mid career with a most bewildered expression, and gazed in such wonderment at his master as if he had been transfigured before him. Meanwhile, the rumour of the change ran like electricity through the neighbouring camps, the soldiers came running by hundreds to the spot, desirous of seeing their beloved Stonewall in his new attire; and the first wearing of a new robe by Louis XIV., at whose morning toilette all the world was accustomed to assemble, never created half the excitement at Versailles that was roused in the woods of Virginia by the investment of Jackson in the new regulation uniform.' (1)

The second incident is less amusing, but was not less appreciated by the rank and file. Riding one morning near Front Royal, accompanied by his staff, Jackson was stopped by a countrywoman, with a chubby child on either side, who inquired anxiously for her son Johnnie, serving, she said, 'in Captain Jackson's company.' The general, with the deferential courtesy he never laid aside, introduced himself as her son's commanding officer, but begged for further information as to his regiment. The good dame, however, whose interest in the war centred on one individual, appeared astonished that 'Captain Jackson' did not know her particular 'Johnnie,' and repeated her inquiries with such tearful emphasis that the young staff officers began to smile. Unfortunately for themselves, Jackson heard a titter, and turning on them with a scathing rebuke for their want of manners, he sent them off in different directions to discover Johnnie, giving them no rest until mother and son were brought together.

But if the soldiers loved Jackson for his simplicity, and respected him for his honesty, beyond and above was the sense of his strength and power, of his indomitable will, of the inflexibility of his justice, and of the unmeasured resources of his vigorous intellect. It is curious even after the long lapse of years to hear his veterans speak of their commander. Laughter mingles with tears; each has some droll anecdote to relate, each some instance of thoughtful sympathy or kindly deed; but it is still plain to be seen how they feared his displeasure, how hard they found his discipline, how conscious they were of their own mental inferiority. The mighty phantom of their lost leader still dominates their thoughts; just as in the battles of the Confederacy his earthly presentment dominated the will of the Second Army Corps. In the campaign which had driven the invaders from Virginia, and carried the Confederate colours to within sight of Washington, his men had found their master. They had forgotten how to criticise. His generals had learned to trust him. Success and adulation had not indeed made him more expansive. He was as reticent as ever, and his troops—the foot-cavalry' as they were now called—were still marched to and fro without knowing why or whither. But men and officers, instead of grumbling when they were roused at untimely hours, or when their marches were prolonged, without apparent

necessity, obeyed with <285>alacrity, and amused themselves by wondering what new surprise the general was preparing. ' Where are you going ?' they were asked as they were turned out for an unexpected march: ' We don't know, but "Old Jack" does,' was the laughing reply. And they had learned something of his methods. They had discovered the value of time, of activity, of mystery, of resolution. They discussed his stratagems, gradually evolving, for they were by no means apparent at the time, the object and aim of his manoeuvres; and the stirring verses, sung round every camp-fire, show that the soldiers not only grasped his principles of warfare, but that they knew right well to whom their victories were to be attributed.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fires bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong.
To swell the Brigade's roaring song
Of Stonewall Jackson's way.

We see him now—the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue-Light Elder' knows them well:
Says he, ' That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him —' well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! ground arms ! kneel all ! caps off !
Old Blue-Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
Attention ! it's his way
Appealing from his native sod,
In formâ pauperis to God,
' Lay bare thine arm—stretch forth thy rod,
Amen !' That's Stonewall's way.

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He's in the saddle now ! Fall in !
Steady, the whole Brigade !
Hill's at the Ford, cut off !- we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn ?
What matter if our feet are torn ?
Quick step ! we're with him before morn !
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning—and, by George !
 There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his columns whipped before—
 'Bayonets and grape I ' hear Stonewall roar;
 ' Charge, Stuart ! pay off Ashby's score ! '
 That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah ! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band;
 Ah ! widow, read with eyes that burn
 The ring upon thy hand.
 Ah ! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in Stonewall's way.

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NOTE.

Jackson's Strength and Losses, August-September 1862.

Strength at Cedar Run, August 9:			
Winder's (Jackson's own) Division (estimate)		3,000	
Ewell's Division(1)		5,350	
Lawton's Brigade(2)		2,200	
A. P. Hill's (the Light) Division(3)		12,000	
Robertson's Cavalry Brigade (4) (estimate)		1,200	
		<u>23,750</u>	
Losses at Cedar Run:			
Winder's Division	718	}	
Ewell's Division	195	}	
The Light Division	881	}	1,314
Cavalry, &c.	20	}	
			<u>22,436</u>
Losses on the Rappahannock, August 20-24			
			100
Losses at Bristoe Station and Manassas Junction, August 26, 27			
			300
Losses at Groveton, August 28:			
Stonewall Division (estimate)	441	}	1,200
Ewell's Division	759	}	
Stragglers and sick (estimate)			
			1,200
Cavalry transferred to Stuart			
			1,200
Strength at Second Manassas, August 29 and 30			
			<u>18,436</u>

Losses:		
Taliaferro's Division	416 }	
Ewell's Division	364 }	2,387
The Light Division	1,507 }	
Loss at Chantilly, September 1		500
Should have marched into Maryland		14,549

- (1) Report of July 31, O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 965.
- (2) Report of August 20, O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 966. (Not engaged at Cedar Run.)
- (3) Report of July 20, O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 645. (3½ regiments had been added.)
- (4) Four regiments.

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Strength at Sharpsburg:		
Jones' Division	2,000 }	
Ewell's Division	4,000 }	11,800 (1)
The Light Division	5,000 }	
(1 Brigade left at Harper's Ferry)	800 }	
Loss at Harper's Ferry		62
Losses at Sharpsburg:		
Jones' Division	700 }	
Ewell's Division	1,334 }	2,438
The Light Division	404 }	
Strength on September 19		9,300

The Report of September 22, O. R., vol. xiv., part ii., p. 621, gives:

Jackson's own Division	2,553
Ewell's Division	3,290
The Light Division	4,777
	<u>10,620 (2)</u>

- (1) 3,866 sick and straggling since August 28 = 21 p.c.
- (2) Over 1,300 stragglers had rejoined.

Stonewall Jackson v2.
Chapter XX—Fredericksburg

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WHILE the Army of Northern Virginia was resting in the Valley, McClellan was preparing for a winter campaign. He was unable, however, to keep pace with the patience of the Northern people. Not only was he determined to postpone all movement until his army was properly equipped, his ranks recruited, his cavalry remounted, and his administrative services reorganised, but the military authorities at Washington were very slow in meeting his demands. Notwithstanding, then, the orders of the President, the remonstrances of Halleck, and the clamour of the press, for more than five weeks after the battle of Sharpsburg he remained inactive on the Potomac. It may be that in the interests of the army he was perfectly right in resisting the pressure brought to bear upon him. He was certainly the best judge of the temper of his troops, and could estimate more exactly than either Lincoln or Halleck the chances of success if he were to encounter Lee's veterans on their native soil. However this may be, his inaction was not in accordance with the demands of the political situation. The President, immediately the Confederates retired from Maryland, had taken a step which changed the character of the war. Hitherto the Northerners had fought for the restoration of the Union on the basis of the Constitution, as interpreted by themselves. Now, after eighteen months of conflict, the Constitution was deliberately violated. For the clause which forbade all interference with the domestic institutions of the several States, a declaration that slavery should no longer exist within the boundaries <290>of the Republic was substituted, and the armies of the Union were called upon to fight for the freedom of the negro.

In the condition of political parties this measure was daring. It was not approved by the Democrats, and many of the soldiers were Democrats; or by those—and they were not a few—who believed that compromise was the surest means of restoring peace; or by those—and they were numerous—who thought the dissolution of the Union a smaller evil than the continuance of the war. The opposition was very strong, and there was but one means of reconciling it—vigorous action on the part of the army, the immediate invasion of Virginia, and a decisive victory. Delay would expose the framers of the measure to the imputation of having promised more than they could perform, of wantonly tampering with the Constitution, and of widening the breach between North and South beyond all hope of healing.

In consequence, therefore, of McClellan's refusal to move forward, the friction between the Federal Government and their general-in-chief, which, so long as Lee remained in Maryland, had been allayed, once more asserted its baneful influence; and the aggressive attitude of the Confederates did not serve to make matters smoother. Although the greater part of October was for the Army of Northern Virginia a period of unusual leisure, the troops were not altogether idle. As soon as the stragglers had been brought in, and the ranks of the divisions once more presented a respectable appearance, various enterprises were undertaken. The Second Army Corps was entrusted with the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, a duty carried out by Jackson with characteristic thoroughness. The line from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, as well as that from Manassas Junction to Strasburg, were also torn up; and the spoils of the late campaign were sent south to Richmond and Staunton. These preparations for defensive warfare were not,

however, so immediately embarrassing to the enemy as the action of the cavalry. Stuart's three brigades, after the affair at <291>Boteler's Ford, picketed the line of the Potomac from the North Mountain to the Shenandoah, a distance of forty miles: Hampton's brigade at Hedgesville, Fitzhugh Lee's at Shepherdstown, Munford's at Charlestown, and headquarters near Leetown.

On October 8 General Lee, suspecting that McClellan was meditating some movement, ordered the cavalry to cross the Potomac and reconnoitre. Selecting 600 men from each of his brigades, with General Hampton, Colonels W. H. F. Lee and W. E. Jones in command, and accompanied by four horse-artillery guns, Stuart rendezvoused on the night of the 9th at Darkesville. As the day dawned he crossed the Potomac at McCoy's Ford, drove in the Federal pickets, and broke up a signal station near Fairview. Marching due north, he reached Mercersburg at noon, and Chambersburg, forty-six miles from Darkesville, at 7 P.M. on October 10. Chambersburg, although a Federal supply depôt of some importance, was without a garrison, and here 275 sick and wounded were paroled, 500 horses requisitioned, the wires cut, and the railroad obstructed; while the machine shops, several trains of loaded cars, and a large quantity of small arms, ammunition, and clothing was destroyed. At nine the next morning the force marched in the direction of Gettysburg, moving round the Federal rear. Then, crossing the mountains, it turned south through Emmittsburg, passed the Monocacy near Frederick, and after a march of ninety miles since leaving Chambersburg reached Hyattstown at daylight on the 11th, on the road which formed McClellan's line of communication with Washington, a few waggons were captured, and information came to hand that 4,000 or 5,000 Federal troops were near Poolesville, guarding the fords across the Potomac. Moving at a trot through the woods, the column, leaving Poolesville two or three miles to the left, made for the mouth of the Monocacy. About a mile and a half from that river an advanced-guard of hostile cavalry, moving eastward, was encountered and driven in. Colonel Lee's men were dismounted, <292>a gun was brought into action, and under cover of this screen, posted on a high crest, the main body made a dash for White's Ford. The point of passage, although guarded by about 100 Federal riflemen, was quickly seized, and Stuart's whole force, together with the captured horses, had completed the crossing before the enemy, advancing in large force from the Monocacy, was in a position to interfere.

This brilliantly conducted expedition was as fruitful of results as the ride round McClellan's army in the previous June. The information obtained was most important. Lee, besides being furnished with a sufficiently full report of the Federal dispositions, learned that no part of McClellan's army had been detached to Washington, but that it was being reinforced from that quarter, and that therefore no over-sea expedition against Richmond was to be apprehended. Several hundred fine horses from the farms of Pennsylvania furnished excellent remounts for the Confederate troopers. Prominent officials were brought in as hostages for the safety of the Virginia citizens who had been thrown into Northern prisons. Only a few scouts were captured by the enemy, and not a man was killed. The distance marched by Stuart, from Darkesville to White's Ford, was one hundred and twenty-six miles, of which the last eighty were covered without a halt. Crossing the Potomac at McCoy's Ford about 6 A.M. on October 10, he had recrossed it at White's Ford, between 1 and 2 P.M. on October 12; he was thus for fifty-six hours inside the enemy's lines, and during the greater part of his march within thirty miles of McClellan's headquarters near Harper's Ferry.

It is often the case in war that a well-planned and boldly executed enterprise has a far greater effect than could possibly have been anticipated. Neither Lee nor Stuart looked for larger results from this raid than a certain amount of plunder and a good deal of intelligence. But skill and daring were crowned with a more ample reward than the attainment of the immediate object.

In the first place, the expedition, although there was little fighting, was most destructive to the Federal cavalry. <293>McClellan had done all in his power to arrest the raiders. Directly the news came in that they had crossed the Potomac, troops were sent in every direction to cut off their retreat. Yet so eminently judicious were Stuart's precautions, so intelligent the Maryland soldiers who acted as his guides, and so rapid his movements, that although constant reports were received by the Federal generals as to the progress and direction of his column, the information came always too late to serve any practical purpose, and his pursuers were never in time to bar his march. General Pleasanton, with such cavalry as could be spared from the picket line, marched seventy-eight miles in four-and-twenty hours, and General Averell's brigade, quartered on the Upper Potomac, two hundred miles in four days. The severity of the marches told heavily on these commands, already worn out by hard work on the outposts; and so many of the horses broke down that a period of repose was absolutely necessary to refit them for the field. Until his cavalry should have recovered it was impossible for McClellan to invade Virginia.

In the second place, neither the Northern Government nor the Northern people could forget that this was the second time that McClellan had allowed Stuart to ride at will round the Army of the Potomac. Public confidence in the general-in-chief was greatly shaken; and a handle was given to his opponents in the ranks of the abolitionists, who, because he was a Democrat, and had much influence with the army, were already clamouring for his removal.

The respite which Stuart had gained for Virginia was not, however, of long duration. On October 26, McClellan, having ascertained by means of a strong reconnoissance in force that the Confederate army was still in the vicinity of Winchester, commenced the passage of the Potomac. The principal point of crossing was near Berlin, and so soon as it became evident that the Federal line of operations lay east of the Blue Ridge, Lee ordered Longstreet to Culpeper Court House. Jackson, taking post on the road between Berryville and Charlestown, was to remain in the Valley. <294>

On November 7 the situation was as follows :—

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

First Corps	Warrenton.
Second Corps	Rectortown.
Third Corps	Between Manassas Junction and Warrenton.
Fifth Corps	White Plains.
Ninth Corps	Waterloo.
Eleventh Corps	New Baltimore
Cavalry Division	Rappahannock Station and Sperryville.
Line of Supply	Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Railways.
Twelfth Corps	Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

First Corps	Culpeper Court House.
Second Corps.	Headquarters, Millwood.
Cavalry Division	[Hampton's and Fitzhugh Lee's Brigades on the Rappahannock.

Lines of Supply	[Munford's Brigade with Jackson.
	{	Staunton—Strasburg.
	{	Staunton—Culpeper Court House
	{	Richmond—Gordonsville.

On this date the six corps of the Army of the Potomac which were assembled between the Bull Run Mountains and the Blue Ridge numbered 125,000 officers and men present for duty, together with 320 guns.

The returns of the Army of Northern Virginia give the following strength :—

		<u>Guns</u>	
<u>First Army Corps.</u>	31,939	112	(54 short-range smooth.bores)
<u>Second Army Corps</u>	31,794	123	(53 " " ")
<u>Cavalry Division</u>	7,176	4	
<u>Reserve Artillery</u>	900	36	(20 " " ")
	<u>71,809</u>	<u>275</u>	

The Confederates were not only heavily outnumbered by the force immediately before them, but along the Potomac, from Washington westward, was a second hostile army, not indeed so large as that commanded by McClellan, but larger by several thousands than that commanded by <295>Lee. The Northern capital held a garrison of 80,000; at Harper's Ferry were 10,000; in the neighbourhood of Sharpsburg over 4,000; along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad 8,000. Thus the total strength of the Federals exceeded 225,000 men. Yet in face of this enormous host, and with Richmond only weakly garrisoned behind him, Lee had actually separated his two wings by an interval of sixty miles. He was evidently playing his old game, dividing his army with a view to a junction on the field of battle.

Lincoln, in a letter of advice with which he had favoured McClellan a few days previously, had urged the importance of making Lee's line of supply the first objective of the invading army. 'An advance east of the Blue Ridge,' he said, 'would at once menace the enemy's line of communications, and compel him to keep his forces together; and if Lee, disregarding this menace, were to cut in between the Army of the Potomac and Washington, McClellan would have nothing to do but to attack him in rear.' He suggested, moreover, that by hard marching it might be possible for McClellan to reach Richmond first.

The Confederate line of communications, so the President believed, ran from Richmond to Culpeper Court House, and McClellan's advanced-guards, on November 7, were within twenty miles of that point. Lee, however, had altogether failed to respond to Mr. Lincoln's strategical pronouncements. Instead of concentrating his forces he had dispersed them; and instead of fearing for his own

communications, he had placed Jackson in a position to interfere very seriously with those of his enemy.

Mr. Lincoln's letter to McClellan shows that the lessons of the war had not been altogether lost upon him. Generals Banks and Pope, with some stimulus from Stonewall Jackson, had taught him what an important part is played by lines of supply. He had mastered the strategical truism that an enemy's communications are his weakest point. But there were other considerations which had not come home to him. He had overlooked the possibility <296>that Lee might threaten McClellan's communications before McClellan could threaten his; and he had yet to learn that an army operating in its own country, if

proper forethought be exercised, can establish an alternative line of supply, and provide itself with a double base, thus gaining a freedom of action of which an invader, bound, unless he has command of the sea, to a single line, is generally deprived.

The President appears to have thought that, if Lee were cut off from Richmond, the Army of Northern Virginia would be reduced to starvation, and become absolutely powerless. It never entered his head that the astute commander of that army had already, in anticipation of the very movement which McClellan was now making, established a second base at Staunton, and that his line of supply, in case of necessity, would not run over the open country between Richmond and Gordonsville, but from Staunton to Culpeper, behind the ramparts of the Blue Ridge.

Lee, in fact, accepted with equanimity the possibility of the Federals intervening between himself and Richmond. He had already, in the campaign against Pope, extricated himself from such a situation by a bold stroke against his enemy's communications; and the natural fastness of the Valley, amply provided with food and forage, afforded facilities for such a manoeuvre which had been altogether absent before the Second Manassas. Nor was he of Mr. Lincoln's opinion, that if the Army of Northern Virginia cut in between Washington and McClellan it would be a simple operation for the latter to about face and attack the Confederates in rear. He knew, and Mr. Lincoln, if he had studied Pope's campaign, should have known it too, that the operation of countermarching, if the line of communication has been cut, is not only apt to produce great confusion and great suffering, but has the very worst effect on the *moral* of the troops. But Lee had that practical experience which Mr. Lincoln lacked, and without which it is but waste of words to dogmatise on strategy. He was well aware that a large army is a cumbrous machine, not readily deflected from the original <297>direction of the line of march ;(1) and, more than all, he had that intimate acquaintance with the soldier in the ranks, that knowledge of the human factor, without which no military problem, whether of strategy, tactics, or organisation, can be satisfactorily solved. McClellan's task, therefore, so long as he had to depend for his supplies on a single line of railway, was not quite so simple as Mr. Lincoln imagined.

Nevertheless, on November 7 Lee decided to unite his army. As soon as the enemy advanced from Warrenton, Jackson was to ascend the Valley, and crossing the Blue Ridge at Fisher's Gap, join hands with Longstreet, who would retire from Madison Court House to the vicinity of Gordonsville. The Confederates would then be concentrated on McClellan's right flank should he march on Richmond, ready to take advantage of any opportunity for attack; or, if attack were considered too hazardous, to threaten his communications, and compel him to fall back to the Potomac.

The proposed concentration, however, was not immediately carried out. In the first place, the Federal advance came to a sudden standstill; and, in the second place, Jackson was unwilling to abandon his post of vantage behind the Blue Ridge. It need hardly be said that the policy of manoeuvring instead of intrenching, of aiming at the enemy's flank and rear instead of barring his advance directly, was in full agreement with his views of war; and it appears that about this date he had submitted proposals for a movement against the Federal communications. It would be interesting indeed to have the details of his design, but Jackson's letter-book for this period has unfortunately disappeared, nor did he communicate his ideas to any of his staff. Letters from General Lee, however, indicate that the manoeuvre proposed was of the same character as

(1) On November 1 the Army of the Potomac (not including the Third Corps) was accompanied by 4,818 waggons and ambulances, 8,500 transport horses, and 12,000 mules. O.R., vol. xix., part i., pp. 97-8. The train of each army corps and of the cavalry covered eight miles of road, or fifty miles for the whole.

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that which brought Pope in such hot haste from the Rappahannock to Bull Run, and that it was Jackson's suggestion which caused the Commander-in-Chief to reconsider his determination of uniting his army.

'As long as General Jackson,' wrote Lee to the Secretary of War on November 10, 'can operate with safety, and secure his retirement west of the Massanutton Mountains, I think it advantageous that he should be in a position to threaten the enemy's flank and rear, and thus prevent his advance southward on the east side of the Blue Ridge. General Jackson has been directed accordingly, and should the enemy descend into the Valley, General Longstreet will attack his rear, and cut off his communications. The enemy apparently is so strong in numbers that I think it preferable to baffle his designs by manoeuvring, rather than resist his advance by main force. To accomplish the latter without too great a risk and loss would require more than double our present numbers.(1)

His letter to Jackson, dated November 9, ran as follows: 'The enemy seems to be massing his troops along the Manassas Railroad in the vicinity of Piedmont, which gives him great facilities for bringing up supplies from Alexandria. It has occurred to me that his object may be to seize upon Strasburg with his main force, to intercept your ascent of the Valley This would oblige you to cross into the Lost River Valley, or west of it, unless you could force a passage through the Blue Ridge; hence my anxiety for your safety. If you can prevent such a movement of the enemy, and operate strongly on his flank and rear through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, you would certainly in my opinion effect the object you propose. A demonstration of crossing into Maryland would serve the same purpose, and might call him back to the Potomac. As my object is to retard and baffle his designs, if it can be accomplished by manoeuvring your corps as you propose, it will serve my purpose as well as if effected in any other way. With this understanding, you can use your discretion, which I know I can rely upon, in remaining or advancing up the <299>Valley. Keep me advised of your movements and intentions; and you must keep always in view the probability of an attack upon Richmond from either north or south, when a concentration of force will become necessary.' (1)

Jackson's plan, however, was not destined to be tried. McClellan had issued orders for the concentration of his army at Warrenton. His troops had never been in better condition. They were in good spirits, well supplied and admirably equipped. Owing to the activity of his cavalry, coupled with the fact that the Confederate horses were at this time attacked by a disease which affected both tongue and hoof, his information was more accurate than usual. He knew that Longstreet was at Culpeper, and Jackson in the Valley. He saw the possibility of separating the two wings of the enemy's forces, and of either defeating Longstreet or forcing him to fall back to Gordonsville, and he had determined to make the attempt.

On the night of November 7, however, at the very moment when his army was concentrating for an advance against Longstreet, McClellan was ordered to hand over his command to General Burnside. Lincoln had yielded to the insistence of McClellan's political opponents, to the rancour of Stanton, and the jealousy of Halleck. But in sacrificing the general who had saved the Union at Sharpsburg he sacrificed the lives of

many thousands of his soldiers. A darker day than even the Second Manassas was in store for the Army of the Potomac. McClellan was not a general of the first order. But he was the only officer in the United States who had experience of handling large masses of troops, and he was improving every day. Stuart had taught him the use of cavalry, and Lee the value of the initiative. He was by no means deficient in resolution, as his march with an army of recently defeated men against Lee in Maryland conclusively proves; and although he had never won a decisive victory, he possessed, to a degree which was never attained by any of his successors, the confidence and affection of his troops. But deplorable <300>as was the weakness which sanctioned his removal on the eve of a decisive manoeuvre the blunder which put Burnside in his place was even more so. The latter appears to have been the *protégé* of a small political faction. He had many good qualities. He was a firm friend, modest, generous, and energetic. But he was so far from being distinguished for military ability that in the Army of the Potomac it was very strongly questioned whether he was fit to command an army corps. His conduct at Sharpsburg, where he had been entrusted with the attack on the Confederate right, had been the subject of the severest criticism, and by not a few of his colleagues he was considered directly responsible for the want of combination which had marred McClellan's plan of attack. More than once Mr. Lincoln infringed his own famous aphorism, 'Never swap horses when crossing a stream,' but when he transferred the destinies of the Army of the Potomac from McClellan to Burnside he did more—he selected the weakest of his team of generals to bear the burden.

At the same time that McClellan was superseded, General FitzJohn Porter, the gallant soldier of Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill, probably the best officer in the Army of the Potomac, was ordered to resign command of the Fifth Army Corps, and to appear before a court-martial on charges of incompetency and neglect of duty at the Second Manassas. The fact that those charges were preferred by Pope, and that Porter had been allowed to retain his command through the campaign in Maryland, were hardly calculated to inspire the army with confidence in either the wisdom or the justice of its rulers; and it was the general opinion that his intimate friendship with McClellan had more to say to his trial than his alleged incompetency.

Burnside commenced his career by renouncing the enterprise which McClellan had contemplated. Longstreet was left unmolested at Culpeper; and, in order to free the communications from Jackson, the Federal army was marched eastward along the Rappahannock to Falmouth, a new line of supply being established between that village <301>and Aquia Creek, the port on the Potomac, six hours' sail from Washington.

Lee had already foreseen that Jackson's presence in the Valley might induce the Federals to change their line of operations. Fredericksburg, on the south side of the Rappahannock, and the terminus of the Richmond and Potomac Railroad, had consequently been garrisoned by an infantry regiment and a battery, while three regiments of cavalry patrolled the river. This force, however, was not posted on the Rappahannock with a view of retarding the enemy's advance, but merely for observation. Lee, at this date, had no intention of concentrating at Fredericksburg. The Federals, if they acted with resolution, could readily forestall him, and the line of the North Anna, a small but difficult stream, thirty-six miles south, offered peculiar advantages to the defence.

The Federal march was rapid. On November 15 the Army of the Potomac left Warrenton, and the advanced-guard reached Falmouth on the afternoon of the 17th.

General Sumner, in command, observing the weakness of the Confederate garrison, requested permission from Burnside to cross the Rappahannock and establish himself on the further bank. Although two army corps were at hand, and the remainder were rapidly closing up, Burnside refused, for the bridges had been broken, and he was unwilling to expose part of his forces on the right bank with no means of retreat except a difficult and uncertain ford. The same day, part of Longstreet's corps and a brigade of cavalry were sent to Fredericksburg; and on the 19th, Lee, finding that the Federals had left Warrenton, ordered Longstreet to concentrate his whole force at Fredericksburg, and summoned Jackson from the Valley to Orange Court House.

Jackson, meanwhile, had moved to Winchester, probably with the design of threatening the enemy's garrisons on the Potomac, and this unexpected movement had caused much perturbation in the North. Pennsylvania and Maryland expected nothing less than instant invasion. The merchant feared for his strong-box, the farmer for <302>his herds; plate was once more packed up; railway presidents demanded further protection for their lines; generals begged for reinforcements, and, according to the 'Times' Correspondent, it was 'the universal belief that Stonewall Jackson was ready to pounce upon Washington from the Shenandoah, and to capture President, Secretaries, and all.' But before apprehension increased to panic, before Mr. Lincoln had become infected by the prevailing uneasiness, the departure of the Confederates from the Valley brought relief to the affrighted citizens.

On November 22 Jackson bade farewell to Winchester. His headquarters were not more than a hundred yards from Dr. Graham's manse, and he spent his last evening with his old friends. 'He was in fine health and fine spirits,' wrote the minister's wife to Mrs. Jackson. 'The children begged to be permitted to sit up to see "General Jackson," and he really seemed overjoyed to see them, played with them and fondled them, and they were equally pleased. I have no doubt it was a great recreation to him. He seemed to be living over last winter again, and talked a great deal about the hope of getting back to spend this winter with us, in the old room, which I told him I was keeping for you and him. He certainly has had adulation enough to spoil him, but it seems not to affect or harm him at all. He is the same humble, dependent Christian, desiring to give God all the glory, looking to Him alone for a blessing, and not thinking of himself.'

So it was with no presage that this was the last time he would look upon the scenes he loved that Jackson moved southward by the Valley turnpike. Past Kernstown his columns swept, past Middletown and Strasburg, and all the well-remembered fields of former triumphs; until the peaks of the Massanuttons threw their shadows across the highway, and the mighty bulk of the noble mountains, draped in the gold and crimson of the autumn, once more reechoed to the tramp of his swift-footed veterans. Turning east at New Market, he struck upwards by the familiar road; and then, descending the narrow pass, he forded the <303>Shenandoah, and crossing the Luray valley vanished in the forests of the Blue Ridge. Through the dark pines of Fisher's Gap he led his soldiers down to the Virginia plains, and the rivers and the mountains knew him no more until their dead returned to them.

On the 26th the Second Army Corps was at Madison Court House. The next day it was concentrated at Orange Court House, six-and-thirty miles from Fredericksburg. In eight days, two being given to rest, the troops had marched one hundred and twenty miles, and with scarce a straggler, for the stern measures which had been taken to put discipline on a firmer basis, and to make the regimental officers do their duty, had already produced a

salutary effect.

On Jackson's arrival at Orange Court House he found the situation unchanged. Burnside, notwithstanding that heavy snow-storms and sharp frosts betokened the approach of winter, the season of impassable roads and swollen rivers, was still encamped near Falmouth. The difficulty of establishing a new base of supplies at Aquia Creek, and some delay on the part of the Washington authorities in furnishing him with a pontoon train, had kept him idle; but he had not relinquished his design of marching upon Richmond. His quiescence, however, together with the wishes of the President, had induced General Lee to change his plans. The Army of Northern Virginia, 78,500 strong, although, in order to induce the Federals to attack, it was not yet closely concentrated, was ready to oppose in full force the passage of the Rappahannock, and all thought of retiring to the North Anna had been abandoned. On November 29, therefore, Jackson was ordered forward, and while the First Army Corps occupied a strong position in rear of Fredericksburg, with an advanced detachment in the town, the Second was told off to protect the lower reaches of the Rappahannock. Ewell's division, still commanded by Early, was posted at Skinker's Neck, twelve miles south-east of Fredericksburg, a spot which afforded many facilities for crossing; D. H. Hill's at Port Royal, already menaced by Federal gunboats, six <304>miles further down stream; A. P. Hill's and Taliaferro's (Jackson's own) at Yerby's House and Guiney's Station, five and nine miles respectively from Longstreet's right; and Stuart, whose division was now increased to four brigades, watched both front and flanks.

The Rappahannock was undoubtedly a formidable obstacle. Navigable for small vessels as far as Fredericksburg, the head of the tide water, it is two hundred yards wide in the neighbourhood of the city, and it increases in width and depth as it flows seaward. But above Falmouth there are several easy fords; the river banks, except near Fredericksburg, are clad with forest, hiding the movements of troops; and from Falmouth downward, the left bank, under the name of the Stafford Heights, so completely commands the right that it was manifestly impossible for the Confederates to prevent the enemy, furnished with a far superior artillery, from making good the passage of the stream. A mile west of Fredericksburg, however, extending from Beck's Island to the heights beyond the Massaponax Creek, runs a long low ridge, broken by ravines and partially covered with timber, which with some slight aid from axe and spade could be rendered an exceedingly strong position. Longstreet, who occupied this ridge, had been ordered to intrench himself; gun-pits had been dug on the bare crest, named Marye's Hill, which immediately faces Fredericksburg; a few shelter-trenches had been thrown up, natural defences improved, and some slight breastworks and abattis constructed along the outskirts of the woods. These works were at extreme range from the Stafford Heights; and the field of fire, extending as far as the river, a distance varying from fifteen hundred to three thousand yards, needed no clearing. Over such ground a frontal attack, even if made by superior numbers, had little chance of success.

But notwithstanding its manifest advantages the position found no favour in the eyes of Jackson. It could be easily turned by the fords above Falmouth—Banks', United States, Ely's, and Germanna. This, however, was a minor disqualification compared with the restrictions in <305>the way of offensive action. If the enemy should cross at Fredericksburg, both his flanks would be protected by the river, while his numerous batteries, arrayed on the Stafford Heights, and commanding the length and the breadth of

the battle-field, would make counterstroke difficult and pursuit impossible. To await attack, moreover, was to allow the enemy to choose his own time and place, and to surrender the advantages of the initiative. Burnside's communications were protected by the Rappahannock, and it was thus impracticable to manoeuvre against his most vulnerable point, to inflict on him a surprise, to compel him to change front, and, in case he were defeated, to cut him off from his base and deprive him of his supplies. The line of the North Anna, in Jackson's opinion, promised far greater results. The Federals, advancing from Fredericksburg, would expose their right flank and their communications for a distance of six-and-thirty miles; and if they were compelled to retreat, the destruction of their whole army was within the bounds of possibility. 'I am opposed,' he said to General D. H. Hill, 'to fighting on the Rappahannock. We will whip the enemy, but gain no fruits of victory. I have advised the line of the North Anna, but have been overruled.' (1)

So the days passed on. The country was white with snow. The temperature was near zero, and the troops, their blankets as threadbare as their uniforms, without greatcoats, and in many instances without boots, shivered beneath the rude shelters of their forest bivouacs. Fortunately there was plenty of work. Roads were cut through the woods, and existing tracks improved. The river banks were incessantly patrolled. Fortifications were constructed at Port Royal and Skinker's Neck, and the movements of the Federals, demonstrating now here and now there, kept the whole army on the alert. Nor were Jackson's men deprived of all excitement. He had the satisfaction of reporting to General Lee that D. H. Hill, with the aid of Stuart's horse-artillery, had frustrated two attempts of the Federal gunboats to pass up the river at Port Royal; and that the vigilance of Early at Skinker's Neck had caused the enemy to abandon the design which he had apparently conceived of crossing at that point.

But more vigorous operations were not long postponed. On December 10, General Burnside, urged by the impatience of the Northern press, determined to advance, and the next morning, at 3 A.M., the signal guns of the Confederates gave notice that the enemy was in motion. One hundred and forty Federal guns, many of large calibre, placed in equalments on the Stafford Heights, frowned down upon Fredericksburg, and before the sun rose the Federal bridge builders were at work on the opposite shore. The little city, which had been deserted by the inhabitants, was held by Barksdale's Mississippi brigade of McLaws' division, about 1,600 strong, and the conduct of this advanced detachment must have done much to inspire the troops who watched their prowess from the ridge in rear. A heavy fog hung upon the water, and not until the bridge was two-thirds completed, and shadowy figures became visible in the mist, did the Mississippians open fire. At such close quarters the effect was immediate, and the builders fled. Twice, at intervals of half an hour, they ventured again upon the deserted bridge, and twice were they driven back. Strong detachments were now moved forward by the Federals to cover the working parties, and artillery began to play upon the town. The Southerners, however, securely posted in rifle-pits and cellars, were not to be dislodged; and at ten o'clock Burnside ordered the heavy batteries into action. Every gun which could be brought to bear on Fredericksburg discharged fifty rounds of shot and shell. To this bombardment, which lasted upwards of an hour, Longstreet's artillery could make no reply. Yet though the effect on the buildings was appalling, and flames broke out in many places, the defenders not only suffered little loss, but at the very height of the cannonade repelled another

attempt to complete the bridge.

After a delay of several hours General Hooker, commanding the advance, called for volunteers to cross the river in boats. Four regiments came forward. The pontoons <307>were manned, and though many lives were lost during the transit, the gallant Federals pushed quickly across; others followed, and Barksdale, who had no orders to hold the place against superior strength, withdrew his men from the river bank. About 4.30 P.M., three bridges being at last established, the enemy pushed forward, and the Missis-sippians, retiring in good order, evacuated Fredericksburg. A mile below, near the mouth of Hazel Run, the Confederate outposts had been driven in, and three more bridges had been thrown across. Thus on the night of the 11th the Federals, who were now organised in three Grand Divisions, each of two army corps, had established their advanced-guards on the right bank of the Rappahannock, and, under cover of the batteries on the Stafford Heights, could rapidly and safely pass over their great host of 120,000 men.(1)

Burnside had framed his plan of attack on the assumption that Lee's army was dispersed along the Rappahannock. His balloon had reported large Confederate bivouacs below Skinker's Neck, and he appears to have believed that Lee, alarmed by his demonstrations near Port Royal, had posted half his army in that neighbourhood. Utterly unsuspecting that a trap had been laid for him, he had resolved to take advantage of this apparently vicious distribution, and, crossing rapidly at Fredericksburg, to defeat the Confederate left before the right could lend support. Port Royal is but eighteen miles from Fredericksburg, and in prompt action, therefore, lay his only hope of success. Burnside, however, after the successful establishment of his six bridges, evinced the same want of resolution which had won him so unenviable a reputation at Sharpsburg. The long hours of darkness slipped peacefully away; no unusual sound broke the silence of the night, and all was still along the Rappahannock. It was not till the next morning, December 12, that the army began to cross, and the movement, made difficult by a dense fog, was by no means energetic. Four of the six army corps were transferred during the <308>day to the southern bank; but beyond a cavalry reconnaissance, which was checked by Stuart, there was no fighting, and to every man in the Federal ranks it was perfectly plain that the delay was fatal.

Lee, meanwhile, with ample time at his disposal and full confidence in the wisdom of his dispositions, calmly awaited the development of his adversary's plans. Jackson brought up A. P. Hill and Taliaferro at noon, and posted them on Longstreet's right; but it was not till that hour, when it had at last become certain that the whole Federal army was crossing, that couriers were dispatched to call in Early and D. H. Hill. Once more the Army of Northern Virginia was concentrated at exactly the right moment on the field of battle.(1)

Like its predecessor, December 13 broke dull and calm, and the mist which shrouded river and plain hid from each other the rival hosts. Long before daybreak the Federal divisions still beyond the stream began to cross; and as the morning wore on, and the troops near Hazel Run moved forward from their bivouacs, the rumbling of artillery on the frozen roads, the loud words of command, and the sound of martial music came, muffled by the fog, to the ears of the Confederates lying expectant on the ridge. Now and again the curtain lifted for a moment, and the Southern guns assailed the long dark columns of the foe. Very early had the Confederates taken up their position. The ravine of

Deep Run, covered with tangled brushwood, was the line of demarcation between Jackson and Longstreet. On the extreme right of the Second Corps, and half a mile north of the marshy valley of the Massaponax, where a spur called Prospect Hill juts down from the wooded ridge, were fourteen guns under Colonel Walker. Supported by two regiments of Field's brigade, these pieces were held back for the present within the forest which here clothed the ridge. Below Prospect Hill, and running thence along the front of the position, the embankment of the Richmond and Potomac Railroad formed a tempting breastwork. It was utilised, however, <309>only by the skirmishers of the defence. The edge of the forest, one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in rear, looked down upon an open and gentle slope, and along the brow of this natural glacis, covered by the thick timber, Jackson posted his fighting-line. To this position it was easy to move up his supports and reserves without exposing them to the fire of artillery; and if the assailants should seize the embankment, he relied upon the deadly rifles of his infantry to bar their further advance up the ascent beyond.

The Light Division supplied both the first and second lines of Jackson's army corps. To the left of Walker's guns, posted in a shelter-trench within the skirts of the wood, was Archer's brigade of seven regiments, including two of Field's, the left resting on a coppice that projected beyond the general line of forest. On the further side of this coppice, but nearer the embankment, lay Lane's brigade, an unoccupied space of six hundred yards intervening between his right and Archer's left. Between Lane's right and the edge of the coppice was an open tract two hundred yards in breadth. Both of these brigades had a strong skirmish line pushed forward along and beyond the railroad. Five hundred yards in rear, along a road through the woods which had been cut by Longstreet's troops, Gregg's South Carolina brigade, in second line, covered the interval between Archer and Lane. To Lane's left rear lay Pender's brigade, supporting twelve guns posted in the open, on the far side of the embankment, and twenty-one massed in a field to the north of a small house named Bernard's Cabin. Four hundred yards in rear of Lane's left and Pender's right was stationed Thomas's brigade of four regiments.(1)

It is necessary to notice particularly the shape, size, and position of the projecting tongue of woodland which

(1) The dispositions were as follows :—

12 guns	Lane	Archer	14 guns
—	—	—	—
21 guns			
—	Thomas		
Pender	—		
		—	
		Gregg	

<310>

broke the continuity of Hill's line. A German officer on Stuart's staff had the day previous, while riding along the position, remarked its existence, and suggested the propriety of razing it; but, although Jackson himself predicted that there would be the scene of the severest fighting, the ground was so marshy within its depths, and the undergrowth so dense and tangled, that it was judged impenetrable and left unoccupied—an error of judgment which cost many lives. General Lane had also recognised the danger of leaving so wide a gap between Archer and himself, and had so reported, but without effect, to his divisional commander.

The coppice was triangular in shape, and extended nearly six hundred yards beyond the embankment. The base, which faced the Federals, was five hundred yards long. Beyond the apex the ground was swampy and covered with scrub, and the ridge, depressed at this point to a level with the plain, afforded no position from which artillery could command the approach to or issue from this patch of jungle. A space of seven hundred yards along the front was thus left undefended by direct fire.

Early, who with D. H. Hill had marched in shortly after daybreak, formed the right of the third line, Taliaferro the left. The division of D. H. Hill, with several batteries, formed the general reserve, and a portion of Early's artillery was posted about half a mile in rear of his division, in readiness, if necessary, to relieve the guns on Prospect Hill.

Jackson's line was two thousand six hundred yards in length, and his infantry 30,000 strong, giving eleven rifles to the yard; but nearly three-fourths of the army corps, the divisions of Early, Taliaferro, and D. H. Hill, were in third line and reserve. Of his one hundred and twenty-three guns only forty-seven were in position, but the wooded and broken character of the ground forbade a further deployment of his favourite arm. His left, near Deep Run, was in close touch with Hood's division of Longstreet's army corps; and in advance of his right, already protected by the Massaponax, was Stuart with two brigades and his horse-artillery. <311>

[Graphic, the Field of Fredericksburg, omitted.]

One Whitworth gun, a piece of great range and large calibre, was posted on the wooded heights beyond the Massaponax, north-east of Yerby's House.

Jackson's dispositions were almost identical with those which he had adopted at the Second Manassas. His whole force was hidden in the woods; every gun that could find room was ready for action, and the batteries were deployed in two masses. Instead, however, of giving each division a definite section of the line, he had handed over the whole front to A. P. Hill. This arrangement, however, had been made before D. H. Hill and Early came up, and with the battle imminent a change was hazardous. In many respects, moreover, the ground he now occupied resembled that which he had so successfully defended on August 29 and 30. There was the wood opposite the centre, affording the enemy a covered line of approach; the open fields, pasture and stubble, on either hand; the stream, hidden by timber and difficult of passage, on the one flank, and Longstreet on the other. But the position at Fredericksburg was less strong for defence than that at the Second Manassas, for not only was Jackson's line within three thousand yards—a long range but not ineffective—of the heavy guns on the Stafford Heights, but on the bare plain between the railway and the river there was ample room for the deployment of the Federal field-batteries. At the Second Manassas, on the other hand, the advantages of the artillery position had been on the side of the Confederates.

Nevertheless, with the soldiers of Sharpsburg, ragged indeed and under-fed, but eager for battle and strong in numbers, there was no reason to dread the powerful artillery of the foe; and Jackson's confidence was never higher than when, accompanied by his staff, he rode along his line of battle. He was not, however, received by his soldiers with their usual demonstrations of enthusiastic devotion. In honour of the day he had put on the uniform with which Stuart had presented him; the old cadet cap, which had so often waved his men to victory, was replaced by a headdress resplendent with gold lace; 'Little Sorrel' had been deposed in favour of a more imposing charger; and <312>the veterans failed to recognise their commander until he had galloped past them. A Confederate

artillery-man has given a graphic picture of his appearance when the fight was at its hottest :—

' A general officer, mounted upon a superb bay horse and followed by a single courier, rode up through our guns. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight to the front, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle. The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, top-boots, horse and furniture, were all of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that did not look so new after all. He appeared to be an old-time friend of all the turmoil around him. As he had done us the honour to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in someone to say something on the occasion. No one did, however, so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture to remark that those big guns over the river had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiselled features; the thin, compressed and determined lips; the calm, steadfast eye; the countenance to command respect, and in time of war to give the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. He turned his head quickly, and looking me all over, rode up the line and away as quickly and silently as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels; and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson.'

From his own lines Jackson passed along the front, drawing the fire of the Federal skirmishers, who were creeping forward, and proceeded to the centre of the position, where, on the eminence which has since borne the name of Lee's Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by his generals, was giving his last instructions. It was past nine o'clock. The sun, shining out with almost September warmth, was drawing up the mist which hid the opposing armies; and as the dense white folds dissolved and rolled away, the Confederates saw the broad plain beneath them dark with more than 80,000 foes. Of these the left wing, commanded by Franklin, and composed of 55,000 men and 116 guns, were moving against the Second Corps; 30,000, under Sumner, were forming for attack on Longstreet, and from the heights of Stafford, where the reserves were posted in dense masses, a great storm of shot and shell burst upon the Confederate lines. 'For once,' says Dabney, 'war unmasked its terrible proportions with a distinctness hitherto unknown in the forest-clad landscapes of America, and the plain of Fredericksburg presented a panorama that was dreadful in its grandeur.' It was then that Longstreet, to whose sturdy heart the approach of battle seemed always welcome, said to Jackson, 'General, do not all those multitudes of Federals frighten you ?' ' We shall very soon see whether I shall not frighten them; ' and with this grim reply the commander of the Second Corps rode back to meet Franklin's onset.

The Federals were already advancing. From Deep Run southward, for more than a mile and a half, three great lines of battle, accompanied by numerous batteries, moved steadily forward, powerful enough, to all appearance, to bear down all opposition by sheer weight of numbers. ' On they came,' says an eye-witness, ' in beautiful order, as if on parade, their bayonets glistening in the bright sunlight; on they came, waving their hundreds of regimental flags, which relieved with warm bits of colouring the dull blue of the columns and the russet tinge of the wintry landscape, while their artillery beyond the river continued the cannonade with unabated fury over their heads, and gave a background of white fleecy smoke, like midsummer clouds, to the animated picture.'

And yet that vast array, so formidable of aspect, lacked that moral force without which

physical power, even in its most terrible form, is but an idle show. Not only were the strength of the Confederate position, the want of energy in the preliminary movements, the insecurity of their own situation, but too apparent to the intelligence of the regimental officers and men, but they mistrusted their <314>commander. Northern writers have recorded that the Army of the Potomac never went down to battle with less alacrity than on this day at Fredericksburg.

Nor was the order of attack of such a character as to revive the confidence of the troops. Burnside, deluded by the skill with which Jackson had hidden his troops into the belief that the Second Army Corps was still at Port Royal, had instructed Franklin to seize the ridge with a single division, and Meade's 4,500 Pennsylvanians were sent forward alone, while the remainder of the Grand Division, over 50,000 strong, stood halted on the plain, awaiting the result of this hopeless manoeuvre.(1) Meade advanced in three lines, each of a brigade, with skirmishers in front and on the flank, and his progress was soon checked. No sooner had his first line crossed the Richmond road than the left was assailed by a well-directed and raking artillery fire.

Captain Pelham, commanding Stuart's horse artillery, had galloped forward by Jackson's orders with his two rifled guns, and, escorted by a dismounted squadron, had come into action beyond a marshy stream which ran through a tangled ravine on the Federal flank. So telling was his fire that the leading brigade wavered and gave ground; and though Meade quickly brought up his guns and placed his third brigade *en potence* in support, he was unable to continue his forward movement until he had brushed away his audacious antagonist. The four Pennsylvania batteries were reinforced by two others; but rapidly changing his position as often as the Federal gunners found his range, for more than half an hour Pelham defied their efforts, and for that space of time arrested the advance of Meade's 4,500 infantry. One of his pieces was soon disabled; but with the remaining gun, captured from the enemy six months before, he maintained the unequal fight until his limbers were empty, and he received peremptory orders from Stuart to withdraw.

On Pelham's retirement, Franklin, bringing several batteries forward to the Richmond road, for more than

(1) Franklin's Grand Division consisted of the 42,800 men, and 12,000 of Hooker's Grand Division had reinforced him.

<315>

half an hour subjected the woods before him to a heavy cannonade, in which the guns on the Stafford Heights played a conspicuous part. Hidden, however, by the thick timber, Jackson's regiments lay secure, unharmed by the tempest that crashed above them through the leafless branches; and, reserving their fire for the hostile infantry, his guns were silent. The general, meanwhile, according to his custom, had walked far out into the fields to reconnoitre for himself, and luck favoured the Confederacy on this day of battle.

Lieutenant Smith was his only companion, and a Federal sharpshooter, suddenly rising from some tall weeds two hundred paces distant, levelled his rifle and fired. The bullet whistled between their heads, and Jackson, turning with a smile to his aide-de-camp, said cheerfully: ' Mr. Smith, had you not better go to the rear ? They may shoot you.' Then, having deliberately noted the enemy's arrangements, he returned

to his station on Prospect Hill. It was past 11.15 A.M. eleven before Meade resumed his advance.

Covered by the fire of the artillery, his first line was within eight hundred yards of

Jackson's centre, when suddenly the silent woods awoke to life. The Confederate batteries, pushing forward from the covert, came rapidly into action, and the flash and thunder of more than fifty guns revealed to the astonished Federals the magnitude of the task they had undertaken. From front and flank came the scathing fire; the skirmishers were quickly driven in, and on the closed ranks behind burst the full fury of the storm. Dismayed and decimated by this fierce and unexpected onslaught, Meade's brigades broke in disorder and fell back to the Richmond road.

For the next hour and a half an artillery duel, in which over 400 guns took part, raged over the whole field, and the Confederate batteries, their position at last revealed, engaged with spirit the more numerous and powerful ordnance of the enemy. Then Franklin brought up three divisions to Meade's support; and from the smouldering ruins of Fredericksburg, three miles to the northward, beyond the high trees of Hazel Run, the deep columns of Sumner's Grand Division <316>deployed under the fire of Longstreet's guns. Sumner's attack had been for some time in progress before Franklin was in readiness to co-operate. The battle was now fully developed, and the morning mists had been succeeded by dense clouds of smoke, shrouding hill and plain, through which the cannon flashed redly, and the defiant yells of Longstreet's riflemen, mingled with their rattling volleys, stirred the pulses of Jackson's veterans. As the familiar sounds were borne to their ears, it was seen that the dark lines beyond the Richmond road were moving forward, and the turn of the Second Corps had come.

It was one o'clock, and Jackson's guns had for the moment ceased their fire. Meade's Pennsylvanians had rallied. Gibbon's division had taken post on their right; Birney and Newton were in support; and Doubleday, facing south, was engaged with Stuart's dismounted troopers. Twenty-one guns on the right, and thirty on the left, stationed on the Richmond road, a thousand yards from the Confederate position, formed a second tier to the heavier pieces on the heights, and fired briskly on the woods. Preceded by clouds of skirmishers, Meade and Gibbon advanced in column of brigades at three hundred paces distance, the whole covering a front of a thousand yards; and the supporting divisions moved up to the Richmond road.

When the Federals reached the scene of their former repulse, Jackson's guns again opened; but without the same effect, for they were now exposed to the fire of the enemy's batteries at close range. Even Pelham could do but little; and the artillery beyond the railroad on Hill's left was quickly driven in.

Meade's rear brigade was now brought up and deployed on the left of the first, in the direction of the Massaponax, thus further extending the front.

The leading brigade made straight for the tongue of woodland which interposed between Lane and Archer. As they neared the Confederate line, the Pennsylvanians, masked by the trees, found that they were no longer exposed to fire, and that the coppice was unoccupied. <317>Quickly crossing the border, through swamp and undergrowth they pushed their way, and, bursting from the covert to the right, fell on the exposed flank of Lane's brigade. The fight was fierce, but the Southerners were compelled to give ground, for neither Archer nor Gregg was able to lend assistance.

Meade's second brigade, though following close upon the first, had, instead of conforming to the change of direction against Lane's flank, rushed forward through the wood. Two hundred paces from the embankment it came in contact with Archer's left, which was resting on the very edge of the coppice. The Confederates were taken by

surprise. Their front was secured by a strong skirmish line; but on the flank, as the thickets appeared impenetrable, neither scouts nor pickets had been thrown out, and the men were lying with arms piled. Two regiments, leaping to their feet and attempting to form line to the left, were broken by a determined charge, and gave way in disorder. The remainder, however, stood firm, for the Federals, instead of following up their success in this direction, left Archer to be dealt with by the third brigade of the division, which had now reached the railroad, and swept on towards the military road, where Gregg's brigade was drawn up within the forest. So thick was the cover, and so limited the view, that General Gregg, taking the advancing mass for part of Archer's line retiring, restrained the fire of his men. The Federals broke upon his right. He himself fell mortally wounded. His flank regiment, a battalion of conscripts, fled, except one company, without firing a shot. The two regiments on the opposite flank, however, were with great readiness turned about, and changing front inwards, arrested the movement of the enemy along the rear.

The Federals had now been joined by a portion of the first brigade, inspirited by their victory over Lane, and the moment, to all appearance, seemed critical in the extreme for the Confederates. To the left rear of the attacking column, Meade's third brigade was held in check by Walker's batteries and the sturdy Archer, who, notwithstanding <318>that a strong force had passed beyond his flank, and had routed two of his regiments, still resolutely held his ground, and prevented his immediate opponents from joining the intruding column. To the right rear, opposite Pender, Gibbon's division had been checked by the fire of the great battery near Bernard's Cabin; two of his brigades had been driven back, and the third had with difficulty gained the shelter of the embankment. So from neither left nor right was immediate support to be expected by Meade's victorious regiments. But on the Richmond road were the divisions of Birney and Newton, with Doubleday's and Sickles' not far in rear, and 20,000 bayonets might have been thrown rapidly into the gap which the Pennsylvanians had so vigorously forced. Yet Jackson's equanimity was undisturbed. The clouds of smoke and the thick timber hid the fighting in the centre from his post of observation on Prospect Hill, and the first intimation of the enemy's success was brought by an aide-de-camp, galloping wildly up the slope. 'General,' he exclaimed in breathless haste, 'the enemy have broken through Archer's left, and General Gregg says he must have help, or he and General Archer will both lose their position.' Jackson turned round quietly, and without the least trace of excitement in either voice or manner, sent orders to Early and Taliaferro, in third line, to advance with the bayonet and clear the front. Then, with rare self-restraint, for the fighting instinct was strong within him, and the danger was so threatening as to have justified his personal interference, he raised his field-glasses and resumed his scrutiny of the enemy's reserves on the Richmond road. His confidence in his lieutenants was not misplaced. Early's division, already deployed in line, came forward with a rush, and the Stonewall Brigade, responding with alacrity to Jackson's summons, led the advance of Taliaferro.

The counterstroke was vigorous. Meade's brigades had penetrated to the heart of the Confederate position, but their numbers were reduced to less than 2,000 bayonets; in the fierce fighting and dense thickets they had lost all semblance of cohesion, and not a single regiment had <319>supported them. The men looked round in vain for help, and the forest around them resounded with the yells of the Confederate reinforcements. Assailed in front and flank by a destructive fire, the Pennsylvanians were rapidly borne back. Hill's second line joined in Early's advance. Gibbon was strongly attacked. Six brigades,

sweeping forward from the forest, dashed down the slopes, and in a few moments the broken remnants of the Federal divisions were dispersing in panic across the plain. As the enemy fled the Confederate gunners, disregarding the shells of Franklin's batteries, poured a heavy fire into the receding mass; and although instructions had been given that the counterstroke was not to pass the railroad, Hoke's and Atkinson's brigades,⁽¹⁾ carried away by success and deaf to all orders, followed in swift pursuit. Some of Birney's regiments, tardily coming forward to Meade's support, were swept away, and the yelling line of grey infantry, shooting down the fugitives and taking many prisoners, pressed on towards the Richmond road. There the remainder of Birney's division was drawn up, protected by the breast-high bank, and flanked by artillery; yet it seemed for a moment as if the two Confederate brigades would carry all before them.

The troops of Meade and Gibbon were streaming in confusion to the rear. Two batteries had been abandoned, and before Hoke's onset the left of Birney's infantry gave ground for fifty yards. But the rash advance had reached its climax. Unsupported, and with empty cartridge-boxes, the Southerners were unable to face the fire from the road; sixteen guns had opened on them with canister; and after suffering heavy losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, they withdrew in disorder but unpursued.

The success of the Second Army Corps was greater than even Jackson realised. Meade and Gibbon had lost 4,000 officers and men; and it was not till late in the afternoon that they were rallied on the river bank. The casualties in Birney's division swelled the total to 5,000, and the Confederate counterstroke had inflicted a <320>heavier blow than the tale of losses indicates. Not only the troops which had been engaged, but those who had witnessed their defeat, who had seen them enter the enemy's position, and who knew they should have been supported, were much disheartened. At 2.30 P.M., soon after the repulse of Hoke and Atkinson, Burnside, having just witnessed the signal failure of a fourth assault on Longstreet, sent an urgent order to Franklin to renew his attack. Franklin made no response. He had lost all confidence both in his superior and his men, and he took upon himself to disobey.

On the Confederate side Taliaferro and Early, with part of the Light Division, now held the railway embankment and the skirt of the woods. D. H. Hill was brought up into third line, and the shattered brigades of A. P. Hill were withdrawn to the rear. During the rest of the afternoon the skirmishers were actively engaged, but although Jackson's victorious soldiery long and eagerly expected a renewal of the assault, the enemy refused to be again tempted to close quarters.

On the left, meanwhile, where the battle still raged, the Confederates were equally successful. Against an impregnable position 40,000 Northerners were madly hurled by the general of Mr. Lincoln's choice. By those hapless and stout-hearted soldiers, sacrificed to incompetency, a heroism was displayed which won the praise and the pity of their opponents. The attack was insufficiently prepared, and feebly supported, by the artillery. The troops were formed on a narrow front. Marye's Hill, the strongest portion of the position, where the Confederate infantry found shelter behind a stout stone wall, and numerous batteries occupied the commanding ground in rear, was selected for assault. Neither feint nor demonstration, the ordinary expedients by which the attacker seeks to distract the attention and confuse the efforts of the defence, was made use of; and yet division after division, with no abatement of courage, marched in good order over the naked plain, dashed forward with ever-thinning ranks, and then, receding sullenly before

the <321>storm of fire, left, within a hundred yards of the stone wall, a long line of writhing forms to mark the limit of their advance.

Two army corps had been repulsed by Longstreet with fearful slaughter when Meade and Gibbon gave way before Jackson's counterstroke, and by three o'clock nearly one-half of the Federal army was broken and demoralised. The time appeared to have come for a general advance of the Confederates. Before Fredericksburg, the wreck of Sumner's Grand Division was still clinging to such cover as the ground afforded. On the Richmond road, in front of Jackson, Franklin had abandoned all idea of the offensive, and was bringing up his last reserves to defend his line. The Confederates, on the other hand, were in the highest spirits, and had lost but few.

General Lee's arrangements, however, had not included preparation for a great counterstroke, and such a movement is not easily improvised. The position had been occupied for defensive purposes alone. There was no general reserve, no large and intact force which could have moved to the attack immediately the opportunity offered. 'No skill,' says Longstreet, 'could have marshalled our troops for offensive operations in time to meet the emergency. My line was long and over broken country, so much so that the troops could not be promptly handled in offensive operations. Jackson's corps was in mass, and could he have anticipated the result of my battle, he would have been justified in pressing Franklin to the river when the battle of the latter was lost. Otherwise, pursuit would have been as unwise as the attack he had just driven off. It is well known that after driving off attacking forces, if immediate pursuit can be made, so that the victors can go along with the retreating forces pell-mell, it is well enough to do so; but the attack should be immediate. To follow a success by counter-attack against the enemy in position is problematical.'⁽¹⁾

Moreover, so large was the battle-field, so limited the view by reason of the woods, and with such ease had the <322>Federal attacks been repulsed, that General Lee was unaware of the extent of his success. Ignorant, too, as he necessarily was, of the mistrust and want of confidence in its leaders with which the Federal army was infected, he was far from suspecting what a strong ally he had in the hearts of his enemies; while, on the other hand, the inaccessible batteries on the Stafford Heights were an outward and visible token of unabated strength.

Jackson, however, although the short winter day was already closing in, considered that the attempt was worth making. About 3 P.M. he had seen a feeble attack on the Confederate centre repulsed by Hood and Pender, and about the same time he received information of Longstreet's success.

Franklin, meanwhile, was reforming his lines behind the high banks of the Richmond road, and the approach of his reserves, plainly visible from the Confederate position, seemed to presage a renewed attack. 'I waited some time,' says Jackson, 'to receive it, but he making no forward movement, I determined, if prudent, to do so myself. The artillery of the enemy was so judiciously posted as to make an advance of our troops across the plain very hazardous; yet it was so promising of good results, if successfully executed, as to induce me to make preparations for the attempt. In order to guard against disaster, the infantry was to be preceded by artillery, and the movement postponed until late in the afternoon, so that if compelled to retire, it would be under cover of the night.'⁽¹⁾

Jackson's decision was not a little influenced by Stuart, or rather by the reports which Stuart, who had sent out staff officers to keep the closest watch on the enemy's

movements, had been able to furnish of the demoralised condition of a great part of Franklin's force. The cavalry general, as soon as he verified the truth of these reports in person, galloped off to confer with Jackson on Prospect Hill, and a message was at once sent to Lee, requesting permission for an advance. A single cannon shot was to be the signal for a general attack, which Stuart, striking the <323>enemy in flank, was to initiate with his two brigades and the lighter guns.

'Returning to our position,' to quote Stuart's chief of staff, 'we awaited in anxious silence the desired signal; but minute after minute passed by, and the dark veil of the winter night began to envelop the valley, when Stuart, believing that the summons agreed upon had been given, issued the order to advance. Off we went into the gathering darkness, our sharpshooters driving their opponents easily before them, and Pelham with his guns, pushing ahead at a trot, giving them a few shots whenever the position seemed favourable, and then again pressing forward. This lasted about twenty minutes, when the fire of the enemy's infantry began to be more and more destructive, and other fresh batteries opened upon us. Still all remained silent upon our main line. Our situation had become, indeed, a critical one, when a courier from General Jackson galloped up at full speed, bringing the order for Stuart to retreat as quickly as he could to his original position.'

Under cover of the night this retrograde movement was effected without loss; and the cavalry, as they marched back, saw the camp-fires kindling on the skirts of the forest, and the infantry digging intrenchments by the fitful glare.

The Second Corps had not come into action. Jackson had issued orders that every gun, of whatever calibre or range, which was not disabled should be brought to the front and open fire at sunset; and that as soon as the enemy showed signs of wavering, the infantry should charge with fixed bayonets, and sweep the invaders into the river. Hood's division, which had been temporarily placed at his disposal, was instructed to co-operate.⁽¹⁾ It appears, however, that it had not been easy, in the short space of daylight still available, to remedy the confusion into which the Confederates had been thrown by Meade's attack and their own counterstroke. The divisions were to some extent mixed up. Several regiments had been broken, and the ammunition of both infantry and artillery needed replenishment. <324>Moreover, it was difficult in the extreme to bring the batteries forward through the forest, and, when they eventually arrived, the strength of the Federal position was at once revealed. Franklin's line was defended by a hundred and sixteen field pieces, generally of superior metal to those of the Confederates, and the guns on the Stafford Heights, of which at least thirty bore upon Jackson's front, were still in action. As the first Confederate battery advanced, this great array of artillery, which had been for some time comparatively quiet, reopened with vigour, and, to use Jackson's words, 'so completely swept our front as to satisfy me that the proposed movement should be abandoned.'

But he was not yet at the end of his resources. A strong position, which cannot be turned, is not always impregnable. If the ground be favourable, and few obstacles exist, a night attack with the bayonet, especially if the enemy be exhausted or half-beaten, has many chances of success; and during the evening Jackson made arrangements for such a movement. 'He asked me,' says Dr. McGuire, 'how many yards of bandaging I had, and when I replied that I did not know the exact number, but that I had enough for another fight, he seemed a little worried at my lack of information and showed his annoyance. I

repeated rather shortly, "I have enough for another battle," meaning to imply that this was all that it was necessary for him to know. I then asked him: "Why do you want to know how much bandaging I have?" He said: "I want a yard of bandaging to put on the arm of every soldier in this night's attack, so that the men may know each other from the enemy." I told him I had not enough cotton cloth for any such purpose, and that he would have to take a piece of the shirt tail of each soldier to supply the cloth, but, unfortunately, half of them had no shirts! The expedient was never tried. General Lee decided that the attack would be too hazardous.' (1)

That night both armies lay on their arms. Burnside, <325>notwithstanding that he spent several hours amongst the troops before Fredericksburg, and found that both officers and men were opposed to further attack, decided. to renew the battle the next day. His arrangements became known to Lee, an officer or orderly carrying dispatches having strayed within the Confederate outposts,(1) and the Southern generals looked forward, on the morning of the 14th, to a fresh attack, a more crushing repulse, and a general counterstroke.

Such cheerful anticipations, however, so often entertained by generals holding a strong defensive position, are but seldom realised, and Fredericksburg was no exception. The Confederates spent the night in diligent preparation. Supplies of ammunition were brought up and distributed, the existing defences were repaired, abattis cut and laid, and fresh earthworks thrown up. Jackson, as usual on the eve of battle, was still working while others rested. Until near midnight he sat up writing and dispatching orders; then, throwing himself, booted and spurred, on his camp bed, he slept for two or three hours, when he again arose, lighted his candle, and resumed his writing. Before four o'clock he sent to his medical director to inquire as to the condition of General Gregg. Dr. McGuire reported that his case was hopeless, and Jackson requested that he would go over and see that he had everything he wished. Somewhat against his will, for there were many wounded who required attention, the medical officer rode off, but scarcely had he entered the farmhouse where Gregg was lying, than he heard the tramp of horses, and Jackson himself dismounted on the threshold. The brigadier, it appears, had lately fallen under the ban of his displeasure; but from the moment his condition was reported, Jackson forgot everything but the splendid services he had rendered on so many hard-fought fields; and in his anxiety that every memory should be effaced which might embitter his last moments, he had followed Dr. McGuire to his bedside.

The interview was brief, and the dying soldier was

(1) From Manassas to Appomattox, p. 316.

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the happier for it; but the scene in that lonely Virginian homestead, where, in the dark hours of the chill December morning, the life of a strong man, of a gallant comrade, of an accomplished gentleman, and of an unselfish patriot—for Gregg was all these—was slowly ebbing, made a deeper impression on those who witnessed it than the accumulated horrors of the battle-field. Sadly and silently the general and his staff officer rode back through the forest, where the troops were already stirring round the smouldering camp-fires. Their thoughts were sombre. The Confederacy, with a relatively slender population, could ill spare such men as Gregg. And yet Jackson, though yielding to the depression of the moment, and deploring the awful sacrifices which the defence of her liberties imposed upon the South, was in no melting mood. Dr. McGuire, when they reached headquarters,

put a question as to the best means of coping with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. ' Kill them, sir ! kill every man !' was the reply of the stern soldier who but just now, with words of tender sympathy and Christian hope, had bade farewell to his dying comrade.

But on December 14, as on the morrow of Sharpsburg, the Confederates were doomed to disappointment. ' Darkness still prevailed,' writes Stuart's chief of the staff, 'when we mounted our horses and again hastened to Prospect Hill, the summit of which we reached just in time to see the sun rising, and unveiling, as it dispersed the haze, the long lines of the Federal army, which once more stood in full line of battle between our own position and the river. I could not withhold my admiration as I looked down upon the well-disciplined ranks of our antagonists, astonished that these troops now offering so bold a front should be the same whom not many hours since I had seen in complete flight and disorder. The skirmishers of the two armies were not much more than a hundred yards apart, concealed from each other's view by the high grass in which they were lying, and above which, from time to time, rose a small cloud of blue smoke, telling that a shot had been fired. As the boom of artillery began <327>to sound from different parts of the line, and the attack might be expected every minute, each hastened to his post.'

But though the skirmishing at times grew hotter, and the fire of the artillery more rapid, long intervals of silence succeeded, until it at length became apparent to the Confederates that the enemy, though well prepared to resist attack, was determined not to fight outside his breastworks. Burnside, indeed, giving way to the remonstrances of his subordinates, had abandoned all idea of further aggressive action, and unless Lee should move forward, had determined to recross the Potomac.

The next morning saw the armies in the same positions, and the Federal wounded, many of whom had been struck down nearly forty-eight hours before, still lying untended between the hostile lines. It was not till now that Burnside admitted his defeat by sending a flag of truce with a request that he might be allowed to bury his dead.(1)

The same night a fierce storm swept the valley of the Rappahannock, and the Army of the Potomac repassed the bridges, evading, under cover of the elements, the observation of the Confederate patrols.

The retreat was effected with a skill which did much credit to the Federal staff. Within fourteen hours 100,000 troops, with the whole of their guns, ambulances, and ammunition waggons, were conveyed across the Rappahannock;

(1) ' When the flag of truce,' says Major Hotchkiss, ' was received by General Jackson, he asked me for paper and pencil, and began a letter to be sent in reply; but after writing a few lines he handed the paper back, and sent a personal message by Captain Smith.'

Captain Smith writes: ' The general said to me, before I went out to meet Colonel Sumner, representing the Federals: "If you are asked who is in command of your right, do not tell them I am, and be guarded in your remarks." It so happened that Colonel Sumner was the brother-in-law of Colonel Long, an officer on General Lee's staff. While we were together, another Federal officer named Junkin rode up. He was the brother or cousin of Jackson's first wife, and I had known him before the war. After some conversation, Junkin asked me to give his regards to General Jackson, and to deliver a message from the Rev. Dr. Junkin, the father of his first wife. I replied, "I will do so with pleasure when I meet General Jackson." Junkin smiled and said: "It is not worth while for you to try to deceive us. We know that General Jackson is in front of us."

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but there remained on the south bank sufficient evidence to show that the Army of the

Potomac had not escaped unscathed. When the morning broke the dead lay thick upon the field; arms and accoutrements, the *débris* of defeat, were strewed in profusion on every hand, and the ruined houses of Fredericksburg were filled with wounded. Burnside lost in the battle 12,647 men.

LEFT ATTACK—FRANKLIN.

	{	Meade's Division	1,853
First Corps	{	Gibbon's Division	1,267
	{	Doubleday's Division	214
Third Corps	[Birney's Division	950
	[Sickles' Division	100
Sixth Corps		Newton's Division	63
Total			4,447

CENTRE.

Brook's Division	197
Howe's Division	186
Total	383

RIGHT ATTACK—SUMNER AND HOOKER.

	{	Hancock's Division	2,032
Second Corps	{	Howard's Division	914
	{	French's Division	1,160
	[Burns' Division	27
Ninth Corps	[Sturgis' Division	1,007
	[Getty's Division	296
Third Corps	Whipple's Division	129
	[Griffin's Division	926
Fifth Corps	[Sykes' Division	228
	[Humphrey's Division	1,019
Engineers and Reserve Artillery, &c			79
Total			7,817
Grand Total (including 877 officers)			12,647 (589 prisoners).

The Confederates showed 5,309 casualties out of less than 30,000 actually engaged.

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LEFT WING—LONGSTREET.

	{	Ransom's Division	535
First Corps	{	McLaws' Division.	858
	{	Anderson's Division	159
Artillery	37
		Total	1,589
			(1,224 on December 12.)

CENTRE.

	{	Pickett's Division	54
First Corps	{	Hood's Division	251
		Total	305

RIGHT WING—JACKSON.

Light Division	2,120
Early's Division	932
D. H. Hill's Division	173
Taliaferro's Division	190
Total (including 500 captured)	3,415

No attempt was made by the Confederates to follow the enemy across the Rappahannock. The upper fords were open; but the river was rising fast, and the Army of the Potomac, closely concentrated and within a few miles of Aquia Creek, was too large to be attacked, and too close to its base to permit effective manoeuvres, which might induce it to divide, against its line of communications. The exultation of the Southern soldiers in their easy victory was dashed by disappointment. Burnside's escape had demonstrated the fallacy of one of the so-called rules of war. The great river which lay behind him during the battle of Fredericksburg had proved his salvation instead of—as it theoretically should—his ruin. Over the six bridges his troops had more lines of retreat than is usually the case when roads only are available; and these lines of retreat were secure, protected from the Confederate cavalry by the river, and from the infantry and artillery by the batteries on the Stafford Heights. Had the battle been fought on the North Anna, thirty-six miles from Fredericksburg, the result might have been very different. A direct counterstroke would possibly have been no more practicable <330>than on the Rappahannock, for the superior numbers of the enemy, and his powerful artillery, could not have been dis. regarded. Nor would a direct pursuit have been a certain means of making success decisive; the rear of a retreating army, as the Confederates had found to their cost at Malvern Hill, is usually its strongest part. But a pursuit directed against the flanks, striking the line of retreat, cutting off the supply and ammunition trains, and blocking the roads, a pursuit such as Jackson had organised when he drove Banks from the Valley, if conducted with vigour, seldom fails in its effect. And who would have conducted such an operation with greater skill and energy than Stuart, at the head of his 9,000 horsemen ? Who would have supported Stuart more expeditiously than the 'foot-cavalry' of the Second Army Corps ?

Lee's position at Fredericksburg, strong as it might appear, was exceedingly disadvantageous. A position which an army occupies with a view to decisive battle should fulfil four requirements :—

1. It should not be too strong, or the enemy will not attack it.
2. It should give cover to the troops both from view and fire from artillery, and have a good field of fire.
3. It should afford facilities for counterstroke.
4. It should afford facilities for pursuit.

Of these Lee's battle-field fulfilled but the first and second. It would have been an admirable selection if the sole object of the Confederates had been to gain time, or to prevent the enemy establishing himself south of the Rappahannock; but to encompass the destruction of the enemy's whole army it was as ill adapted as Wellington's position at Torres Vedras, at Busaco, or at Fuentes d'Onor. But while Wellington in taking up these positions had no further end in view than holding the French in check, the situation of the Confederacy was such that a decisive victory was eminently desirable. Nothing was to be gained by gaining time. The South could furnish Lee with no further reinforcements. Every able-bodied man was in the service of his country; and it was perfectly certain that

the Western <331>armies, although they had been generally successful during the past year, would never be permitted by Mr. Davis to leave the valley of the Mississippi.

The Army of Northern Virginia was not likely to be stronger or more efficient. Equipped with the spoils of many victories, it was more on a level with the enemy than had hitherto been the case. The ranks were full. The men were inured to hardships and swift marches; their health was proof against inclement weather, and they knew their work on the field of battle. The artillery had recently been reorganised. During the Peninsular campaign the batteries had been attached to the infantry brigades, and the indifferent service they had often rendered had been attributed to the difficulty of collecting the scattered units, and in handling them in combination. Formed into battalions of four or six batteries a large number of guns was now attached to each of the divisions, and each army corps had a strong reserve; so that the concentration of a heavy force of artillery on any part of a position became a feasible operation. The cavalry, so admirably commanded by Stuart, Hampton, and the younger Lees, was not less hardy or efficient than the infantry, and the *moral* of the soldiers of every arm, founded on confidence in themselves not less than on confidence in their leaders, was never higher.

'After the truce had been agreed upon,' says Captain Smith, 'litter-bearers to bring away the dead and wounded were selected from the command of General Rodes. When they had fallen in, General Rodes said to them: "Now, boys, those Yankees are going to ask you questions, and you must not tell them anything. Be very careful about this." At this juncture one of the men spoke up, and said, "General, can't we tell them that we whipped them yesterday?" Rodes replied, laughing: "Yes, yes! you can tell them that." Immediately another man spoke up: "General, can't we tell them that we can whip them tomorrow and the day after?" Rodes again laughed, and sent those incorrigible jokers off with: "Yes, yes! go on, go on! Tell them what you please."'

The Army of the Potomac, on the other hand, was not <332>likely to become weaker or less formidable if time were showed it to recuperate. It had behind it enormous reserves. 60,000 men had been killed, wounded, or captured since the battle of Kernstown, and yet the ranks were as full as when McClellan first marched on Richmond. Many generals had disappeared; but those who remained were learning their trade; and the soldiers, although more familiar with defeat than victory, showed little diminution of martial ardour. Nor had the strain of the war sapped the resources of the North. Her trade, instead of dwindling, had actually increased; and the gaps made in the population by the Confederate bullets were more than made good by a constant influx of immigrants from Europe.

It was not by partial triumphs, not by the slaughter of a few brigades, by defence without counterstroke, by victories without pursuit, that a Power of such strength and vitality could be compelled to confess her impotence. Whether some overwhelming disaster, a Jena or a Waterloo, followed by instant invasion, would have subdued her stubborn spirit is problematical. Rome survived Cannæ, Scotland Flodden, and France Sedan. But in some such 'crowning mercy' lay the only hope of the Confederacy, and had the Army of the Potomac, ill-commanded as it was, been drawn forward to the North Anna, it might have been utterly destroyed. Half-hearted strategy, which aims only at repulsing the enemy's attack, is not the path to 'king-making victory;' it is not by such feeble means that States secure or protect their independence. To occupy a position where Stuart's cavalry was powerless, where the qualities which made Lee's infantry so

formidable—the impetuosity of their attack, the swiftness of their marches—had no field for display, and where the enemy had free scope for the employment of his artillery, his strongest arm, was but to postpone the evil day. It had been well for the Confederacy if Stonewall Jackson, whose resolute strategy had but one aim, and that aim the annihilation of the enemy, had been the supreme director of her councils. To paraphrase Mahan: 'The strategic mistake (in occupying a position for which pursuit was impracticable) neutralised the tactical advantage <333>gained, thus confirming the military maxim that a strategic mistake is more serious and far-reaching in its effects than an error in tactics.'

Lee, however, was fettered by the orders of the Cabinet; and Mr. Davis and his advisers, more concerned with the importance of retaining an area of country which still furnished supplies than of annihilating the Army of the Potomac, and relying on European intervention rather than on the valour of the Southern soldier, were responsible for the occupation of the Fredericksburg position. In extenuation of their mistake it may, however, be admitted that the advantages of concentration on the North Anna were not such as would impress themselves on the civilian mind, while the surrender of territory would undoubtedly have embarrassed both the Government and the supply department. Moreover, at the end of November, it might have been urged that if Burnside were permitted to possess himself of Fredericksburg, it was by no means certain that he would advance on Richmond; establishing himself in winter quarters, he might wait until the weather improved, controlling, in the meantime, the resources and population of that portion of Virginia which lay within his reach.

Nevertheless, as events went far to prove, Mr. Davis would have done wisely had he accepted the advice of the soldiers on the spot. His strategical glance was less comprehensive than that of Lee and Jackson. In the first place, they knew that if Burnside proposed going into winter quarters, he would not deliberately place the Rappahannock between himself and his base, nor halt with the great forest of Spotsylvania on his flank. In the second place, there could be no question but that the Northern Government and the Northern people would impel him forward. The tone of the press was unmistakable; and the very reason that Burnside had been appointed to command was because McClellan was so slow to move. In the third place, both Lee and Jackson saw the need of decisive victory. With them questions of strategic dispositions, offering chances of such victory, were of more importance than questions <334>of supply or internal politics. They knew with what rapidity the Federal soldiers recovered their moral; and they realised but too keenly the stern determination which inspired the North. They had seen the hosts of invasion retire in swift succession, stricken and exhausted, before their victorious bayonets. Thousands of prisoners had been marched to Richmond; thousands of wounded, abandoned on the battle-field, had been paroled; guns, waggons and small arms, enough to equip a great army, had been captured; and general after general had been reduced to the ignominy that awaits a defeated leader. Frémont and Shields had disappeared; Banks was no longer in the field; Porter was waiting trial; McDowell had gone; Pope had gone, and McClellan; and yet the Army of the Potomac still held its ground, the great fleets still kept their stations, the capture of Richmond was still the objective of the Union Government, and not for a single moment had Lincoln wavered from his purpose.

It will not be asserted that either Lee or Jackson fathomed the source of this unconquerable tenacity. They had played with effect on the fears of Lincoln; they had recognised in him the motive power of the Federal hosts; but they had not yet learned, for

the Northern people themselves had not yet learned it, that they were opposed by an adversary whose resolution was as unyielding as their own, who loved the Union even as they loved Virginia, and who ruled the nation with the same tact and skill that they ruled their soldiers.

In these pages Mr. Lincoln has not been spared. He made mistakes, and he himself would have been the last to claim infallibility. He had entered the White House with a rich endowment of common-sense, a high sense of duty, and an extraordinary knowledge of the American character; but his ignorance of statesmanship directing arms was great, and his military errors were numerous. Putting these aside, his tenure of office during the dark days of '61 and '62 had been marked by the very highest political sagacity; his courage and his patriotism had sustained the nation in its distress; and in spite of every obstacle he was gradually <335>bringing into being a unity of sympathy and of purpose, which in the early days of the war had seemed an impossible ideal. Not the least politic of his measures was the edict of emancipation, published after the battle of Sharpsburg. It was not a measure without flaw. It contained paragraphs which might fairly be interpreted, and were so interpreted by the Confederates, as inciting the negroes to rise against their masters, thus exposing to all the horrors of a servile insurrection, with its accompaniments of murder and outrage, the farms and plantations where the women and children of the South lived lonely and unprotected. But if the edict served only to embitter the Southerners, to bind the whole country together in a still closer league of resistance, and to make peace except by conquest impossible, it was worth the price. The party in the North which fought for the reestablishment of the Union had carried on the war with but small success. The tale of reverses had told at last upon recruiting. Men were unwilling to come forward; and those who were bribed by large bounties to join the armies were of a different character to the original volunteer. Enthusiasm in the cause was fast diminishing when Lincoln, purely on his own initiative, proclaimed emancipation, and, investing the war with the dignity of a crusade, inspired the soldier with a new incentive, and appealed to a feeling which had not yet been stirred. Many Northerners had not thought it worth while to fight for the re-establishment of the Union on the basis of the Constitution. If slavery was to be permitted to continue they preferred separation; and these men were farmers and agriculturists, the class which furnished the best soldiers, men of American birth, for the most part abolitionists, and ready to fight for the principle they had so much at heart. It is true that the effect of the edict was not at once apparent. It was not received everywhere with acclamation. The army had small sympathy with the coloured race, and the political opponents of the President accused him vehemently of unconstitutional action. Their denunciations, however, missed the mark. The letter of the Constitution, as Mr. Lincoln clearly saw, had ceased to be <336>regarded, at least by the great bulk of the people, with superstitious reverence.

They had learned to think more of! great principles than of political expedients; and if the defence of their hereditary rights had welded the South into a nation, the assertion of a still nobler principle, the liberty of man, placed the North on a higher plane, enlisted the sympathy of Europe, and completed the isolation of the Confederacy.

But although Lee and Jackson had not yet penetrated the political genius of their great antagonist, they rated at its true value the vigour displayed by his Administration, and they saw that something more was wanting to wrest their freedom from the North than a mere passive resistance to the invader's progress. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg,

Lee went to Richmond and laid proposals for an aggressive campaign before the President. ' He was assured, however,' says General Longstreet, ' that the war was virtually over, and that we need not harass our troops by marches and other hardships. Gold had advanced in New York to two hundred premium, and we were told by those in the Confederate capital that in thirty or forty days we would be recognised (by the European Powers) and peace proclaimed. General Lee did not share this belief.'⁽¹⁾

So Jackson, who had hoped to return to Winchester, was doomed to the inaction of winter quarters on the Rappahannock, for with Burnside's repulse operations practically ceased. The Confederate cavalry, however, did not at once abandon hostilities. On December 18, Hampton marched his brigade as far as the village of Occoquan, bringing off 150 prisoners and capturing a convoy; and on December 26 Stuart closed Dec. 26. his record for 1862 by leading 1,800 troopers far to the Federal rear. After doing much damage in the district about Occoquan and Dumfries, twenty miles from Burnside's headquarters, he marched northward in the direction of Washington, and penetrated as far as Burke's Station, fifteen miles from Alexandria. Sending a telegraphic <337>message to General Meigs, Quartermaster-General at Washington, to the effect that the mules furnished to Burnside's army were of such bad quality that he was embarrassed in taking the waggons he had captured into the Confederate lines, and requesting that a better class of animal might be supplied in future, he returned by long marches through Warrenton to Culpeper Court House, escaping pursuit, and bringing with him a large amount of plunder and many prisoners. From the afternoon of December 26 to nightfall on December 31 he rode one hundred and fifty miles, losing 28 officers and men in skirmishes with detachments of the Federal cavalry. He had contrived to throw a great part of the troops sent to meet him into utter confusion by intercepting their telegrams, and answering them himself in a manner that scattered his pursuers and broke down their horses.

Near the end of January, Burnside made a futile attempt to march his army round Lee's flank by way of Ely's and Germanna Fords. The weather, however, was inclement; the roads were in a fearful condition, and the troops experienced such difficulty in movement, that the operation, which goes by the name of the ' Mud Campaign,' was soon abandoned.

On January 26, Burnside, in consequence of the strong representations made by his lieutenants to the Jan. 26. President, was superseded. General Hooker, the dashing fighter of the Antietam, replaced him in command of the Army of the Potomac, and the Federal troops went into winter quarters about Falmouth, where, on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock, within full view of the sentries, stood a row of finger-posts, on which the Confederate soldiers had painted the taunting legend, ' This way to Richmond ! '

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XXI—The Army Of Northern Virginia

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'IN war men are nothing; it is the man who is everything. The general is the head, the whole of an army. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthaginian army that made Rome tremble in her gates, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army that reached the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army that carried the war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian army which, for seven years, defended Prussia against the three greatest Powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great.' So spoke Napoleon, reiterating a truth confirmed by the experience of successive ages, that a wise direction is of more avail than overwhelming numbers, sound strategy than the most perfect armament; a powerful will, invigorating all who come within its sphere, than the spasmodic efforts of ill-regulated valour.

Even a professional army of long standing and old traditions is what its commander makes it; its character sooner or later becomes the reflex of his own; from him the officers take their tone; his energy or his inactivity, his firmness or vacillation, are rapidly communicated even to the lower ranks; and so far-reaching is the influence of the leader, that those who record his campaigns concern themselves but little as a rule with the men who followed him. The history of famous armies is the history of great generals, for no army has ever achieved great things unless it has been well commanded. If the general be second-rate the army also will be second-rate. Mutual confidence is the basis of <339>success in war, and unless the troops have implicit trust in the resolution and resources of their chief, hesitation and half-heartedness are sure to mark their actions. They may fight with their accustomed courage; but the eagerness for the conflict, the alacrity to support, the determination to conquer, will not be there. The indefinable quality which is expressed by the word *moral* will to some degree be affected. The history of the Army of the Potomac is a case in point.

Between the soldiers of the North and South there was little difference. Neither could claim a superiority of martial qualities. The Confederates, indeed, at the beginning of the war possessed a larger measure of technical skill; they were the better shots and the finer riders. But they were neither braver nor more enduring, and while they probably derived some advantage from the fact that they were defending their homes, the Federals, defending the integrity of their native land, were fighting in the noblest of all causes. But Northerner and Southerner were of the same race, a race proud, resolute, independent; both were inspired by the same sentiments of self-respect; *noblesse oblige—the noblesse* of a free people—was the motto of the one as of the other. It has been asserted that the Federal armies were very largely composed of foreigners, whose motives for enlisting were purely mercenary. At no period of the war, however, did the proportion of native Americans sink below seventy per cent.,¹ and at the beginning of 1863 it was much greater. As a matter of fact, the Union army was composed of thoroughly staunch soldiers.

(2)

(1) See Note at end of chapter.

(2) 'Throughout New England,' wrote the Special Correspondent of an English newspaper, 'you can scarcely enter a door without being aware that you are in a house of mourning. Whatever may be said of Irish and German mercenaries, I must bear witness that the best classes of Americans have

bravely come forth for their country. I know of scarcely a family more than one member of which has not been or is not in the ranks of the army. The maimed and crippled youths I meet on the highroad certainly do not for the most part belong to the immigrant rabble of which the Northern regiments are said to consist; and even the present conscription is now in many splendid instances most promptly and cheerfully complied with by the wealthy people who could easily purchase exemption, but who prefer to set a good example.' Letter from Rhode Island, the *Times*, August 8, 1863.

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Nor was the alien element at this time a source of weakness. Ireland and Germany supplied the greater number of those who have been called 'Lincoln's hirelings;' and, judging from the official records, the Irish regiments at least were not a whit less trustworthy than those purely American. Moreover, even if the admixture of foreigners had been greater, the Army of the Potomac, for the reason that it was always superior in numbers, contained in its ranks many more men bred in the United States than the Army of Northern Virginia.⁽¹⁾ For the consistent ill-success of the Federals the superior marksmanship and finer horsemanship of the Confederates cannot, therefore, be accepted as sufficient explanation.

In defence the balance of endurance inclined neither to one side nor the other. Both Southerner and Northerner displayed that stubborn resolve to maintain their ground which is the peculiar attribute of the Anglo-Saxon. To claim for any one race a pre-eminence of valour is repugnant alike to good taste and to sound sense. Courage and endurance are widely distributed over the world's surface, and political institutions, the national conception of duty, the efficiency of the corps of officers, and love of country, are the foundation of vigour and staunchness in the field. Yet it is a fact which can hardly be ignored, that from Creçy to Inkermann there have been exceedingly few instances where an English army, large or small, has been driven from a position. In the great struggle with France, neither Napoleon nor his marshals, although the armies of every other European nation had fled before them, could boast of having broken the English infantry; and no soldiers have ever received a prouder tribute than the admission of a generous enemy, 'They never know when they are beaten.' In America, the characteristics of the parent race were as prominent in the Civil War as they had been in the Revolution. In 1861-65, the side that stood on the defensive, unless hopelessly outnumbered, was almost <341>invariably successful, just as it had been in 1776-82. 'My men,' said Jackson, 'sometimes fail to drive the enemy from his position, but to hold one, never !' The Federal generals might have made the same assertion with almost equal truth. Porter had indeed been defeated at Gaines' Mill, but he could only set 35,000 in line against 55,000; Banks had been overwhelmed at Winchester, but 6,500 men could hardly have hoped to resist more than twice their strength; and Shields' advanced-guard at Port Republic was much inferior to the force which Jackson brought against it; yet these were the only offensive victories of the '62 campaign. But if in defence the armies were well matched, it must be conceded that the Northern attack was not pressed with the same concentrated vigour as the Southern. McClellan at Sharpsburg had more than twice as many men as Lee; Pope, on the first day of the Second Manassas, twice as many as Jackson; yet on both occasions the smaller force was victorious. But, in the first place, the Federal tactics in attack were always feeble. Lincoln, in appointing Hooker to command the Army of the Potomac, warned him 'to put in all his men.' His sharp eye had detected the great fault which had characterised the operations of his generals. Their assaults had been piecemeal, like those of the Confederates at Malvern Hill, and they had been defeated in detail by the inferior

numbers. The Northern soldiers were strangers to those general and combined attacks, pressed with unyielding resolution, which had won Winchester, Gaines' Mill, and the Second Manassas, and which had nearly won Kernstown. The Northern generals invariably kept large masses in reserve, and these masses were never used. They had not yet learned, as had Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet, that superior numbers are of no avail unless they are brought into action, impelling the attack forward by sheer weight, at the decisive point. In the second place, none of the Federal leaders possessed the entire confidence either of their generals or their troops. With all its affection for McClellan, it may strongly be questioned whether his army gave him credit for dash or resolution. Pope was <342>defeated in his first action at Cedar Run. Banks at Winchester, Frémont west of Staunton, had both been out-manoeuved. Burnside had against him his feeble conduct at Sharpsburg. Hence the Federal soldiers fought most of their offensive battles under a terrible disadvantage. They were led by men who had known defeat, and who owed their defeat, in great measure, to the same fault—neglect to employ their whole force in combination. Brave and unyielding as they were, the troops went into battle mistrustful of their leader's skill, and fearful, from the very outset, that their efforts would be unsupported; and when men begin to look over their shoulders for reinforcements, demoralisation is not far off. It would be untrue to say that a defeated general can never regain the confidence of his soldiers; but unless he has previous successes to set off against his failure, to permit him to retain his position is dangerous in the extreme. Such was the opinion of Jackson, always solicitous of the *moral* of his command. 'To his mind nothing ever fully excused failure, and it was rarely that he gave an officer the opportunity of failing twice. "The service," he said, "cannot afford to keep a man who does not succeed." Nor was he ever restrained from a change by the fear of making matters worse. His motto was, get rid of the unsuccessful man at once, and trust to Providence for finding a better.'

Nor was the presence of discredited generals the only evil which went to neutralise the valour of the Federal soldiers. The system of command was as rotten in the Army of the Potomac as in the Armies of Northern Virginia and of the Valley it was sound; and the system of command plays a most important part in war. The natural initiative of the American, the general fearlessness of responsibility, were as conspicuous among the soldiers as in the nation at large. To those familiar with the Official Records, where the doings of regiments and even companies are preserved, it is perfectly apparent that, so soon as the officers gained experience, the smaller units were as boldly and efficiently handled as in the army of Germany under Moltke. But while Lee and Jackson, by every means in <343>their power, fostered the capacity for independent action, following therein the example of Napoleon, (1) of Washington, of Nelson, and of Wellington, and aware that their strength would thus be doubled, McClellan and Pope did their best to stifle it; and in the higher ranks they succeeded. In the one case the generals were taught to wait for orders, in the other to anticipate them. In the one case, whether troops were supported or not depended on the word of the commanding general; in the other, every officer was taught that to sustain his colleagues was his first duty. It thus resulted that while the Confederate leaders were served by scores of zealous assistants, actively engaged in furthering the aim of their superiors, McClellan, Pope, and Frémont, jealous of power reduced their subordinates, with few exceptions, to the position of machines, content to obey the letter of their orders, oblivious of opportunity, and incapable of co-

operation. Lee and Jackson appear to have realised the requirements of battle far more fully than their opponents. They knew that the scope of the commander is limited; that once his troops are committed to close action it is impossible for him to exert further control, for his orders can no longer reach them; that he cannot keep the whole field under observation, much less observe every fleeting opportunity. Yet it is by utilising opportunities that the enemy's strength is sapped. For these reasons the Confederate generals were exceedingly careful not to chill the spirit of enterprise. Errors of judgment were never considered in the light of crimes; while the officer who, in default of orders, remained inactive, or who, when his orders were manifestly inapplicable to a suddenly changed situation, and there was no time to have them altered, dared not act for himself, was not long retained in responsible command. In the Army of the Potomac, on the other hand, centralisation was the rule. McClellan

(1) In the opinion of the author, the charge of centralisation preferred against Napoleon can only be applied to his leading in his later campaigns. In his earlier operations he gave his generals every latitude, and he maintained that loose but effective system of tactics, in which much was left to the individual, adopted by the French army just previous to the wars of the Revolution.

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expected blind obedience from his corps commanders, and nothing more, and Pope brought Porter to trial for using his own judgment, on occasions when Pope himself was absent, during the campaign of the Second Manassas. Thus the Federal soldiers, through no fault of their own, laboured for the first two years of the war under a disadvantage from which the wisdom of Lee and Jackson had relieved the Confederates. The Army of the Potomac was an inert mass, the Army of Northern Virginia a living organism, endowed with irresistible vigour.

It is to be noted, too, as tending to prove the equal courage of North and South, that on the Western theatre of war the Federals were the more successful. And yet the Western armies of the Confederacy were neither less brave, less hardy, nor less disciplined than those in Virginia. They were led, however, by inferior men, while, on the other hand, many of the Northern generals opposed to them possessed unquestionable ability, and understood the value of a good system of command.

We may say, then, without detracting an iota from the high reputation of the Confederate soldiers, that it was not the Army of Northern Virginia that saved Richmond in 1862, but Lee; not the Army of the Valley which won the Valley campaign, but Jackson.

It is related that a good priest, once a chaplain in Taylor's Louisiana brigade, concluded his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans with these remarkable words: 'When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fad, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant Stonewall Jackson.' (1) It is unnecessary, perhaps, to lay much forcible emphasis on the personal factor, but, at the same time, it is exceedingly essential that it should never be overlooked.

The Government which, either in peace or war, commits the charge of its armed forces to any other than the ablest and most experienced soldier the country can produce is but laying the foundation of national disaster. Had the <345>importance of a careful selection for the higher commands been understood in the North as it was understood in the South, Lee and Jackson would have been opposed by foes more formidable than Pope and Burnside, or Banks and Frémont. The Federal Administration, confident in the courage

and intelligence of their great armies, considered that any ordinary general, trained to command, and supported by an efficient staff, should be able to win victories. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, himself a soldier, who, as United States Secretary of War, had enjoyed peculiar opportunities of estimating the character of the officers of the old army, made no such mistake. He was not always, indeed, either wise or consistent; but, with few exceptions, his appointments were the best that could be made, and he was ready to accept the advice, as regarded selections for command, of his most experienced generals.

But however far-reaching may be the influence of a great leader, in estimating his capacity the temper of the weapon that he wielded can hardly be overlooked. In the first place, that temper, to a greater or less degree, must have been of his own forging,—it is part of his fame. 'No man,' says Napier, 'can be justly called a great captain who does not know how to organise and form the character of an army, as well as to lead it when formed.' In the second place, to do much with feeble means is greater than to do more with large resources. Difficulties are inherent in all military operations, and not the least may be the constitution of the army. Nor would the story of Stonewall Jackson be more than half told without large reference to those tried soldiers, subalterns and private soldiers as they were, whom he looked upon as his comrades, whose patriotism and endurance he extolled so highly, and whose devotion to himself, next to the approval of his own conscience, was the reward that most he valued.

He is blind indeed who fails to recognise the unselfish patriotism displayed by the citizen-soldiers of America, the stern resolution with which the war was waged; the tenacity of the Northerner, ill-commanded and constantly <346>defeated, fighting in a most difficult country and foiled on every line of invasion; the tenacity of the Southerner, confronting enormous odds, ill-fed, ill-armed, and ill-provided, knowing that if wounded his sufferings would be great—for drugs had been declared contraband of war, the hospitals contained no anaesthetics to relieve the pain of amputation, and the surgical instruments, which were only replaced when others were captured, were worn out with constant usage; knowing too that his women-folk and children were in want, and yet never yielding to despair nor abandoning hope of ultimate victory. Neither Federal nor Confederate deemed his life the most precious of his earthly possessions. Neither New Englander nor Virginian ever for one moment dreamt of Surrendering, no matter what the struggle might cost, a single acre of the territory, a single item of the civil rights, which had been handed down to him. 'I do not profess,' said Jackson, 'any romantic sentiments as to the vanity of life. Certainly no man has more that should make life dear to him than I have, in the affection of my home; but I do not desire to survive the independence of my country.' And Jackson's attitude was that of his fellow-countrymen. The words of Naboth, 'Jehovah forbid that I should give to thee the inheritance of my forefathers,' were graven on the heart of both North and South; and the unknown and forgotten heroes who fought in the ranks of either army, and who fought for a principle, not on compulsion or for glory, are worthy of the highest honours that history can bestow.

Nor can a soldier withhold his tribute of praise to the capacity for making war which distinguished the American citizen. The intelligence of the rank and file played an important *rôle* in every phase of a campaign. As skirmishers,—and modern battles, to a very great extent, are fought out by lines of skirmishers—their work was admirable; and when the officers were struck down, or when command, by reason of the din and excitement, became impossible, the self-dependence of the individual asserted itself with

the best effect.⁽¹⁾ The same quality which the German <347>training had sought to foster, and which, according to Moltke,⁽¹⁾ had much to do with the victories of 1870, was inborn in both Northerner and Southerner. On outpost and on patrol, in seeking information and in counteracting the ruses of the enemy, the keen intelligence of the educated volunteer was of the utmost value. History has hitherto overlooked the achievements of the 'scouts,' whose names so seldom occur in the Official Records, but whose daring was unsurpassed, and whose services were of vast importance. In the Army of Northern Virginia every commanding general had his own party of scouts, whose business it was to penetrate the enemy's lines, to see everything and to hear everything, to visit the base of operations, to inspect the line of communications, and to note the condition and the temper of the hostile troops. Attracted by a pure love of adventure, these private soldiers did exactly the same work as did the English Intelligence officers in the Peninsula, and did it with the same thoroughness and acuteness. Wellington, deploring the capture of Captain Colquhoun Grant, declared that the gallant Highlander was worth as much to the army as a brigade of cavalry; Jackson had scouts who were more useful to him than many of his brigadiers. Again, in constructing hasty intrenchments, the soldiers needed neither assistance nor impulsion. The rough cover thrown up by the men when circumstances demanded it, on their own volition, was always adapted to the ground, and generally fulfilled the main principles of fortification. For bridge-building, for road-making, for the destruction, the repair, and even the making, of railroads, skilled labour was always forthcoming from the ranks; and the soldiers stamped the impress of their individuality on the tactics of the infantry. Modern formations, to a very large extent, had their origin on American battle-fields. The men realised very quickly the advantages of shelter; the advance by rushes from one cover to another, and the gradually working up, by this method, of the firing-line to effective range—<348>the method which all experience shows to be the true one—became the general rule.

That the troops had faults, however, due in great part to the fact that their intelligence was not thoroughly trained, and to the inexperience of their officers, it is impossible to deny.

'I agree with you,' wrote Lee in 1863, 'in believing that our army would be invincible if it could be properly organised and officered. There were never such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led. But there is the difficulty—proper commanders. Where can they be obtained? But they are improving—constantly improving. Rome was not built in a day, nor can we expect miracles in our favour.'⁽¹⁾ Yet, taking them all in all, the American rank and file of 1863, with their native characteristics, supplemented by a great knowledge of war, were in advance of any soldiers of their time.

In the actual composition of the Confederate forces no marked change had taken place since the beginning of the war. But the character of the army, in many essential respects, had become sensibly modified. The men encamped on the Rappahannock were no longer the raw recruits who had blundered into victory at the First Manassas; nor were they the unmanageable divisions of the Peninsula. They were still, for the most part, volunteers, for conscripts in the Army of Northern Virginia were not numerous, but they were volunteers of a very different type from those who had fought at Kernstown or at Gaines' Mill. Despite their protracted absence from their homes, the wealthy and well-born privates still shouldered the musket. Though many had been promoted to commissions, the majority were content to set an example of self-sacrifice and sterling patriotism, and

the regiments were thus still leavened with a large admixture of educated and intelligent men. It is a significant fact that during those months of 1863 which were spent in winter quarters Latin, Greek, mathematical, and even Hebrew classes were instituted by the soldiers. But all trace of social distinction had long since vanished. Between the rich planter <349>and the small farmer or mechanic there was no difference either in aspect or habiliments. Tanned by the hot Virginia sun, thin-visaged and bright-eyed, gaunt of frame and spare of flesh, they were neither more nor less than the rank and file of the Confederate army; the product of discipline and hard service, moulded after the same pattern, with the same hopes and fears, the same needs, the same sympathies. They looked at life from a common standpoint, and that standpoint was not always elevated. Human nature claimed its rights. When his hunger was satisfied and, to use his own expression, ' he was full of hog and hominy,' the Confederate soldier found time to discuss the operations in which he was engaged. Pipe in mouth, he could pass in review the strategy and tactics of both armies, the capacity of his generals, and the bearing of his enemies, and on each one of these questions, for he was the shrewdest of observers, his comments were always to the point. He had studied his profession in a practical school. The more delicate moves of the great game were topics of absorbing interest. He cast a comprehensive glance over the whole theatre; he would puzzle out the reasons for forced marches and sudden changes of direction; his curiosity was great, but intelligent, and the groups round the camp-fires often forecast with surprising accuracy the manoeuvres that the generals were planning. But far more often the subjects of conversation were of a more immediate and personal character. The capacity of the company cook, the quality of the last consignment of boots, the merits of different bivouacs, the prospect of the supply train coming up to time, the temper of the captain and subaltern—such were the topics which the Confederate privates spent their leisure in discussing. They had long since discovered that war is never romantic and seldom exciting, but a monotonous round of tiresome duties, enlivened at rare intervals by dangerous episodes. They had become familiar with its constant accompaniment of privations—bad weather, wet bivouacs, and wretched roads, wood that would not kindle, and rations that did not satisfy. They had learned that a soldier's worst enemy <350>may be his native soil, in the form of dust or mud; that it is possible to march for months without firing a shot or seeing a foe; that a battle is an interlude which breaks in at rare intervals on the long round of digging, marching, bridge-building, and road-making; and that the time of the fiercest fire-eater is generally occupied in escorting mule-trains, in mounting guard, in dragging waggons through the mud, and in loading or unloading stores. Volunteering for perilous and onerous duties, for which hundreds had eagerly offered themselves in the early days, ere the glamour of the soldier's life had vanished, had ceased to be popular. The men were now content to wait for orders; and as discipline crystallised into habit, they became resigned to the fact that they were no longer volunteers, masters of their own actions, but the paid servants of the State, compelled to obey and powerless to protest.

To all outward appearance, then, in the spring of 1863 the Army of Northern Virginia bore an exceedingly close resemblance to an army of professional soldiers. It is true that military etiquette was not insisted on; that more license, both in quarters and on the march, was permitted than would be the case in a regular army; that officers were not treated with the same respect; and that tact, rather than the strict enforcement of the regulations, was the key-note of command. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, the

Confederate soldiers were exceedingly well-conducted. The good elements in the ranks were too strong for those who were inclined to resist authority, and the amount of misbehaviour was wonderfully small. There was little neglect of duty. Whatever the intelligence of the men told them was necessary for success, for safety, or for efficiency, was done without reluctance. The outposts were seldom caught napping. Digging and tree-felling—for the men had learned the value of making fortifications and good roads—were taken as a matter of course. Nor was the Southern soldier a grumbler. He accepted half-rations and muddy camping-grounds without remonstrance; if his boots wore out he made shift to march without <351>them; and when his uniform fell to pieces he waited for the next victory to supply himself with a new outfit. He was enough of a philosopher to know that it is better to meet misery with a smile than with a scowl. Mark Tapley had many prototypes in the Confederate ranks, and the men were never more facetious than when things were at their worst. 'The very intensity of their sufferings became a source of merriment. Instead of growling and deserting, they laughed at their own bare feet, ragged clothes, and pinched faces; and weak, hungry, cold, wet and dirty, with no hope of reward or rest, they marched cheerfully to meet the warmly clad and well-fed hosts of the enemy.'⁽¹⁾ Indomitable indeed were the hearts that beat beneath the grey jackets, and a spirit rising superior to all misfortune,

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine,

was a marked characteristic of the Confederate soldier. Nor was it only in camp or on the march that the temper of the troops betrayed itself in reckless gaiety.⁽²⁾ The stress of battle might thin their ranks, but it was powerless to check their laughter. The dry humour of the American found a fine field in the incidents of a fierce engagement. Nothing escaped without remark: the excitement of a general, the accelerated movements of the non-combatants, the vagaries of the army mule, the bad practice of the artillery—all afforded entertainment. And when the fight became hotter and the Federals pressed

(1) *Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia.*

(2) General Longstreet relates an amusing story :—' One of the soldiers, during the investment of Suffolk (April 1863), carefully constructed and equipped a full-sized man, dressed in a new suit of improved "butternut" clothing; and christening him Julius Cæsar, took him to a signal platform which overlooked the works, adjusted him to a graceful position, and made him secure to the framework by strong cords. A little after sunrise "Julius Cæsar" was discovered by some of the Federal battery officers, who prepared for the target so inviting to skilful practice. The new soldier sat under the hot fire with irritating indifference until the Confederates, unable to restrain their hilarity, exposed the joke by calling for "Three cheers for Julius Cæsar !" The other side quickly recognised the situation, and good-naturedly added to ours their cheers for the old hero.'—*From Manassas to Appomattox.*

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resolutely to the attack, the flow of badinage took a grim and peculiar turn. It has already been related that the Confederate armies depended, to a large degree, for their clothing and equipments on what they captured. So abundant was this source of supply, that the soldier had come to look upon his enemy as a movable magazine of creature comforts; and if he marched cheerfully to battle, it was not so much because he loved fighting, but that he hoped to renew his wardrobe. A victory was much, but the spoils of victory were more. No sooner, then, did the Federals arrive within close range, than the

wild yells of the Southern infantry became mingled with fierce laughter and derisive shouts. 'Take off them boots, Yank!' 'Come out of them clothes; we're gwine to have them!' 'Come on, blue-bellies, we want them blankets!' 'Bring them rations along! You've got to leave them!'—such were the cries, like the howls of half-famished wolves, that were heard along Jackson's lines at Fredericksburg.(1) And they were not raised in mockery. The battle-field was the soldier's harvest, and as the sheaves of writhing forms, under the muzzles of their deadly rifles, increased in length and depth, the men listened with straining ears for the word to charge. The counter-stroke was their opportunity. The rush with the bayonet was never so speedy but that deft fingers found time to rifle the haversacks of the fallen, and such was the eagerness for booty that it was with the greatest difficulty that the troops were dragged off from the pursuit. It is said that at Fredericksburg, some North Carolina regiments, which had repulsed

(1) 'During the truce on the second day of Fredericksburg,' says Captain Smith, 'a tall, fine-looking Alabama soldier, who was one of the litter-bearers, picked up a new Enfield rifle on the neutral ground, examined it, tested the sights, shouldered it, and was walking back to the Confederate lines, when a young Federal officer, very handsomely dressed and mounted, peremptorily ordered him to throw it down, telling him he had no right to take it. The soldier, with the rifle on his shoulder, walked very deliberately round the officer, scanning him from head to foot, and then started again towards our lines. On this the Federal lieutenant, drawing his little sword, galloped after him, and ordered him with an oath to throw down the rifle. The soldier halted, then walked round the officer once again, very slowly, looking him up and down, and at last said, pointing to his fine boots: "I shall shoot you to-morrow, and get them boots;" then strode away his command. The lieutenant made no attempt to follow.'

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and followed up a Federal brigade, were hardly to be restrained from dashing into the midst of the enemy's reserves, and when at length they were turned back their complaints were bitter. The order to halt and retire seemed to them nothing less than rank injustice. Half-crying with disappointment, they accused their generals of favouritism! 'They don't want the North Car'linians to git anything,' they whined. 'They wouldn't hey' stopped Hood's "Texicans"—they'd hev' let *them* go on!'

But if they relieved their own pressing wants at the expense of their enemies, if they stripped the dead, and exchanged boots and clothing with their prisoners, seldom getting the worst of the bargain, no armies—to their lasting honour be it spoken, for no armies were so destitute—were ever less formidable to peaceful citizens, within the border or beyond it, than those of the Confederacy. It was exceedingly seldom that wanton damage was laid to the soldier's charge. The rights of non-combatants were religiously respected, and the farmers of Pennsylvania were treated with the same courtesy and consideration as the planters of Virginia. A village was none the worse for the vicinity of a Confederate bivouac, and neither man nor woman had reason to dread the half-starved tatterdemalions who followed Lee and Jackson. As the grey columns, in the march through Maryland, swung through the streets of those towns where the Unionist sentiment was strong, the women, standing in the porches, waved the Stars and Stripes defiantly in their faces. But the only retort of 'the dust brown ranks' was a volley of jests, not always unmixed with impudence. The personal attributes of their fair enemies did not escape observation. The damsel whose locks were of conspicuous hue was addressed as 'bricktop' until she screamed with rage, and threatened to fire into the ranks; while the maiden of sour visage and uncertain years was saluted as 'Ole Miss Vinegar' by a whole division of infantry. But

this was the limit of the soldier's resentment. At the same time, when in the midst of plenty he was not impeccable. For highway robbery and housebreaking he had no inclination, but he was by <354>no means above petty larceny. Pigs and poultry, fruit, corn, vegetables and fence-rails, he looked upon as his lawful perquisites.

He was the most cunning of foragers, and neither stringent orders nor armed guards availed to protect a field of maize or a patch of potatoes; the traditional negro was not more skilful in looting a fowl-house;(1) he had an unerring scent for whisky or 'apple-jack;' and the address he displayed in compassing the destruction of the unsuspecting porker was only equalled, when he was caught *flagrante delicto*, by the ingenuity of his excuses. According to the Confederate private, the most inoffensive animals, in the districts through which the armies marched, developed a strange pugnacity, and if bullet and bayonet were used against them, it was solely in self-defence.

But such venial faults, common to every army, and almost justified by the deficiencies of the Southern commissariat, were more than atoned for when the enemy was met. Of the prowess of Lee's veterans sufficient has been said. Their deeds speak for themselves. But it was not the battle-field alone that bore witness to their fortitude. German soldiers have told us that in the war of 1870, when their armies, marching on Paris, found, to their astonishment, the great city strongly garrisoned, and hosts gathering in every quarter for its relief, a singular apathy took possession of the troops. The explanation offered by a great military writer is that 'after a certain period even the victor becomes tired of war;' and 'the more civilised,' he adds, 'a people is, the more quickly will this weakness become apparent.' (2) Whether this explanation be adequate is not easy to decide. The fact remains, however, that the Confederate volunteer was able to overcome that longing for home which chilled the enthusiasm of the German conscript. And this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as his career was not one of unchequered victory. In the spring of 1863, the Army of the Potomac, more numerous than ever, was still before <355>him, firmly established on Virginian soil; hope of foreign intervention, despite the assurances of the politicians, was gradually fading, and it was but too evident that the war was far from over. Yet at no time during their two years of service had the soldiers shown the slightest sign of that discouragement which seized the Germans after two months. And who shall dare to say that the Southerner was less highly civilised than the Prussian or the Bavarian? Political liberty, freedom of speech and action, are the real elements of civilisation, and not merely education. But let the difference in the constitution of the two armies be borne in mind. The Confederates, with few exceptions, were volunteers, who had become soldiers of their own choice, who had assumed arms deliberately and without compulsion, and who by their own votes were responsible that war had been declared. The Germans were conscripts, a dumb, powerless, irresponsible multitude, animated, no doubt, by hereditary hatred of the enemy, but without that sense of moral obligation which exists in the volunteer. We may be permitted, then, to believe that this sense of moral obligation was one reason why the spirit of the Southerners rose superior to human weakness, and that the old adage, which declares that 'one volunteer is better than three pressed men,' is not yet out of date. Nor is it an unfair inference that the armies of the Confederacy, allied by the 'crimson thread of kinship' to those of Wellington, of Raglan, and of Clyde, owed much of their enduring fortitude to 'the rock whence they were hewn.'

And yet, with all their admirable qualities, the Southern soldiers had not yet got rid of

their original defects. Temperate, obedient, and well-conducted, small as was the percentage of bad characters and habitual mis-doers, their discipline was still capable of improvement. The assertion, at first sight, seems a contradiction in terms. How could troops, it may be asked, who so seldom infringed the regulations be other than well-disciplined? For the simple reason that discipline in quarters is an absolutely different quality from discipline in battle. No large body of <356>intelligent men, assembled in a just cause and of good character, is likely to break out into excesses, or, if obedience is manifestly necessary, to rebel against authority. Subordination to the law is the distinguishing mark of all civilised society. But such subordination, however praiseworthy, is not the discipline of the soldier, though it is often confounded with it. A regiment of volunteers, billeted in some country town, would probably show a smaller list of misdemeanours than a regiment of regulars. Yet the latter might be exceedingly well-disciplined, and the former have no real discipline whatever. Self-respect—for that is the discipline of the volunteer—is not battle discipline, the discipline of the cloth, of habit, of tradition, of constant association and of mutual confidence. Self-respect, excellent in itself, and by no means unknown amongst regular soldiers, does not carry with it a mechanical obedience to command, nor does it merge the individual in the mass, and give the tremendous power of unity to the efforts of large numbers.

It will not be pretended that the discipline of regular troops always rises superior to privation and defeat. It is a notorious fact that the number of deserters from Wellington's army in Spain and Portugal, men who wilfully absented themselves from the colours and wandered over the country, was by no means inconsiderable; while the behaviour of the French regulars in 1870, and even of the Germans, when they rushed back in panic through the village of Gravelotte, deaf to the threats and entreaties of their aged sovereign, was hardly in accordance with military tradition. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to show that the Southerners fell somewhat short of the highest standard. They were certainly not incapable of keeping their ranks under a hot fire, or of holding their ground to the last extremity. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg is one of the most splendid examples of disciplined valour in the annals of war, and the endurance of Lee's army at Sharpsburg has seldom been surpassed. Nor was the disorder into which the attacking lines were sooner or later thrown a proof of inferior training. Even in the <357>days of flint-lock muskets, the admixture of not only companies and battalions, but even of brigades and divisions, was a constant feature of fierce assaults over broken ground. If, under such conditions, the troops still press forward, and if, when success has been achieved, order is rapidly restored, then discipline is good; and in neither respect did the Confederates fail. But to be proof against disorder is not everything in battle. It is not sufficient that the men should be capable of fighting fiercely; to reap the full benefit of their weapons and their training they must be obedient to command. The rifle is a far less formidable weapon when every man uses it at his own discretion than when the fire of a large body of troops is directed by a single will. Precision of movement, too, is necessary for the quick concentration of superior forces at the decisive point, for rapid support, and for effective combination. But neither was the fire of the Confederate infantry under the complete control of their officers, nor were their movements always characterised by order and regularity. It was seldom that the men could be induced to refrain from answering shot with shot; there was an extraordinary waste of ammunition, there was much unnecessary noise, and the regiments were very apt to get out of hand. It is needless

to bring forward specific proof; the admissions of superior officers are quite sufficient. General D. H. Hill, in an interesting description of the Southern soldier, speaks very frankly of his shortcomings. ' Self-reliant always, obedient when he chose to be, impatient of drill and discipline, he was unsurpassed as a scout or on the skirmish line. Of the shoulder-to-shoulder courage, bred of drill and discipline, he knew nothing and cared less. Hence, on the battle-field, he was more of a free lance than a machine. Who ever saw a Confederate line advancing that was not crooked as a ram's horn? Each ragged rebel yelling on his own hook and aligning on himself! But there is as much need of the machine-made soldier as of the self-reliant soldier, and the concentrated blow is always the most effective blow. The erratic effort of the Confederate, heroic though it was, yet failed to <358>achieve the maximum result just because it was erratic. Moreover, two serious evils attended that excessive egotism and individuality which came to the Confederate through his training, association, and habits. He knew when a movement was false and a position untenable, and he was too little of a machine to give in such cases the wholehearted service which might have redeemed the blunder. The other evil was an ever-growing one. His disregard of discipline and independence of character made him often a straggler, and by straggling the fruit of many a victory was lost.' (1)

General Lee was not less outspoken. A circular issued to his troops during the last months of the war is virtually a criticism on their conduct. 'Many opportunities,' he wrote, ' have been lost and hundreds of valuable lives uselessly sacrificed for want of a strict observance of discipline. Its object is to enable an army to bring promptly into action the largest possible number of men in good order, and under the control of their officers. Its effects are visible in all military history, which records the triumph of discipline and courage far more frequently than that of numbers and resources. The importance and utility of thorough discipline should be impressed on officers and men on all occasions by illustrations taken from the experience of the instructor or from other sources of information. They should be made to understand that discipline contributes no less to their safety than to their efficiency. Disastrous surprises and those sudden panics which lead to defeat and the greatest loss of life are of rare occurrence among disciplined troops. It is well known that the greatest number of casualties occur when men become scattered, and especially when they retreat in confusion, as the fire of the enemy is then more deliberate and fatal. The experience of every officer shows that those troops suffer least who attack most vigorously, and that a few men, retaining their organisation and acting in concert, accomplish far more with smaller loss than a larger number scattered and disorganised. <359>

'The appearance of a steady, unbroken line is more formidable to the enemy, and renders his aim less accurate and his fire less effective. Orders can be readily transmitted, advantage can be promptly taken of every opportunity, and all efforts being directed to a common end, the combat will be briefer and success more certain.

' Let officers and men be made to feel that they will most effectually secure their safety by remaining steadily at their posts, preserving order, and fighting with coolness and vigour Impress upon the officers that discipline cannot be attained without constant watchfulness on their part. They must attend to the smallest particulars of detail. Men must be habituated to obey or they cannot be controlled in battle, and the neglect of the least important order impairs the proper influence of the officer.' (1)

That such a circular was considered necessary after the troops had been nearly four

years under arms establishes beyond all question that the discipline of the Confederate army was not that of the regular troops with whom General Lee had served under the Stars and Stripes; but it is not to be understood that he attributed the deficiencies of his soldiers to any spirit of resistance on their part to the demands of subordination.

Elsewhere he says: 'The greatest difficulty I find is in causing orders and regulations to be obeyed. This arises not from a spirit of disobedience, but from ignorance.' (2) And here, with his usual perspicacity, he goes straight to the root of the evil. When the men in the ranks understand all that discipline involves, safety, health, efficiency, victory, it is easily maintained; and it is because experience and tradition have taught them this that veteran armies are so amenable to control. 'Soldiers,' says Sir Charles Napier, 'must obey in all things. They may and do laugh at foolish orders, but they nevertheless obey, not because they are blindly obedient, but because they know that to disobey is to break the backbone of their profession.' <360>

Such knowledge, however, is long in coming, even to the regular, and it may be questioned whether it ever really came home to the Confederates.

In fact, the Southern soldier, ignorant, at the outset, of what may be accomplished by discipline, never quite got rid of the belief that the enthusiasm of the individual, his goodwill and his native courage, was a more than sufficient substitute. 'The spirit which animates our soldiers,' wrote Lee, 'and the natural courage with which they are so liberally endowed, have led to a reliance upon those good qualities, to the neglect of measures which would increase their efficiency and contribute to their safety.' (1) Yet the soldier was hardly to blame. Neither he nor his regimental officers had any previous knowledge of war when they were suddenly launched against the enemy, and there was no time to instil into them the habits of discipline. There was no regular army to set them an example; no historic force whose traditions they would unconsciously have adopted; the exigencies of the service forbade the retention of the men in camps of instruction, and trained instructors could not be spared from more important duties.

Such ignorance, however, as that which prevailed in the Southern ranks is not always excusable. It would be well if those who pose as the friends of the private soldier, as his protectors from injustice, realised the mischief they may do by injudicious sympathy. The process of being broken to discipline is undoubtedly galling to the instincts of free men, and it is beyond question that among a multitude of superiors, some will be found who are neither just nor considerate. Instances of hardship must inevitably occur. But men and officers—for discipline presses as hardly on the officers as on the men—must obey, no matter at what cost to their feelings, for obedience to orders, instant and unhesitating, is not only the life-blood of armies but the security of States; and the doctrine that under any conditions whatever deliberate disobedience can be justified is treason to the commonwealth. It is to be remembered that the <361>end of the soldier's existence is not merely to conduct himself as a respectable citizen and earn his wages, but to face peril and privations, not of his own free will, but at the bidding of others; and, in circumstances where his natural instincts assert themselves most strongly, to make a complete surrender of mind and body. If he has been in the habit of weighing the justice or the wisdom of orders before obeying them, if he has been taught that disobedience may be a pardonable crime, he will probably question the justice of the order that apparently sends him to certain death; if he once begins to think; if he once contemplates the possibility of disobedience; if he permits a single idea to enter his head beyond the necessity of instant

compliance, it is unlikely that he will rise superior to the promptings of his weaker nature. *'Men must be habituated to obey or they cannot be controlled in battle ;'* and the slightest interference with the habit of subordination is fraught, therefore, with the very greatest danger to the efficiency of an army.

It has been asserted, and it would appear that the idea is widespread, that patriotism and intelligence are of vastly more importance than the habit of obedience, and it was certainly a very general opinion in America before the war. This idea should have been effectually dissipated, at all events in the North, by the battle of Bull Run. Nevertheless, throughout the conflict a predilection existed in favour of what was called the 'thinking bayonet ;' and the very term 'machine-made soldier,' employed by General D. H. Hill, proves that the strict discipline of regular armies was not held in high esteem.

It is certainly true that the 'thinking bayonet' is by no means to be decried. A man can no more be a good soldier without intelligence and aptitude for his profession than he can be a successful poacher or a skilful jockey. But it is possible, in considering the value of an armed force, to rate too highly the natural qualities of the individual in the ranks. In certain circumstances, especially in irregular warfare, where each man fights for his own hand, they doubtless play a conspicuous <362>part. A thousand skilled riflemen, familiar with the 'moving accidents by flood and field,' even if they have no regular training and are incapable of precise manoeuvres, may prove more than a match for the same number of professional soldiers. But when large numbers are in question, when the concentration of superior force at a single point, and the close co-operation of the three arms, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, decide the issue, then the force that can manoeuvre, that moves like a machine at the mandate of a single will, has a marked advantage; and the power of manoeuvring and of combination is conferred by discipline alone. 'Two Mamelukes,' said Napoleon, 'can defeat three French horsemen, because they are better armed, better mounted, and more skilful. A hundred French horse have nothing to fear from a hundred Mamelukes, three hundred would defeat a similar number, and a thousand French would defeat fifteen hundred Mamelukes. So great is the influence of tactics, order, and the power of manoeuvring.'

It may be said, moreover, that whatever may have been the case in past times, the training of the regular soldier to-day neither aims at producing mere machines nor has it that effect. As much attention is given to the development of self-reliance in the rank and file as to making them subordinate. It has long been recognised that there are many occasions in war when even the private must use his wits; on outpost, or patrol, as a scout, an orderly, or when his immediate superiors have fallen, momentous issues may hang on his judgment and initiative; and in a good army these qualities are sedulously fostered by constant instruction in field duties. Nor is the fear justified that the strict enforcement of exact obedience, whenever a superior is present, impairs, under this system of training, the capacity for independent action when such action becomes necessary. In the old days, to drill and discipline the soldier into a machine was undoubtedly the end of all his training. To-day his officers have the more difficult task of stimulating his intelligence, while, at the same time, they instil the habits of subordination; and that such task <363>may be successfully accomplished we have practical proof. The regiments of the Light Brigade, trained by Sir John Moore nearly a century ago on the system of to-day, proved their superiority in the field over all others. As skirmishers, on the outpost, and in independent fighting, they were exceedingly efficient; and yet, when they marched

shoulder to shoulder, no troops in Wellington's army showed a more solid front, manoeuvred with greater precision, or were more completely under the control of their officers.

Mechanical obedience, then, is perfectly compatible with the freest exercise of the intelligence, provided that the men are so trained that they know instinctively when to give the one and to use the other; and the Confederates, had their officers and non-commissioned officers been trained soldiers, might easily have acquired this highest form of discipline. As it was, and as it always will be with improvised troops, the discipline of battle was to a great degree purely personal. The men followed those officers whom they knew, and in whom they had confidence; but they did not always obey simply because the officer had the right to command; and they were not easily handled when the wisdom of an order or the necessity of a movement was not apparent. The only way, it was said by an Englishman in the Confederacy, in which an officer could acquire influence over the Southern soldiers was by his personal conduct under fire. 'Every ounce of authority,' was his expression, 'had to be purchased by a drop of my blood.' (1)

Such being the case, it is manifest that Jackson's methods of discipline were well adapted to the peculiar constitution of the army in which he served. With the officers he was exceedingly strict. He looked to them to set an example of unhesitating obedience and the precise performance of duty. He demanded, too—and in this respect his own conduct was a model—that the rank and file should be treated with tact and consideration. He remembered that his citizen soldiers were utterly unfamiliar with the forms and customs of military life, that what to the regular would <364>be a mere matter of course, might seem a gross outrage to the man who had never acknowledged a superior. In his selection of officers, therefore, for posts upon his staff, and in his recommendations for promotion, he considered personal characteristics rather than professional ability. He preferred men who would win the confidence of others—men not only strong, but possessing warm sympathies and broad minds—to mere martinets, ruling by regulation, and treating the soldier as a machine. But, at the same time, he was by no means disposed to condone misconduct in the volunteers. Never was there a more striking contrast than between Jackson the general and Jackson off duty. During his sojourn at Moss Neck, Mr. Corbin's little daughter, a child of six years old, became a special favourite. 'Her pretty face and winsome ways were so charming that he requested her mother that she might visit him every afternoon, when the day's labours were over. He had always some little treat in store for her—an orange or an apple—but one afternoon he found that his supply of good things was exhausted. Glancing round the room his eye fell on a new uniform cap, ornamented with a gold band. Taking his knife, he ripped off the braid, and fastened it among the curls of his little playfellow.' A little later the child was taken ill, and after his removal from Moss Neck he heard that she had died. 'The general,' writes his aide-de-camp, 'wept freely when I brought him the sad news.' Yet in the administration of discipline Jackson was far sterner than General Lee, or indeed than any other of the generals in Virginia. 'Once on the march, fearing lest his men might stray from the ranks and commit acts of pillage, he had issued an order that the soldiers should not enter private dwellings. Disregarding the order, a soldier entered a house, and even used insulting language to the women of the family. This was reported to Jackson, who had the man arrested, tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot in twenty minutes.' (1)

He never failed to confirm the sentences of death passed by courts-martial on deserters.

It was in vain that his oldest <365>friends, or even the chaplains, appealed for a mitigation of the extreme penalty. ' While he was in command at Winchester, in December 1861, a soldier who was charged with striking his captain was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. Knowing that the breach of discipline had been attended with many extenuating circumstances, some of us endeavoured to secure his pardon. Possessing ourselves of all the facts, we waited upon the general, who evinced the deepest interest in the object of our visit, and listened with evident sympathy to our plea. There was moisture in his eyes when we repeated the poor fellow's pitiful appeal that he be allowed to die for his country as a soldier on the field of battle, and not as a dog by the muskets of his own comrades. Such solicitude for the success of our efforts did he manifest that he even suggested some things to be done which we had not thought of. At the same time he warned us not to be too hopeful. He said: "It is unquestionably a case of great hardship, but a pardon at this juncture might work greater hardship. Resistance to lawful authority is a grave offence in a soldier. To pardon this man would be to encourage insubordination throughout the army, and so ruin our cause. Still," he added, "I will review the whole case, and no man will be happier than myself if I can reach the same conclusions as you have done." The soldier was shot.'⁽¹⁾

On another occasion four men were to be executed for desertion to the enemy. The firing party had been ordered to parade at four o'clock in the afternoon, and shortly before the hour a chaplain, not noted for his tact, made his way to the general's tent, and petitioned earnestly that the prisoners might even now be released. Jackson, whom he found pacing backwards and forwards, in evident agitation, watch in hand, listened courteously to his arguments, but made no reply, until at length the worthy minister, in his most impressive manner, said, 'General, consider your responsibility before the Lord. You are sending these men's souls to hell!' With a look of intense <366>disgust at such empty cant, Jackson made one stride forward, took the astonished divine by his shoulders, and saying, in his severest tones, 'That, sir, is my business—do you do yours !' thrust him forcibly from the tent.

His severity as regards the more serious offences did not, however, alienate in the smallest degree the confidence and affection of his soldiers. They had full faith in his justice. They were well aware that to order the execution of some unfortunate wretch gave him intense pain. But they recognised, as clearly as he did himself, that it was sometimes expedient that individuals should suffer. They knew that not all men, nor even the greater part, are heroes, and that if the worthless element had once reason to believe that they might escape the legitimate consequences of their crimes, desertion and insubordination would destroy the army. By some of the senior officers, however, his rigorous ideas of discipline were less favourably considered. They were by no means disposed to quarrel with the fact that the sentences of courts-martial in the Second Army Corps were almost invariably confirmed; but they objected strongly to the same measure which they meted out to the men being consistently applied to themselves. They could not be brought to see that neglect of duty, however trivial, on the part of a colonel or brigadier was just as serious a fault as desertion or insubordination on the part of the men; and the conflict of opinion, in certain cases, had unfortunate results.

To those whose conduct he approved he was more than considerate. General Lane, who was under him as a cadet at Lexington, writes as follows :—

'When in camp at Bunker Hill, after the battle of Sharpsburg, where the gallant Branch

was killed, I, as colonel commanding the brigade, was directed by General A. P. Hill to hold my command in readiness, with three days' rations, for detached service, and to report to General Jackson for further orders. That was all the information that Hill could give me. I had been in Jackson's corps since the battles round Richmond, and had been very derelict in not paying my respects to my old professor. <367>As I rode to his headquarters I wondered if he would recognise me. I certainly expected to receive his orders in a few terse sentences, and to be promptly dismissed with a military salute. He knew me as soon as I entered his tent, though we had not met for years. He rose quickly, with a smile on his face, took my hand in both of his in the warmest manner, expressed his pleasure at seeing me, chided me for not having been to see him, and bade me be seated. His kind words, the tones of his voice, his familiarly calling me Lane, whereas it had always been Mr. Lane at the Institute, put me completely at my ease. Then, for the first time, I began to love that reserved man whom I had always honoured and respected as my professor, and whom I greatly admired as my general.

' After a very pleasant and somewhat protracted conversation, he ordered me to move at once, and as rapidly as possible, to North Mountain Depôt, tear up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and put myself in communication with General Hampton (commanding cavalry brigade), who would cover my operations. While we were there General Jackson sent a member of his staff to see how we were progressing. That night I received orders to move at once and quickly to Martinsburg, as there had been heavy skirmishing near Kerneysville. Next morning, when I reported to General Jackson, he received me in the same cordial, warm-hearted manner, complimented me on the thoroughness of my work, told me that he had recommended me for promotion to take permanent charge of Branch's brigade, and that as I was the only person recommended through military channels, I would be appointed in spite of the two aspirants who were trying to bring political influence to bear in Richmond in their behalf. When I rose to go he took my hand in both of his, looked me steadily in the face, and in the words and tones of friendly warmth, which can never be forgotten, again expressed his confidence in my promotion, and bade me good-bye, with a "God bless you, Lane ! " '(1)

On the other hand, Jackson's treatment of those who <368>failed to obey his orders was very different. No matter how high the rank of the offender, Jackson never sought to screen the crime.(1) No thought that the public rebuke of his principal subordinates might impair their authority or destroy their cordial relations with himself ever stayed his hand; and it may well be questioned whether his disregard of consequences was not too absolutely uncompromising. Men who live in constant dread of their chief's anger are not likely to render loyal and efficient service, and the least friction in the higher ranks is felt throughout the whole command. When the troops begin taking sides and unanimity disappears, the power of energetic combination at once deteriorates. That Jackson was perfectly just is not denied; the misconduct of his subordinates was sometimes flagrant; but it may well be questioned whether to keep officers under arrest for weeks, or even months, marching without their swords in rear of the column, was wholly wise. There is but one public punishment for a senior officer who is guilty of serious misbehaviour, and that is instant dismissal. If he is suffered to remain in the army his presence will always be a source of weakness. But the question will arise, Is it possible to replace him ? If he is trusted by his men they will resent his removal, and give but halfhearted support to his successor; so in dealing with those in high places tact and consideration are essential.

Even Dr. Dabney admits that in this respect Jackson's conduct is open to criticism.

As already related, he looked on the blunders of his officers, if those blunders were honest, and due simply to misconception of the situation, with a tolerant eye. He knew too much of war and its difficulties to expect that their judgment would be unerring. He never made the mistake of reprehending the man who had done his best to succeed, and contented himself with pointing out, quietly and courteously, how failure might have been avoided. 'But if he believed,' says his chief of the <369>staff, 'that his subordinates were self-indulgent or contumacious, he became a stern and exacting master; . . . and during his career a causeless friction was produced in the working of his government over several gallant and meritorious officers who served under him. This was almost the sole fault of his military character: that by this jealousy of intentional inefficiency he diminished the sympathy between himself and the general officers next his person by whom his orders were to be executed. Had he been able to exercise the same energetic authority, through the medium of a zealous personal affection, he would have been a more perfect leader of armies.'⁽¹⁾

This system of command was in all probability the outcome of deliberate calculation. No officer, placed in permanent charge of a considerable force, least of all a man who never acted except upon reflection, and who had a wise regard for human nature, could raft to lay down for himself certain principles of conduct towards both officers and men. It may be, then, that Jackson considered the course he pursued the best adapted to maintain discipline amongst a number of ambitious young generals, some of whom had been senior to himself in the old service, and all of whom had been raised suddenly, with probably some disturbance to their self-possession, to high rank. It is to be remembered, too, that during the campaigns of 1862 his pre-eminent ability was only by degrees made clear. It was not everyone who, like General Lee, discerned the great qualities of the silent and unassuming instructor of cadets, and other leaders, of more dashing exterior, with a well-deserved reputation for brilliant courage, may well have doubted whether his capacity was superior to their own.

Such soaring spirits possibly needed a tight hand; and, in any case, Jackson had much cause for irritation. With Wolfe and Sherman he shared the distinguished honour of being considered crazy by hundreds of self-sufficient mediocrities. It was impossible that he should have been ignorant, although not one word of complaint ever passed <370>his lips, how grossly he was misrepresented, how he was caricatured in the press, and credited with the most extravagant and foolhardy ideas of war. Nor did his subordinates, in very many instances, give him that loyal and ungrudging support which he conceived was the due of the commanding general. Here than one of his enterprises fell short of the full measure of success owing to the shortcomings of others; and these shortcomings, such as Loring's insubordination at Romney, Stuart's refusal to pursue Banks after Winchester, Garnett's retreat at Kernstown, A. P. Hill's tardiness at Cedar Run, might all be traced to the same cause—disdain of his capacity, and a misconception of their own position. In such circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at if his wrath blazed to a white heat. He was not of a forgiving nature. Once roused, resentment took possession of his whole being, and it may be questioned whether it was ever really appeased. At the same time, the fact that Jackson lacked the fascination which, allied to lofty intellect, wins the hearts of men most readily, and is pre-eminently the characteristic of the very greatest warriors, can hardly be denied. His influence with men was a plant of slow growth. Yet

the glamour of his great deeds, the gradual recognition of his unflinching sympathy, his modesty and his truth, produced in the end the same result as the personal charm of Napoleon, of Nelson, and of Lee. His hold on the devotion of his troops was very sure: 'God knows,' said his adjutant-general, weeping the tears of a brave man, 'I would have died for him!' and few commanders have been followed with more implicit confidence or have inspired a deeper and more abiding affection. Long years after the war a bronze statue, in his habit as he lived, was erected on his grave at Lexington. Thither, when the figure was unveiled, came the survivors of the Second Army Corps, the men of Manassas and of Sharpsburg, of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and of many another hard-fought field; and the younger generation looked on the relics of an army whose peer the world has seldom seen. When the guns had fired a salute, the wild rebel yell, the music which the great Virginian had <371>loved so well, rang loud above his grave, and as the last reverberations died away across the hill, the grey-haired ranks stood still and silent. 'See how they loved him!' said one, and it was spoken with deepest reverence. Two well-known officers, who had served under Jackson, were sitting near each other on their horses. Each remarked the silence of the other, and each saw that the other was in tears. 'I'm not ashamed of it, Snowden!' 'Nor I, old boy,' replied the other, as he tried to smile.

When, after the unveiling, the columns marched past the monument, the old fellows looked up, and then bowed their uncovered heads and passed on. But one tall, gaunt soldier of the Stonewall Brigade, as he passed out of the cemetery, looked back for a moment at the life-like figure of his general, and waving his old grey hat towards it, cried out, 'Good-bye, old man, good-bye; we've done all we could for you; good-bye!'

It is not always easy to discern why one general is worshipped, even by men who have never seen him, while another, of equal or even superior capacity, fails to awaken the least spark of affection, except in his chosen friends. Grant was undoubtedly a greater soldier than McClellan, and the genius of Wellington was not less than that of Nelson. And yet, while Nelson and McClellan won all hearts, not one single private had either for Wellington or Grant any warmer sentiment than respect. It would be as unfair, however, to attribute selfishness or want of sympathy to either Wellington or Grant, as to insinuate that Nelson and McClellan were deliberate bidders for popularity. It may be that in the two former the very strength of their patriotism was at fault. To them the State was everything, the individual nothing. To fight for their country was merely a question of duty, into which the idea of glory or recompense hardly entered, and, indifferent themselves either to praise or blame, they considered that the victory of the national arms was a sufficient reward for the soldier's toils. Both were generous and open-handed, exerting themselves incessantly to provide for the comfort and well-being of their troops. <372>Neither was insensible to suffering, and both were just as capable of self-sacrifice as either Nelson or McClellan. But the standpoint from which they looked at war was too exalted. Nelson and McClellan, on the other hand, recognised that they commanded men, not stoics. Sharing with Napoleon the rare quality of captivating others, a quality which comes by nature or comes not at all, they made allowance for human nature, and identified themselves with those beneath them in the closest *camaraderie*. And herein, to a great extent, lay the secret of the enthusiastic devotion which they inspired.

If the pitiless dissectors of character are right we ought to see in Napoleon the most selfish of tyrants, the coldest and most crafty of charlatans. It is difficult, however, to believe that the hearts of a generation of hardy warriors were conquered merely by

ringing phrases and skilful flattery. It should be remembered that from a mercenary force, degraded and despised, he transformed the Grand Army into the terror of Europe and the pride of France. During the years of his glory, when the legions controlled the destinies of their country, none was more honoured than the soldier. His interests were always the first to be considered. The highest ranks in the peerage, the highest offices of State, were held by men who had carried the knapsack, and when thrones were going begging their claims were preferred before all others. The Emperor, with all his greatness, was always 'the Little Corporal' to his grenadiers. His career was their own. As they shared his glory, so they shared his reward. Every upward step he made towards supreme power he took them with him, and their relations were always of the most cordial and familiar character. He was never happier than when, on the eve of some great battle, he made his bivouac within a square of the Guard; never more at ease than when exchanging rough compliments with the veterans of Rivoli or Jena. He was the representative of the army rather than of the nation. The men knew that no civilian would be preferred before them; that their gallant deeds were certain of his recognition; that their claims to the cross, to pension, and to promotion, would be as carefully considered as the claims of their generals. They loved Napoleon and they trusted him; and whatever may have been his faults, he was 'the Little Corporal,' the friend and comrade of his soldiers, to the end.

It was by the same hooks of steel that Stonewall Jackson grappled the hearts of the Second Army Corps to his own. His men loved him, not merely because he was the bravest man they had ever known, the strongest, and the most resolute, not because he had given them glory, and had made them heroes whose fame was known beyond the confines of the South, but because he was one of themselves, with no interests apart from their interests; because he raised them to his own level, respecting them not merely as soldiers, but as comrades, the tried comrades of many a hard fight and weary march. Although he ruled them with a rod of iron, he made no secret, either officially or privately, of his deep and abiding admiration for their self-sacrificing valour. His very dispatches showed that he regarded his own skill and courage as small indeed when compared with theirs. Like Napoleon's, his congratulatory orders were conspicuous for the absence of all reference to himself; it was always 'we,' not 'I,' and he was among the first to recognise the worth of the rank and file. 'One day,' says Dr. McGuire, 'early in the war, when the Second Virginia Regiment marched by, I said to General Johnston, "If these men will not fight, you have no troops that will." He expressed the prevalent opinion of the day in his reply, saying, "I would not give one company of regulars for the whole regiment." When I returned to Jackson I had occasion to quote General Johnston's opinion. "Did he say that?" he asked, "and of those splendid men?" And then he added: "The patriot volunteer, fighting for his country and his rights, makes the most reliable soldier upon earth." And his veterans knew more than that their general believed them to be heroes. They knew that this great, valiant man, beside whom all others, save Lee himself, seemed small and feeble, this mighty captain, who held the hosts of the enemy in the hollow of his hand, was the kindest and the most considerate of human beings. To them he was "Old Jack" in the same affectionate sense as he had been "Old Jack" to his class-mates at West Point. They followed him willingly, for they knew that the path he trod was the way to victory; but they loved him as children do their parents, because they were his first thought and his last.

In season and out of season he laboured for their welfare. To his transport and

commissariat officers be was a hard master. The unfortunate wight who had neglected to bring up supplies, or who ventured to make difficulties, discovered, to his cost, that his quiet commander could be very terrible; but those officers who did their duty, in whatever branch of the service they might be serving, found that their zeal was more than appreciated. For himself he asked nothing; on behalf of his subordinates he was a constant and persistent suitor. He was not only ready to support the claims to promotion of those who deserved it, but in the case of those who displayed special merit he took the initiative himself: and he was not content with one refusal. His only difference with General Lee, if difference it can be called, was on a question of this nature. The Commander-in-Chief, it appears, soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, had proposed to appoint officers to the Second Army Corps who had served elsewhere. After some correspondence Jackson wrote as follows :—' My rule has been to recommend such as were, in my opinion, best qualified for filling vacancies. The application of this rule has prevented me from even recommending for the command of my old brigade one of its officers, because I did not regard any of them as competent as another of whose qualifications I had a higher opinion. This rule has led me to recommend Colonel Bradley T. Johnson for the command of Taliaferro's brigade I desire the interest of the service, and no other interest, to determine who shall be selected to fill the vacancies. Guided by this principle, I cannot go outside of my command for persons to fill vacancies in it, unless by so doing a more competent officer is secured. This same principle leads me to oppose <375>having officers who have never served with me, and of whose qualifications I have no knowledge, forced upon me by promoting them to fill vacancies in my command, and advancing them over meritorious officers well qualified for the positions, and of whose qualifications I have had ample opportunities of judging from their having served with me.

' In my opinion, the interest of the service would be injured if I should quietly consent to see officers with whose qualifications I am not acquainted promoted into my command to fill vacancies, regardless of the merits of my own officers who are well qualified for the positions. The same principle leads me, when selections have to be made outside of my command, to recommend those (if there be such) whose former service with me proved them well qualified for filling the vacancies. This induced me to recommend Captain Chew, who does not belong to this army corps, but whose well-earned reputation when with me has not been forgotten.'

And as he studied the wishes of his officers, working quietly and persistently for their advancement, so he studied the wishes of the private soldiers. It is well known that artillerymen come, after a time, to feel a personal affection for their guns, especially those which they have used in battle. When in camp near Fredericksburg Jackson was asked to transfer certain field-pieces, which had belonged to his old division, to another portion of the command. The men were exasperated, and the demand elicited the following letter :—

' December 3, 1862.

' General R. E. LEE,

' Commanding Army of Northern Virginia.

' General,—Your letter of this date, recommending that I distribute the rifle and Napoleon guns "so as to give General D. H. Hill a fair proportion" has been received. I respectfully request, if any such distribution is to be made, that you will direct your chief

of artillery or some other officer to do it; but I hope that none of the guns which belonged to the Army of the Valley before it became part of the Army of Northern Virginia, after the battle of Cedar Run, <376>will be taken from it. If since that time any artillery has improperly come into my command, I trust that it will be taken away, and the person in whose possession it may be found punished, if his conduct requires it. So careful was I to prevent an improper distribution of the artillery and other public property captured at Harper's Ferry, that I issued a written order directing my staff officers to turn over to the proper chiefs of staff of the Army of Northern Virginia all captured stores. A copy of the order is herewith enclosed.

' General D. H. Hill's artillery wants existed at the time he was assigned to my command, and it is hoped that the artillery which belonged to the Army of the Valley will not be taken to supply his wants.

' I am, General, your obedient servant,

'T. J. JACKSON,

Lieutenant-General.'

No further correspondence is to be found on the subject, so it may be presumed that the protest was successful.

Jackson's relations with the rank and file have already been referred to, and although he was now commander of an army corps, and universally acknowledged as one of the foremost generals of the Confederacy, his rise in rank and reputation had brought no increase of dignity. He still treated the humblest privates with the same courtesy that he treated the Commander-in-Chief. He never repelled their advances, nor refused, if he could, to satisfy their curiosity; and although he seldom went out of his way to speak to them, if any soldier addressed him, especially if he belonged to a regiment recruited from the Valley, he seldom omitted to make some inquiry after those he had left at home. Never, it was said, was his tone more gentle or his smile more winning than when he was speaking to some ragged representative of his old brigade. How his heart went out to them may be inferred from the following. Writing to a friend at Richmond he said: 'Though I have been relieved from command in the Valley, and may never again be assigned to that important trust, yet I feel deeply when I see the patriotic people of that region under the heel of a <377>hateful military despotism. There are all the hopes of those who have been with me from the commencement of the war in Virginia, who have repeatedly left their homes and families in the hands of the enemy, to brave the dangers of battle and disease; and there are those who have so devotedly laboured for the relief of our suffering sick and wounded.'

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NOTE

Table showing the Nationality and Average Measurements of 846, 744 Federal Soldiers examined for Military Service after March 6, 1863.

	Number.	Height.		Chest at
		ft.	in.	Inspiration.
				in.
United States (69 per cent.)	237,391	5	7.40	35.61

Germany	35,935	5	5.54	35.88
Ireland	32,473	5	5.54	35.24
Canada	15,507	5	5.51	35.42
England	11,479	5	6.02	35.41
France	2,630	5	5.81	35.29
Scotland	2,127	5	6.13	35.97
Other nationalities, including Wales and five British Colonies	9,202	—	—	—
	<u>346,744</u>			

Report of the Provost Marshal General 1866, p. 698.

The Roll of the 35th Massachusetts, which may be taken as a typical Northern regiment, shows clearly enough at what period the great influx of foreigners took place. Of 104 officers the names of all but four—and these four joined in 1864—are pure English. Of the 964 rank and file of which the regiment was originally composed, only 50 bore foreign names. In 1864, however, 495 recruits were received, and of these over 400 were German immigrants.—*History of the 35th Regiment, Mass. Volunteers, 1862-65.*

Stonewall Jackson v2.
Chapter XXII—Winter Quarters

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DURING the long interval which intervened between the battle of Fredericksburg and the next campaign, Jackson

employed himself in preparing the reports of his battles, which had been called for by the Com-mander-in-Chief. They were not compiled in their entirety by his own hand. He was no novice at literary composition, and his pen, as his letter-book shows, was not that of an unready writer. He had a good command of language, and that power of clear and concise expression which every officer in command of a large force, a position naturally entailing a large amount of confidential correspondence, must necessarily possess. But the task now set him was one of no ordinary magnitude. Since the battle of Kernstown, the report of which had been furnished in April 1862, the time had been too fully occupied to admit of the crowded events being placed on record, and more than one-half of the division, brigade, and regimental commanders who had been engaged in the operations of the period had been killed. Nor, even now, did his duties permit him the necessary leisure to complete the work without assistance. On his requisition, therefore, Colonel Charles Faulkner, who had been United States Minister to France before the war, was attached to his staff for the purpose of collecting the reports of the subordinate commanders, and combining them in the proper form. The rough drafts were carefully gone over by the general. Every sentence was weighed; and everything that might possibly convey a wrong impression was at once rejected; evidence was called to clear up disputed points; <380>no inferences or suppositions were allowed to stand; truth was never permitted to be sacrificed to effect; superlatives were rigorously excluded,⁽¹⁾ and the narratives may be unquestionably accepted as an accurate relation of the facts. Many stirring passages were added by the general's own pen; and the praise bestowed upon the troops, both officers and men, is couched in the warmest terms. Yet much was omitted. Jackson had a rooted objection to represent the motives of his actions, or to set forth the object of his movements. In reply to a remonstrance that those who came after him would be embarrassed by the absence of these explanations, and that his fame would suffer, he said: 'The men who come after me must act for themselves; and as to the historians who speak of the movements of my command, I do not concern myself greatly as to what they may say.' To judge, then, from the reports, Jackson himself had very little to do with his success; indeed, were they the only evidence available, it would be difficult to ascertain whether the more brilliant manoeuvres were ordered by himself or executed on the initiative of others. But in this he was perfectly consistent. When the publisher of an illustrated periodical wrote to him, asking him for his portrait and some notes of his battles as the basis of a sketch, he replied that he had no likeness of himself, and had done nothing worthy of mention. It is not without interest, in this connection, to note that the Old Testament supplied him with a pattern for his reports, just as it supplied him, as he often declared, with precepts and principles applicable to every military emergency. After he was wounded, enlarging one morning on his favourite topic of practical religion, he turned to the staff officer in attendance, Lieutenant Smith, and asked him with a smile: 'Can you tell me where the Bible gives generals a model for their official reports of battles?' The aide-de-camp answered, laughing, that it never entered his mind to think of looking

for such a thing <381>in the Scriptures. ' Nevertheless,' said the general, ' there are such; and excellent models, too. Look, for instance, at the narrative of Joshua's battles with the Amalekites; there you have one. It has clearness, brevity, modesty; and it traces the victory to its right source, the blessing of God.'

The early spring of 1863 was undoubtedly one of the happiest seasons of a singularly happy life. Jackson's ambition, if the desire for such rank that would enable him to put the powers within him to the best use may be so termed, was fully gratified. The country lad who, one-and-twenty years ago, on his way to West Point, had looked on the green hills of Virginia from the Capitol at Washington, could hardly have anticipated a higher destiny than that which had befallen him. Over the hearts and wills of thirty thousand magnificent soldiers, the very flower of Southern manhood, his empire was absolute; and such dominion is neither the heritage of princes nor within the reach of wealth. The most trusted lieutenant of his great commander, the strong right arm with which he had executed his most brilliant enterprises, he shared with him the esteem and admiration not only of the army but of the whole people of the South. The name he had determined, in his lonely boyhood, to bring back to honour already ranked with those of the Revolutionary heroes. Even his enemies, for the brave men at the front left rancour to the politicians, were not proof against the attraction of his great achievements. A friendly intercourse, not always confined to a trade of coffee for tobacco, existed between the outposts; ' Johnnies' and ' Yanks' often exchanged greetings across the Rappahannock; and it is related that one day when Jackson rode along the river, and the Confederate troops ran together, as was their custom, to greet him with a yell, the Federal pickets, roused by the sudden clamour, crowded to the bank, and shouted across to ask the cause. ' General Stonewall Jackson,' was the proud reply of the grey-coated sentry. Immediately, to his astonishment, the cry, ' Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson !' rang out from the Federal ranks, and the voices of North <382>and South, prophetic of a time to come, mingled in acclamation of a great American.

The situation of the army, although the winter was unusually severe, was not without its compensations. The country was covered with snow, and storms were frequent; rations were still scarce,(1) for the single line of badly laid rails, subjected to the strain of an abnormal traffic, formed a precarious means of transport; every spring and pond was frozen; and the soldiers shivered beneath their scanty coverings.(2) Huts, however, were in process of erection, and the goodwill of the people did something to supply the deficiencies of the commissariat.(3) The homes of Virginia were stripped, and many—like Jackson himself, whose blankets had already been sent from Lexington to his old brigade—ordered their carpets to be cut up into rugs and distributed amongst the men. But neither cold nor hunger could crush the spirit of the troops. The bivouacs were never merrier than on the bare hills and in the dark pine-woods which looked down on the ruins and the graves of Fredericksburg. Picket duty was

(1) On January 23 the daily ration was a quarter of a pound of beef, and one-fifth of a pound of sugar was ordered to be issued in addition, but there was no sugar ! Lee to Davis, O. R., vol. xxi., p. 1110. In the Valley, during the autumn, the ration had been one and one-eighth pound of flour, and one and a quarter pounds of beef. On March 27 the ration was eighteen ounces of flour, and four ounces of indifferent bacon, with occasional issues of rice, sugar, or molasses. Symptoms of scurvy were appearing, and to supply the place of vegetables each regiment was directed to send men daily to gather sassafras buds, wild onions, garlic, &c., &c. Still ' the men are cheerful,' writes Lee, ' and I receive no complaints.' O. B., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 687. On April 17 the ration had been increased by

ten pounds of rice to every 100 men about every third day, with a few peas and dried fruits occasionally. O.B., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 730.

(2) On January 19, 1,200 pairs of shoes and 400 or 500 pairs of blankets were forwarded for issue to men without either in D. H. Hill's division. O. R., vol. xxi., p. 1097. In the Louisiana brigade on the same date, out of 1,500 men, 400 had no covering for their feet whatever. A large number had not a particle of underclothing, shirts, socks, or drawers; overcoats were so rare as to be a curiosity; the 5th Regiment could not drill for want of shoes; the 8th was almost unfit for duty from the same cause; the condition of the men's feet, from long exposure, was horrible, and the troops were almost totally unprovided with cooking utensils. O. R., vol. xxi., p. 1098.

(3) O. R., vol. xxi., p. 1098

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tight, for the black waters of the great river formed a secure barrier against attack; and if the men's stomachs were empty, they could still feast their eyes on a charming landscape. ' To the right and left the wooded range extended towards Fredericksburg on the one hand, and Port Royal on the other; in front, the far-stretching level gave full sweep to the eye; and at the foot of its forest-clad bluffs, or by the margin of undulating fields, the Rappahannock flowed calmly to the sea. Old mansions dotted this beautiful land—for beautiful it was in spite of the chill influences of winter, with its fertile meadows, its picturesque woodlands, and its old roads skirted by long lines of shadowy cedars.(1)

The headquarters of the Second Army Corps were established at Moss Neck, on the terrace above the Rappahannock, eleven miles below Fredericksburg. After the retreat of the Federals to Falmouth, the Confederate troops had re-occupied their former positions, and every point of passage between Fredericksburg and Port Royal was strongly intrenched and closely watched. At Moss Neck Jackson was not only within easy reach of his divisions, but was more comfortably housed than had usually been the case. A hunting-lodge which stood on the lawn of an old and picturesque mansion-house, the property of a gentleman named Corbin, was placed at his disposal—he had declined the offer of rooms in the house itself lest he should trespass on the convenience of its inmates; and to show the peculiar constitution of the Confederate army, an anecdote recorded by his biographers is worth quoting. After his first interview with Mrs. Corbin, he passed out to the gate, where a cavalry orderly who had accompanied him was holding his horse. ' Do you approve of your accommodation, General ?' asked the courier. ' Yes, sir, I have decided to make my quarters here.' ' I am Mr. Corbin, sir,' said the soldier, ' and I am very pleased.'

The lower room of the lodge, hung with trophies of the chase, was both his bedroom and his office; while a large tent, pitched on the grass outside, served as a mess-room <384>for his military family; and here for three long months, until near the end of March, he rested from the labour of his campaigns. The Federal troops, on the snow-clad heights across the river, remained idle in their camps, slowly recovering from the effects of their defeat on the fields of Fredericksburg; the pickets had ceased to bicker; the gunboats had disappeared, and ' all was quiet on the Rappahannock.' Many of the senior officers in the Confederate army took advantage of the lull in operations to visit their homes; but, although his wife urged him to do the same, Jackson steadfastly refused to absent himself even for a few days from the front. In November, to his unbounded delight, a daughter had been born to him. ' To a man of his extreme domesticity, and love for children,' says his wife, ' this was a crowning happiness; and yet, with his great modesty and shrinking from publicity, he requested that he should not receive the announcement by telegraph, and when it came to him by letter he kept the glad tidings to himself—leaving his staff

and those around him in the camp to hear of it from others. This was to him "a joy with which a stranger could not intermeddle," and from which even his own hand could not lift the veil of sanctity. His letters were full of longing to see his little Julia; for by this name, which had been his mother's, he had desired her to be christened, saying, "My mother was mindful of me when I was a helpless, fatherless child, and I wish to commemorate her now."

' How thankful I am,' he wrote, ' to our kind Heavenly Father for having spared my precious wife and given us a little daughter ! I cannot tell how gratified I am, nor how much I wish I could be with you and see my two darlings. But while this pleasure is denied me, I am thankful it is accorded to you to have the little pet, and I hope it may be a great deal of company and comfort to its mother. Now, don't exert yourself to write to me, for to know that you were exerting yourself to write would give me more pain than the letter would pleasure, so *you must not do it*. But you must love your *esposo* in the mean time I expect you are just now made up with that baby. Don't you wish <385>your husband wouldn't claim any part of it, but let you have the sole ownership ? Don't you regard it as the most precious little creature in the world ? Do not spoil it, and don't let anybody tease it. Don't permit it to have a bad temper. How I would love to see the darling little thing ! Give her many kisses from her father.

' At present I am fifty miles from Richmond, and eight miles from Guiney's Station, on the railroad from Richmond to Fredericksburg. Should I remain here, I do hope you and baby can come to see me before spring, as you can come on the railway. Wherever I go, God gives me kind friends. The people here show me great kindness. I receive invitation after invitation to dine out and spend the night, and a great many provisions are sent me, including cakes, tea, loaf-sugar, &c., and the socks and gloves and handkerchiefs still come!

' I am so thankful to our ever-kind Heavenly Father for having so improved my eyes as to enable me to write at night. He continually showers blessings upon me; and that *you* should have been spared, and our darling little daughter given us, fills my heart with overflowing gratitude. If I know my unworthy self, my desire is to live entirely and unreservedly to God's glory. Pray, my darling, that I may so live.'

Again to his sister-in-law: ' I trust God will answer the prayers offered for peace. Not much comfort is to be expected until this cruel war terminates. I haven't seen my wife since last March, and never having seen my child, you can imagine with what interest I look to North Carolina.'

But the tender promptings of his deep natural affection were stilled by his profound faith that ' duty is ours, consequences are God's.' The Confederate army, at this time as at all others, suffered terribly from desertion; and one of his own brigades reported 1,200 officers and men absent without leave.

' Last evening,' he wrote to his wife on Christmas Day, ' I received a letter from Dr. Dabney, saying, "one of the highest gratifications both Mrs. Dabney and I could enjoy would be another visit from Mrs. Jackson," and he <386>invites me to meet you there. He and Mrs. Dabney are very kind, but it appears to me that it is better for me to remain with my command so long as the war continues. . . . If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time; but our God has greatly blessed me and mine during my

absence, and whilst it would be a great comfort to see you and our darling little daughter, and others in whom I take a special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty.'

So business at headquarters went on in its accustomed course. There were inspections to be made, the deficiencies of equipment to be made good, correspondence to be conducted—and the control of 30,000 men demanded much office-work—the enemy to be watched, information to be sifted, topographical data to be collected, and the reports of the battles to be written. Every morning, as was his invariable habit during a campaign, the general had an interview with the chiefs of the commissariat, transport, ordnance, and medical departments, and he spent many hours in consultation with his topographical engineer. The great purpose for which Virginia stood in arms was ever present to his mind, and despite his reticence, his staff knew that he was occupied, day and night, with the problems that the future might unfold. Existence at headquarters to the young and high-spirited officers who formed the military family was not altogether lively. Outside there was abundance of gaiety. The Confederate army, even on those lonely hills, managed to extract enjoyment from its surroundings. The hospitality of the plantations was open to the officers, and wherever Stuart and his brigadiers pitched their tents, dances and music were the order of the day. Nor were the men behindhand. Even the heavy snow afforded them entertainment. Whenever a thaw took place they set themselves to making snow-balls; and great battles, in which one division was arrayed against another, and which were carried through with the pomp and circumstance of war, colours flying, bugles sounding, and long lines charging elaborately planned intrenchments, were a constant source of amusement, except to unpopular officers. Theatrical and musical performances enlivened the tedium of the long evenings; and when, by the glare of the camp-fires, the band of the 5th Virginia broke into the rattling quick-step of 'Dixie's Land,' not the least stirring of national anthems, and the great concourse of grey-jackets took up the chorus, closing it with a yell

That shivered to the tingling stars,

the Confederate soldier would not have changed places with the President himself.

There was much social intercourse, too, between the different headquarters. General Lee was no unfrequent visitor to Moss Neck, and on Christmas Day Jackson's aides-de-camp provided a sumptuous entertainment, at which turkeys and oysters figured, for the Commander-in-Chief and the senior generals. Stuart, too, often invaded the quarters of his old comrade, and Jackson looked forward to the merriment that was certain to result just as much as the youngest of his staff. 'Stuart's exuberant cheerfulness and humour,' says Dabney, 'seemed to be the happy relief, as they were the opposites, to Jackson's serious and diffident temper. While Stuart poured out his "quips and cranks," not seldom at Jackson's expense, the latter sat by, sometimes unprepared with any repartee, sometimes blushing, but always enjoying the jest with a quiet and merry laugh. The ornaments on the wall of the general's quarters gave Stuart many a topic of badinage. Affecting to believe that they were of General Jackson's selection, he pointed now to the portrait of some famous race-horse, and now to the print of some celebrated rat-terrier, as queer revelations of his private tastes, indicating a great decline in his moral character, which would be a grief and disappointment to the pious old ladies of the South. Jackson, with a

quiet smile, replied that perhaps he had had more to do with <388>race-horses than his friends suspected. It was in the midst of such a scene as this that dinner was announced, and the two generals passed to the mess-table. It so happened that Jackson had just received, as a present from a patriotic lady, some butter, upon the adornment of which the fair donor had exhausted her housewife's skill. The servants, in honour of General Stuart's presence, had chosen this to grace the centre of the board. As his eye fell upon it, he paused, and with mock gravity pointed to it, saying, "There, gentlemen! If that is not the crowning evidence of our host's sporting tastes. He even has his favourite game-cock stamped on his butter !" The dinner, of course, began with great laughter, in which Jackson joined, with as much enjoyment as any.'

Visitors, too, from Europe, attracted by the fame of the army and its leaders, had made their way into the Confederate lines, and were received with all the hospitality that the camps afforded. An English officer has recorded his experiences at Moss Neck :—

' I brought from Nassau a box of goods (a present from England) for General Stonewall Jackson, and he asked me when I was at Richmond to come to his camp and see him. I left the city one morning about seven o'clock, and about ten landed at a station distant some eight or nine miles from Jackson's (or, as his men called him, "Old Jack's ") camp. A heavy fall of snow had covered the country for some time before to the depth of a foot, and formed a crust over the Virginian mud, which is quite as villainous as that of Balaclava. The day before had been mild and wet, and my journey was made in a drenching shower, which soon cleared away the white mantle of snow. You cannot imagine the slough of despond I had to pass through. Wet to the skin, I stumbled through mud, I waded through creeks, I passed through pine-woods, and at last got into camp about two o'clock. ! then made my way to a small house occupied by the general as his headquarters. I wrote down my name, and gave it to the orderly, and I was immediately told to walk in.

' The general rose and greeted me warmly. I expected <389>to see an old, untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome, and powerfully built, but thin. He has brown hair and a brown beard. His mouth expresses great determination. The lips are thin and compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and searching expression. I was told that his age was thirty. eight, and he looks forty. The general, who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his own hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the dinner hour we went out and joined the members of his staff. At this meal the general said grace in a fervent, quiet manner, which struck me very much. After dinner I returned to his room, and he again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor.

'As I rose to retire, the general said, "Captain, there is plenty of room on my bed, I hope you will share it with me ?" I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said "Good-night," and slept in a tent, sharing the blankets of one of his aides-de-camp. In the morning at breakfast-time I noticed that the general said grace before the meal with the same fervour I had remarked before. An hour or two afterwards it was time for me to return to the station; on this occasion, however, I had a horse, and I returned to the general's headquarters to bid him adieu. His little room was vacant, so I slipped in and stood before the fire. I then noticed my greatcoat stretched before it on a chair. Shortly

afterwards the general entered the room. He said: " Captain, I have been trying to dry your greatcoat, but I am afraid I have not succeeded very well." That little act illustrates the man's character. With the care and responsibilities of a vast army on his shoulders he finds time to do little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness.'

With each of his staff officers he was on most friendly <390>terms; and the visitors to his camp, such as the English officer quoted above, found him a most delightful host, discussing with the ease of an educated gentleman all manner of topics, and displaying not the slightest trace of that awkwardness and extreme diffidence which have been attributed to him. The range and accuracy of his information surprised them. ' Of military history,' said another English soldier, ' he knew more than any other man I met in America; and he was so far from displaying the somewhat grim characteristics that have been associated with his name, that one would have thought his tastes lay in the direction of art and literature.' ' His chief delight,' wrote the Hon. Francis Lawley, who knew him well, ' was in the cathedrals of England, notably in York Minster and Westminster Abbey. He was never tired of talking about them, or listening to details about the chapels and cloisters of Oxford.' (1)

' General Jackson,' writes Lord Wolseley, ' had certainly very little to say about military operations, although he was intensely proud of his soldiers, and enthusiastic in his devotion to General Lee; and it was impossible to make him talk of his own achievements. Nor can I say that his speech betrayed his intellectual powers. But his manner, which was modesty itself, was most attractive. He put you at your ease at once, listening with marked courtesy and attention to whatever you might say; and when the subject of conversation was congenial, he was a most interesting companion. I quite endorse the statement as to his love for beautiful things. He told me that in all his travels he had seen nothing so beautiful as the lancet windows in York Minster.'

In his daily intercourse with his staff, however, in his office or in the mess-room, he showed to less advantage than in the society of strangers. His gravity of demeanour seldom wholly disappeared, his intense earnestness was in itself oppressive, and he was often absent and preoccupied. 'Life at headquarters,' says one of his staff officers, 'was decidedly dull. Our meals were often very <391>dreary. The general had no time for light or trivial conversation, and he sometimes felt it his duty to rebuke our thoughtless and perhaps foolish remarks. Nor was it always quite safe to approach him. Sometimes he had a tired look in his eyes, and although he never breathed a word to one or another, we knew that he was dissatisfied with what was being done with the army.'(1)

Intense concentration of thought and purpose, in itself an indication of a powerful will, had distinguished Jackson from his very boyhood. During his campaigns he would pace for hours outside his tent, his hands clasped behind his back, absorbed in meditation; and when the army was on the march, he would ride for hours without raising his eyes or opening his lips. It was unquestionably at such moments that he was working out his plans, step by step, forecasting the counter-movements of the enemy, and providing for every emergency that might occur. And here the habit of keeping his whole faculties fixed on a single object, and of imprinting on his memory the successive processes of complicated problems, fostered by the methods of study which, both at West Point and Lexington, the weakness of his eyes had made compulsory, must have been an inestimable advantage. Brilliant strategical manoeuvres, it cannot be too often repeated, are not a matter of inspiration and of decision on the spur of the moment. The problems

presented by a theatre of war, with their many factors, are not to be solved except by a vigorous and sustained intellectual effort. 'If,' said Napoleon, 'I always appear prepared, it is because, before entering on an undertaking, I have meditated for long and have foreseen what may occur. It is not genius which reveals to me suddenly and secretly what I should do in circumstances unexpected by others; it is thought and meditation.'

The proper objective, speaking in general terms, of all military operations is the main army of the enemy, for a campaign can never be brought to a successful conclusion until the hostile forces in the field have become demoralised <392>by defeat; but, to ensure success, preponderance of numbers is usually essential, and it may be said, therefore, that the proper objective is the enemy's main army when it is in inferior strength.

Under ordinary conditions, the first step, then, towards victory must be a movement, or a series of movements, which will compel the enemy to divide his forces, and put it out of his power to assemble even equal strength on the battle-field.

This entails a consideration of the strategic points upon the theatre of war, for it is by occupying or threatening some point which the enemy cannot afford to lose that he will be induced to disperse his army, or to place himself in a position where he can be attacked at a disadvantage. While his main army, therefore, is the ultimate objective, certain strategic points become the initial objectives, to be occupied or threatened either by the main body or detached forces. It is seldom, however, that these initial objectives are readily discovered; and it is very often the case that even the ultimate objective may be obscured.

These principles are well illustrated by the operations in the Valley of Virginia during the month of May and the first fortnight of June, 1862. After the event it is easy to see that Banks' army was Jackson's proper objective—being the principal force in the secondary theatre of war. But at the time, before the event, Lee and Jackson alone realised the importance of overwhelming Banks and thus threatening Washington. It was not realised by Johnston, a most able soldier, for the whole of his correspondence goes to show that he thought a purely defensive attitude the best policy for the Valley Army. It was not realised by Jackson's subordinates, for it was not till long after the battle of Winchester that the real purport of the operations in which they had been engaged began to dawn on them. It was not realised by Lincoln, by Stanton, or even by McClellan, for to each of them the sudden attack on Front Royal was as much of a surprise as to Banks himself; and we may be perfectly confident that none but a trained strategist, after <393>a prolonged study of the map and the situation, would realise it now.

It is to be noted, too, that Jackson's initial objectives—the strategical points in the Valley—were invariably well selected. The Luray Gap, the single road which gives access across the Massanuttons from one side of the Valley to the other, was the most important. The flank position on Elk Run, the occupation of which so suddenly brought up Banks, prevented him interposing between Jackson and Edward Johnson, and saved Staunton from capture, was a second; Front Royal, by seizing which he threatened Banks at Strasburg in flank and rear, compelling him to a hasty retreat, and bringing him to battle on ground which he had not prepared, a third; and the position at Port Republic, controlling the only bridge across the Shenandoah, and separating Shields from Frémont, a fourth. The bearing of all these localities was overlooked by the Federals, and throughout the campaign we cannot fail to notice a great confusion on their part as regards objectives. They neither recognised what the aim of their enemy would be, nor at

what they should aim themselves. It was long before they discovered that Lee's army, and not Richmond, was the vital point of the Confederacy. Not a single attempt was made to seize strategic points, and if we may judge from the orders and dispatches in the Official Records, their existence was never recognised. To this oversight the successive defeats of the Northern forces were in great part due. From McClellan to Banks, each one of their generals appears to have been blind to the advantages that may be derived from a study of the theatre of war. Not one of them hit upon a line of operations which embarrassed the Confederates, and all possessed the unhappy knack of joining battle on the most unfavourable terms. Moreover, when it at last became clear that the surest means of conquering a country is to defeat its armies, the true objective was but vaguely realised. The annihilation of the enemy's troops seems to have been the last thing dreamt of. Opportunities of crushing him in detail were neither sought for nor created. As General Sheridan <394>said afterwards: 'The trouble with the commanders of the Army of the Potomac was that they never marched out to "lick" anybody; all they thought of was to escape being "licked" themselves.'

But it is not sufficient, in planning strategical combinations, to arrive at a correct conclusion as regards the objective. Success demands a most careful calculation of ways and means: of the numbers at disposal; of food, forage, and ammunition; and of the forces to be detached for secondary purposes. The different factors of the problem—the strength and dispositions of the enemy, the roads, railways, fortresses, weather, natural features, the moral of the opposing armies, the character of the opposing general, the facilities for supply—have each and all of them to be considered, their relative prominence assigned to them, and their conflicting claims to be brought into adjustment.

For such mental exertion Jackson was well equipped. He had made his own the experience of others. His knowledge of history made him familiar with the principles which had guided Washington and Napoleon in the selection of objectives, and with the means by which they attained them. It is not always easy to determine the benefit, beyond a theoretical acquaintance with the phenomena of the battle-field, to be derived from studying the campaigns of the great masters of war. It is true that no successful general, whatever may have been his practical knowledge, has neglected such study; but while many have borne witness to its efficacy, none have left a record of the manner in which their knowledge of former campaigns influenced their own conduct.

In the case of Stonewall Jackson, however, we have much evidence, indirect, but unimpeachable, as to the value to a commander of the knowledge thus acquired. The Maxims of Napoleon, carried in his haversack, were constantly consulted throughout his campaigns, and this little volume contains a fairly complete exposition, in Napoleon's own words, of the grand principles of war. Moreover, Jackson often quoted principles which are not to be found in the Maxims, but on which Napoleon <395>consistently acted. It is clear, therefore, that he had studied the campaigns of the great Corsican in order to discover the principles on which military success is based; that having studied and reflected on those principles, and the effect their application produced, in numerous concrete cases, they became so firmly imbedded in his mind as to be ever present, guiding him into the right path, or warning him against the wrong, whenever he had to deal with a strategic or tactical situation.

It may be noted, moreover, that these principles, especially those which he was accustomed to quote, were concerned far more with the moral aspect of war than with the

material. It is a fair inference, therefore, that it was to the study of human nature as affected by the conditions of war, by discipline, by fear, by the want of food, by want of information, by want of confidence, by the weight of responsibility, by political interests, and, above all, by surprise, that his attention was principally directed. He found in the campaigns of Jena and of Austerlitz not merely a record of marches and manoeuvres, of the use of intrenchments, or of the general rules for attack and defence; this is the mechanical and elementary part of the science of command. What Jackson learned was the truth of the famous maxim that the moral is to the physical—that is, to armament and numbers—as three to one. He learned, too, to put himself into his adversary's place and to realise his weakness. He learned, in a word, that war is a struggle between two intellects rather than the conflict of masses; and it was by reason of this knowledge that he played on the hearts of his enemies with such extraordinary skill.

It is not to be asserted, however, that the study of military history is an infallible means of becoming a great or even a good general. The first qualification necessary for a leader of men is a strong character, the second, a strong intellect. With both Providence had endowed Jackson, and the strong intellect illuminates and explains the page that to others is obscure and meaningless. With its innate faculty for discerning what is essential and for discarding unimportant details, it discovers most valuable lessons <396>where ordinary men see neither light nor leading. Endowed with the power of analysis and assimilation, and accustomed to observe and to reflect upon the relations between cause and effect, it will undoubtedly penetrate far deeper into the actual significance and practical bearing of historical facts than the mental vision which is less acute.

Jackson, by reason of his antecedent training, was eminently capable of the sustained intellectual efforts which strategical conceptions involve. Such was his self-command that under the most adverse conditions, the fatigues and anxieties of a campaign, the fierce excitement of battle, his brain, to use the words of a great Confederate general, 'worked with the precision of the most perfect machinery.'⁽¹⁾ But it was not only in the field, when the necessity for action was pressing, that he was accustomed to seclude himself with his own thoughts. Nor was he content with considering his immediate responsibilities. His interest in the general conduct of the war was of a very thorough-going character. While in camp on the Rappahannock, he followed with the closest attention the movements of the armies operating in the Valley of the Mississippi, and made himself acquainted, so far as was possible, not only with the local conditions of the war, but also with the character of the Federal leaders. It was said that, in the late spring of 1862, it was the intention of Mr. Davis to transfer him to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and it is possible that some inkling of this determination induced him to study the Western theatre.⁽²⁾ Be this as it may, the general situation, military and political, was always in his mind, and despite the victory of Fredericksburg, the future was dark and the indications ominous.

According to the Official Records, the North, at the beginning of April, had more than 900,000 soldiers under <397>arms; the South, so far as can be ascertained, not more than 600,000. The Army of the Potomac was receiving constant reinforcements, and at the beginning of April, 130,000 men were encamped on the Stafford Heights. In the West, the whole extent of the Mississippi, with the exception of the hundred miles between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, was held by the Federals, and those important fortresses were both threatened by large armies, acting in concert with a formidable fleet of gunboats. A third army, over 50,000 strong, was posted at Murfreesboro', in the heart of

Tennessee, and large detached forces were operating in Louisiana and Arkansas. The inroads of the enemy in the West, greatly aided by the waterways, were in fact far more serious than in the East; but even in Virginia, although the Army of the Potomac had spent nearly two years in advancing fifty miles, the Federals had a strong foothold. Winchester had been reoccupied. Fortress Monroe was still garrisoned. Suffolk, on the south bank of the James, seventy miles from Richmond, was held by a force of 20,000 men; while another small army, of about the same strength, occupied New Berne, on the North Carolina coast.

Slowly but surely, before the pressure of vastly superior numbers, the frontiers of the Confederacy were contracting; and although in no single direction had a Federal army moved more than a few miles from the river which supplied it, yet the hostile occupation of these rivers, so essential to internal traffic, was making the question of subsistence more difficult every day. Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, the cattle-raising States, were practically cut off from the remainder; and in a country where railways were few, distances long, and roads indifferent, it was impossible, in default of communication by water, to accumulate and distribute the produce of the farms. Moreover, the dark menace of the blockade had assumed more formidable proportions. The Federal navy, gradually increasing in numbers and activity, held the highway of the ocean in an iron grip; and proudly though the Confederacy bore her isolation, men looked across the waters with dread foreboding, for the shadow of their doom was already rising from the pitiless sea. <398>

If, then, his staff officers had some reason to complain of their chief's silence and abstraction, it was by no means unfortunate for the South, so imminent was the danger, that the strong brain was incessantly occupied in forecasting the emergencies that might occur.

But not for a single moment did Jackson despair of ultimate success. His faith in the justice of the Southern cause was as profound as his trust in God's good providence. He had long since realised that the overwhelming strength of the Federals was more apparent than real. He recognised their difficulties; he knew that the size of an army is limited to the number that can be subsisted, and he relied much on the superior *moral* and the superior leading of the Confederate troops. After long and mature deliberation he had come to a conclusion as to the policy to be pursued. 'We must make this campaign,' he said, in a moment of unusual expansion, 'an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow.'

On these principles Jackson had good reason to believe General Lee had determined to act ;(1) of their efficacy he was convinced, and when his wife came to visit him at the end of April, she found him in good heart and the highest spirits. He not only anticipated a decisive result from the forthcoming operations, but he had seen with peculiar satisfaction that a more manly tone was pervading the Confederate army. Taught by their leaders, by Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and many others, of whose worth and valour they had received convincing proof, the Southern soldiers had begun to practise the clean and wholesome virtue of self-control. They had discovered that purity <399>and temperance are by no means incompatible with military prowess, and that a practical piety, faithful in small

things as in great, detracts in no degree from skill and resolution in the field. The Stonewall Brigade set the example. As soon as their own huts were finished, the men, of their own volition, built a log church, where both officers and men, without distinction of rank, were accustomed to assemble during the winter evenings; and those rude walls, illuminated by pine torches cut from the neighbouring forest, witnessed such scenes as filled Jackson's cup of content to overflowing. A chaplain writes: 'The devout listener, dressed in simple grey, ornamented only with three stars, which any Confederate colonel was entitled to wear, is our great commander, Robert Edward Lee. That dashing-looking cavalry-man, with "fighting jacket," plumed hat, jingling spurs, and gay decorations, but solemn, devout aspect during the service, is "Jeb" Stuart, the flower of cavaliers—and all through the vast crowd wreaths and stars of rank mingle with the bars of the subordinate officers and the rough garb of the private soldier. But perhaps the most supremely happy of the gathered thousands is Stonewall Jackson.' 'One could not,' says another, 'sit in that pulpit and meet the concentrated gaze of those men without deep emotion. I remembered that they were the veterans of many a bloody field. The eyes which looked into mine, waiting for the Gospel of peace, had looked steadfastly upon whatever is terrible in war. Their earnestness of aspect constantly impressed me They looked as if they had come on business, and very important business, and the preacher could scarcely do otherwise than feel that he, too, had business of moment there!'

At this time, largely owing to Jackson's exertions, chaplains were appointed to regiments and brigades, and ministers from all parts of the country were invited to visit the camps. The Chaplains' Association, which did a good work in the army, was established at his suggestion, and although he steadfastly declined to attend its meetings, <400>deeming them outside his functions, nothing was neglected, so far as lay within his power, that might forward the moral welfare of the troops.

But at the same time their military efficiency and material comforts received his constant attention. Discipline was made stricter, indolent and careless officers were summarily dismissed, and the divisions were drilled at every favourable opportunity. Headquarters had been transferred to a tent near to Hamilton's Crossing, the general remarking, 'It is rather a relief to get where there will be less comfort than in a room, as I hope thereby persons will be prevented from encroaching so much upon my time.' On his wife's arrival he moved to Mr. Yerby's plantation, near Hamilton's Crossing, but 'he did not permit,' she writes, 'the presence of his family to interfere in any way with his military duties. The greater part of each day he spent at his headquarters, but returned as early as he could get off from his labours, and devoted all his leisure time to his visitors—little Julia having his chief attention and his care. His devotion to his child was remarked upon by all who beheld the happy pair together, for she soon learned to delight in his caresses as much as he loved to play with her. An officer's wife, who saw him often during this time, wrote to a friend in Richmond that "the general spent all his leisure time in playing with the baby."'

But these quiet and happy days were soon ended. On April 29 the roar of cannon was heard once more at Guiney's Station, salvo after salvo following in quick succession, until the house shook and the windows rattled with the reverberations. The crash of musketry succeeded, rapid and continuous, and before the sun was high wounded men were brought in to the shelter of Mr. Yerby's outhouses. Very early in the morning a message from the pickets had come in, and after making arrangements for his wife and child to leave at

once for Richmond, the general, without waiting for breakfast, had hastened to the front. The Federals were crossing the <401>Rappahannock, and Stonewall Jackson had gone to his last field.(1)

(1) The Army of the Potomac was now constituted as follows :—

Engineer Brigade.	
First Corps.	Reynolds.
Second Corps.	Couch.
Third Corps.	Sickles.
	{ Birney.
Divisions.	{ Berry.
	{ Whipple.
Fifth Corps.	Meade.
Sixth Corps.	Sedgwick.
Eleventh Corps.	Howard.
	{ McLean.
Divisions.	{ Von Steinwehr.
	{ Schurz.
Twelfth Corps.	Slocum.
Divisions.	{ Williams.
	{ Geary.
Cavalry Corps.	Stoneman
	{ Pleasonton.
Divisions.	{ Averell.
	{ Gregg.

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NOTE

*Headquarters, Second Corps, Army of N. Va.:
April 13, 1863.*

General Orders, No. 26.

I.

II. Each division will move precisely at the time indicated in the order of march, and if a division or brigade is not ready to move at that time, the next will proceed and take its place, even if a division should be separated thereby.

III. On the march the troops are to have a rest of ten minutes each hour. The rate of march is not to exceed one mile in twenty. five minutes, unless otherwise specially ordered. The time of each division commander will be taken from that of the corps commander. When the troops are halted for the purpose of resting, arms will be stacked, ranks broken, and in no case during the march will the troops be allowed to break ranks without previously stacking arms.

IV. When any part of a battery or train is disabled on a march, the officer in charge must have it removed immediately from the road, so that no part of the command be impeded upon its march.

Batteries or trains must not stop in the line of march to water; when any part of a battery or train, from any cause, loses its place in the column, it must not pass any part of the

column in regaining its place.

Company commanders will march at the rear of their respective companies; officers must be habitually occupied in seeing that orders are strictly enforced; a day's march should be with them a day of labour; as much vigilance is required on the march as in camp.

Each division commander will, as soon as he arrive at his camp. ing-ground, have the company rolls called, and guard details marched to the front of the regiment before breaking ranks; and immediately afterwards establish his chain of sentinels, and post his pickets so as to secure the safety of his command, and will soon thereafter report to their headquarters the disposition made for the security of his camp.

Division commanders will see that all orders respecting their divisions are carried out strictly; each division commander before leaving an encampment will have all damages occasioned by his command settled for by payment or covered by proper certificates.

V. All ambulances in the same brigade will be receipted for by the brigade quartermaster, they will be parked together, and habitually kept together, not being separated unless the exigencies of the service require, and on marches follow in rear of their respective brigades.

Ample details will be made for taking care of the wounded; <403>those selected will wear the prescribed badge; and no other person belonging to the army will be permitted to take part in this important trust.

Any one leaving his appropriate duty, under pretext of taking care of the wounded, will be promptly arrested, and as soon as charges can be made out, they will be forwarded.

By command of Lieutenant-General Jackson,

A. S. PENDLETON,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Stonewall Jackson v2.
Chapter XXIII—Chancellorsville

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IT has already been said that while the Army of Northern Virginia lay in winter quarters the omens did not point to decisive success in the forthcoming campaign. During the same period that Lincoln and Stanton, taught by successive disasters, had ceased to interfere with their generals, Jefferson Davis and Mr. Seddon, his new Secretary of War, had taken into their own hands the complete control of military operations. The results appeared in the usual form: on the Northern side, unity of purpose and concentration; on the Southern, uncertainty of aim and dispersion. In the West the Confederate generals were fatally hampered by the orders of the President. In the East the Army of Northern Virginia, confronted by a mass of more than 130,000 foes, was deprived of three of Longstreet's divisions; and when, at the end of April, it was reported that Hooker was advancing, it was absolutely impossible that this important detachment could rejoin in time to assist in the defence of the Rappahannock.

A full discussion of the Chancellorsville campaign does not fall within the scope of this biography, but in justice to the Southern generals—to Lee who resolved to stand his ground, and to Jackson who approved the resolution—it must be explained that they were in no way responsible for the absence of 20,000 veterans. Undoubtedly the situation on the Atlantic littoral was sufficiently embarrassing to the Confederate authorities. The presence of a Federal force at New Berne, in North Carolina, threatened the main line of railway by which Wilmington and Charleston communicated with Richmond, and these two ports were of the utmost <405>

[Graphics, Hooker's Plan of Campaign, omitted.]

importance to the Confederacy. So enormous were the profits arising from the exchange of munitions of war and medicines (1) for cotton and tobacco that English shipowners embarked eagerly on a lucrative if precarious traffic. Blockade-running became a recognised business. Companies were organised which possessed large fleets of swift steamers. The Bahamas and Bermuda became vast entre-pôts of trade. English seamen were not to be deterred from a perilous enterprise by fear of Northern broadsides or Northern prisons, and despite the number and activity of the blockading squadrons the cordon of cruisers and gunboats was constantly broken. Many vessels were sunk, many captured, many wrecked on a treacherous coast, and yet enormous quantities of supplies found their way to the arsenals and magazines of Richmond and Atlanta. The railways, then, leading from Wilmington and Charleston, the ports most accessible to the blockade-runners, were almost essential to the existence of the Confederacy. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, General D. H. Hill was placed in command of the forces which protected them, and, at the beginning of the New Year, Ransom's division (2) was drawn from the Rappahannock to reinforce the local levies. A few weeks later (3) General Lee was induced by Mr. Seddon to send Longstreet, with the divisions of Hood and Pickett,(4) to cover Richmond, which was menaced both from Fortress Monroe and Suffolk.(5)

The Commander-in-Chief, however, while submitting to this detachment as a necessary evil, had warned General Longstreet so to dispose his troops that they could return to the Rappahannock at the first alarm. 'The enemy's position,' he wrote, 'on the sea-coast had

been probably occupied merely for purposes of defence, it was likely that they were strongly entrenched, and nothing would be gained by attacking them.'

- (1) Quinine sold in the South for one hundred dollars (Confederate) the ounce. O.R., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 79.
- (2) 3,594 officers and men. Report of December 1. O.R., vol. xxi., p. 1082.
- (3) Middle of February.
- (4) Pickett, 7,165: Hood, 7,956—15,121 officers and men.
- (5) Lee thought Pickett was sufficient. O.R., vol. xxi., p. 623.

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The warning, however, was disregarded; and that Mr. Seddon should have yielded, in the first instance, to the influence of the sea-power, exciting apprehensions of sudden attack along the whole seaboard of the Confederacy, may be forgiven him. Important lines of communication were certainly exposed. But when, in defiance of Lee's advice that the divisions should be retained within easy reach of Fredericksburg, he suggested to Longstreet the feasibility of an attack on Suffolk, one hundred and twenty miles distant from the Rappahannock, he committed an unpardonable blunder.

Had Jackson been in Longstreet's place, the Secretary's proposal, however promising of personal renown, would unquestionably have been rejected. The leader who had kept the main object so steadfastly in view throughout the Valley campaign would never have overlooked the expressed wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. Longstreet, however, brilliant fighting soldier as he was, appears to have misconceived the duties of a detached force. He was already prejudiced in favour of a movement against Suffolk. Before he left for his new command, he had suggested to Lee that one army corps only should remain on the Rappahannock, while the other operated south of Richmond; and soon after his arrival he urged upon his superior that, in case Hooker moved, the Army of Northern Virginia should retire to the North Anna. In short, to his mind the operations of the main body should be made subservient to those of the detached force; Lee, with 30,000 men, holding Hooker's 130,000 in check until Longstreet had won his victory and could march north to join him. Such strategy was not likely to find favour at headquarters. It was abundantly evident, in the first place, that the Army of Northern Virginia must be the principal objective of the Federals; and, in the second place, that the defeat of the force of Suffolk, if it were practicable, would have no effect whatever upon Hooker's action, except inasmuch that his knowledge of Longstreet's absence might quicken his resolution to advance. Had Suffolk been a point vital to the North the question would have assumed a different <407>shape. As it was, the town merely covered a tract of conquered territory, the Norfolk dockyard, and the mouth of the James River. The Confederates would gain little by its capture; the Federals would hardly feel its loss. It was most improbable that a single man of Hooker's army would be detached to defend a point of such comparative insignificance, and it was quite possible that Longstreet would be unable to get back in time to meet him, even on the North Anna. General Lee, however, anxious as ever to defer to the opinions of the man on the spot, as well as to meet the wishes of the Government, yielded to Longstreet's insistence that a fine opportunity for an effective blow presented itself, and in the first week of April the latter marched against Suffolk.

His movement was swift and sudden. But, as Lee had anticipated, the Federal position was strongly fortified, with the flanks secure, and Longstreet had no mind to bring April 17. matters to a speedy conclusion. ' He could reduce

the place,' he wrote on April 17, ' in two or three days, but the expenditure of ammunition would be very large; or he could take it by assault, but at a cost of 3,000 men.'

The Secretary of War agreed with him that the sacrifice would be too great, and so, at a time when Hooker was becoming active on the Rappahannock, Lee's lieutenant was quietly investing Suffolk, one hundred and twenty miles away.

From that moment the Commander-in-Chief abandoned all hope that his missing divisions would be with him when Hooker moved. Bitterly indeed was he to suffer for his selection of a commander for his detached force. The loss of 3,000 men at Suffolk, had the works been stormed, and Hood and Pickett marched instantly to the Rappahannock, would have been more than repaid. The addition of 12,000 fine soldiers, flushed with success, and led by two of the most brilliant fighting generals in the Confederate armies, would have made the victory of Chancellorsville a decisive triumph. Better still had Longstreet adhered to his original orders. But both he and Mr. Seddon forgot, as <408>Jackson never did, the value of time, and the grand principle of concentration at the decisive point.

Happily for the South, Hooker, although less flagrantly, was also oblivious of the first axiom of war. As soon as the weather improved he determined to move against Richmond. His task, however, was no simple one. On the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, from Banks' Ford to Port Royal, a distance of twenty miles, frowned line upon line of fortifications, protected by abattis, manned by a numerous artillery, against which it was difficult to find position for the Federal guns, and occupied by the victors of Fredericksburg. A frontal attack gave even less promise of success than in Burnside's disastrous battle. But behind Lee's earthworks were his lines of supply; the Richmond Railway, running due south, with the road to Bowling Green alongside; and second, the plank road, which, running at first due west, led past Chancellorsville, a large brick mansion, standing in a dense forest, to Orange Court House and the depôts on the Virginia Central Railroad.

At these roads and railways Hooker determined to strike, expecting that Lee would at once fall back, and give the Army of the Potomac the opportunity of delivering a heavy blow.(1) To effect his object he divided his 130,000 men into three distinct bodies. The cavalry, which, with the exception of one small brigade, had moved under General Stoneman to Warrenton Junction, was to march by way of Rappahannock Station, and either capturing or passing Culpeper and Gordonsville, to cut the Confederate communications, and should Lee retreat, to hold him fast.(2) General Sedgwick, with two army corps, the First and Sixth, forming the left wing of the army, was to cross the river below Fredericksburg, make a brisk demonstration of attack, and if the enemy fell back follow him rapidly down the Bowling Green and Telegraph roads. Then, while Lee's attention was thus attracted, the right wing, <409>composed of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps, with Pleasonton's brigade of cavalry, under Hooker's own command, would move up the Rappahannock to Kelly's Ford, push forward to the Rapidan, cross at Ely's and Germanna fords, and march upon Chancellorsville. The Third Corps was to remain concentrated on the Stafford Heights, ready to reinforce either wing as circumstances might require. The Second Corps was to leave one division on outpost at Falmouth, and to post two divisions on the north bank of the Rappahannock opposite Banks' Ford.

It will be observed that this design would place a wide interval between the two wings of the Federal army, thus giving the Confederates, although much inferior in numbers, the advantage of the interior lines. (1) Hooker, however, who knew the Confederate strength to a man, was confident that Lee, directly he found his position turned, and Stoneman in his rear, would at once retreat on Richmond. Yet he was not blind to the possibility that his great adversary, always daring, might assume the offensive, and attempt to crush the Federal wings in detail. Still the danger appeared small. Either wing was practically equal to the whole Confederate force. Sedgwick had 40,000, with the Third Corps, 19,000, and a division of the Second, 5,500, close at hand; Hooker 42,000, with two divisions of the Second Corps, 11,000, at Banks' Ford; the Third Corps could reinforce him in less than four-and-twenty hours; and Stoneman's 10,000 sabres, riding at will amongst Lee's supply depôts, would surely prevent him from attacking. Still precaution was taken in case the attempt were made. Sedgwick, if the enemy detached any considerable part of his force towards Chancellorsville, was 'to carry the works at all hazards, and establish his force on the Telegraph road.' (2) The right wing, 'if not strongly resisted, was to advance at all hazards, and secure a position uncovering

(1) From Franklin's Crossing below Fredericksburg, where Sedgwick's bridges were thrown, to Kelly's Ford is 27 miles; to Ely's Ford 19 miles, and to Chancellorsville 11 miles.

(2) O. R., vol. xxv., p. 268.

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Banks' Ford.' (1) Were the Confederates found in force near Chancellorsville, it was to select a strong position and await attack on its own ground, while Sedgwick, coming up from Fredericksburg, would assail the enemy in flank and rear.

Such was the plan which, if resolutely carried out, bade fair to crush Lee's army between the upper and the nether millstones, and it seems that the size and condition of his forces led Hooker to anticipate an easy victory. If the Army of the Potomac was not 'the finest on the planet,' as in an order of the day he boastfully proclaimed it, it possessed many elements of strength. Hooker was a strict disciplinarian with a talent for organisation. He had not only done much to improve the efficiency of his troops, but his vigorous measures had gone far to restore their confidence. When he succeeded Burnside a large proportion of the soldiers had lost heart and hope. The generals who had hitherto commanded them, when compared with Lee and Jackson, were mere pigmies, and the consciousness that this was the case had affected the entire army. The Official Records contain much justification of Jackson's anxiety that Burnside should be fought on the North Anna, where, if defeated, he might have been pursued. Although there had been no pursuit after the battle of Fredericksburg, no harassing marches, no continued retreat, with lack of supplies, abandoning of wounded, and constant alarms, the Federal regiments had suffered terribly in *moral*.

'The winter rains set in,' said Hooker, 'and all operations were for a while suspended, the army literally finding itself buried in mud, from which there was no hope of extrication before spring.

'With this prospect before it, taken in connection with the gloom and despondency which followed the disaster of Fredericksburg, the army was in a forlorn, deplorable condition. Reference to the letters from the army at this time, public and private, affords abundant evidence of its demoralisation; and these, in their turn, had their effect upon the friends and relatives of the soldiers at <411>home. At the time the army was turned over

to me desertions were at the rate of about two hundred a day. So anxious were parents, wives, brothers and sisters, to relieve their kindred, that they filled the express trains with packages of citizens' clothing to assist them in escaping from service. At that time, perhaps, a majority of the officers, especially those high in rank, were hostile to the policy of the Government in the conduct of the war. The emancipation proclamation had been published a short time before, and a large element of the army had taken sides antagonistic to it, declaring that they would never have embarked in the war had they anticipated the action of the Government. When rest came to the army, the disaffected, from whatever cause, began to show themselves, and make their influence felt in and out of the camps. I may also state that at the moment I was placed in command I caused a return to be made of the absentees of the army, and found the number to be 2,922 commissioned officers and 81,964 non-commissioned officers and privates. They were scattered all over the country, and the majority were absent from causes unknown.'(1)

In the face of this remarkable report it is curious to read, in the pages of a brilliant military historian, that 'armies composed of the citizens of a free country, who have taken up arms from patriotic motives . . . have constantly exhibited an astonishing endurance, and possessing a bond of cohesion superior to discipline, have shown their power to withstand shocks that would dislocate the structure of other military organisations.' (2) A force which had lost twenty-five per cent. of its strength by desertion, although it had never been pursued after defeat, would not generally be suspected of peculiar solidity. Nevertheless, the Northern soldiers must receive their due. Want of discipline made fearful ravages in the ranks, but, notwithstanding the defection of so many of their comrades, those that remained faithful displayed the best characteristics of their <412>race. The heart of the army was still sound, and only the influence of a strong and energetic commander was required to restore its vitality. This influence was supplied by Hooker. The cumbrous organisation of Grand Divisions was abolished. Disloyal and unsuccessful generals were removed. Salutary changes were introduced into the various departments of the staff. The cavalry, hitherto formed in independent brigades, was consolidated into a corps of three divisions and a brigade of regulars, and under a system of careful and uniform inspection made rapid improvement. Strong measures were taken to reduce the number of deserters. The ranks were filled by the return of absentees. New regiments were added to the army corps: The troops were constantly practised in field-exercises, and generals of well-deserved reputation were selected for the different commands. 'All were actuated,' wrote Hooker, 'by feelings of confidence and devotion to the cause, and I felt that it was a living army, and one well worthy of the Republic.'

On April 27, after several demonstrations, undertaken with a view of confusing the enemy, had been made at various points, the grand movement began.

The Confederate army still held the lines it had occupied for the past four months. Jackson's army corps extended from Hamilton's Crossing to Port Royal. McLaws' and Anderson's divisions occupied Lee's Hill and the ridge northward, and a brigade watched Banks' Ford. Stuart was with his main body, some 2,400 strong, at Culpeper, observing the great mass of Federal horsemen at Warrenton Junction, and the line of the Rappahannock was held by cavalry pickets.

The strength of the Army of Northern Virginia, so far as can be ascertained, did not exceed 62,000 officers and men.

Second Corps.

A. P. Hill's Division	11,500
Rodes' Division	9,500
Colston's (Jackson's own) Division	6,600
Early's Division	7,500
Artillery	2,100

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First Corps.

Anderson's Division	8,100
McLaws' Division	8,600
Artillery	1,000

Cavalry.

Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade	1,500
W. H. F. Lee's Brigade (two regiments)	900
Reserve Artillery	700
Add for reinforcements received since March 1, date of last return	4,000
Total	<u>62,000</u>
	and 170
	<u>guns.</u>

Thus the road to Richmond, threatened by a host of 130,000 men and 428 guns, was to be defended by a force of less than half the size. Ninety-nine generals out of a hundred would have considered the situation hopeless. The Confederate lines at Fredericksburg were certainly very strong, but it was clearly impossible to prevent the Federals outflanking them. The disparity in strength was far greater than at Sharpsburg, and it seemed that by sheer weight of numbers the Southern army must inevitably be driven back. Nor did it appear, so overwhelming were the Federal numbers, that counter-attack was feasible. The usual resource of the defender, if his adversary marches round his flank, is to strike boldly at his communications. Here, however, Hooker's communications with Aquia Creek were securely covered by the Rappahannock, and so great was his preponderance of strength, that he could easily detach a sufficient force to check the Confederates should they move against them.

Yet now, as on the Antietam, Lee and Jackson declined to take numbers into consideration. They knew that Hooker was a brave and experienced soldier, but they had no reason to anticipate that he would handle his vast masses with more skill than McClellan. That the Northern soldiers had suffered in *moral* they were well aware, and while they divined that the position they themselves had fortified might readily be made untenable, the fact that such was the case gave them small concern. They were agreed <414>that the best measures of defence, if an opening offered, lay in a resolute offensive, and with Hooker in command it was not likely that the opportunity would be long delayed.

No thought of a strategic retreat, from one position to another, was entertained. Manoeuvre was to be met by manoeuvre, blow by counterblow.(1) If Hooker had not moved Lee would have forestalled him. On April 16 he had written to Mr. Davis: ' My only anxiety arises from the condition of our horses, and the scarcity of forage and provisions. I think it is all important that we should assume the aggressive by the 1st of May.... If we could be placed in a condition to make a vigorous advance at that time, I

think the Valley could be swept of Milroy (commanding the Federal forces at Winchester), and the army opposite [Hooker's] be thrown north of the Potomac.' (2) Jackson, too, even after Hooker's plan was developed, indignantly repudiated the suggestion that the forthcoming campaign must be purely defensive. When some officer on his staff expressed his fear that the army would be compelled to retreat, he asked sharply, ' Who said that ? No, sir, we shall not fall back, we shall attack them.'

At the end of the month, however, Longstreet with his three divisions was still absent; sufficient supplies for a forward movement had not yet been accumulated;(3) two brigades of cavalry, Hampton's and Jenkins', which had been sent respectively to South Carolina and the Valley, had not rejoined,(4) and Hooker had already seized the initiative.

The first news which came to hand was that a strong force of all arms was moving up the Rappahannock in the

(1) The idea of securing the provisions, waggons, guns, of the enemy is truly tempting, and the idea has haunted me since December.' Lee to Trimble, March 8, 1862. O. R., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 658.

(2) O. R., vol. xxv., p. 725.

(3) ' From the condition of our horses and the amount of our supplies I am unable even to act on the defensive as vigorously as circumstances might require.' Lee to Davis, April 27, O. R., vol. xxv., p. 752.

(4) On April 20 Lee had asked that the cavalry regiments not needed in other districts might be sent to the Army of Northern Virginia. His request was not complied with until too late. O. R., vol. xxv., pp. 740, 741.

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direction of Kelly's Ford. This was forwarded by Stuart on the evening of April 28. The next the Federal movements, which might have been morning no more than a demonstration, became pronounced. Under cover of a thick fog, pontoon bridges were laid at Deep Run below Fredericksburg; Sedgwick's troops began to cross, and were soon engaged with Jackson's outposts; while, at the same time, the report came in that a force of unknown strength had made the passage at Kelly's Ford.

Lee displayed no perturbation. Jackson, on receiving information of Sedgwick's movement from his outposts, had sent an aide-de-camp to acquaint the Commander-in-Chief. The latter was still in his tent, and in reply to the message said: ' Well, I heard firing, and I was beginning to think that it was time some of your lazy young fellows were coming to tell me what it was about. Tell your good general he knows what to do with the enemy just as well as I do.'(1)

The divisions of the Second Army Corps were at once called up to their old battleground, and while they were on the march Jackson occupied himself with watching Sedgwick's movements. The Federals were busily intrenching on the river bank, and on the heights behind frowned the long line of artillery that had proved at Fredericksburg so formidable an obstacle to the Confederate attack. The enemy's position was very strong, and the time for counterstroke had not yet come. During the day the cavalry was actively engaged between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, testing the strength of the enemy's columns. The country was wooded, the Federals active, and as usual in war, accurate information was difficult to obtain and more difficult to communicate. It was not till 6.30 P.M. that Lee received notice that troops had crossed at Ely's and Germanna Fords at 2 P.M.

(1) On March 12, before Hooker had even framed his plan of operations, Lee had received

information that the Federals, as soon as the state of the roads permitted, would cross at United States, Falmouth, and some point below; the attempt at Falmouth to be a feint. O. R., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 664.

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Anderson's division was at once despatched to Chancellorsville.

The next message, which does not appear to have been received until the morning of the 30th, threw more light on the situation. Stuart had made prisoners from the Fifth, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth Corps, and had ascertained that the corps commanders, Meade, Howard, and Slocum, were present with the troops. Anderson, moreover, who had been instructed to select and intrench a strong position, was falling back from Chancellorsville before the enemy's advance, and two things became clear :—

1. That it was Hooker's intention to turn the Confederate left.
2. That he had divided his forces.

The question now to be decided was which wing should be attacked first. There was much to be said in favour of crushing Sedgwick. His numbers were estimated at 35,000 men, and the Confederates had over 60,000. Moreover, time is a most important consideration in the use of interior lines. The army was already concentrated in front of Sedgwick, whereas it would require a day's march to seek Hooker in the forest round Chancellorsville. Sedgwick's, too, was the smaller of the Federal wings, and his overthrow would certainly ruin Hooker's combinations. ' Jackson at first,' said Lee, 'preferred to attack Sedgwick's force in the plain of Fredericksburg, but ! told him I feared it was as impracticable as it was at the first battle of Fredericksburg. It was hard to get at the enemy, and harder to get away if we drove him into the river, but if he thought it could be done, I would give orders for it.' Jackson asked to be allowed to examine the ground, but soon came to the conclusion that the project was too hazardous and that Lee was right. Orders were then issued for a concentration against Hooker, 10,000 men, under General Early, remaining to confront Sedgwick on the heights of Fredericksburg.

We may now turn to the movements of the Federals.

Hooker's right wing had marched at a speed which had <417>been hitherto unknown in the Army of the Potomac. At nightfall, on April 30, the three army corps, although they had been delayed by the Confederate cavalry, were assembled at Chancellorsville. In three days they had marched forty-six miles over bad roads, had forded breast-high two difficult rivers, established several bridges, and captured over a hundred prisoners.(1) Heavy reinforcements were in rear. The two divisions of the Second Corps had marched from Banks' Ford to United States Ford, six miles from Chancellorsville; while the Third Corps, ordered up from the Stafford Heights, was rapidly approaching the same point of passage. Thus, 70,000 men, in the highest spirits at the success of their manoeuvres, were massed in rear of Lee's lines, and Hooker saw victory within his grasp.

' It is with heartfelt satisfaction,' ran his general order, 'that the commanding general announces to his army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences, and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him. The operations of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements.'

Hooker was ' skinning the lion while the beast yet lived,' but he had certainly much reason for congratulation. His manoeuvres had been skilfully planned and energetically executed. The two rivers which protected the Confederate position had been crossed

without loss; the Second and Third Corps had been brought into close touch with the right wing; Lee's earthworks were completely turned, and Stoneman's cavalry divisions, driving the enemy's patrols

(1) The troops carried eight days' supplies: three days' cooked rations with bread and groceries in the haversacks; five days' bread and groceries in the knapsacks; five days' 'beef on the hoof.' The total weight carried by each man, including sixty rounds of ammunition, was 45 lbs. The reserve ammunition was carried principally by pack mules, and only small number of waggons crossed the Rappahannock. Four pontoon bridges were laid by the engineers. One bridge took three-quarters of an hour to lay; the other three, one and a half hour to lay, and an hour to take up. Each bridge was from 100 to 140 yards long. O. R., vol. xxv., pp. 215, 216.

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before them, were already within reach of Orange Court House, and not more than twenty miles from Gordonsville. Best of all, the interval between the two wings—twenty-six miles on the night of the 28th—was now reduced to eleven miles by the plank road.

Two things only were unsatisfactory :—

1. The absence of information.

2. The fact that the whole movement had been observed by the Confederate cavalry.

Pleasanton's brigade of horse had proved too weak for the duty assigned to it. It had been able to protect the front, but it was too small to cover the flanks; and at the flanks Stuart had persistently struck. Hooker appears to have believed that Stoneman's advance against the Central Railroad would draw off the whole of the Confederate horse. Stuart, however, was not to be beguiled from his proper functions. Never were his squadrons more skilfully handled than in this campaign. With fine tactical insight, as soon as the great movement on Chancellorsville became pronounced, he had attacked the right flank of the Federal columns with Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, leaving only the two regiments under W. H. F. Lee to watch Stoneman's 10,000 sabres. Then, having obtained the information he required, he moved across the Federal front, and routing one of Pleasanton's regiments in a night affair near Spotsylvania Court House, he had regained touch with his own army. The results of his manoeuvres were of the utmost importance. Lee was fully informed as to his adversary's strength; the Confederate cavalry was in superior strength at the critical point, that is, along the front of the two armies; and Hooker had no knowledge whatever of what was going on in the space between Sedgwick and himself. He was only aware, on the night of April 30, that the Confederate position before Fredericksburg was still strongly occupied.

The want, however, of accurate information gave him no uneasiness. The most careful arrangements had been made to note and report every movement of the enemy the next day.

No less than three captive balloons, in charge of skilled <419>observers, looked down upon the Confederate earthworks.(1) Signal stations and observatories had been established on each commanding height; a line of field telegraph had been laid from Falmouth to United States Ford, and the chief of the staff, General Butterfield, remained at the former village in communication with General Sedgwick. If the weather were clear, and the telegraph did not fail, it seemed impossible that either wing of the Federal army could fail to be fully and instantly informed of the situation of the other, or that a single Confederate battalion could change position without both Hooker and Sedgwick being at once advised.

Moreover, the Federal Commander-in-Chief was so certain that Lee would retreat that

his deficiency in cavalry troubled him not at all. He had determined to carry out his original design. The next morning—May 1—the right wing was to move by the plank road and uncover Banks' Ford, thus still further shortening the line of communication between the two wings; and as the chief of the staff impressed on Sedgwick, it was 'expected to be on the heights west of Fredericksburg at noon or shortly after, or, if opposed strongly, at night.' Sedgwick, meanwhile, was 'to observe the enemy's movements with the utmost vigilance; should he expose a weak point, to attack him in full force and destroy him; should he show any symptom of falling back, to pursue him with the utmost vigour.' (2)

But Hooker was to find that mere mechanical precautions are not an infallible remedy for a dangerous situation. The Confederates had not only learned long since the importance of concealment, and the advantage of night marches, but in the early morning of May 1 the river mists rendered both balloons and observatories useless. Long before the sun broke through the fog, both McLaws and Jackson had joined Anderson at Tabernacle Church, <420>and a strong line of battle had been established at the junction of the two roads, the pike and the plank, which led east from Chancellorsville. The position was favourable, running along a low ridge, partially covered with timber, and with open fields in front. Beyond those fields, a few hundred paces distant, rose the outskirts of a great forest, stretching far away over a gently undulating country. This forest, twenty miles in length from east to west, and fifteen in breadth from north to south, has given to the region it covers the name of the Wilderness of Spotsylvania, and in its midst the Federal army was now involved. Never was ground more unfavourable for the manoeuvres of a large army. The timber was unusually dense. The groves of pines were immersed in a sea of scrub-oak and luxuriant undergrowth. The soil was poor. Farms were rare, and the few clearings were seldom more than a rifle shot in width. The woodland tracks were seldom travelled; streams with marshy banks and tortuous courses were met at frequent intervals, and the only *débouchés* towards Fredericksburg, the pike, the plank road, an unfinished line of railway a mile south of their junction, and the river road, about two miles north, were commanded from the Confederate position.

When Jackson arrived upon the scene, Anderson, with the help of Lee's engineers, had strongly intrenched the whole front. A large force of artillery had already taken post. The flanks of the line were covered; the right, which extended to near Duerson's Mill, by Mott's Run and the Rappahannock; the left, which rested on the unfinished railroad not far from Tabernacle Church, by the Massaponax Creek. For the defence of this position, three miles in length, there were present 45,000 infantry, over 100 guns, and Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of cavalry, a force ample for the purpose, and giving about one man to the yard. On the rolling ground eastward there was excellent cover for the reserves, and from the breastworks to the front the defiles, for such, owing to the density of the wood, were the four roads by which the enemy must approach, might be so effectively swept <421>as to prevent him from deploying either artillery or infantry.

But Jackson was not disposed to await attack. Only 10,000 men remained in the Fredericksburg lines to confront Sedgwick, and if that officer acted vigorously, his guns would soon be heard in rear of the lines at Tabernacle Church. Work on the intrenchments was at once broken off, and the whole force was ordered to prepare for an immediate advance on Chancellorsville. Before eleven o'clock the rear brigades had closed up; and marching by the pike and the plank road, with a regiment of cavalry in advance, and

Fitzhugh Lee upon the left, the Confederate army plunged resolutely into the gloomy depths of the great forest. Anderson's division led the way, one brigade on the pike, and two on the plank road; a strong line of skirmishers covered his whole front, and his five batteries brought up the rear. Next in order came McLaws, together with the two remaining brigades of Anderson, moving by the pike, while Jackson's three divisions were on the plank road. The artillery followed the infantry.

About a mile towards Chancellorsville the Federal cavalry was found in some force, and as the patrols gave way, a heavy force of infantry was discovered in movement along the pike. General McLaws, who had been placed in charge of the Confederate right, immediately deployed his four leading brigades, and after the Federal artillery, unlimbering in an open field, had fired a few rounds, their infantry advanced to the attack. The fight was spirited but short. The Northern regulars of Sykes' division drove in the Confederate skirmishers, but were unable to make ground against the line of battle. Jackson, meanwhile, who had been at once informed of the encounter, had ordered the troops on the plank road to push briskly forward, and the Federals, finding their right in danger of being enveloped, retired on Chancellorsville. Another hostile column was shortly afterwards met on the plank road, also marching eastward. Again there was a skirmish, and again Jackson, ordering a brigade to march <422>rapidly along the unfinished railroad, had recourse to a turning movement; but before the manoeuvre was completed, the Federals began to yield, and all opposition gradually melted away. The following order was then sent to McLaws :—

*'Headquarters, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia,
' May 1, 1863, 2.30 P.M. (received 4 P.M.).*

' General,—The Lieutenant-General commanding directs me to say that he is pressing up the plank road; also, that you will press on up the turnpike towards Chancellorsville, as the enemy is falling back.

' Keep your skirmishers and flanking parties well out, to guard against ambuscade.

'Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

' J. G. MORRISON,

' Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.' (1)

There was something mysterious in so easy a victory. The enemy was evidently in great strength, for, on both roads, heavy columns had been observed behind the lines of skirmishers. Several batteries had been in action; cavalry was present; and the Confederate scouts reported that a third column, of all arms, had marched by the river road toward Banks' Ford, and had then, like the others, unaccountably withdrawn. The pursuit, therefore, was slow and circumspect. Wilcox' brigade, on the extreme right, moved up the Mine road, in the direction of Duerson's Mill; Wright's brigade, on the extreme left, followed Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry on the unfinished railroad; while the main body, well closed up, still kept to the main highways.

At length, late in the afternoon, Hooker's tactics became clear. As Jackson's advanced-guards approached Chancellorsville, the resistance of the Federal skirmishers, covering the retreat, became more stubborn. From the low ridge, fringed by heavy timber, on which the mansion stands, the fire of artillery, raking every avenue of approach, grew more intense, and it was evident that the foe was standing fast on the defensive. <423>

The Confederate infantry, pushing forward through the undergrowth, made but tardy

progress; the cavalry patrols found that every road and bridle-path was strongly held, and it was difficult in the extreme to discover Hooker's exact position. Jackson himself, riding to the front to reconnoitre, nearly fell a victim to the recklessness he almost invariably displayed when in quest of information. The cavalry had been checked at Catherine Furnace, and were waiting the approach of the infantry. Wright's brigade was close at hand, and swinging round northwards, drove back the enemy's skirmishers, until, in its turn, it was brought up by the fire of artillery. Just at this moment Jackson galloped up, and begged Stuart to ride forward with him in order to find a point from which the enemy's guns might be enfiladed. A bridle-path, branching off from the main road to the right, led to a hillock about half a mile distant, and the two generals, accompanied by their staffs, and followed by a battery of horse-artillery, made for this point of vantage. ' On reaching the spot,' says Stuart's adjutant-general, 'so dense was the undergrowth, it was found impossible to find enough clear space to bring more than one gun at a time into position; the others closed up immediately behind, and the whole body of us completely blocked up the narrow road. Scarcely had the smoke of our first shot cleared away, when a couple of masked batteries suddenly opened on us at short range, and enveloped us in a storm of shell and canister, which, concentrated on so narrow a space, did fearful execution among our party, men and horses falling right and left, the animals kicking and plunging wildly, and everybody eager to disentangle himself from the confusion, and get out of barre's way. Jackson, as soon as he found out his mistake, ordered the guns to retire; but the confined space so protracted the operation of turning, that the enemy's cannon had full time to continue their havoc, covering the road with dead and wounded. That Jackson and Stuart with their staff officers escaped was nothing short of miraculous.'⁽¹⁾ <424>

Other attempts at reconnaissance were more successful. Before nightfall it was ascertained that Hooker was in strong force on the Chancellorsville ridge, along the plank road, and on a bare plateau to the southward called Hazel Grove. ' Here,' in the words of General Lee, ' he had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest, filled with a tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, so as to form an almost impenetrable abattis. His artillery swept the few narrow roads, by which the position could be approached from the front, and commanded the adjacent woods. The left of his line extended from Chancellors-ville towards the Rappahannock, covering the Bark Mill (United States) Ford, which communicated with the north bank of the river by a pontoon bridge. His right stretched westward along the Germanna Ford road (the pike) more than two miles As the nature of the country rendered it hazardous to attack by night, our troops were halted and formed in line of battle in front of Chancellorsville at right angles to the plank road, extending on the right to the Mine road, and to, the left in the direction of the Catherine Furnace.'

As darkness falls upon the Wilderness, and the fire of the outposts, provoked by every movement of the patrols, gradually dies away, we may seek the explanation of the Federal movements. On finding that his enemy, instead of 'ingloriously flying,' was advancing to meet him, and advancing with confident and aggressive vigour, Hooker's resolution had failed him. Waiting till his force was concentrated, until the Second and Third Corps had crossed at United States Ford, and were close to Chancellorsville, it was not till eleven o'clock on the morning of May 1 that he had marched in three great columns towards

Fredericksburg. His intention was to pass rapidly through the Wilderness, secure the open ground about Tabernacle Church, and there, with ample space for deployment, to form for battle, and move against the rear of Marye's Hill.(1) <425>But before his advanced-guards got clear of the forest defiles they found the Confederates across their path, displaying an unmistakable purpose of pressing the attack. Hooker at once concluded that Lee was marching against him with nearly his whole force, and of the strength of that force, owing to the weakness of his cavalry, he was not aware. The news from the Stafford Heights was disquieting. As soon as the fog had lifted, about nine o'clock in the morning, the signal officers and balloonists had descried long columns of troops and trains marching rapidly towards Chancellorsville.(1) This was duly reported by the telegraph,(2) and it was correctly inferred to signify that Lee was concentrating against the Federal right. But at the same time various movements were observed about Hamilton's Crossing; columns appeared marching from the direction of Guiney's Station; there was much traffic on the railway, and several deserters from Lee's army declared, on being examined, that Hood's and Pickett's divisions had arrived from Richmond.(3) The statements of these men—who we may suspect were not such traitors as they appeared—were confirmed by the fact that Sedgwick, who was without cavalry, had noticed no diminution in the force which held the ridge before him.

It is easy, then, to understand Hooker's decision to stand on the defensive. With a prudent foresight which does him much credit, before he marched in the morning he had ordered the position about Chancellors-ville, covering his lines of retreat to United States and Ely's Fords, to be reconnoitred and intrenched, and his front, as Lee said, was undoubtedly very strong. He would assuredly have done better had he attacked vigorously when he found the Confederates advancing. His sudden retrograde movement, especially as following the swift and successful manoeuvres which had turned Lee's position, could not fail to have a discouraging effect upon the troops; and

(1) O. R., vol. xxv., pp. 323, 336.

(2) *Ibid.* p. 326. The telegraph, however, appears to have worked badly, and dispatches took several hours to pass from Falmouth to Chancellorsville.

(3) *Ibid.* p. 327.

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if Sedgwick had been ordered to storm the Fredericksburg lines, the whole Federal force could have been employed, and the Confederates, assailed in front and rear simultaneously, must, to say the least, have been embarrassed. But in abandoning his design of crushing Lee between his two wings, and in retiring to the stronghold he had prepared, Hooker did what most ordinary generals would have done, especially one who had served on the losing side at Fredericksburg. He had there learned the value of intrenchments. He had seen division after division shatter itself in vain against a stone wall and a few gun-pits, and it is little wonder that he had imbibed a profound respect for defensive tactics. He omitted, however, to take into consideration two simple facts. First, that few districts contain two such positions as those of the Confederates at Fredericksburg; and, secondly, that the strength of a position is measured not by the impregnability of the front, but by the security of the flanks. The Fredericksburg lines, resting on the Rappahannock and the Massaponax, had apparently safe flanks, and yet he himself had completely turned them, rendering the whole series of works useless without firing a shot. Were Lee and Jackson the men to knock their heads, like Burnside, against

stout breastworks strongly manned ? Would they not rather make a wide sweep, exactly as he himself had done, and force him to come out of his works ? Hooker, however, may have said that if they marched across his front, he would attack them *en route*, as did Napoleon at Austerlitz and Wellington at Salamanca, and cut their army in two. But here he came face to face with the fatal defect of the lines he had selected, and also of the disposition he had made of his cavalry. The country near Chancellorsville was very unlike the rolling plains of Austerlitz or the bare downs of Salamanca. From no part of the Federal position did the view extend for more than a few hundred yards. Wherever the eye turned rose the dark and impenetrable screen of close-growing trees, interlaced with wild vines and matted undergrowth, and seamed with rough roads, perfectly passable for troops, with which his <427>enemies were far better acquainted than himself. Had Stoneman's cavalry been present, the squadrons, posted far out upon the flanks, and watching every track, might have given ample warning of any turning movement, exactly as Stuart's cavalry had given Lee warning of Hooker's own movement upon Chancellorsville. As it was, Pleasonton's brigade was too weak to make head against Stuart's regiments; and Hooker could expect no early information of his enemy's movements.

He thus found himself in the dilemma which a general on the defensive, if he be weak in cavalry, has almost invariably to face, especially in a close country. He was ignorant, and must necessarily remain ignorant, of where the main attack would be made. Lee, on the other hand, by means of his superior cavalry, could reconnoitre the position at his leisure, and if he discovered a weak point could suddenly throw the greater portion of his force against it. Hooker could only hope that no weak point existed. Remembering that the Confederates were on the pike and the plank road, there certainly appeared no cause for apprehension. The Fifth Corps, with its flank on the Rappahannock, held the left, covering the river and the old Mine roads. Next in succession came the Second Corps, blocking the pike. In the centre the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, covered Chancellorsville. The Third Corps, under Sickles, held Hazel Grove, with Berry's division as general reserve; and on the extreme right, his breastworks running along the plank road as far as Talley's Clearing, was Howard with the Eleventh Corps, composed principally of German regiments. Strong outposts of infantry had been thrown out into the woods; the men were still working in the intrenchments; batteries were disposed so as to sweep every approach from the south, the south-east, or the south-west, and there were at least five men to every yard of parapet. The line, however, six miles from flank to flank, was somewhat extensive, and to make certain, so far as possible, that sufficient numbers should be forthcoming to defend the position, at 1.55 on the morning of May 2, Sedgwick was instructed to send the First Army Corps to Chancellorsville. Before <428>midnight, moreover, thirty-four guns, principally horse-artillery, together with a brigade of infantry, were sent from Falmouth to Banks' Ford.

Sedgwick, meantime, below Fredericksburg, had contented himself with engaging the outposts on the opposite ridge. An order to make a brisk demonstration, which Hooker had dispatched at 11.30 A.M., did not arrive, the telegraph having broken down, until 5.45 P.M., six hours later; and it was then too late to effect any diversion in favour of the main army.

Yet it can hardly be said that Sedgwick had risen to the height of his responsibilities. He knew that a portion at least of the Confederates had marched against Hooker, and the

balloonists had early reported that a battle was in progress near Tabernacle Church. But instead of obeying Napoleon's maxim and marching to the sound of the cannon, he had made no effort to send support to his commander. Both he and General Reynolds(1) considered ' that to have attacked before Hooker had accomplished some success, in view of the strong position and numbers in their front, might have failed to dislodge the enemy, and have rendered them unserviceable at the proper time.'(2) That is, they were not inclined to risk their own commands in order to assist Hooker, of whose movements they were uncertain. Yet even if they had been defeated. Hooker would still have had more men than Lee.

(1) The following letter (O. R., vol. xxv., p. 337) is interesting as showing the state of mind into which the commanders of detached forces are liable to be thrown by the absence of information :-

'Headquarters, First Corps, May 1, 1863.

' Major-General Sedgwick,—I think the proper view to take of affairs is this: If they have not detached more than A. P. Hill's division from our front, they have been keeping up appearances, showing weakness, with a view of delaying Hooker, and tempting us to make an attack on their fortified position, and hoping to destroy us and strike for our depôt over our bridges. We ought therefore, in my judgment, *to know something of what has transpired on our right.*

' JOHN F. REYNOLDS,

Major-General'

(2) Dispatch of Chief of the Staff to Hooker, dated 4 P.M., May 1. O. R., vol. xxv., p. 326.

Stonewall Jackson v2.

Chapter XXIV—Chancellorsville (*Continued*)

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AT a council of war held during the night at Chancellorsville House, the Federal generals were by no means unanimous as to the operations of the morrow. Some of the generals advised an early assault. Others favoured a strictly defensive attitude. Hooker himself wished to contract his lines so as to strengthen them; but as the officers commanding on the right were confident of the strength of their intrenchments, it was at length determined that the army should await attack in its present position.

Three miles down the plank road, under a grove of oak and pine, Lee and Jackson, while their wearied soldiers slept around them, planned for the fourth and the last time the overthrow of the great army with which Lincoln still hoped to capture Richmond. At this council there was no difference of opinion. If Hooker had not retreated before the morning—and Jackson thought it possible he was already demoralised—he was to be attacked. The situation admitted of no other course. It was undoubtedly a hazardous operation for an inferior force to assault an intrenched position; but the Federal army was divided, the right wing involved in a difficult and unexplored country, with which the Confederate generals and staff were more or less familiar, and an opportunity so favourable might never recur. 'Fortune,' says Napoleon, 'is a woman, who must be wooed while she is in the mood. If her favours are rejected, she does not offer them again.' The only question was where the attack should be delivered. Lee himself had reconnoitred the enemy's left. It was very strong, resting on the Rappahannock, and covered by a <430>stream called Mineral Spring Run. Two of Jackson's staff officers had reconnoitred the front, and had pronounced it impregnable, except at a fearful sacrifice of life. But while the generals were debating, Stuart rode in with the reports of his cavalry officers, and the weak point of the position was at once revealed. General Fitzhugh Lee, to whose skill and activity the victory of Chancellorsville was in great part due, had discovered that the Federal right, on the plank road, was completely in the air; that is, it was protected by no natural obstacle, and the breastworks faced south, and south only. It was evident that attack from the west or north-west was not anticipated, and Lee at once seized upon the chance of effecting a surprise.

Yet the difficulties of the proposed operation were very great. To transfer a turning column to a point from which the Federal right might be effectively outflanked necessitated a long march by the narrow and intricate roadways of the Wilderness, and a division of the Confederate army into two parts, between which communication would be most precarious. To take advantage of the opportunity the first rule of war must be violated. But as it has already been said, the rules of war only point out the dangers which are incurred by breaking them; and, in this case, before an enemy on the defensive from whom the separation might be concealed until it is too late for him to intervene, the risks of dispersion were much reduced. The chief danger lay in this, that the two wings, each left to its own resources, might fail to act in combination, just as within the past twenty-four hours Hooker and Sedgwick had failed. But Lee knew that in Jackson he possessed a lieutenant whose resolution was invincible, and that the turning column, if entrusted to his charge, would be pushed forward without stop or stay until it had either joined hands with the main body, or had been annihilated.

Moreover, the battle of Fredericksburg had taught both armies that the elaborate constructions of the engineer are not the only or the most useful resources of fortification. Hooker had ordered his position to be intrenched in the hope <431>that Lee and Jackson, following Burnside's example, would dash their divisions into fragments against them and thus become an easy prey. Lee, with a broader appreciation of the true tactical bearing of ditch and parapet, determined to employ them as a shelter for his own force until Jackson's movement was completed, and the time had come for a general advance. Orders were at once sent to General McLaws to cover his front, extending across the pike and the plank roads, with a line of breastworks; and long before daylight the soldiers of his division, with the scanty means at their disposal, were busy as beavers amongst the timber.

It only remained, then, to determine the route and the strength of the outflanking force; and here it may be observed that the headquarters staff appears to have neglected certain precautions for which there had been ample leisure. So long ago as March 19 a council of war had decided that if Hooker attacked he would do so by the upper fords, and yet the Wilderness, lying immediately south of the points of passage, had not been adequately examined. Had Jackson been on the left wing above Fredericksburg, instead of on the right, near Hamilton's Crossing, we may be certain that accurate surveys would have been forthcoming. As it was, the charts furnished to the Commander-in-Chief were untrustworthy, and information had to be sought from the country-people.

' About daylight on May 2,' says Major Hotchkiss, 'General Jackson awakened me, and requested that I would at once go down to Catherine Furnace, which is quite near, and where a Colonel Wellord lived, and ascertain if there was any road by which we could secretly pass round Chancellorsville to the vicinity of Old Wilderness Tavern. I had a map, which our engineers had prepared from actual surveys, of the surrounding country, showing all the public roads, but with few details of the intermediate topography. Reaching Mr. Welford's, I aroused him from his bed, and soon learned that he himself had recently opened a road through the woods in that direction for the purpose of hauling cord-wood and iron ore to his furnace. This I located on the map, and having <432>asked Mr. Welford if he would act as a guide if it became necessary to march over that road, I returned to headquarters. When I reached those I found Generals Lee and Jackson in conference, each seated on a cracker box, from a pile which had been left there by the Federals the day before. In response to General Jackson's request for my report, I put another cracker box between the two generals, on which I spread the map, showed them the road I had ascertained, and indicated, so far as I knew it, the position of the Federal army. General Lee then said, "General Jackson, what do you propose to do ?" He replied, "Go around here," moving his finger over the road which I had located upon the map. General Lee said, "What do you propose to make this movement with?" "With my whole corps," was the answer. General Lee then asked, "What will you leave me ?" "The divisions of Anderson and McLaws," said Jackson. General Lee, after a moment's reflection, remarked, "Well, go on," and then, pencil in hand, gave his last instructions. Jackson, with an eager smile upon his face, from time to time nodded assent, and when the Commander-in-Chief ended with the words, "General Stuart will cover your movement with his cavalry," he rose and saluted, saying, "My troops will move at once, sir." ' (1)

The necessary orders were forthwith dispatched. The trains, parked in open fields to the

rear, were to move to Todd's Tavern, and thence westward by interior roads; the Second Army Corps was to march in one column, Rodes' division in front, and A. P. Hill's in rear; the First Virginia Cavalry, with whom was Fitzhugh Lee, covered the front; squadrons of the 2nd, the 3rd, and the 5th were on the right; Hotchkiss, accompanied by a squad of couriers, was to send back constant reports to General Lee; the commanding officers were impressed with the importance of celerity and secrecy; the ranks were to be kept well closed up, and all stragglers were to be bayoneted. <433>

The day had broken without a cloud, and as the troops began their march in the fresh May morning, the green vistas of the Wilderness, grass under foot, and thick foliage overhead, were dappled with sunshine. The men, comprehending intuitively that a daring and decisive movement was in progress, pressed rapidly forward, and General Lee, standing by the roadside to watch them pass, saw in their confident bearing the presage of success. Soon after the first regiments had gone by Jackson himself appeared at the head of his staff. Opposite to the Commander-in-Chief he drew rein, and the two conversed for a few moments. Then Jackson rode on, pointing in the direction in which his troops were moving. 'His face,' says an eyewitness, 'was a little flushed, as it was turned to General Lee, who nodded approval of what he said.' Such was the last interview between Lee and Jackson.

Then, during four long hours, for the column covered at least ten miles, the flood of bright rifles and tattered uniforms swept with steady flow down the forest track. The artillery followed, the guns drawn by lean and wiry horses, and the ammunition waggons and ambulances brought up the rear. In front was a regiment of cavalry, the 5th Virginia, accompanied by General Fitzhugh Lee; on the flanks were some ten squadrons, moving by the tracks nearest the enemy's outposts; a regiment of infantry, the 23rd Georgia, was posted at the cross-roads near Catherine Furnace; and the plank road was well guarded until Anderson's troops came up to relieve the rear brigades of the Second Army Corps. Meanwhile, acting under the immediate orders of General Lee, and most skilfully handled by McLaws and Anderson, the 10,000 Confederates who had been left in position opposite the Federal masses kept up a brisk demonstration. Artillery was brought up to every point along the front which offered space for action; skirmishers, covered by the timber, engaged the enemy's pickets, and maintained a constant fire, and both on the pike and the river road the lines of battle, disposed so as to give an impression of great strength, threatened instant assault. Despite all precautions, however, Jackson's movement did <434>not escape the notice of the Federals. A mile north of Catherine Furnace the eminence called Hazel Grove, clear of timber, looked down the valley of the Lewis Creek, and as early as 8 A.M. General Birney, commanding the Federal division at this point, reported the passage of a long column across his front.

The indications, however, were deceptive. At first, it is probable, the movement seemed merely a prolongation of the Confederate front; but it soon received a different interpretation. The road at the point where Jackson's column was observed turned due south; it was noticed that the troops were followed by their waggons, and that they were turning their backs on the Federal lines. Hooker, when he received Birney's report, jumped to the conclusion that Lee, finding the direct road to Richmond, through Bowling Green, threatened by Sedgwick, was retreating on Gordonsville. About 11 A.M. a battery was ordered into action on the Hazel Grove heights. The fire caused some confusion in the Confederate ranks; the trains were forced on to another road; and shortly after noon,

General Sickles, commanding the Third Army Corps, was permitted by Hooker to advance upon Catherine Furnace and to develop the situation. Birney's division moved forward, and Whipple's soon followed. This attack, which threatened to cut the Confederate army in two, was so vigorously opposed by Anderson's division astride the plank road and by the 23rd Georgia at the Furnace, that General Sickles was constrained to call for reinforcements. Barlow's brigade, which had hitherto formed the reserve of the Eleventh Corps, holding the extreme right of the Federal line, the flank at which Jackson was aiming, was sent to his assistance. Pleasonton's cavalry brigade followed. Sickles' movement, even before the fresh troops arrived, had met with some success. The 23rd Georgia, driven back to the unfinished railroad and surrounded, lost 300 officers and men. But word had been sent to Jackson's column, and Colonel Brown's artillery battalion, together with the brigades of Archer and Thomas, rapidly retracing their steps, checked the advance in front, while Anderson, <435>manoeuvring his troops with vigour, struck heavily against the flank. Jackson's train, thus effectively protected, passed the dangerous point in safety, and then Archer and Thomas, leaving Anderson to deal with Sickles, drew off and pursued their march.

These operations, conducted for the most part in blind thickets, consumed much time, and Jackson was already far in advance. Moving in a south-westerly direction, he had struck the Brock road, a narrow track which runs nearly due north, and crosses both the plank road and the pike at a point about two miles west of the Federal right flank. The Brock road, which, had Stoneman's three divisions of cavalry been present with the Federal army, would have been strongly held, was absolutely free and unobstructed. Since the previous evening Fitzhugh Lee's patrols had remained in close touch with the enemy's outposts, and no attempt had been made to drive them in. So with no further obstacle than the heat the Second Army Corps pressed on. Away to the right, echoing faintly through the Wilderness, came the sound of cannon and the roll of musketry; couriers from the rear, galloping at top speed, reported that the trains had been attacked, that the rear brigades had turned back to save them, and that the enemy, in heavy strength, had already filled the gap which divided the Confederate wings. But, though the army was cut in two, Jackson east no look behind him. The battle at the Furnace made no more impression on him than if it was being waged on the Mississippi. He had his orders to execute; and above all, he was moving at his best speed towards the enemy's weak point. He knew—and none better—that Hooker would not long retain the initiative; that every man detached from the Federal centre made his own chances of success the more certain; and trusting implicitly in Lee's ability to stave off defeat, he rode northwards with re-doubled assurance of decisive victory. Forward was the cry, and though the heat was stifling, and the dust, rising from the deep ruts on the unmetalled road, rose in dense clouds beneath the trees, and men dropped fainting <436>in the ranks, the great column pushed on without a check.(1)

About 2 p.m., as the rear brigades, Archer and Thomas, after checking Sickles, were just leaving Welford's House, some six miles distant, Jackson himself had reached the plank road, the point where he intended to turn eastward against the Federal flank. Here he was met by Fitzhugh Lee, conveying most important and surprising information.

The cavalry regiment had halted when it arrived on the plank road; all was reported quiet at the front; the patrols were moving northward, and, attended by a staff officer, the young brigadier had ridden towards the turnpike. The path they followed led to a wide

clearing at the summit of a hill, from which there was a view eastward as far as Dowdall's Tavern. Below, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal breastworks, with abattis in front and long lines of stacked arms in rear; but untenanted by a single company. Two cannon were seen upon the highroad, the horses grazing quietly near at hand. The soldiers were scattered in small groups, laughing, cooking, smoking, sleeping, and playing cards, while others were butchering cattle and drawing rations. What followed is best told in General Fitzhugh Lee's own words.

' I rode back and met Jackson. "General," said I, "if you will ride with me, halting your columns here, out of sight, I will show you the great advantage of attacking down the old turnpike instead of the plank road, the enemy's lines being taken in reverse. Bring only one courier, as you will be in view from the top of the hill." Jackson assented. When we reached the eminence the picture below was still unchanged, and I watched him closely as he gazed on Howard's troops. His expression was one of intense interest. His eyes burnt with a brilliant glow, and his face was slightly flushed, radiant at the success of his flank movement. To the remarks made to him while the unconscious line of blue was pointed out <437>he made no reply, and yet during the five minutes he was on the hill his lips were moving. "Tell General Rodes," he said, suddenly turning his horse towards the courier, "to move across the plank road, and halt when he gets to the old turnpike. I will join him there." One more look at the Federal lines, and he rode rapidly down the hill.'

The cavalry, supported by the Stonewall Brigade, was immediately placed a short distance down the plank road, in order to mask the march of the column. At 4 P.M. Rodes was on the turnpike. Passing down it for about a mile, in the direction of the enemy's position, the troops were ordered to halt and form for battle. Not a shot had been fired. A few hostile patrols had been observed, but along the line of breastworks, watched closely by the cavalry, the Federal troops, still in the most careless security, were preparing their evening meal. Jackson, meanwhile, seated on a stump near the Brock road, had penned his last dispatch to General Lee.

' Near 3 P.M. May 2, 1863.'

General,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's,(1) which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever-kind Providence will bless us with great success.

' Respectfully,

'T. J. JACKSON,

Lieutenant-General.

' The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed.

'T. J. J.

General R. E. Lee.'

25,000 men were now deploying in the forest within a mile of the Federal works, overlapping them both to north and south, and not a single general in the Northern army appears to have suspected their presence. The day had passed quietly at Chancellorsville. At a very early hour in <438>the morning Hooker, anticipating a vigorous attack, had ordered the First Army Corps, which had hitherto been acting with Sedgwick below Fredericksburg, to recross the Rappahannock and march to Chancellorsville. Averell's division of cavalry, also, which had been engaged near Orange Court House with W. H. F. Lee's two regiments, was instructed about the same time to rejoin the army as soon as

possible, and was now marching by the left bank of the Rapidan to Ely's Ford. Anticipating, therefore, that he would soon be strongly reinforced, Hooker betrayed no uneasiness. Shortly after dawn he had ridden round his lines. Expecting at that time to be attacked in front only, he had no fault to find with their location or construction. 'As he looked over the barricades,' says General Howard, 'while receiving the cheers and salutes of the men, he said to me, "How strong! how strong!" When the news came that a Confederate column was marching westward past Catherine Furnace, his attention, for the moment, was attracted to his right. At 10 A.M. he was still uncertain as to the meaning of Jackson's movement. As the hours went by, however, and Jackson's column disappeared in the forest, he again grew confident; the generals were informed that Lee was in full retreat towards Gordonsville, and a little later Sedgwick received the following:

'Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, 4.10 P.M.

' General Butterfield,—The Major-General Commanding directs that General Sedgwick cross the river (*sic*) as soon as indications will permit,(1) capture Fredericksburg with everything in it, and vigorously pursue the enemy. We know that the enemy is fleeing, trying to save his trains. Two of Sickles' divisions are among them.

' J. H. VAN ALLEN,

' Brigadier-General and Aide-de. Camp.'

'(Copy from Butterfield, at Falmouth, to Sedgwick, 5.50 P.M.).'

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At 4 o'clock, therefore, the moment Jackson's vanguard reached the old turnpike near Luckett's Farm, Hooker believed that all danger of a flank attack had passed away. His left wing was under orders to advance, as soon as a swamp to the front could be 'corduroyed,' and strike Lee in flank; while to reinforce Sickles, 'among the enemy's trains,' Williams' division of the Twelfth Corps was sent forward from the centre, Howard's reserve brigade (Barlow's) from the right, and Pleasonton's cavalry brigade from Hazel Grove.

The officers in charge of the Federal right appear to have been as unsuspecting as their commander. During the morning some slight preparations were made to defend the turnpike from the westward; a shallow line of rifle-pits, with a few epaulements for artillery, had been constructed on a low ridge, commanding open fields, which runs north from Dowdall's Tavern, and the wood beyond had been partially entangled. But this was all, and even when the only reserve of the Eleventh Army Corps, Barlow's brigade, was sent to Sickles, it was not considered necessary to make any change in the disposition of the troops. The belief that Lee and Jackson were retreating had taken firm hold of every mind. The pickets on the flank had indeed reported, from time to time, that infantry was massing in the thickets; and the Confederate cavalry, keeping just outside effective range, occupied every road and every clearing. Yet no attempt was made, by a strong reconnaissance in force, to ascertain what was actually going on within the forest; and the reports of the scouts were held to be exaggerated.

The neglect was the more marked in that the position of the Eleventh Army Corps was very weak. Howard had with him twenty regiments of infantry and six batteries; but his force was completely isolated. His extreme right, consisting of four German regiments, was posted in the forest, with two guns facing westward on the pike, and a line of

intrenchments facing south. On the low hill eastward, where Talley's Farm, a small wooden cottage, stood in the midst of a wide clearing, were two more German regiments <440>and two American. Then, near the junction of the roads, intervened a patch of forest, which was occupied by four regiments, with a brigade upon their left; and beyond, nearly a mile wide from north to south, and five or six hundred yards in breadth, were the open fields round the little Wilderness Church, dipping at first to a shallow brook, and then rising gradually to a house called Dowdals Tavern. In these fields, south of the turnpike, were the breastworks held by the second division of the Eleventh Army Corps; and here were six regiments, with several batteries in close support. The 60th New York and 26th Wisconsin, near the Hawkins House at the north end of the fields, faced to the west; the remainder all faced south. Beyond Dowdall's Tavern rose the forest, dark and impenetrable to the view; but to the south-east, nearly two miles from Talley's, the clearings of Hazel Grove were plainly visible. This part of the line, originally entrusted to General Sickles, was now unguarded, for two divisions of the Third Corps were moving on the Furnace; and the nearest force which could render support to Howard's was Betty's division, retained in reserve north-east of Chancellorsville, three miles distant from Talley's Farm and nearly two from Howard's left.

The Confederates, meanwhile, were rapidly forming for attack. Notwithstanding their fatigue, for many of the brigades had marched over fifteen miles, the men were in the highest spirits. A young staff-officer, who passed along the column, relates that he was everywhere re-recognised with the usual greetings. 'Say, here's one of old Jack's little boys; let him by, boys ! ' ' Have a good breakfast this morning, sonny ?' ' Better hurry up, or you'll catch it for gettin' behind.' 'Tell old Jack we're all a-comin'. Don't let him begin the fuss till we get there ! ' But on reaching the turnpike orders were given that all noise should cease, and the troops, deploying for a mile or more on either side of the road, took up their formation for attack. In front were the skirmishers of Rodes' division, under Major Blackford., four hundred yards in rear came the lines of battle, Rodes forming the <441>first line;' Colston, at two hundred yards distance, the second line; A. P. Hill, part in line and part in column, the third. In little more than an hour-and-a-half, notwithstanding the dense woods, the formation was completed, and the lines dressed at the proper angle to the road.

Notwithstanding that the enemy might at any moment awake to their danger, not a single precaution was neglected. Jackson was determined that the troops should move forward in good order, and that every officer and man should know what was expected from him. Staff-officers had been stationed at various points to maintain communication between the divisions, and the divisional and brigade commanders had received their instructions. The whole force was to push resolutely forward through the forest. The open hill, about a thousand yards eastward, on which stood Talley's Farm, was to be carried at all hazard, for, so far as could be ascertained, it commanded, over an intervening patch of forest, the ridge which ran north from Dowdall's Tavern. After the capture of the heights at Talley's, if the Federals showed a determined front on their second line, Rodes was to halt under cover until the artillery could come up and dislodge them. Under no other circumstances was there to be any pause in the advance. A brigade of the first line was detailed to guard the right flank, a regiment the left; and the second and third lines were ordered to support the first, whenever it might be necessary, without waiting for further instructions. The field hospital was established at the Old Wilderness Tavern.

The men were in position, eagerly awaiting the signal; their quick intelligence had already realised the situation, and all was life and animation. Across the narrow clearing stretched the long grey lines, penetrating far into the forest on either flank; in the centre, on the road, were four

(1) Rodes' brigades were formed in the following order: _____

 :| Iverson O'Neal Doles Colquitt _____

 _____ Ramseur _____

<442>

Napoleon guns, the horses fretting with excitement; far to the rear, their rifles glistening under the long shafts of the setting sun, the heavy columns of A. P. Hill's division were rapidly advancing, and the rumble of the artillery, closing to the front, grew louder and louder. Jackson, watch in hand, sat silent on 'Little Sorrel,' his slouched hat drawn low over his eyes, and his lips tightly compressed. On his right was General Rodes, tall, lithe, and

soldierly, and on Rodes' right was Major Blackford. 'Are you ready, General Rodes?' said Jackson. 'Yes, sir,' said Rodes, impatient as his men. 'You can go forward, sir,' said Jackson.

A nod from Rodes was a sufficient order to Blackford, and the woods rang with the notes of a single bugle.

Back came the responses from bugles to right and left, and the skirmishers, dashing through the wild undergrowth, sprang eagerly to their work, followed by the quick rush of the lines of battle. For a moment the troops seemed buried in the thickets; then, as the enemy's sentries, completely taken by surprise, fired a few scattered shots, and the guns on the turnpike came quickly into action, the echoes waked; through the still air of the summer evening rang the rebel yell, filling the forest far to north and south, and the hearts of the astonished Federals, lying idly behind their breastworks, stood still within them.

So rapid was the advance, so utterly unexpected the attack, that the pickets were at once over-run; and, crashing through the timber, driving before it the wild creatures of the forest, deer, and hares, and foxes, the broad front of the mighty torrent bore down upon Howard's flank. For a few moments the four regiments which formed his right, supported by two guns, held staunchly together, and even checked for a brief space the advance of O'Neal's brigade. But from the right and from the left the grey infantry swarmed round them; the second line came surging forward to O'Neal's assistance; the gunners were shot down and their pieces captured; and in ten minutes the right brigade of the Federal army, submerged <443>by numbers, was flying in panic across the clearing. Here, near Talley's Farm, on the fields south of the turnpike and in the forest to the north, another brigade, hastily changing front, essayed to stay the rout. But Jackson's horse-artillery, moving forward at a gallop, poured in canister at short range; and three brigades, O'Neal's, Iverson's, and Doles', attacked the Northerners fiercely in front and flank. No troops, however brave, could have long withstood that overwhelming rush. The slaughter was very great; every mounted officer was shot down, and in ten or fifteen minutes the fragments of these hapless regiments were retreating rapidly and tumultuously towards the Wilderness Church.

The first position had been captured, but there was no pause in the attack. As Jackson, following the artillery, rode past Talley's Farm, and gazed across the clearing to the east, he saw a sight which raised high his hopes of a decisive victory. Already, in the green cornfields, the spoils of battle lay thick around him. Squads of prisoners were being hurried to the rear. Abandoned guns, and waggons overturned, the wounded horses still struggling in the traces, were surrounded by the dead and dying of Howard's brigades. Knapsacks, piled in regular order, arms, blankets, accoutrements, lay in profusion near the breastworks; and beyond, under a rolling cloud of smoke and dust, the bare fields, sloping down to the brook, were covered with fugitives. Still further eastward, along the plank road, speeding in wild confusion towards Chancel-lorsville, was a dense mass of men and waggons; cattle, maddened with fright, were rushing to and fro, and on the ridge beyond the little church, pushing their way through the terror-stricken throng like ships through a heavy sea, or breaking into fragments before the pressure, the irregular lines of a few small regiments were moving hastily to the front. At more than one point on the edge of the distant woods guns were coming into action; the hill near Talley's Farm was covered with projectiles; men were falling, and the Confederate first line was already in some confusion.

Galloping up the turnpike, and urging the artillery forward <444>with voice and gesture, Jackson passed through the ranks of his eager infantry; and then Rodes's division, rushing down the wooded slopes, burst from the covert, and, driving their flying foes before them, advanced against the trenches on the opposite ridge. Here and there the rush of the first line was checked by the bold resistance of the German regiments. On the right, especially, progress was slow, for Colquitt's brigade, drawn off by the pressure of Federal outposts in the woods to the south, had lost touch with the remainder of the division; Ramseur's brigade in rear had been compelled to follow suit, and on this flank the Federals were most effectively supported by their artillery. But Iverson, O'Neal, and Doles, hardly halting to reform as they left the woods, and followed closely by the second line, swept rapidly across the fields, dashed back the regiments which sought to check them, and under a hot fire of grape and canister pressed resolutely forward.

The rifle-pits on the ridge were occupied by the last brigade of Howard's Army Corps. A battery was in rear, three more were on the left, near Dowdall's Tavern, and many of the fugitives from Talley's Farm had rallied behind the breastwork. But a few guns and four or five thousand rifles, although the ground to the front was clear and open, were powerless to arrest the rush of Jackson's veterans. The long lines of colours, tossing redly above the swiftly moving ranks, never for a moment faltered; the men, running alternately to the front, delivered their fire, stopped for a moment to load, and then again ran on. Nearer and nearer they came, until the defenders of the trenches, already half demoralised, could mark through the smoke-drift the tanned faces, the fierce eyes, and the gleaming bayonets of their terrible foes. The guns were already flying, and the position was outflanked; yet along the whole length of the ridge the parapets still blazed with fire; and while men fell headlong in the Confederate ranks, for a moment there was a check. But it was the check of a mighty wave, mounting slowly to full volume, ere it falls in thunder on the shrinking sands. Running to the front with uplifted swords, the officers gave the signal for the charge. <445>The men answered with a yell of triumph; the second line, closing rapidly on the first, could no longer be restrained; and as the grey masses, crowding together in their excitement, breasted the last slope, the Federal

infantry, in every quarter of the field, gave way before them; the ridge was abandoned, and through the dark pines beyond rolled the rout of the Eleventh Army Corps.

It was seven o'clock. Twilight was falling on the woods; and Rodes' and Colston's divisions had become so inextricably mingled that officers could not find their men nor men their officers. But Jackson, galloping into the disordered ranks, directed them to press the pursuit. His face was aglow with the blaze of battle. His swift gestures and curt orders, admitting of no question, betrayed the fierce intensity of his resolution. Although the great tract of forest, covering Chancellorsville on the west, had swallowed up the fugitives, he had no need of vision to reveal to him the extent of his success. 10,000 men had been utterly defeated. The enemy's right wing was scattered to the winds. The Southerners were within a mile-and-a-half of the Federals' centre and completely in rear of their intrenchments; and the White House or Bullock road, only half-a-mile to the front, led directly to Hooker's line of retreat by the United States Ford. Until that road was in his possession Jackson was determined to call no halt. The dense woods, the gathering darkness, the fatigue and disorder of his troops, he regarded no more than he did the enemy's overwhelming numbers. In spirit he was standing at Hooker's side, and he saw, as clearly as though the intervening woods had been swept away, the condition to which his adversary had been reduced.

To the Federal headquarters confusion and dismay had come, indeed, with appalling suddenness. Late in the afternoon Hooker was sitting with two aides-de-camp in the veran-dab of the Chancellor House. There were few troops in sight. The Third Corps and Pleasonton's cavalry had long since disappeared in the forest. The Twelfth Army Corps, with the exception of two brigades, was already advancing against Anderson; and only the trains and some artillery remained <446>within the intrenchments at Hazel Grove. All was going well. A desultory firing broke out at intervals to the eastward, but it was not sustained; and three miles to the south, where, as Hooker believed, in pursuit of Jackson, Sickles and Pleasonton were, the reports of their cannon, growing fainter and fainter as they pushed further south, betokened no more than a lively skirmish. The quiet of the Wilderness, save for those distant sounds, was undisturbed, and men and animals, free from every care, were enjoying the calm of the summer evening. It was about half-past six. Suddenly the cannonade swelled to a heavier roar, and the sound came from a new direction. All were listening intently, speculating on what this might mean, when a staff-officer, who had stepped out to the front of the house and was looking down the plank road with his glass, exclaimed: 'My God, here they come!' Hooker sprang upon his horse; and riding rapidly down the road, met the stragglers of the Eleventh Corps—men, waggons, and ambulances, an ever-increasing crowd—rushing in blind terror from the forest, flying they knew not whither. The whole of the right wing, they said, overwhelmed by superior numbers, was falling back on Chancellorsville, and Stonewall Jackson was in hot pursuit.

The situation had changed in the twinkling of an eye. Just now congratulating himself on the complete success of his manoeuvres, on the retreat of his enemies, on the flight of Jackson and the helplessness of Lee, Hooker saw his strong intrenchments taken in reverse, his army scattered, his reserves far distant, and the most dreaded of his opponents, followed by his victorious veterans, within a few hundred yards of his headquarters. His weak point had been found, and there were no troops at hand wherewith to restore the fight. The centre was held only by the two brigades of the Twelfth Corps at

the Fairview Cemetery. The works at Hazel Grove were untenanted, save by a few batteries and a handful of infantry. The Second and Fifth Corps on the left were fully occupied by McLaws, for Lee, at the first sound of Jackson's guns, had ordered a vigorous attack up the pike and the plank road. Sickles, with <447>20,000 men, was far away, isolated and perhaps surrounded, and the line of retreat, the road to United States Ford, was absolutely unprotected.

Messengers were despatched in hot haste to recall Sickles and Pleasonton to Hazel Grove. Berry's division, forming the reserve north-east of the Chancellor House, was summoned to Fairview, and Hays' brigade of the Second Corps ordered to support it. But what could three small brigades, hurried into position and unprotected by intrenchments, avail against 25,000 Southerners, led by Stonewall Jackson, and animated by their easy victory? If Berry and Hays could stand fast against the rush of fugitives, it was all that could be expected; and as the uproar in the dark woods swelled to a deeper volume, and the yells of the Confederates, mingled with the crash of the musketry, were borne to his ears, Hooker must have felt that all was lost. To make matters worse, as Pleasonton, hurrying back with his cavalry, arrived at Hazel Grove, the trains of the Third Army Corps, fired on by the Confederate skirmishers, dashed wildly across the clearing, swept through the parked artillery, and, breaking through the forest, increased the fearful tumult which reigned round Chancellorsville.

The gunners, however, with a courage beyond all praise, stood staunchly to their pieces; and soon a long line of artillery, for which two regiments of the Third Army Corps, coming up rapidly from the south, formed a sufficient escort, was established on this commanding hill. Other batteries, hitherto held in reserve, took post on the high ground at Fairview, a mile to the north-east, and, although Betty's infantry were not yet in position, and the stream of broken troops was still pouring past, a strong front of fifty guns opposed the Confederate advance.

But it was not the artillery that saved Hooker from irretrievable disaster.⁽¹⁾ As they followed the remnants of the Eleventh Army Corps, the progress of Rodes and Colston had been far less rapid than when they stormed forward <448>past the Wilderness Church. A regiment of Federal cavalry, riding to Howard's aid by a track from Hazel Grove to the plank road, was quickly swept aside; but the deep darkness of the forest, the efforts of the officers to re-form the ranks, the barriers opposed by the tangled undergrowth, the difficulty of keeping the direction, brought a large portion of the troops to a standstill. At the junction of the White House road the order to halt was given, and although a number of men, pushing impetuously forward, seized a line of log breastworks which ran north-west through the timber below the Fairview heights, the pursuit was stayed in the midst of the dense thickets.

At this moment, shortly after eight o'clock, Jackson was at Dowdall's Tavern. The reports from the front informed him that his first and second lines had halted; General Rodes, who had galloped up the plank road to reconnoitre, sent in word that there were no Federal troops to be seen between his line and the Fairview heights; and Colonel Cobb, of the 44th Virginia, brought the news that the strong intrenchments, less than a mile from Chancellorsville, had been occupied without resistance.

There was a lull in the battle; the firing had died away, and the excited troops, with a clamour that was heard in the Federal lines, sought their companies and regiments by the dim light of the rising moon. But deeming that nothing was done while aught remained to

do, Jackson was already planning a further movement. Sending instructions to A. P. Hill to relieve Rodes and Colston, and to prepare for a night attack, he rode forward, almost unattended, amongst his rallying troops, and lent his aid to the efforts of the regimental officers. Intent on bringing up the two divisions in close support of Hill, he passed from one regiment to another. Turning to Colonel Cobb, he said to him: 'Find General Rodes, and tell him to occupy the barricade (1) at once,' and then added: 'I need your help for a time; this disorder must be corrected. As you go along the right, tell the troops from me to get into line and preserve their order.' <449>

It was long, however, before the men could be assembled, and the delay was increased by an unfortunate incident. Jackson's chief of artillery, pressing forward up the plank road to within a thousand yards of Chancellorsville, opened fire with three guns upon the enemy's position. This audacious proceeding evoked a quick reply. Such Federal guns as could be brought to bear were at once turned upon the road, and although the damage done was small, A. P. Hill's brigades, just coming up into line, were for the moment checked; under the hail of shell and canister the artillery horses became unmanageable, the drivers lost their nerve, and as they rushed to the rear some of the infantry joined them, and a stampede was only prevented by the personal efforts of Jackson, Colston, and their staff-officers. Colonel Crutchfield was then ordered to cease firing; the Federals did the same; and A. P. Hill's brigades, that of General Lane leading, advanced to the deserted breastworks, while two brigades, one from Rodes' division and one from Colston's, were ordered to guard the roads from Hazel Grove.

These arrangements made, Jackson proceeded to join his advanced line. At the point where the track to the White House and United States ford strikes the plank road he met General Lane, seeking his instructions for the attack. They were sufficiently brief: 'Push right ahead, Lane; right ahead!' As Lane galloped off to his command, General Hill and some of his staff came up, and Jackson gave Hill his orders. 'Press them; cut them off from the United States Ford, Hill; press them.' General Hill replied that he was entirely unacquainted with the topography of the country, and asked for an officer to act as guide. Jackson directed Captain Boswell, his chief engineer, to accompany General Hill, and then, turning to the front, rode up the plank road, passing quickly through the ranks of the 18th North Carolina of Lane's brigade. Two or three hundred yards eastward the general halted, for the ringing of axes and the words of command were distinctly audible in the enemy's lines.

While the Confederates were re-forming, Hooker's <450>reserves had reached the front, and Berry's regiments, on the Fairview heights, using their bayonets and tin-plates for intrenching tools, piling up the earth with their hands, and hacking down the brushwood with their knives, were endeavouring in desperate haste to provide some shelter, however slight, against the rush that they knew was about to come.

After a few minutes, becoming impatient for the advance of Hill's division, Jackson turned and retraced his steps towards his own lines. 'General,' said an officer who was with him, 'you should not expose yourself so much.' 'There is no danger, sir, the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on.'

Once more, when he was only sixty or eighty yards from where the 18th North Carolina were standing in the trees, he drew rein and listened—the whole party, generals, staff-officers, and couriers, hidden in the deep shadows of the silent woods. At this moment a single rifle-shot rang out with startling suddenness.

A detachment of Federal infantry, groping their way through the thickets, had approached the Southern lines.

The skirmishers on both sides were now engaged, and the lines of battle in rear became keenly on the alert. Some mounted officers galloped hastily back to their commands. The sound startled the Confederate soldiers, and an officer of the 18th North Carolina, seeing a group of strange horsemen riding towards him through the darkness—for Jackson, hearing the firing, had turned back to his own lines—gave the order to fire.

The volley was fearfully effective. Men and horses fell dead and dying on the narrow track. Jackson himself received three bullets, one in the right hand, and two in the left arm, cutting the main artery, and crushing the bone below the shoulder, and as the reins dropped upon his neck, 'Little Sorrel,' frantic with terror, plunged into the wood and rushed towards the Federal lines. An overhanging bough struck his rider violently in the face, tore off his cap, and nearly unhorsed him; but recovering his seat, he managed to seize the bridle with his bleeding hand, and turned <451>into the road. Here Captain Wilbourn, one of his staff-officers, succeeded in catching the reins; and, as the horse stopped, Jackson leaned forward and fell into his arms. Captain Hotchkiss, who had just returned from a reconnaissance, rode off to find Dr. McGuire, while Captain Wilbourn, with a small penknife, ripped up the sleeve of the wounded arm. As he was doing so, General Hill, who had himself been exposed to the fire of the North Carolinians, reached the scene, and, throwing himself from his horse, pulled off Jackson's gauntlets, which were full of blood, and bandaged the shattered arm with a handkerchief. 'General,' he said, 'are you much hurt?' 'I think I am,' was the reply, 'and all my wounds are from my own men. I believe my right arm is broken.'

To all questions put to him he answered in a perfectly calm and self-possessed tone, and, although he spoke no word of complaint, he was manifestly growing weaker. It seemed impossible to move him, and yet it was absolutely necessary that he should be carried to the rear. He was still in front of his own lines, and, even as Hill was speaking, two of the enemy's skirmishers, emerging from the thicket, halted within a few paces of the little group. Hill, turning quietly to his escort, said, 'Take charge of those men,' and two orderlies, springing forward, seized the rifles of the astonished Federals. Lieutenant Morrison, Jackson's aide-de-camp, who had gone down the road to reconnoitre, now reported that he had seen a section of artillery unlimbering close at hand. Hill gave orders that the general should be at once removed, and that no one should tell the men that he was wounded. Jackson, lying on Hill's breast, opened his eyes, and said, 'Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer.' Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, and Captain Leigh of Hill's staff, now lifted him to his feet, and with their aid he walked a few steps through the trees. But hardly had they gained the road when the Federal batteries, along their whole front, opened a terrible fire of grape and canister. The storm of bullets, tearing through the foliage, was fortunately directed too high, and the three young officers, <452>laying the general down by the roadside, endeavoured to shield him by lying between him and the deadly hail. The earth round them was torn up by the shot, covering them with dust; boughs fell from the trees, and fire flashed from the flints and gravel of the roadway. Once Jackson attempted to rise; but Smith threw his arm over him, holding him down, and saying, 'General, you must be still—it will cost you your life to rise.'

After a few minutes, however, the enemy's gunners, changing from canister to shell,

mercifully increased their range; and again, as the Confederate infantry came hurrying to the front, their wounded leader, supported by strong arms, was lifted to his feet. Anxious that the men should not recognise him, Jackson turned aside into the wood, and slowly and painfully dragged himself through the undergrowth. As he passed along, General Pender, whose brigade was then pushing forward, asked Smith who it was that was wounded. 'A Confederate officer' was the reply; but as they came nearer Pender, despite the darkness, saw that it was Jackson. Springing from his horse, he hurriedly expressed his regret, and added that his lines were so much disorganised by the enemy's artillery that he feared it would be necessary to fall back. 'At this moment,' says an eye-witness, 'the scene was a fearful one. The air seemed to be alive with the shriek of shells and the whistling of bullets; horses riderless and mad with fright dashed in every direction; hundreds left the ranks and hurried to the rear, and the groans of the wounded and dying mingled with the wild shouts of others to be led again to the assault. Almost fainting as he was from loss of blood, desperately wounded, and in the midst of this awful uproar, Jackson's heart was unshaken. The words of Pender seemed to rouse him to life. Pushing aside those who supported him, he raised himself to his full height, and answered feebly, but distinctly enough to be heard above the din, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold out to the last, sir."'

His strength was now completely gone, and he asked to be allowed to lie down. His staff-officers, however, refused assent. The shells were still crashing through the forest, and a litter having been brought up by Captain Leigh, he was carried slowly towards Dowdall's Tavern. But before they were free of the tangled wood, one of the stretcher-bearers, struck by a shot in the arm, let go the handle. Jackson fell violently to the ground on his wounded side. His agony must have been intense, and for the first time he was heard to groan.

Smith sprang to his side, and as he raised his head a bright beam of moonlight made its way through the thick foliage, and rested upon his white and lacerated face. The aide-de-camp was startled by its great pallor and stillness, and cried out, 'General, are you seriously hurt?' 'No, Mr. Smith, don't trouble yourself about me,' he replied quietly, and added some words about winning the battle first, and attending to the wounded afterwards. He was again placed upon the litter, and carried a few hundred yards, still followed by the Federal shells, to where his medical director was waiting with an ambulance.

Dr. McGuire knelt down beside him and said, 'I hope you are not badly hurt, General?' He replied very calmly but feebly, 'I am badly injured, doctor, I fear I am dying.' After a pause he went on, 'I am glad you have come. I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleeding.' The bandages were readjusted and he was lifted into the ambulance, where Colonel Crutchfield, who had also been seriously wounded, was already lying. Whisky and morphia were administered, and by the light of pine torches, carried by a few soldiers, he was slowly driven through the fields where Hooker's right had so lately fled before his impetuous onset. All was done that could ease his sufferings, but some jolting of the ambulance over the rough road was unavoidable; 'and yet,' writes Dr. McGuire, 'his uniform politeness did not forsake him even in these most trying circumstances. His complete control, too, over his mind, enfeebled as it was by loss of blood and pain, was wonderful. His suffering was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy. But not a groan escaped him—not a sign of suffering, except the slight corrugation of the

brow, the fixed, rigid face, the thin lips, so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them. Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidence of emotion, and, more difficult than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness which many of us have observed upon the battle-field as attending great loss of blood. Nor was he forgetful of others. He expressed very feelingly his sympathy for Crutchfield, and once, when the latter groaned aloud, he directed the ambulance to stop, and requested me to see if something could not be done for his relief.

' After reaching the hospital, he was carried to a tent, and placed in bed, covered with blankets, and another drink of whisky and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed before sufficient reaction took place to warrant an examination, and at two o'clock on Sunday morning I informed him that chloroform would be given him; I told him also that amputation would probably be required, and asked, if it was found necessary, whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly, "Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best."

' Chloroform was then administered, and the left arm amputated about two inches below the shoulder. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. About half-past three, Colonel (then Major) Pendleton arrived at the hospital. He stated that General Hill had been wounded, and that the troops were in great disorder. General Stuart was in command, and had sent him to see the general. At first I declined to permit an interview, but Pendleton urged that the safety of the army and success of the cause depended upon his seeing him. When he entered the tent the general said, "Well, Major, I am glad to see you; I thought you were killed." Pendleton briefly explained the position of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done. Jackson was at once interested, and asked in his quick way several questions. When they were answered, he remained silent, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, <455>and for some moments lay obviously endeavouring to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment we believed he had succeeded, for his nostrils dilated, and his eye flashed with its old fire, but it was only for a moment: his face relaxed again, and presently he answered, very feebly and sadly: "I don't know—I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." Soon after this he slept.'

So, leaving behind him, struggling vainly against the oppression of his mortal hurt, the one man who could have completed the Confederate victory, Pendleton rode wearily through the night. Jackson's fall, at so critical a moment, just as the final blow was to be delivered, had proved a terrible disaster. Hill, who alone knew his intention of moving to the White House, had been wounded by a fragment of shell as he rode back to lead his troops. Boswell, who had been ordered to point out the road, had been killed by the same volley which struck down his chief, and the subordinate generals, without instructions and without guides, with their men in disorder, and the enemy's artillery playing fiercely on the forest, had hesitated to advance. Hill, remaining in a litter near the line of battle, had sent for Stuart. The cavalry commander, however, was at some distance from the field. Late in the evening, finding it impossible to employ his command at the front, he had been detached by Jackson, a regiment of infantry supporting him, to take and hold Ely's Ford. He had already arrived within view of a Federal camp established at that point, and was preparing to charge the enemy, under cover of the night, when Hill's messenger recalled him.

When Stuart reached the front he found the troops still halted, Rodes and Colston

reforming on the open fields near Dowdall's Tavern, the Light Division deployed within the forest, and the generals anxious for their own security.

So far the attack had been completely successful, but Lee's lack of strength prevented the full accomplishment of his design. Had Longstreet been present, with Pickett and Hood to lead his splendid infantry, the <456>Third Corps and the Twelfth would have been so hardly pressed that Chancellorsville, Hazel Grove, and the White House would have fallen an easy prize to Jackson's bayonets. Anderson, with four small brigades, was powerless to hold the force confronting him, and marching rapidly northwards, Sickles had reached Hazel Grove before Jackson fell. Here Pleasonton, with his batteries, was still in position, and Hooker had not yet lost his head. As soon as Birney's and Whipple's divisions had come up, forming in columns of brigades behind the guns, Sickles was ordered to assail the enemy's right flank and check his advance. Just before midnight the attack was made, in two lines of battle, supported by strong columns. The night was very clear and still; the moon, nearly full, threw enough light into the woods to facilitate the advance, and the tracks leading north-west served as lines of direction.

The attack, however, although gallantly made, gained no material advantage. The preliminary movements were plainly audible to the Confederates, and Lane's brigade, most of which was now south of the plank road, had made every preparation to receive it. Against troops lying down in the woods the Federal artillery, although fifty or sixty guns were in action, made but small impression; and the dangers of a night attack, made upon troops who are expecting it, and whose *moral* is unaffected, were forcibly illustrated. The confusion in the forest was very great; a portion of the assailing force, losing direction, fell foul of Berry's division at the foot of the Fairview heights, which had not been informed of the movement, and at least two regiments, fired into from front and rear, broke up in panic. Some part of the log breastworks which Jackson's advanced line had occupied were recaptured; but not a single one of the assailants, except as prisoners, reached the plank road. And yet the attack was an exceedingly well-timed stroke, and as such, although the losses were heavy, had a very considerable effect on the issue of the day's fighting. It showed, or seemed to show, that the Federals were still in good heart, that they were rapidly concentrating, and that the Confederates might be met by <457>vigorous counter-strokes. 'The fact,' said Stuart in his official dispatch, 'that the attack was made, and at night, made me apprehensive of a repetition of it.'

So, while Jackson slept through the hours of darkness that should have seen the consummation of his enterprise, his soldiers lay beside their arms; and the Federals, digging, felling, and building, constructed a new line of parapet, protected by abattis, and strengthened by a long array of guns, on the slopes of Fairview and Hazel Grove. The respite which the fall of the Confederate leader had brought them was not neglected; the fast-spreading panic was stayed; the First Army Corps, rapidly crossing the Rappahannock, secured the road to the White House, and Averell's division of cavalry reached Ely's Ford. On the left, between Chancellorsville and the river, where a young Federal colonel, named Miles,⁽¹⁾ handled his troops with conspicuous skill, Lee's continuous attacks had been successfully repulsed, and at dawn on the morning of May 3 the

situation of the Union army was far from unpro-May 3. mising. A gap of nearly two miles intervened

between the Confederate wings, and within this gap, on the commanding heights of

Hazel Grove and Fairview, the Federals were strongly intrenched. An opportunity for dealing a crushing counterblow—for holding one portion of Lee's army in check while the other was overwhelmed—appeared to present itself. The only question was whether the moral of the general and the men could be depended upon.

In Stuart, however, Hooker had to deal with a soldier who was no unworthy successor of Stonewall Jackson. Reluctantly abandoning the idea of a night attack, the cavalry general, fully alive to the exigencies of the situation, had determined to reduce the interval between himself and Lee; and during the night the artillery was brought up to the front, and the batteries deployed wherever they could find room. Just before the darkness began to lift, orders were received from Lee that the assault was to be made as early as possible; and the right wing, swinging round in order to come abreast of the centre, <458>became hotly engaged. Away to the south-east, across the hills held by the Federals, came the responding thunder of Lee's guns; and 40,000 infantry, advancing through the woods against front and flank, enveloped in a circle of fire a stronghold which was held by over 60,000 muskets.

It is unnecessary to describe minutely the events of the morning. The Federal troops, such as were brought into action, fought well; but Jackson's tremendous attack had already defeated Hooker. Before Sickles made his night attack from Hazel Grove he had sent orders for Sedgwick to move at once, occupy Fredericksburg, seize the heights, and march westward by the plank road; and, at the same time, he had instructed his engineers to select and fortify a position about a mile in rear of Chancellorsville. So, when Stuart pressed forward, not only had this new position been occupied by the First and Fifth Army Corps, but the troops hitherto in possession of Hazel Grove were already evacuating their intrenchments.

These dispositions sufficiently attest the demoralisation of the Federal commander. As the historian of the Army of the Potomac puts it: 'The movement to be executed by Sedgwick was precisely one of those movements which, according as they are wrought out, may be either the height of wisdom or the height of folly. Its successful accomplishment certainly promised very brilliant results. It is easy to see how seriously Lee's safety would be compromised if, while engaged with Hooker in front, he should suddenly find a powerful force assailing his rear, and grasping already his direct line of communication with Richmond. But if, on the other hand, Lee should be able by any slackness on the part of his opponent to engage him in front with a part of his force, while he should turn swiftly round to assail the isolated moving column, it is obvious that he would be able to repulse or destroy that column, and then by a vigorous return, meet or attack his antagonist's main body. In the successful execution of this plan not only was Sedgwick bound to the most energetic action, but Hooker also was engaged by every consideration <459>of honour and duty to so act as to make the dangerous task he had assigned to Sedgwick possible.'⁽¹⁾

But so far from aiding his subordinate by a heavy counter-attack on Lee's front, Hooker deliberately abandoned the Hazel Grove salient, which, keeping asunder the Confederate wings, strongly facilitated such a manoeuvre; and more than this, he divided his own army into two portions, of which the rear, occupying the new position, was actually forbidden to reinforce the front.

It is possible that Hooker contemplated an early retreat of his whole force to the second position. If so, Lee and Stuart were too quick for him. The cavalry commander, as soon as

it became light, and the hills and undulations of the Wilderness emerged from the shadows, immediately recognised the importance of Hazel Grove. The hill was quickly seized; thirty pieces of artillery, established on the crest, enfiladed the Federal batteries, facing west, on the heights of Fairview; and the brigade on Stuart's extreme right was soon in touch with the troops directed by General Lee. Then against the three sides of the Federal position the battle raged. From the south and south-east came Anderson and McLaws, the batteries unlimbering on every eminence, and the infantry, hitherto held back, attacking with the vigour which their gallant commanders knew so well how to inspire. And from the west, formed in three lines, Hill's division to the front, came the Second Army Corps. The men knew by this time that the leader whom they trusted beyond all others had been struck down, that he was lying wounded, helpless, far away in rear. Yet his spirit was still with them. Stuart, galloping along the ranks, recalled him with ringing words to their memories, and as the bugles sounded the onset, it was with a cry of 'Remember Jackson!' that his soldiers rushed fiercely upon the Federal breastworks.

The advanced line, within the forest, was taken at the first rush; the second, at the foot of the Fairview heights, protected by a swampy stream, a broad belt of abattis, and <460>with thirty guns on the hill behind, proved far more formidable, and Hill's division was forced back. But Rodes and Colston were in close support. The fight was speedily renewed; and then came charge and counter-charge; the storm of the parapets; the rally of the defenders; the rush with the bayonet; and, mowing down men like grass, the fearful sweep of case and canister. Twice the Confederates were repulsed. Twice they reformed, brigade mingled with brigade, regiment with regiment, and charged again in the teeth of the thirty guns.

On both sides ammunition began to fail; the brushwood took fire, the ground became hot beneath the foot, and many wounded perished miserably in the flames. Yet still, with the tangled abattis dividing the opposing lines, the fight went on; both sides struggling fiercely, the Federals with the advantage of position, the Confederates of numbers, for Hooker refused to reinforce his gallant troops. At length the guns which Stuart had established on Hazel Grove, crossing their fire with those of McLaws and Anderson, gained the upper hand over the Union batteries. The storm of shell, sweeping the Fairview plateau, took the breastworks in reverse; the Northern infantry, after five hours of such hot battle as few fields have witnessed, began sullenly to yield, and as Stuart, leading the last charge, leapt his horse over the parapet, the works were evacuated, and the tattered colours of the Confederates waved in triumph on the hill.

'The scene,' says a staff-officer, 'can never be effaced from the minds of those that witnessed it. The troops were pressing forward with all the ardour and enthusiasm of combat. The white smoke of musketry fringed the front of battle, while the artillery on the hills in rear shook the earth with its thunder and filled the air with the wild shrieking of the shells that plunged into the masses of the retreating foe. To add greater horror and sublimity to the scene, the Chancellorsville House and the woods surrounding it were wrapped in flames. It was then that General Lee rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts <461>of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them.

'The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded, crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed of a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay

helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, hailed the presence of the victorious chief.

' His first care was for the wounded of both armies, and he was among the foremost at the burning mansion, where some of them lay. But at that moment, when the transports of his troops were drowning the roar of battle with acclamations, a note was brought to him from General Jackson. It was handed to him as he sat on his horse near the Chancellorsville House, and unable to open it with his gauntleted hands, he passed it to me with directions to read it to him. I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. In a voice broken with emotion he bade me say to General Jackson that the victory was his. I do not know how others may regard this incident, but for myself, as I gave expression to the thoughts of his exalted mind, I forgot the genius that won the day in my reverence for the generosity that refused its glory.'

Lee's reply ran :—

'General,—I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

' I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

' Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

' R. E. LEE, *General.* '

Such was the tribute, not the less valued that it was couched in no exaggerated terms, which was brought to the bedside in the quiet hospital. Jackson was almost alone. As the sound of cannon and musketry, borne across the forest, grew gradually louder, he had ordered all those who had remained with him, except Mr. Smith, to return to the battle-field and attend to their different duties.

His side, injured by his fall from the litter, gave him much pain, but his thoughts were still clear, and his speech coherent. ' General Lee,' he said, when his aide-de-camp read to him the Commander-in-Chief's brief words, ' is very kind, but he should give the praise to God.'

During the day the pain gradually ceased; the general grew brighter, and from those who visited the hospital he inquired minutely about the battle and the troops engaged. When conspicuous instances of courage were related his face lit up with enthusiasm, and he uttered his usual ' Good, good,' with unwonted energy when the gallant behaviour of his old command was alluded to. ' Some day,' he said, 'the men of that brigade will be proud to say to their children, "I was one of the Stonewall Brigade."' He disclaimed all right of his own to the name Stonewall: ' It belongs to the brigade and not to me.' That night he slept well, and was free from pain.

Meanwhile the Confederate army, resting on the heights of Chancellorsville, preparatory to an attack upon Hooker's second stronghold, had received untoward news. Sedgwick, at eleven o'clock in the morning, had carried Marye's Hill, and, driving Early before him, was moving up the plank road. Wilcox' brigade of Anderson's division, then at Banks' Ford, was ordered to retard the advance of the hostile column. McLaws was detached to Salem Church. The Second Army Corps and the rest of Anderson's division remained to hold Hooker in check, and for the moment operations at Chancellorsville were suspended.

McLaws, deploying his troops in the forest, two hundred and fifty yards from a wide expanse of cleared ground, pushed his skirmishers forward to the edge, and awaited the

attack of a superior force. Reserving his fire to close quarters, its effect was fearful. But the Federals pushed forward; a school-house occupied as an advanced post was captured, and at this point Sedgwick was within an ace of breaking through. His second line, however, had not yet <463>deployed, and a vigorous counterstroke, delivered by two brigades, drove back the whole of his leading division in great disorder. As night fell the Confederates, careful not to expose themselves to the Union reserves, retired to the forest, and Sedgwick, like Hooker, abandoned all further idea of offensive action.

The next morning Lee himself, with the three remaining brigades of Anderson, arrived upon the scene. Sedgwick, who had lost 5,000 men the preceding day, had fortified a position covering Banks' Ford, and occupied it with over 20,000 muskets. Lee, with the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, and Early, was slightly stronger. The attack was delayed, for the Federals held strong ground, difficult to reconnoitre; but once begun the issue was soon decided. Assailed in front and flanks, with no help coming from Hooker, and only a single bridge at Banks' Ford in rear, the Federals rapidly gave ground.

Darkness, however, intensified by a thick fog, made pursuit difficult, and Sedgwick recrossed the river with many casualties but in good order. During these operations, that is, from four o'clock on Sunday afternoon until after midnight on Monday, Hooker had not moved a single man to his subordinate's assistance. (1) So extraordinary a situation has seldom been seen in war: an army of 60,000 men, strongly fortified, was held in check for six-and-thirty hours by 20,000; while not seven miles away raged a battle on which the whole fate of the campaign depended.

Lee and Jackson had made no false estimate of Hooker's incapacity. Sedgwick's army corps had suffered so severely in men and in *moral* that it was not available for immediate service, even had it been transferred to Chancellorsville; and Lee was now free to concentrate his whole force against the main body of the Federal army. His men, notwithstanding their extraordinary exertions, were confident of victory. 'As I sheltered myself,' says an <464>eye-witness, 'in a little farmhouse on the plank road the brigades of Anderson's division came splashing through the mud, in wild tumultuous spirits, singing, shouting, jesting, heedless of soaking rags, drenched to the skin, and burning again to mingle in the mad revelry of battle.' (1) But it was impossible to push forward, for a violent rain-storm burst upon the Wilderness, and the spongy soil, saturated with the deluge, absolutely precluded all movement across country. Hooker, who had already made preparations for retreat, took advantage of the weather, and as soon as darkness set in put his army in motion for the bridges. By eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th the whole force had crossed; and when the Confederate patrols pushed forward, Lee found that his victim had escaped.

The Army of the Potomac returned to its old camp on the hills above Fredericksburg, and Lee reoccupied his position on the opposite ridge. Stoneman, who had scoured the whole country to within a few miles of Richmond, returned to Kelly's Ford on May 8. The raid had effected nothing. The damage done to the railroads and canals was repaired by the time the raiders had regained the Rappahannock. Lee's operations at Chancellorsville had not been affected in the very slightest degree by their presence in his rear, while Stoneman's absence had proved the ruin of the Federal army. Jackson, who had been removed by the Commander-in-Chief's order to Mr. Chandler's house, near Guiney's Station, on the morning of May 5, was asked what he thought of Hooker's plan of campaign. His reply was: 'It was in the main a good conception, an excellent plan. But he

should not have sent away his cavalry; that was his great blunder. It was that which enabled me to turn him without his being aware of it, and to take him in the rear. Had he kept his cavalry with him, his plan would have been a very good one.' This was not his only comment on the great battle. Among other things, he said that he intended to cut the Federals off from the United States Ford, and, taking a position between them and the <465>river, oblige them to attack him, adding, with a smile, 'My men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position, but they always fail to drive us away.' He spoke of General Rodes, and alluded in high terms to his splendid behaviour in the attack on Howard. He hoped he would be promoted, and he said that promotion should be made at once, upon the field, so as to act as an incentive to gallantry in others. He spoke of Colonel Willis, who had commanded the skirmishers, and praised him very highly, and referred most feelingly to the death of Paxton, the commander of the Stonewall Brigade, and of Captain Boswell, his chief engineer. In speaking of his own share in the victory he said: ' Our movement was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think I planned it all from the first; but it was not so. I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me—let us give Him the glory.'

It must always be an interesting matter of speculation what the result would have been had Jackson accomplished his design, on the night he fell, of moving a large part of his command up the White House road, and barring the only line of retreat left open to the Federals.

Hooker, it is argued, had two corps in position which had been hardly engaged, the Second and the Fifth; and another, the First, under Reynolds, was coming up. Of these, 25,000 men might possibly, could they have been manoeuvred in the forest, have been sent to drive Jackson back. And, undoubtedly, to those who think more of numbers than of human nature, of the momentum of the mass rather than the mental equilibrium of the general, the fact that a superior force of comparatively fresh troops was at Hooker's disposal will be sufficient to put the success of the Confederates out of court. Yet the question will always suggest itself, would not the report that a victorious enemy, of unknown strength, was pressing forward, in the darkness of the night, towards the only line of retreat, <466>have so demoralised the Federal commander and the Federal soldiers, already shaken by the overthrow of the Eleventh Army Corps, that they would have thought only of securing their own safety ? Would Hooker, whose tactics the next day, after he had had the night given him in which to recover his senses, were so inadequate, have done better if he had received no respite ? Would the soldiers of the three army corps not yet engaged, who had been witnesses of the rout of Howard's divisions, have fared better, when they heard the triumphant yells of the advancing Confederates, than the hapless Germans? ' The wounding of Jackson,' says a most careful historian of the battle, himself a participator in the Union disaster, 'was a most fortunate circumstance for the Army of the Potomac. At nine o'clock the capture or destruction of a large part of the army seemed inevitable. There was, at the time, great uncertainty and a feeling akin to panic prevailing among the Union forces round Chancellors-ville; and when we consider the position of the troops at this moment, and how many important battles have been won by trivial flank attacks—how Richepanse (attacking through the forest) with a single brigade ruined the Austrians at Hohenlinden—we must admit that the

Northern army was in great peril when Jackson arrived within one thousand yards of its vital point (the White House) with 20,000 men and 50 cannon.' (1) He must be a great leader indeed who, when his flank is suddenly rolled up and his line of retreat threatened, preserves sufficient coolness to devise a general counterstroke. Jackson had proved himself equal to such a situation at Cedar Run, but it is seldom in these circumstances that Providence sides with the 'big battalions.'

The Federal losses in the six days' battles were heavy: over 12,000 at Chancellorsville, and 4,700 at Fredericksburg, Salem Church, and Banks' Ford; a total of 17,287. The army lost 13 guns, and nearly 6,000 officers and men were reported either captured or missing.

The casualties were distributed as follows :— <467>

<u>First Army Corps</u>	135
<u>Second</u>	1,925
<u>Third</u>	4,119
<u>Fifth</u>	700
<u>Sixth</u>	4,590
<u>Eleventh</u>	2,412
<u>Twelfth</u>	2,822
<u>Pleasanton's Cavalry Brigade</u>	141
	<u>16,844</u>

The Confederate losses were hardly less severe. killed and wounded were as under :—

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

<u>A. P. Hill's Division</u>	2,583
<u>Rodes'</u>	2,178
<u>Colston's</u>	1,868
<u>Early's</u>	851
<u>Anderson's</u>	1,180
<u>McLaws'</u>	1,379
<u>Artillery</u>	227
<u>Cavalry</u>	11
<u>Prisoners (estimated)</u>	2,000
	<u>12,277</u>

But a mere statement of the casualties by no means represents the comparative loss of the opposing forces. Victory does not consist in merely killing and maiming a few thousand men. This is the visible result; it is the invisible that tells. The Army of the Potomac, when it retreated across the Rappahannock, was far stronger in mere numbers than the Army of Northern Virginia; but in reality it was far weaker, for the *moral* of the survivors, and of the general who led them, was terribly affected. That of the Confederates, on the other hand, had been sensibly elevated, and it is *moral*, not numbers, which is the strength of armies. What, after all, was the loss of 12,200 soldiers to the Confederacy ? In that first week of May there were probably 20,000 conscripts in different camps of instruction, more than enough to recruit the depleted regiments to full strength. Nor did the slaughter of Chancellorsville diminish to any appreciable degree the vast hosts of the Union. <468>

And yet the Army of the Potomac had lost more than all the efforts of the Government could replace. The Army of Virginia, on the other hand, had acquired a superiority of spirit which was ample compensation for the sacrifice which had been made. It is hardly

too much to say that Lee's force had gained from the victory an increase of strength equivalent to a whole army corps of 30,000 men, while that of his opponent had been proportionately diminished. Why, then, was there no pursuit ?

It has been asserted that Lee was so crippled by his losses at Chancellorsville that he was unable to resume operations against Hooker for a whole month. This explanation of his inactivity can hardly be accepted.

On June 16 and 18, 1815, at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, the Anglo-Dutch army, little larger than that of Northern Virginia, lost 17,000 men; and yet on the 19th Wellington was marching in pursuit of the French; nor did he halt until he arrived within sight of Paris. And on August 28, 29, and 30, 1862, at Groveton and the Second Manassas, Stonewall Jackson lost 4,000 officers and men, one-fifth of his force, but he was not left in rear when Lee invaded Maryland. Moreover, after he had defeated Sedgwick, on the same night that Hooker was recrossing the Rappahannock, Lee was planning a final attack on the Federal intrenchments, and his disappointment was bitter when he learned that his enemy had escaped. If his men were capable of further efforts on the night of May 5, they were capable of them the next day; and it was neither the ravages of battle nor the disorganisation of the army that held the Confederates fast, but the deficiency of supplies, the damage done to the railways by Stoneman's horsemen, the weakness of the cavalry, and, principally, the hesitation of the Government. After the victory of Chancellorsville, strong hopes of peace were entertained in the South. Before Hooker advanced, a large section of the Northern Democrats, despairing of ultimate success, had once more raised the cry that immediate separation was better than a hopeless contest, involving such awful sacrifices, and it needed all Lincoln's strength to stem the tide of disaffection. <469>The existence of this despondent feeling was well known to the Southern statesmen; and to such an extent did they count upon its growth and increase that they had overlooked altogether the importance of improving a victory, should the army be successful; so now, when the chance had come, they were neither ready to forward such an enterprise, nor could they make up their minds to depart from their passive attitude. But to postpone all idea of counterstroke until some indefinite period is as fatal in strategy as in tactics. By no means an uncommon policy, it has been responsible for the loss of a thousand opportunities.

Had not politics intervened, a vigorous pursuit—not necessarily involving an immediate attack, but drawing Hooker, as Pope had been drawn in the preceding August, into an unfavourable situation, before his army had had time to recover—would have probably been initiated. It may be questioned, however, whether General Lee, even when Longstreet and his divisions joined him, would have been so strong as he had been at the end of April. None felt more deeply than the Commander-in-Chief that the absence of Jackson was an irreparable misfortune. ' Give him my affectionate regards,' he said to an aide-de-camp who was riding to the hospital; ' tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right.' ' Any victory,' he wrote privately, ' would be dear at such a price. I know not how to replace him.'

His words were prophetic. Exactly two months after Chancellorsville the armies met once more in the clash of battle. During the first two days, on the rolling plain round Gettysburg, a village of Pennsylvania, four Federal army corps were beaten in succession, but ere the sun set on the third Lee had to admit defeat.

It is needless to linger over the closing scene at Guiney's Station. For some days there was hope that the patient would recover; pneumonia, attributed to his fall from the litter as he was borne from the field, supervened, and he gradually began to sink. On the Thursday <470>his wife and child arrived from Richmond; but he was then almost too weak for conversation, and on Sunday morning it was evident that the end was near.

As yet he had scarcely realised his condition. If, he said, it was God's will, he was ready to go, but he believed that there was still work for him to do, and that his life would be preserved to do it. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his side, and told him that he could not live beyond the evening. 'You are frightened, my child,' he replied, 'death is not so near; I may yet get well.' She fell upon the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that there was no hope. After a moment's pause, he asked her to call Dr. McGuire. 'Doctor,' he said, 'Anna tells me I am to die to-day; is it so?' When he was answered, he remained silent for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, and then quietly replied, 'Very good, very good; it is all right.'

About noon, when Major Pendleton came into the room, he asked, 'Who is preaching at headquarters today?' He was told that Mr. Lacy was, and that the whole army was praying for him. 'Thank God,' he said; 'they are very kind to me.' Already his strength was fast ebbing, and although his face brightened when his baby was brought to him, his mind had begun to wander. Now he was on the battle-field, giving orders to his men; now at home in Lexington; now at prayers in the camp. Occasionally his senses came back to him, and about half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live. Again he answered, feebly but firmly, 'Very good; it is all right.' These were almost his last coherent words. For some time he lay unconscious, and then suddenly he cried out: 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks—' then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Once more he was silent; but a little while after he said very quietly and clearly, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees,' and the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God.

'No one but McClellan would have hesitated to attack.' Johnston to Lee, April 22, 1862. O.R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 456.

Narrative of Military Operations, General J. E. Johnston, pp. 112, 113

The garrison consisted only of a few companies of heavy artillery, and the principal work was still unfinished when Yorktown fell. Reports of Dr. Comstock, and Colonel Cabell, C.S.A. O.R., vol. xi., part i.

Stuart's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i.

This estimate is rather larger than that of the Confederate historians (Allan, W. H. Taylor, &c., &c.), but it has been arrived at after a careful examination of the strength at different dates and the losses in the various engagements.

Return of June 20, O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 238.

The Fifth Army Corps included McCall's division, which had but recently arrived by water from Fredericksburg. Report of June 20, O.R., vol. xi., part 1., p. 238.

Magruder's division, 13,000; Huger's division, 9,000; reserve artillery, 3,000; 5 regiments of cavalry, 2,000. Holmes' division, 6,500, was still retained on the south bank of the James.

Lee's bridge, shown on the map, had either been destroyed or was not yet built.

The meaning of this term is clearly defined in Lee's report. 'It was therefore determined to construct defensive lines, so as to enable a part of the army to defend the city, and leave the other part free to operate on the north bank.' O.R., vol. xi., part i., p. 490.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 252.

Letter from Capt. T. W. Sydnor, 4th Va. Cavalry, who carried the message.

So General Porter. *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 331.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 38, 39.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., pp. 389, 390.

Dr. White, in his excellent *Life of Lee*, states that the tardiness of the arrival of the provisions sent him from Richmond had much to do with the delay of Jackson's march.

'Lee's Attacks North of the Chickahominy.' By General D. H. Hill. *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 347.
General Longstreet, however, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, says Jackson appointed the morning of the 25th, but, on Longstreet's suggestion, changed the date to the 26th.

Jackson's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 553.

Whiting's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i, p. 562.

Trimble's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i, p. 614.

Letter to the author.

Porter's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 222. vol. ii., p. 330. *Battles and Leaders*, vol ii, p. 330.

Longstreet, on p. 124 of his *From Manassas to Appomattox*, declares that ' Jackson marched by the fight without giving attention, and went into camp at Hundley's Corner, *half a mile in rear* of the enemy's position. A reference to the map is sufficient to expose the inaccuracy of this statement.

The remainder of the guns were in reserve.

Battles ,and Leaders of the Civil War, vol. ii., p. 337.

Whiting's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 563.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 363.

The Confederates were within ten paces when the Federals broke cover, and leaving their log breastworks, swarmed up the hill in rear, carrying the second line with them in their rout.'—General Law, *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 363.

Porter himself thought that the first break in his line was made by Hood, ' at a point where he least expected it.'—*Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., pp. 335 and 340.

Jackson's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 555, 556.

Reports of Whiting, Trimble, Rodes, Bradley T. Johnson, O. R., vol. xi., part i.

Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 357.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 40-2.

General Reynolds.

Lee's Report, O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 493, 494.

Jackson had with him a gang of negroes who, under the superintendence of Captain Mason, a railroad contractor of long experience, performed the duties which in regular armies appertain to the corps of engineers. They had already done useful service in the Valley.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 556, 557.

' Jackson himself,' writes Dr. McGuire, ' accompanied by three or four members of his staff, of whom I was one, followed the cavalry across the Swamp. The ford was miry and deep, and impracticable for either artillery or infantry.'

O.R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 810, 811.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 381.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 389.

Letter from Dr. Hunter McGuire to the author.

From Manassas to Appomattox, p. 150.

Letter to the author.

From Manassas to Appomattox, p. 143.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 403.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., p. 677.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 282.

Report on the Conduct of the War, p. 580. General Hooker's evidence

Report on the Conduct of the War, p. 27.

O. R., vol. xi., part i., pp. 291, 292.

Letter to the author. Dr. McGuire writes to the same effect.

Evelington Heights are between Rawling's Mill Pond and Westover.

The military student will compare the battles of Wissembourg, Vionville, and Gravelotte in 1870, all of which began with a useless surprise.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., pp. 291-2.

Letter to the author.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 299.

The forces under Burnside and Hunter mounted to some 35,000 men.

After the repulse of the Confederates at Malvern Hill, and the unmolested retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Landing, Lincoln cancelled his demand for troops from the West.

Dabney, vol. ii., pp. 230, 231.

O. R., vol. xi., part.ii., p. 306.

Sigel, 13,000; Banks, 11,000; McDowell, 18,000; Bayard's and Buford's cavalry, 5,000.

O. R., vol. xi., part iii., p. 334.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 474.

'We must constantly feel the enemy, know where he is, and what he is doing. Vigilance, activity, and a precaution that has a considerable mixture of audacity in it will carry you through many difficulties.' Such were his instructions to an officer of the regular army ! It was unfortunate he had not acted on those sound principles in the Valley.

McClellan had received no further reinforcements than those sent from Washington. Burnside, with 14,000 men, remained at Fortress Monroe until the beginning of August, when he embarked for Aquia Creek, concentrating on August 5. Hunter's troops were withheld.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 281.

This was the case. Banks had reached Culpeper on the 8th. On the same day his advanced brigade was sent forward to Cedar Run, and was followed by the rest of the army corps on the 9th.

3,500 of Banks' army corps had been left at Winchester, and his sick were numerous.

Banks had received an order from Pope which might certainly be understood to mean that he should take the offensive if the enemy approached.—*Report of Committee of Congress*, vol. iii., p. 45.

O. R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 201.

O.R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 141.

Report. O.R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 184.

O. R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 135.

I may here express my regret that in the first edition I should have classed Mr. Ropes amongst the adverse critics of Jackson's operations at this period. How I came to fall into the error I cannot explain. I should certainly have remembered that Mr. Ropes' writings are distinguished as much by impartiality as by ability.

So late as August 23, Pope reported that Banks' troops were much demoralised. O.R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 653.

O. R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 201.

O. R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 185.

The *Times*, September 4, 1862.

Letter to the author.

June 9, 1863.

O.R., vol. xii., part ii., p. 57. ' It may have been fortunate for the Confederates,' says Longstreet, ' that he was not instructed to *fight like Jackson.*'

General George H. Gordon. *The Army of Virginia*, p. 9.

The Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Allan, p. 200.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 533.

The report received at Alexandria from Manassas Junction ran as follows: 'No. 6 train, engine Secretary, was fired into at Bristoe by a party of cavalry, some 500 strong. They had piled ties on the track, but the engine threw them off. Secretary is completely riddled by bullets.'

These troops were sent forward, without cavalry, by order of General Halleck. O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 680.
The Federal Commander-in-Chief expected that the opposition would be slight. He had evidently no suspicion of the length to which the daring of Lee and Jackson might have carried them.

The Army of Virginia. General George H. Gordon.

'Up to the night of August 28 we received,' says Longstreet, 'reports from General Jackson at regular intervals, assuring us of his successful operation, and of confidence in his ability to baffle all efforts of the enemy till we should reach him.'—*Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., p. 517.

O. R., vol. xii., part iii., p. 672. Pope to Porter, p. 675. Pope to Halleck, p. 684.

O. R. vol. xii., part ii., p. 72.

A.P. Hill had marched fourteen miles, Ewell fifteen, and Taliaferro, with whom were the trains, from eight to ten.

Twenty pieces had been ordered to the front soon after the infantry moved forward. The dense woods, however, proved impenetrable to all but three horse-artillery guns, and one of these was unable to keep up.

Ricketts' report would have been transmitted through McDowell, under whose command he was, and as McDowell was not to be found, it naturally went astray.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 519.

It was at this time, probably, that Jackson received a message from a brigade commander, reporting that his cartridges were so wet that he feared he could not maintain his position. 'Tell him,' was the quick reply, 'to hold his ground; if his guns will not go off, neither will the enemy's.'

Swinton. *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.*

Letter from Dr. Hunter McGuire.

O. R., vol. xix., part ii., pp. 590, 591.

On the night of September 2. Lee's Report, O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 139.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 662.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 302.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., pp. 622, 623. Major Hotchkiss relates that the ladies of Martinsburg made such desperate assaults on the mane and tail of the general's charger that he had at last to post a sentry over the stable.

On September 10 he marched fourteen miles, on September 11 twenty, on September 12 sixteen, and on September 13 twelve, arriving at Halltown at 11 A.M.

For the lost order, see Note at end of chapter.

Report of Signal Officer, O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 958.

Report of Signal Officer, O. R., vol xix., part i., p. 659.

The ten guns which had been carried across the Shenandoah were specially effective. Report of Colonel Crutch field, Jackson's chief of artillery. O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 962.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., pp. 625-7.

O.R., vol. xix., pp. 294, 295.

The *moral* of our men is now restored.' McClellan to Halleck after South Mountain. O.R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 294.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., pp. 666, 667.

The Antietam and Fredericksburg, General Palfrey, p. 53.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 554.

O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 65.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 667.

O. R., vol. xix., part i., p. 55.

Battles and Leaders, vol. ii., p. 675.

According to Jackson's staff officers he himself reported shortly after daylight.

Two fords, behind the left and centre, were examined by Major Hotchkiss during the battle by Jackson's order, and were reported practicable for infantry.

The majority of Jackson's guns appear to have been left behind, the teams having broken down, at Harper's Ferry.

Both D. H. Hill and the Washington artillery had sixteen guns each.

Letter of Jackson's Adjutant-General. Memoirs of W. N. *Pendleton*, D.D., p. 216.

Sharpsburg. By Major-General J. G. Walker, C.S.A. *Battles and Leaders*, vol. ii., pp. 677, 678.

Memoirs, p. 572. The Antietam and Fredericksburg, p. 87.

It was not until two o'clock that even Meade's Pennsylvanians were reformed.

Hill received his orders at 6.30 A.M. and marched an hour later, reaching the battle-field about 3.30 P.M.

From Manassas to Appomattox, pp. 256, 257.

Battles and Leaders, vol ii., pp. 679, 680.

General Palfrey. *The Antietam and Fredricksburg.*

One does not look for humour in a stern story like this, but the Charleston Courier account of the battle contains the following statement: "They [the Confederates] fought until they were cut to pieces, and then retreated only because they had fired their last round !" ' General Palfrey, *The Antietam and Fredericksburg*.

Communicated by General Stephen D. Lee, who was present at the conference.

Evidently the ridge which had been held by Stuart on the 17th.

Communicated to the author. The difficulties in the way of the attack, of which Jackson was aware on the night of the 17th, probably led to his advising retreat when Lee asked his opinion at the conference (ante pp. 259, 260).

Commanding Ewell's division, *vice* Lawton, wounded at Sharpsburg.

For the losses in various great battles, see Note at end of volume.

O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 627.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 302

Memoirs of the Confederate War, vol. i.

O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 711.

O. R., vol. xix., part ii., p. 705.

Dabney, vol. ii., p. 355. From *Manassas to Appomattox*, p. 299.

The three Grand Divisions were commanded by Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin.

Lord Wolseley. *North American Review*, vol. 149, p. 282.

Of Early's Division.

Battles and Leaders, vol. iii., pp. 82-3.

Jackson's Reports, O. R., vol. xxi., p. 634.

Advance and Retreat. Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood, p. 50.

Letter to the author.

Battles and Leaders, vol. iii., p. 84.

John Mitchell, the Irish Nationalist, said in a letter to the Dublin Nation that there were 40,000 Irishmen in the Southern armies. The *Times* February 7, 1863.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows, p. 294. H.M. Field, D.D.

The historical student may profitably compare with the American soldier the Armies of Revolutionary France, in which education and intelligence were also conspicuous.

Official Account of the Franco-German War, vol. ii., p. 168.

Lee to Hood, May 21, 1863; *Advance and Retreat*, p. 53.

Despite Lee's proclamations against indiscriminate foraging, the hens, he said, had to roost mighty high when the Texans were about.

The Conduct of War. Von der Goltz.

Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. xiii, p. 261.

Memoirs, &c., p. 619. Letter dated March 21, 1863.

Memoirs of General Robert E. Lee. By A. L. Long, Military Secretary and Brigadier-General, pp. 685-6.

Memoirs, &c., p. 684. By A. L. Long.

Three Months in the Southern States. General Sir Arthur Fremantle, G.C.B.

Bright Skies and Dark Shadows. Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., p. 286.

Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Graham.

Memoirs, pp. 536-7.

The five regimental commanders of the Stonewall Brigade were once placed under arrest at the same time for permitting their men to burn fence-rails; they were not released until they had compensated the farmer.

Dabney, vol. ii. pp. 519-20.

The report of Sharpsburg, which Jackson had not yet revised at the time of his death, is not altogether free from exaggeration.

Cooke, p. 389.

The Times, June 11, 1863.

Letter from Dr. Hunter McGuire.

General G. B. Gordon. *Introduction to Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson*, p. xiv.

In April he wrote to his wife: ' There is increasing probability that I may be elsewhere as the season advances.' That he said no more is characteristic.

There is no better way of defending a long line than by moving into the enemy's country.' Lee to General Jones, March 21, 1863; O. R., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 680.

Hooker to Lincoln, April 12, O. R., vol. xxv., part ii., p. 199.

The cavalry was to take supplies for six days, food and forage, depending on the country and on captures for any further quantity that might be required.

O.R., vol. xxv., p. 274.

Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. By William Swinton, p. 267.

Balloons, which had been first used in the Peninsular campaign, were not much dreaded by the Confederates.
'The experience of twenty months' warfare has taught them how little formidable such engines of war are.'
Special Correspondent of the *Times* at Fredericksburg, January 1, 1863.

O. R., vol. xxv., p. 306.

O.R., vol. xxv., p. 764.

Memoirs of the Confederate War Heros von Borcke.

O. R., vol. xxv., p. 324.

Letter to the author. A letter of General Lee to Mrs. Jackson, which contains a reference to this council of war, appears as a Note at the end of the chapter.

There were three halts during the march of fourteen miles. Letter from Major Hotchkiss.

Melzi Chancellor's house; otherwise Dowdall's Tavern.

Sedgwick had crossed the river on April 29 and 30.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamlin, the latest historian of Chancellorsville, has completely disposed of the legend that these fifty guns repulsed a desperate attack on Hazel Grove.

In the woods west of the Fairview Heights.

Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Army, 1898.

Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, pp. 241-2.

It is but fair, however, to state that Hooker, during the cannonade which preceded the final assault at Chancellorsville, had been severely bruised by a fall of masonry.

Hon. Francis Lawley, the *Times*, June 16, 1863.

Chancellorsville, Lt.-Colonel A. C. Hamlin.

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Principal Events.--Seizure of United States forts, arsenals, etc.; vessels fired upon by State troops; expeditions for the relief of Forts Pickens and Sumter; bombardment and evacuation of Fort Sumter. <xxxii>

VOLUME II.
[Serial No. 2.]

Operations in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, Apr. 16-July 31, 1861. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Sewell's Point, Aquia Creek, Philippi, Big Bethel, Falling Waters, Rich Mountain, Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run (first), the Miles Court of Inquiry.

VOLUME III.
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Operations in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and the Indian Territory, May 10-Nov. 19, 1861. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

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VOLUME IV.
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Operations in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, June 11, 1861-Feb. 1, 1862; operations in Kentucky and Tennessee, July 1-Nov. 19, 1861; operations in North Carolina and Southeastern Virginia, Aug. 1, 1861-Jan. 11, 1862. See also Supplemental Volumes LI, LII, LIII.

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Principal Events.--Port Royal, Jacksonville, Fort Pulaski, Pensacola, Forts Jackson and

Saint Philip, New Orleans, the Lovell Court of Inquiry.

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VOLUME X--IN TWO PARTS. [Serial Nos. 10, 11.]

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Operations in North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Aug. 4-Dec. 31, 1863. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Averell's Raid, Auburn, Bristoe Station, Buckland Mills, Droop Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Kelly's Ford, Mine Run, the Charlestown Court of Inquiry.

VOLUME XXX--IN FOUR PARTS. [Serial Nos. 50, 51, 52, 53.]

Operations in Kentucky, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, North Alabama and North Georgia, Aug. 11-Oct. 19, 1863. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Chickamauga, Knoxville, Blountsville, Blue Springs, Wheeler and Roddey's Raid, Chalmers' Raid, Bogue Chitto Creek, the McCook, Crittenden and Negley Court of Inquiry.

VOLUME XXXI--IN THREE PARTS. [Serial Nos. 54, 55, 56.]

Operations in Kentucky, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, North Alabama and North Georgia, Oct. 20-Dec. 31, 1863. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Reopening of Tennessee River, Wauhatchie, Collierville, Campbell's Station, Knoxville (Fort Sanders), Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Bean's Station, Mossy Creek, the Schurz and Hecker Court of Inquiry and the McLaws Court-Martial.

**VOLUME XXXII--IN THREE PARTS.
[Serial Nos. 57, 58, 59.]**

Operations in Kentucky, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and North Georgia, Jan. 1-Apr. 30, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Dandridge, Athens, Fair Garden, Meridian, Okolona, Dalton, Fort Pillow.

VOLUME XXXIII.

[Serial No. 60.]

Operations in North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Jan. 1-Apr. 30, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--New Berne, Morton's Ford, Gilmor's Raid, Custer's Raid, Kilpatrick's Raid.

VOLUME XXXIV--IN FOUR PARTS. [Serial Nos. 61, 62, 63, 64.]

Operations in Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi States and Territories, Jan. 1-June 30, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.<xxxvii>

Principal Events.--Red River, Sabine Cross-Roads, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing, Monett's Ferry, Mansura, Yellow Bayou, Camden, Elkin's Ferry, Poison Spring, Marks' Mills, Jenkins' Ferry, Old River Lake.

VOLUME XXXV--IN TWO PARTS. [Serial NOS. 65, 66.]

Operations in South Carolina and Florida and on the Georgia Coast, Jan. 1-Nov. 13, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--Charleston Harbor, Olustee, Marianna.

VOLUME XXXVI--IN THREE PARTS. [Serial Nos. 67, 68, 69.]

Operations in Southeastern Virginia and North Carolina, May 1-June 12, 1864. Also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Haw's Shop, Old Church, Shady Grove, Cold Harbor, Bethesda Church, Yellow Tavern. Trevilian Station, Saint Mary's Church, Ram Albemarle, Kautz's Raids, Port Walthall, Chester Station, Fort Clifton, Swift Creek, Proctor's Creek, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Wilson's Wharf, Petersburg, the Gillmore and Barton Courts of Inquiry.

VOLUME XXXVII--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 70, 71.]

Operations in Northern Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, May 1-Aug. 3, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Cloyd's Mountain, New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Monocacy, Fort Stevens, Snicker's Ferry, Betty's Ford, Stephenson's Depot, Winchester, Chambersburg, Cumberland.

VOLUME XXXVIII--IN FIVE PARTS. [Serial Nos. 72, 73, 74, 75, 76.]

The Atlanta (Ga.) Campaign, May 1-Sept. 8, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Rocky Face Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, Adairsville, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mills, Dallas, Marietta, Kenesaw Mountain, Kolb's Farm, Rousseau's Raid, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Garrard's Raids, Ezra Church, Utoy Creek, McCook's Raid, Stoneman's Raid, Wheeler's Raid, Kilpatrick's Raid, Jonesborough, Lovejoy's Station.

VOLUME XXXIX--IN THREE PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 77, 78, 79.]

Operations in Kentucky, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and North Georgia (the Atlanta Campaign excepted), May 1-Nov. 13, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Morgan's Kentucky Raid, Brice's Cross-Roads, Tupelo, Oxford, Mobile Bay, Memphis, Forrest's Raids, Allatoona, Decatur, Johnsonville, Bull's Gap.

VOLUME XL--IN THREE PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 80, 81, 82.]

Operations in Southeastern Virginia and North Carolina, June 13--July 31, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LI.<xxxviii>

Principal Events.--Richmond, Petersburg, Jerusalem Plank Road, Strawberry Plains or First Deep Bottom, The Mine, the Court of Inquiry on the Mine Explosion.

VOLUME XLI--IN FOUR PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 83, 84, 85, 86.]

Operations in Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi States and Territories, July 1-Dec. 31, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--Tahkahokuty Mountain, Price's Missouri Expedition (including Fort Davidson, Glasgow, Lexington, Little Blue, Independence, Big Blue, Westport, Marais des Cygnes, Little Osage River, Charlot and Newtonia), Adobe Fort, Sand Creek.

VOLUME XLII--IN THREE PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 87, 88, 89.]

Operations in Southeastern Virginia and North Carolina, Aug. 1-Dec. 31, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Richmond, Petersburg, Deep Bottom (second), Weldon Railroad, Reams' Station, Chaffin's Farm, Poplar Spring Church, Darbytown Road, Boydton Plank Road, Fort Fisher (first).

VOLUME XLIII--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 90, 91.]

Operations in Northern Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Aug. 4-Dec. 31, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Cedarville, Smithfield Crossing, Berryville, Opequon or Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Brook, Cedar Creek.

VOLUME XLIV.

[Serial No. 92.]

Operations in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, Nov. 14-Dec. 31, 1864. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--Griswoldville, Buck Head Creek, Honey Hill, Waynesborough, Savannah, Fort McAllister.

VOLUME XLV--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 93, 94.]

Operations in Kentucky, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and North Georgia, Nov. 14, 1864-Jan. 23, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin (Tenn.), Murfreesborough, Lyon's Raid, Nashville, Marion, Saltville, Verona, Egypt, Franklin (Miss.), the Hodge Court of Inquiry.

VOLUME XLVI--IN THREE PARTS. [Serial Nos. 95, 96, 97.]

Operations in Northern and Southeastern Virginia, North Carolina (Jan. 1-31), West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Jan. 1-June 30, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LI.

Principal Events.--Richmond, Petersburg, Fort Fisher (second), Hatcher's Run, Waynesborough, Fort Stedman, Lewis' Farm, White Oak Road, Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks, Sutherland's Station, Amelia Springs, Sailor's Creek, Rice's Station, High Bridge, Farmville, Appomattox Court-House, Surrender of Lee's Army, Review of the Army of the Potomac.

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VOLUME XLVII--IN THREE PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 98, 99, 100.]

Operations in North Carolina (from Feb. 1), South Carolina, Southern Georgia and East Florida, Jan. 1-June 30, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--Columbia, Charleston, Wilmington, Kinston or Wise's Forks, Monroe's Cross-Roads, Averasborough, Bentonville, Goldsborough, Raleigh, Durham Station (surrender of Johnston's Army), Surrender of Confederate troops in Florida, Review of Sherman's Army.

VOLUME XLVIII--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 101, 102.]

Operations in Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi States and Territories, Jan. 1-June 30, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--Rio Grande Border, Powder River Expedition, Loss of the Sultana, Surrender of E. Kirby Smith's Army and M. Jeff. Thompson's Command.

VOLUME XLIX--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 103, 104.]

Operations in Kentucky, Southwestern Virginia, Tennessee, Northern and Central Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and West Florida, Jan. 1-June 30, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LII.

Principal Events.--Spanish Fort, Fort Blakely, Mobile, Stoneman's Raid, Wilson's Raid, Surrender of Taylor's Army, Capture of Jefferson Davis.

VOLUME L--IN TWO PARTS. [Serial Nos. 105, 106.]

Operations on the Pacific Coast, Jan. 1, 1861-June 30, 1865. See also Supplemental Volume LIII.

Principal Events.--The Showalter Party, the California Column, Bear River.

VOLUME LI (SUPPLEMENTAL)--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 107, 108.]

Operations in Maryland, Eastern North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia (except Southwestern) and West Virginia, Jan. 1, 1861-June 30, 1865.

Supplement to Volumes 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, 18, 19, 21, 25, 27, 29, 33, 36, 37, 40, 42, 43, 46.

VOLUME LII (SUPPLEMENTAL)--IN TWO PARTS.

[Serial Nos. 109, 110.]

Operations in Southwestern Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, West Florida and Northern Georgia, Jan. 1, 1861-June 30, 1865.

Supplement to Volumes 1, 4, 6, 7, 10, 15, 16, 17, 20, 23, 24, 26, 30, 31, 32, 38, 39, 45, 49.

VOLUME LIII (SUPPLEMENTAL).

[Serial No. 111.]

Operations in South Carolina, Southern Georgia, Middle and East Florida, Western North Carolina, Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi States and Territories, the Pacific Coast and Department of the Northwest, Jan. 1, 1861-June 30, 1865.

Supplement to Volumes 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 22, 26, 28, 34, 35, 41, 44, 47, 48, 50.

Note.--Volumes LI, LII and LIII should always be consulted in connection with the several volumes to which they are supplemental. <xI>

VOLUMES LIV AND LV. [Serial Nos. 112, 113.]

These volumes have not been published, and no material for them is in hand. They are reserved to contain such additional matter as it may be decided to publish in future, but they will not be issued unless sufficient material to justify their publication shall be secured.

SERIES II.

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Union and Confederate, relating to Prisoners of War and (so far as the military authorities were concerned) to state or political prisoners.

VOLUME I.

[Serial No. 114.]

The Texas Surrender, Feb. 5-Nov. 1, 1861; Earlier captures and arrests, and measures of pacification in Missouri, Mar. 13, 1861--Jan. 12, 1862; Union policy of repression in Maryland, Apr. 20, 1861-Nov. 29, 1862; Military treatment of captured and fugitive slaves, Mar. 18, 1861-May 19, 1862; Confederate policy of repression in East Tennessee, May 25, 1861-Apr. 21, 1862.

VOLUME II.

[Serial No. 115.]

Treatment of suspected and disloyal persons, North and South, 1861-1863.

VOLUME III.

[Serial No. 116.]

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, Feb. 19, 1861-June 12, 1862.

VOLUME IV.

[Serial No. 117.]

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, June 13-Nov. 30, 1862.

VOLUME V.

[Serial No. 118.]

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, Dec. 1, 1862-June

10, 1863. Includes the Vallandigham Commission.

VOLUME VI. [Serial No. 119.]

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, June 11, 1863-Mar. 31, 1864.

**VOLUME VII.
[Serial No. 120.]**

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, Apr. 1-Dec. 31, 1864. Includes documents relating to the Order of American Knights and kindred organizations.

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**VOLUME VIII.
[Serial No. 121.]**

Correspondence, orders, etc., relating to prisoners of war and state, Jan. 1, 1865, to the end. Includes documents relating to the Order of American Knights, the trials of Wirz and the assassins of Lincoln and Seward and the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis et al.

SERIES III.

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns of the Union authorities (embracing their correspondence with the Confederate officials) not relating specially to the subjects of *the first* and *second series*. It embraces the annual and special reports of the Secretary of War, of the General-in-Chief and of the chiefs of the several staff corps and departments; the calls for troops and the correspondence between the National and the several State authorities.

**VOLUME I.
[Serial No. 122.]**

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Nov. 1, 1860-Mar. 31, 1862.

**VOLUME II.
[Serial No. 123.]**

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Apr. 1-Dec. 31, 1862.

**VOLUME III.
[Serial No. 124.]**

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Jan. 1-Dec. 31, 1863.

**VOLUME IV.
[Serial No. 125.]**

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Jan. 1, 1864-Apr. 30, 1865.

**VOLUME V.
[Serial No. 126.]**

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, May 1, 1865, to the end.

SERIES IV.

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns of the Confederate authorities, similar to that indicated for the Union officials, as of the *third* series, but excluding the

correspondence between the Union and Confederate authorities given in that series.

VOLUME I.
[Serial No. 127.]

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Dec. 20, 1860-June 30, 1862.

VOLUME II.
[Serial No. 128.]

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, July 1, 1862-Dec. 31, 1863. <xlii>

VOLUME III.
[Serial No. 129.]

Correspondence, orders, reports and returns, Jan. 1, 1864, to the end.

GENERAL INDEX. [Serial No. 130.]

General index to the entire work, with an appendix containing additions and corrections of errors discovered in the several volumes after their publication. It also includes "Special Compilations" containing (1) a synopsis of the contents of volumes; (2) a special index for the principal armies, army corps, military divisions and departments; and (3) a table showing volumes pertaining to contemporaneous operations.

ATLAS.

[Guild Press note: The Atlas graphics are not included in Version 1.0 of *The Civil War CD-ROM*.]

The index to the Atlas accompanying the volumes contains a complete table of contents, to which reference should be had for detailed information respecting the maps, sketches and illustrations therein published.

COMPANION VOLUMES.

The military operations throughout the country, and the volumes of Series I which pertain to them, are naturally divided into four great groups, viz:

First.--Operations in Maryland, Eastern North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia (except Southwestern) and West Virginia--Volumes 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, 12, 18, 19, 21, 25, 27, 29, 33, 36, 37, 40, 42, 43, 46, 51.

Second.--Operations in Southwestern Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, West Florida and Northern Georgia--Volumes 1, 4, 6, 7, 10, 15, 16, 17, 20, 23, 24, 26, 30, 31, 32, 38, 39, 45, 49, 52.

Third.--Operations in South Carolina, Southern Georgia, Middle and East Florida and Western North Carolina--Volumes 1, 6, 14, 28, 35, 44, 47, 53.

Fourth.--Operations in Louisiana and the Trans-Mississippi States and Territories, the Pacific Coast and Department of the Northwest--Volumes 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 13, 15, 22, 26, 34, 41, 48, 50, 53.

Volumes 51, 52 and 53 should always be consulted in connection with the several volumes to which they are supplemental.

